Appendices

Notes to the translation

This translation does not follow the Rajasthani text word for word. I have tried, however, to convey the sense of every couplet. Couplet numbers are indicated in square brackets. This is a prose translation. To convey some sense of what the original sounds like with its metre, rhyme and alliteration, I have provided source text in round brackets. Repetition in the translation echoes the source text. I have avoided inverted commas to indicate conversation between characters in the poem, since they are absent in the source text. Words or phrases added to complete the sense of a line are shown in square brackets. Paragraphs in this translation follow the editor’s separation of the poem into convenient narrative units. They do not exist in Hemratan’s poem, which is a continuous sequence of couplets, interrupted occasionally by six-line kavitt stanzas summarizing or elaborating a part of the narrative. Changes in metre in the Rajasthani poem are indicated wherever they occur, in round brackets at the start of the respective paragraphs.

The poem

(Doha) Giver of happiness and wealth, success and wisdom, O Ganesa, I pray to you to remove all obstacles [in my path], I bow to you first [1]. From the mouths of Brahm, Visnu and Siv, she whose name is remembered everyday, to that goddess Sarasati, I bow humbly [2]. [I bow before] Padamraj vacak and others, and I bow at my own guru’s feet. I have made a true tale (sacT katha), such as you will not have heard [3]. I show the nine rasas in new light, to adorn this audience of wise men. May the poets bestow their favour (krpa) on me, as I speak these words and thoughts [4]. The rasas of valour, love and laughter, all edify the heart. [But] heed the rasa of duty to the lord (sami dharama), by which extreme honour is gained [by both the warrior in the story and the listener in the audience] [5]. He who preserves sami dharam, the essential heroism (vīrā ras), [he] is the ultimate norm (śīmā) amongst warriors, he defends ksatriya duty
Goru Ravat was very wise (ati guni), and Badil very strong (ati balavanta). I tell the story (vāta) of the two of them, listen all ye wise people (sagālā santa) [7]. Ratansen was their king, he was thoroughly deceived by a trick. Goru and Badil were the two heroes (be guni), truthful (sattavant) and enlightened (savivek) [8]. They did battle and won honour, and became renowned throughout the earth (vasūhā huā vikhyāt). They preserved Citrakot, this is the matter (vāta) I recount [9].

(Copai) The mountain Citrakut was open on all sides [a plateau], as wide as the eye of the earth. Gods, men and kinnara lived on it, where Rama stayed during his exile (vanavēsa) [10]. On this mountain the formidable fort stood, a high and remote place very difficult to reach. It touched the sky and the Creator was afraid (vidhātā dāro), as if two pillars were holding up the sky [11]. Its moat was deep, its gates narrow and inaccessible, and its turrets very high. There was much wealth (ghaṇṭā sāsata) in its treasury, the fort was wondrous and blessed [12]. The doors were tall and the lanes narrow, the fort was extremely strong and forbidding. No one could enter or leave the fort secretly [13]. Inside were many pleasing (manohar) palaces, and the people lived wisely (sagālā lok vasai savivek). The [ritual] sacrifices were made and their fruits enjoyed (tyāg bhog sahu lābhati tihā), it seemed like the gods themselves lived in the fort [14]. There were eighty-four market places (caurāsi cohaṭa haṭasāl), with jewelled flags fluttering. The houses were high and had many latticed windows (gokha ghaṇṭā), the palace pierces the sky (rūndhiyu ākāśa) [15]. In house after house, in adjacent latticed windows (ghari gharti gokha ghaṇṭā pākhatti), couples sat, loving and taking pleasure in each other (raṅgi ramai bethā dampai). In one latticed window after another, girls could also be seen seated [16]. They had bodies like lotuses and walked as gracefully as elephants (kamala vadana gajagati gāmini), the women appeared tender and beautiful (komala tana dīsai kāmini). The houses were as high as the seven heavens, and the people lived and loved in bliss (lok vasai sahu līla vilās) [17].

In that fort ruled the Gahilotra, the king Ratansen whose fame shines brightly (jasajotra). He was exceedingly strong and valiant (prabala parākrama pūra pratīr), sin (pāpa) could not
enter into his presence [18]. His honour was great and unshakeable throughout the earth, his lance shone like twelve suns [he was so skilled in using it]. He uprooted his enemy completely, he was heroic and revelled in battle [19]. His favourite / first queen (pataarani) was Prabhavati, Rambha in her appearance, a sati in her virtue. She was like Indra’s Indrani, such was his favourite queen [20]. He had many other women, all resembling Rambha in appearance. But he accepted / recognized (mani mānī) Prabhavati, and she won her husband over [21]. She could make seventy kinds of tasty food, such was her virtue / skill (guna). The king loved her deeply, how deeply, I will now say [22]. The lady made his food devotedly, only then would the king take his meal. If anybody else cooked his food, it would seem as dirt to Ratansen [23]. They loved each other deeply, and could not bear even a moment of separation. Virabhan was his valiant son, radiant with honour (pratapai teja tamu ghaṭṭipūra) [24]. His army was complete with all its four wings, and the lord of men (naranātha) ruled with justice (nitai). [Caturanga: the four wings of the army in treatises of war: horses, elephants, chariots and infantry]. He uprooted and destroyed all his enemies, and upheld the earth, so that all weakness fled (nāvain kheda) [25]. He was strong, brave and a loyal friend, he did not resort to trickery or betrayal (sabāl sūr sācā sasaneh, chal na karai navi dākhain cheh). Those whom the king had rewarded [and who were therefore obliged to serve him], a lakh of such warriors / chiefs (subhaṭa) were in his household (sughari) [26]. The numbers of horses, elephants, foot soldiers and chariots, were beyond counting by anybody. In this manner his household (parigaha) was teeming, the king Ratansen was prosperous [27].

One day at the time of the meal, a [female] slave came and said humbly. My lord, please come to take your meal, the food has been cooked long since [28]. The king came and took his seat, full of love for his favourite queen (pataarōni sūn premān ghaṇaṭi). The plate and cups were of gold, and his seat was made of finely beaten gold [29]. She loved / pleased (pṛśai) him by

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1 The term used for ‘king’ here is surapati: king of the gods. This term is contrasted against the description of Alauddin as asapati. The latter term usually signified ‘commander of horses’ in medieval military and political terminology, as opposed to gajapati, ‘commander of elephants,’ for instance. But the contrast with surapati here allows Hemratan to pun on another connotation of asapati, ‘asura king.’
cooking his food and serving it devotedly, the lady who resembled Rambha in appearance. The king enjoyed his food, and spoke with love [30]. She fanned him with a banana leaf, and as he ate the king spoke. I do not like any of the food today, it is all tasteless [31]. The vegetables and all the dishes, and the rice seemed tasteless (nisavāda). She served him as always, but then Parabhavati spoke out [32]. Daring to be proud, the queen said to the king. You do not like the food I have lovingly made for you, then bring some other new woman [33]. Go and marry some Padmini, who will devotedly cook for you. I do not know how to cook, the lady said angrily [34]. The lady became proud, and lost the pride [of her privileged position as favourite queen] she had earned by her humility. If humility is lost then good fortune [of having a husband] (sohāga) does not remain, without [such] good fortune there is no destiny [left] at all [35].

The king Ratansen was obstinate / brave (rāṇḍhāl), he rose at once from his food. Then I will bring a Padmini, and eat the food she makes for me, and love her [36]. If this woman is so arrogant, why should I retreat in front of a woman. It is not impossible that I should bring a woman, why does this weak woman speak without thinking [37].

He twirled his moustaches proudly and rose, and went out of the house firm in his pride. The king Ratansen was alone, only one trusted attendant (khavāsu) accompanied him [38]. They took much treasure with them, and set out on their horses secretly. Nobody knew of these happenings, the king of the earth was eager to achieve his desire [39]. I will return home after marrying Padmini, else I will stay in mountain caves. I will not sleep on a bed without Padmini, I will not laugh or make love without Padmini [40]. Swearing an oath in this fashion, the king set out, resolute and bold. They covered twenty or thirty yojana, and talked thus among themselves [41]. Seeds cannot be scattered on the surface of a field, fortitude (dhiṇja) cannot be proven without a quarrel (jhagaca) [42]. What is a border if there is no village, ice does not form in fire. The servant said to his lord, take heart from my counsel [43]. Why are we going in this unknown direction (marama pokhe), how will we benefit from sacrifice without having suffered? The king
said, for Padmini, I will cross the entire earth [44]. Who can help us find Padmini, tell me his whereabouts. The servant said to his lord, we carry enough wealth for our expenses [45].

But they did not know which way the path went, there were only Nath yogis there. The king went and sat under a tree, [when] a traveller came there [46]. Hunger and thirst afflicted him, his clothes were extremely dirty. He was tired from his travels, and was sweating all over [47]. He was alone in a wild jungle, and met no other man. Then as soon as he saw the king, he came and fell at his feet [48]. The king gave him cool relief, and washed his feet with precious water. He gave him precious gifts, and vanquished his hunger [49]. The traveller became alert, folded his hands respectfully, and spoke cordially. You have done me so many favours (upagār), you have given me a second birth [50]. If there is any work fit for me, you are my lord and I am your servant. Then the Rai asked eagerly, you have seen many lands [51].

You roam the earth, where have you heard of a Padmini woman? Then he said, listen my lord (suṇa mujha dhanī), on the island of Sanghal there are many Padminis (ghaṇī Padaminī) [52]. The island of Sanghal is to the south, foremost among all islands. A boundless ocean will come in the way, which nobody succeeds in crossing [53].

The king heard this and was happy, and set off towards Sanghal. With the speed of the wind, the two horses flew in the sky [54]. They crossed numerous villages, cities, and fortresses on their way. They crossed at their fullest speed, and then reached near the sea [55]. Ahead the waters were roaring, tossing their spray in all four directions. Not even the wind dared enter that region, how could a human being hope to go there? [56] I will not survive in the water, the sea will rush to attack. Ratansen thought in his heart, now Jagadis has to do what he can [57]. In the king’s heart shone the image of Padmini, but the water was terrifying. But he could not fly, he saw the dawn on this side [of the sea] [58]. Two twigs and a garden are not equal, this I have understood today [that is, crossing the sea is beyond his power?]. What shall I do, what shall I think, how shall I find any solution [59].
They wandered near the waters thus, when they saw a lone jogi. The wind was always at
his behest, through the hard austerities he had performed [60]. The ascetic was accomplished and
enlightened, the king went and touched his feet. The king said humbly, I bow my head at your
feet again and again [61]. O lord of Sanghal, I am agog with anticipation. Now that I have met
you my disappointment will be overcome, I will somehow obtain a Padmini woman [62]. O lord,
show me your favour now, many days have passed and I have seen only sorrow. He pleaded in
such humble tones, the jogi was pleased with his supplication [63]. He opened his eyes, they
shone with light (mūra), the Nath jogi’s mind was filled with bliss (ānand). Come, raja Ratansen,
the jogi called him by name and honoured him [64]. The king was wonder-struck and said, what
do you know of me? The jogi said to the king, you have come here to my abode (ju tūn āyī inu
mujha thāni) [65]. Now everything will turn out well, do not think yourself to be alone. The jogi
recalled the art of flying through the sky (vidyā ambari udāna taṇṭ), and taught the king [66].

The jogi lord (gurunāth) embraced the two horses in his arms, and reached Sanghal. As
they neared the city, the jogi vanished [67]. The king was extremely happy as he saw the island,
everything that he saw, shone brightly. He heard the noise and fragrances, of the traders and
merchants [68]. Here trade was smooth, only exceptionally wealthy traders went there. Drummers
could be seen roaming ahead, it was so difficult to reach [69]. He began asking about the drums,
then they replied to the two horsemen. The king of the island of Sanghal, they are spreading his
fame [70]. His sister is Padmini herself, without equal in all three worlds (tribhuvani). Day and
night Padmini insists, he who can defeat my brother [71]. I will put a garland around his neck,
this is what that young girl says. Now the drums are spreading this news, nobody can defeat me
(the king of Sanghal, that is) [72]. Let us not talk now of bravery in battle (raṇavat), let us attack
in a game of chess. He who can defeat me, you [that is, Padmini], can make the same decision
[that is, marry him] [73]. Half my kingdom and half my treasury, I will give in my generosity.
Then my sister is Padmini herself, I will give her in marriage with a dowry [74]. This is my firm
resolve (e mujha vīrā avicala acaḥ), I will not say something else later. The lord of men
[Ratansen] was very happy on hearing this, he came to play a game of chess [75]. The king warned him, why do you court defeat in this game of chess. Take what you desire in charity (je jānu te lejyo dān), and you have accomplished your task [76]. Now they embraced each other, and Ratansen was very keen on playing. He went to the lord of Sanghal, and spoke courteously with him [77]. The lord of Sanghal was very happy, he invited him in and gave him a seat. He welcomed him with due ceremony, and both began to play [78]. The two sat down to play, they appeared like the moon and the sun. Seated near them was Padmini, beautiful and delicate as a lotus (komala kamala vadana kāminī) [79]. Ratansen was playing chess, she began to like him increasingly (tima tima nārī tangle mana gamai). If he wins this game of chess, then this is the auspicious moment [of her marriage] [80]. The lord of Sanghal was suspicious in his mind, he was afraid of Ratansen. Handsome as the god of love, and dressed attractively, this is some powerful king (manamatha ropa monohara vesa, e koika chai sabala naresa) [81]. They played and chatted, the king of Sanghal was defeated. Word spread and there was much celebration, Padmini has found her match [82].

She put a fresh garland around his neck, cries of praise resounded. Now the lord of the island of Shanghal, served the king [as the brother of the bride is required to serve the groom] [83]. Adorned and ready, she now came forth, he performed the marriage of his sister with Ratansen. Half his kingdom and half his treasury, he gave over in his generosity [84]. He gave a very large dowry, Padmini was very happy. Two thousand beautiful female slaves (bi sahasa bändi rūpa nidhān) stayed with Padmini, as was the custom [85]. Bees hummed and buzzed around, Padmini’s fragrance was so intoxicating. The lost bees could not tear themselves away from her [86]. Who can describe her beauty, she surpassed Indrani [Indra’s queen]. Ratansen wedded Padmini, he succeeded in fulfilling his hopes [87]. For five or ten days he stayed there, then Ratansen approached the king. He heard the advice of the lord of Sanghal, and spoke to him with extreme courtesy [88]. The lord of Sanghal was a noble king (sācū bhūpāla), he gave him [Ratansen] all honour. Every desire of his brother-in-law, the lord of Sanghal fulfilled [89].
The lord of Sanghal gave Ratansen a large army to accompany him. He helped the entire army cross the ocean in a procession of boats [90]. When they reached the other shore, the king of Sanghal advised them. Fulfil the obligations of love and custom appropriately, continue to be as humble as this (priti riti pali pavidhamu, huuni hi adhika vadharini vinhu) [91]. The lord of Sanghal returned, Ratansen stopped in camps. Special feasts were held, at every camp [on the way back to Chitor] [92].

Now hear what happened behind him, the good king Ratansen. When the king left secretly, nobody knew the truth [93]. As it became evening and the Rai did not appear, how would the court sit without its lord. They sought him inside and outside [the palace], but nobody could find the king [94]. They went inside and pleaded with the queen, then they discovered what had transpired. The king had become very angry, and had set out to marry Padmini [95]. The brave and hot-blooded (sanur) son of Rana Ratan, sat in the court amongst the valiant warriors / chiefs. He tried to deceive them, Virabhan used fresh arguments again and again [96]. The king is inside the palace and engaged in ascetic exercises, in order to increase his valour and renown (rati maha chai jap, jintha thi prabala badhai paratap). He added, he will continue to meditate, so that he could enjoy dominion over the entire earth (bhupateni pari bhuni bhogavai) [97]. In this manner many days passed, the nobles began to be suspicious. He [Virbhan?] is engaged in lovemaking everyday, now why does he not allow us inside to meet the king [98].

Is everything well or is something wrong, [we hope] the son has not killed the father. Just as they were talking in this fashion, the king Ratansen arrived there [99]. [He had with him] four thousand robust horses and two thousand lively elephants. At both ends of the procession were two thousand palanquins, in which were seated the companions (of Padmini) [100]. Around the palanquin of Padmini, bees hovered humming. Many palanquins had heads of gold, each surpassing the other [101]. The warriors in the procession were unrivalled, the elephants roared and the horses neighed. The horns and trumpets added to the noise, which would destroy any enemy [102]. This was the mighty army with him, they raised huge clouds of dust as they
marched. They reached the foot of Citrakot, there was much clamour in the fort [103]. Inside, Virbhan feared that the emperor had attacked with his warriors / chiefs (subhata sahu dhaya asi sohi). Assuming that enemy forces had arrived, there was confusion in the market places [104].

There arrived a messenger from the king, he came inside with a letter. Virbhan read the news, and blessed the day that had brought back his father (dhanya divasa mujha aviu tar) [105]. He ran forward in all humility, dropping the pretence of his deception. The warriors / chiefs of Chitor [also] ran eagerly, and people gathered to see the marvellous spectacle [106]. All the people went and touched the king’s feet, the king of men asked after their well-being. Ratansen mounted an elephant, and entered the ceremonial festivities (maha mahochav) inside [107]. Excited people stood in groups, and flowers were scattered here and there. Cries of praise resounded, for the king who had married a Padmini woman [108]. A beautiful palace was given to Padmini, where she celebrated. Two thousand girls stayed with her, lively and clever, and beautiful in appearance (bi sahasa pasi rahain chokari, cancala capala rupa sundari) [109].

(Doha) Now Ratansen enjoyed the fruits of love with Padmini (hiva Padamani sun prema rasa, sukhi jhilai sasaneh). They enjoyed the five kinds of happiness [?], such were the arts (guna) of she who walked as gracefully as an elephant [110]. As lightning strikes more vividly amidst the clouds (vadala mahi jima vijali, cancala ati camakanti), so their love flashed radiantly inside their palace [111]. Laughing, Padmini ate some pan [betel leaf], it melted red in her neck. In her blemishless body that pan could be seen through the flesh [112]. Graceful as a swan, she laughed in love, her body blossomed like a lotus. Her teeth appeared [to shine] as a string of diamonds [113]. Full of love / desire (prema sampurana), Padmini deeply loved her lord (sami). The bliss they found in desire, who can know such happiness [114]. Day and night the king stayed with Padmini. The king was lost in a whirlpool [of desire], he stayed entangled in his abode [115]. As the betel creeper spreads itself on (vitar) the sandal tree, so the beautiful one stayed in the keen embraces of her husband [116]. The essence of poetry and narrative is [erotic] love / desire, deep in its workings (kavita katha rasa kama rasa, gaha gudha guna gothi).
Padmini gave much pleasure to her lover, as if she lived entirely in her lips (Padamini prītama rījhiva, jāmi ki vāsyā hoṭhi) [117]. The pure woman is the essence of love, the essence of the lake of nectar (nārī niramāṇa neha rasa, sudhā sarovara sāra). In this the king was immersed, and could not extricate himself [118].

(Copai) The king was still engaged in amorous sport, and countless days passed. All the people lived in happiness, more and more houses were built [119]. In that city was Raghav Vyas, who had studied knowledge deeply. The king was very pleased with him, and gave the vyas much honour / importance (muḥatā) [120]. He visited the king’s home everyday, and recounted long [heroic] tales (bharata gatha). Always present in the palace, he roamed freely in the royal quarters [121]. One day the king was with Padmini, engaged in lovemaking. He was kissing her buttocks lovingly, the king was embracing (her) (neha nitambani cumbana karai, rāji ṣālāgana acarai) [122]. At that [precise] moment, Raghav Vyas reached Padmini’s quarters. The king was furious at seeing him, and raged at Raghav [123]. He scowled and his brows assumed the shape of the trident (bhāmaha caṭāvi kiṭā trisūlā), [he became] the very embodiment of anger. Raghav also became fearful, I entered at an inopportune moment (viṇa prastāvain hun sancarii) [124].

[Sanskrit shloka] He who enters (when he hears) the tune of a quarrel, (or) when food is being served, (or) into a company of women; he who stays when he is not needed, he is not a polite citizen, o friend [1]. He who enters without being called, he who speaks volubly without being asked, he who sits down without being given a seat, he is a base man, O Partha [2]. He who enters uninvited, he who speaks without being seen, he who takes the seat of another, he who touches the body (in public?), such a man invites hatred in a moment [3]. [Possibly from the Gita ]

(Copai) It is not wise of a wise man, to come repeatedly when he is not invited; to speak of dull and uninteresting matters in an assembly; not to leave when he is removed / expelled [125]. To be a third person [intruding] between two people; to wander freely in a palace; to speak when he is not asked; to take a seat when it is not given [126]. To rub even a little against
another's person; to laugh at his own words; as a wise man I know, these are the signs of a fool (mūrakha janaṇī e ahipān) [127]. When a woman and her husband are alone, making intense love, to go near and disturb and shame them, this is the sign of a fool [128]. The king was so furious, he humiliated the brahman. The Rai raged at him, he feared he would die on the spot [129]. The vyas left the palace in distress, and went directly to his own house. When the lord [sami] is angry, it is as if god himself has turned away (sāmi tanī java thātirīsa, tava jāthi rūthau jagadīsa) [130]. The king did not recall the departing brahman; he deprived him of his honour and his status. He laid eyes on Padmini and me; I will rid him of his eyes [131]. The brahman heard this in terror, who will trust a lion. A king can never be a friend, such a thing has never been seen or heard [132].

[Sanskrit kavyam] Cleanliness in a crow, honesty when spying, courage in a eunuch, philosophy when drunk; forgiveness in a snake, lack of desire in [on the part of] women, a king as friend, who has seen or heard (of these) [1]. Too close, one is destroyed; too far, one’s counsel bears no fruit; the king, fire, the teacher (guru) and the woman, these must be served from a neutral position [2]. The poet no longer remains a poet; the skilled man loses his skills; the brave man becomes a coward; the long-lived man becomes a man with a short life; the man of noble family loses his family standing, when the king is angry [3]. [Source?]

(Copai) Raghav remembered this and was afraid, he could not forget the king’s rage even for a moment. The king’s anger is not beneficial, every minute can bring harm [133].

Thinking thus, Raghav Vyas departed from his abode at Citrakot; he took some money (muhārā) with him, and left the fort secretly [134].

[Sanskrit shloka] Give up one man for the sake of the family; for the sake of the village, give up the family; for the sake of the region (janapada) give up the village, for the sake of the soul (ātmārthe), give up the earth. [Source?]

(Copai) As he wandered, he reached Dilli; he went there, and revealed himself. He became renowned in the village, through his astrology he won much honour [135]. He read and
taught many sastras, (bhaṇai bhaṇṇavai sāstra anek), and gave discourses full of wisdom. His words were full of the nine rasas, and he taught his audiences by lucid explanation [136]. He who enters the realm of knowledge, knows no boundaries of home and abroad (pūrū ghāṭi vidyā paraves, tehanai keha desa vides). Knowledge is his mother and his father, knowledge his loyal friend and kinsman [137]. Knowledge is a store of wealth, knowledge is all sixteen adornments. Knowledge brings honour and renown, much more than from wealth alone [138].

[Sanskrit shloka] What [nothing] is too burdensome for able men, what [nothing] is too far for [itinerant] artisans (vyāvasāyinām); what [no place] is a foreign land for learned men, who [nobody] is a stranger for sweet-speaking men [1]. Knowledge is the name of a man’s most attractive appearance, his most secret wealth [2]. [Source?]

(Copai) The lord of Dilli is a great emperor, his renown boundless throughout the earth. The name of Alavadin was known throughout the nine khanḍa, all the kings paid obeisance to him [139]. He held everybody under his rule (ekachatra), gods and men all feared him. He aspired to control even more of the earth, and had an army (lasakara) of three times nine lakh [140].

He heard of that accomplished brahman, the lord of Dilli summoned him. The vyās went and blessed the king, who appeared like Jagadis himself was seated [141]. The vyās recited many verses, and pleased everybody in his audience with his wisdom. The emperor gave many gifts (pahirāmaṇi) to the accomplished brahman in front of him [142]. His honour and prestige increased in the city, and the Patisah summoned him everyday to ask his counsel. The lord of the earth was pleased with the eulogies [which Raghav sang], the master of the world (jagīśa) swayed to his [snake charmer’s] pipes [143]. Many villages and revenue grants were given, to both Raghav and Cetan [this reference to two separate individuals is unexplained in the text]. Raghav stayed with the emperor everyday, and recited verses and tales (kavita kathā) to him [144]. One day he thought in his pride (abhimāna), Ratansen humiliated me. I will repay this enmity anyhow, he betrayed his obligations to his lord (vālāṁ vayara kīṁ pari eha, sāmīdharama nain didhu...
cheha) [145]. So if have Padmini abducted, separate her from Citrakot; Padmini's apprehensions were coming true, he set out to tell the Patisah [146]. Raghav thought of a very clever plan, but did not reveal his intentions. He was very friendly with a Bhat, whom he gave much wealth and honour [147]. With evil planned in his heart, he suggested to that eunuch [the Bhat]. I have given you much wealth, I advise you as my friend [148]. Seek for an opportunity in the court, somehow bring up the subject of Padmini. The next day the Sultan was seated, and all the kings and queens were gathered in the court [149]. The queens had extremely soft lustrous hair, and wore plumes from black swans. Their presence made the court very beautiful, graceful as swans, and adorned the court, the Bhat gave them his blessings [150].

(Gatha) The Bhat's utterance: He brought the earth under one umbrella, which he holds firm above. How much is his fame in the nine khanda, he has spread justice in the entire world. He brandished his weapons, and got the sea to wash his feet. In his palace are extremely beautiful women, beyond Rambha of the gods. The poet Hetamadan [the name of this Bhat?] says, how many immortal men can he count. No one can be seen under the sun, except Sultan Alavadin [151].

(Copai) The Sultan was pleased on hearing the verses, he bestowed great honour upon the Bhat. At the request of the Patisah, the Bhat sang a song of praise [152].

(Gatha) The Bhat's utterance: In the midst of the Manasarovar, live two royal swans (kalahansa).² Their hearts are extremely tender, thus they live with each other [153].

(Copai) As he heard this, the enjoyment of the Sultan mounted to the sky. 'Her hair [down] is extremely soft,' repeated the king [154]. He asked, 'How soft is her waist (vali),³ where can such a soft stomach (vasta)⁴ be found?' Then the Bhat considered and told the Sultan, let me express my opinion [155]. The Padmini woman is so slender, delicate and pure. Even more than

² The black swan, rarer than the white swan; also symbolic of the soul, Brahma, and other mythic figures.
³ The creases above the stomach.
⁴ Also vagina.
this, she is virtuous, tender and loving (suguna sakomala nai sasaneha) [156]. Then the king wanted to know, where have you heard of this Padmini woman. The Bhat said, having found his occasion, and the Ghori lord became more and more excited [157].

(Gatha) The Bhat’s utterance: The Bhat said, and the king listened, women as beautiful Rambha, your harem will have thousands, who can praise them enough. There will be women of Turak and Hind, what is a Padmini among them. Your justice is unequalled today, there is no other king or queen. In your palace there are bound to be many Pdmavatis. I have heard nothing else, but praise of the Sultan [158].

(Copai) On hearing this, the eunuchs [guarding the harem] bristled, the Sultan sat up. How dare you speak in this fashion, O Bhat [159].

The eunuch’s words: Tell me, accomplished poet, the Sultan knows men. Seller of words, your words have angered [the women in] the harem. And where is this Padmini, who graces the bed of a king? She who entrances gods, men, gana and gandharva, look [for her] in all three worlds. [You say] all the women in the Sultan’s home are sunkhini. In anger, he [the eunuch] wanted to tie him up with a rope. O Khoja, quieten down, said the Sultan chuckling [160].

(Copai) Raghav Vyas was seated in front of him, reading a book intently. The Sultan asked him the signs of the Padmini woman [161].

(Kundaliu) The emperor’s words: The emperor of the world Alavadi asked the Vyas in the morning; examine these jewels, tell me how many kinds of women there are (ratanaparikśā tumhi karu, tri ki keti jati). How many kinds of women, Raghav considered and said. The beautiful one, the one devoted to her husband, the beloved, all of these are loved. Hastini, or Citrini or Sunkhini, foremost on earth is Padmavati. The Brahman said these true words to the emperor of the world, Alavadi [162].

The attributes of Padmini: (She is) as beautiful a woman (ratt) as Rambha, her body as tender as a lotus. She is fragrant as a flower, the bees hover around her like lightning. She is pure as a champa flower, her gait is graceful as an elephant’s. Her face is like the moon, and her
utterance (vāni) is sweet (madhura). She is lively as a partridge (cakora), her eyes are fixed upon her husband. Raghav said to the Sultan, such is the Padmini woman on earth [163]. Her breasts are firm and hard, she is extremely decorous and beautiful. Her body blossoms in [conjugal] love (heja), the bed is always [filled] with desire. Whether she is annoyed or pleased, in her company happiness increases. She knows the traits of the thirty-six ragas, and sings songs in them. She bathes in the juice of the betel leaf [for its fragrance?] and stays [that way] day and night. Raghav spoke and the Sultan listened, such is the Padmini woman on earth [164]. Brilliant as the flash of lightning, she adorns her husband as gold. Gods, men and gandharva scour all three worlds for her [smitten by desire for her]. Her waist sits gracefully below three folds, she does not speak arrogant words. She loves her husband, and does not speak with anyone else. She is devoted to her lord, and is extremely tender, decorous and pleasing (sāmibhagata sasanehalā, ati sukamāla suhāmanī). Raghav spoke and the Sultan listened, such is the Padmini woman on earth [165]. She adorns herself with white flowers, her pure robes befit her. A necklace of pearls adorns the place of her heart, just as a string of stars adorns the night. She feels little hunger and little thirst, and does not sleep very much (alapa bhūsa trisi alapa, nayaṇi bahu nirdā nā āvai). Her body [that is, the arrangement of its parts] sits so pleasingly, it arouses desire. The beautiful one serves her husband dutifully, day and night. Raghav spoke and the Sultan listened, such is the Padmini woman on earth [166].

[Sanskrit shloka] The padmini is fragrant as the lotus, the citrini as fragrant as the [ordinary] flower; the hastini is fragrant as wine, the sunkhini as fragrant as the fish [167]. The padmini is a devotee of her husband and lord (svāmibhakta), the citrini a devotee of her son; the hastini a devotee of herself; the sunkhini is a devotee of strife [168]. The padmini's hair is amenable to control (karalakesha), the citrini's hair flies about; the hastini's hair stands on end, the sunkhini's hair like [dry] rocky land [169]. The padmini's body is [radiant] as the sun, the

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5 The Indian red-legged partridge; the partridge's love for the moon and its eating of fire are both conventional poetical tropes.
citriṇi’s body is as the moon; the hastini’s body is like the lotus, the suṅkhini has a crow’s body [170]. The padmimi’s utterance (vārī) is sweet as honey, the citriṇi speaks like the cuckoo (kokilavārī); the hastini speaks like the elephant, and the suṅkhini speaks like a crow [171]. The padmimi adorns herself in white, the citriṇi adorns herself in [the colour of] blood; the hastini adorns herself gaily (matta), the suṅkhini adorns herself foolishly [172]. Betel [symbolic of the fullness of conjugal love?] befits the padmimi, [ties of] the heart befit[s] the citriṇi [not necessarily marital alone?]; [giving away] charity befits the hastini, [creating] strife befits the suṅkhini [173]. The padmimi sleeps for one puhara [time unit of three hours], the citriṇi sleeps for two puhara; the hastini sleeps for three puhara, the suṅkhini sleeps endlessly [174]. [Vatsyayana, Kamasutra?]

(Copai) These are the marks of the padmiṇi, the Sultan heard and was agog with excitement. Examine the harem in my household (ghari), bring out the woman who is a padmiṇi [175]. The vyas warned the Sultan, you are my lord and benefactor. I will not lay eyes on your harem; and without scrutiny, I cannot assess correctly [176]. Do not speak [superficially] pleasing words to me, the lord of Dilli said. The Sultan said to the vyas, I will build a gem-studded hall (maṇimaya eka karū ṛvāśa) [177]. Examine the reflections [of the women in his harem] inside, and identify [her] without delay. All the arrangements were made, and Raghav was conducted inside [the hall] [178].

Inside that bejewelled hall (maṇimaya maṇḍapa), the vyas examined and was struck with wonder [of the dazzling spectacle]. He identified many hastini, citriṇi and suṅkhini women, but there was no padmiṇi [179].

(Kavita) That day the emperor Allavadi summoned Raghav to the palace. See the women with your eyes, examine my harem now. The women, pure and intoxicating [to the beholder], laughed and walked [gracefully] with the gait of swans. The gods, men, gaṇa and gandharva saw and were entranced in desire. Such were the women of the antahpur, but the vyas said, having

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6 The Indian cuckoo carries symbolic associations comparable to those of the nightingale in English.
examined carefully. [There are] hastinī, citrini or sunkhini [women], there is no padmiṇi in the emperor's household (ghari) [180].

(Copai) The patisah heard this and complained, where is the excitement (uchāha) without a padmiṇi. What use is this empire without a padmiṇi, a padmiṇi woman is now fixed in my heart [181]. If I now wish to marry a padmiṇi, where is such a beautiful one to be found. Hastinī, citrini and sunkhini [women], there are many in every home [182]. Without a padmiṇi I will not sleep on a bed, I will not laugh or love without a padmiṇi. I will not enjoy happiness without a padmiṇi, I will not engage in lovemaking without a padmiṇi [183]. Her image shone constantly in his mind, then the lord of Dilli said. Tell me, Raghav, where is a padmiṇi (to be found), whoever she belongs to, kill him and bring her here [184]. Tell me of that place, where I can go and bring a padmiṇi home. Then, the vyas said, how will you obtain a padmiṇi woman [185].

There are padmiṇi women on the island of Sanghal, in the south, beyond many lands. In between is a deep, boundless ocean, nobody has succeeding in finding a way across it [186]. The emperor said, what is Saṅghal to defeat me. I will dig up both heaven and the underworld, and bring up the padmiṇi woman [187].

The emperor launched on the conquest of Sanghal, angered into action. He desired a padmiṇi woman keenly, and set forth with an army of twenty-seven lakhs [188]. As soon the emperor mounted and horse and rode, kingdoms in all ten directions were suspicious. Such dust was kicked up by his marching men and elephants, that sun and moon could not be distinguished [in the clouds of dust] [189]. As the emperor rode on his horse, Sesnag could not bear the burden [of this mighty army]. The elephants trumpeted mightily, and the eye could not see beyond the ranks of warriors (subhata) [190].

(Kavitt) The asura king made preparations, to conquer the land of the south. The emperor was angered, which man on Sanghal could escape. The army of the Ghori emperor, was joined by many warriors eager for battle. Three times nine lakh horses, and sixteen thousand elephants were gathered. The sun disappeared behind the dust [clouds], in the underworld Vasugi fled. The four
chakravarti [not clear who this refers to] were apprehensive, who is the emperor going to attack [191].

(Copai) The emperor of the world set off, with many warriors and a mighty army. They marched without stopping and crossed [all the lands in between], then they reached the sea shore [192]. Eager for battle and determined, the emperor got ready to wage war. I will transform the deep ocean into desert, I will raze the island of Sanghal [193]. I will capture the king of Sanghal alive, I will rest only after I obtain Padmini. So saying, the emperor descended, taking his troops into the water [194]. The journey is over, go and raze the island of Sanghal. The emperor gave these orders, his army drowned in the water [195]. The emperor became extremely angry, he only became more determined. He built new boats, and put his warriors on them again, ready to fight [196]. Lakhs and lakhs of warriors crossed, which warrior eager for battle would stay back. Ahead their lord told them, this is your moment of glory [196]. Fight and kill and conquer Sanghal, go in and defeat the chief. Countless warriors eager for battle set off, their numbers [that is, the number of boats sailing] in the water increased [197]. Ahead a terrifying whirlpool whirled, it was as if the gods had remembered Sanghal. As soon as they sailed into it, they were all swept away in the water and destroyed [198]. They began clamouring for help, rescue us Avaladi, emperor of the world [error in the name]. The sea was extremely cruel and vindictive, there seemed no end to it [199]. Mighty warriors stayed [floundering] in the water, nobody could cross over. [They cursed] may the padmini woman fall into the underworld, [they pleaded] O emperor, give up this trap [200]. The emperor lamented, why does the ocean obstruct me? My warriors have suffered and died, now I will have to bring many more [201]. I will stay here for a thousand years, how can I return without a padmini? The asura king made a fresh start, and summoned many more warriors [202]. His warriors were all apprehensive in their hearts, we have to give up our lives in the ocean for no reason at all (phokata darīā māhe diyī). They objected to

7 Error in stanza numbering in this edition.
the emperor, and warned him of [the consequences of] his continued obstinacy [203]. The emperor was furious that he could not cross the ocean. The asura king gave up eating, drinking and sleeping, and became really worried [204].

(Kavitt) The sultan was angry; he did not want to eat or drink. Help me, O Lord [God], show me the sight of a padmini. I bowed to you and prayed, and crossed many jungles. The sea surrounds the island of Sanghal, there are padmini [women] in every home. [Please?] heed my entreaty, you have heeded half my prayer [in bringing him this far?]. I have fallen into the doubt at the sight of this sea, who in the created world can dive into this [and emerge successful] [205].

[Only one word of Raghav Cetan’s response to this plea, another six-line kavitt, is present in this edition of the text] [206].

(Copai) The warriors made fresh preparations, tying one boat to the next with iron chains. Now the emperor stood up and said, put one lakh horses on the boats [207]. The nobleman who conquers Sanghal, I will double his lands. He who goes in and kills the chief, I will triple his lands [208]. He who succeeds in presenting a padmini woman, will find untold wealth. He appealed to their greed, and persuaded his warriors [209]. With renewed desire to obtain a padmini woman, nine lakh warriors were now made ready. The warriors were all still apprehensive, but they were even more afraid of the emperor [210]. They had brought their army in between the tiger and the treacherous river (vāgha anai dotaďinī nyā). Either way they were certain to die, so the [resigned] warriors came and presented themselves [211].

The warriors now secretly summoned the vyas, reviling him for putting them in this distress. You have given this evil advice, and betrayed all the warriors [212]. Now tell us if there is any way out [of this impasse], by which the emperor will return to his own home. The vyas told them of a remedy, and all the warriors agreed [213]. They were all united in their agreement, the vyas now gave them true advice (sāci matti sikhāvī). Bring one thousand fine horses, and half the

* Comparable to 'the devil and the deep blue sea' in English.
number of armoured elephants [214]. Deck them up, and bring one crore dinars. Fill up the boats, and put bales of silken robes (pattakūla) on top [215]. Top this up with heavy pots of gold (kañcana kalasa), and teach a man who will not be recognized. [To say that] the lord of Sanghal has sent this tribute, so that the emperor will let me [the Sanghal king] be [216]. I [the Sanghal king] prostrate myself before you, I am like the dirt beneath your feet. [Raghav said] say this, and preserve his [the emperor’s] pride, so that the Sultan will return [to his kingdom] [217]. The warriors could not think of any other remedy, they were all excited [with the vyas’s plan]. They made all the arrangements that same night, having gotten together secretly [218]. The emperor was ignorant, the tribute arrived as soon as it was dawn. When the lord of the world arose, he was extremely anxious in his mind [219]. As he arose and came out, he saw this [the ‘tribute’ arriving] in the water. When the lord demanded to know what this was, then the vyas replied amicably (sasaneha) [220]. The lord of Sanghal has sent word, this huge tribute has arrived. The [silken] streamers and gems are shining, the golden pots stand high on top [there is so much tribute piled up under them] [221]. The warrior has unfurled his own flag [as sovereign ruler in his own right] which is fluttering, he has crossed the sea and come over. The emperor was extremely happy when he saw the procession of boats in the water [222]. They [?] also came out, with all their forces ready. They dismounted from their horses and came running, and touched the emperor’s feet [223]. Numerous horses and elephants had been brought in tribute, and many servants (sevaka) from Sanghal [this is not explained in the poem]. They spoke humbly and placatingly, you are the mighty lord of Dilli [224]. The lord of Sanghal is like the dirt beneath your feet, whom you have given this opportunity to be hospitable. His lime will mix with your water [that is, your presence is like the water essential for lime to be of any use at all], now do him the honour of visiting him [225 A]. You are as mighty as Jagadisa, we bow before you and beg you not to be angry. The emperor was pleased at these humble words, and honoured the Sanghal ruler with a siripāu9 [225 B]. All his ministers were honoured with gifts, his nobles were

9 The long gown bestowed as a mark of ceremonial honour.
[also] given due honour. He met the lord of Sanghal, in the midst of all the warriors [226]. He [the emperor] gave him due honour and status, and befriended the lord of Sanghal. He had followed the vyas’s advice, and had reduced the city to submission [227].

The asura king promptly had the trumpets sounded, for his immediate return to Dilli. There were feasts at every place they stopped, and at every border they were met by numerous women [228].

(Kavitt) The mirs, maliks, and Hindu princes, all met [the emperor]. [They asked] And where is this padmini woman, [for whom] you and your soldiers have eaten so much salt [endured so much frustration]. Raghav replied, he did as I said. We have brought back much wealth, the emperor has now become amicable. This is Lakshmi’s entreaty, she heard of the asura king and came and paid tribute. The Sultan heard her entreaty, and returned to Dilli [229].

(Copai) As the asura king returned to his own city, men began talking at various places. The emperor had gone looking for a padmini woman, why he has returned without marrying one [230]. The emperor was mysterious [in his ways], but now it is simple and straightforward (sarala hūvū pādharu). He has returned without marrying a padmini, so the women spoke everywhere [231]. The emperor returned to his own abode, and his slave / attendant (khavāsi) took his weapons inside. When he [the slave] was about to return [to the emperor], the queen (bibi) spoke insulting words [232]. The emperor has married a padmini, now we would like to see her. He undertook a journey to lay eyes on her, now we would like to satisfy ourselves once [233]. It was as if he was lonely in the world, without four padmini women in his home. What good is his sultanate, who does not have a padmini to please him [234]. The emperor had gone to find a padmini, now he has returned home empty-handed. The wife tormented the slave [in this fashion], he returned to the emperor [235]. He narrated everything, the asura king became furious in his heart. The emperor made a firm resolve, and summoned the vyas again that very instant [236].
We searched the island of Sanghal for a padmini, tell me where else she can be found.

The vyas said, wait, O Sultan, there is one other place where a padmini can be found [237]. The fort of Chitor, renowned in all four directions, is an inaccessible place in Vindhyacal. Ratansen is its strong-willed king, brave and a great archer [238]. In his home is a padmini woman, like the jewel adorning the crest of Sesanag. Nobody can obtain her, what can I say of her [his?] exploits [239]. The emperor reprimanded the brahman (bambha) for having led him [to Sanghal] uselessly. Now tell me of your second plan, what is the fort of Chitor like [240]. I will take the padmini on my feet [without having to resort to a long campaign], and will capture the lord of the fort alive. The emperor set off with a strong army, the earth shook and Vasig [Vasuki] trembled [241].

(Kavitt) He had taken heavily armed warriors, and marched ahead. The weapons had been put away, the treasurer sent inside. His wife then asked, where is the padmini you have brought? What use is his sultanate, who does not have four or five padmini women? He summoned the vyas at once, and asked him for a remedy. Except for Sanghal, Raghav, tell me where else can a padmini woman be found [242].

The Sultan laughed and asked Raghav, where else can a padmini be found? Ratansen is the Gahilot ruler (rai) of Citrakot. Alavadi rushed to muster his forces, and land and water were distressed. Indra in the heavens trembled, and the rulers of ten kingdoms fled. He [Indra] ran to Vasuki in the underworld, and pleaded with him to obstruct the emperor – who was setting out to destroy all the lands of Hinduan, and capture all its rulers alive [243].

(Copai) The determined asura king reached the foot of the fort of Chitor. He brought twenty-seven lakh soldiers (lasakara), and weapons piled on weapons [244]. The mighty elephants were [already] frenzied, the horses neighed [restlessly] and the warriors were Persian. Fireworks exploded, guns and cannon boomed [245]. There was much uproar on all ten sides, and one could see many warriors and heroes (sūramā). Missiles flew on all four sides, nobody could enter or leave [246]. The drums roared, the music of war blared loudly [247]. The mountains
resounded with the echo of the martial music, the emperor of the world was unshakeable in his resolve to do battle [248]. Ratansen also became angry, when he saw that the emperor had arrived. He readied his warriors and his army, and discussed matters with his nobles (balavanta) [249]. O emperor, you may well have arrived [with your forces], but that does not mean we will be destroyed. It is the enemy army that will be destroyed (nāsaiān chai naranaiṅ khoṣi), I am sitting in [control of] such a place [250]. Now let me show you my hand, you also ready yourself. Do not take things easy, lord of Dilli, you who are known as first among warriors [251]. You returned from Sanghal defeated, let me congratulate you. You are used to being defeated, you see the opposing army and you acknowledge defeat [252]. Ratansen readied and decorated his fort, it appeared extremely impressive on all sides (phābutu). The gates were studded and reinforced, and warriors and elephants were sent to defend them [253]. [As] the fortifications were strengthened, both opponents became increasingly angry. Both were strong and both determined to destroy (dūṭha), and both had their entire households [including servants and retinues with subordinate warriors] (parigaha) behind them [254]. He who fled would be thoroughly shamed, both opponents would bring lustre to their families (kula ajūlaiṅ). The guns and cannon boomed forth, nobody could leave [255]. Missiles flew thick and fast, and swords hewed destruction. Countless arrows flew proudly, piercing through the soldiers [256]. Arrows were discharged and flew, the armies fell on each other in all four directions. They fought with every skill they knew, many warriors (bhaṅga) and chieftains (bhurajii) were uprooted [257]. Flags were trampled underfoot, were hurled by elephants’ trunks. Arrows flew this way and that, intoxicated elephants slew Mongol nobles (muṅgala mūr) [258]. The siege was broken and laid again, nobody could enter or leave. Bows resounded angrily, and sharp weapons pierced and killed easily [259]: The turrets of the fort encircled it like monkeys sitting in a circle. Life was not worth a whit in the fierce determination to retaliate (vālai), and nobody was afraid to die [260].

The king Ratansen had stored up supplies of food and water. His warriors were all well-armoured, the emperor began to be very anxious [261]. The emperor gave the word, all his
warriors gathered together. [He directed them to] advance aggressively upon the fort and attack it directly, fall upon the leaders and destroy their army [262]. They dug a mighty tunnel towards the fort, which would not be visible to anybody. The turrets of the fort would fall to the ground, and become dust [263]. As they spread themselves out, nobody was afraid of dying. They had decided to depart on a long journey, they were determined to destroy [264]. Lakhs surrounded the fort, they advanced to take it. They forced their way through the [defending] warriors, the emperor was happy [265]. As the warriors fought grimly, the patisah urged them on from behind. The resolve of the lord of Dilli to conquer the fort weighed heavily upon him, the fort could not be reduced to dust [266]. The strife continued until the evening, but nothing was achieved. Countless mongol nobles were killed, whom the asura king had regarded as his jewels [267].

The emperor was worried, his troops were restless. The vyas advised the Sultan, the fort cannot be taken forcibly in this fashion [268]. Devise some trickery secretly, and do not reveal your plans clearly to anybody. As you spoke of deception thus, the emperor was very pleased with you [the vyas] [269]. Give your word and ask for his [Ratansen’s], get him to make a pledge (suganda). Reassure him that you do not retreat from a promise [270]. Send in a trusted pradhan, and ask, let my status be honoured. Invite me in and serve me a meal, show me the sights of your fort [271]. In my mind is a strong desire, to eat food cooked by Padmini. The emperor asks for nothing else, he will enter with very few soldiers (alapa sena) [272].

After catching a single glimpse of Padmini, the emperor will return to Dilli. The pradhan was sent in with this message, he was given due honour by Ratansen [273]. Why have you come, O pradhan, then the pradhan said to the king. The emperor’s message is this, let us now be friendly with each other (māhomāhi karū hiva premā) [274]. Let us firmly pledge ourselves, and I will not withdraw. Prostrate yourself in front of me and show me around the fort, let Padmini cook and serve me a meal [275]. I have a deep wish to obtain a padmini woman. I do not ask for anything more, only let me eat a meal [cooked and served] by Padmini’s hand. Let us make each other content, put aside this growing anger [276].
(Kaviti) The proud and mighty (vaṅku) fort of Chitor, the Sultan could not take by force. He ordered that the siege be lifted, so that the Rao would trust [him]. He did not ask for tribute or treasure, did not ask for land or for the enemy’s soldiers. We do not desire the fort, nor do we wish to marry the princess. The Sultan Alavadin said, we will not intrude in your kingdom. Only meet me, Rao Ratansen, and prostrate yourself in front of me (nākanamaṇi) [277].

The pradhan’s words: The emperor has sent me, to speak well with you. If you agree to his proposal (vata), he will return to Dilli. He will lay eyes on Padmavati, and go around and see the fort of Chitor. He pledges that he will not create any obstacles. He will embrace you and put jewels around your neck, the emperor will show much love to you. Rao Ratansen heard this request, and the moon stood still [278].

The Sultan put a ṭika [on Ratansen’s forehead], and resorted to this stratagem. Show me the fortress, and we are brothers for all births to come. In this birth, I have been sent as a guest to the house of asuras (ḥūn kṛta krammaja jamma, sutu asuraṁ ghora pāmī). You are the master of Citrakot, on the strength of your past good deeds (tū purava punya pramāṇa, hāu Citrakoṭaha svāmī). What are the two of us but one soul, we have met in this birth (doi kāi achaī ika ātamanā āvī jamma mela thayū). By the force of Khimakaran’s wiles (bhuya mantra) [?], the king agreed to these words [279] 10

(Copai) Ratansen replied to the pradhan, I will be honoured if we meet and talk. But if I reveal my life to the king, then there will be no flavour or beauty left in my life (tū navi koi rahai rasa rūpa) [280]. As the emperor suggests, I am extremely eager to meet him. Let the asura king come into my hall, but why does he desire to obtain what is not meant for him (prāpati vina kyuṁ pāmā sāhi) [281]. As he had promised, the emperor came with very few soldiers. You have come into my home, to eat a meal. This brings great honour to both of us [282]. The emperor asked his

10 The editor Jinavijaya Muni’s manuscript inserts this six-line stanza here, but indicates that it should be inserted at [276], three stanzas earlier.
pradhan if matters had been agreed to, and offered his hand. The emperor had sweet words in his mouth, but malice in his heart (muni mitho man mahe duha) [283].

Raghav vyas devised a plan, to capture the king Ratansen. The king had no trickery in his mind, the Khurasani had only enmity in his mind [284]. They met at the gate to the fort, and the members of their entourages met each other. The emperor took some horsemen with him, thirty thousand with weapons dangling by their sides [285].

(Kavitt) The emperor entered the fort, his attendants ready with guns cocked. A bee forgot, how the moon shone radiantly. O eater / destroyer of the moon [the bee referred to in the previous line], there is honour in generous giving. A moon adorns the bed in the king’s home. All the officials were standing in readiness, as Padmini made her entry. The Sultan Alavadin heard, he who held an umbrella over the world [unclear].

(Copai) All the men were sent in immediately, with the vyas. The emperor said, decorum demands that when I enter, I do not see any of them [286]. [Not clear, he wishes to be seen as entering alone?]. They came inside and gathered together, and then all of them were revealed to be warriors. Ratansen was enraged, as the emperor appeared in the hall [287]. The king also got his army ready, horsemen met [rival] horsemen. Army and [rival] army were bunched together, it seemed as if cloud were meeting cloud (jami ki disai vaalala-ghaf) [288]. The emperor could not tolerate this, and the king also did not like the emperor. The emperor asked the king, why are you meeting me with your army [289]. I have not come here to quarrel, I will see the fort and leave promptly. Do not have any suspicion or fear in your mind, I have absolutely no trickery in my mind [290]. The king replied, consider, O emperor, I did not expect to meet any armed followers (kataka). If you had given your word in this matter, then why have you come with an army [291]. Why have you brought thirty thousand with you, what is the reason for so many horsemen? There is certainly something upon your mind, this seems to be an attack through deception [292].

11 Editorial note, as with stanza 279, this unnumbered stanza is inserted at this point in Jinavijaya Muni’s manuscript.
emperor said to the king, do not attack your guests in this fashion. Whether they are few or many, one's guests must be received hospitably [293]. It is an auspicious time for you today, what more can I say [to reassure you]. We came to eat a meal, not to pick a quarrel [294]. Will the expenses of feeding so many of us cause you embarrassment. They met in this manner, each speaking to protect himself from possible deception [by the other] [295].

The king retorted hear this, emperor! The emperor of the world may well have come to my home. You may bring whom you like, but you will not speak demeaning words [296]. Water in plenty, grain in plenty, soups (ghola) in plenty, much food is cooked. Each one can eat what food he likes, but no one will speak demeaning words [297]. The two of them talked at length and enjoyed their conversation, laughing with claps of their hands. In their happiness with each other, all apprehensions disappeared from their minds [298]. Now Ratansen went to his home, to make preparations for the meal. He went and told Padmini, that he now liked the emperor [299]. He therefore asked her to prepare and serve a meal to the emperor, to make him happy. Padmini replied, O dear one (pri sunā), serve him yourself, I will not serve him food [300]. I will cook good food in all six tastes (śaṭa rasa), and able [female] servants (dāśī guṇavati) will serve him. All the girls will adorn themselves, you can do whatever you desire [301]. Two thousand comely [female] servants always stayed with Padmini. As beautiful as Rambha herself, they were like the army of Kama [302]. They invited guests inside and seated them with due courtesy, and were graciously hospitable. All the arrangements and decorations were made perfect, they invited the lord of Dilli inside [303]. Everything was heavily adorned, it seemed as if the place was the abode of an apsara. There were statues at various points, the breeze blew in all four directions [304]. The palace was magnificent and studded with jewels, fragrant with incense and camphor. There were beautiful paintings everywhere, and palace and hall were extremely well lit [305].

There the emperor came and sat, his desire growing even stronger. He found numerous Padmini women, as the [female] servants came and displayed their radiance (dāśī ṛvī dikhādai nīra) [306]. One came and offered him a seat, a second came and set his plate. A third came and
washed his hands, a fourth stood ready to fan him [307]. As the women kept appearing, the emperor was dazed. Is this Padmini, or is this Padmini, all these beautiful women look identical [308]. The vyas interrupted, my lord, these are all servants of Padmini. Do not rise expectantly again and again, Padmini has not yet made her entry here [309]. The emperor then remained silent, and did not show any more restlessness. All the servants had made their appearance, the attendants (khavāsi) of the beautiful wife [310]. Seeing the servants as beautiful as Rambha, the emperor’s desire became even sharper. She whose servants are so beautiful, how peerless must she herself be! [311]. The vyas asked the Sultan to be attentive to the signs of the Padmini woman. Her appearance will strike like lightning, she will be as radiant as pure gold [312]. She will brighten the darkness, everybody watching throughout the three worlds will be rapt. She is fragrant as a lotus, the enraptured bees cannot leave her side [313]. How can she remain hidden when she enters, said Raghav to the emperor. The emperor replied to the vyas, all these servants are blessed [314]. They stay with Padmini everyday, and content themselves by gazing upon the body of Padmini. But who will Padmini gaze upon? The vyas said, listen, my lord [315]. This abode that seems so tall, this is where Padmini resides. The king Ratansen lives here, he cannot bear even a moment’s separation from Padmini (Padamini viraha ika khina navisahai) [316].

(Kovitt) Raghav’s words: A fine bed made of lacquer, studded with seven lakh gems. A thousand soft pillows [for the upper back], a thousand arm-rests. A dupatta spread over these, which was bought at a cost of ten lakhs. Silken robes fragrant with incense and flowers, a bed adorned with vermilion. Alavadin Sultan heard, and could not bear his denial for a moment more. The Padmini woman adorns herself, and sports with love on the bed of the Rao Ratansen [317].

(Copai) No one else lays eyes on Padmini, he who does so becomes crazed (gahilū hoi). Why should the obtaining of Padmini be considered a blessing, when he who lays eyes on such a woman becomes arrogant at his achievement (padamini punyapakhe kyun milai, jinī dīṣhī nārī grava galai) [318].
In this manner the two wise men, the vyas and the Sultan, talked among themselves. On this occasion Padmini was thinking to herself, how she could lay eyes on the asura [319]. At that moment a servant said, the men were seated beneath a latticed window (gaukha). Padmavati came and sat behind the ornate latticed window, to catch a glimpse of them [320]. As soon as the vyas looked at the lattices, he saw Padmini there. He prodded his lord to look at Padmini that same instant [321]. Look in the gem-studded latticed window, the girl (bālikā) can be seen in it. When the emperor raised his head and saw, he saw Padmini in person [322]. Aho, aho, shall I call her Padmini, shall I call her Rambha or shall I call her Rukhamini! Is she a Naga princess or is she a [supernatural] kinnari! She is both Indrani and an apsara! [323]. Her beauty is incomparable, she is the very guardian of beauty itself. One thumb of hers is more than the sum of any other woman’s appearance [324]. What can I say about her, the Padmini woman lives in my heart.' The emperor felt faint, the earth seemed to move and clamour [325]. The vyas warned him, be careful, O lord of men, why do you worthlessly forget your honour! Be resolute and brave, and we shall find some other remedy [326]. If Ratansen falls into our clutches, you can hold this Padmini in your hands. Thus they consulted with each other, fortitude is essential for any attack to be successful [327]. They all ate their food silently, as the king laid out a grand feast. Plates were brought in full of fruit, and they continued with their pleasures [328]. They applied sandal, incense, camphor and saffron, to each other [329]. Many gifts and treasures were given, as the king spared no effort in this service [of the emperor]. He gave numerous elephants and horses, and all the guests were satisfied [330].

Now the emperor of the world said, let us embrace each other royally. I would like to see the fort now, it has been a long time since we arrived [331]. The king Ratansen joined them, and took them to see the fort. He showed them the fort of Chitor, and all its formidable defences [332]. The deep moat, the tall walls, there was no weak spot visible in any of them. Countless guns, cannon, and machines for hurling rocks as missiles (dhīkali). There was no easy way to enter or leave the fort [333]. As they saw the fort, they were struck with awe, they had never seen
another fortress like this. Now the emperor said, let us become even better friends with each other [334]. Tell me what use I can be to you, you have been so very hospitable to me. Stand here and tell me what you desire, the emperor said warmly [335]. The king said, let us go a little further, we can enjoy the air better. Thus they advanced further, and the king came out of the fort [336]. The king had no suspicions in his mind, the Khurasani was full of malice. The vyas said this is the occasion, do not blame me later for not telling you [337].

The emperor summoned his horsemen, they joined his warriors. They captured Ratansen immediately, alas! The fatal deed was done [338]. The armoured warriors [of the emperor] who were with him, they were the ones who betrayed him. The king was brought to the emperor’s camp, it seemed as if Rahu had swallowed up the sun\[339\]. The Rao was put in chains and seated, the emperor subjected him to much oppression (ālima jūlama kiśa anyū). The king was very strong, but now when he was under this shadow he was weakened [340]. The news spread within the fort, their courage and resolve were badly shaken. There was uproar in the fort, that the emperor had captured the lord of the fort [341]. Warriors from all ten directions met, the entire army was gathered together in the fort. Men were organized into contingents, the fortifications at the gates were strengthened [342]. The son Virbhan was among the warriors, he came and sat with the warriors in his home. They discussed among themselves the grave disturbance in the fort [343]. One said they should fight from inside the fort, one said they should let the blood flow. One said their lord was in danger, what other occasion could there be for battle [344]. One said there was no leader inside, without a leader it was said the army would be destroyed (eka kahai nahi nāyaka māhī, viṇa nāyaka hataśena kahai). Without a leader their calamities would only multiply, it was like building bridges with bales of hay [345]. One said he was ready to die. If they didn’t fight with all their forces, they would have no honour left [346].

\[12\] The sun was the royal emblem of the Sisodias, the ruling lineage in Mevar.
Thus all the chieftains talked, extremely fearful in their minds (mana māhe bhaya hūo bahū). At that moment a pradhan came there, from the emperor of the world [347]. I have come to inform you, the emperor speaks thus. Give me the woman Padmini, and I will release your lord (hamakúṁ nāri diś Padmini, jima hama choḍān tumhanu dhani) [348]. Otherwise I will take his life surely, if you do not give me this. If you give me Padmini, then the lord of the fort will be freed [349]. Otherwise I will swallow up (grāhi) the lord of the fort, and take the fort as well. I will take the fort and take Padmini, says the asura king stubbornly (haṭhiū) [350]. You warriors will all die in loyalty, let me advise you to do as he says. The pradhan said this and arose, and they gave him their reply [351]. We will think matters over and give you our reply, you will have to wait for a day until then. The warriors told the pradhan this, and then began discussing the matter among themselves [352].

Now let us speak of what should be done, this terrible crisis has come about. If we give away Padmini like this, we will still not be left without honour [353]. If we do not agree, we will all be destroyed, without Padmini nobody will come to harm. Even if we give our lives, he will take her, this is his purpose in coming here [354]. If we give our lives, much [else] will be destroyed, not even a blade of grass will be left standing. Or else one Padmini will go, and no one else will be destroyed [355]. Virbhan was also happy in his mind with regard to Padmini, that she would be given over. She took away my mother’s good fortune [sohaga], and gave her suffering and misfortune instead (dīdhū dukha duhāga) [356]. So when Padmini is given away, my mother will become the mistress again (valī mujha mātā hui sāmini). So Virbhan said persuasively, let us give Padmini over, and preserve all of us (Padmini dīdhai sagaśūn rahai) [357]. All the warriors accepted this solution (thāpi vāta), and decided to give Padmini over at dawn. As they rose from this discussion, Padmini heard of their decision [358].

Padmini trembled in her heart, this is bad news I have heard. I will cut out my tongue and burn my own body, but will not go to the asura’s home (khāṅqū jīhha dahūṁ nīja deha, piṇa navi jāṁ asurān gehe) [359]. They allowed the king to be made captive, and behind him they come to
this decision. All the warriors have become wanting in virtue, whom shall I remind of their duty
(sagaśa subhaṭa huṣatahīna, hīva kina agalī bhākhūn dīna) [360]. Such a moment has come
upon me, I can see nobody who will offer me refuge (saraṇī). Now Jagadisa has to do whatever
he will, as he sees the crisis that has come [361].

(Kavitt) He had the gates opened, and the fort was filled with Turks. Still more of them
encircled the fort, with many more soldiers. He came and met the Rao, and gave him due honour.
Thirty thousand more soldiers and followers joined him. When he rose from his meal, he gripped
the king’s arm. Engaging him in talk, he brought Ratansen out of the gates [362].

Gathering an army, Allavadi came to embrace Chitor. He gave his word and betrayed it,
the Rao forgot his good sense. The ministers took counsel, they decided to have the Rao released.
It was not wise to do battle, instead Padmavati should be handed over. I will die by burning my
body and cutting off my tongue, but will not set eyes on the lord of Jōginipur [the old name for
Delhi]. The lady Padmini spoke thus, now who can I ask for refuge? [363].

The lady heard this said, and mounted her horse. Let us give Padmini to the emperor and
save the Rao and the fort. When Khemkaran was giving this advice, Padmini was seated at the
threshold. Fifty chieftains are together and their forces are not to be seen. The eighty four
chieftains of Chitor have all joined together, I will not find refuge with them. I will not adorn the
bed of the Sultan, now I will kill myself [364].

(Copai) Whatever may happen on this occasion, I must steady my mind and think. In this
city lives Goru Ravat, who faithfully preserves the customs of the ksatriya way (khitravatharīti
kharī miravāhāt) [365]. His nephew the young Vadil, is a spade to root out the enemy. Both of
them are very strong lords, both are Ravats, both are virtuous [366]. They were angry with the
Rao, they refused to take any land-grants from the king (grāṣa na kāñī nrpanu grahāiñ). They
stayed in their homes and did not do any service (cakri), they left Ratansen and turned away to be
free [367]. Just as they were leaving, preparations were being made for laying siege to the fort.
They did not trample the [interests of the] fort underfoot, to have left then would have been to

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turn [reduce] ksatriya duty to dust [368]. For this reason they did not leave, [but] they still looked after their own expenses [they were not maintained by the king]. They would not discard their pride, without honour no honour can be obtained (aniga tanu nā ñjai abhimāna, māna vina navī lābhāi mana) [369]. He is a ksatriya who upholds the ksatriya way, who is afraid in his mind of dishonour. If [their honour was] trampled there was no honour left, in serving the king day and night [370]. But now their anger grew, [the anger of] these two who were exceptionally loyal to their lord (sāmi dharama pālaṇā saviseśa). The honour of the fort had to be defended at any cost, so the two Ravats stayed [371]. Now Padmini thought to herself, both Gora and Badal are virtuous (gunī). I will go and plead with them, I see no other [possibility of] good fortune [372]. Making up her mind, the lady Padmini, climbed into a palanquin and reached the door. She took her companions (sakhi parivār) with her, and came to the court (darabhāri) of Gorila [373]. In front of her she saw Goru seated, and it seemed as nectar (amiya) to her eyes. When Gora saw Padmini, the noble man was extremely happy [374]. He rushed forward, and welcomed her humbly. You have increased my stature today, tell me what has brought you here (kañu podharia kehai kāji) [375]. The Ganga has entered my home casually, my courtyard and I myself have been purified. Padmini replied, I have come to meet you [376]. All the chiefs have given their opinion, they have seen their duty as the acceptance of mercy [from the emperor] (dayā dharama ni lābhī dikha). You give me your considered opinion, whether I should go to the asura’s home [377]. All the warriors have become wanting in their sense of duty (satahīṇa), the earth itself has become depleted in ksatriya virtue (subhāta sahī huśi satahīṇa, khiti pudi khitravata hui khīṇa). The chiefs have revealed their strategy, to give Padmini and take the Rao [378]. Now what are you going to decide, the same as all the other chiefs. Goru said, listen my mother, I am isolated in the fort [379]. I do not accept any expenses [for my maintenance] from the king, nobody asks for my advice. But do not distress yourself, mother, everything will work out well now [380]. Now that you have come to my home, you will not go to the asura’s home. It does not befit a warrior, to obtain victory by giving away a woman (astir) [381]. Warriors must protect the fort at any cost,
even if they have to die. To give a woman and take the Rao, a warrior does not resort to such strategy [382]. We see what fine warriors they [the chiefs] are, who hand over a wife and take back her husband. What do they achieve by living, they who think of such remedies? [383] Padmini said to Gora, this counsel brings fitting honour to this home. They are all equals, they gaze at fear and cannot think of a remedy [384]. Fear is always a burden, which reduces a wall to dust. The others are standing ready to hand me over, so I have come to your home [385].

(Kavitt) Padmini’s words: You are the lord, Gorill, you are foremost in the army. You are the lord, Gorill, you are dear to me. You are the lord Gorill, you accept the responsibility of the army. Listen, Rauta Gorill, the lady Padnavati beckons. The other warriors have become weak in virtue, you alone will win renown. You will fall upon Allavadi, and bring back Ratansen free [386].

(Copai) Goru said, listen my mother, my elder brother roared [was as brave] as a lion. His son Badil is very strong, let me also go and ask his opinion [387]. Both of them came to Badal, Badal rushed to meet them. He humbly touched their feet in obeisance, and asked them their purpose [388]. Goru said to Badal, the chiefs have reached this decision. To give Padmini and take back the Rai, they can think of no other remedy [389]. Padmini has come to us, now what is your considered opinion? We have come to ask you, we will do what you say [390]. All the chiefs have turned their backs, no one is considering battle. We were also unhappy, we did not stay with the king or accept grants from him (rāva tānu nahin grāsa na vāsa) [391]. Now we will do as you say, whether to attack or to die in shame. We are two men, the emperor has a large army [392]. Tell us how we can win by ourselves, the lone man has never been successful (eklā kadei na huvaiṅ bhalā). Hence I have brought Padmini with me, to ask your advice [393]. Padmini said humbly to Badil, I have come into your refuge. Protect me if you can, otherwise I will go back [394]. I will cut my tongue and burn my body, but I will not go to the asura’s home. I will commit jauhar, but I will not leave the fort [395].
On hearing this Badil bridled, fearsome in his rage; like a roaring elephant, lone and strong [396]. Listen Baba, said Badil, what use have we for chiefs! Let all the chiefs sleep, I will achieve this task [397]. Why are you apprehensive, uncle (kaka), do not be anxious. I am your Badil, I will drive away all your worries [398]. Padmini has set foot in our courtyard, my home has been purified. Come into the palace, uncle (māuli), do not be distressed [399]. I will kill the emperor single-handed, if Jagadis is behind me. I, Badil, will rush into the attack, and bring back the king (avanīṣa) [400]. I, Badil, will bear the burden of this responsibility, said the strong one (balavanti). I will destroy the emperor, and bring back the king, all by myself [401]. Let all the chiefs sleep, what use are they? I will accomplish all of this, on my own initiative [402]. Badil said to Padmini, do not despair. If I have been born a warrior, I will destroy like an elephant [403]. I will destroy the enemy’s army single-handed, I will cut off their king’s head. As Hanamati achieved Rama’s tasks, I will overcome your distress [404]. From your steadfast virtue, O mistress, great honour has accrued to us (sattī tuhārai sāmīṇī, mālī mahādal māna). I will bring back the king Ratansen to the fort [405]. I will defeat them, by a stratagem; in return for Padmini, I will bring the Rau back home [406]. Padmini blessed the boy Badil, by wishing away all evil that might befall him (līṇa utārai). Badila summoned his buglers, impatient to rush into battle [407]. Goru was also hopeful now. If the coward is asked he trembles, the hero only further increases his courage [408]. Return home, Padmini, do not distress yourself. The words that Badila has spoken will not be proven false [409].

Just as Padmini returned home, Badil’s mother came there [to Badil]. When she heard the news, the mother was not pleased [409]. Her eyes were flowing and she sighed, the poor woman looked extremely sad. The son humbly invited her in, and asked her what the matter was [410]. Why, O mother, are you like this, tell me what is in your mind. Who has distressed your mind, why do you appear unsettled [411]. The mother said, listen son Badal, why do you rush into difficulty impetuously? You are my only son (dūdhā daḥī tūn mujha nai eka), I have no other support [412]. You are the breath of my life, without you the whole world will be desolate
for me. What advice have you given, without considering the consequences [413]. There are so many warriors and chiefs in the fort, when they are sitting, where is the dishonour? Your village and your home are not the king’s, you take care of your own expenses [414]. Those warriors who have received large grants from the king, even they are sitting in despair. Why are you so impetuous, why do you invite death [415]. You do not know the ways of battle yet, and you speak so eagerly. When have you ever done battle with anybody, why do you rush into something you are ignorant of [416]. Why do you go to destroy the emperor, how will salt confront flour [salt is always a pinch in comparison to large quantities of flour]. My son Badil, you are still a boy, do not give me this boundless sorrow [417]. I have got you married just today, I hesitate to even say it. First make the bride of the house happy, then go and defend the fort as much as you like [418]. You are still a boy, Badil, delicate as a flower-bud. Do not speak without careful consideration, do not be so restless [419].

Badil laughed and said, mother, why do you speak like this. How do you call me a boy, mother, first explain this to me [420]. I do not play in the dirt, I do not cry, I do not turn the house upside down. I do not suckle at your breast, I do not ever sleep in a cradle [421]. Why do you call me a boy, let us see how I do battle! The king’s [emperor’s] destruction is certain, why do you think you will become sonless? [422]. I will blow off all the heads of the enemy, only then will I consider myself your son. I will roar like my father roared, do not fear that I will dishonour my family (mata mani jāṇai kula lējavāṇi) [423]. To retreat from the battle which is the ksatriya’s duty, this is what you ask of me, mother. If I step back from fighting, you will tear out your heart, mother [424]. I will cut and massacre the enemy army, so why are you anxious. Do not be apprehensive, mother, everything will turn out well today [425]. I will roar as a lion today, I will immerse myself in battle. The elephants will quake at the roar of the lion, why do you speak a coward’s words [426].

(Kavitt) The mother came there, and sat near Badill. I will despair without you, my son, why have you set off to fight. You are my eyes, Badill, you are my life, Badill. You are my very
voice, Badill, she tried to convince him again and again. She rose and folded her hands before him. May you live long, my young son, who has given you this evil advice.

Badil’s words: Where am I a child, mother, I do not stay at my nurse’s hem. Where am I a child, mother, I do not cry for my food. Where am I a child, mother, I do not roll in the dust. Where am I a child, mother, I do not sleep in a cradle. Why do you call me a child, mother, I will defend the king. If I do not destroy the Sultan’s army, you will tear your heart out then, mother.

The mother’s words: O my child Badill, my mind will not console itself. O my child Badill, how you fight with me. The fort is besieged on all four sides, the brave ksatriyas are sitting. Without you my son I am desolate, why do you go to fight. Thus the mother said and Badil listened, keep my words in your heart. The Sultan’s army is like a sea, my son, how will you escape defeat.

Badil’s words: Where am I a child, mother, I will kill the mleccha and blossom. Where am I a child, mother, I will fill all seven underworlds with the dead. It was as a child that Kanha subdued the lord of the snakes Vasiga, by the strength of his hands. It was as a son that Ballala accomplished so much, he made Duryodhan captive. If I do not destroy the Sultan’s army, you will tear your heart out then, mother.

(Copai) Realizing her son’s valour, the mother was extremely apprehensive. He did not listen to even a word of his mother’s advice, she went inside lamenting. She related everything to her daughter-in-law, go and keep your husband within the home. He does not heed my advice, finally he is your husband. Adorn yourself most appealingly, and wear beautiful new clothes. Speak loving and amorous words, and draw him close to you by any means.

The bride heard this and set out, brilliant like lightning. The noble-born lady had adorned herself completely [with all sixteen adornments], she came to where her husband was. She was as beautiful as Rambha, and spoke wise words modestly. In her eyes was pure love, and devoted loyalty to her lord (nayane nirmala dākhai neha. sāmi dharami sācī sasaneha) [435]. Her body
was delicate as a lotus, her teeth sparkled like lightning. She smiled and spoke, my lord, listen to my words [436].

The emperor is cruel and determined, how will you fight him, my husband. The enemy is numerous and you are alone, tell me how you will defend the fort [437]. Badil said to his beautiful wife, when I fight this black battle, one lion against so many elephants, even then they will be afraid [438]. The elephants will be confused and frenzied, seeking how to escape from the lion. The lion always rushes in from the front, and does not retreat after advancing [439]. The beautiful woman said to her lord, do not give me false counsel. She spoke wise words, but the moment was bad [440]. Badil said to the beautiful one, do not show so much fear before me. You speak the words of a coward laughingly, and the time slips away [441]. I, Vādiu, am not a man, if I do not take responsibility to defend the fort. She again pleaded with him to turn back, but her husband would not heed her [442]. Horses are neighing and elephants fretting, the Mongols and Persians are strengthening themselves. Cannons are booming and missiles flying, nobody can enter or leave [443]. Guards roam on all four sides, the enemy is heavily armed. How will you enter that place alone, this decision is not wise [444]. Badil replied laughing, how do you say this to me. Horses, elephants and all their soldiers, I can smash all of them at one go [445]. I could loot their twenty seven lakh soldiers, and make mincemeat of them all. I will kill the enemy and bring in much wealth, only then can I face up to my mother [446]. You are speaking to your wife, my husband, my apprehensions will not run away. The bed has not even been adorned (with conjugal love) yet, why do you not make love with your wife [447]. He did not know to fight the battle of love, he feared defeat at the hands of his wife. The boy was still pure (nikalahka), he did not know how to strike at [her] lips [448]. How will you fight with them, Badil, you do not say. The lady said to her lord, you have not yet laid hands upon my body [449].

Then how will you destroy the enemy's army, tell me Badil. O beautiful one, do not make love to me, I will come to your bed on that day [450]. Until the day when I defeat this enemy (vayari ḍho), I will not know bed nor love nor wife [451]. Then the lady turned and said,
your bravery knows no bounds. Hail to you, my lord, I am blessed to be your servant (bhalaṁ bhalaṁ svāṁi syābāsi, bhavi bhavi hūṁ chūṁ thārī dārī) [452]. You will carry out what you have said, you will not be dissuaded. You will not bring shame to our family, she embraced her husband for his courage [453]. You will inflict wounds with the lance, my lord, now show me your hand. Your sword will be found true in assault, your body will be wounded by many weapons [454]. To step back after entering [resolving upon] battle, is to show fear of death. You make the ksatriya lineage (vans) illustrious, you will be highly praised by the earth [455]. You will uproot the enemy from the battlefield, you carry all kinds of weapons on you. He is foremost among warriors, who is keenest to ride into fierce battle [456]. You will make a name in all nine khanḍa, my husband, ride as hard as you can. Where is your equal among all the warriors, you have been tested in front of everybody [457]. I will live and die by your side, I will not leave the lord of my life. What can I say with my full heart, do what will bring you renown [458]. Fight, destroy and bring death, it is cowards who tremble at the very prospect. Hearing these words, the mother said, you will be [the preserver of] my honour in the sky. The husband said to his beautiful wife, now you are truly my mistress. You have spoken wise words, and have preserved the honour of your family’s traditions [460]. The lady brought his weapons, the warrior adorned and prepared himself. He met and prostrated himself before his mother, then Badil mounted his horse and set off [461].

He took his leave of Gor Ravat, the brave Badil set out. He came to the place where all the chiefs were gathered [462]. Badil laughed and said, tell me what you have thought. The chiefs warned Badil, these (the emperor’s) are signs of special preparations [463]. The emperor is obstinate and so are his nobles, that he will take the king’s life. He will then take the fort as well, that is why he has come here [464]. If Padmini is handed over then he will go away, otherwise what hope is there for the fort? If the fort goes that nothing will be left, now we will do as you say [465]. Badil said, this is good advice, you have thought deeply. You may have decided to give over Padmini, but hear what I say [466]. Even on searching through every land, no hair will be
found left on any head. Ksatriya duty will be truly overturned, with this dishonourable remedy [467]. Warriors may die violently in battle, but their honour will not be destroyed. What can one say of a man without honour, it is as inedible as food without grain [468]. The body and the world are both weak, here one instant and gone the next. Whether a coward or a brave man, nobody succeeds in delaying his death [469]. Then let us die in the manner that is ours by right, why should we fall like fools. Why should we consider giving over Padmini, who loves her husband so much [470]. Virbhan heard this and said, Badil, you have spoken much. You have said this well, but you do not understand anything at all [471]. The emperor is an incarnation of god, and has brought twenty-seven lakh soldiers with him. The Yavani chiefs are mighty warriors, if one is killed he has a thousand friends [who appear in his place] [472]. The emperor has taken our leader, and the burden has come upon the chiefs. Nothing can be gained now, else I would also do battle [473]. Badil said to the prince, this thought is not yours [that is, does not befit you]. How does a kesarī¹³ think, he is determined to kill the frenzied elephants [474]. Even if one dies in doing this, one's fame (kīrati) remains unblemished (niramali). In place of the body, fame is gained, then the bargain is not a costly one [475]. The body is a bag made of skin, dirty one instant and radiant the next. If in its place one obtains fame, then who will step back from taking it [fame] [476].

Virbhan now replied, Badil, your opinion is extremely honourable. He is called Arjun who dances and sings [fights heroically],¹⁴ now do as you deem fit [477]. If the king were to be freed and Padmini were to stay, who would not be thrilled at this prospect. Badil said to the prince, gather in large numbers behind me, [inside the fort] [478]. I am going into the enemy camp, I will return after ascertaining the situation. Badil made this request and mounted his horse, even the gods were amazed at his courage [479]. He descended from the gate of the fort.

¹³ The ultimate Rajput hero, resolute about dying in battle.
¹⁴ The verb vajana means both 'to play' (a musical instrument) and 'to launch an attack,' 'to do battle.' The reference to Arjuna is apt, he was both the ideal warrior, and equally adept in music and dance.
intelligent, resourceful and full of courage. His forehead shone brilliantly, with the lustre of his
honour and pride (nilāvati dipāi adhikā nūra, pratapai teja tānih ghati pūra) [480]. He was armed
with all the weapons required by decorum, and wore pleasing new robes. He came, a lone rider,
like the young prince of fire [481]. The emperor saw him coming, and saw all the chiefs [at the
fort above]. The emperor sent a messenger to ask him, why have you come O Rajput [482]. When
the messenger went and asked him, Badil replied with utmost friendliness. I have come to
discuss, how Padmini can be brought [here] at dawn [483]. If the emperor accepts my advice, I
will be deeply obligated to him. The messenger went and reported to his lord, and the emperor
was thrilled [484]. The asura king called Badil inside and gave him much honour, and many gifts.
His appearance was so radiant and noble, the emperor offered him a seat [485]. The clever Badil
sat down, the asura king gave him much honour. What is your name and whose son are you,
whose Rajput are you now [which Rajput chief do you serve now] [486]. Why have you come to
us now, and what is your status in the fort? Badal replied, smiling, his chest swelling in his
eagerness [487]. He who tailors his speech appropriately to the occasion, he is a man always
valued. Badil spoke words on hearing which, the emperor was very happy [488]. He gave his
name and identity animatedly, and they talked eagerly with each other. Badil spoke respectfully,
my lord, hear what I have to say [489]. It is I as pradhan who will hand over Padmini to you, the
chiefs will not relinquish her, in their pride. Padmini saw you gazing at her, when you were
seated beneath her latticed window [490]. From that day she has been thinking, what has
Kamadev done to me? Blessed is the birth [and life] of that woman, whose husband is the
emperor [491]. She has been suffering the torment of separation, thinking of you her beloved, day
and night. Her face has been covered in her hands, tears have been flowing from her eyes [492].
She sighs, the helpless woman, in despair. For a woman to desire (anurāg) you, it is as if a new
plant] shoot grows in the night [493]. There is exceeding love in Padmini’s mind, what can I
describe of it with my mouth. She repeats your name, Ālima, Ālima, and she has told me
everything [494]. When she heard of your arrival from the pradhan, she gave him much honour.
The chiefs said they were prepared to die, but would not hand over Padmini [495]. I tried persuading the chiefs, and Virbhan the king, a renowned warrior. Why does this discussion fail repeatedly today [Badil says he asked them], they knew their destruction was at hand [496]. I will hand over Padmini to you, my lord, with all humility and devotion. Of what will happen then, I will tell you at dawn [497]. Give me your considered reaction, which I will take to Padmini. She will be waiting for me, anxious and restless [498]. The virahini cannot bear the pain of separation, the torment of love wanes and waxes [like a fever] again. You message will be as nectar (sudhārasa) to her, I will convey it to her as you tell me [499].

(Doha) The asura king now thought of the light of Padmini’s love. Her words pierced him like arrows, and he let out a sigh [500]. He remembered her keenly, and burned in the fire of separation. Kama waited for his opportunity, and awoke Siva himself [501]. Who can bear the arrows of Kama, they burn all bodies. A message from the beautiful one, sharpens desire keenly [502]. He could not bear the pain of separation, he felt her keenly in his memory. He heard of the love of Padmini, and he was shaken to his core [503]. There is nobody your equal, asura king, no king as strong. Badil weaves his [snake] charm around you, of the love of Padmini [504].

(Copai) The asura king said to Badil, you are my guest today. Tell me how I can serve you, that will calm my mind a little [505]. I feel love for Padmini (Padmini sūḥ hama karayo prīti), [whereas] everybody sings to the quick tempo of battle. If Padmini comes into my hand, then you will become a chief in my house (tu mujha ghari tūḥ hoisi dhaññī) [506]. His chiefs tried arguing with the emperor, to weigh this message [of Badil] carefully. It seems clear as milk now [trustworthy], the future will reveal whatever is to come [507]. Saying this, the emperor gave more gifts to Badil, with his own hands. He gave him one lakh gold coins, and countless horses, elephants and robes [508].

Badil took these and returned, and his mother’s heart was exultant then. His wife’s happiness was boundless, that this day had been given back to her [509]. Goru Ravat was thrilled, [he was convinced that] Badil would accomplish everything he had said. The lady Padmini was
agog with hope, he will be successful in reuniting me with my lord [510]. The chiefs were all suspicious, that there was more [hidden] in Badil’s mind. Power (sigati) cannot be kept a secret, if it is hidden it burns like fire [511]. Badil sat down and asked them all to listen, to his plan.

Have two thousand palanquins adorned, secretly without anybody’s knowledge [512]. Let it be widely known outside, that these are friends and officials from nearby. Two warriors will be in each of these [513]. Heavily armed with trusted weapons, they will sit firm and bold. Carry the palanquins out in procession, we will say that her friends are inside [514]. In the middle will be Padmini’s palanquin, adorn it more heavily than the others. Put on it Padmini’s adornments, and let bees hum around it [515]. In it let Goru Ravat stay, we will preserve the secret. A mirror image of Padmini, the emperor will never be able to find her [516]. The king is not in the midst of the [enemy] soldiers, let the procession advance. At the gate of the fort fall in behind me, I will take you near the [enemy] encampment [517]. Arrive in this manner, and then wait for some time. I will go in and talk, and deceive them all [518]. I will go and bring the king, and bring him back to his own place. Then we will defend the fort strongly, this is a very good plan [519]. All the chiefs agreed to this, and were engaged in adorning the palanquins until dawn. Having explained everything to them, restless Badil set out [again] [520]. He reached the [enemy] camp again, where the emperor was seated. Badil went and saluted him, which made the asura king very happy [521]. Tell me what message you have brought Badil, I will reward you with much land.

Badil spoke very cleverly, praising the lord [the emperor] highly [522]. I have persuaded the chiefs with great difficulty, to bring Padmini out of the fort. The chiefs have this to say, please hear their entreaty, my lord [523]. If you feel desire for Padmini, then preserve our honour as well. Earn our trust [reassure us], so that we can bring Padmini to you [524]. The asura king turned and said, tell me how you will be reassured. Badil said, my lord, tell your army to leave [525]. If you are afraid, then retain three or four thousand horsemen with you. Tell all the others to go away, so that we will be reassured afresh [after having been deceived the previous time] [526]. On hearing this the emperor became very excited, and agreed foolishly (bāvalu). What do
we have to fear now, you have spoken well Badil [527]. The clever asura king gave orders, let the entire army depart. Three or four thousand will remain with us, so that the Hinduana may be reassured [528]. When the army received its orders to pack and leave, they were extremely happy. The army promptly departed, and all the chiefs left at the same time [529]. Three or four thousand warrior lords mounted on horses, remained with the asura king. The emperor said to Badil, I have done as you said [530]. Now make haste and bring Padmini, let us both keep our respective promises. He gave him a lakh gold coins again, and gave him many gifts too [531].

Badil took these and returned, and his mother was exultant in her heart. He made a sign to his own chiefs, now Jagadisa will give us victory [532]. Come with the palanquins, keep them in a line one after another. Do not reveal anything, let there not be any shortcoming in ksatriya duty (khitrava naāṁa naāṁsukhaţā) [533]. Thus saying, they advanced, and the palanquins followed behind. When the emperor saw them coming, he said Badil spoke the truth (Badilavatakahainiramalai) [534]. Sahib I have a plea to make, on behalf of the virtuous Padmini. [She says,] I have now come to your house, sahib, you have now become my friend [535]. Preserve my good fortune [keep your word to spare my husband] (sācū rākhe mujha sohāga), I ask for due honour and respect along with love. You like thousands in the harem in your house, you make love with them too [536]. But you must marry me, if you wish to bring Padmini home (piṇa sohāgini mujhanai kare, jū ānai chai Padminī āghare). The emperor replied, Padmini, take the honour due to you [537]. Padmini is a lone star among women, many women put together cannot stand before her. It was for Padmini that I stubbornly stayed here, betrayed my word and captured the king [538]. Now I am deeply contented, that Padmini will be my mistress (sāminī) [539]. All the others in the harem will serve her, now that Padmini will arrive. Saying this, he turned to Badil, and gave him countless gifts again [540].

Badil took these and returned, and his mother was exultant in her heart. He then spoke with his chiefs, I will go and deceive them [541]. All of you remain at this spot, let me see how I can keep my word. Badil came back riding his horse, inventing fresh excuses in his mind [542].
He whose brain lives in his mouth, what difficulties he has to face! Badil was carrying out his
attack with words, he returned [to the enemy] three or four times [543]. He carried out his
promise, and returned with three or four lakh gold coins. He made the asura king extremely eager
and restless, he remained as extremely calm himself [544]. The palanquins now came into open
view, the emperor saw that they were all identical. Badil was constantly going in and out of the
procession, pretending to talk with Padmini [545]. There was one puhrara [three hours] left to this
day, the army had already gone on ahead. Now was the moment for the fort, and Badil spoke
again [546]. My lord, Padmini says this, I have been waiting for a long time. Hear one entreaty of
mine, as I come to your abode [547]. If I met Ratansen once, it would be more befitting conduct
on my part. The emperor said to Badil, Padmini speaks wisely [548]. I am pleased, this is a fair
request from Padmini. The emperor gave orders at once, for the king Ratansen to be freed [549].

Badil went in to free Ratansen, the king turned away from him in anger. Fie! Badil, you
show me your face, after having delivered a slap on my cheek [550]. You have avenged yourself
well against me, freeing me in exchange for Padmini. You have poured dirt upon [besmirched]
ksatriya duty, you have become a cowardly warrior, a traitor to your friend [551]. Badil replied
to his lord, it is another plan that I have devised. Clench your fists and come with me, your
fortune will improve [552].

(Kavitt) Badill devised a subterfuge, and reached with a palanquin. In it he put a boy, and
called him Padmini. The Sultan was exultant, when he heard the lady was coming. The Ghori
then said, speak what you will. Allavadin hear my plea, I have one request. The lady Padmini
spoke thus, let me meet the king once [553].

Badil came there, where the king was bound in chains. He touched the king’s feet with
his head. The king bristled with anger, you have taken foul revenge. For a demon’s greed, why
have you brought my wife (nārī kōṭī anī meri). Badil laughed to himself, my lord, rest assured. A
boy has come in the garb of Padmavati, O king, it is not your wife [554].
(Copai) The king understood and was promptly ready to leave, when the terrible (asarāl) emperor said to him. Come and meet Padmini before you leave, who has given you back your good fortune [555]. The king went to [the so-called] Padmini, where the procession of palanquins was ranged most densely. The king sat in the palanquin, and found out the truth of the matter [556]. Badil said to his lord, this is not the occasion for a conversation. We are in one danger after another, go in the palanquin and reach the fort [557]. Be alert and careful my lord, and give us a sign when you reach. Let the drums and trumpets blow, at this good sign [558].

The king heard this, his heart was filled with happiness. He reached safe and sound, as if the sun had freed itself of Rahu's shadow [559]. The music sounded the good news, then the warriors [still behind in the enemy camp] roared. They emerged, with nine hands each [heavily armed] (navahattha),¹⁵ to do battle with the many Duhsasanas there [560]. They were extremely accomplished and brave in serving their lord, Goru Ravat proud and foremost among them. They saw the enemy army and rushed with joy into the battle [561]. Their brave hearts leapt, in that glorious company of warriors. They wore tested armour on their bodies, with swords in their hands, and seemed like death himself to the enemy [562].

Four thousand brave men leapt out, each more determined to kill than the next. In front were Goru and Badil, behind them were all the warriors (subhata) [563]. They advanced shouting and spreading terror, the enemy could not see the end of them [the enemy was so terrified that their number seemed endless]. With swords in their hands they fell upon the enemy, shouting one challenge upon another [564]. Hey, you emperor, wait for your destruction, do not go away. We have brought Padmini, let us show her to you [565]. She is now calm and contented, we are here by the strength of the goddess (devatāni). You took up weapons and camped here stubbornly, now take guard, Emperor [566]. As they came there to trample the emperor, they saw him mounting his horse. They seemed like death to the enemy as they revelled in battle, the emperor

¹⁵ Like Durga, the avenging goddess with her nine hands.
lamented his destruction bitterly [567]. Fie, Badil, you deceived me, all the warriors have now
descended from the fort. The asura king called to his own warriors and they rushed forward,
shouting with rage [568]. They decided amongst themselves to defend the fort, and Badil spoke.
Do not retreat, Patisah, if you are a true warrior [569]. You came determined from Dilli, now do
not retreat. If you are brave then do battle, otherwise you will have no honour left [570]. The
emperor mounted his horse, his warriors fighting like Yama’s army. They fought [a second
Mahabharata] grimly on the battlefield (bhīdātā bhālī pari phāratha bhīma), no warrior took one
step backwards [571]. The earth was trampled to dust, they fought fiercely in small groups. A
storm of dust blew, the brave men could not see clearly [572]. Arrows flew thick and fast on both
sides, steel and iron clanged heavily. Swords flew in anger, like lightning cutting through the
clouds [573]. Swords broke against armour, then they flew with greater vigour. Swords clashed
and sparks flew, it became dark from the smoke [574]. The blood gurgled and flowed from skins,
like floods from rains. Light pierced through the dust, and fell on mountains of flesh [575]. The
jogini filled their vessels full with blood, Siva collected many garlands of skulls. The birds
swooped and fed [on the flesh], chariots [of the immortals] could be seen in the sky [576]. The
sun pulled at his chariot, to make a passage through the blood. At this moment the valiant Goru
came rushing where the emperor was [577]. He took out his sword like Mahabali, just as the
asura king was about to leave the battlefield. Badil pleaded [with Gora] with folded hands, do not
invite certain destruction [578].

Ratansen was a good king, he watched the battle from the fort. He saw the great warriors
Gora and Badal destroying the enemy [579]. Padmini stood and gave them her blessings, may
Badil live for a thousand years (kodi bārīsa). I pay homage to you, blessed one, you preserved all
my secrets [honour] [580]. All these warriors are standing here, they are all cowards and not
friends. Badil is the only great warrior (mahābala), who did not err from his true duty (sattā thakī
je cākū nāhi) [581]. He was true and loyal to his lord, Badil defended ksatriya duty. Goru Ravat
stayed in the battle, the blood flowed from the emperor’s army [warriors] [582]. He looted the
entire army, how many ran away, and how many more did he kill. Here was the entire enemy army, Badil defeated them all alone, through mere words (bahasti) [583]. The emperor freed the king, and he [Badill] earned renown from this. The king praised Badil, you have spun a glorious tale [584]. You gave me the gift of life again, how can I praise you enough. The emperor returns alone, Goru and Badil have won the battle [585].

(Kavitt) Badil took with him thirty-two chiefs. He took out his sword, and fought with the Sultan as an equal. He earned at the expense of the Parasi and Mugall, by deceiving them. He uprooted Lanka by his mind, in one remarkable instant. He arose and turned his face, and fell upon them. When the enemy outnumbered him, he mounted his armoured elephant [586].

(Copai) Cries of praise arose, Badil accomplished many amazing feats (karani). The strength of the fort [Badil himself] was revealed, Badil earned much renown [587]. He came before the king, and the two embraced. Huge festivities commenced, and the king gave Badil half his kingdom [588]. Padmini spoke thus, if Badil had not done anything, what would have come to pass! You have returned my good fortune (ahibāta) to me, you have brought relief to me [589]. Blessed is your mother, who bore such a weight as you. Blessed is your wife, who has Badil for her husband [590].

She anointed his forehead, and gave him a tray full of pearls. She made him her own brother, and escorted Badil to his own home [591]. In the courtyard, women had gathered on all sides and were standing on either side, to catch a glimpse. They scattered pearls here and there, his family and relatives (ṣaṃja) came to meet him [592]. In this manner he came into the palace, having massacred many of his enemies. He went and touched his mother’s feet, his mother blessed him with all her heart [593]. His wife wore new robes, and her forehead was radiant with a tilak [as a mark of her good fortune, at the success and return of her husband and as proof of her success as wife therefore]. With offerings for the deity and jewels in her hands, she came and stood before him [594]. Many people offered praise and congratulations, that he had
returned safe and sound. Now Gora’s wife said, why does your uncle remain in the battlefield [595].

Tell me how he attacked, how did he destroy the enemy’s assault. Badil replied, O mother, how shall I recount his deeds [596]. Gora destroyed many elephants, no warrior could surpass him. He rendered the emperor alone, in this way Gora preserved the fort [597]. Every inch of his body was pierced, his soul has reached the city of the immortals. Gora brought lustre to his lineage today, and redeemed the honour of warriors [598].

(Kundaliya Kavitt) Gora’s wife spoke thus, listen, brave Badill. My beloved fought in the battle, tell me how he fought. Tell me how he fought, how many warriors he surpassed. How did he kill so many elephants, how did he trample their heads under his feet. He massacred many brave warriors, he won many victories, Gorill. Badil said, O mother, this is how Gorill died in battle [599].

(Copai) His wife heard this, and her body swelled with love. Every pore filled with valour, the lady said with a smile [600]. Listen, my son Badila, the thakur will find it difficult if he is alone. Then the rift between us will grow, and my lord will be angry with me [601]. Hurry, now it is my turn, help your aunt to reach his place. Badil heard this was and was exultant. Mother, your love is blessed [602]. She gave away much wealth, adorned herself and mounted a swift horse. She departed praising Rama, the beautiful woman bathed in fire [603]. As soon as she reached her husband, Indra gave him half his throne. They reached the city of the immortals (amarapuri), their praises resounded in the world [604]. Badil’s praises were sung far and wide, of his loyalty to his lord and his truthfulness and his virtue. There is no other hero like this, he has earned renown in all three worlds [605]. He protected Padmini and brought back the king, bore the burden of defending the fort. He did battle and defended the honour of warriors, salutations to Badil, I sing in his praise (raṇavātā kari nai rākhi reha, namo namo bādila guṇa geha) [606].

(Kavitt) Praise be to Badil, let me sing of the destroyer of enemies Badil. He is his lord’s armour in danger, he preserved him in his captivity. He slew frenzied elephants, and destroyed
their pride. You brought back my husband, and gave me my good fortune. Thus spake the lady Padmini, there is no one to equal you. His young wife bowed before him (āraṭṭ utāraṭ), praise be to Badil, to you my husband [607].

Badill strove hard, and saved woman through force and through deception. The Sultan could not match him, strong as he was. He destroyed the pride of elephants, and brought back his lord free. He destroyed their shields and routed the enemy, he defeated the army of the maliks. His mother was happy when she heard, her son had put the enemy’s army to flight. I speak of Badill’s feats, he freed Padmini’s husband [608].

(Copati) This is the tale of Badil Ravat, pain flees from those who hear it. Illness, grief, sadness and suffering are cured, all the mind’s desires bear fruit [609]. To the virtuous first disciple of the Tirthankar in the Punima gaccha, and to Devatilak Suri, the head of the gaccha. To Nyanatilak his successor, who shines in his wisdom, on this seat [610]. Padamraj the chief vacak, is wisdom revealed on earth. His disciple and servant tells this tale, Hemaratan is uplifted in mind [611]. Samvat sixteen hundred and forty-five, the fifth day of Sravan. The eminent city of Sadadi adorns the face of the earth [612]. Rana Pratap is revealed on earth, his renown shines brilliantly and spreads day by day. His wise minister is the crown of the Kavedya family [613]. Bhamusaha is devoted in his duty to his lord, he grinds his lord’s enemies to dust. His younger brother Tarachand, is like Indra incarnate on earth [614]. He protects the earth, as unshakeably firm as Dhruva, and levels all his enemies to the ground. At his order, has this good deed been undertaken, I have found this blessing together with my gathered audience (sabha) [615]. I have woven / created this tale of Badil, ideal / pleasing (sohamani) in his loyalty to his lord. The rasas of vīrā and singār are noteworthy here, both pleasing and both well illustrated [616]. Those who hear will find all happiness, from saying it desire and hunger will disappear. The mind will be exultant, this tale will make it strong and resolute [617]. Six hundred and sixteen verses I have made, from hearing about this matter. If this is told with great passion, those who hear will make it true [emulate these examples of virtue] [618]. When loyalty to one’s lord is always defended, all prosperity will come to the house. Gods and men will all praise such a man, and Lakshmi will wait for him with garland in hand [to marry him] [619].

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**Chitor Udaipur Patnama, Khanda 2, folios 91a – 131a, pp. 329 – 475 (date unknown)**

**Note to the translation**

This is a translation of the account of the Padmini episode from the ‘Chitor Udaipur Patnama,’ a Badva Bhat chronicle about the kings of Mevar and their history. The Badva Bhats were the specific sub-group among the Bhat genealogists, who maintained the genealogies of the Mevar rulers. The *Chitor Udaipur Patnama* is a five thousand-page manuscript, in the collection of the Nat Nagar Shodh Pratishthan, Sitamau, Malwa. A modern, hand-written transcript of the entire manuscript is available for consultation at Sitamau. The version that I consulted is a photocopy of the second chapter, Khanda 2, in the collection of the Pratap Shodh Pratishthan, Udaipur. The transcript of Khanda 2 is 300 pages long. Of these, 155 pages recount the Padmini episode.

Pagination from both sources is indicated in the translation, in square brackets. Arabic numerals from 329 to 475 indicate the pagination in the transcript at Sitamau, and its photocopy at Udaipur. Folio pagination from 91a to 131a, marked in the photocopy, indicates that of the original, 5000-page manuscript at Sitamau.

The chronicle is in prose, interspersed with stray verses. Punctuation is erratic and follows the logic of oral rendition. Thus there are no commas, and sentence units are not always separated by periods. The narrative is also not divided into any shorter units such as paragraphs – again, a form indicative of continuous oral narrative. Paragraph divisions occur very rarely, only about a dozen times or so in the space of 155 foolscap pages.

I have introduced semi-colons instead of periods at most places, as an approximation to the continuous flow of the original. I have also introduced paragraphs to make for easier reading in the translation; my paragraph divisions do not reflect any such narrative units in the original. Text that I have added by way of explanation is indicated in square brackets. Source text is provided in round brackets. Proper nouns, names of persons and places, have been spelt as written in the Rajasthani, and not as they are conventionally spelt in English. The spelling in the Rajasthani is also not uniform, and the spelling of proper nouns in the translation reflects this.
The account

... Then the Rāval Sri Samarsiji came to Dali; the Rāval met his brother-in-law Prathirajji Cahuva. Then on the first day of Savan Budi the emperor (Patsah) of Gazni arrived; Raja Prathirajji and Raval Samarsiji did battle with the emperor Sahabudin. On the fifth day of Savan Budi, 1151 Samvat, Raval Sri Samarsiji was killed; his army also suffered heavy losses. Fifty two thousand four hundred and eighty-eight horses, sixty nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-six foot soldiers, eight thousand camels, fifty-two elephants, these many of Raval Samarsiji’s army who had followed him from his home, were killed; Raval Samarsiji was killed in the fort of Dili. Raval Samarsiji ruled for thirty-seven years [fol. 91 a].

Then he came to his in-laws in the fort of Delhi and was killed in Vikram Samvat 1151. Then the prince Kavarji Kumbhakaran sat on the throne of the fort of Chitor ... How was the prince Kavarji Sri Kubhakaran incomplete in body [329], that he did not sit on the throne; the other prince Kavar Karamsenji was not fit for the throne. Kavar Kumbhakaranji was three years old; Kavarji Karamsenji was eight years old; Kavarji Ratansenji was two years old. The prince Kavarji Kubhakaranji did not sit on the throne, of which it is now told. Kubhakaranji was born in the year Samvat 1139; then in Samvat 1141 the Rāvalji Sri Samarsiji arrived in Chitor from Dali ... [Then follows the story of how the prince Kumbhakaran cut his thumb while playing with a dagger as a two-year-old child] [330]. For this reason the Kavarji Kumbhakaranji was not made the king.

Then the youngest prince Kavar Ratansenji, nephew of the Cahuva's, ascended to the throne; the third prince Ratansenji became the king. In the year Vikram Samvat 1152, on Sunday the eleventh day of Cait Sudi, under the sign of the star Magh, eight hours from daybreak, the prince Kavar Ratansenji sat on the throne; at this time the prince Ratansenji was two years and three months old ... [fol. 91 b].

In the year Samvat 4197 of Kaliyug... Maharavalji Sri Ratansenji had a son by Suhag Kavarji the daughter of the Parihar Ren Raja; his second queen was Cāvaḍi Puvār; another son, named Śīhaḍdeji, was born to Suraj Kavarji the daughter of Cāndrāi; another son was born to the
third queen Jet Kavarji the daughter of Cahuvan Sācorī, another son Samadsenji was born to the 
fourth queen Sarup Kavarji the daughter of Solanki Toda; another son, Saravanji (Sravan ji) was 
born to the fifth queen Amar Kavarji the daughter of Rathor Raṇmalot; another son was born to 
the sixth queen Cahu Kavarji the daughter of Gauḍ Gegraj; another to the seventh queen Ratan 
Kavar the daughter of Mohābā (Mahoba) Candel, the daughter of Brahmanand Parmālaut [syntax 
is garbled here in the original]; his eighth queen was Cand Kavar the daughter of Sākarvāl 
Gaṅgadas; another son was born to the ninth queen Pith Kavar the daughter of Bālecī Cahuvan 
[331], the sons Narpatji, Harbhāṇji, Bijepālji and Gopalji were born to the tenth queen Jahaj 
Kavarji the daughter of Jadam [Yadav] Jemal; the sons Brahmanandji, Agar Candji, Raghurajji 
and Samarathji were born to the eleventh queen Padam Kavar the daughter of the Tavar Rana 
Salsi, the sons Harbhānji and Candarbhān were born to the twelfth queen Ejan Kavarji the 
daughter of Puvar Dharatani Sudardeji; the sons Raisiji, Gangrajji and Narbhārajji were born to 
the thirteenth queen Sam Kavarji the daughter of the Solankis.

Verses in praise of the bravery of Raval Sri Ratansenji.

(Kavitt) He is the lord of the fort of Chitor, with no one to equal him in strength.

Two lakh fifty thousand horses, a lakh at his call in front of the fort.

Five thousand lordly elephants, seven lakh soldiers on foot.

Ten thousand bowmen, sixteen hundred lancers.

A thousand drums, eighty thousand camels at his door.

Thirty two thousand cannon, the smallest firing balls two man heavy.

Twenty thousand [men] ready and mounted, to grind the Khurasan army into the earth.

Lions and Mers did not breed in the land [the rest of the line is missing, the sense 
unclear].

(Kavitt) The glories of the fort of Catrakot, the wonders of its storehouses, and an account 
of its traders.

Catrakot is like Kavalās, where spring dwells eternally.

Where Ratansen Gahnot, rules as the Raval.

A crore and fifty thousand people, in five hundred lands (mandalas).
Here the king is with his nobles, they always serve him.

Many different pradhans [not clear], nobody is unhappy in the land of Ratan.

The thirty-six castes reside in the fort ... [sense unclear]. (Stanza 2)

The land described.

One lakh traders, twenty four thousand Brahman homes.

Ten thousand gardens, one and a half thousand peasants.

Sixteen thousand people in the household, a thousand and sixteen chiefs.

Eleven thousand bowmen, eager to serve [unclear].

A lakh and ten thousand more, the thirty-six castes reside in happiness [fol. 92 a].

Two lakh seventy eight thousand two hundred live in Catrakot. [Stanza 3]

A count of the households of the thirty-six castes in the fortress and outside at its foot:

two lakh seventy-eight thousand two hundred houses.

Raval Sri Ratansenji organized all sixteen kinds of communities [not clear what this refers to], and ruled in accordance with the laws (nità); all the thirty-six castes lived in happiness. The king and Raval of the fort of Catrakot is of the lineage of Sri Raghu.

In the year Vikram Samvat 1222, on the day of the festival of Tij, the chiefs, nobles, brothers, uncles and kinsmen of Sri Ravalji came to the assembly ... All the kinsmen came. Sri Hajur Raval Sri Ratansihji entered. All fourteen chiefs of rank were present at the discussions of this assembly. First the respected brother Kubhakaranji was acknowledged, for ensuring the welfare of the fort [333] [fol. 92 b].

One day Sri Ekling incarnate, the Rav Sri Ratansenji asked his chiefs about this matter; [about] the feasts that are served at all these assemblies; all his kinsmen (bhātī bētā), the chiefs and jagirdars, all considered this matter; is it Brahman cooks who cook for all these feasts or is it the household attendants of the chiefs. Then the chiefs ventured their opinion; O benefactor of the poor, this is the order of the kitchen; sometimes the brahmans cook some of the food, and some of the food the Rajputanis and attendants in the palace have cooked.

Hajur heard this opinion and then ordered; hear this, all ye chiefs, kinsmen, nobles, jagirdars, priests, headmen and merchants. Sri Hajur invited all of them, the morning’s feast is at
our home; all the chiefs were invited to a feast prepared in the kitchen of Sri Eklingnath ['s representative]; and then Sri Hajur went into his queens' quarters, and gave this order to all fourteen of his queens; all fourteen queens and their chiefs gathered in the place of the Parihār queen. Then Sri Hajur Ravalji gave this order to all of his queens; hear this all ye chiefs, I ate with the kinsmen and nobles, and at all the chiefs' palaces, their palace attendants prepare the food; the Rajputanis had prepared very good food. I heard this and declared to the fourteen chiefs that I will tell the zanana that I have invited all the chiefs to a feast prepared in the kitchen of Sri Eklingnath [334]. So do this, chief among women [the queens], prepare the food with your own hands; do not get anyone else to prepare the food, cook it with your own hands. Sri Ravalji gave this order to the chief women in his zanana [the queens]; all fourteen queens agreed to prepare for the feast with great care.

Then the chiefs of the women's quarters began cooking; the chiefs of the women's quarters were all the daughters of kings, what would they know of cooking; what is cooked and how; but anyhow, they began cooking. Someone made the rice, but it remained uncooked; someone cooked another dish, but it got burnt . . . somebody added three or four times the required spices to the *patoth* [*?*]; somebody prepared the *polya* and it remained thick and raw; somebody made the mince (*kīmo*) and charred it; somebody cooked the vegetable and made it too salty; somebody made the *mathrid* and made it too hard; somebody made the *tačit* and forgot to add salt to it; somebody made the *dači* and forgot to dilute it sufficiently; somebody made the *khicāl* and did not mash it enough; in this manner thirty-six vegetables and thirty-two courses were prepared; none of these dishes was well-made. They had never cooked food, they were the daughters of kings after all, what would they know of cooking; they knew what food should taste like, not how it should be prepared; something was too salty, something too sour, something saltless, something remained uncooked [fol. 93 a]; and something was overcooked.

In this manner no dish in the meal was prepared correctly. All the food was prepared and then all the chiefs were invited and they gathered; then they arranged themselves in rows, and sat down. Sri Hajur ordered all the chiefs to begin the meal, I will remain standing as your host; Sri Hajur stood and watched the food being served in due course. All the chiefs were eating, and there
was friendly conversation; the meal continued amidst friendly banter and laughter. As the chiefs 
ate, Sri Hajur asked them how the food was; the chiefs thought to themselves, it is by the 
beneficence of this house that all the chiefs are supported; even if something in this place is bad, it 
must be complimented; then the chiefs ventured their opinions with folded hands. O Ekling 
incarnate, the food was extremely well made; no chief revealed the mishap of the meal. All the 
chiefs had eaten; they took their leave; then all the chiefs took their place in the assembly; 
sweetened pan was made fragrant and passed around; there was song and dance.

Then a servant came from the kitchen and invited Sri Hajur also to come and take his 
meal; and the chiefs also suggested that the benefactor of the poor should also have his meal. 
Then Sri Hajur also entered the dining hall and took his place there, and everything was prepared 
to serve him the thirty-six vegetables and thirty-two courses in due order. Sri Hajur took the name 
of Sri Eklingnath and put his hand to his plate; by that time all fourteen queens came and stood, as 
the king was seated at his meal, hoping to hear Sri Hajur’s praise. Sri Hajur put his hand to the 
food and tasted it; and the rice was uncooked; Sri Hajur demanded to know who had prepared the 
rice; then the Parihar queen said, O benefactor of the poor, it was I who prepared the rice; then 
Hajur shouted at the Parihar queen, are you the woman (jugal) of the asura Bana, that you do not 
know how to cook rice.

In this manner he tasted from all the dishes prepared for the meal; and demanded to know 
who had cooked what; and he went on shouting at them; and called them all manner of names. In 
this manner he abused all fourteen queens; you are all devotees of the god Yama; you are 
devotees of his, incarnate as a buffalo; you do not have any of the marks of human beings; just as 
the buffalo eats and drinks and then lies down and lolls around the entire day, you lie around; it 
would have been better if Sri Eklingnath had just made you buffaloes.

The Parihar queen, chief among the queens, heard Sri Hajur’s words and ventured to 
speak; O benefactor of the poor, we are the daughters of kings; it is brahmans who cook [337]. 
We have eaten only food cooked by Brahmans . . . we are daughters of Rajputs with land, homes 
and horses, what do we know of cooking food [fol. 93 b]. Until today, we have not even boiled 
water in the kitchen, nor have we seen it being done; what will we know of how food is prepared;
how much salt and spices are added, how to cook, when to add water. Sri Hajur heard this and declared; if you ever had to give human beings food and drink in your women’s quarters, you would know [of such matters]; you have only tended to buffaloes; so what will you know of the taste of food.

Then the Parihar queen rose and folded her hands and ventured a reply; Sri Hajur this is how much I know of cooking; this Sri Hajur can eat; extremely tasty food only a Padmani can prepare; if you wish to eat food as tasty as that, then wed and bring back a Padmani, she will prepare such food and feed you herself. Raval Sri Ratansenji heard this reply from the mistresses of the women’s quarters and became exceedingly angry; then he declared to the mistresses of the women’s quarters; my name is Raval Ratansen; so I will wed and bring back a Padmani, and only then will I enter the palaces of the women’s quarters; else, I swear by God’s head, by the offerings made to the idol of Sri Eklingnath, if I enter the fort of Chitor without wedding a Padmani, then I will offer up one lakh eighty thousand to Sri Eklingnath [as penalty] [338].

[Kavitt] Of the exchange between Sri Hajur and the mistresses of the women’s quarters.

One day the Divan [Ratansen], sat down to a meal in the palace;

Seventeen tasty preparations, the queens came forward, welcoming;

He tried [the food] and it was either salty or sour, or too sweet to the taste;

Nothing was to his satisfaction, then the chief queen rose and spoke;

Go and bring back some Padmani, the Raval vowed to accomplish this;

I will marry a girl from a new caste (nav jāṯ), only when I present a Padmini as queen will I enter the palace.

With this declaration the Raval Sri Ratansenji descended from Catrakot, and entered the town at the foot of the hill; [in a garden] on the banks of the river Gambhiri the encampment of Sri Hajur was made of cloth [tents] ... in the year Samvat 1224 [There follows a description of the building of the tents and the camp]. Subsequently, the royal assemblies began taking place in the encampment; Sri Hajur would ask his chiefs, in which direction is the island of Sidhal. The chiefs and nobles would reply to Sri Hajur, we have always been in the presence of Sri Hajur; we
have not even traveled through other lands (*pardes*) in our minds; further, the island of Sidhal is difficult to reach; in this manner, Sri Hajur and his chiefs would converse. Sri Hajur [339] was extremely anxious in his mind, about how he would get to the island of Sidhal; in this manner, he lived in the garden, and two and a half years passed by; ... but they found no way of getting to the island of Sidhal.

Once it came to pass that he prayed to the benevolent god to find some way of achieving his heart’s desire [fol. 93 b]. At that time Machindarnathji was engaged in austerities in the village (*gam*; the term refers interchangeably to a settlement, village, or town) of Manohargadh on the island of Sidhal; and Gorakhnathji the disciple of Machindarnathji was engaged in austerities at Puskarvatipuri in Uttarakhad. One day Gorakhnath thought that it had been a long time since he had prostrated himself before his lord guru (*gurnārāṇ*); so Gorakhnathji got ready to go and prostrate himself before Machhindar, his Gumarain; he sat on his flying vehicle, took his magical charm, and set out from Puskarvatipuri. On his way to the island of Sidhal, he passed over the fort of Chitor in the middle of the night; at that moment different kinds of music could be heard playing in the fort of Chitor; many varied songs were being sung; in this manner auspicious music was being played. Gorakhnathji heard the sounds and wondered to himself; which fort is this, and who rules here; I must see this fort; but at this time I must take blessings from my lord guru; on my way back I will certainly [stop at this fort and] see for myself.

He came to this decision in his mind and arrived at the island of Sidhal, at the abode of his guru Machindarnathji; he fell at the feet of his Gumarain [340]; he stayed there for many days; he then asked for his guru’s blessings, and took his leave. Then Gorakhnathji made his way back from the island of Sidhal towards his own asram at Puskarvatipuri; on his way back, he passed over the fort [of Chitor] again in the night, where song and music could again be heard; he decided to alight at the fort this time, took his magical charm, and directed his flying vehicle in that direction.

When that immortal soul (*suratādhaarī*; that enlightened soul who can don a mortal body at will; referring to the magical powers attributed to Gorakhnath as one of the founding figures of the medieval Nathpanth) came to the fort of Chitor, the Ravalji Ratansenji was still living in his
camp in that same garden; Gorakhnathji’s vehicle descended; it descended near the encampment of the Ravalji which was made of cloth and canvas; the vehicle descended in front of the tent in the middle of that encampment outside the fort. There was one pahar [three hours] left for the night to pass; at that moment Ravalji was lying asleep outside his tent; ... the flying vehicle had descended in a vacant spot there; ... and Gorakhnathji went inside the tent; he saw the bed laid out; ... he saw flowers strewn on the bed. He saw this pleasing sight, and Baboji was tempted; then Gorakhnathji lay down on the bed and fell asleep; as he slept, Gorakhnathji’s grip loosened [341], and his pouch carrying his magical charm fell loose upon the bed.

In due course, the sun shone again; Sri Ravalji arose, washed his face and hands, applied scents and took his opium. At that moment [a guard came and informed him that] ... a Nath jogi is sleeping on the bed; he wears no clothes (digammari) and is smeared with ashes, and sleeps on Sri Hajur’s bed ... [fol. 94 b]. Sri Hajur rose and went into the tent; and in truth a jogi was sleeping there; near the jogi’s hand a small pouch lay fallen; ... Sri Hajur took that pouch with the magical charm; he hid it outside in his garden. Then Ravalji ordered ... that nobody should awaken Babaji; let him sleep; and he posted guards outside the tent ...

Three pahar [nine hours] of the day passed, and Baboji was still sleeping; then, when only three hours were left of the day, Baboji awoke. He was sitting on the bed and seeking his magical charm; meanwhile the guard informed Sri Hajur ... As soon as the Ravalji heard, he arrived there and saw that Baboji was sitting up and searching for [342] something; Ravalji folded his hands and uttered a word [to alert Gorakhnath of his presence]; Babaji paid no attention and continued to search. Then Ravalji ventured to speak again; O divine guru (guru paramātama), what are you searching for; Babaji replied, I am looking for a small pouch of mine ... Ravalji ventured to say, O divine guru, do not search, if your charm is here it will be found ... Then Bapaji asked, what is the name of this place (gām), and who is its ruler ... Then Ravalji ventured to reply, Guru Sahab, the name of this place is Chitorgadh; the ruler here is Sri Eklingnath; I work for him as his minister (divān); the people call me their king, and my name is Ratansen.
You have asked me about myself and my situation, but tell me of yourself; please tell me truly, I ask you to swear by your guru. Then Gorakhnathji replied, O king, my name is Gorakhnath; I am the son and disciple of Machindarnath; I was engaged in austerities at Puskarauti in Utarakhand; and my guru Machindarnathji is engaged in austerities at Manohargadh in the island of Sidhal. I had gone to meet my guru [343]; . . . on my way out, I felt a desire to see this fort on my return journey; then I stayed for many days with my guru on the island of Sidhal; . . . I wished to see this village Chitor so I came here; I was tempted by the pleasing sights here; so I fell asleep on the bed; I am very well-rested; but . . . I have lost my magical charm. The Ravalji heard this account and ventured to speak; O Gurnarain, . . . Then Ravalji thought to himself, Sri Eklingnath has heard my entreaties and will fulfil my heart’s desire [fol. 95 a].

. . . Then Gorakhnathji said, O king Ratansen Raval, but answer this one question of mine: you are called the king of the fort of Chitor . . . then why do you live in this garden outside the village . . . . Ravalji heard Babaji’s question and became silent [344]. Then Gorakhnathji demanded to know, for the third time, and threatened, O king, I will curse you; then Raval Ratansenji ventured to speak; O divine guru, I would reply if I could find the words; then Gorakhnathji swore by his guru; then Ravalji told him everything . . . . Babaji Gorakhnathji heard the account of Raval Ratansenji and laughed as he understood; O king Ratansen, what oath have you sworn, about a matter you are ignorant of; does it seem easy to you to go to the island of Sidhal; it is not possible for men from our land (des) to go to the island of Sidhal; but if someone is a yogi and engages in penance and makes his body immortal, then he goes to the island of Sidhal. O king, the island of Sidhal may seem ten or twenty kos [one kos is two miles] distant to you; that is why you have sworn such an oath.

Raval Ratansenji heard this and fell at the feet of Gorakhnathji; and he said, O divine guru, take me also to the island of Sidhal; make me also a yogi, and bestow the robes on me; or else my death will be on your head; I swear that I will give up food and water from today, and this sin will attach to you. Gorakhnathji heard this and was caught in a dilemma [345] . . . . Then he tried persuading the Ravalji, you return my magical charm to me, and I will go directly to the island of Sidhal, to bring you success in your endeavour. The Ravalji did not agree to this; then
Gorakhnathji swore an oath by Machindarnathji... O king, I will go directly to the island of Sidhal, to fulfil your task; and I will return in a few days, in one month.

Then Ravalji returned the magical charm to Gorakhnathji. Then Gorakhnathji sat in his flying vehicle and went directly to the island of Sidhal; he went to Guruji Machindarnathji; then Gorakhnathji said, O Gurnarain, the king of the fort of Chitor, Raja Ratanssen has sworn this oath; he has spent three years now, living in the garden; that is no concern of mine, but now I have fallen into his trap... That magical charm fell into Ratansen’s hands, and he refused to return it to me; he wanted me to bring him to the island of Sidhal; [he pleaded with Gorakhnath] O lord, bring about my marriage [with a Padmani]; upon which I swore an oath by my guru [346], to obtain the magical charm... Machindarnathji heard this and replied, O Gorakha, it is not right to fall into the wiles of a worldly man like this... Then Gurudev said, Gorakha, we shall see what is to be done.

On the island of Sidhal, in the village (gam) of Manohargadh, there was a temple of Mahadev at the bāvdi [a well built upon an elevation, with steps leading up to it]; there Sri Machindarnathji had his seat. The king of Manohargadh had a daughter; the king’s name was Raja Samansiji; by lineage (jāt) he was a Puvar; the name of Raja Samansiji’s daughter was Madan Kavari; she was a woman of the Padmani kind; she always came to the bāvdi; to worship Mahadev; then she came to obtain the blessings of Babaji Machindarnathji; then she filled water from the well.

One day Machindarnathji said, my daughter Padmani, it is not righteous for you to feel [worldly] love (moha); how is it that you have not sought a guru for yourself, yet; find a guru for yourself now. Then Kavari Padmani came and told her Ma Sahab; today Bapji spoke thus; then the Raniji said, Bapji spoke truly; Raniji said, Kavari, you make Bapji Machindarnathji your guru. Then the next day, the two of them came to the guru and his disciple at the bāvdi, carrying with them all the offerings for the initiation rites; and Padmaniji ventured to speak; O Gurnarain, initiate me also; then Machindarnathji said, O Gorakha, utter the sacred words (guru mantar) to the lady [347]. Then Gorakhnathji said, I will utter the sacred words to this lady; then who will utter the sacred words to Ratansen; then Bapji said, O Gorakha, you have spoken well; I will utter
the sacred words to Padmaniji; and you utter the sacred words, Gorakha, to Ratansen; then
Machindarnathji uttered the sacred words to Padmaniji.

Then the princess returned to the royal palace; there was much celebration; then the
princess used to came to obtain the guru’s blessings . . . . One day Gurudev saw the princess, and
said; O Gorakha, it is the master of the fort of Chitor, Raval Ratansen, who is a fit match for this
princess Padmani; a match equal to him cannot be found on all of Jambudip. The maids
accompanying the princess heard these words of Gurudev; . . . then the maids went and repeated
them in front of Maji Sahab; the Raniji understood, and considered it in her mind. Then she said
to the maids [fol. 96 a]; ask Bapji [Machindarnath] in the morning; how is this land [of Chitor];
how is the fort, what is the name of its king; what is his lineage.

The next day, they went to obtain the blessings of the guru; the lady Madan Kavar
Padmaniji and her maids sat down by the sacred fire at Bapji’s asram, and began asking their
questions; then Bapji Machindarnathji said that the land was Mevar, the name of the fort Catrakot,
the name of the king was Ratansen, he was a Surajbansi Gahlot by lineage; his land was seventeen
hundred kos distant [from the island of Sidhal] . . . . The Raniji heard this account and was very
happy; the Raniji said, that king must be a disciple of Bapji Machindarnathji; that is why Babaji
has raised this matter of marriage; that king must have miraculous powers (karāmātī); and he
must have mastered the ascetic discipline (jog mat). And the Raniji said, I would like to see that
king once before agreeing to this marriage; the king must have miraculous powers, then Baboji
himself will bring him here, and show him to us. In the morning Padmaniji and her maids came to
obtain the guru’s blessings, and sat down there, and they narrated the Raniji’s words [to
Machindarnath]; the marriage could take place, but after the king was shown to them in person;
else they would find it difficult to convince themselves.

Then Machindarnathji said, what is so difficult about showing the king once to you; I will
summon him on the fourth or fifth day from today, and show him to you . . . . Then the Raniji
understood clearly, that the king of Chitorgadh was a disciple of Babaji; and is well versed in
politics (rajniti); thirdly, he is also well versed in the ascetic discipline . . . [349]. Then Gurudev
asked Gorakhnathji to go and bring Ratansen; Gorakhnathji sat in his flying vehicle, took his magical charm in his mouth, and departed from the island of Sidhal [fol. 96 b].

... He descended from his vehicle ... in the same manner, Bapji Gorakhnathji lay down upon that bed ... the guard informed Sri Hajur that Bapji is sleeping on the bed; the Ravalji was happy that Gurudev had returned ... Then the Ravalji fell at Bapji's feet ... Bapji Gorakhnathji told Ratansen, I will come to your help, Mahadev will fulfil your vow for you, then the Ravalji ventured to say, for me, you are Mahadev yourself; then the Ravalji and Babaji conversed among themselves in private ... The Ravalji heard [of what had transpired] and was very happy ... Gorakhnathji uttered the sacred words to Raval Ratansenji. Then on the third day, the soldiers were informed; it is an expedition of five or ten days; so do not be anxious; this reassurance, the king passed on to his army through five or six messengers. Then, one pahar into the night, Bapji Gorakhnathji and Raval Ratansenji both sat in the flying vehicle, and went to Manohargadh on the island of Sidhal, they presented themselves before Bapji Machindarnathji; Ravalji fell at the feet of Gurnarain Machindarnathji.

Then the day dawned; Kavari Padmani and her maids came to obtain the blessings of Bapji, and sat there; as they sat down to eat, their eyes fell on Raval Ratansenji. As soon as they saw Ratansenji, Padmani became extremely agitated (kaíā cīn bīn ho gai); the Ravalji saw Padmaniji and was stunned (akal caki t ho gai). Then the lady and her maids returned to the palace; the maids went and told Raniji; today there was a chief, or a king, or a god, seated by Babaji's sacred fire; he appears to have some kind of miraculous power; he seems as brilliant as the rays of the sun ... Then the Raniji thought to herself, this must be no one else, this must be him; ... then the Raniji came from the palace and saw Raval Ratansenji and was very happy; he is as illustrious as Bapji had described; it is with him that we will conduct our daughter's marriage.

The Raniji recounted these events before the king Samansiji; Raja Ratansen is the king of Catrakot, of the Surajbansi lineage; and a disciple of Bapji Machindarnathji; he is well versed in politics and has miraculous powers; he is a fit match for our daughter; after this, it is your decision, we will obey your orders.
Raja Samansiji said, a king has been sent to our land [fol. 97 a]; he is very clever; wise; beneficent; a jogi; but this is a matter of great import; it will come to pass only if the Creator has so decreed; if it is the master (thakur) of Chitor that He has in mind [as a match for their daughter], then He will bring about this marriage. [The queen’s reply] The lady has attained twelve years of age; if you are persuaded [of this matter], then proceed to get her wedded; sons are counted as their father’s, [whereas] daughters are counted [352] as their mother’s; if the groom and bride are suitably matched, then proceed.

Then in the morning Raniji sent a message to Bapaji; that the marriage has been settled; then astrologers were called and an auspicious time was fixed, the wedding would take place sixteen months hence; many meetings took place [for the marriage negotiations], then the wedding was fixed; then coconuts of gold and silver and gur were sent through a priest, with plates of sweets; baskets heavily laden with gifts were sent to the bāvdī [where Ratansen was staying, with Machindarnath]; vermilion, saffron, rice, pearls, rice grains for blessings (ākasaṭ) ceremonial robes, precious gems and jewels, female companions (sahe!ya), maids and brahmans were sent to the sacred fire on the bavdi. Raval Ratansenji was anointed with a tika on his forehead, and the wedding was fixed for sixteen months later.

Then Gurudev Machindarnathji asked Gorakhnathji to take Ratansen back; this [the island of Sidhal] is a cold land (saraq des), he will find it difficult here; go to Chitor, initiate Ratansen into the ascetic exercises, increase the years of his life; and as the queen has said, tell him to return with his wedding procession, after sixteen months. Then Gorakhnathji sat in his flying vehicle and came to the fort of Catrakot from the island of Sidhal; the vehicle descended at that same spot, and there were celebrations among the soldiers. Then Gorakhnathji [353] sent for the horoscope of Raval Ratansenji; the astrologers calculated the years of his life from the horoscope; they found that Raval Ratansenji had eighty-two years to his life; then Gorakhnathji told Ravalji that these years would be completed in the year Samvat 1229 [that is, prematurely]. Gorakhnathji said to Raval Ratansen, you are a very ambitious king, you wanted to go to the island of Sidhal; you wanted to accomplish a feat that it takes thousands of years to achieve; of your life now, there are two years or two-and-a-quarter years left; and what tasks will you complete in these two-and-
a-quarter years. Ravalji heard these words and became engrossed in thought; then Gurnarain [fol. 97 b] took Ravalji’s hand and reassured him; Mahadev will set everything right. Then Gorakhnathji initiated Ravalji Ratansenji into the ascetic exercises, over the next six months; he added seven years to Ravalji Ratansenji’s life, increasing it to forty-one years, and then doubled the number of years to eighty-two; then he multiplied it once more [that is, added forty one years more], and added seven years; in all, Sri Guru Gorakhnathji increased the duration of his life to a hundred and thirty years; then he taught him more ascetic exercises for the cold season; and the Ravalji’s body became strong as iron. The Raval Ratansenji’s life was increased to one hundred and thirty years by the blessings of Gurudev Sri Gorakhnathji [354]; then Sri Guru Gorakhnathji taught Raval Ratansenji the secrets of ascetic discipline (jogmat); then preparations were made for him to wed Padmaniji on the island of Sidhal. At that time the ruler of the fort of Chitor ruled the land towards Malva and its forts.

Ravalji Sri Ratansenji went to the village of Manohargadh on the island of Sidhal, to wed Padmaniji, in the year Vikram Samvat 1230..... The account of the army that accompanied him on this journey: twenty-one hundred and twenty-eight horse .... [the numbers of chiefs, foot soldiers, elephants, camels, and so on]. People from many lands (kom) accompanied him; in eight months and seventeen days they reached the abode of Sri Mahadev at Ramesur [Rameswaram] where the bridge was, and took His blessings. Sri Raval Ratansenji thought to himself, that he belonged to the lineage of [Lord] Ram himself, his ancestor the incarnate Ram, had established a linga and temple to Mahadev; and this incarnate Ram had gone towards Lanka, and build a bridge across the sea; and he had performed a sacrifice (jagan, yagna); and it was on the spot of that sacrificial pit (kund) that the incarnate Ram had installed the idol of Sri Rameswar Mahadev [355] with his own hands; this thought came to Raval Ratansenji in his mind, and he worshipped Mahadev with great devotion; he made precious offerings, for all his heart’s desires; and he fed the brahmans; and [fol. 98 a] he gave them gifts; in this manner, Ravalji completed his worship at Ramesvar.

Then Gurnarain Gorakhnathji said to him, Raja Ratansen, I will go ahead of you; I will take the news of your wedding procession to Manohargadh on the island of Sidhal, and alert the
king, and then I will return . . . Then Bapaji sent a message to Rajaji Samansiji at his palace; the groom has arrived in procession, to wed your daughter Madan Kavar; he has reached Ramesur and camped there; you must send ships from here [the island of Sidhal], so that the procession can reach the island of Sidhal. Then the king Samansiji of the island of Sidhal began celebrating the event; through the town and throughout the land and every village, the news spread; the marriage of our king's daughter Padmaniji has been fixed [with a king who lives] very far away; he is of the lineage of the incarnate Ram, from their sons and grandsons, the master of the fort [356] of Chitor; Raval Ratansenji Rajput Gahilot; the village Chitorgadh is seventeen hundred kos distant; this news spread in every house throughout the land . . . .

The king sent a messenger to enquire how many ships to send; Babaji said that there were five or seven thousand people in the wedding procession; but you [Samansi, that is] send as many ships as you please; when the ships reach, they will leave here; and those who cannot go, will stay anywhere in Ramesur . . . . Then five ships were sent . . . on one ship Sri Ravalji and those chiefs who were his equal in rank, one hundred and eleven; they all crossed the sea in one ship; members of his household and his personal attendants were eight hundred and sixty-two in all; the elephants, horse, attendants and other followers (cākar) were eleven hundred and ninety-four in all . . . . Then the ships left for the island of Sidhal . . . for seven days the ships sailed on the sea; on the way to the island of Sidhal they had to cross a vast expanse of water; because of which [fol. 98 b] the ships made very slow progress . . . .

Then Ravalji Ratansen mounted the ceremonial horse and made his way towards the temple of Mahadevji on the bavdi of Gurnarain Machhindarnathji; the procession camped there; and the people from the town came to see, and went back extremely happy . . . the people of the island of Sidhal were amazed as they saw the clothes adorned with gold lace and jewels, the silks and the wealth.

In the kingdom of Manohargadh on the island of Sidhal, [the revenue from] twelve multiplied by twenty [that is, 240] villages of the jagirdars, was kāla (khalisa that is, revenue appropriated by the ruler); sixteen multiplied by twenty [twenty villages seem to form an administrative or revenue unit] villages, with seven additional villages, [that is] three hundred and
twenty-seven, belonged to the jagirdars; one hundred and forty villages, and an additional forty-one had been gifted for religious purposes [that is, they were either exempt from revenue payment or paid concessional rates; not specified]; in all there were five hundred and eight villages. And the rights of the peasants in the land were as follows: . . . The revenue collected from the peasants (karsani) from kālso, jagirdari and from the religious land-grants, was ten lakhs, nineteen thousand; and the crown was also entitled to a share each year, of the yield from the sea; of the pearls, corals, stones and gems . . . [358]; this is the reckoning of the revenue of the island of Sidhal. The reckoning of the forces of the king of Sidhal is as follows; one hundred and forty four elephants . . . together all the jagirdars could summon a force of five thousand . . .

Then they [the king of Sidhal and his party] went to the camp, and they met amongst themselves with great cordiality . . . Then in the year Vikram Samvat 1230, on Monday the fifth day of the month Sudi, Ravalji wedded Padmaniji . . . then Raja Samansiji gave away his daughter; of which the reckoning is as follows; two gigantic emeralds (gaj mānok), adorned with pearls around their heads; fourteen elephants; two horses which could walk a distance of sixty kos on water, and return; forty-nine horses; and he gave gold, jewellery, precious stones, of many different kinds; and he brought many more priceless, wonderful things beyond description, and placed them before the king [Ratansen]; and ninety-two male [359] and female slaves, and [fol. 99 a] sixteen female companions (sahelva), and two trusted attendants (kās cākar), whose names were Ramo and Kalo . . . In all he bestowed one hundred and sixty men and women as followers, on Padmaniji. Then the king and queen went and bid their ceremonial farewell to their daughter at the encampment . . .

Then Rani Padmaniji came to the palace [of her parents]; then Padmaniji came to sit with her grandmother; she went and sat with her grandmother in the latter's Dili Mahal [the Delhi palace?]. The grandmother Dadiji Ma Sahab ran her hand affectionately over her grand-daughter's head . . . Then she summoned the maid from her treasury and instructed her; in the jewel-box in the treasury there is a necklace of Bahari Jogan [not clear] and another . . . give these two things to the princess, little Madan Kavar, to wear . . . both priceless jewellery . . . whose cost was nine crores each; the two necklaces together were worth eighteen crores . . .
Then Padmaniji came to her own abode; then the royal festivities continued; horse-riding, hunting, feasts, invitations from the king and from his brothers... invitations began to arrive everyday; then there were dancing girls. Ravalji would come into the women's quarters in the encampment at night; many wondrous festivities would continue [these events, kotuhal, are not described]...

In this manner they lived in the village of Manohargadh on the island of Sidhal for three years; one day Ravalji mounted his horse and went to see the sea in the direction of Lanka; at that moment when he was riding on the shore, a north wind blew from the sea; in any case it was the season of winter; as the north wind blew, Ravalji felt uncomfortable [that is, cold]; the twenty-six chiefs who had accompanied him were even more unhappy from the cold; all the chiefs were extremely downcast; they returned to the encampment with great difficulty [reluctance]. The Raja Samansi understood that his son-in-law and his companions, the twenty-seven chiefs were suffering from the [cold] north wind; then Raja Samansi sent many kinds of medicines to drive away the cold; the medicines were given and swallowed, but there was no improvement; five days passed without any of the twenty-seven chiefs taking food or water; Raja Samansi became very worried.

Then a physician came to Raja Samansi, and he prescribed medicines for Ravalji and the chiefs... [361] [fol. 99 b]; in seven pahar [about a day], all twenty-seven chiefs were better; on the seventh day Sri Hajur and his twenty-six chiefs began eating food again; then they gave charity to the poor [in thanks]; five lakhs were given away on behalf of Sriji; fifty-two thousand people were fed, and brahmins were given gifts; there was great celebration. Until now, no king of the solar Gahilot lineage had touched wine; this oath Raval Sri Ratansenji now broke; his enemies were very unhappy [?]; and then the physician had introduced wine into the medicine; Ravalji had taken this medicine; from this day the Gahilots began drinking wine again.

In this manner they stayed for six years on the island of Sidhal; one day the image of the fort of Catrakot came to Ravalji Sri Ratansenji; his army had been left at the town of Mahadev [Rameswaram]; they sent a message entreating him; in which the chiefs in his refuge wrote to Sri Hajur that if he wanted to return to the fort of Catrakot, then they should set forth soon; and if Sri
Hajur wished to remain on the island of Sidhal at the home of his in-laws, then they would send another message to him later. Six years have passed; I have seen and achieved everything I wished for; now I feel like returning home; otherwise, my four thousand soldiers will return to Catrakot by themselves; in this way, the image of the fort of Chitor was strong in the mind of Sri Hajur. Another message arrived from the other chiefs; then Sri Hajur became extremely restless and anxious to return to Chitor. Then he went into the zanana; and said to Raniji Padmaniji, Ranji, we have stayed for six years in your parents’ home; it is your parents’ home, but it is my in-laws’ home; I have lived here in great comfort and happiness, but now the desire has possessed me to return to the fort of Chitor in the land of Mevar; now you should also come to your own home.

Then Rani Padmaniji ventured to suggest to Sri Hajur, O benefactor of the poor, let us take leave of our parents, let them bid us farewell with due ceremony, and then let us set forth; Sri Hajur must take leave of Rajaji; and I will take leave of my Ma Sahab. Then in the morning Ravalji went to his camp, bathed, performed his devotions, got ready, and went to the assembly of Rajaji Samansiji; the Raja rose and welcomed Ravalji, and seated him with all honour on the [his?] throne; the Raja said to Ravalji with folded hands; Sri Hajur, what is your command; then Ravalji said, Rajaji, many days have passed, and I now yearn in my mind for my land Mevar; give me leave to return. Raja Samansi heard the request of Ravalji for permission to return home, and became silent; the assembly continued for a little longer; the pān and atar were passed round, the dancers and musicians performed; then Ravalji returned to his camp. Padmaniji told her Maji Sahab the news; your son-in-law has given this command, Raniji Padmaniji, now come to your own home; now I [Ratansen] yearn to return to Catrakot.

Then Raniji said, Bai Padmaniji, it is your father’s prerogative to give you permission to leave, it is not in my hands at all. Then Raja Samansiji came into the zanana; then Raniji ventured to speak, and the Raja informed her; today Jamaiji Sahab wanted to take leave of us; he wished to return to his own home; then Raniji said to Rajaji; Bai Madan Kavar had told me that your son-in-law wishes to take leave of you; then Rajaji and Raniji both thought the matter
over, and decided; let us give half of our kingdom of the island of Sidhal to our daughter Bai Madan Kavar; then our son-in-law will be happy.

Padmaniji and Ravalji also talked the matter over; I [Ratansen] spoke to your father and asked him for permission to return, and he did not give me a reply . . . . [The next day] he [Ratansen] bathed, performed his devotions, dressed and went to Raja Samansi's assembly, with five or ten chiefs accompanying him; he went and took his place upon his throne . . . [364]. The king understood and then said [to Ratansen], O king of kings (rajadhiraj), this is the permission I give you; take half the kingdom of Sidhal, the best parganas, and build your own capital; continue to live here; I will not give you permission to return to your own land . . . .

Then the Raval returned to his camp, then he went to the zanana, and told Raniji Padmaniji . . . Raniji Padmaniji, your father will not give us permission to leave, he will not send you away [with me]; he will let me return to my home; if you do not wish to come, you may stay with your father Baji Sahab; but I will return to my home . . . . Ravalji returned to the Raja's assembly; he said to the Raja, let me leave; it is my destiny that I should rule a kingdom like Chitorgadh; I have no hunger for half your kingdom; I have so many jagirdars, who are the equal of your entire kingdom of Sidhal; one hundred jagirdars; so I have no desire for your kingdom.

This one thing I say for your benefit; in the fort of Catrakot I had words with the people in the palace; the queens challenged me in this manner; how is Ravalji Sahab going to cross the sea and reach the island of Sidhal; and how is he going to wed and bring back a Padmani. It was under the weight of these insulting words that I came to the island of Sidhal and wedded [a Padmani]; now, even if you don't send her [your daughter], there is no cause for anxiety. But I had also sworn an oath upon my lord Eklingnath; as for me, now I will return to my land; I will tend to my kingdom; I will not be able to remain here. Then Rajaji Samansi ji ventured to speak with folded hands [fol. 100 b].

O king of kings, you were born in the solar lineage; you are the descendant of the sons and grandsons of Sri Ramcandarji; and you are the sun amongst the Hindu people (Hindu jät ka sīraj ho); you have so many followers (cakar) who are my equal in status [as poor as I am], and strength; so Hajur, you are my son-in-law. But in one way, my good fortune has been limited [tied
down]; and that is because Bai Padmani has been born to me; and it was written that you would arrive my in home to marry her; secondly, I am an ordinary (garib) Rajput, and I have been of some use to you; so, O king of Mevar, heed this request of mine . . . . You have been trying to persuade me (hokam karāvo ho) for ten or twenty days now; I am also a [intelligent] man, I understand; you are a great king (moṭā raja); it will not be possible for me to resist you, this also I understand.

But pay heed to this one request (araţ; also opinion) of mine; there are four classes among women; Padmani Hestani; Catrani Sankhani; among all four of these classes the Padam rules; all the world recognizes this woman [my daughter?] as a Padmani; it is such a woman you have married [366]; and you wish to take her to your home. First of all, I will not ask about the state of affairs in your household; you will be embarrassed by this question [literally, what you have drunk will rise in your throat]. I have another request; this lady lives on an island in the middle of the sea; she has been born in a cold land; your land Mevar is in the middle of hills and rocks; where there must be great heat; from that burning heat, this lady will suffer greatly; and in your land, there is great heat, which is why the crows are [burnt] black in complexion; if the suffering of those crows falls upon the person of this lady, then she will burn and die in that heat; and in your land men are tall and stout; it is the custom of these tall and stout men to bathe [revel] in the burning heat; but if this delicate lady goes there, she will suffer; and when the north wind blows, if it blows on the star Rohini [unclear; Rohini is the wife of the Moon; therefore, so mild that that it / she will be overpowered by the heat of the sun?], then the lady’s heart will explode [from the heat] and she will die; and I do not see any valiant Rajput among your chiefs.

All this the Raja Samansiji said; then Ravalji answered him; hear me, Rajaji Sahab; what you have said about your daughter’s difficulties and suffering is alright, it may even be true; but what you said about Rajputs, I do not understand; how could you say that I do not have in my service Rajputs prepared to kill [367] and be killed. I rule over so large a kingdom, which Rao would have gifted it away to me; the fort of Chitor is one among [controls] ten thousand villages (gam); and I have a hundred other forts, equal to such a fort of Chitor; if I did not have Rajput followers, then anyone [fol. 101 a] could have taken away my kingdom from me at any time.
Then Raja Samansi said, O king of kings Ravalji Sahib, I know you have Rajputs ready to kill and be killed; you have many valiant Rajputs with you, valiant in doing battle, brave in killing and being killed; but you do not have a Rajput who is an embodiment of truth (*sat kā sūrmā,* literally, a valiant warrior of truth, of the moral law); then Ravalji said, what is the difference between valour in battle and valour in rectitude.

Then Raja Samansiji suggested this to Ravalji; summon a fine Rajput from among your soldiers, a devout follower of God; we shall test him; then Ravalji summoned such a man; the fourteen chiefs of rank [also] discussed the matter; they humbly suggested the name of Abherajji; they folded their hands and suggested this to Ravalji; Ravalji communicated to Rajaji, that this Rajput is accomplished; he is not afraid to kill or be killed, and is a fine swordsman; and he has come here and presented himself before us.

Then the king [Samansi] said to the chiefs, return here after having bathed and performed your ablutions; then Abherajji bathed, dressed and anointed himself (*talak kar*) for battle, and presented himself; then Abherajji was given a seat in front [by Samansi], and given his sword and shield; and he was given a string of beads in his hand. And the king said, the boundary of the land [368] of Sidhal is very far away, but the boundary of Manohargadh is one and a half *kos* away; the king explained to him in this manner; O chief, pray to your favoured [patron] god (*isṭa devatī*); then he [Abherajji] began meditating [at the boundary of Manohargadh]; his eyes closed [in meditation]; Rajaji said to the chiefs with him, reward [that is, attack] the man at the boundary; then the chiefs of Raja Samansiji rose and fell upon Thakur Abherajji with their swords; his head flew off; as soon as his head was severed, the string of beads fell from his hand; his torso fell to the ground. The chiefs on both sides were watching all this; then the king said to Ravalji, every army would have this kind of a valiant Rajput.

Then the king summoned his Rajputs; he summoned an ordinary soldier; his name was Nahal Asji; whose caste / lineage (*jat*) was Makhar; he came and bowed before the king; he asked, O benefactor of the poor, what task do you have for your servant (*cakar*) today. Then the king said, the day has come for you to fulfil your service (*cakri*); Nahal Asji understood and was elated; he said, I am extremely fortunate. The king said to him, return here after bathing.
was made to sit [by the king] with his sword and shield in front of him; a string of beads was given in his hand; and he was told to go to the boundary of Manohargadh; then he closed his eyes and began meditating upon [369] his favoured god; then the Ravalji’s chiefs attacked him with their swords. The head of Nahal Asji flew off; the torso remained seated, and continued to count the beads upon the string; as it counted the beads, it came to the [larger] bead at the head of the string; then it took the string in both hands, and saluted [the king] with folded hands, and [fol. 101b] put the string of beads around its [own] neck; there was no head, so the string of beads fell from the torso and fell on the ground; then the torso of Nahal Asji took the shield and sword in its hands, and rose, and departed [from the assembly]; then the torso of Nahal Asji went to the boundary of Manohargadh, and fell down there.

Then Rajaji said to Ravalji, in your army you have many warriors valiant in battle; but you do not have a Rajput valiant in virtue; if you have such a Rajput valiant in virtue among your followers, then you may depart with Padmaniji, by all means. Ravalji regarded the scene with his eyes; Ravalji was both amazed and thrilled at the scene. He narrated all the events of the king’s assembly to Padmaniji; then Padmaniji ventured her opinion; and told him of a way out; you go to the assembly, and there ask my father Baji Sahab for these gifts; first Goroji, secondly Badalji; thirdly Fatiyaji, fourthly Jetmalji; fifth Kalo, sixth Ramo; ask for these four chiefs and two followers (cakar). Then my father Baji Sahab [370] will say to you; these four chiefs are all my kinsmen; so I [Samansi] do not have the right, to send these chiefs with you; then you reply in this manner; if I [Ratansen] take all four chiefs with me, of their own free will, then you will have no objections? Then Baji Sahab will consent, and I will persuade them to accompany us.

And Ravalji said to the king, Raja Sahab, I ask you for this parting gift; the king said, Hajur, have you forgotten yesterday’s events; then he [Ratansen] replied that he had not forgotten; but I wish to return to my home; and you must grant me the gifts that I ask of you in parting; then the king asked, what is your [Ratansen's] desire; then Ravalji said, first, I ask for four chiefs; Goroji, Badalji, Fatiyaji, Jetmalji; and two others, Ramo Kalo; I ask for these six. Then Rajaji said that Ramo and Kalo are servants (cakar) of the household, they are already been given to you as dowry; but the four chiefs that you have expressed your wish to take with you, these are not
followers of my household; all four are nobles, they stay here [with Samansi] in my happiness and sorrow, of their own free will; this island of Sidhal is such a cold land, who would desire to live here; but they sit with me through thick and thin (sukh dukh); I cannot compel any of these four chiefs into such service (cakri leba). Then Ravalji said, Rajaji Sahab, if you permit, I will persuade these chiefs to accompany me willingly; then Rajaji said, if they go with you willingly, then I will not forbid them.

Then Padmaniji heard this and said, now there is no obstacle; I will take all four chiefs with me. Then Kavari Padmaniji thought of a stratagem [fol. 102 a]. She had rakhi made of gold, and embedded with emeralds and precious stones; and when the festival of rakhi approached, she got ready large quantities of atar, pān, sweets and gulāl. She took sixteen companions (sahefya) with her and went to the homes of all four chiefs. All four chiefs had gathered at one place; and they had arranged an assembly (majfas). All four chiefs tied rakhi to Madan Kavar. Then she asked for her gift from all four chiefs. She said, Dadaji Sahab, may you fare well, Ravalji Sahab is taking me away; may you live in all happiness; then Madan Kavar said to all four chiefs, Ravalji is taking me to Chitor; so I thought, let me meet my brothers and bid them farewell.

Then the chiefs said, Bai Sahab, we wish you all happiness as you depart; and may your servants always obey you; but as you depart, you have burdened our heads with the weight of your rakhi, ordinary Rajputs as we are; now you have to accept gifts from ordinary men like us, rough and poor as they [the gifts] may be; and we are at your pleasure, tell us how we may render you any service (cakri uthāi). Then Padmaniji said, I understand that you follow my father Baji Sahab, and obey his pleasure; then the chiefs said, Bai, we are at your command; then they said to Padmaniji, whatever you ask of us, we will perform that service; else, we are not fit to be called Rajput; ask us and we will present it to you. [Padmani said], Bai Sahab has sent everything with me; now I do not wish for anything else; but you have given me a priceless thing, the head is lord of the body, and that you have given me [by acknowledging the burden of rakhi]; now I wish for nothing else; and the sun and moon are my witnesses as they rise; if I go back on my word [and ask for anything else?], may the five gods of sun, moon, fire, wind and water, all destroy...
me; this I swear. Then a companion asked her . . . then Padmaniji said, my four brothers have acknowledged their obligation to me, and agreed to accompany me.

Then Padmaniji said this to her brothers [the chiefs] . . . [fol. 102 b]. Now mark my words, Sri Ravalji Sahabji is taking me with him; and you will remain here; if at Chitorgadh, if I face some betrayal or danger, then I would be seventeen hundred kos distant from my home; how will convey news of my situation to you; and you have given me the gift of letting me tie rakhi upon you . . . do me the honour of accompanying me to Chitor. The Rajputs heard these words of Padmaniji and became apprehensive in their minds; now how will we accompany Madan Kavar; if we accompany her, we will be counted as her dowry [that is, as servants belonging to her father who are bequeathed to her, rather than as independent chiefs]; and we if do not go, then we will be seen as untrue to our words; now what should we do . . . .

Then Fatiya and Jetmalji said [along with Goro and Badal]; O chiefs, hear this; our sister Jijibai Madan Kavar and brother-in-law Jija Sahab Ratansenji will give us our due honour [at Chitor]; and the Rai [unclear; Ratansen or Samansi?] will give us horses, mules, men, slaves, Rajputs and chiefs [374] to command if we four brothers if we go to the fort of Chitor before them [Ratansen and Padmani]. Then the four brothers understood this, and agreed that they should make preparations to depart; all four chiefs dressed, donned their armour [in preparation for the journey], and came out [to meet Samansi] . . . . The king said, where are the chiefs preparing to go today; then the chiefs said, Kavai Bai Madan Kavar asked us for this gift, that we should get ready to live elsewhere . . . . Then all four requested [the king], Sri Hajur [Samansi], we will not see the island of Sidhal [again] with these bodies [that is, in this life]; and we will not return here; if we don bodies all over again [that is, in another life], then we shall see if we get to return. The king heard this, and was happy; now Bai Madan Kavar has her four brothers accompanying her; he was extremely reassured; then the king and the four chiefs bid each other farewell with great cordiality . . . . The king gave them coconuts of gold, and ceremonial robes . . . he gave them horses, elephants, gold, and jewels, and bid farewell to all four of them; then he provided ships for all four chiefs.
The reckoning of all their followers is as follows: the four chiefs; Goroji and Badalji of the lineage of ... [missing in original ms.]; Fatiyaji Jetmalji of the lineage of the Baghelas; these kinsmen of the king ... and twenty nobles of these four chiefs; and four attendants [375] for the women's quarters; and twenty-four female servants; and the households of all twenty nobles with their attendants; and twenty-eight Rajputanis; thirty female slaves; four hundred and twenty-four horses; ten elephants ... and the soldiers and followers (cakar) in their armies and slaves; in all, nine hundred and seventy-four people; these together with the households of the four chiefs, were fifteen hundred and sixty-eight.

With so many followers, Goroji, Badalji, Fatiyaji and Jetmalji departed on their shaps; they reached the encampment at Ramesar; where the forces of Sri Ravalji had been left behind; they [the latter] asked [fol. 103 a] when their lord would return ... Then all four chiefs departed towards Chitor with their forces; they left Ramesur and then advanced in stages; Goraji, Badalji, Fatiyaji and Jetmalji reached the fort of Chitor and camped outside. Then the Ravalji Ratansenji made his preparations, and came to Rajaji Sri Samansiji's assembly and bowed before him, to receive his blessings [and gifts, before departing] ... the king said, now we will bless you; Kavar Padmani will accompany you; her protectors made their preparations before you, and have departed; now there is no need for any anxiety; then the king had various gifts brought out, to bless the Raval ... [376]. These gifts were gathered at the camp; then the ships were made ready, and Raval Samansiji met Raval Ratansenji; then the king folded his hands and spoke to Ravalji; you are called the sun of the land of the Hindus (Hīdvānī sūraj); as for me, I am merely the master of a small kingdom; so I appear before you in whatever humble, old robes I can muster. And I see my daughter in front of me; she is a daughter of Dodiya Rajputs; so she does not know of the affairs of a large kingdom; so I give my daughter to Sri Hajur. The king said this and tears appeared in his eyes, in the eyes of Sri Samansiji; then they bowed and took leave of each other, and departed. Then Bai Madan Kavar came to meet Rajaji and take leave; the king said, Bai, do not be arrogant; and bear yourself as your followers advise; do not disobey [your husband's] wishes; so saying he embraced Bai; and she met with Ma Sab; then the latter gave Bai all her
gifts. Ravalji Ratansenji departed from the fort of Manohargadh, after having stayed there for six years and seven months.

Then in the year Vikram Samvat 1238, on Wednesday the fifth day of Asad Sudi, they departed in their ship; then for nine [377] days they sailed through the water; on the full moon day of Asad Sudi they arrived at the camp at Ramesur, where his forces had been left; then they were all united. Then Raval Ratansenji thought, if I don another body [in another life], then I will return to take the blessings of the Lord at Ramesur where the bridge is; then in the month of Savan, brahmans were fed at Ramesur, for full thirty days; on behalf of Ravalji, four thousand one hundred and sixty-seven brahmans were fed every day; over a month, one lakh, twenty-five thousand and ten brahmans were fed; and many gifts were offered up to Mahadev; many gifts were given to the brahmans; all sixteen kinds of puja were performed with great devotion.

Knowing Ramesur and Eklingnath to be one and the same [fol. 103 b] flame, Ratansenji prayed with folded hands and asked for blessings; O Siva, it is you who have given me the gift of the kingdom of Chitor; [the god at] Setuband and Eklingnath are one and the same flame (jot); bless us with your favour, Sriji, with a smooth journey on the way back; bless us with happiness. Then he came out of the temple, and circumambulated it; then he offered gifts; hundred and one horses and sixteen elephants; then he offered his salutations, and departed towards Chitor; in the year Vikram 1238, on the fifth day of Bhadva Budi [378], they departed from Ramesur.

Then he [Ratansen] requested Gumarain Sri Gorakhnathji humbly, to mount the elephant [and return to Chitor with them]; then Bapji Gorakhnathji said, Ratansen, I do not wish to travel for days on end by this way; so on the day that you reach Chitor, I will also arrive there; then all the followers of Ravalji took the blessings of Bapji, and departed with his blessings. Then, they made various pilgrimages on the way; and in eighteen months, they reached the fort of Chitor; in the year Vikram Samvat 1239 Ravalji pitched his camp in the garden at Cakraghata . . .

[explanation of the name Cakraghanta] from that matter, the ghat on the bank of the river Gabhiri came to be called Cakraghata; in the year Vikram Samvat 1239, on Sunday the fifty day of Sudi, the camp was pitched. Three days later, Gumarain Gorakhnathji also arrived; then the assembly of Sri Eklingnath was summoned; the chiefs, nobles, jagirdars and kinsmen of the land of Mevar
came; and Goro, Badal, Fatiya, and Jetmal, all came to the assembly; gifts [379] were offered to
the Raval in tribute. In the land of Mevar, every man in every house in every village was festive in
his heart; the Cahuvan Rathor; Solankhi; Jhala; Puvar; Devra; God; Kharvad; Badhi Mangat;
Bardala Baheli; Khici; Sonigara; Hada; Jadam [Yadav]; Makvana; Tak Sakarvar Gotama Banafar;
Parihar; Candel; Ravar; all the chiefs of the land came and presented themselves before their king.
The assembly greeted Gora Badal, Fatiya, and Jetmal with folded hands; they remained standing;
then the chiefs said to the king, Sri Hajur, they arrived many days ago. Then Hajur said, O chiefs,
it is not possible to go to distant lands again and again; so we made several pilgrimages on the
way, and return at our leisure; then all the chiefs ventured their opinion; O benefactor of the poor,
you did well to make several pilgrimages on your return.

Then Sri Hajur said to the four chiefs, O chiefs, let us embrace each other and meet; then
Gora-Badal came; then Jetmal suggested, O benefactor of the poor, we must live with our sister, if
we fail to keep our word [to protect her], our virtue will be tarnished; and followers are counted as
dowry; hence we arrived before Sri Hajur at the fort of Chitor. Then Rani Padmaniji [fol. 104 a]
met her four brothers; then Gora-Badal, Fatiya and Jetmal, all four went and met Padmaniji [380],
and asked after her well-being. . . then Rani Padmaniji distributed ashrafi [in thanksgiving for her
own and her brothers' safe arrival]. Then all four chiefs came to the assembly; then the eminent
merchants and moneylenders came and offered their gifts in tribute.

. . . Then it was time to record these events in the genealogy of Sri Hajur's house; two
brothers presented themselves as Candidates for the position of genealogist, Ragho Cetan; one
was twenty-three years old; and the second brother was twenty years old; they came and gave
their blessings to the king; then gifts were given. Ravalji Ratansenji rose and met them cordially,
and asked after their wellbeing; and there was great happiness all around.

Sri Hajur remained in his camp at Cakraghata for a year; in which all this was
accomplished; first, a lake and a palace in its midst (jal mahal) were built inside the fort of Chitor
on the hill, as residence for Raniji Padmaniji, and houses were built on the banks of the lake for
the followers, attendants and slaves who had accompanied Padmaniji from her home in the ocean;
and community courtyards (baradari), zananas and assembly halls were built; and palaces were

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built for all four chiefs, the brothers of Padmaniji; where they could hold their assembly. Then in
the year of Vikram Samvat 1240 Ravalji Sri Ratansenji moved from Chakraghata and entered the
fort of Chitor; an assembly was arranged in the big palace on the fort, on Tuesday under the star
Pukh [Pusya], in the month of Sudi, to the glory of Sriji; ten thousand and thirty two thousand; in
all, forty two thousand were fed at a massive feast in the fort of Chitor; to celebrate the return of
Maharavji Sri Ratansenji from the island of Sidhal, after having married a Padmanji.

Then Sri Hajur granted jagirs to all four chiefs, Goraji-Badalji, Fatiyaji and Jetmalji; each
chief was granted revenues of five lakh rupees; all four chiefs were granted twenty lakhs in
revenue altogether. Then the personal attendants of Padmaniji, Ramo and Kalo, were both granted
revenues worth one lakh; Rama and Kala were made jagirdar chiefs. Then the dowry of
Maharaniji Sri Padmaniji was deposited in the treasury; [a detailed list of the items in the dowry
again] ... [fol. 104 b]; and seven man of all five kinds of pearls; topaz; rubies; sapphires ... twelve sets of studded jewellery for Raniji Sri Padmaniji to wear, embedded with pearls; if she
were to wear her jewels, it would take her twelve days to wear all of them together; the value of
which was a crore for one set of jewels; at which rate, the value of twelve sets of jewellery was
twelve crores ... and 38 sets of jewels made of solid gold ... and countless robes of silk; and silk
curtains, bedspreads, mats, tents, all made of silk ... and sixteen companions and sixteen slaves;
and sixteen attendants for them; adding up to sixty-four persons; in all, a hundred and eight
persons; and Padmaniji's four brothers; Goraji-Badalji and Fatiyaji Jetmalji; with their followers
and their women and their households; and their soldiers, followers, slaves; in all fifteen hundred
and sixty-eight persons, accompanied Raniji from the island of Sidhal; moneylenders, brahmans,
nurse-brothers [the progeny of the nurses who suckled members of the ruling family, who had
certain customary privileges], barbers, in all a hundred and seventy-nine persons [383]; with the
chiefs and other followers, slaves, in all eighteen hundred and fifty-five persons, lived with
Padmaniji ... .

In this manner happiness began to spread and overflow through the fort of Chitor, at the
arrival of Padmaniji; the fourteen chiefs of rank and their kinsmen, priests and poets, genealogists
and eminent merchants, all gave invitations; and the feasts began; there was festivity everywhere
Then Sriji declared that all the chiefs were invited to a feast on behalf of Sri Eklingnath; so everybody was invited to come and partake of a meal; all the chiefs accepted Sriji’s invitation.

But the genealogists Ragho Cetan did not accept the invitation to the feast; then Sri Hajur enquired, why do you not come to the feast; then the genealogists Ragho Cetan ventured to say; Sri Divan, Hidva Suraj, foremost among the land of Hidvan, light of the lineage of Sisod Gahlot, descendent of the lineage of Raghu, lord of Catrakot, we accept your invitation to the feast, but we desire a favour. Sri Hajur went to the island of Sidhal; he wedded Maharaniji Sri Padmaniji and brought her back; whose name we will write in the book of the names of the royal lineage of Raghu; this is the custom that has come down from olden times; the destiny of Sri Ravalji Sri Bapaji has come down from olden times; Sri Hajur also knows this. Sri Hajur heard this and declared; all that you have just said, is true; this is a feast to celebrate a happy event; the feast for the festival of Tij is given by the chiefs; but I have returned to Chitor after twelve years; the exile and the journey to Chitor have taken around ten years in all; but twelve evokes tropes of exile from the epics; it is to congratulate me that all the chiefs are holding feasts; so I also wish to invite all the chiefs to a feast; I wish you to accept this invitation; then we shall record the events in the genealogy on another occasion; then Raghoji Cetanji accepted the invitation of Hajur.

Then in the morning all the chiefs arrived; the feast was arranged in the women’s quarters; the chief among the women’s quarters, the queens, were also present in the same place; the chiefs sat down in rows; Sriji remained standing, then the chiefs requested that Sriji also sit with them; then Hajur said that he would remain standing, in honour of all the chiefs, kinsmen, relatives and jagirdars, who had come after offering their six kinds of devotions (khat darsan) and special offerings to the deity; he asked all the chiefs to partake of the meal; then the official in charge of the kitchen came and ventured to suggest that Sriji also be seated with the chiefs in a row; then all the chiefs requested that Sri Hajur also partake of the meal with them.

[Ratansen assumed that] the food had been cooked by the hands of brahmans, and was very tasty; Sri Hajur tasted all the courses and praised each dish in turn; now Raniji ventured to
ask, how is the food cooked today; Sri Hajur said [fol. 105 b] that Raniji, the food today is extremely tasty; then Raniji said that this food is so tasty today for this reason; Sri Hajur has wedded and brought back Padmaniji, which is how the food is tasty [that is, she has cooked the food]; Sri Hajur was extremely glad when he heard these words; and he declared; hear this, O queens, tell me if there is anyone who can rival her; can anyone can tell me, if their beloved (āvag) can rival her . . . . He said these words to the queens, and the conversation continued around Sri Hajur with great cordiality; and the cooks received rewards.

One day Sri Hajur became anxious about the years left to his life; he had been destined to live for eighty-two years; then Sri Gurnarain Sri Gorakhnathji had increased the life of Ravalji Ratansenji to a hundred and thirty years . . . because of this [386] Ravalji now thought to himself; in the morning we shall summon the Brahman and examine Padmaniji’s horoscope, and calculate the years left of her life; and then we shall examine the horoscopes of all four chiefs, Goraji, Badalji, Fatiyaji, Jetmalji, and also the horoscopes of Rama Kala; then an assembly was arranged . . . . Then a learned brahman astrologer was summoned; all seven horoscopes were shown to him; first Padmaniji’s was shown, then those of the six chiefs, then the astrologer was asked; how many years are there left of Padmaniji’s life; then the astrologer said, O benefactor of the poor, there are twenty-seven years to Raniji Padmaniji’s life; of these twenty-three years have already passed; there are four years left to Raniji Padmaniji’s life; then he examined the horoscopes of Gora, Badal, Fatiya, Jetmal, Rama and Kala, and declared the years left of their lives; one had two years left, one had four, one had three, another had five years left, this was the trend; these were the years left of the six chiefs’ lives as well. Then Sri Hajur thought, I was blessed by Sri Gorakhnathji, so he increased the years of my life by another forty-eight years . . . but of Raniji Padmaniji’s life there are only four [387] years left; I had fourteen queens originally; now, by nature’s will, there are five queens left; now there are very few queens; and Padmaniji is a young woman, and healthy, yet even she has only four years left of her life; how can I go around wedding the daughters of kings [because of this shortfall in the number of queens]. I have so many years left to my life, and Padmaniji so few; and I shall have to face the sorrow of Raniji Padmaniji’s death; [for her sake] I endured hardship, for over fourteen or fifteen years; I crossed
the sea; and wedded her and brought her back, have endured great adversity; how can Sri
Eklingnath separate her from me in just four years [fol. 106 a]; and I will be left alone; I must try
and find some remedy for this matter, somehow.

Then Ravalji Ratansenji ventured to ask Gurnarain Gorakhnathji; he told Gurnarain of all
that he had thought about, and of the years remaining of Padmaniji’s life, by her horoscope. Then
Bapji Gorakhnathji said, Ratansen, what you desire can come to pass, I shall obey you; but if it
were some man, I would initiate him into ascetic exercises [to increase his life]; in the next six
months, his life could be increased by one and a half times or twofold; but Rani Padmani is of the
caste of woman; so she will not be able to undertake ascetic exercises; now, Ratansen, let us do as
you desire; but for the next twelve months, Padmani must take this medicine; then [388] Ravalji
said, Gurudev, she will do so. Then from that day Padmaniji began drinking the medicine that
would increase her life; in the year Samvat 1241 she took the medicine for thirteen months; so
thirteen years were added to her life. Padmaniji was born in the year 1218; she had been given a
life of twenty-seven years, which Gorakhnathji increased by thirteen years, and prolonged her life
to forty years; Padmani would thus live a full life; in the year Samvat 1258... Padmaniji would
complete her allotted years of life; Gurudev gave his blessings in this manner; he would not add a
moment more.

Then the king ventured to ask Sri Gurnarain, O benefactor of the poor, there are only two
or four years each left, to the lives of Gora, Badal, Fatiya, Jetmal, Ramo and Kalo; Ravalji
thought about this, and fell into a quandary; [Ratansen said] Gurudev, all six Rajputs will
complete their lives before Padmaniji; then if any enemy seeks to crush me and obtain Padmani, I
can see no one else who will support me; I will therefore entreat you [fol. 106 b]. Then the king
requested Gurnarain to increase the lives of Raniji Padmaniji’s brothers; Gurudev, some remedy
is needed for these Rajputs also. Bapji Gorakhnathji heard these words of Gurnarain, and said;
Ratansen, do this; bring the [fruit?] juice (sarbat) [389] of your village Chitor, it will make these
people immortal; have the Sarjivan (sanjivani) herb brought from the mountains, and give it to all
the people of Chitor, they will all become immortal; not one person will die, all the people of
Chitor will become immortal and live for ever.
Ravalji heard these words of Guru Gorakhnathji, and trembled in terror; Ravalji folded his hands in entreaty, and said, Gurudev, I am only your disciple; and I am asking for the dirt of your feet; do not be so angry with me. Then Gurudev Gorakhnathji said, hear this, Ratansen; I initiated you into ascetic exercises, and increased the years of your life, at the command of Sri Machindarnathji; and I increased the years of Rani Padmani’s life, at your request; I thought, Ratansen is my disciple. But now you want to prolong the lives of all the chiefs; I do not have so much medicine in my pouch, that I can increase the years of everybody’s lives.

Then Ravalji laid his head at Goraklnath’s feet, and said; what Gumarain has blessed me with, nobody in the world can do for me; and he made me a man; but this gift he has given me has brought me hardship, it has become a curse for me; this is how it seems to me; how can it be that all six protectors are nearing their end of their lives; and they will die; later, somebody will attack the fort, in pursuit of this Padmani; then I will have no Rajputs valiant in virtue (sat ka sura) [390] left, not even one; if that enemy attacks, he will overpower us by his strength, then we will have to leave the fort and flee; he will establish his rule over the fort; he will become the king, and he will take the women of the women’s quarters (rañvās). So it will come to pass that the kingdom of Chitor will be taken away from the hands of the Gahlot; since on all four sides, there are powerful kings and emperors (rājā ora pātsāhi), desiring this Padmani; which is why I plead with Gurudev again and again; this is my one prayer (araj); that Hajur [Gorakhnath] made me his disciple; and gave me the form of a man; which is why I plead that he fulfil just one more wish of mine; that he do this, and then not heed any words of mine; and I will also not ask for anything else; now I will not ask for anything more, this I swear by Sri Gurudev and secondly by the Hidudharam.

Then Gumarain Gorakhnathji thought, now I have to heed his plea; now if I agree to his request, then I can fulfil this desire of his, and then I shall return to my ashram at Puskaraauti; and I shall not remain at Chitor; then he declared to Ravalji; Raval Ratansen, I shall have to fulfil your wish .... Then Ravalji folded his hands and said humbly, O giver of food (andāra), you are the king of all kings; and what is my standing, that I should extract [fol. 107 a] favours from you; it is just that I feel compelled to ask you this favour [391]; but I understand well that this task is one
for the lord of jōgis [God?]; this is not a task for worldly mortals; but you are merciful [in having agreed].

Then Sri Gorakhnathji gave his blessings, and he began initiating all six chiefs together, into ascetic exercises; at that time Ravalji ventured to ask Gurnarain; initiate them into ascetic exercises in this manner; do not increase their lives by many years; but grant this [blessing]; increase the lives of all six chiefs, Gora, Badal, Fatiya, Jetmal, Rama Kala, all six men, and the seventh their sister Rani Padmaniji; increase the lives of all seven in such a manner, that their deaths follow in quick proximity to each other; that these six die six months [or so] before Raniji Padmaniji, arrange their deaths within two [or so] months of each other, so that they will not be separated from each other; Rani Padmaniji also agreed with this request of Ravalji; Bapji was pleased, and said; now, Ratansen, you have said something after my own heart; now I am pleased.

The attendants who filled the water (pānerī) at Rama and Kala’s households were [of the caste of] mali; a father and son of Chitor; the mali’s name was Lakhamo and his son’s name was Keso, and both were married; the mother-in-law’s name was Harakhu and the daughter-in-law’s name was Karama; all four worked (cakari kare) at Rama Kala’s households; they filled the water, stored it and cooked the food and fed the households of Ramaji and Kalaji; all four, mali and malna, were extremely trusted [394] in the household; no one else was trusted to this extent.

Then all six chiefs began practising their ascetic exercises, at the home of Rama and Ramaji and Kalaji; during their meditations, they relied most on the four malis; when they required any roots and herbs for their meditation, they relied on the malis to procure them; they did not trust anybody else. Thus it happened, that whenever Gurnarain ordered, the father and son Lakhamo and Keso, would dig up the necessary root or herb; and all four would get together, and crush, roast, and strain the herbs, mix a potion, and give it to all six chiefs; if any potion was left, the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, Harakhu and Karama, would drink it [presumably because it was their task as women to brew the potion]; and as they strained the potion, they would be left with its essence; the dregs which were left on the muslin cloth [through which the potion was strained], the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law would bring back to their home. All six chiefs drank the potion for twelve months; following them, the mālan mother-in-law and daughter-in-
law also drank for twelve months; the malna would bring back the medicinal dregs back home; in this manner they filled up a vessel (kaḷāsa) with the dregs. Then all six chiefs, and the seventh Raniji Padmaniji, the lives of all seven were made equal; all seven would die within a month or two of each other; [it was decreed] that all seven chiefs would die in the year Samvat 1258.

And then the two malna Haraku and Karma had followed the chiefs and [fol. I 07 b] and drunk the medicine for twelve months; then [393] they would bring the dregs of the medicine back to their home; in this manner they filled up a vessel with the dregs; both malna ... continued to drink of that medicine, from these dregs, for three years more ... having drunk of the medicine for three years more, the lives of both mother-in-law and daughter-in-law were increased; [mother-in-law’s] to five hundred and eighty-seven years; and the daughter-in-law Karma’s life increased to six hundred and ninety-seven years, in the fort of Chitor, from the strength of the medicine.

In this manner the lives of all six chiefs and the seventh Raniji Padmaniji were set to equal length; then Gurudev said to Raval Ratansen, are you content now; Ravalji folded his hands, and said humbly, you are Guru Paramatma; secondly, you are my Gurudev [so I accept your blessings humbly]; then Guruji Sri Gorakhnathji gave his blessings to his disciple Raval Ratansenji, accepted his parting gifts, and departed; he departed towards Pushkaravatipuri, where his seat was.

In the year Samvat 1243, on Thursday the first day of Besakh Budi, the genealogist Bhats, Raghoji and Cetanji, came with their book (bahi) to record events; they came to the court (darbar) of Sri Hajur [394] and recounted the lineage ... from the book of Raghubans ... They told of Raja Sri Hemaji [not clear who this is], of the sun god, of Bevasta [Vaivatsa] Manu, of Raja Sri Ikhavaku [Iksvaku], and came down to Raval Sri Ratansenji.

Then they began recording the names of the queens in the women’s quarters (raṇṇvās); then they began recording the names of the princes, which is described here. In the house of Maharavl Sri Ratansenji is the son of Suhagkavarji the daughter of the Parihar Ren Raja; second is the son whose name is Sihaddesi, born to Suraj Kavarji the daughter of Puvar Candrai of Chavad; third is the son of Jetkavarji daughter of the Sacor Cahuvars; fourth is Samadsenji, born
to Sarupkavarji of the Solankhi Beda; fifth is the son Saravanji, born to Amarkavarji of the Rathor Ranmalots; sixth is the son of Candubaiji, the daughter of Gaud Gegraj; seventh is the son born to Ratan Kavar, of the Candel Mohova Cahad Rai Brahmanand Parmalot; eight is the son of Candkavar the daughter of Sakarvar Gangdas; ninth is the son of Pithkavar the daughter of Narbad the Baleci Caluvan; to the tenth queen Jahaj Kavarji the daughter of Jadam [Yadav] Jemal, are born Narpatta, Harbhani, Bijeplja and Gopalji; to the eleventh queen Padam Kunvar the daughter of the Tavar Rana Salsi, the sons Brahmanandji, Agarcandji, Raghuraiji and Samarathji were born; to the twelfth queen Ejankavarji, daughter of Sudardeji of the Dharatani Puvars, were born the sons Harbhani, and Candarbhanji; to the thirteenth queen Solankhini Sanikavarji, the sons Raisiji and Pohaprai were born; to the fourteenth queen Sodi Ajabkavarji was born the son Saharsinhi [fol. 108 a]; to the fifteenth queen Madankavar Padmaniji of the Puvars of Manohargadh, was born a son.

In this manner the name of Maharani Sri Padmaniji was recorded. Then Maharavalji Sri Ratansenji ordered these things gifts to be given [to the genealogists]; Raghooji, Cetanji, you wrote in the genealogy; thirty-two horses, one elephant, twelve villages, a thousand in cash, and he ordered twelve lakhs to be given in gift [to them]. Then Raghooji Cetanji said, Sri Ekling incarnate, [recording in] the book is our livelihood; then the king gave fresh orders; in return [for keeping the genealogy], I will give you sixty-four lakhs; then they said, Sri Hajur, this will not be enough for our livelihood; this is the house of the line of Raghu; please increase our reward; then Sri Hajur ordered for the third time, in return [for keeping the genealogy], I will give you a crore. Then Raghooji Cetanji said, may Sri Hajur thrive, [we will accept] whatever it pleases him to give; but your ancestors have given a lakh; and you have wedded and brought back a queen; and Raniji has brought back lakhs in wealth from her natal home; of which, a reckoning of half the wealth has been recorded [thus far]; so we ask for half her wealth; this is how your ancestors have decreed; and this Sri Hajur also knows; but Sri Hajur spoke directly to us, so we also will say directly to him; [we ask for] one of the two elephants with precious stones in their forehead [that Padmani brought as her dowry]; secondly, one of the two [396] Balteji horses that walk on water; and half of those priceless jewels; and one of the two priceless necklaces [given by the
grandmother]; and half of the thirty-eight bricks of gold; and six out of the twelve sets of precious
jewellery; three and a half man out of those seven man of all five kinds of pearls; and half of the
dresses and other precious stones; and other things; then there are a hundred and eight slaves; of
whom we ask for as many as it pleases . . . Sri Hajur to give us. But we ask only for those things
that we know of.

This request they passed to the king through the attendant (khāvand); Sri Hajur Ravalji
heard this demand and was reluctant; then he said, my writ does not run over that wealth; it is
Padmaniji who is master [mistress] of that wealth; I have no right. Then Ragho Cetan said, Sri
Hajur, Padmaniji is your queen; Padmaniji is the master [mistress] of her wealth, and you are the
master (mālak) of Padmaniji; then how is it that you are not the master of the wealth. Then
Ravalji said, it is her wealth, I cannot give it away; Ragho Cetan said, Hajur, you must give it. in
this way the argument continued, and many reasons were given on both sides; but Ravalji did not
agree to [fol. 108 b] give it [that wealth] [397] away. Then Raghoji Cetanji gave him their
blessings; O provider of food (andāti), king of the line of Raghu, lord of Ahada, may your
treasury increase hundredfold; may you rule for a crore Divalis. They gave him their blessings
and prepared to depart, to return to their homes.

Then Sri Hajur made Raghoji Cetanji sit down again; and said to them, but you have not
accepted the gifts I gave you; then the genealogists said, O provider of food, we have no heart to
do so; the very clothes we wear have been given to us by Sri Hajur; such is the king who is our
patron [they taunt him?]. [Their refusal of the king's gifts is an insult to his stature, which is why
he reacts so sharply]. Ravalji heard this and said; hear this, O genealogists, from the wealth of
Padmaniji, you will not get even the skin of a lentil's worth (ūrad kī sapētī); and if you desire to
take half of that wealth, bring the emperor to lay siege to us; then you can keep all of Padmaniji's
wealth [if the emperor wins]. Ragho Cetan said, it is said that it is you who are the emperor
(patsah) of the Hidva [throughout the text, it is not clear whether this refers to a land or to a
religious community]; you who are the lord of Chitor, are accepted as the emperor. Then Sri
Hajur declared to them, again; now you will bring the emperor to attack us; only then will you
obtain any reward. Again, Ragho Cetan said, it is you who are the emperor of Hidupat; Sri Hajur
then declared to them, a third time; your emperor is very strong, he rules over his empire in his mind [this could mean two things; either that the emperor is so strong that the empire is subject to his every whim; or the opposite, that he is emperor only in his own mind, that is, only notionally]. He will place one hand on your heads [that is, agree to become your patron], and one hand below your stomachs [Ratansen taunts them with obscenity]. Only if you can persuade the emperor to attack, will you be counted true genealogists; but I give you an oath upon your [398] patron-god (isat dev), not to give up until you manage to bring the emperor here to attack us; when you bring the emperor here to attack, I swear an oath by Eklingnath, [may I be struck down] if I do not hand over half the wealth to you.

In this manner Ravalji declared three times; then Ragho Cetan said humbly, O benefactor of the poor, you have made your pleasure known to [us] your servants three times; if we do not obey these orders, may we be known as bastards (harām khor); Ragho Cetan said this, and went to their own home (haveli). Then they began making preparations for departing towards Dali [Delhi], on Friday the seventh day of Phagun Budi, in the year Samvat 1244. Then Raghoji Cetanji reached Dali; they met with Sri Alavadinsah; and they stayed there with great honour. Raghoji Cetanji lived in Dali with the Gori [Ghori] Pathan Patsah Alavadinsah, for six months; they often accepted an invitation to a feast [with the emperor], where a reckoning of the [Patsah’s] household and army would be taken; in this manner, they spent eleven months in the presence of the Patsah. One day, the emperor mounted on his elephant, so that his army could be counted [a guard of honour?]; there were ten thousand horses, a thousand elephants, and fifteen thousand foot-soldiers; so many forces were ever ready to present themselves before the Patsah [standing army]; Patsah Sri Alavadinji was inspecting his forces beneath the red fort (lākotārī); the army was being inspected; Sri Patsah mounted his elephant; and Raghoji was mounted on a second elephant, near the elephant, the younger brother Cetanji was mounted on a horse [fol. 109 a]. At that time [399], a rabbit emerged from under a big berry tree (borjalī), and scampered away; men were standing in rows on all four sides, so the rabbit struck with terror; it emerged to the right of the imperial elephant and ran, when Cetanji managed to catch it in his quiver; the
... then Cetanji presented the rabbit to his Highness (hajrat); then the emperor ran his hand gently over the rabbit’s head; the rabbit’s down is extremely soft (mulam). So the emperor ran his hand [over the rabbit’s head] and asked; tell me, Raghoji, what else is so soft as this; then Raghoji said, Highness, silk is as soft as this; his Highness said, this is softer, as compared to silk.

Then the Patsah said, if the Lord (khuda) had created a woman as soft as this, that would be a wondrous thing; then Cetanji said, esteemed Highness (hajrat salāmat), it is the Padmani kind (jat) of woman who is as soft as this; then the elder brother Raghoji motioned to the younger brother Cetanji with a glance, and stopped him from saying any more; brother, do not say any more. The Patsah asked, Cetanji, where is a Padmani to be found; then Cetanji elaborated; Highness, we have four categories (baran) of women; amongst which, the woman of the Padmani kind (jat) is as soft as this. Then the Patsah asked Cetanji, there are two hundred and thirty-eight women (hurama) in our harem (huramkhāna), tell us how many Padmanis there are among them. Cetanji said there are four categories among women; Padmani [400] Hastani Citram Sankhani; Sri Patsah said, examine all of them [in the harem] with your own eyes; identify the Padmanis.

Then the Patsah entered the red fort (lilku), and went into his assembly hall (āmkās, referring to the Divan-e-am and Divas-e-khas of the Mughal courts, as well as to the architecture of the Red Fort); then the Patsah ordered, you conduct your scrutiny; we shall keep those women in the harem who are Padmani; those who are not Padmani, we shall go and leave in the hills and jungles. This matter reached the ears of [the women in] the harem; his Highness has decreed thus; that he will keep those women who are Padmani women; and all the others he will leave in the jungle; when they heard this, all the women in the harem were dazed out of their wits.

Then the Patsah said [to Ragho Cetan], how will you conduct your scrutiny, these are women in pardah (paddāri). Then Cetanji said to his Highness, our eyes are not made of blood [we dare not commit this effrontery?]; in our fort of Chitor in Raj-than, we nestle [like children] in the laps of our king’s queens [this is figurative; what he means is that his patrons in Chitor were like his parents]; the king is [like] our uncle (caca; father’s younger brother); the queens are [like] our aunts; in the same way that you are [like] our uncle and the ladies of the harem
(hurstāmah) are [like] our aunts; so we do not [have to] follow any rules of pardah. But we have one suggestion to make; a vessel may be filled with oil and brought; we can sit near that vessel; once we sit, the ladies of the harem can come one after another, and we can see their faces [reflected] in the oil as they keep coming; we shall see their faces in the oil; then we shall identify them as they [fol. 110 a] keep coming. The Patsah agreed with this remedy; and he sent a message to the harem, telling them of Cetanji’s remedy; [that] all the women of the harem may come in due sequence into the presence of Cetanji, there is no need to maintain [401] pardah; these men are like our brothers (sajāde; that is, sajāṇi, of the same lineage or same gotra).

Then this matter of appearing before Cetanji in sequence, began being discussed among the women of the harem; [they wondered] we shall give him some reward; then he will praise us; those who do not give him any gift, he will speak ill of; the women of the harem will appear before him one by one, and show him their faces reflected in the oil . . . Then Cetanji took his gift from each one of them, and recorded the names and homes of all the women in the harem; Cetanji kept noting this in his records; in this manner two hundred and thirty-eight women of the harem came and showed their faces reflected in the oil . . . and Cetanji went on classifying them into the various kinds of women; thus women of Catrani Hastani Sankhani, all three kinds, emerged.

Each lady of the harem gave him a gift of a thousand each . . . Cetanji collected gifts of one and a half lakhs; he brought the money safely back to his camp. Then he went and described the traits of all the ladies of the harem to his Highness; Sri Patsah asked Cetanji, tell me of your scrutiny, how many among them are Padmani; Cetanji said, esteemed Highness, of the Padmani kind of women there is not even one [among them]; and of the three kinds of women, Hastani Citrani Sankhani, there are many women.

The Patsah said, Cetanji, where is a Padmani woman to be found; at that moment, it was on the tip of Cetanji’s tongue to [402] tell [the emperor]; but Raghoji suppressed him with a glance; [Raghoji said] do not say anything; then Cetanji elaborated; O protector of the world (hafratpanā), Padmani are to be found on the island of Sidhal. The Patsah asked, where is the island of Sidhal; your Highness, the island of Sidhal is on the other side of the sea. Then the
Patsah declared that he would go to the island of Sidhal, and bring back a Padmani; and he issued orders for the horses to be got ready, to leave for the island of Sidhal; horses, elephants, camels, foot-soldiers, cannon, artillery large and small, all these forces were made ready; and the Patsah departed towards the island of Sidhal with his army. The army eventually reached the shores of the sea and camped there; then the two brothers Raghoji Cetanji consulted among themselves.

Cetanji said to his elder brother, Dadaji, every time I prepare to say something to resolve this matter [that is, disclose the whereabouts of Padmani at Chitor], you suppress me with your glance, and I remain silent; now I insist on speaking my mind [to the emperor]. It is now more than two or three years, that we have stayed among these Turks (turakcil;i); but in all this time Ravalji has not sent any messenger to us [as a move towards reconciliation]. Now the fort of Chitor will remain with Raval Ratansenji; if we do not get half the wealth of Padmanji [beforehand], then the Patsah will snatch away all of it, [unless we persuade him by a ruse] he will not agree to give it us of his own free will, and he will snatch it away by brute force (jora mardi). Raghoji heard the words of Cetanji and said; brother Cetanji, all that you have said is true [fol. 110 a]; only thus [403] will the eyes of Ravalji be opened, and then he will understand that a scr measure is completed only when both hands together and full, fill the pot [idiomatic; that is, a reward is esteemed only when it is sufficiently generous]. [Cetanji said] Now when I say something, do not interfere; Raghoji said to his brother Cetanji, consider your words carefully.

The Patsah camped on the shores of the sea and then asked how they should proceed; then Raghoji said, your Highness, let us build boats; then artisans were summoned, and they began building the boats. Then Cetanji said to the Patsah, esteemed Highness, turn west [in the direction of Mecca], and pray to the twenty-four pirs for their blessings; I [Cetan] have a question for his Highness; how many hundreds of Padmani women does he desire for his harem. Then the Patsah said to Cetanji; if there are many to be found, then we will bring back five or ten Padmanis; otherwise we will certainly bring back one or two, at least. Then Cetanji said, your Highness, one Padmani there is, very near to us; you can snatch her away; then the Patsah said, tell me where is this Padmani; then Cetanji said, the king Ratansen Raval of Chitorgadh went to the island of Sidhal, and returned with a Padmani bride; and [he brought back] great wealth; a crore of rupees,
and pearls, rubies, diamonds, precious stones and many other things worth lakhs; one Padmani is to be found here [at Chitor], but not more. Then the Patsah said, I will be content even with one Padmani; then Cetanji said, this I could have told the emperor even earlier, had I known that he desired only one Padmani; I would not have let his Highness go to such difficulty. [Cetanji continues] We would have told the emperor immediately; we [404] were under the impression that his Highness wished to obtain five hundred or a thousand Padmani women; which is why he marches with such a large army; if you wish for only one Padmani woman, then take your army and go and lay siege the fort of Chitor; he [Ratansen] will panic and hand over Padmani to you; keep the fort besieged for six months or a year, and do not let anything or anybody enter the fort from outside; all the people [there] will be struck with fear, and they will hand over Padmani to you.

The Patsah agreed with this advice, and the army returned towards Dali; then preparations were made to march towards Chitor and lay siege to it; seated in the council, Raghoji Cetanji said to Sri Patsah; your Highness, we have a request to make of you; you are the lord of Dali (dalisar) and your house is also favoured by the Lord [God]; there, the lord of Chitor is also known as the illustrious sun (aptap suraj) of the Hindus; both kings and both armies are valiant in battle. You desire a Padmani woman, for which objective you take an army to attack the fort of Chitor; the siege will last for perhaps one year, perhaps two; who knows which side will win and which side will lose; victory and defeat are in the hands of God (parvardagar), not in the hands of men; who knows whether it is victory or defeat that is to be gained by advancing [with the siege]; but [we request that] his Highness will not hold us responsible for the outcome.

The Patsah did not know anything [that is, he was ignorant of the existence of Padmani at Chitor]; but Ragho Cetan led his Highness astray with their persuasive words; and [fol. 110 b] they ruined everything [for Chitor]; we [Ragho Cetan] are struck with terror at the prospect of being accused [of instigating the emperor]; so if it pleases you, you may attack [405] Chitor; may you be victorious and bring back Padmani. We are unhappy, your Highness, for this reason; there is a Padmani in the fort of Chitor, and it is with our help that you [will] obtain her. The Patsah heard these words of Raghoji Cetanji, and said; Raghoji Cetanji, hear what I say clearly; I wish to
obtain a Padmani; if you are not ready to fight, kill and be killed, then we will go [without you]; and those who accuse you, are rogues (badmās) and liars; you are welcome to remain here; now will you accompany me, or not. Then Ragho Cetan said, we will accompany [you and] the army; and we will tell you the secrets of the fort of Chitor; and the fort will fall in six months; but with the aid of our clever advice, the fort will fall in just two months. The Patsah heard these words and was very pleased.

Ragho Cetan stayed in the fort of Dali; they stayed there for two and a half years, or for two and three quarter years; then Sri Patsah made preparations to attack the fort of Chitor; on Friday the seventh day of the month of Budi in the year Samvat 1246, in the hour of death (jamaghant), the Patsah Sri Alavadin advanced towards Chitor with a strong army; they camped outside Dali. The reckoning of the army he took is as follows; five lakh, ninety-seven thousand seven hundred and sixty-four horses; twelve lakh, thirty-two thousand eight hundred and forty-four footsoldiers; thirty-five large cannon; eighty-six horse-driven cannon; one thousand nine hundred and seventy-nine elephants; ninety-nine thousand, two hundred and ninety-two camels . . . and one lakh traders, moneylenders, labourers, bullock-cart drivers; in all, the Patsah's army, with horse, camels, elephants, small cannon, altogether came to eighteen lakhs, fifty-three thousand, nine hundred and forty.

This entire army arrived at the fort of Chitor, they surrounded it from all four sides, and built their camps; on Saturday the third day of Phagun Budi in the year Samvat 1246, they arrived and set up camp outside the fort of Chitor; the Patsah's army was spread out in its camps, up to three kos in every direction from the fort; they laid siege; all supplies were stopped from entering or leaving the fort; then they began shelling the fort with cannon; then the cannons inside the fort of Chitor began shelling the Patsah's army; shells flew on both sides. At that time the [shelling from the?] battle even reached the [abode of the] goddess of Chitor, Rani Kalka ji Camand ji and the lakh goddesses [?]; and then the battle began to intensify [fol. 111 a].

The Mori [king] built the fort of Catrakot upon the chariot Manbhavan of Raja Indra; and he offered sacrifices after building the fort; Kalka ji accepted the sacrifices, and settled people in the fort of Chitor; [hence?] the Puvars used to call Chitor by the name of Manbhavan [not clear]
The Patsah Sri Alavadin laid siege to the fort of Chitor with a strong army. At a distance of two and a half or three kos from the fort was a village Mudati; its old name was Nagari; the Patsah’s camp extended from here, all the way up to the fort.

The Patsah Sri Alavadin glanced at the fort of Chitor, and stared; he saw women looking on, from the battlements on top of the fort; then the Patsahji summoned Raghoji Cetanji and asked them, Raghoji, I [the emperor] can see women and wolves standing on top of the fort, and gazing at our army; Raghoji Cetanji understood what the emperor was referring to; they said to the Patsah; your esteemed Highness, those are not women that stand on top of the fort; they are the nine lakh wolf goddesses; they are standing around a very old and mighty cannon on top of the fort; this cannon is called Kalka Ban; it is around this cannon that they stand. The Patsah understood; then at every turret, goddesses, gods, joginis, and yaksas, all thronged together; then the Patsah asked Raghoji Cetanji, if you will hear me out, then I will say this openly. I have conquered the powerful and valiant kings of eighty-eight forts on the Hindus; I did not see your goddesses joining in the battle, in those forts of the Hidva kings; hence I ask you, explain this well to me; how is it that these goddesses join the battle here.

Then Raghoji explained this matter to Sri Patsah Alavadin in the valiant Gori, in this manner; esteemed Highness, you who have been to Mecca and obtained the blessings of the twenty-four pirs, you who are our lord (khuda), this matter is as follows. The king of Abhuraj and Dharnagar was of the Puvar lineage; his kinsman was the king Mordhaj; his son, Rajaji Catrangji Mori, made up his mind to build a strong fort. Raja Mordhaj Puvar had four sons and one daughter; the eldest son of Raja Mordhaj was Ratankavar; his second son Dham; his third son Aboji; his fourth son Asaji; his fifth daughter was Gajabel; all five built forts; their names I now tell you; the eldest son Ratan Kavar, whose other name was Catrang; Raja Catrangji built the fort of Chitor; the second son Raja Dharu built the fort of Dharnagar and the third son Asaji Raja built the fort of Aser; the fourth son Abaji built the fort of Amadgadh [Ahmedgadh?]; all four brothers built a forth [fol. 111 b] each, four forts, in four lands [kingdoms]; and the fifth, their sister whose name was Gajabel Bai, was wedded among the Jadom [Yadav] Rajpouts of Mathura; at that time
Mathura was a wilderness; then later Gajabel Bai brought people to settle in Mathura, and founded the town.

Catrangji the eldest son of Raja Mordhaj, built the fort of Chitor in the year Vikram Samvat 147; in this year [409] he built the fort of Chitor; Samvat 147 was the year 3192 of Kalyug Samvat ... at that time the reign of Salibahan Raja [?] was already thirteen years old; the thirteen years left of Salibahan Raja’s life came to an end, and Salibahan went to the abode of the gods ... at that time the fort of Chitor was built. And Raja Catrangji of the Mori lineage, built a temple to Devi Kalkaji ... on top of the fort of Chitor, in the year Samvat Vikram 154; then the [idol of] Devi Kalka was consecrated; and Kalka ji was pleased and said to Rajaji Catrang; if you carry out my orders, your fort will be invincible (अिन्त); and no king will be able to break down the fort of Chitor.

Then Raja Catrangji said to the Mother Kalka, Kuldevi, your wishes shall be carried out; then Kalka ji said to Raja Catrang; sacrifice your eldest son and heir to me; twenty-one bulls; and eighty-seven sheep and lambs; and one man; sacrifice these hundred and nine lives to me. And at the first gate at the foot of the fort, have ninety-one bulls and sheep and lambs slaughtered; and at the gate of the sun [Surajpol], have eighty-one bulls and sheep and lambs killed; and at the northern gate [410], have fifty-one bulls and sheep and lambs killed; in all, if you sacrifice three hundred and thirty-two lives to me, then no one will be able to even glance at your fort; and no one else will be able to establish control over the fort.

The king made preparations for the sacrifices of all the bulls, sheep and lambs; and sacrifices were made at all four places [as instructed by the goddess], of three hundred and thirty-one bulls and sheep; at all four places; in front of Kalka ji, at the gate at the foot of the fort, at the third gate and at the northern gate, at all four places, three hundred and thirty-one lives were sacrificed, just as Mataji had instructed. As for the joginis of the fort, they were now content; but as for the Devi Kalka ji, she was still not pleased; how could she, without the eldest son and heir of the king; and [in keeping with his stature] following him, twenty-nine more lives; one prince, four elephants, sixteen horses, three bulls, five lambs: it would take twenty-nine lives [fol. 112 a] to be sacrificed at the same time; this the king Catrangji Mori could not accomplish; if Rajaji
Catrangji had sacrificed three hundred and sixty lives to the goddess, then no other king would ever have been able to establish his control over the fort of Chitor.

The Mataji Kalka ji had said one more thing; Raja Catrang, build a cannon in my name; and call it Kalka Ban [the arrow / missile of Kalka]; install the cannon at the very top of the fort, near its flagpole; then make sacrifices to me; then whenever anybody comes to attack your fort, let the voice (ōvāj) of the Kalka Ban be heard; at the sound of Kalka Ban, the gods and goddesses will fight on every turret and battlement of the fort of Chitor [and defend it]; and the three hundred and sixty joginis will also ... fight, and the gods and the joginis will come to the aid of you and your fort. Just as Mataji Kalka ji said, the cannon Kalka Ban was also built and made ready; sacrifices were made at the doors facing three directions; but Raja Catrangji could not complete the sacrifice of twenty-nine lives, of his son, elephants, horses, bulls, and lambs; so the other three hundred and fifty-nine joginis were pleased; but the Kuldevi [patron goddess] Kalka ji was not pleased with Raja Catrangji.

Then Raval Bapoji, the son of Raja Sri Rup the king of [the village] of Veratgadh, married [a girl from the ruling family] at Chitor; first he married the daughter of Catrangji the king of Chitor; then the kinsmen of Catrangji approached Bapaji, to marry the twenty-six or twenty-seven daughters of the Moris to Ravalji Bapaji; these events had already come to pass; sacrifices had been made, to please the goddess and the joginis; and the sacrifice was incomplete; and Mataji Kalka ji had asked for twenty-nine more lives, of a man, elephants, horses, bulls and sheep; and these sacrifices had not been made; so Kalka ji was not pleased with Raja Catrangji.

All these events Bapaji Raval came to know of, when he arrived for his wedding; then the people of the town (gam) told him everything; and Raval Bapaji [412] understood; then in the year Vikram Samvat 191 ... he killed the Mori Catrangji Raja, and became the ruler of Chitor; then Bapaji Ravalji performed the Sat Candi [puja] before Mataji Sri Kalka ji, before he did anything else; then he had the Sahasra Candi [puja] performed; then, he performed sacrifices to please the goddess; the reckoning of which is as follows; first, he sacrificed the son of Catrangji Mori, whom he had captured in the battle; then, twenty sons of Moris; [so] he sacrificed twenty one Moris of the lineage of the Mori Raja Catrangji; sixteen elephants, forty-four horses; thirty-
one bulls; thirty-six rams; forty-one sheep; in all, one hundred and eighty-nine lives; these Raval
Sri Bapaji sacrificed to Mataji Kalka ji; and in front of the gate at the foot of the hill, four
kinsmen of the Moris were sacrificed; and one elephant; and thirty-one bulls; thirty-six rams;
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thirty-nine sheep; [in all] a hundred and eleven lives were sacrificed outside the first gate at the
foot of the fort, called Padal Po; and at the Surajpo [413] were sacrificed three Mori Rajputs;
twenty-nine bulls; thirty-five rams; thirty-seven sheep; [in all] a hundred and four lives were
sacrificed at Surajpol; at the northern gate, two Mori Rajputs, nineteen bulls, twenty-seven rams,
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thirty-one sheep, [in all] seventy-nine lives were sacrificed; then at the Kalka Ban cannon, the
following were sacrificed; one Mori Rajput; seven bulls; eleven rams; twelve sheep; [in all] thirty-
one lives were sacrificed at the Kalka Ban cannon; at all five places, a total of five hundred and
fourteen lives, of men, elephants, horses, bulls, rams, and sheep, were sacrificed to Mata Kalka ji
of the fort; the gods and three hundred and sixty joginis and yaksas were all pleased with Raval
Bapaji.

First he fought a great battle against the masters of the fort of Chitor, the Moris; seven
hundred and fifty Rajputs of the Mori lineage were killed; and four or five lakh men were killed;
then all the gods of the fort were content; then Raval Bapaji made sacrifices after the battle, and
the three hundred and sixty joginis was extremely pleased.

Then at night, when Ravalji Bapoji was resting, in the middle of the night Mataji Kalka ji
[414] sent him a dream; hear this, Raval Bapa, heed carefully what I say; I was hungry, hence I
demanded, some sacrifice be made to me; but Raval Bapa, you have made the sacrifices I
demanded; and I am pleased; and I have come to tell you. First Raja Catrang Mori began building
the fort of Chitor; the account of which you have heard many times; he built the fort of Chitor.

The raksas Ravan was born, then Rama donned an incarnation, especially to kill him;
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thirty-three crore gods all took incarnations [in human form], as his followers; when Rama
incarnate donned a human body in the mortal world, he said to the gods; O gods, I will don a
human body; all of you [gods] take the form of men, bears, monkeys and [other] animals; men
and monkeys together shall put an end to Ravan; having done this, Rama incarnate moved in the
direction of Lanka; then Rama incarnate said to the seven rishis, accompany me to Lanka; then
the seven rishis sent a message to Raja Indra, and asked for his chariot [fol. 113 a].

Then Raja Indra gave his chariot to the seven rishis; the chariot was called Manbhavan; the
seven rishis mounted Manbhavan, and asked it to depart [towards Lanka]; [they asked the chariot] go
towards Lanka, there a battle will be fought between Rama incarnate and Ravan, which we
shall see. Then Manbhavan said to the seven rishis; my lords (gusain ji), I will take you, just as
my name implies (manbhavan, that which pleases the mind); but then if [for some reason] you
curse me, it will not be seemly; then the rishis said, why should that [415] happen; then
Manbhavan replied, my lords, my name is Manbhavan, I will stay only where it pleases me; I will
not go a step beyond there. Then the seven rishis said, Manbhavan, you are free to stop wherever
it pleases you; then Manbhavan departed [with the rishis].

As they traveled, they came to the land of Mevar, and stayed there for the night; there, in
the western direction, is the Aburaj mountain; that Aburaj mountain is [like?] the abode of Siv,
Kailas; there are as many flowering and fruit-bearing trees in Aburaj as there are in Kailas; a
pleasant breeze blew as the sun rose at dawn; that breeze brought the fragrance of the flowers and
fruits from Aburaj, to Manbhavan; then Manbhavan made up his mind, to remain there. Then in
the morning the rishis said to Manbhavan; let us depart; then Manbhavan said, my lords, I had
said to you right at the beginning; that I would stay wherever it pleased me; now I am pleased
with this spot, and here I will stop. Then the rishis said, very well, you are welcome to remain
here; then Manbhavan said, my lords, now I have been less than perfect in serving you (apki
cakri); but I am fortunate, that the feet of rishis such as you [who have no equal anywhere], have
touched my head [have set foot in my chariot?]; but I have remained as dry [thirsty?] as ever [?].
Then the rishis said, Manbhavan, do not remain thirsty, may you always have water; the rishis
said this and [416] then dug a hole [in the ground] with their staffs; they poured the [sanctified]
water from their kamandal into that hole; and the rishis gave their blessings, may there always be
water here for you.

The rishis gave their blessings and departed towards Lanka; and Indra's chariot
Manbhavan, remained here in Mevar; then Rama incarnate slew Ravana, and returned; then the
seven rishis said to Rama; Hajur, Idar gave us a chariot to take us to Lanka; that chariot remained in the land of Mevar, but it was a very beautiful chariot. Then Rama incarnate agreed to go and see that chariot; so they arrived where Manbhavan was; Sri Rama incarnate saw and was pleased; then he said to his younger brother Lachman ji; Lachman ji, that Manbhavan is fit to build a fort with. By the command of Sri Rama incarnate, they began building a fort upon the chariot Manbhavan; but with what would the fort be built, there were no rocks; how did it come to pass that there were no rocks [fol. 113 b]; Rama incarnate had gone to Lanka; and had built a bridge across the sea; so all the fine rocks had been selected and taken away by the bears and monkeys, to build that bridge.

Sri Rama incarnate understood when Lachman told him this; and he asked the earth (bhomi); give us the rocks, that we built a fort upon [the chariot] Manbhavan; then the earth folded her hands and replied humbly; O protector of the poor, build the fort by all means; I will bring the finest rocks; then the earth brought rocks [417] to build the fort with; all the rocks from hundreds of kos in all four directions, departed towards Manbhavan; then the fort was completed; and the finest rocks had been brought and used. Thus it is that even today, the rocks extend up to twenty or more kos from Manbhavan; and the rocks run right across Manbhavan; [but] those rocks are becoming weak now [?].

Rama incarnate had a fort built upon the mountain of the chariot Manbhavan; and he named the fort the small Catrakot; he built the fort and Sri Rama incarnate got ready to return towards Ajodhya; then Manbhavan Catrakot said humbly; O provider of food (andataji), Sri Rama incarnate, you will now return to Ajodhya; and when will you give me permission to return to Idralok [the abode of the gods]; I also wish to return to Indralok. Then Sri Rama incarnate said to Manbhavan Catrakot; you are imprisoned here by the curse of the seven rishis; a curse has fallen upon you; so you will not be able to return to Indralok [immediately?]; then Manbhavan Catrakot said humbly; O protector of the poor, then when will I be able to return to Indralok.

[Rama explained] A curse has fallen upon you, you departed from Indralok with the rishis; and then you remained here; the rishis had to cover the distance from here to Lanka on foot; many tiny animals were killed under the feet of those rishis, as they walked; and the repentance for those
acts, has fallen on your head, Manbhavan; only when you finish your repentance [through prayer and meditation] for all those lives; only then will you be able to return to Indralok.

[Rama continues] Manbhavan, battles will be fought upon you four times; in all four battles, a total of eighty-four lakh lives will be lost [and reckoned for]; when eighty-four lakh lives are lost upon you, then your repentance will be complete and you will be free of the rishis' control. Ten thousand years of Kaljug will pass, before you can return to Indralok; you will not be able to return, before that time; Sri Rama incarnate said this, and returned to Ajodhya.

Then for many years, many kings ruled over Catrakot; then Raja Catrangji thought of building a new fort; from the [sacred] fire-pit on the Chitor mountain, a new fort was built, just like [the old fort of?] Chitor; it was here that Raja Catrangji Mori began building his fort; first he built the gates and defences were built; then [fol. 114 a], the mountain could not carry the weight of this fort, so in the middle of the night, loud cries were heard, and a storm raged, on the mountain that was unable to bear the weight of the fort. Rajaji Catrangji understood this; then Catrangji Mori thought, this mountain is cowardly; a fort built upon it will not be invincible.

[The goddess finishes her account of the history of Chitor, to Bapa Raval, in his dream]. My name is Kālkā jōgini and I am the kuldevi of the Mori Puvars; then she [the goddess] sent a dream about Raja Catrang to Raval Bapaji; [she said to Catrang] O king, you build the fort, I will tell you how and where; now, Raval Bapa, I have told you of how the fort came to be Manbhavan Citrakot; [the goddess continued speaking] then after building the fort of Chitor, Raja Catrang gave away many gifts in charity; but then he did not make sacrifices to me; because of which [419], Bapa Raval, you were successful in conquering the fort; I asked for sacrifices to be made to me; if Raja Catrangji had made those sacrifices, he would have pleased me; then, Raval Bapa, the fort would not have come into your hands.

But Raval Bapa, the fort was written in your fate; so you have become its ruler; secondly, you have pleased me; now, I will reward you by showering upon you, four times the blessings that I showered upon Catrang Mori; until now, Bapa Raval, you lost some battles and you won some battles; but now the Raghubansi Gahlots will continue to rule over the fort of Chitor; the fort of Chitor will not be taken away from under the feet of the Gahlots' descendants; the fort
will continue to be ruled by the Gahlots for ten thousand years more, of Kaljug; then, when ten thousand and sixteen years of Kaljug have passed; then that fort of Chitor, that Manbhavan chariot of Raja Indra, will not remain in the land of Bharat on the earth, any longer, after ten thousand and sixteen years of Kaljug; until then, Bapa Raval, you [and your descendants] will continue to rule over the fort of Chitor.

And if any king comes to attack the fort of Chitor, and if he rains cannon balls upon the fort of Chitor, then, Raval Bapa, do this; perform puja before the Kalka Ban cannon; and let the cannon sound once; at once, gods and goddesses, and three hundred and sixty joginis, will appear to fight at every turret and battlement of Chitor [and defend it]; and the forces of Chitor can sit down and rest without a worry. Raval Bapa, you have pleased me so much [that I grant you the following boons]; first, the kingdom shall not be taken away from under the feet of your descendants; second, I shall remain in the home of the Gahlots; I will present you from defeat and give you victory; and Raval Bapa, I will make your lineage grow and flourish. In this manner Kalka ji Mata sent a dream to Raval Bapaji. Then Raval Bapaji made Mataji Kalkaji his kuldevi [patron goddess] and worshipped her [fol. 115 a].

In this way Raghoji explained everything clearly to the Patsah Alavadin Gori, telling him of all these events in great detail; there were gods and goddesses and three hundred and sixty joginis at every turret and battlement, he [Ragho] explained the secret behind the strength of the fort of Chitor to the Patsah.

In this manner, three years passed, and the bombardment of the fort of Chitor continued; but both armies were equal to each other; the first assembly took place in the big palace; all the chiefs and the fourteen chiefs of rank, were present; then the chiefs said, Ekling incarnate, we feel that these low-born foreigners (mafech) must be removed from here; O protector of the poor, we remain sitting inside the fort, and they continue bombarding the fort; and the lines of supply to other lands (pardes) remain closed; and not a lentil-skin’s worth is allowed to enter the fort. Now the people of Chitor are fearful; they are suffering in every way. The Patsah came and laid siege to the fort of Chitor three years ago; at that time four man and eleven ser full of grain [421], could be bought for one rupee in Chitor; now the cost of grain has risen to two man and one-and-a-half
ser [per rupee]; now the peasants (*rait*) are becoming nervous. This is why we say to you, let our forces descend from the fort and draw blood from [attack] the Patsah’s army; we will attack with our swords; then those low-born foreigners (*ma!ech*) will retreat; unless this Patsah’s teeth are blunted, he will not learn.

Then Sri Hajur said to the chiefs, you have spoken very well; this news [about the restless peasantry?] is [a portent] of our betrayal [by our own people?]. Then Ranmalji Dodiya rose, and addressed the king with folded hands, and asked for his permission; Hajur, you are our lord and master, if you permit, let me uproot the Patsah’s army . . . . Sri Hajur Raval Ratansenji anointed [the forehead of] Dodiya Ranmalji (*talak didō*), gave him his weapons, sixty-one strings of pearls (?), thirty ceremonial robes (*sarpāv*) embroidered with gold (*jarkasti*), and gave him leave (*bi!a* *didi*), to attack the Patsah’s army.

Then Dodiya Ranmal got his forces ready; ten thousand nine hundred and forty-nine horses; twenty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-four foot-soldiers; eight hundred and sixty-three camels; seventy-nine elephants; forty-four small cannon [mounted on horses]; nine hundred bowmen; eighty-eight camels to carry bowmen; in all, he gathered a force of thirty-eight thousand. He took his forces and descended from the fort, through the northern gate; then the Patsah’s army came [422]; Nabab Basmarath Khan; Murjo [Mirza] Nur Beg; Mir Jamal Khan; these three noblemen, and their forces; elephants, horses, foot-soldiers, small cannon, bowmen, large cannon; in all, they had a force of thirty-nine thousand. Then both armies clashed with their swords; they fought until three *pahar* on the first day, and then returned to their camps; then on the second day, shots and shells flew from guns and small cannon on both sides, for two and a half *pahar*; then on the third day, the [Rajput] chiefs let their horses loose on the Patsah’s [fol. 115 b] army; swords clashed for three and a half *pahar*; all three noblemen leading the Patsah’s forces, were killed; and from the Patsah’s army, a total of thirty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-five elephants, horses, foot-soldiers, and bowmen in all, were killed. So many men were killed; and the chief of Sri Hajur’s army, Dodiya Ranmalji was killed; and of his forces, a total of twenty-one thousand seven hundred and fourteen elephants, horses, footsoldiers, and bowmen in
all, were killed. The Patsah’s forces were victorious; Sri Hajur’s forces retreated; this first battle was fought on Saturday the ninth day of the month of Paus Sudi, in the year Samvat 1249.

Then Sri Hajur’s assembly was held at the gate of the big palace; two chiefs asked for permission; Puvar Jesoji and the Rav of Sirohi, Devra Ranangji; and the chiefs Cahuvan Sajanraiji of Ajmer; the king of Jesalmer Banbirji Sonigara; Rav Uhadji of Jalor; Rathor [423] Parbatji; all six chiefs rose, and addressed the king with folded hands; then Hajur Raval Ratansenji gave them their weapons, their ceremonial robes embroidered with gold, and the betel leaf in ceremonial farewell; they wore saffron robes (kesri); Sriji gave all four (?) chiefs horses from his own stables; he gave them his blessings; Sri Hajur rose, and embraced them; then he bid them farewell.

Then the army got ready; horses, elephants, foot-soldiers, bowmen, horse-cannon, guns, small cannon; in all, eighty-four thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight; this army left the fort, and camped at the foot of the hill. The Patsah saw this, and got his own army ready; Nabab Nur Khan; Nabab Khan Ser Khan; Sayid Turap Khan; Sekh Lal Khan; Sekh Piroj Khan; Mugal Haptul Khan; Murja Nabar Beg; these seven chiefs made their preparations, by the edict of the royal prince Khanjada Sri Khuda; the Patsah’s army got ready for battle on the western bank of the Gabhiri river, at a distance of three kos from the fort of Chitor, in between the villages Padoli and Adud Padoli; horses, foot-soldiers, cannon, small cannon, horse-cannon, bowmen; in all, seventy-nine thousand eight hundred and twelve.

Then both armies clashed with their swords; the swords clashed for one pahar on the first day; for two pahar on the second day; for four pahar on the third day; for one and a half pahar on the fourth day; for four pahar again on the fifth day; the swords clashed for five days, during which six noblemen of the Patsah were killed; in all, sixty-two thousand seven hundred and seventy-three elephants, horses, foot-soldiers and bowmen, were killed [424]; among Sri Hajur’s forces, four chiefs were killed, and two wounded; the Rathor and the Puvar were both wounded; and in all sixty-three thousand four hundred and ninety-three [of Ratansen’s army] were killed. At first, Sri Hajur’s forces were under great pressure; but then, they spurred on their horses determinedly; they killed six noblemen of the Patsah; and the Patsah’s army fled; and Sri Hajur Eklingnath Kalka ji declared victory.
Sri Hajur’s third assembly was held in the court (darbar) of the queen mother; there three chiefs asked for permission [fol. 116 a]; Thakur Kaliyanji Puvar; Bahelo [Baghela] Jhajhuji; Baleco Khoraji; all six chiefs were given their weapons [by Ratansen], their ceremonial robes, and the betel leaf in ceremonial farewell; then he [Ratansen] bid them farewell.

They took their twenty-four thousand six hundred and fifty-four strong army of elephants, horses, foot-soldiers and slaves; and camped on the banks of the river Gambhiri at Chitor [outside the fort]; then the three chiefs thought up a strategy; the first day, we shall let them harm themselves; then on the second day, we shall prepare to attack with our swords; then they took the buffaloes grazing peacefully in the village, and asked for forty-nine calves; then they got torches ready, each four hands high; they doused the torches in oil, and tied them to the horns of the calves; then they gave instructions [to the drivers?]; take these animals beyond the Patsah’s army; behind the hillock, light the torches; then drive these calves into the Patsah’s army; drive them from a distance of three-quarters of a kos or one kos; then all of you return to the safety of the hillock [425].

The men did exactly as the chiefs had instructed; and drove the bulls into the Patsah’s army . . . two pahar into the night, the Patsah’s army suddenly saw flaming torches [coming their way], and panicked; somebody in the Patsah’s army, tried two or three times to attack the torches; but then the three chiefs of Sri Hajur’s army let their galloping horses fall upon the Patsah’s army; swords clashed fiercely and furiously; two of the chiefs were killed; Balecho Khoraji was wounded; horses and foot-soldiers, in all six thousand of Sri Hajur’s army were killed; and from among the Patsah’s army, where they had attacked each other [mistakenly] with swords [in the darkness]; horses, footsoldiers, in all, twenty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-four were killed; Sri Hajur’s army declared victory.

The fourth assembly was held in the temple of Sri Comukhaji; in which two chiefs asked for permission; Khici Ajvanji and Jodhji Bans; Sri Hajur bestowed upon both chiefs their weapons, their ceremonial robes embroidered with gold, and the betel leaf in ceremonial farewell.

Then they got their army ready; horses, elephants, foot-soldiers, small cannon, bowmen, large cannon; in all, thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-nine, they took this army; and
camped on the banks of the river Gabhiri. There they confronted four noblemen of the Patsah’s army; Sekh *Gami* [Hamir?] Bagas [Bux]; Pathan Alai Bakas; Murja Hasan Beg; Nabi Mahamad; and horses, elephants, foot-soldiers, bowmen, small cannon, cannon; in all, thirty-eight thousand four hundred [426] and forty-two. The battle was fought in the village of Satkhanda.

On the first day swords clashed for two *pahar*; on the second day swords clashed for three *pahar*; on the third day, swords clashed for just two ghadi [fol. 116 b]; in which, from Sri Hajur’s forces, horses, elephants, footsoldiers, camels, bowmen, in all, thirty-three thousand were killed; both chiefs were also killed; and two noblemen from the Patsah’s army were killed; Murja Hasan Khan and Nabi Mahamad were wounded; and horses, elephants, camels, footsoldiers, in all, twenty-eight thousand two hundred and twelve were killed; the Patsah declared victory.

The fifth assembly was held at the palace on the banks of Catrangji Mori’s lake; in which two chiefs asked for permission from Sri Hajur; Cahuvan Anantraiji and Jaitsiiji Kharvad; Sri Hajur bestowed the betel leaf in ceremonial farewell upon both chiefs, their weapons, and their ceremonial robes embroidered with gold.

Then they took their army; elephants, horses, foot-soldiers, large and small cannon; in all, seventeen thousand; they camped at the foot of the fort. Then, one and a half *pahar* into the night, they spurred their horses and fell upon the Patsah’s army; swords clashed; the Patsah’s army was alert this time [from the previous night attack]; they began firing their cannon; the next day dawned and the cannons had taken their revenge; by sunrise, all seventeen thousand men and both chiefs were killed; and seven thousand of the Patsah’s army were killed; the Patsah declared victory [427].

The sixth assembly was held in the court (*divankhana*) of Sriji; two chiefs asked for permission; Naitsiji Magat, Guluji Makvana and Delansiji Narban. They took their army of twenty-three thousand; elephants, horses, footsoldiers, large and small cannon; they camped at the foot of the hill. Then the Patsah’s army; Mir Mahamad Akbar Khan; Pathan Mir Sardar Ali; elephants, horses, foot-soldiers, large and small cannon, in all thirty-one thousand.

They met in battle in the clearing in the middle of [?] village in the west; in two days Naitsiji Magat, Guluji Makvana and Delansiji Narban were killed, nineteen thousand from the
army were killed; two of the Patsah's noblemen were killed; Sardar Ali was wounded; and eighteen thousand [of the Patsah's army] were killed; the Patsah's army declared victory.

The seventh assembly was held in [the temple of] Sri Lilkantlji; three chiefs asked for permission; their weapons were bestowed upon them, and their ceremonial robes embroidered with gold, and the betel leaf in ceremonial farewell; Manji Baddola, Solankhi Sajnoji and Durgoji Gohil; their army of twenty-two thousand and sixteen, of horses, elephants and foot-soldiers, camped on the banks of the river Gabhiri.

Then the four noblemen from the Patsah's army; Mir Haptulji; Jasrup Khan Nabab; Sekh Dolat Khan; Piroj Beg Mirja; an army of elephants, horses and foot-soldiers; in all, twenty-four thousand; the battle was fought between Gamtahi and Kalikher.

The swords clashed for five days; all four chiefs of the Patsah were killed; and eighteen thousand of his army were killed; one of Sri Hajur's chiefs was killed, Manji Baddolo [428] [fol. 117 a]; and from the army, sixteen thousand elephants, horses and footsoldiers in all, were killed; the Patsah's army fled a distance of a kos and a quarter; Sri Hajur declared victory, on the full moon day of Asoj [Asadh?] Sudi.

The eighth assembly was held in the temple of Sri Sahasmukhaji; in which the Caran Netidan asked for permission; he took an army of ten thousand, and went as a horse-trader; and with a thousand and hundred horses, he went and camped right in the middle of the Patsah's army. Then the Patsah wanted to evaluate the horses; then Netidan the horse-trader said; I will sell only those horses not wanted by the Rana; the Patsah heard this and became angry; [he ordered the Caran to] evaluate these horses; then the horse-trader evaluated the horses; he fixed the price of each horse at eight lakh rupees; then the chief of the Patsah's stables came and evaluated the horses; and the chief of the stables fixed the price of the horses at five or seven thousand each.

Then Hajrat Patsah Alavadinsah Gori came to inspect the horses; as soon as he arrived, the Caran Netidan attacked the Patsah; but a branch of a mango tree came in the middle; he cut through the mango branch, and cut the tip of the Patsah's foot. And the battle-cry was sounded; then all thousand men accompanying Netidan, drew their swords; then a skirmish took place; the cry was raised that the enemy has tricked its way into the [Patsah's] army; Netidan Caran and all
thousand of his followers, were [429] killed; four thousand two hundred men of the Patsah's army were killed; and nine noblemen were killed; the Patsah was wounded, in his camp at the village of Padoli.

The ninth assembly was held in the palace of Sri Padmaniji; the chiefs asked for permission; Sobhji Mahajan and Jhajhuji Paroth [Purohit, priest] of Nagda; Sri Hajur bestowed upon these two, weapons, ceremonial robes embroidered with gold, and the betel leaf in ceremonial farewell.

With their nineteen thousand strong army, of elephants, horses, footsoldiers, camels, small cannon, bowmen, large cannon; they camped on the banks of the river Gabhiri, at the foot of the hill. The Patsah heard this, and sent four noblemen; Pahap Khan Musaypi [?]; Hasan Khan Kotval; Mir Khan Apsar [officer?]; Sadat Khan Sobedar; and horses, elephants, foot-soldiers, small and large cannon; in all, twenty-two thousand. Then the swords began clashing, in the village of Surpur; both Sriji's chiefs (sardar) and all nineteen thousand of his army were killed, in three days' battle. And three of the Patsah's noblemen were killed; and all twenty-two thousand of his army was killed.

The tenth assembly was held in the palace of Goraji and Badalji; there, six chiefs asked for permission; Goroji, Badalji, Benji Mahajan, Gopalji Paroth, Ratanji Khatri and Samoji Sonagiro: Sri Hajur bestowed upon them their weapons, their ceremonial robes embroidered with gold, and the betel leaf in ceremonial farewell [fol. 117 b].

They took their army of sixteen thousand; elephants, horses, small and large cannon, footsoldiers and bowmen; and camped at the foot of the hill. Then two chiefs from the Patsah's army [430]; the Patsah's deputy (choṭā Patsāh) Nabab Gais [Ghaus?] Khan, and an army of twenty-four thousand; elephants, horses and foot-soldiers; the battle was fought in the clearing in the middle of the village Saira.

The swords continued to clash for two days; four [of Ratansen's] chiefs were killed; Mainji Mahajan, Gopalji Parot, Ratanji Khatri and Sagoji Sonagiro, all four were killed; Goraji and Badalji were injure; and nine thousand of the army were killed; both noblemen of the Patsah were killed; fifteen thousand of his army were killed; then the Patsah's army fled two and a half
Then Gora and Badal declared victory. Then the victorious Gora Badalji, with their wounds, came and presented themselves at the feet of Sriji; Sri Hajur embraced them to his chest; Sri Padmaniji showered gifts [in gratitude] upon her brothers; she rewarded them lavishly with many kinds of precious gifts.

The eleventh assembly was held at the Navlakha temple; four chiefs asked for permission; Fatiyaji, Jetmalji, Bharduji Bans and Devalji Makvano; Sri Hajur bestowed upon them, weapons, ceremonial robes embroidered with gold, and the betel leaf in ceremonial farewell.

They took their army, of elephants, horses, footsoldiers, bowmen, small and large cannon; in all, seventeen thousand; and camped at the foot of the hill. Then the battle was fought in between the lake (?) and the village (?). The Patsah sent two noblemen; Lubar Khan Pathan and Lalsa Pathan; and an army of twenty-five thousand. The swords clashed for two days and a night; two of Sri Hajur’s chiefs were killed; Bharduji [431] and Devalji Makvano; Fatiyaji Jetmalji were wounded; eight thousand of their army were killed; and both the Patsah’s noblemen were killed; and all nineteen thousand of his army were killed; the Patsah’s army fled a distance of one and a half kos; Sri Hajur declared victory. Then Fatiyaji Jetmalji, with their wounds, came and presented themselves at the feet of Sri Hajur; Maharaniji Sri Padmaniji showered gifts [in gratitude] upon her brothers; she rewarded them lavishly with many kinds of precious gifts.

The twelfth assembly was held in the courtyard of Padmaniji’s palace; five chiefs asked for permission; Ramoji, Kaloji, Benidas, Samantsiji Parihar and Savraiji Cahuvan; Sri Hajur bestowed upon them, weapons, ceremonial robes embroidered with gold, and the betel leaf in ceremonial farewell.

They took their army of fifteen thousand, and camped at the foot of the hill. The Patsah sent three noblemen; Nabab Alai Bakar, Nabab Jit Khan, Nabab Piroj Khan; and an army of twenty-one thousand. The battle was fought in the village of Bakrol. The swords clashed for three days; all three of the Patsah’s noblemen were killed; and seventeen thousand of his army were killed; three of Sri Hajur’s chiefs were killed; Benidas Khanajad (?), Samantsiji Parihar and Sivrai Cahuvan; Ramoji Kaloji were wounded; and ten thousand of the army were killed; Sriji declared victory. Then Rama Kala, with their wounds, came and presented themselves at the feet [fol. 118}
a) of [432] Sriji; then Maharaniji Padmaniji showered gifts [in gratitude] upon her brothers; she rewarded them lavishly with many kinds of precious gifts and ashrafas.

In this manner, twelve major battles (moṭā judh) were fought, and nineteen skirmishes were fought; in this way the skirmishes and battles continued; eleven (?) skirmishes took place, twelve battles were fought, and eight battles were fought in the night; thus thirty-one battles took place, over ten years. For ten years, Patsah Alavadin Gori laid siege to Chitor, in which Sri Hajur attacked thirty-one times; at times disturbances, at times small encounters in which ten or twenty men would be killed; the number of such small skirmishes, was beyond counting.

One day the Patsah said to Raghoji Cetanji; now tell me of a strategy by which the fort will fall; you are well-born men (ra’is) from here [so you should know the secrets of the fort]; then Ragho Cetan said, esteemed Highness, this is my (mera) advice; that the lord (dhanī) of the fort of Chitor, Raval Ratansenji, be captured; then the fort will be conquered; otherwise, this is the Hidvani fort; gods and goddesses and jogiṇis defend its every turret and battlement; we will not be able to conquer the fort. Hence we must think of some strategy; we must think of some plan, by which the Ravalji will fall into our hands.

At the foot of the fort, on the western side, are two doors [gates]; the first is Padal Pol, the second Rampol; to the east is Surajpol, and to the north is the northern gate. The Padal Pol on the west, at the foot of the fort, is the lowest gate [at the least elevation]; stationed here was a commander [433], in charge of defending Padal Pol; his men, eleven hundred and fourteen of them, stayed guard at the gate. The chief (jāmādār) of these guards were Narbho and Hārji; Raghoji Cetanji summoned the chief of the guard at night, and presented them in front of the Patsah. Then the Patsah said to the commander and the chief guard; your master comes to the temple of Mahadev at Jhamiya (?) everday, to worship there; so let the men from our army capture Raval Ratansen; we ask for no help from you people; then the two of you chief guards, will be rewarded with two lakh rupees each. Further, if the Creator (parvardagār) establishes our rule upon the fort of Chitor, then we will reward you two jamadars, with jagirs [land grants with revenue] of two lakh rupees each. In this manner, the servants at Padal Pol were bought over
(badlai liya); and he gave them rupees, and made them his own followers. Then they [Ragho Cetan?] schemed and bought over the men stationed to guard Rampol.

At that time, Ravalji Ratansenji arrived at the temple of Mahadev at Jharniya, to offer worship; at that time, the spies sent the [fol. 118 b] message; that the Ravalji has arrived to offer his worship, at this time; then he will return to the fort. Then a contingent came from the Patsah’s army, and took control of the Raval’s palanquin; Raval Ratansenji was captured; Ravalji was taken and presented before the Patsah; the Ravalji Ratansenji was taken to the [imperial] camp in the village of Padoli [434], and seated inside a tent there.

Raghoji Cetanji heard this news, and went inside the Patsah’s tent, and saw Raval Ratansenji sitting there; then Raghoji Cetanji gave him their blessings . . . [not clear]. The lord of Catrakot, the descendant of the sons of Raghu, the Cakravarti son among the Hidvani, Raval Ratansenji; rose and met with Raghoji Cetanji as soon as he heard their blessings; then Raghoji Cetanji said to Sri Hajur; just as you commanded, that we should bring the Patsah here as your guest; we have brought the Patsah by your command, and presented him before Sriji; it was our duty to fulfil Hajur’s commands, which we have done.

Then Ravalji said, what had to happen has happened; but now can we remedy this situation; else the kingdom of Chitor will be lost to the descendants of Raghu. Then Ragho Cetan said; Cetan said, Sri Hajur, the more you [try and] expel the evil man, the more you will drive him away [idiomatic?]; then Ravalji said to Raghoji Cetanji, it was nobody else’s doing, this was the fruit of my pride; but now the Patsah’s army must be driven away; and a way must be found for me to return to the fort again. Then Ragho Cetan said, O sun among the Hidvani; it is for us to do what we can; and it is for Sri Eklingsnath to make it successful; but we will help you reach back inside the fort, within one pahar; Hajur need not be anxious at all [435] in his mind.

Raghoji Cetanji said these words to Sri Hajur and then went and presented themselves before Sri Patsah Alavadin Gori; they said to him, tell us what you wish to do [achieve] with Ravalji; then the Patsah said, convey this message from me to him; if you [Ratansen] bring your Padmani here and give her to me, then I will reward [free] you this instant. Then Ragho Cetan made up a strategy; they said to the Patsah, you desire to have Padmani; [now] we will have her
brought here and into your presence, within one pahar; if you had said this [that this was all you desired] earlier, Patsah, we would have had Padmani brought here and into your presence, so much earlier.

Then Ragho Cetan wrote a letter in the name of the six chiefs; Goraji, Badalji, Fatiyaji, Jetmalji, Ramaji, Kalaji; and sent it to them; [the letter said] Sri Hajur Ravalji Ratansenji treated you very well; today it is time for you to repay your obligation (cakri); you must think of a strategy [fol. 119 a]; the Patsah wishes to have Padmani brought here [to his camp]; have palanquins prepared; and at the head, prepare and place Padmaniji’s palanquin; cover this palanquin with Padmaniji’s robes; and tie on the head of this palanquin, a blouse (she wears; in such a manner, that this clothing smells of the fragrance of Padmaniji’s body; so that bees will come and roam around the palanquin; then the Patsah will see the bees, and be convinced [that Padmani is in the palanquin].

In each palanquin, have two [436] chiefs seated; have eight men to carry the palanquin, a ninth to clear the way; two [more] men with staffs; one water-bearer and one man following the palanquin; fifteen men in all; keep all their weapons inside the palanquins, and bring them fully armed; prepare as many palanquins as you can, but do not bring too few palanquins. In Padmaniji’s palanquin, have Goroji Badalji themselves sit; in another, Fatiya Jetmal, and in another Ramo Kalo; make these preparations quickly, and arrive here [in the imperial camp] in haste, on the fourth or fifth day from today; here, Hajur is very fearful; the palanquins should reach the Patsah’s camp within two days.

This letter reached the fort; all six chiefs read, and became very sad in their hearts; the chiefs criticized Sri Hajur severely; why did Hajur do this; he went out of the fort alone, without any Rajputs accompanying him. Then they read what Ragho Cetan had written; and all six chiefs got ready; then the chiefs started getting together the things needed to prepare the palanquins; they completed their preparations in four days; they attached all the palanquins to each other; in every palanquin, two men were seated; and ten men carried each palanquin; and two men, one carrying the water and one carrying the fan; one man to clear the way; and one man following each palanquin; fifteen men accompanying each palanquin; the weapons of all fifteen were inside the
palanquin; over the palanquins of Goraji Badalji [437] and Fatiyaji Jetmalji, the robes and blouse of Raniji Padmaniji fluttered; and the bees came to hover around them.

In this manner, seven hundred and twenty palanquins were prepared, three hundred and sixty-one [covered?] litters (dolā) and three hundred and fifty-nine small palanquins (miyānā). These seven hundred and twenty palanquins were prepared; then on the fifth day the sun rose; the palanquins emerged outside the fort. On that day, Sri Hajur, the Patsah, and Ragho Cetan, were all sitting inside one tent; during these five days, Sri Hajur had eaten only fruits, in the tent of Raghoji Cetanji; he had not taken food or drunken water.

The palanquins were ready and emerged from the Padal Pol. In front of the palanquins was the village of Padoli; and behind the [fol. 119 b] palanquins was the Padal Pol, the distance between the Patsah’s camp and the Padal Pol was three kos; the procession of palanquins covered that entire distance, each one jutting against the next. Three palanquins stopped near the Patsah’s tent, and stood there, adjacent to each other; inside the palanquin of Padmaniji, were seated Goraji and Badalji, who had come as Padmaniji.

Then the Patsah saw the bees hovering over the palanquin, and was convinced [that Padmani had arrived]; then the Patsah showed seven hundred and fifty mohurs over Padmaniji’s palanquin [in welcome]; then [the false] Padmaniji called Sri Hajur, [the word was sent that] Padmaniji wants to meet Ravalji Saheb; then Raghoji Cetanji signaled with a glance [to Ratansen]; and the Patsah said, let us reward Ravalji [with gifts, and with his freedom]; then Ravalji [438] rose and entered Padmaniji’s palanquin.

Gora Badal reassured Sri Hajur; [what follows is more like a rebuke]; the army of these low-born foreigners (malech) surrounds us on all sides; they have laid siege to the fort; at this time it is not correct to leave the fort by oneself; Hajur went by himself, and he has tasted the bitter consequence [fruit] of that. Sri Hajur asked all six chiefs, now what must we do; then the chiefs said, Hajur must return to the fort, and hold an assembly; then he must sound the signal from the war-drums at Rampol; then we will emerge out of the palanquins; make your way [to the fort] through the palanquins, from inside one palanquin to the next; and enter back into the fort. And Raghoji Cetanji also said [to Ratansen], you should return alone to the fort; otherwise you
will not be able to see your warriors [in the fort] again; in this manner, as they continued
discussing what to do, Ragho Cetan also reached the foot of the fort.

Sri Hajur also made his way back through one palanquin into the next, and reached Padal
Pol, and then Rampol; then he went to his assembly; the war-drums sounded the signal from
Rampol; then the men in the palanquins knew that Sri Hajur had reached the fort safely. All six
chiefs, Goro, Badal, Fatiya, Jetmal, Ramo, Kalo, stood their palanquins abutting each other; and
sent a message to the Patsah, your Highness, Padmaniji wishes to meet you.

Then the Patsah rose and went towards the palanquin; he lifted the curtain from the
palanquin and put his head inside; then inside the palanquin, Gora Badal caught hold of the [439]
Patsah; they gave him a slap on either cheek; and Gora Badal said to the Patsah; why did we slap
you, you fill the stomachs of lakhs of men; it was not right on our part to have slapped you: else
we would have killed you on the spot; then they let the Patsah go. Then the Patsah fled; and said
as he ran; that Padmani is not in the palanquins; and we have been betrayed.

As the word spread, cries resounded in praise (jayjay) of Sri Eklingnath; with the cries of
praise, the palanquins were thrown away; and from each palanquin, fifteen men grasped their
weapons, and emerged; in this manner, from the seven hundred and twenty palanquins, ten
thousand [fol. 120 b] eight hundred men took their weapons and emerged; then they began
slashing with their swords at the Patsah’s army; facing them in the Patsah’s army, were seventeen
hundred noblemen, mir, amrav, Pathans, Nababs, and princes; they also took up their weapons,
and the two sides met in battle. The battle was exceedingly fierce, such as has never been seen or
described.

The entire distance of three kos between the village of Padoli and Padal Pol, was strewn
with the mingled torsos and heads of elephants, horses, foot-soldiers, chiefs and noblemen,
camels and bullocks; heads and torsos mingled over a distance of six kos; a river of blood flowed
into the river Gabhiri, and mingled with it; an unprecedented (adbhut) battle was fought, and the
Patsah’s army fled, as it was chased [by Ratansen’s forces] over a distance of five kos. Ten
thousand eight hundred men [440] had gone with the palanquins, to rescue Sri Hajur; among
which, the six big chiefs, and ninety-five minor chiefs, and a hundred and one soldiers and

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servants, were wounded, and survived; in all, two hundred and eleven men survived, and ten thousand five hundred and eighty-nine men were killed. And here, in the Patsah’s army, twelve hundred and thirty-five noblemen were killed; and elephants, horses, foot-soldiers, bowmen, in all ninety-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven of the Patsah’s army were killed; nineteen thousand nine hundred and sixteen of the Patsah’s army were wounded. A mere two hundred and eleven chiefs had won victory for Sri Hajur; with their wounds, Goraji, Badalji, Fatiyaji, Jetmalji, Ramaji, Kaloji brought their followers; two hundred and five of them, wounded, back in the direction of the fort.

As they returned to their own homes (havelī), the six chiefs thought to themselves; this body is mortal and perishable, it is not immortal; [they fear that they will die of their wounds?]; [so far?] Sri Eklingnath has preserved our lives, so let us go and pay our respects to Baiji Sahab Padmaniji. Then Fatiya, Jetmal, Gora, Badal, Ramo and Kalo, all six chiefs, came to Raniji Padmaniji’s palace; Raniji Padmaniji saluted them, showered them with pearls, and bowed before them (motiyā su ārati kari); she rewarded them lavishly with many different kinds of precious gifts, rupees, ashrafis and jewels. Then all six chiefs returned to their own homes, in the year Samvat 1256 [441].

Then Hajur bestowed gifts on all six chiefs, as befitted his status as Rana; Sri Hajur would also come to inspect the defences [of the fort] three times a day; and he would say, that these six chiefs [fol. 121 a] have preserved the honour of the land of Mevar; and he would praise all six chiefs exceedingly.

Then Sri Patsah Alavadinsah ji sent for more forces from his home and garrisons at Dali; he sent for a lakh forces from each place, and three or three and a half lakh forces arrived at the fort of Chitor; with their arrival, the Patsah’s army became stronger. The battle of the palanquins was over; the chiefs had prepared the palanquins, and then a battle had ensued; it was a month and seventeen days since the battle. Then the Patsah’s cannon began bombarding the fort of Chitor again; just as they had rained shells earlier, the Patsah began shelling the fort again.

Then Sri Ravalji thought to himself, now the battle has gone on for so many days; it would be good if the Patsah’s army were somehow made to go away; all sixteen lands in the
kingdom of Chitor have been destroyed; and the pearls among the chiefs have fallen; and only a fourth among my people survive. Sri Hajur called an assembly, and expressed this opinion; this is the situation I [Ratansen] am considering; now all you chiefs must consider what we can do; then all the chiefs said, this is the only remedy [442] we can think of.

It has been ten or eleven years, and everybody is stricken with fear; and the people have been ruined; now let us do this; let us write a petition in the name of the Patsah, and reach it to him, [saying] Patsahji, we shall do as you please; between you and us, the Gita and the Quran, Kalma and Shari'at are equal; [the precise sense of this is unclear: do they mean that they will accept the Quran and the law of the shari'at? What follows, suggests that this is the sense]. In this manner, let us placate the Patsah’s mind, and persuade him; what a situation it is, that ten, eleven and twelve years have passed; now, it is no dishonour [to surrender?] for the Rajputs of Hidvan either.

Sri Hajur asked the chiefs, think of a plan, whereby the Patsah also returns to his home; and our kingdom remains with us; at that time, the garrisons (thānā) at Sagartha, at Mandovar, and those in the land of Kach and the land of Gujarat; the four major garrisons of Sri Ravalji had all been uprooted; and the Patsah Alavadin had established his rule over them. Then all the chiefs met in the fort of Chitor, and wrote a message in the name of Sri Patsah; they adopted both kinds of tones, both threatening, and placatory.

[The message] Sri Patsah salamat, you rule by the favour of the twenty-four pirs; it is equally by the generosity of Sri Eklingnath, that the king rules here; the gods defend every turret and battlement of the fort of Chitor; this, you have seen for yourself, Patsah; and you are here on the strength of Khudah, He who sustains [fol. 121 b] and protects (parvardagār); and here, the king also rules [443] on the strength of Sri Eklingnath. You did well by coming to Chitor; you have also now spent ten or eleven years [of your life] here fruitfully; now you have been here long enough; for twelve years, the fort of Chitor has not fallen into your hands; from this you should know that this fort of Chitor has miraculous power; this you do not accept. You are known as the all-powerful lord of Dali (dālsar parameswar); this is why we have spared you so many times; we have not wronged the throne; [killing Alavadin would still be regicide, a crime even with an
enemy king]; now if some Rajput is angered, he will strike at your throne [that is, he will kill you], and the responsibility for this [crime] will not be on the head of any Rajput; this is the message we send in your name, Patsah.

And this is what we say to you; now there is only a ghost left of you; in all the world, [the honour and fear attached to] your name does not remain. How will it come about, that it can be said in later days; that the Patsah laid siege to the fort of Chitor for twelve years; and he cut down the Rajputs of Chitor; then all over the world, it will be said that the Patsah had wondrously powerful; to achieve this, we say to you; you have a large kingdom; the lord of Dali is counted equal to the Lord of the world himself; now return to your kingdom of Dali; otherwise, Patsahji, the fort of Chitor will become saffron (kesar hoi jāvogā); the time has come for the [people in the] fort of Chitor to don saffron.

You have come from Dali and laid siege to Chitor [444]; and from then until now, there have been forty-two battles, large and small, between you and us; we spared your life in all forty-two battles; but now a sin [of contemplated regicide] is being born in the minds of the people of Hindva; so now nobody will rescue you; nobody will even raise their voices [against such a killing]. In these forty-two battles that have taken place, the Rajputs fought with honour and followed their duty (sat); and thinking it their honour, they spared your life.

Now the followers of Sri Hajur; the princes from the lands on the coast [who accompanied Padmani], have taken on the challenge; now they are preparing to come and fight your army; the people of this house [from the island of Sidhal?] and their followers, are beyond death; secondly, they are not of our ‘caste’ (jāl); [they are not Rajput]; so they also do not have the same duty [to spare your life]; these men recognize and follow only their own master (mālak); the men of this house consider any other lord and his servants (mālak ora cākara) to be equal; they do not follow either duty or restraint. Patsah salamat, take these words deep into your heart, think them over well. Thus they [Ratansen’s chiefs] wrote, and reached the message to the camp of Patsah Sri Alavadin.

And the Patsah read [the letter] and summoned his noblemen; and had the letter read out to all his noblemen; then his noblemen said, your Highness, your servants [the noblemen] offer
their salutations to you; now that they have sent a petition to you, this is what we counsel; [the previous sentence is not entirely clear]; then the Patsah consulted with his noblemen, and wrote back. The Patsah said to his noblemen [445], we [fol. 123 a; there is a problem with the folio pages indicated in this transcription; fol. 122 b and the beginning of fol. 123 a, are not marked:] have also spent eleven years here, in this fort of Chitor; and we have established our control here; lakhs of our army have been killed; countless among their [Ratansen’s] army have also been killed. Now we [Alavadin] shall do, as you noblemen advise; we shall write what you desire us to write.

There were only seven important Nababs [left]; they said, Refuge of the world (jahanpanah), Khuda has given you a kingdom like Dili; and in the kingdom of Khuda, there are a hundred and forty-two forts equal to the fort of Chitor; what is so special about Chitor; for one thing, we had not thought even at the outset, that we would conquer and take over Chitor; we did not come here to destroy Chitor; we came here out of your desire to obtain Padmani; for another thing, they have also not handed over Padmani to us. How would it be, if another Patsah from a foreign land came and said to the Patsah of Dali, hand over a woman from your harem to us. May Khuda preserve the years of your life, you would not hand over a woman from your harem; then, battle would break out; and your life would also not be safe; then the strong one would assert his rights [?].

[The noblemen continue], the Patsah says to Ravalji, give us your Padmani; so that Raval Ratansen can save his life; but you will not obtain Padmani; and that is so, because Padmani is his woman; so how will he hand her over, as long as he has life left in him; but we have this one thing to say; he will not hand over Padmani, and we will not obtain her [446]; we must write in this manner; Raval Ratansenji, it is not our desire to take over your fort; and secondly, it is not our desire to take away your Padmani; but we came from Dali, with the aim of taking away your Padmani; but now we do not even wish to acquire Padmani; but do this much, Raval Ratansen; show your Padmani to our eyes; we shall gaze upon Padmani, and then will be content in our minds; and then we shall go back to Dali.
This recourse was suggested by the Navab of Hyderabad, Dariyav Mahamad; the Patsah agreed with it entirely; then the valiant Patsah Sri Alavadinsah Gori, had a message written and sent to Sri Raval Ratansenji; the Patsah's letter arrived at the [Raval's] assembly; then Sri Hajur summoned all his fourteen chiefs of rank; and his forty-two chiefs; and the eighty-four noblemen of the next lower rank; and the eighteen sovereign kings (chatrapati raja) [who owed allegiance to him]. He held an assembly when they were all gathered; they [all the chiefs] came and offered their salutations in turn, folded their hands in respect, and remained standing in front of him [Ratansen]; then Hajur honoured them; then the various chiefs, noblemen and kings, went to their respective seats, and sat down; then the letter that had arrived from the Patsah, was read out.

The chiefs heard the Patsah's letter; then they spoke; O protector of the poor, this turn of events (garahagat, lit. turn of the planets) must be avoided at all costs; the Maharani [447] Padmaniji has sixteen companions; the most beautiful [fol. 123 b] among them may be made to wear the Maharani Padmaniji's robes and jewels; and invite this low-born foreigner (malech), and show her to him; then all his desires will be fulfilled [?], and the danger threatening the fort will pass.

Then another letter was written and sent to the Patsah again; you [the Patsah] said, Ravalji, let us have a glimpse (darsap karāvo) of your Padmani; this, Patsahji, we agree to; but we not agree to accept your religion; [the Patsah did not state this as a condition?]; between us, we must come to this agreement; first, by giving our word; second, we must seal our agreement by the Gita and the Kuran; you people [the Patsah and his followers] do not keep your word; hence we find it difficult to believe what you say; but as for me, I send you my word in the letter I have written; which I shall abide by; this I swear by the sun, moon, water and wind, by the Ganga and the Gita.

I betrayed my word to you, the consequences of that, I now face; I had palanquins prepared; on the pretext of bringing Padmaniji's palanquin, I summoned you; in the time that you were near the palanquins, I have would killed you; but that would have been [killing you by] trickery; and no Rajput in the kingdom of Sri Eklingnath, indulges in trickery; now I swear this mighty oath before you, that I will resort to no trickery; and I will not let any traitors [those who
resort to trickery] live in the kingdom of the fort of Chitor; in this manner, he reassured the Patsah with many oaths, in the message that he wrote.

And he [Ratansen] wrote further; for one [448] you; one attendant; one attendant for your horse; if you come with only these followers, we will let you catch a glimpse of (darsan karāi devo) of Padmaniji; and if any amongst us were to resort to trickery; all these gods [whom I have sworn by] stand between you and me [to protect the Patsah]; and I am a Hindu by birth (jat); so I swear by the Hindu dharam. He wrote in this manner, and reached the message to the Patsah’s army.

All the mirs and amirs gathered together and read the letter; all the noblemen said to the Patsah; esteemed Highness, the Hindus have sworn an oath; then the Rajputs will not resort to any kind of trickery; these Rajput men are firm in wielding their swords (tarvār kā majhūṭ); and they fight even when their heads are cut off, which is how we say that they know nothing of treachery; they remain true to their word; which is how they wield their swords even when their heads are cut off; they are not traitors, a traitor will not be able to wield his sword; and he will desert the battlefield and flee; the noblemen spoke these words to Sri Hajrat.

Then the Patsah was reassured; and the Patsah said, there is one more thing; I wish to gaze upon Padmani; but I have not seen Padmani earlier; if I had, I would know a sign to recognize her from; as soon as I caught sight of her, I would know that this is Padmani; they might put another beautiful woman in place of Padmani, and tell us that this is Padmani; then we would think that this indeed was Padmani.

Then his noblemen advised him, write [449] back in this manner; [saying that] for one thing, no one will betray us; second, you will not change Padmani for someone else; swear to these two things, the oaths appropriate among your people; and write to us; then we can believe you; we will gaze upon Padmani, and go back to Dali. The Patsah wrote in this manner, and sent the message to Ravalji; and the Patsah’s letter arrived in Sri Hajur’s assembly; he summoned all his chiefs, and had the letter read out; all the chiefs heard [fol. 124 a].

The chiefs advised in this manner; O protector of the poor, find some strategy whereby the Patsah can be tricked; and there is no obstacle to his being killed either; our fort Chitor is like
a citadel of the gods; so let us kill the Masalman and cast his blood from the fort; [but] if the
Masalman’s blood is shed on the fort, then the fort will no longer remain with the Hidvani; with
the [shedding of the] Masalmani blood, the Masalmans will establish their right [over the fort]. In
this manner, Sri Hajur, your uncle Mamaji Sahab Raja Prathirajji Cahuvan, cut off the finger of
Rosan Ali Fakir, inside the fort of Ajmer, in the presence of the lord of Ajmer; thus he shed the
blood of that fakir inside the fort of Ajmer; because of which, he lost half of the kingdom of
Hidva and the citadel of the gods Ajmer; half the kingdom he lost to the gods of the Masalmans;
which is why the kingdom of the Cahuvans was taken away by the Turkam.

This is why, we could kill the Patsah, but not inside the fort of Chitor [450]; hence, we
cannot betray the Patsah either; so you [Ratansen] cannot think of tricking the Patsah in any way.
Secondly, he has written that we must not show him the face of some other woman in place of
Padmaniji; so do not show him any other woman’s face; he asks to be reassured of our good faith,
we shall keep good faith with him. Let us do this; under the latticed screen inside the palace, let us
place a vessel filled with oil; and Maharaniji Padmaniji will gaze into that vessel of oil; the Patsah
will be able to see the reflection of Padmaniji in the vessel filled with oil; if he is not content with
this [glimpse] and gazes upwards [to look at her face], then we shall cut him to pieces; then we
shall be prepared for whatever may happen.

All the chiefs advised Sri Hajur in this manner; then a reply was sent back to the Patsah;
[saying that] you are most welcome; you will ride a horse, and you will have an attendant; and
another attendant [for the horse?], these many are welcome; nobody will betray you in any
manner; and no other woman’s face will be shown to you in place of Padmaniji’s; if either of
these promises is broken; then, Patsah, between you and me stand the moon, the sun, the waters,
the wind, the Ganga and the Gita [upon whom I swear this oath]; and if I break this oath, then I
will bear the consequences; this is my reassurance to you; in this manner, he wrote and sent a
message to the Patsah.

The Patsah read this letter and summoned his noblemen; he read the letter out to them; all
the noblemen reassured him; then the Patsah wrote back; we will come to the fort [451] to gaze
upon Padmani; and I say this second thing to all of you; between you and us stand the Kalma,
Shari'at, and Khuda Mahamad who sustains and protects; I swear [to keep my side of the agreement] by all of them; and I swear by the word of a Masalman; he wrote a letter in this manner, and sent it to Ravalji.

The letter arrived at the assembly; then Sri Hajur read it out to all the chiefs; all the chiefs were reassured; then the chiefs advised [fol. 124 b] Sri Hajur; O protector of the poor, we will station chiefs as guard at however many door there are; all the chiefs [feel this, that] do not trust anyone else [for this purpose]; [we will stand guard] until you show a glimpse of Padmaniji to the Patsah, and bid him farewell; after that, any threat will pass. If the Patsah happens to say any inappropriate words (āvalo sāvalo); or if he happens to look up [at Padmani’s face] and down; [that is, if he casts his gaze inappropriately]; then we will gladly cut the Patsah to pieces; this we swear to carry out; and the guilt for this crime will not be on our head, in spite of the oaths we have sworn [not to harm him].

Then Sri Hajur stationed his kinsmen, all ready to fight, at the three gates and at the fourth gate Rampol; then he invited the Patsah; [Ratansen said to his kinsmen] the Patsah, his horse, his attendant, and his groom, these four will come; if more men than these come, then we will not allow them to enter through the gates. The Patsah came only with these four; one guard and seven soldiers accompanied him; these the Patsah left at the gate; then [452] the attendants spoke; they have come by the command of Ravalji; they have come to see the fort. The chiefs at the gate sent the news to Hajur; then Hajur sent his permission; one horse, one groom, one attendant, and a fourth man; let only these four enter; then, as Sri Hajur had commanded, the guards [of the Patsah] were kept standing outside the Padal Pol; the Patsah was allowed to enter the fort, with only four men. Then the Patsah reached the Rampol gate, and waited there; then Ravalji also arrived; the two chiefs (amir) met each other at Rampol; the Patsah’s horse was tied at the foot of Rampol; and the Patsah’s attendant and his fourth follower, were also left with the horse. Sriji had his grooms get horses ready and summoned them; the Patsah’s attendant and follower, were put in the midst of Sri Hajur’s people; a horse was prepared for the Patsah; the follower, the attendant, and the horse, followed the Patsah.
Then Sri Hajur said; Patsahji, we can go directly to Padmaniji’s palace; then the Patsah said; Ravalji Sahab, your fort is like a citadel of the Hidvo gods; so when will I come a second time to see the fort; what I wish to suggest is this; in your fort are so many reservoirs, lakes, wells, step-wells and ponds, full of water, so I would like you to show me some (das pāṇc) of these [453] reservoirs at various places. Another thing, every turret of your fort is defended by the gods and goddesses of the Hindus; I would like to see the houses [temples] of some (das pāṇc) of these gods; then, on our way back, we shall gaze upon Padmaniji, and go away.

Sri Hajur was taken in by the Patsah’s smooth words; and was persuaded by the Patsah’s assurances; first, he took him [the Patsah] to the tank of Baina Mataji; from there, he showed him the temple of Sidhnath; from there, he took him to the temple and tank of Sahasmukha and Mahadev; from there, to Comukhaji; from there, to the Bhim tank; from there, to Lilkanth Mahadev; from there, to Bhimlat []; from there, he took him to the temple and tank of Kalkaji; from there, to the lake in the palace of Catrangji. Then Sri Hajur said, Patsahji, if you wish, we can see reservoirs and temples, throughout the day, every day for a whole month, and there will still be some left over; and some more new reservoirs are being built.

Then the Patsah said, Raja Sahab, we are very impressed with your fort of Chitor; there is no fort like it on our continent (dip); your fort Chitor stands first, then Abhugadh, and the fort of Mandav; followed by the fort of Aser; and the fort of Berat; and the fort of Ratanbhavar [Ranthambhor]; these six forts have ample good water; there are no [454] other forts like these.

The Patsah praised the fort of Chitor exceedingly; [he said] and your gods are also true. As the Patsah continued his praises, Sri Hajur’s heart swelled in pride; as a result of which, Sri Hajur did not remain alert; they passed one outpost [of guards] after another, leaving them all behind.

And the Patsah kept spitting throughout the way; from the spittle of a Masalman, the power of the Hidvani gods was reduced [through pollution?]. Then the Patsah said, Raja Sahab, now show us your Rani Padmaniji; we will gaze on her, and then depart; we have seen all that we wished to see. When Sri Patsah said this, they began walking in the direction of Padmaniji’s palace; there [again] the Patsah left his spit; wherever the spit or blood of the Masalman fell, the protection of the gods was removed from that place; where they had [earlier?] protected the high-
born (sundar jat); but when their blood or spit fell upon a spot, the gods of Hind no longer remained powerful there. As the Patsah kept spitting, the gods kept retreating from and leaving their abodes in the fort of Chitor.

Ravalji and the Patsah went to the palace of Padmaniji; the vessel was filled with oil and kept under the latticed screen; and they went and stood under the screen; then the Patsah said, Raja, let us go into the palace; [the screen is in the outer quarters of the palace?]; then Ravalji asked, what is your purpose in wishing to go inside the palace; she will come here. Then Padmaniji appeared through the latticed screen of the palace [455], and cast her shadow in the vessel filled with oil; then Ravalji said to the Patsah, Patsah, look into the vessel filled with oil; see what appears there; do not gaze up or down or anywhere else; then I will forsake my oath; and I will sever your head from your torso.

When the Patsah looked into the vessel filled with oil, Padmaniji appeared in it, through the latticed screen in the palace, standing in all her beauty, from the tips of her nails to her eyes (nakh cakh); the Patsah saw Padmaniji, and was stunned out of his senses, struck blind by her radiance (tap), the Patsah came to his senses only after a long while. Then the Patsah said to Ravalji; Raja Sahab, you prayed to the Lord who sustains and protects (parvardagar) [fol. 125 b], to grant you a Padmani woman, and brought her from Him; it is by His favour that such a woman is present in your harem. Then Sri Hajur said, Patsah, you have seen this one Padmani, and are so excited in your mind; my lord Sri Eklingnath has given me fifteen such Padmani women. Then the Patsah said, Raja Sab, you have been given great good fortune by the Lord who sustains and protects (parvardagar).

Then Hajur and the Patsah arrived at Rampol; the Patsah mounted his horse; the attendant and the follower and the groom, went in front of the Patsah; then they reached Padal Pol [the outermost gate of the fort]; from there, the guards who had accompanied the Patsah, joined him; then they returned to their army and their camp in the village of [456] Padoli. And the word spread through the army of the Patsah; [that] the Patsah saw the fort of Chitor, and had returned safe and alive, to his soldiers; then the Patsah gave away a lakh and a quarter [rupees?] and precious jewels, as gifts to beggars and fakirs [in thanksgiving for his safe return]; and twenty-one
thousand rupees were given away in the name of the Pir Sahab [? Muinuddin Chishti?]; there were great festivities.

On the thirteenth day of Asoj Budi, in the year Samvat 1257, the Patsah caught a glimpse of Padmaniji (darsan kīda); the valiant Patsahji Sri Alavadin Gori, saw the fort of Chitor, and returned; then a court (ām kās), with all the forty-four hundred noblemen; they all came, offered their salutations, folded their hands, and went and sat on their respective seats. Then the Patsah said to his noblemen; listen, my noblemen; I went up to the fort of Chitor; and spat into all the lakes, wells, step-wells, and tanks; because of which, I know, now the gods of the Hindus no longer remain up on the fort; now there are only men in the fort; and even of the men, there are very few left.

Now bombard the fort with cannon from all four sides; they will panic, and hand over Padmanji to us; otherwise, they will leave the fort and flee; then we will establish our imperial garrison on the fort, and go back to Dali. His nobles heard this, and said; what Hajrat has thought of, is a good plan. Then at dawn on the third day, the Patsah ordered the men manning the cannons; start bombarding the fort again; bombard the gates especially heavily; continue to shell the fort day and night [?]. The Patsah’s two hundred and sixty-eight cannons began shelling the fort of Chitor again; the shells began falling on Chitor in unison. Then the Kalka Ban on the fort also began shelling; the Kalka Ban had fired five or seven times, but not even one god appeared on the battlements of the fort.

Then at night Mataji Kalka ji Cavdaji [Camundaji] appeared to Ravalji: she said, Ratansen, now you defend your fort if you can; now do not depend on me; and do not even seek me upon the fort of Chitor; all the gods and goddesses have descended to the foot of the fort [fol. 126 a]. Then Raval Ratansenji asked, Maji Sahab, why did they betray me; then the goddess said, if you desired to show the Patsah around the fort, then you should have asked me once, for permission; he polluted (bhastācār) the entire fort, and went around spitting in the entire fort; because of his spit, I cannot find a [pure] spot to put my feet; now how will I stand [here]; Ratansen, you have polluted all my abodes, now I have no abode left on the fort. Then Ravalji said, then no god will be left [458] with me.
Then the joginis said, if you fight below the Rampol, then the sun will rise with you; then the Patsah sent a letter in the name of Ravalji; [saying] Ravalji, on your fort, the goddesses used to fight on every turret, now where have your goddesses gone; then on the second day he sent another message; your fort, and your life, are all yours, if you sent Padmani over to us; if you do not wish to live any longer, then let the cannons bombard [the fort] again.

Kavitt describing the army

A wing on this side, a wing on every side, the unbelievers (kafran) stood proudly;

Terrible [soldiers from] Kandhar in one wing, [men from] Thatta and Multan [in another];

[Men from] Gujarat and Dali stood together, the constellations [of stars] were on the move; [the mail and armour of the army, glittering in the sun, and their movement in organized units, are both evoked by this image];

Alavadin is on the move, Alavadin has embarked on his journey today;

The Gahilot kingdom was thriving and happy, but now [it was as if] a knife fell on it.

Then Sri Ravalji Ratansenji called an assembly; and all his chiefs came, offered their salutations, folded their hands, and went and sat on their respective seats; then there was discussion, O protector of the poor, he betrayed his duty (dharam hāro), so he is the Patsah; and then Sriji has no other region in his kingdom [that he can go to?]; now let us do this; let us ready the army, and emerge from the fort; and cut down and throw out the Patsah’s army; in this manner, the chiefs gave their advice. Then Sri Hajur’s horse [459] was prepared, the chiefs and noblemen; and Gora, Badal, Fatiya, Jetmal, Rama Kala, all made their preparations; and the kinsmen of Sriji [fol. 126 b].

Sri’s army got ready in this manner; seventeen thousand five hundred and sixty-four horses; a hundred and twelve elephants; seventy-two cannons mounted on horses; and thirty-six thousand two hundred and seventy-three footsoldiers; and two thousand one hundred and sixteen bowmen; small, mobile cannons, three hundred and eighty-one; in all, an army of fifty-four thousand six hundred and thirty-one, got ready. Then they camped on the banks of the river
Gabhirī; and the Patsah’s army was camped at the village of Nagari; and at Padoli; and at Satkhanda.

The first encounter between these armies took place at the village of Padli, and the battle began; and it extended up to the villages of Kalikhor [?] and Satkhanda, at a distance of five or six kos away; the swords clashed for three days and three nights; nobody ate or drank anything, the swords continued clashing, and three days passed. From the Patsah’s army, horses, elephants, footsoldiers, camels, bowmen, and a hundred and twenty-four noblemen, were killed; and from Sri Hajur’s army, Sriji’s brother Amir [Hamir?] the son of Ravalji Rahathji [Rahap], was killed [460]; and Ramo and Kalo the two brothers, continued fighting with their swords until the afternoon; and then Ramo and Kalo the two brothers were killed; from cousins, kinsmen, and important chiefs, eighty-seven were killed; and many more were wounded and survived; and Fatiyaji and Jetmalji, both chiefs, continued fighting bareheaded [?] for five pahar; then they were killed; Gora and Badal were wounded; each had eighty-four sword-wounds; and Uhadji Bans was seriously wounded; and from the army, three hundred and two men were wounded and survived: and of Hajur’s army, all fifty-three thousand five hundred were killed; all, including the horses and elephants, were killed.

And they cut the Patsah’s army to pieces; for a distance of five kos, [the bodies of] horses, elephants, footsoldiers, camels, lay strewn, heads and torsos mingled; the Patsah’s army was camped at four places; so they fled from the twelve camps at all four places; the Patsah fled a distance of three kos; first he ran one kos on foot; then he mounted a horse and ran two kos.

Sri Hajur Ravalji declared victory ... the battle took place on the thirteenth day of Cait Budi in the year Samvat 1257; three hundred and five were injured, they won the battle, and began returning towards the fort; they all returned to Catrakot [461] together, and entered the fort; and they were wounded, so each turned in the direction of his home. Then Goraji and Badalji thought to themselves; in the two recent battles, they had escaped alive; they had a lord like Ravalji Sri Ratansenji, so they had survived, even if they had been wounded all over. But this time, they had been seriously wounded, so this time they would not survive; [Badal said], brother.
there is no trusting this body; it is wounded at one footstep, and the next footstep, life deserts the body. Then we will not be able to meet our sister Jiji Bai Sri Madan Kavar Padmaniji.

Then Raval Sri Ratansenji arrived at the Rampol; Sri Hajur embraced Goraji and Badalji to his chest; then Ravalji began taking both chiefs to their homes; then Gora and Badal requested; O protector of the poor, we will certainly return to our homes; but we would like to meet with our sister Sri Jiji Bai once; then we will go to our homes. Sri Ravalji, Gorakhnath and Badal, all three went to Padmaniji’s palace and to the courtyard (baradari) in it; Padmaniji understood that her brothers, both gravely wounded, have come to meet her; then Raniji Padmaniji saluted them by performing arati with pearls; she showered various precious things on them, and rewarded them lavishly with jewels. Then the sun set; Padmaniji said, my brothers (dada hhai), please sit down; then Gora and Badal [462] said, give us leave to return to our homes; we are unable to sit, and not even certain that we can breathe; then she gave them leave; Goraji and Badalji departed towards their homes; then the Ravalji went to escort them to their homes.

Then Ravalji thought to himself; [that] now even the Patsah feels defeated; twelve years have gone by since he arrived here; now he will also depart from here; and I can rest easy in my mind; Sri Eklingnath will repair my kingdom; if these two, Goroji and Badalji remain alive, then they will always be there to taunt me; they preserved my rule over the kingdom and fort of Chitor; so these two brothers must be finished off [extinguished]. Thinking thus, he [Ratansen] reached the Sukalya [?] lake; there Sri Hajur cut off the heads of both Goraji and Badalji; their heads went and fell into the Sukalya lake. Then the torsos of the two brothers set forth; the lotuses from [of] both their hearts fell out [fol. 127 b]; and the two torsos gripped their swords; and the torsos of Gora and Badal set forth; they went on the road towards the Patsah’s army, and began attacking them.

So Goraji’s headless torso slew two hundred and eighty-seven men, between [the villages of] Satkhanda and Kalikhor. Then Goraji’s avowed sister, who had tied a rakhi to him, was a Brahmani, who lived in the land of Bagar; in the village of Pokharvaro, twenty kos south of the village of Dungarpur; here the torso of Goraji went [462] and fell.
The younger brother Badalji’s torso set forth from the fort of Chitor; it fell upon the
Patsah’s forces, and began killing them; it killed one hundred and sixty-four men of the Patsah’s
army; then Badalji’s torso left the army and departed; one or one and a half kos south of the
Sukhdev Mahadev temple is a river, and a village; where the women (paniyārī) were filling water;
there Badalji’s torso arrived. Then the women filling water said to each other; what is this, this
man has no head, and his feet continue to walk; they were talking in this manner, when Badalji’s
torso fell just then, at that place; which place became renowned in the abode of the gods
(surapuro); and he [Badal] is worshipped there; . . . at that place a village [slowly] came into
being; in the year Samvat 1702 that village was [still] peopled.

In this manner Ravalji Ratansenji beheaded Gora and Badal near the river [?]; and from
the Sukalya lake, he rushed, panting, and arrived at Padmaniji’s palace; then Padmaniji asked,
Hajur, why do you come in such haste; then Padmaniji herself said, it seems to me that you return
from having escorted my brothers. Then Sri Hajur said, those chiefs were gravely wounded; and
they seemed exhausted, and fearful [of death?]; then I thought to myself that they have served me
very well (cakri ghani uthai); and now they would suffer greatly [464] in their death [because of
their wounds]; so I freed them by killing them with my own hands.

Then Raniji Padmaniji replied; Hajur raised his hand against my brothers; so you will not
hesitate to raise your hands against others; you have killed my brothers; now I have no desire left
to live; Padmaniji said this and then she also jumped into the lake and became one with the water.
Raniji Sri Padmaniji gave up her body in the year Samvat 1258.

The Patsah heard this news; esteemed Highness, there was an internal quarrel among the
Ravalji’s people; and Ravalji killed his brothers-in-law; and there is turmoil in the fort. If at this
time our forces are made ready and we manage to enter the fort, then we will establish our rule in
the fort. This news was sent out among the Patsah’s army; then the Patsah’s army made its
preparations, and arrived at the fort of Chitor; elephants, footsoldiers [fol. 128 a], cannons large
and small, in all one lakh sixty-one thousand arrived; and the Patsah arrived; and the battle
commenced. Padal Pol was broken down; then they began moving towards Rampol; between
Padal Pol and Rampol the Patsah's men were crammed like arrows in a quiver [they were so numerous].

Then Uhadji Bans had arrived [along with Gora and Badal earlier?], wounded gravely; Uhadji had followed Gora and Badal [465] into the pitch of the battle; now he was seated there, with ten chiefs and princes of Sri Hajur; [with] Bhavarji, Depaldeji, Tavari, Barsihji; there was Katoji, the nephew (bhanej) of Goraji and Badalji; Hemtoji Gohil; Bhaiji Dodiya; Sagtoji Puvar; Devanji Solankhi; Gangji Parihar; Samsiji Bhati; these seven chiefs and three brothers of Sri Hajur; these seven noblemen rose, and took with them their force of three thousand nine hundred and thirty-four. Then at Rampol, the battle began between the two sides.

Beneath Rampol and beneath Padal Pol, thirty-five thousand four hundred and ninety-three men of the Patsah's army were killed; the blood flowed from men even as they were standing; between Rampol and Padal Pol the blood flowed in a stream on the path; it went and joined the river Gambhiri; all seven chiefs were killed; and all three noblemen (amir) were gravely wounded; and twenty-six hundred and seventy-three people of Sri Hajur's army were killed; then the Patsah's army fled; and they fled from the fort of Chitor; they took Padmani [this is sarcastic on the narrator's part] and fled from the fort of Chitor, in the year Samvat Vikram 1258; on Friday the fifth day of Savan Budi, they fled from Chitor, and took Padmani; this was the second grave attack (saka) on the fort of Chitor.

The first grave attack was on the Moris, the second, for the taking of Padmani [466]; the men of the fort of Chitor were killed in the attack; in forty-seven battles, seven lakh seventy-two thousand eight-hundred and sixty-four of Sri Hajur's army were killed; elephants, horses, footsoldiers, camels, troops, chiefs, bowmen, in all. In the Patsah's army, elephants, horses, footsoldiers, bowmen, camels, troops, chiefs, in all, ten lakh, eighty-nine thousand six hundred and sixty-eight were killed. From both sides together, eighteen lakh fifty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight men were killed in all; these were killed in the fort of Catrakot; and in every home (haveli) and household its followers were killed, one lakh eleven thousand seven hundred and forty-eight of Sri Hajur's forces were killed, in defending the fort; and in the homes and households, two lakh one thousand nine hundred and ninety-four of the Patsah's army were
killed. From Sri Hajar’s army, eight lakh, eighty-four thousand six hundred and twelve people were killed; in the homes outside and inside the fort, twelve lakh eighty-five thousand six hundred and fifty-two men of the Patsah’s army were killed. From both sides together, in all, twenty-one lakh seventy thousand two hundred and sixty-four; so many people were killed [in the matter of] Padmaniji; men from both armies were killed in the fort of Chitor [467].

Kavitt describing the ras of Padmaniji

Fragrant as the blue lotus, the lotus of the island;
Sweet as nectar, a fragrance intense and rousing;
[She leaves] the animals dumbstruck in servitude ... [?];
In the forests of Trikuta [in Lanka], the denizens are rapt [?].

The son of Ravalji Sri Ratansenji was Kavarji Sihaddeji; whose sons were Depaldeji and Mahpaldeji, by the Parmar Dev Kavar. Kavarji Sihaddeji [the grandfather of his namesake in the previous sentence?] the son of Cavdi Narpatji Kavarji, departed for the abode of the gods in the year Samvat 1233 ... Kavarji Sihaddeji ruled for fifty-eight years; Kavarji Sihaddeji was born in 1174 and departed for the abode of the gods in the year Samvat 1233.

In the house of Bhanvarji Sri Depaldeji, by the Rathor Gangade Kanvar, were born the sons Barsihji and Bagatsiji; by the second queen Samkavarji of Sidhal, was born the son Hardevji.

Bhavarji Depaldeji and Tavarji [?] Barsihji, both father and son, were killed in the battle at Rampol, in the year Samvat 1258; on the fifth day of Savan Budi the valiant Patsah Alavadinsah Gori came to take Padmani and fled from the fort of Chitor [fol. 129 a].

Maharavalji Sri Samarsihji had the sons Kuhakaranji, Karamsenji, Raghoraiji and Ratansenji. Kavarji Sri Kuhakaranji’s finger got cut off [468] by a dagger; his body was rendered incomplete, so Kuhakaranji was not anointed the heir to the throne of the fort of Chitor; the younger son Ratansenji was anointed the successor on the throne of Chitor; Ravalji Sri Samarsiji was killed at Dali; [when] he was summoned by Rajaji Prathirajji Cahuvan. Samarsi Raval’s son Ratansen Raval ascended the throne in the year Samvat 1152. [Ratansen is stated to have lived for a hundred and thirty years in this narrative, so the dates are consistent].
Raval Sri Samarsihji’s elder son Kavar Kumbhakaranji, was anointed the king of the fort of Banaihit; he anointed Ravalji Sri Ratansenji as successor to the throne [of Chitor] with his own hands; and then [the new king] bestowed an income [upon his elder brother] in the year Samvat 1162; a grant of fifty-eight lakh seventy-eight thousand eight hundred and thirty-four [rupees?] was given to preserve the fort.

Over the smaller throne (choti gadi) of Banaihit under the throne of Chitor, Raval Sri Kumbhakaranji ruled.

To Raval Sri Kubhakaranji was born the son Bhucandji, by the Cahuvan Adotkavarji; to the second queen Pariyar [Parihar] Gopna Kavarji was born the son Devsalji; the third queen was Bagheli Narpat Kavar.

Ravalji Sri Kubhakaranji ruled over the fort of Banaihit for four years; then he departed for the abode of the gods in the year Samvat 1166. His son Kavarji Bhucandji ascended to the throne [of Banaihit] in the year Samvat 1166 [469].

Ravalji Sri Bhucandji had the sons Dungarsi Raval and Cando Raval by the Sankhli Jebudh Baiji; to the second queen Dharatani were born the sons Arjanji and Surjanji. Raval Sri Bhucandji ruled over the fort of Banaihit for nine years; then he anointed Kavarji Dugarsihji as the ruler of the fort of Banaihit with his own hands; in the year Samvat 1175, Kavarji Sri Dugarsiji ascended to the throne on Wednesday the thirteenth day of Budi and became Raval.

Then Ravalji Sri Bhucandji went and lived in the big palace (badi haveli) at Chitor.

Ravalji Dugarsiji had the sons Bhimsi Raval and Karanidit Raval by the Puvar Dharatani Jot Kavarji; to the second queen Cahuvan Purabni Mahes Kavarji were born Radansiji and Sadansiji [fol. 129 b].

Raval Sri Bhucandji’s sons were Raval Sri Dugarsiji and Raval Sri Candaji; the village and fort of Dangpur were named Dugarpur; and he [Dugarsi] established his kingdom and built the fort of Dungarpur; he settled the foothill of the fort of Dugarpur; of which the account follows [470].

Raval Sri Dugarsiji and Canda Raval marched on the village of Dangpur; at that time the Bhil village headman (gameti) Ravat Dugo ruled over the village of Dangpur; the Bhils rushed...
back to Dangpur; there were fourteen thousand nine hundred and forty-two bowmen; so many Bhils rushed back and gathered at Dagpur with Duga Ravat. Raval Sri Dugarsi arrived and laid siege to Dagpur; the Bhil headman was overwhelmed at the strength of this force and took refuge in the Padal garden inside the fort of Dagpur; and the Bhil warriors appeared like Hadumanji’s followers who arrived at Lanka.

Ravalji Dugarsiji saw the Bhils gathered in this manner, and said to his younger brother Candaji Raval; brother Candaji, they call you Canda Raval; the rule of the Bhil and Mina headmen is like the night of the new moon [that is, pitch dark]; bring the [brilliant] moonlight of the full moon here; in this manner he commanded Raval Candaji. Candaji bowed his head and accepted the command; then he made his army ready; then he ordered his army; seven thousand horses, thirteen thousand footsoldiers, fifty-two cannon on horses, five hundred and fifteen camels.

The Bhil Duga Ravat had named the village of Dagpur Dugarpur [after himself?]; this valley (ghati) of Dugarpur was sealed off [by Candaji]; then Raval Candaji shelled the Bhils with his cannon; then he let the horse loose on them; then swords clashed [471], he [Candaji] killed seven people with his lance; five of Raval Candaji’s horse were killed; all five horse were pierced through with arrows; Raval Candaji was also hit by arrows twenty-nine times; and five hundred and thirty-one horse of his army were killed; and twenty-four hundred and nineteen of his footsoldiers were killed; two hundred and ninety-five camels were killed; and from the Bhils, nine thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight were killed. The Bhil Duga Ravat was killed; Candaji Raval cut off his head and presented it in tribute to Raval Sri Dugarsiji; Raval Candaji was seriously wounded and exhausted, and came and presented himself at the feet of Ravalji.

Then the fort of Dugarpur was established [by the Rajputs] in the year Samvat 1181. on Wednesday the fifth day of Sudi, Raval Candaji, died of his serious wounds and departed for the abode of the gods. In the year Samvat 1181 in this manner, on Wednesday the first day of Phagan, Raval Sri Dugarsiji killed Ravat Duga Bhil and took the village of Dugarpur. Then Raval Sri Dugarsiji thought to himself; [that] the income (rujak) from the village of Dugarpur is eighty-four lakh twenty-seven thousand and three hundred; this income the elder prince Bhimsiji can keep;
and the village of Banaihit gives an income of fifty-eight lakh seventy-eight thousand eight hundred and twenty-four [rupees?]; this the younger prince Karanditji can keep; I will settle both brothers with their own [472] followers and their own places, with my own hands.

Ravalji Sri Dugarsiji came to this decision, and came to the fort of Catrakot; then he made with his own hands, the younger son Kavar Karanditji, the ruler of Banaihit; Raval Dugarsiji anointed Kavar Karanditji as the ruler of Banaihit, with his own hands; Raval Dugarsiji bestowed the title of Raval on Karandit. In the year Samvat 1185, in the reign of Sri Maharaval Sri Ratansenji, on Tuesday, Vijaydasami in the month of Cait Sudi, the ruler of the fort of Banaihit was anointed; the king ruled at Banaihit, and lived in the fort of Catrakot; Raval Sri Dugarsiji’s elder son Bhimsiji remained [and ruled] at Dugarpur; which is how the king of Dungarpur is known as the ruler of both forts of Banaihit and Chitor.

Then Raval Sri Dugarsiji summoned the son of Raval Candaji, Birbhanji; and honoured him with the gift of a golden sword; and a belt of pearls; and bestowed the title of Raja Birbhan on him; he [Dugarsi] bestowed on him one horse with trappings of gold; and with trappings of silver, nineteen horses; and he bestowed an army of twenty-four thousand; and thirteen hundred cavalry (ghorā kā sapāi); and two thousand footsoldiers; sixteen large cannon; eighty cannon mounted on horses; and two hundred and ten camels; and seven drummers and musicians [473]; thirty-two elephants; eight canopies of silver and five canopies of gold; so much he [Dugarsi] bestowed as reward. Then Raval Sri Dugarsiji bestowed the title of Raja Birbhan on the son of Raval Candaji.

Raval Dugarsiji appointed Raval Karanditji as king of the fort of Banaihit; and gave Raval Candaji’s son Raja Birbhan, charge of all the arrangements in the kingdom; he anointed Raval Karanditji as king, and anointed Raja Birbhan with [the actual?] honour; he made Birbhan the right hand (jīma ḫhuja) of Raval Karanditji, and gave him half the throne; he gave charge of the defence of the land, and the looting expeditions, to Raja Birbhan . . . . In the year Samvat 1186 he bestowed on Raja Birbhan increased income; from the [land under the control of the] fort of Banaihit, an income of seven lakhs; and from the [land under the control of the] fort of Dugarpur, the income from the villages Jahanogadh and Dholamnagar; which was [later?] settled as the
village of Keharibad; [he also bestowed] the income from four temples, of four lakh thirty-two thousand [fol. 130 b]; in all, he [Dugarsi] bestowed an income of eleven lakh thirty-two thousand.

Raval Sri Karandidji had two sons, Rahathji [Rahap] and Mahathji [Mahap], by Sajan Kavarji the daughter of Doda Narbdsi; to the second queen Bhatiyani Kanak Kavarji was born the son Samansiji. Raval Sri Karandidji ruled over the fort of Banaihit [474] for fifty-two years; then he departed for the abode of the gods.

In the year Samvat 1237, Kavar Mahatji ascended to the throne of the fort of Banaihit, on Friday the thirteenth day of Katik Budi, under the star Hasta.

Raval Sri Mahath had a son Jasdhavalji, by the Bagheli Jot Kavarji; the second queen was Devdiji Sahaj Kavar; the third was the Sonagri Gop Kavar; the fourth was Maddeci Jagisa; to the fifth queen Cahuwan Karmavati was born a son; to the sixth queen Candani Acpal Kavarji were born the sons Hamirsiji and Sadulsiji. Raval Sri Mahatji ascended to the throne, of which the account follows.

Maharaval Sri Ratansenji and Patsah Alavadin battled each other for twelve years; over Maharani Sri Padmaniji; then the fort of Catrakot was destroyed and Padmani with it; in the year Samvat 1258 Raval Sri Ratansenji anointed Ravalji Mahatji on the throne of the fort of Chitor; he anointed him king with his own hands; he handed over the kingdom to him with his own hands; in the year Samvat 1259, on Sunday the tenth day of Cait Sudi, under the star of Sravan, Raval Ratansenji anointed Mahathji Raval as king; he gave over the kingdom of Chitor to Raval Mahatji. And then Raval Ratansenji departed to Eklingnath, to do penance [475]. [Where he died after his allotted hundred and thirty years were over, bestowed on him by Gorakhnath; see p. 9 above] . . . .
Notes to the translation

The translation tends towards the literal. Source text is provided in round brackets. My insertions are in square brackets. Source text pagination is indicated in square brackets.

Aghornath Barat, ‘Preface’

From the summit of the cloud-piercing lofty peaks of the king among mountains the Himalayas, if an eye is cast in the direction of [this] vast land of Bharat, then it will certainly be found that all of Bharatvarsh begins to come alive, little by little, with a new life; as if a new strength rises and flows through the lands at the foot of those Himalayas (Himachal), along the blessed waters of the Bhagirathi, spreading like an electric current in stages up to the remote Kanyakumari; under the miraculous influence of that reviving (sanjibani) strength, it is as if the offspring of a long insensate and lifeless Bharat, are regaining the earlier strength, little by little. No sooner does the eye spot these scenes, than the question arises at once in the mind, ‘That Bharat which for so long has been turned into a desolate funeral ground, its body burnt, under the influence of what divine force has that lifeless Bharat revived to life? – By the force of what death-defying remedy (mrtasanjiban mantrabale) are the bodies of the offspring of Bharat revived from this heap of ashes?

The answer to this question – as when some long-forgotten, charmed matter surfaces in the mind and the heart is drenched with unprecedented delight, so today the children of Bharat are reawakening the memory of Bharat’s past events, and all their hearts are filled with an exceeding happiness. Ancient Bharat – the abode of the great deeds and heavenly bliss of the world-renowned Aryans; to sing hymns in praise of that ancient Bharat’s glorious achievements and unsurpassed honour, is now worthless. Because, the picture painted of them by the enchanting brushes of the teacher of poets Valmiki, and the brightest light of the lineage of poets Krishna Dvaipayana and other such men of genius among the Aryans, is today vivid in resplendent hues before the eyes of every offspring of Bharat; but the day the brush fell from their hands, the day
they took their leave of the earth in fulfillment of the writ of destiny, from that day the story of Bharat's history (aithāsik brttānto) fell into blinding darkness. Among the few offspring of Bharat who strove to drive away that darkness and rescue Bharat’s historical jewels (aithāsik ratno), not one was entirely successful in his endeavour; hence the story (aithāsik brttānto) of Bharat’s medieval history was never capable of being mastered by all. Gradually a connection was established between the western group of countries (pāshchātya desh samūh) and Bharat; gradually western scholars became acquainted little by little with the honour of Bharat’s past, by churning the ocean of its glories; from this churning of theirs, many historic jewels emerged gradually. Among those many jewels, one was “Rajasthan.” This was a priceless jewel among the ocean of Bharat’s jewels. That great man (mahapurush) who rescued this jewel by his boundless endeavour and perseverance, it is a matter of sadness that his blessed name is unknown to the majority of Bharat’s offspring.

We do not have to research very far. Once we think about culture in the nineteenth century and the deep researches of the cultured western men of genius, the answer to this question can be found easily. Under the impact of that pure culture and its deep researches, a new age is being introduced in Bharat today. The offspring of Bharat can now discover the glorious, ancient deeds of their forefathers, and are slowly learning the story of the past (bhūtakotha).

The great (mahatma) Colonel Tod, being of another country (bhinnadeshiya) and another people (bhinnajātiya), rescued the glorious deeds of the fallen Aryan heroes of Bharatvarsha, with such arduous labour, limitless perseverance, great personal sacrifice and unparalleled inquisitiveness, the heart thinks of it and is bathed all at once with the glow of pure gratitude, and forgetting whether he is of our own people or another people, is eager to worship him as a god with flowers of devotion. If he had not set foot in this land of Bharat, then who can say whether or not Bharat’s ancient glory would have been rescued? What is more, whether the story of this oppressed Bharat’s past would have crossed vast mountains, forests and oceans and reached the ears of the white continent (shvetadvip), is a matter in grave doubt.
That the great (mahapurush) Tod’s blessed name is unknown to the majority of Bharat’s offspring, the reason for that is the paucity of translations of his exceedingly valuable book “Rajasthan.” Covered as it is by the thick lid of another language, that book was earlier unknown to all of Bharat’s offspring. Therefore its creator’s blessed name was also unknown to them. If like the Ramayan and the Mahabharat, the book Rajasthan were also translated into all the languages of Bharat, then today all of Bharat’s offspring would worship Mr. Tod like a god; but at this moment it seems as if that is extremely necessary [to translate Tod]. That all of Bharat’s offspring may know Rajasthan, is the absolute duty especially of every Hindu to endeavour towards, who wishes his country well (svadesahitaishi). Until now, the recognition of that duty by one or two Bengali brethren, has prompted them to endeavour in that direction; but unfortunately their endeavours have been completely unsuccessful.

Of late the renowned Babu Varadakanta Mitra of Shobhabazar, has been engaged in this grarest of endeavours. Varada Babu’s endeavour to spread knowledge reveals such deep devotion, and the Rajasthan published by him has been compiled so elegantly, I am convinced that he will be successful in his endeavour; but the Rajasthan published by him being more expensive than expected, it will not be available to all the offspring of Bengal (bangasantān). Therefore the scarcity in the land (desh) has not disappeared. Rajasthan is such a pleasing book, that it be made easily available through some remedy to all manner of people, the poor and oppressed, the middle class and the wealthy, is the chief duty at this moment. To fulfil that duty, I have now taken on this endeavour. In this I do not aspire to make a profit of one cowrie. What sort of expenses and labour I have accepted in my endeavour to make this book available easily to everybody, only enlightened readers can understand.

If someone thinks that I will excise some portions of the book, keeping in mind the low price of my edition of Rajasthan, he has certainly fallen into error. Because no necessary portion of Rajasthan will be sacrificed. Those portions known only to the offspring of Bengal [unclear], and the inclusion of which would increase the size of the book without cause, and would seem
irrelevant and out of context, I will sacrifice only those portions. At some places, I will enlarge
and add, as I deem necessary. In this matter, let no one think, however, that I am setting out to
rewrite the great (mahatma) Tod’s wisdom and knowledge. Here I am following in the path
shown by him. Mr. Tod, out of the constraints of his own ill-health, left the development of the
historical narrative incomplete at many places. Further, as he was ignorant of the Sanskrit
language, at a few places he has fallen into error in revealing the sequence of events from the
Puranas. No effort has been spared to insert all these fragments at the appropriate places, and to
investigate and correct the errors. Now if my Bengali brothers and sisters encourage me from the
sympathy of their hearts, I will be satisfied.

Aghornath Barat
1289 B.S. (1882)

Yajneshwar Bandopadhyay, ‘Padmini,’ Chapter 5

Lakshmainsinha was anointed in his father’s kingdom in Samvat 1331 (A.D. 1275).
During his reign, a new age was born in Chitor, it must be said. Because, that Chitor which until
now had stood as the invincible citadel of heroic valour and independence, even when other cities
on the soil of Bharat being destroyed by the most terrible oppression of the irresistible Yavanas,
that Chitor which had for so many days been untouched, today it was destroyed by the terrible
fire of the cruel Alauddin’s hatred and by his beast-like tyranny, burnt down, shattered and
extirpated! The city of Chitor was assaulted twice by this irresistible enemy of the Hindus
(hindushatru). During his first attack, even though Mevar’s foremost warriors (birgan) gave up
their lives for the protection of Chitor; still the wicked Alauddin could not lay his hands on the
city of Chitor, so it did not fall into his all-devouring hands. After that came the second attack; -
in this second attack the city of Chitor was devastated and ruined. Chitor’s beauty and grace were
all destroyed!

Lakshmainsinha was anointed as the crown prince at a very young age. During the time
when he was unable to attend to his duties [because of his youth], his uncle (pitrhya) Bhimsinha
began attending to the work of the state. Bhimsinha took as his wife the peerless
(lokānalamabhūtā), renowned Padmini. Padmini was born in the Chauhan lineage; - her father's
name was Hamirshanka; - her father's abode was Sinhala. It was her incomparable beauty that
was the foremost cause of the Sisodias' countless misfortunes. The fame of her beauty had spread
so far and wide, Padmini was held as the most beautiful woman in all the land of Bharat. The
dignity and honour (garimā) of this pure and blessed (pabitra) name was carried in the traditions
of the Rajput lineage for a very long time. Even today many Rajputs give their daughters and
sisters the name of Padmini. The narrative (brāntāto) of the divine beauty (surasundari)
Padmini's radiant beauty, the greatness of her virtue, her glory and her death, and the story of
other relevant events (ghātanā kāhini), has become the foremost component in Rajvara's most
famous story-collections (galpa mālā). As described by the Bhatta poets, it was out of his desire
to obtain Padmini that Alauddin attacked the city of Chitor; the desire for conquest or greed for
fame [131] cannot be accepted as the causes for this military enterprise of his. It is said that, he
besieged the city of Chitor and proclaimed publicly that, he would return to his own country
(svadēsh) only after obtaining Padmini. But from studying other books it can be seen that, when
the long siege had become completely fruitless, it was then that Alauddin made this public
proclamation. Hearing this evil desire of the wicked one, the Rajputs became inflamed with
terrible rage and desire for revenge. The goddess in the home (grhalakshmi), embodying its very
life (jihansvarūpinī), would become an object of pleasure for the Yavana? The daughter of the
gods would be enjoyed (upabhog) by the evil demon (pāpishta damu)? What man with a heart
(hrdayvān purush) could accept this vile, contemptible (jaghanna) and humiliating proposition?
Were the Rajputs not valiant? - Were their bodies merely masses of flesh? Did not pure and
blessed (pabitra) Aryan blood flow through their veins? Then would they give their consent to
this hateful proposal? - Never. That is to say, this evil design of the wicked Alauddin was not
successful. And even though he wished it with his heart, he could not move Padmini from her
citadel at all. Finally he proclaimed that, if he could see the reflection in a clear mirror of that
beautiful, desirable (mohini) woman (ramani), he would give up his siege of Chitor and go away. Bhimsinha gave his consent to this proposal.

It was Alauddin’s firm conviction that, the Rajputs were not deceitful (mithyābādi) or treacherous; it was relying on this conviction that, he entered the city of Chitor accompanied by only a few bodyguards, and after beholding in a clean mirror the beautiful reflection of the divine beauty Padmini, returned to his own camp. That indecorous (kadāchāri) enemy who brought the worst injury to Chitor, he who began plotting to stain the pure Rajput lineage with a grave and indelible dishonour; today he was a guest. Because he was a guest, he could enter the city of Chitor without any hesitation or fear. The valiant-hearted, spirited Rajput king overlooked all his crimes and greeted him cordially as a friend. As long as he was received as a guest; for that long he was dearer than a friend, even if he was the most terrible enemy. Hence the brave Rajput Bhimsinha accorded him the appropriate honour and respect and accompanied him in person beyond the foot of the fortress. Alauddin displayed great decorum and accepted his error and began asking for forgiveness from Bhimsinha. In this manner, amidst cordial conversation, Bhimsinha was accompanying Alauddin, at that time from a nearby hiding-place numerous armed Yavana soldiers emerged and all at once captured the unsuspecting Rajput chief, and returned with great speed to their camp. Alas! did the wicked, treacherous Yavanas return the pure and boundless trust of the Rajputs in this fashion! The simple-minded Bhimsinha was oppressed in the most horrible way by the deceitful and treacherous (kapatachāri) Yavana. Finally that wicked one had it proclaimed; - “Only after obtaining Padmini will I grant freedom to Bhimsinha; otherwise I will not.” [132]

This calamitous news spread in the city of Chitor within no time. The residents of Chitor fell into despair all at once, confounded and heartbroken. For the freedom of Bhimsinha, would they then have to give up Padmini? – Or should they rely on their boundless courage and with the help of the sword go and rescue the representative of their kingdom? – But if all their efforts were fruitless? – If even at the cost of their lives, they could not rescue Bhimsinha? – Then what would
happen? – Then was it proper after all to give up Padmini? Arguments and counter-arguments began going back and forth amongst the Rana’s chiefs. They could not decide on anything.

Meanwhile Padmini heard of these conversations before long. Everyone was keen to know what decision she would reach on her own. Soon everyone was informed that, Padmini had agreed to give herself up into the Yavana’s hands, in order to rescue Bhimsinha! On hearing this, the citizens (nāgarik gaṇ) were stunned! Had Padmini, her husband’s very life, really given her consent to this vile and hateful proposal? Would she really offer the wealth of her godly chastity into the evil hands of the Yavana? In fact, she did not reveal what her secret design was, to the common people. Two of her kinsmen from her father’s kingdom, were in Chitor at this point. One of these was her uncle; - his name Gora; then there was her brother (bhṛātṛ); - his name Badal.

Both were as skilled in strategy, as they were valiant. It was these two that Padmini summoned before her, and consulted with in secret. In what manner could Padmini arrange to rescue the lord of her life, without any dishonour to her body, this was, the prime purpose of these consultations. Happily, that purpose was achieved. The clever plan that those two skilled Rajput warriors decided upon, the chaste (sādhabī) Padmini did not have to deviate even an iota, from her purity, virtue and duty to her husband (pābitra, pāṭibratya-dharma); and they were able to liberate Bhimsinha without a hitch.

Then before long a messenger was sent to Alauddin. The said messenger presented himself before Alauddin and said after the customary greetings and salutations, “O Emperor! When you lift the siege from Chitor and remove your troops from here, only on that day will the queen come to you.” The messenger also made this known to the king, “O King! You yourself are an emperor, Padmini is also a lady in an honoured Rajput lineage; hence she will present herself to you in such a manner, that the appropriate respect due to both [you and her] is not diminished in any way. All those Rajput women who have been her companions since childhood; who cannot live for an instant without beholding her, they will accompany her up to this camp, to take their leave of her for the last time in this life. Then all those kshatriya women who will go with the
queen to the city of Delhi, they will also accompany her here. They are all women from
honorable families, they have never set foot beyond the home; today [133] in order to fulfil your
command, they disregard ancient decorum and set out for this distant land. But, O Emperor! We
have this one request of you, just as they relinquish the honour of their families and come here in
order to fulfil your heart’s desire, in the same way you must be especially heedful in preserving
their honour. You must see, that no one stand is overcome by curiosity and stands in front of their
palanquins; if that happened, the decorum of the antahpur would be broken.” Alauddin agreed to
this. Bewitched by desire, he had not dreamt even for an instant, that the Hindu woman, foremost
among the chaste (sati pradhānā), who could cut out her heart with her own hands, embrace the
brightly burning flames with her eager and joyous body, could sacrifice the wealth of her chastity,
most sacred and dearer to her than life itself.

Eventually the appointed day came. Before their eyes, about seven hundred enclosed
palanquins made their way out of Chitor, turned in the direction of the emperor’s camp, and
began advancing. Each palanquin was carried by six men, disguised with their weapons hidden;
inside each was hidden one of Chitor’s most valiant warriors. As they watched, those seven
hundred palanquins came and stood in front of the emperor’s tent. That entire tent was covered
over with curtains. The palanquins entered the tent one by one. To meet with his wife for the last
time in this life, Bhimsinha had obtained a mere half hour. Accordingly, he approached the
palanquins, when his soldiers quickly and secretly seated him inside one palanquin, and at that
very instant, took that palanquin and emerged from the tent and began moving away. Several
other palanquins began moving away as well. All those who remained, awaited Alauddin’s entry
solemnly and resolutely, inside their own palanquins. The half hour elapsed; still seeing no sign
of Bhimsinha coming away, Alauddin felt a sharp stab of jealousy. Gradually that jealousy turned
into suspicion, - gradually that suspicion turned into rage. It had never been his desire to grant
freedom to Bhimsinha. Unable to stand any further delay, the foolish Yavan emperor came
towards all those palanquins, in that instant a thousand Rajput warriors emerged from their
palanquins and attacked him. But Alauddin was protected extremely well. Then at that spot, a terrible battle commenced between the two sides. Meanwhile a contingent of the Yavana army rushed towards Chitor, to capture the escaped Bhimsinha; but the fighting Rajputs obstructed those Yavana soldiers, and did not let them advance towards Chitor. As long as the last man amongst them was alive, they [the Yavanas] could not go after Bhimsinha. A swift horse was summoned for Bhimsinha; he mounted that horse and reached the fort of Chitor without hindrance. Here the Yavana army reached the main gate (sinhadvār) of the fort and attacked it. Chitor’s foremost warriors entered into fierce battle with them, to ward off their attack. In that fearsome battle, it was the valiant Gora and his nephew the young brave Badal who displayed the most valour, inspired by their valour and greatness the Rajput warriors waged pitched battle with renewed fervour.

Seeing the wondrous skill in battle of the twelve-year-old Rajput lad Badal, the Yavana soldiers were stunned and confounded. How many ill-fated men fell under the assault of his sword and spear, in the face of his peerless prowess in battle, how many renowned warriors Hindu and Musalman saw their pride in their own fighting abilities shattered. How to preserve Padmini’s honour and the dignity of the Sisodiya lineage, these were his only concerns (ekmātra mantra); inspired and rallying to his call, the Rajput warriors fell upon the enemy with great vigour. In that great battle the valiant Gora displayed astounding valour and then slept on a bed of weapons, for all time to come; numerous Rajput warriors followed him. From that terrible battle only Badal and a few warriors were able to return to Chitor. The villainous Alauddin’s evil design was warded off for a little while. The Rajput warriors’ unrelenting efforts and valour as they rallied together their entire military force, won them a reprieve from battle for some time.

In the terrible battle with the Yavanas, the valiant Gora gave up his life; his young nephew Badal presented himself before his uncle’s wife, wounded all over and bloodied. As she saw him returning all alone, the spirited Rajput lady’s heart was filled with grief. Yet, that the lord of her life had given up his life on the battlefield for the defence of his land (svādesh), this
was her main consolation. Seeing the valiant lad Badal standing silently before her, Gora's grief-stricken widow said in low tones, "Badal! You do not have to say any more; I understand everything. At this moment this is all I wish to know, tell me; in what manner did the lord of my life display his valour and give up his body (deha tyāg). Tell me, my son! This now is my only solace." In the vast land of Badal's eyes, tears could be seen glistening; from his wounds the blood flowed afresh. He said, "Mother (janani)! What else can I say of my uncle's wondrous valour? It is through his peerless valour and prowess that the Sisodiya lineage's honour has been preserved. He cut down countless enemy soldiers effortlessly, as if they were mere blades of grass. I merely followed him here and there, amassing together the bodies of the enemy which had been sundered into two. The handful of Yavanas who escaped his all-devouring grasp (karal gras), I could only kill those. After displaying such other-worldly [135] valour, he lay on the red bed of honour – he spread out a sheet of the enemy's bodies and enjoys the eternal sleep! One Yavana prince's body sundered in two serves as his pillow – countless Yavana soldiers lie around him, serving as his bodyguard." The Rajput lady asked again, "Tell me, my son! – Badal! Tell me again, in what fashion did my life's beloved display his valour on the battlefield." Badal replied again, "O mother! What more can I say? How many more tales of his boundless valour can I recount? All those enemy soldiers who were terrified and astounded by his amazing valour and who sang his praises; not one of them is left alive today." The valiant Gora's widowed wife took her leave of Badal with exultant and glowing face, and saying, "If I delay the lord of my life will scold me," she leapt into the blazing fire, and offered up her life as sacrifice (āhuti).

The residents of Mevar often invoke "the sin of the destruction of Chitor" as an imprecation. It can be found out from them that the city of Chitor had been destroyed three and a half times. Amongst these three and a half occasions, this was the 'half'. In this fierce battle the city of Chitor was not conquered and destroyed by the enemy, but Chitor's bravest warriors gave up their lives; because of that, the gravest harm was done to the Sisodiya lineage, therefore this battle may be called the 'half' occasion. In the famous book the Khomanrasa this [episode] is
described with great animation. Barely had Chitor obtained peace after suffering this most serious harm, than it was attacked again by the tumultuous Yavana. From this assault there was no other deliverance; the irresistible Alauddin had collected together an immense army, and attacked the city of Chitor with fierce determination. Who would defend the city of Chitor against this attack? Who would be inspired by the great motto (mahāmantra) of love for one’s country (svadesha premikatā) and enter the battlefield to oppose the Yavana’s assault?– Those numerous, exceedingly warlike heroes who had adorned Chitor, they had fallen in the battlefield in the previous war, in the defence of their country; Chitor was now devoid of strength! In this fearsome plight – while Chitor was in this most calamitous plight, the belligerent Alauddin had attacked again. The Bhatta poets have said that, this great war was fought in the year Samvat 1346 (1290 A.D.). But in Ferishta’s book it is seen that another date has been ascribed to this event. Whatever it may be, the Yavana emperor Alauddin gained control of the hill on Chitor’s southern side, established his camp there, and had a trench dug surrounding the fort on all four sides. Even today the residents of Chitor point out that trench from afar, as they contemplate Mevar’s past adversities and sigh deeply. But earlier attackers have dug so many trenches [around the fort], that it is difficult to determine which amongst those trenches is the one dug by Alauddin. The cruel, heartless Yavana ruler attacked [136] the city of Chitor when the Sisodiya lineage was in deep crisis. But could it then be said that Chitor was devoid of warriors? – Could it be said that he could conquer without opposition, without hindrance, Chitor the land of glorious heroism embodied – of glorious independence embodied (īllabhumi)? – No, that could never be. As long as one drop of blood remained in the veins of the heroic Rajputs, - as long as there was life left in them, they would never hide in a corner of the women’s quarters, clutching at the woman’s robes. – As long as there was life left in them, they would never turn away from entering the battlefield against the oppressor, the enemy of their land (desha bairi). No sooner had Alauddin laid siege once again to the city of Chitor, than Chitor’s warriors arose, maddened with rage and bloodlust,
and faced Alauddin with their swords in their hands, eager to dole out retribution for his wickedness.

The composer/compiler (pranayankartā) of the Khomanrasa takes the fearsome incidents of this battle and paints them in varied colours from his own vivid imagination (mohini kalpanā). Amongst all those pictures, there was included a truly wondrous account in only one instance. Having fought fiercely during the day on one occasion, the Rana entered his bedroom around midnight, and was overwhelmed by anxiety. The second part (prahar) of the night passed; the entire world was immersed in sleep; there was no human sound anywhere. Only the night breeze would stop for a while, and then with enormous force beat against the windows in the room; and with that the sound of the distant jackals’ monstrous howls would disturb the silence of calm, solemn Nature. In this deep night, in his bedroom the Rana was resting, and absorbed, as it were, in reading the secret script of Chitor’s future destiny. Chitor’s foremost warriors were slain on the battlefield everyday, defending the city against this terrible Yavana assault; it was as if the patron goddess (rajalakshmi) of the Sisodiya lineage was making ready to depart from the city of Chitor, sad and pale-faced – danger on all sides – crisis on all sides – on all sides, numberless horrors! Now who would preserve the city of Chitor? Who would be able to defend the dignity and honour of the Sisodiya lineage in this terrible crisis? From the all-devouring mouth of this great danger, how could even one son escape from among the Rana’s twelve sons, to pay due obeisance to his forefathers? – How would the great Bappa’s lineage be preserved from utter destruction? The Rana was engrossed in all these grave thoughts, when who spoke in deep tones, breaking the night’s utter silence, - “I am hungry” [in Hindi] – the Rana’s grave worries were interrupted abruptly; he arose with a start; amazed, he cast his eyes in the direction of the unseen voice; and an unprecedented sight arose before his eyes [137].

In that bedroom in the dim light of weak lamps, from amidst the line of pillars, he could see the fearsome form of Chitor’s patron goddess. At the mere sight of the goddess (bhagavati), the Rana’s heart swelled with grief and pride! He spoke in a raised voice filled with grief, - “Is
your hunger still not satisfied? Now that eight thousand men from our royal lineage have given up their lives on the battlefield and filled your terrible beggar’s bowl (kharpar, the skull in the goddess’ hand), even now has your horrible bloodlust not been quenched?” “I desire the sacrifice of kings; so if twelve crowned royal princes do not give up their lives on the battlefield in defence of Chitor, then the kingdom of Mevar will slip away from the hands of the Sisodiya lineage.” The goddess said only this much, and disappeared from sight.

The Rana fell into a grave dilemma. That night he could not enjoy even a moment’s sleep. As soon as it was dawn he summoned the chiefs of his army and revealed before all of them the wondrous events of the past night. But not one of them believed him; they dismissed it as the delusion of the Rana’s mind, overwhelmed as it was by anxiety. But he disregarded all their statements and said, “You may all disbelieve me; but remain in the room late tonight and behold, whether the goddess returns or not.” The chiefs agreed and at the appointed hour they all gathered in the Rana’s bedroom and beheld with their own eyes that wondrous scene. The goddess manifested herself again and reiterated her earlier decision and said, “Thousands and thousands of mlecchas die on the battlefield everyday; but what is that to me? Anoint a new prince on the throne each day; with due ceremony, invest him with the royal insignia of umbrella, scepter and fan; let his reign proceed for three days; after three days have passed, on the fourth day he must enter the battlefield and submit to the writ of destiny. If twelve royal princes give up their lives in the battlefield in this fashion, only then can I remain in Chitor.” The goddess disappeared. The chiefs of Chitor were overwhelmed with amazement.

Whether this wondrous episode is entirely the creation of the poet’s imagination; or a deft strategy on the part of the Rana to inspire the Rajputs to defending Chitor, to debate this is worthless. Still, this much can be said, divine manifestation in this manner was not at all difficult to believe for the valiant-hearted Rajputs. They believed implicitly in these miraculous deeds of the gods. That belief could not be shaken by anything. They could accept especially the reasoning given by Chitor’s patron goddess towards her forsaking her abode in the fortress of Chitor; it
[such reasoning] was entirely consistent with the heroic character of the spirited Rajput warriors who loved their land (*svadesh-premik*). Even if the goddess’ orders were exceptionally cruel, they readied [138] to obey them. If they remained alive, the evil Yavanas would enter the city of Chitor and loot everything from them; they would lay their hands on the Rajput women’s priceless chastity, which the Rajputs valued with their very lives; that they could not endure at any cost. Therefore they swore in the name of the lord Ekalinga and entered the battlefield in fulfillment of the goddess’s command, and swore that, as long as there was life left in their bodies, they would not let the Yavanas enter Chitor at any cost. Now there was a great rivalry among the Rana’s twelve valiant sons, as to who would be the first to give up his life in the battlefield, and thus fulfil the goddess’ command. Arisinha was the eldest; so he showed his seniority as cause, and ascended the throne as the goddess had commanded, and enjoyed the appropriate honour for three days, and on the fourth day took his leave of this mortal world after display fierce valour in the battle against the Yavanas. After him the next oldest brother Ajaysinha prepared to fulfil his duty as the eldest son! But the Rana doted on him more than all his other sons; so under no circumstance would he permit Ajaysinha to advance to the battlefield. In spite of all his efforts, Ajaysinha could not ignore his father’s entreaties. What was he to do, he reluctantly permitted his younger brother to advance to the battlefield to fulfil the divine command. In this manner eleven princes ascended the throne of Chitor one by one, and one by one they sacrificed themselves in the battle against the Yavanas, and having set an illustrious example of love for one’s own land (*svadesha premikata*), they gave up their lives and their untarnished bodies. Now the Rana had only one son left. That son was dearer to him than his own life; so he would give up his own life, but as long as he was alive he would not let that son give up his life. Alas! if that happened, the Sisodiya lineage would be eradicated! No one would be left alive to offer even a handful of water to the valiant Bappa’s sacred (*pahitra*) lineage! Then what would come to pass? – who would rescue the city of Chitor from the terrible assault of the irresistible Yavanas? – Who would preserve the Gihalot lineage from being completely
destroyed? Finally the Rana decided to enter the battlefield himself and summoned his chiefs and said, "Now my time has come; now I will give up my life on the battlefield to preserve Chitor."

Now the Rana began making preparations to finally give up the blood from his own heart to fill up the bowl (kharpar, the skull in the goddess’ hand) of Chitor’s patron goddess. Before he completed these terrible preparations, it was decided that it was entirely necessary to arrange an even more terrible matter. The name of this even more terrible matter was the “johar vows” (johar brata). The women of the Rajput lineage were hurled into the blazing fire, to preserve their chastity and their freedom from the hands of the enemy; for this the terrible “johar vow” was observed. From the enemy’s terrible [139] assault, when there was no way left for the Rajputs to preserve their land (svadesh) and their freedom (svādhinatā); when all their hope had disappeared; in that terrible time – when the situation was beyond any hope the Rajput warriors would make preparations for this fearsome, most cruel vow. Today that terrible time had come in Chitor; today there was no way left to preserve Chitor; so the arranging of that most terrible johar vow was extremely necessary. Underneath the women’s quarters in the royal palace there was an enormous tunnel; even during the day it was shrouded in complete darkness. In this huge tunnel enormous logs of the sāl [tree] were piled up and a huge pyre was lit. Before their eyes, countless Rajput women with their hair loose and disheveled, their lamentations piercing through the city of Chitor, gathered in front of that terrible cave and began advancing towards it. All those beautiful kshatriya women, whom the wicked Musalmans would see and their bestial nature would be aroused, they were all in that gathering of wives. Padmini who pleased the minds of the gods (sura manomohini) brought up the rear of that procession. Chitor’s warriors stood wordless, motionless, as if struck by lightning, and beheld this terrible, heart-wrenching spectacle. – Loving women who gave birth, women who sustained by their love (hrdayer prīṭāyini) and shared the burden of preserving virtue (sahadharmini), and daughters and sisters who gave delight took their leave for eternity and before their very eyes were advancing towards the burning fire to give up their lives; still there was not one tear in their eyes! Today those eyes were dry, they were a deep
red; as if from them was emerging a fire which would engulf the entire world! Those hearts which had once been the spring of love, today they were transformed into a desert burial ground! Hence they beheld this horrifying spectacle today. As they watched, the women came before the opening of the cave; in front of them was a flight of steps; slowly they descended; and then suddenly above them with a terrible clang the enormous iron gate closed over the tunnel! The piercing cries of countless ill-fated women were silenced in an instant! Nothing more could be heard! Alas! everything was over! beauty, youth, grace, honour, all were reduced to ashes in the all-devouring fire!

As soon as this terrible, awe-inspiring (loma harshak) “johar vow” had been observed, the Rana began preparing to enter the battlefield and give up his life. But his dearest son Ajaysinha protested his intention. He would not allow his father to go to the battlefield under any circumstance. Father and son argued, and the matter went back and forth; but finally it was the Rana who won out. Left with no choice, Ajaysinha was compelled to obey his father’s command and depart from the city of Chitor, and accompanied by a few soldiers, passed through the enemy lines unhindered and reached Kailwara. The Rana had no other thought; there was a survivor left to offer due obeisance to the forefathers, Bappa’s lineage [140] was saved from utter destruction. Now the Rana was without worry and without fear, and was eager to sacrifice his life on the battlefield and had the battle-drums resound loudly and summoned his chiefs before him. Today those chiefs were intoxicated with rage; today they had no more hope for their bodies; no desire for their lives; they opened the doors of the fortress and along with their lord (adhipati) fell upon the enemy fiercely and with great valour. How many unfortunate Yavanas were cut down as blades of grass under the swords of those few Rajput warriors intoxicated with rage. But it was all to no avail! The few Rajputs disappeared in no time, overwhelmed by the sea of the Yavana army in which they had caused a few [turbulent] bubbles. The city of Chitor was devoid of life today; today it was transformed into a horrible funeral-ground! All over, countless dead bodies lay scattered! All its places were soaked in the blood of men today! Some one’s hands and legs lay
severed; some one’s head had been split asunder; some one lay fallen with his teeth biting horribly into a Yavana soldier’s dead torso! As if he was still alive; as if he was still eager to wreak a terrible revenge, still eager to bite and chew up the enemy! Making this terrible funeral-ground a hundred times worse, the Yavana soldiers began roaming around like a troop of ghouls (piśāch). The ghoulish-minded (piśāchamati) Alauddin had conquered that funeral-ground that was Chitor emptied of life! As soon as he had established his control, he began wandering here and there like a madman, searching for the joy of his life Padmini! Fool! Still deluded! The evil one could still not give up the hope of obtaining Padmini? – Where was Padmini? Where was Padmini who had captivated the heart of a demon (rākshasa chitta bimohini), the lotus that had blossomed in the lake of mortal life, the jewel among chaste women (sati simantini)? From the heinous criminal’s – the evil one’s – the devil’s ghoulish oppression, that jewel among chaste women, that divine beauty has given up this evil earth, leaving Chitor transformed into a funeral ground and leaving the entire world in mourning. Inside that terrible tunnel in which the daughter of the gods had burnt herself alive on a huge pyre, even now the smoke emerges ceaselessly from that cave, like the metals exuded from a volcano. That sacred smoke, - filled with heavenly ingredients, - how many hundreds of beauties, full of chastity and exalted virtue, ascend to the abode of the gods. Touched by that smoke, that terrible tunnel has been counted as sacred since that terrible day. Since that day no one can enter that tunnel, even on pain of death! Everyone firmly believes that deep in its darkest recess, a fearsome serpent guards the tunnel forever! An unfortunate one who goes to enter there, the lamp in his hand is extinguished in that same instant by the venomous breath of that terrible serpent!\(^1\) [141].

In this fashion the city of Chitor, comparable with the city of the gods (amarābati), was obtained by the Yavana warrior (yavanabīr) Alauddin in 1303 A.D. in half-destroyed shape, after his terrible assault. He conquered the city of Chitor and gave over its administration into the

\(^1\) Yajneshwar’s footnote: The great (mahatma) Tod attempted to enter that fearsome tunnel; but fearing its many venomous creatures and poisonous odours, he was not successful in his endeavour; if he had, his life
hands of Maldeo, a chief of the Saniguru lineage of Jalore. Alauddin was a very spirited and warlike king. Deception was an unfailing strategy for obtaining one’s desire; he was exceptionally skilled in adopting this strategy; so he was usually successful in earning victory. In this manner he can be counted without doubt, as the equal of the cruel, Hindu-hating Aurangzeb. As soon as he ascended to the throne, the title that Alauddin took of “Sekandar Sani” that is to say the second Alexander, which he stamped on the coins that he issued, was by no means inaccurate. Under his harsh and terrible assault, how many hundreds of kingdoms (pradesh) of Rajasthan were lamentably destroyed all at once. All those proud cities such as arrogant Anhilwara, ancient Dhar and Avanti and Mandor and Devgarh in which once the renowned Solanki, Paramar, Purihar [sic] and Takshak kings had established their sanctified lineages, all of them were uprooted for all time by the Hindu-hating Alauddin! Those kings of the sacred Agnikula in whose courts once all of Bharatvarsha’s destiny was decided, today they have been eradicated with their entire lineages for eternity, by the terrible atrocities of the Musalman warrior. Today not one even a sign remains of the extensive lineages. That Jaisalmer, Gagraun and Bundi – which were renowned as the field of the Bhati, Khici and Hara lineages’ feats; those communities were also assaulted by Alauddin and their situation became lamentable. But under the inevitable influence of Time, all those kingdoms have been able to rise again from their utterly fallen state. When those royal lineages of Rajasthan were being destroyed by the enormous power of the aggressive Alauddin; at that time the Rathors of Marvar and the Kushavahas [sic] of Amber had been able to garner little fame in Bharat’s annals (itibritte). At that time the Rathors were chiefs/feudatories (sāmantagan) under the Purihar kings; even while they were subordinates, they were slowly beginning to raise their heads in defiance. But the Kushavahas were in an exceedingly low state then, seeing their fallen condition the wild, uncivilized Mnas attacked and oppressed them repeatedly. The Kushavahas could not resist those attacks and that oppression at all. Exultant in his victory, Alauddin stayed at Chitor for a few days. In the days that he resided there, Chitor’s elegant palaces, temples,
monasteries and other buildings that adorned it, were demolished and uprooted by bestial 
oppression of the hater of other faiths (paradharma bidveshi), cruel-hearted, Yavana king. But the 
radiant Padmini's palace alone was saved from the terrible assault of his all-destroying hands. It 
would seem [142] that Alauddin could not destroy the said palace, only [because he was 
impelled] to preserve intact the symbol of the woman who had captured his heart (chitta binodini)  
... [143].
Notes to the translation

The translation veers towards the literal, in a bid to communicate the style of the original. For the same reasons, I have tried to stay as close as possible to the original syntax and punctuation, even when these translate awkwardly into English. I have also retained the paragraphs and the long sentences of the Bengali original. Source text is provided brackets. The page numbers of the Bengali text are indicated in square brackets. My insertions are in square brackets.

The account

In the time of Bappaditya the Musalmans\(^1\) set foot in Bharatvarsh\(^2\) for the first time. From that time, many kings of the solar lineage (suryavansh) sat on the throne of Chitor. So many times brother fell out with brother over the throne, so many times there were grave battles, so much blood flowed, and so many tears were shed. But amongst so many kings and so many battles, the names of only a few kings and tales of only a small number of battles remain written yet in letters of gold in the hearts of all Rajputs. Among them one was Maharaj Khoman – who preserved Chitor from the Musalmans twenty-four times, who kept Mamun the son of Harun al Rashid of the Arabic romances, prisoner in the Chitor court for a long time. Even now Rajputs invoke his name as a blessing – “May Khoman protect you.” Another was the king Samarsinha – as pious as he was valorous. When he sat on the throne with a band tied on his head like a Naga sanyasi, a lotus-bead necklace around his neck, Bhavani’s scimitar in his hand, then it seemed as if Lord Eklinga’s Divan had really descended from Kailas to rule on earth. When Shahabuddin Ghori snatched from the hands of the lord of Delhi Prithviraj Chauhan the throne of Delhi [55] and along with it half of Bharatvarsh, at that time this Maharaj Samarsinha took thirteen thousand

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\(^1\) I retain the term from the Bengali original.
\(^2\) Again, the term is from the Bengali.
Rajputs and his own son Kalyan, and went to fight on the banks of the river Kagar alongside Prithviraj the king of half Bharatvarsh, against the Musalmans. That battle was his last battle. Prithviraj was dearer to Samarsinha than his own life – his honoured queen Pritha’s younger brother. There was great love between the two men. Hence it was that in this last battle Samarsinha repaid the debt of friendship for good and departed! When on that day of battle in the midst of a thunderstorm like a deluge, lakhs and lakhs of Prithviraj-s horses and elephants, armed men and chiefs were in rout, when there was devastation, when there was no more hope for victory; when one by one all the other kings deserted Prithviraj in crisis and fled towards their own kingdoms, unable to cut the ties of attachment to their lives; then only Samarsinha scorned his wives, sons and family, his crown and throne, and gave up his life in terrible battle against the Musalmans, for the sake of Prithviraj who was dearer to him than life. Then the sand-bed of the Kagar river was reddened with the life-blood of that virtuous and exceedingly valiant Samarsinha, his sixteen-year-old son Kalyan, and those thirteen thousand Rajputs. Then was Prithviraj made captive, then did the Hindu throne of Delhi pass into the hands of the Musalman badshah Shahabuddin. Now where is that Shahabuddin, and where are those patriots (rajbhakta) of Delhi! But that virtuous man who treated his own life as dirt for his friend, the name of that valiant Samarsinha has been immortalized in the beautiful songs of the Rajput poets. Yet in Rajputana so many men sing those songs and ask for alms on the roads.

One hundred years passed after Samarsinha. Rana Lakshmansinha sat on the throne of Chitor and in Delhi was the Pathan badshah Alau-d-din. At that time Bhimsinha the uncle of Rana Lakshmansinha, returned to Chitor after crossing the sea and wedding Padmini the princess of the island of Sinhal. Just as the fragrance of the lotus spreads over the entire lake and then extends far and wide in every direction, so that Rajput queen Padmini’s fame for the pinnacle of virtue and beauty like the lotus-seated Lakshmi’s, grew day by day to delight all of Bharatvarsh! Whether it was the ordinary homes of the suffering [56 – full page illustration on 57], or the palaces of mighty kings – such beauty and such virtue was found nowhere [else].
While Bhimsinha's days passed in happiness with this astonishing beauty in the cool apartments of the royal antahpur in the marble palace he built for her in the middle of a lake in a corner of Chitor, at that time Alau-d-din the Pathan who was then badshah, was enjoying the spring air seated on an ivory cot on the roof of his inner chambers (khas mahal). The moon had risen in the sky, Piyari Begum was seated near him with a goblet of sharbat in her hand, at their feet was a new slave of the Begum, singing a ghazal to the notes of the sarangi. Suddenly the badshah burst out, "What rubbish, an Arabian ghazal! Sing a Hindustani song!" Then Piyari Begum's new slave tuned the sarangi afresh and began singing in new tones - "A flower has blossomed in Hindustan - it is unrivalled, unparalleled. What flower is that? What flower is that, aha that is the lotus, that is the lotus - on all sides the blue waters, in the middle that lotus! The gods gaze at that flower, men gaze at that flower, surrounded on all sides by the roar of the boundless sea's breaking waves! Who is capable, of crossing the sea, who is capable of bringing that flower from that king's garden! Even the gods tremble in fear of such a king!"

Alau-d-din replied, "I am the badshah of Hindustan, I do not care for any king, I am not afraid of any god. Piyari! I will go to bring back that lotus tomorrow!" The slave began singing again - "Who was that fortunate man who crossed the sea? Who was the virtuous man who brought that flower? - Son of the Rajput heroes of Mevar - Rana Bhimsinha - fearless, handsome!"

Alau-d-din sat up on his brocade mat, the song ended in joyous notes - "now that flower reclines in the antahpur at Chitor, whose name the poets sing in Bharat, where is its peer? What can match it in the world? Blessed is Rana Bhimsinha! Praise to the royal queen - Padmini blossoming in the royal garden of Chitor." The words began ringing in Alau-d-din's ears - "Padmini blossoming in the royal garden of Chitor!" He looked up at the sky and said [58], "Bachi, have you seen Padmini with your own eyes? Is she really beautiful?" The slave replied, "Jahanpanah! Before coming to Delhi I earned my living by singing and dancing at Chitor, on Padmini's wedding night I danced at the queen's palace."
Alau-d-din put his hand on his cheek and began thinking; a few moments later he said, "Piyari, I wish to bring Padmini here into these inner chambers." Piyari Begam said, "Shahenshah, if the desire takes me, can I take the moon from the sky and put it in a golden prison!" Alau-d-din did not like her words. The badshah of Delhi, with half of Bharatvarsh in his grasp, could he not capture and bring back one Rajput queen? The Shahenshah's face became serious as he rose and went away - he was saying to himself, "Wait, Piyari, if I can bring back Padmini then you will have to become her slave."

The next day Alau-d-din departed towards Chitor with lakhs and lakhs of soldiers. In whichever direction the Pathan army marched, on both sides of the road they destroyed the fields of grain and the dwellings of people.

It was spring then. All of Chitor had gathered, and from here and there shouts of joy arose - "Hori hai! Hori hai!" In every home the vernal spring was coloured with the red powder being flung and the sounds of laughter. In that spring, in that overflowing joy and laughter and merrymaking, the news reached Chitor one day that Alau-d-din was coming - like a lamp in the face of a storm all of Chitor's joy departed in one instant! Then where was Holi described in dhrupad and khayal in the Rana's court, where were the melodious songs celebrating Holi in the spring in the queens' inner quarters, how could the little crowds make merry on the red-strewn streets, how could the clarinets play rag Basant from the temple of Gopalji!

In Chitor crimson with the colour of Holi, the weapons resounded and clanged in every house, as they readied for another terrible game - this game was played with people's lives - in it were the life-blood, the knife-wound, the twanging of the bow and the open field of battle!

Finally one day like a vulture the black insignia of the Pathan badshah [59] was sighted in the desert of Mevar. Bhimsinha ordered, "Shut the doors of the fort." The seven gates of Chitor clanged shut at once.

Alau-d-din had thought - I will go and seize Padmini and return; but he came and saw, as the ribs cover the heart from all four sides, the swords of the Rajputs surrounded Padmini on all
sides, day and night. It was [relatively] easy to cross the sea, but it was impossible to cross these seven gates and seize Padmini from the heart of Chitor! The Pathan badshah gave orders for the tents to be pitched at the foot of the hill.

Late that night, after making all the arrangements for battle, Rana Bhimsinha came to Padmini and said, “Padmini, do you wish to behold the sea? A sea such as the boundless blue sea on whose shores your palace was?” Padmini said, “Stop joking, in this desert of yours where did the sea emerge from?” Bhimsinha took Padmini by the hand and led her to the roof of the fort. The sky was dark – there was no moon, no stars, Padmini saw under that dark sky another black darkness spread to the limits of the desert from the foot of the fort. Padmini said, “Rana, that there was a sea here, I did not know, oh my, see how the white waves rise.” Bhimsinha laughed and said, “Padmini, this is no sea; this is the Pathan badshah’s huge army! See these rows of tents, rising in wave after wave; hear the tumult of the army, like the roaring waters. The thought comes to me today, that blue sea from whose heart I plucked you like a golden lotus, it seems as if that sea has today donned the form of this army and has come to take you away from me. I am wondering how we will cross this sea of adversity.”

Bhimsinha was about to say more, suddenly a black owl screamed, brushed past his forehead and flew away; the cold air from its two colossal wings felt to the Rana and the queen on the roof of the fort as if somebody were running two cold hands over their faces. Padmini was startled and [60] clutched the Rana’s hand in fear. The entire night her mind was racing – what ill omen was this! What ill omen was this!

The next day the light of dawn was just visible on the eastern sky, at that time a Rajput horseman presented himself at the Pathan camp. At that moment the badshah Alau-d-din was sitting in a silver chair and counting his rosary beads in prayer; he was informed, “A messenger from Rana Lakshmansinha has arrived.” The badshah ordered, “Let him present himself.”

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1 Alau-d-din speaks these words in Hindi here.
Rana's emissary saluted three times, stood before the badshah and said, "The Rana wishes to know what quarrel he has with the badshah, that he has arrived at Chitor today with such a large army?" Alau-d-din replied, "I have no enmity with the Rana, I have come to ask (bhikkha kore) for Padmini from the Rana's uncle Bhimsinha, as soon as I obtain her, I will return to my country (desh)." The emissary replied, "Shahenshah, you do not know the Rajput people (jaat), that is why you say such a thing. Leave aside the Rana, we ordinary, poor (dukhi) Rajputs, even we can give up our lives, but we cannot lose our honour; give up aspiring for the queen, if the Shahenshah would rather obtain something else then - " Alau-d-din interrupted the emissary's words and said, "The badshah of Hindustan has but one thing to say - either Padmini, or else battle." The Rana's emissary moved back a little, saluted three times and took his leave.

That evening all the Rajput chiefs (sardar) gathered at the court in Chitor, to consider how to preserve Chitor from the hands of the Musalman? Chitor was as the royal crown (rajmukut) of Rajasthan; Chitor was dearer than their lives to the Rajputs. The Musalmans had nearly swallowed Bharatvarsh, the kingdoms of how many mighty Hindu kings had been devastated and had disappeared in battle with the Musalmans, but the throne of Chitor had been unshakeable like ancient times, was yet independent (sh 'adhin). By what device could Chitor be saved from this grave danger? Much advice was given, many opinions argued over, for a long time. Finally Rana Bhimsinha rose and spoke, "Since it is for Padmini's sake that this total ruin threatens Chitor, Padmini may be handed over to the Pathan, of that I will not grieve, is Chitor come first or does Padmini come first." Saying these words, Bhimsinha glanced once towards one side of the court [61], where behind a marble latticed screen the queens of Chitor were seated; then he turned towards the throne and said, "What does the Maharana say?" Lakshmansinha said, "If this is the opinion of all the chiefs, then it is our duty to do so." Then the first (pradhan) among those patriotic (rajbhakta) chiefs stood up in the court and said, "The Rana's adversity is our adversity, an insult to the Rana is an insult to us! Padmini is not Bhimsinha's alone, she is our queen as well. How can we send her to become the Pathan's begum? All the people on the face of
the earth will ask, was there no man (purush) in Rajasthan who would fight for his Rana?

Maharana, we are ready, if you give the order we will go to do battle!” The Maharana gave the order, for the time being there is no need for battle, keep the gates of the fort closed with caution, let Alau-d-din sit outside the fort and lay siege to it for as many days as he pleases! The court resounded with cries of agreement. On all sides all the chiefs of Chitor stood and drew their swords, the entire court cried in one voice, “Praise be to the Maharana! Praise be to Bhimsinha! Praise be to Padmini!” The assembly broke up. At that moment, from one side of the court, a red kerchief painted with a golden lotus came and landed amongst those patriotic chiefs, from behind the cover of the marble screen. The chiefs tied Padmini’s kerchief to the tip of a spear, and departed from the court shouting “Praise be to the queen!”

Then the days began to pass. Alau-d-din continued to lay siege to Chitor with his lakhs and lakhs of soldiers. The badshah hoped that the Rajputs would exhaust their food from being forced to stay within the fort, then fearing for their lives they would sue for peace by sending Padmini; but day after day, month after month, until finally one year went by, yet there was no sign of truce. The rains and the winter passed, and the summer had arrived, the Pathan forces began getting restless to return to Delhi. They would make so merry on Chandni Chowk at Delhi in these hot days! What delights there would be in its coffee-houses! And instead of that, whether in the rains or in the cold, they were forced to remain on the open plain in this Hindu country (mulluk)! Here good betel and tobacco could not be found, nor were there flower-gardens, nor did a single person have a sweet voice – whose song they could hear [62] and forget themselves! Here as rough as the people were, their songs were as discordant, their betel leaves were as thick and coarse, the tobacco was also as bitter. The mind could not be content any longer in this Hindu country.

Alau-d-din saw, his army was growing ever more disgusted from sitting idle. It was his wish to stay at Chitor and besiege it for some more time; by some remedy or the other, his troops had to be kept happy. Then the badshah began going out to hunt with a different contingent each
day. On one such day at the end of the hunt Alau-d-din was returning to the camp. On one side fields of tender maize lined the darkening evening like kohl, and on another side the fort of Chitor atop the hill seemed like the clouds, in between was the dark road, on that road the Pathan contingent marched ahead singing, carrying big deer on their shoulders, the chiefs and nobles followed behind them, some on elephants and some riding horses, behind them all was the badshah Alau-d-din – in one hand were his horse’s reins, in the other hand, held by golden chains, was a gigantic hunting bird! The badshah was riding along, lost in thought – so many days had gone by, he had not yet gained entry into Chitor; the soldiers were eager to return to Delhi, how many more days could he keep them distracted? That Padmini for whose sake he had come to this foreign land (bidesh) with so much difficulty and with so many troops, his eyes had not even caught a glimpse of that Padmini! The badshah glanced once at the gigantic hunting bird seated on his left hand. The thought went through his mind – if by some device he acquired two wings, then like this hawk he would swoop down into Chitor and bring Padmini away! Suddenly in the darkness of the evening, the slight flutter of wings reached the ears of that sleeping hawk, he drew up his neck, puffed up his wings, and sat up erect on the badshah’s hand. Alau-d-din understood, his hunting hawk had surely sensed some prey. He peered at the sky, above his head like two emeralds a pair of parrots were flying. The badshah arrested his horse and removed the golden chains from the hawk’s claws and freed the bird; then that gigantic bird flew from the badshah’s hand, and climbed silently in the dark sky, its two black wings flapping as it hovered briefly over [63] the hunter’s head, then in one move it swooped down three hundred feet and fell upon the parrots like a missile. The badshah saw that one parrot whirled around madly in the evening sky, screaming in fear, and the other parrot was fluttering inside the claws of the gigantic hawk. The badshah signaled and summoned the hawk back, the tamed hawk left its prey and flew back to the badshah’s hand; and the young bird, nearly dead from fear, fell fluttering on the ground. The badshah was pleased and ordered that parrot to be taken and rode his horse towards the camp! And the other parrot flew along accompanying the hunters, crying plaintively to its
companion! And then, gradually that terrified parrot came and sat without fear on top of the small cage held by a nobleman, inside which its companion was flapping its broken wings. The nobleman was astonished and said, “What amazing boldness! The female parrot comes and surrenders herself, seeing the danger her companion is in!” Alau-d-din was riding along at that moment, thinking about Padmi; all at once he heard those words from the nobleman’s mouth and it came to him – if Bhimsinha could be captured, then could the queen Padmi be captured with him!

The badshah returned to camp and spent the entire night plotting to capture Bhimsinha. In a couple of days an agreement was arrived at with the Rana that Alau-d-din would return to Delhi with his entire Pathan army without doing battle, in return his only condition was that he wished to catch a glimpse of the Rajput queen Padmi once within a mirror, and the Maharana himself would have to give his word that as long as the badshah remained alone inside the fort of Chitor, he would be in no danger. The badshah began readying to go to Chitor. That his prey would step inside the trap this quickly, Alau-d-din had not thought of even in a dream. Jubilant, he arranged the entire scheme with the Pathan noblemen! Then in the afternoon the Shahenshah bathed in rose-perfumed water, wore garments of brocade, a pearl necklace, a turban studded with diamonds and emeralds, and sat on a white horse with his foot in a golden stirrup – with him were nearly two hundred [64] valiant Pathan warriors – who were not afraid for their lives, battle was their profession. The badshah mounted his horse and rode alone towards the fort; and those Pathan horsemen first rode back towards their camp from the foot of the hill, then one by one in the dark of the evening they returned near the fort and hid in a large mango orchard on one side of the road.

When the sun set behind an enormous cloud to the west of Chitor, then Rana Bhimsinha took the Pathan badshah Alau-d-din by his hand and led him into the marble court at Padmi’s palace. No one else was present there – only the glow of thousands and thousands of candles in that marble court, it seemed as if another new day was being born. Rana Bhimsinha bade the
badshah sit upon a golden seat, and handing him a goblet of sharbat, said, “Shahenshah, imbibe a little opium.” Alau-d-din gazed at the goblet with opium in his hand and wondered – if there was poison in this, then all was ruined! He had heard it said about Rajput women, fearing dishonour at the enemy’s hands, they often killed themselves like this, with opium. The badshah began fidgeting with the glass in his hand. Rana Bhim guessed Alau-d-din’s thoughts and said with a small laugh, “The Shahenshah need not fear its being poisoned. When the Maharana himself has given his word that no adversity shall befall you, then not one Rajput will have the courage to attack you by surprise even if you went and saw Chitor all by yourself! There is no cause for you to worry. We think of our guests as our gods.” Alau-d-din replied with alacrity, “Rana, I was not thinking about that. I was thinking, just as I repose trust in you today without any fear, will you be able to trust me similarly or not?” Alau-d-din may have said these words aloud, but as he took the goblet with opium to his mouth, his heart trembled. He drank the opium from the goblet little by little, and sat motionless for a long time. Then when he saw that his body was not on fire with poison, he was exultant. Then the badshah turned to Bhimsinha and said, “So why the delay? Once I catch a glimpse of that astonishing beauty the queen Padmini [65], I will gladly take my leave of you.

Then Rana Bhim drew the curtain aside to reveal an enormous mirror from Aleppo – in that mirror clear as the water in a crow’s eye, Padmini’s beauty was reflected, illuminating the room like the glow from thousands and thousands of lights! The badshah gazed, what black eyes they were! What [perfectly] raised eyebrows they were! How tender the two hands, like the leaves of the lotus! How beautiful the two feet, coloured, with curved anklets! Richly coloured skirt with pearl-studded flowers, rose-coloured odhni rimmed with gold, emerald bangles, sapphire ring, necklace of [66] diamonds! The badshah wondered, astonished – is this a human being or a fairy? Alau-d-din could not restrain himself anymore; he rose from his seat and went towards that enormous mirror with his hands outstretched, wanting to grasp at that reflected Padmini; as Rahu goes to eclipse the moon on the night of the eclipse. Bhimsinha spoke up –
“Shahenshah, do not touch Padmini.” It seemed to the Rana as if his virtuous queen, seated towards one side of the court, was trembling from fear of dishonour at the hands of the Pathan! The queen’s eyes became red with anger, she rose and hurled a golden goblet forcefully, right at the centre of that mirrored enclosure – that wondrous mirror, seven hands high, broke with a resounding crash, shattering into little fragments. Alau-d-din was startled and retreated three paces. He understood his folly in advancing towards the queen, he was guilty of grave disrespect, for this he had to ask the Rana’s pardon.

The badshah turned to Bhimsinha and said, “Rana, I have transgressed (anyay), if someone had come into my palace and shown such disrespect, I would have given orders for his head to be cut off – forgive me.” Then after pleasing the Rana with much flattery and much deference, late in the night Alau-d-din wished to take leave of Bhimsinha. Having drunk goblet after goblet of opium, the Rana did not have his wits about him, and moreover when the badshah of Delhi had asked his forgiveness, then the Rana’s reserve melted completely – the Rana set off to see his new friend the badshah of Delhi out of the fort with due respect.

It was a night of the new moon, there was only the light of the stars in the sky, the earth was black with darkness; the doors on each home were closed – after toiling throughout the day, the people of the city were sleeping; on the royal road of Chitor there was nobody, Alau-d-din mounted his horse and rode on that empty royal road, with him were Rana Bhimsinha and twenty or so Rajput soldiers.

The Rana was filled with happiness today – a friendship had been struck with Chitor’s prime enemy Alau-d-din, now Chitor would never have to endure the Pathan’s oppression. When the Rana thought, tomorrow morning the Pathan army will leave Chitor and go away, when he thought that all of Chitor’s people would be without fear and would sing the Rana and Rani’s praise, and go about their work, then his mind began dancing with happiness. In his jubilation he rode his horse very close to the badshah and crossed beyond the gates of the fort. The night was still dark; caressing the hill, huge neem trees stood on both sides of the road, looking like black

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demons. There was no sound anywhere, only the periodic warning cries of the sentry up on the fort, and the click of the twenty-two horses' hooves on the stone pathway [68].

Alaud-d-din kept Bhimsinha engaged in conversation, and little by little brought him down the hill. There were fields of maize to one side, and a mango orchard to another side, and in between was a broad road. On both sides of this road, two hundred Pathans had hidden themselves, as Alau-d-din had ordered. As soon as Bhimsinha reached here, all of a sudden Pathan soldiers surrounded him on all sides; then in that dark night, a mere twenty Rajputs began fighting hundreds of enemies without caring for their lives, to rescue their Rana! But it was of no use! As the hawk swoops down and seizes its prey, so the Pathan Alau-d-din swooped down on the Rajputs and captured Rana Bhim from their midst. Of the twenty men, five Rajputs returned to Chitor. By the morning of the next day, it was known in all of Chitor – Bhimsinha has been captured; unless Padmini is surrendered he will not be freed.

When Alau-d-din reached his camp, it was half past two in the morning. He gave ordered to guard Bhimsinha closely, and went into his own tent to rest. Today he was firmly convinced, now that the Rana was in his custody, where else would Padmini go! The Hindu's woman could give her life for her lord, would she not agree to become the badshah's begum? Unless he obtained Padmini, the Rana would not be released under any circumstances! – Alau-d-din swore this to himself and lay down on his golden cot with a mattress soft as the cheese from curdled milk, under a dazzlingly white coverlet, and fell asleep, thinking of the Hindu queen Padmini.

In the morning the badshah thought to himself, now Padmini will arrive. The afternoon followed the morning and then it was evening, Padmini did not come. Days turned into nights and passed, yet there was no sight of Padmini. The badshah became uneasy. He began to worry, was

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4 The Bengali text counts time in the *prahar* system. Rather than calculate the exact hour by the western system, I have retained the number and simply substituted hour for *prahar*. This is in the interests of readability in English.
this Bhimsinha not the real Bhimsinha? Have I captured some ordinary chief by mistake? Alau-d-din gave orders for the captive king to be presented before him. Shackled in irons, like a caged lion the Rana stood in the badshah’s court. The Shahenshah enquired of him, “Are you Padmini’s Bhimsinha?” The Rana replied, “Pathan! Why this doubt in your mind?” Alau-d-din said, “If you really are Bhimsinha, why do I see no attempt on the part of the Rajputs [69] to rescue you?” The Rana said, “He who by his own folly becomes a captive of the lying Pathan, it seems that the Chitor Maharana does not wish to preserve any connection with him!” The badshah heard these words and became apprehensive – if Bhimsinha was really left in the hands of the Pathan? Alau-d-din became very upset and went away from the court.

Late that night in Chitor Padmini was standing with her hand on her cheek on the open roof of the fort! Her two beautiful eyes like blue lotuses, were turned toward the Pathan camp – she gazed in the direction where Bhimsinha was held captive. The sky was not yet clear, in the east the glow of the sun was a golden thread, at that moment two Rajput chiefs came and offered their salutations at Padmini’s feet. One’s name was Gora, and the other’s name was Badal! Gora was over fifty years, and his elder brother’s son Badal was aged twelve years. Gora and Badal were both from Padmini’s father’s household. When the princess Padmini became Bhimsinha’s queen and came away from Sinhala, then this Gora departed from his own country and accompanied her, sword in one hand and the young orphaned Badal in the other. Padmini enquired, “Has the Maharana agreed to act according to our plan?” Gora said, “It is by his orders that I am now leaving to meet the badshah, to make arrangements for sending the queen to the Pathan camp.” Padmini let out a small laugh, “Go, tell the badshah, to have a new palace ready for me in Delhi.”

Gora Badal took their leave. As she gazed, the sun rose, illuminating the entire land. Padmini saw, Alau-d-din’s enormous tent of red silk gradually became blood-red in the light of the morning sun! She gazed at the badshah’s tent and said, “Sly Pathan, the battle between you and me has begun today. Let us see, who is capable of how much.”
The day was Friday, the day of prayer for Musalmans. Alau-d-din was seated in his court after offering his morning prayers, at that time Gora Badal presented themselves with a letter from the Maharana. The badshah took the letter with the Maharana’s seal on it and began to read. The letter read – “It has been decided to surrender Padmini into the badshah’s hands, Rana Bhimsinha must be freed! Further, the royal queen Padmini cannot go to Delhi like ordinary women, her beloved companions (sakhi) who have stayed with her and served her for years, will accompany her, the badshah may make such arrangements; in addition, those Rajput women from noble families who will accompany the queen of Chitor Padmini to the Shahenshah’s camp as an escort, no disrespect will be shown to them, to ensure which the badshah will move his entire army to some distance from the fort. Finally the Maharana desires this, from now on Alau-d-din will never again pursue enmity with him.” On reading the letter the badshah’s mind began dancing with joy; with a joyous face he turned to Gora and Badal and said, “Wonderful! I will move back my entire army from the fort by tonight, there will be no obstacles to the queen’s arrival. You may inform the Maharana I agree to all his terms.”

Gora and Badal took their leave. The badshah gave orders for the troops to be moved back from near the fort. It was not simple to move so many troops to another place within a day. The badshah said, leave the tents, cannon, weapons, stores, where they are, only the troops take your own horses and for one day take shelter elsewhere. Even so the entire night passed in accomplishing this.

The next day as the sun rose the drums began beating on top of the Rampol, Chitor’s main gate. The badshah saw, nearly seven hundred palanquins borne by four bearers each on their shoulders, crossed Chitor’s seven gates one by one and made their way towards his camp – in their midst was Padmini’s covered palanquin with a frame of gold, on its one side was the fifty-year old chief Gora, and on the other side was the twelve-year-old boy Badal – both mounted on horses. The badshah had spread a tent over nearly half a mile for Padmini and her companions to stay. One by one as those seven hundred palanquins came into the tent, then Gora informed
the badshah, “Shahenshah, the queen is here; she wishes to meet with Bhimsinha once more – once she becomes the badshah’s begum the two of them cannot meet again.” The badshah said, “When Padmini wishes to meet with the Rana, what more needs to be said! I will give them half an hour’s time, the Rana may not stay with Padmini longer than that.” Gora said “So be it,” and took his leave.

Left alone, Alau-d-din began watching – by ones and twos, the seven hundred palanquins first came out of the tent, and went back towards Chitor; with them was the twelve-year-old Badal. The badshah asked one of his noblemen, “Who goes in all these palanquins?” He heard, that the Rajput women of noble families who had come from Chitor to bid farewell to the queen, they were returning. The badshah asked, “Where is Bhimsinha?” He was told, “He is inside.”

The badshah glanced at the sand in the hourglass in one corner of the tent, half an hour had elapsed. Now he would be able to meet with Padmini. The badshah rose and went into another tent to adorn himself. There attar of roses, diamonds and precious stones were strewn around – here was a golden perfume container filled with thousand-rupee (taka) attar, there a crown of pearls, an emerald turban, a casket filled with bejeweled rings, brocade garments hung on a clothes-stand, silken handkerchiefs, gold-embroidered robes.

In the time that the badshah wore the brocade garments, the gold-embroidered robe, and stood in front of the mirror daubing the attar of roses, the select Rajput chiefs of Mevar were making their way out of the Pathan camp and returning towards Chitor in those seven hundred palanquins, with the Rana hidden in one of them.

Eventually Alau-d-din finished adorning himself. An hour had elapsed upon half an hour, still Bhimsinha did not return from Padmini’s tent! The badshah gave orders for Gora to be summoned, no sign could be found of Gora! Alau-d-din could not sit still any longer, he bestirred himself all at once, and went to where that tent had been set up [72] over half a mile; he saw Padmini’s golden palanquin was lying empty. That huge tent of red velvet in which he had thought to keep that queen of Chitor Padmini like a bird in a bejeweled cage, that tent was dark!
Where was Padmini, where were her hundred companions, and where was the captive Bhimsinha; a tumult broke out in the Pathan camp! Everybody heard that the Rajputs disguised as palanquin-bearers had played a trick and gone away with the captive Rana. Now the badshah gave orders for his entire army to ready itself, and himself went towards Chitor with two thousand horsemen.

The Rana’s palanquin was just crossing the gates of Chitor, when the Pathan badshah’s horsemen fell upon the Rajput troops with cries of “Din, din”, darkening the sky with the dust they kicked up, like a strong northwestern April storm.

It was two in the afternoon then. Blazing like fire, the raging twelve-year-old Badal and the aged, fifty-year-old Gora took a contingent of Rajputs and began defending the Sinhadvar of Chitor with their very lives. The evening arrived, the battle still raged. Contingent after contingent of Rajputs began emerging out of Chitor to do battle; the badshah brought thousands and thousands of Pathans, but still could not move even one stone of Chitor! Finally, that Bhimsinha whom he had kept shackled in irons the previous night, when that Bhimsinha mounted on an elephant entered the battlefield, then the Pathan badshah lost all hope. In the dark of the evening Alau-d-din the emperor of half Bharatvarsh turned his horse away from Chitor and returned to his camp. The city of Chitor was filled with cries of victory, “Jai, jai”!

Late that night after the battle, when the Rana Bhimsinha arrived at Padmini’s sleeping quarters to rest, then Padmini saw tears in the Rana’s two eyes and enquired, “On this day of happiness, why the tears?” The Rana sighed and said, “Padmini, on this day our benefactor, our ever-trusted Gora finished off the battle and departed towards the abode of the gods (debalok).” No more words were exchanged between the two! The queen Padmini darkened the lights in the bedroom; throughout the night it seemed as if from the direction of the funeral grounds of Chitor, cries of “Hai-hai-hai-hai” reached the house [73] and thrust their way in, carried by the southern wind.

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5 Again, prahar in the original.
When Alau-d-din was at Chitor laying siege to it in the hope of obtaining Padmini, Mughal contingents slowly advanced from Kabul into Bharatvarsh! Having accepted defeat at the hands of the Rajputs the badshah returned to his own camp and heard that the Mughal badshah Taimurlang was advancing to attack Delhi. That messenger also carried a letter from Piyari Begum in Delhi; at one place in that letter the begum had written, “Shahenshah, why any more – give up hopes of obtaining Padmini. As a honeybee seeking a lotus you began wandering in the desert, and the wild bear came and looted the honeycomb because of your own doing (your absence) – it is all by Allah’s will! Today you are the king of half Bharatvarsh, tomorrow you could be a beggar on the road! Alas (hai re hai), take it that by now the Mughal demons (dasyu) will have taken Piyari Begum of Delhi captive!” The badshah read Piyari’s letter and was stunned. That the danger was so grave, he had not even dreamt. That very moment Alau-d-din gave orders for the camp to be lifted. That night the Pathan army left Rajasthan and went in the direction of Kashmir!

Thirteen years later, the Pathan badshah’s war-drums beat once again in front of Chitor. At that time there was much distress in Chitor. The entire land was desolate from famine and the plague – the land was nearly emptied of brave men; the burden of battle was in the hands of raw, new men. Rana Bhimsinha took those new men and new commanders, and began skirmishing with the Pathan army in villages and on roads [to halt their advance towards Chitor], but all his efforts were in vain.

In battle after battle the Rajputs were pushed back, Alau-d-din took village after village, fort after fort, until one day he came before Chitor. The badshah’s army set up a well-entrenched camp on the southern hill of Chitor, and began waiting for the last battle with the Rajputs. This time they had sworn, they would not return to Delhi until they had razed the fort of Chitor to the ground.

Rana Bhimsinha returned to the fort of Chitor with downcast face. Maharana Lakshmansinha summoned Bhimsinha to the court and said, “Uncle, in these days we have
understood that the fort of Chitor will pass into Pathan hands, there is no other remedy! The people are lamenting, the entire land is devastated by famine, and now this danger has presented itself! Now what will we fight with, and who will we fight with?” Bhimsinha said, “Chitor is not yet bereft of brave men, we can still carry on the battle with the Pathans for one year more, this much we are capable of!” Lakshmansinha shook his head in dissent, “Uncle, more battle is futile! I know full well, there is no other defence but suing for peace with the Pathan; then why in these days of famine should we burn the entire land in the fires of battle? All the people are looking towards me! If we are harmed and peace comes to the country, if it is saved from fire, than what harm is there in making peace with the Pathan? At worst we will have spent some time serving as one talukdar of the Pathan.” Tears began streaming from Bhimsinha’s eyes; he clasped the Maharana’s hands and said, “Alas Lachman, I understand full well in my mind there is no other remedy, still I have one request. When you were two years old your mother and your father died, then it was I who [cradled you in my arms and] took you to my heart as if you were my own son. All your hardships, all the anxieties of the kingdom, I endured ungrudgingly for your sake. My son, heed my one request today. Give me seven days’ time. I will try one last time to save Chitor! Let there be no peace with the Pathan during these seven days, let all obey my orders during these seven days as if they were the Maharana’s own orders.”

Lakshmansinha said, “So be it.”

From that day by Bhimsinha’s orders, the Rajput chiefs began going out one by one to do battle with the Pathan.

The news began arriving each day – today such and such a prince has given his life in battle, today such and such a chief has been captured – the laments rose in every house in Chitor! Those laments, those cries of thousands and thousands of orphaned children and widows, reached the temple in the middle of the lake, where the queen Padmini was worshipping. Padmini sighed deeply and completed her worship. Her tender heart could only cry all day, for all those families in distress, for those orphaned children!
When Bhimsinha came to the palace, Padmini joined her hands and pleaded with him [75], “My lord, how many more days with the battle last?” Bhimsinha said, “Just three more days. But there is no other outcome to this battle, there is no enthusiasm in the hearts of the Rajputs. What remedy is there? Take it that this time round, the king of the solar lineage (suryabansher raja) will become a talukdar of the Pathan badshah!” Padmini enquired, “My lord, is there absolutely no way of preserving Chitor?” Bhimsinha said, “If the goddess Ubardebi showers her blessing, then it can be preserved! Alas Padmini, whose sin has brought this misfortune upon Chitor.” Then, after saying one or two more things, Bhimsinha left to attend to other work.

Alone in the house those words began ringing in Padmini’s ears – Alas, Padmini, whose sin has brought this misfortune upon Chitor! In the darkness Padmini hit her forehead with her hand, “Alas, ill-fated Padmini, it is your cursed beauty that has brought about this ruin – this ruin is on account of you.”

The words echoed in the soundless house – “this ruin is on account of you!”

Exactly at that moment the clear sky of the month of Chaitra filled with clouds and sent down big drops of rain. Padmini wrapped a big shawl around her entire body and went all by herself from her palace, to the temple of the goddess of Chitor, Ubardebi. It was two in the morning (check), all the lights were extinguished in Ubardebi’s temple, there was light from only one lamp! The female ascetic devotee of Shiva (bhairavi) sitting in that light said to the queen Padmini, “Maharani, I say again, what you are going to do, its outcome will be death! Once one wears the jewels and adornments of the goddess, there is no other escape! Within six months, one must jump while alive into the fire and be burnt!” Padmini said, “O mother, bless me, this beautiful woman for whom Rajasthan burns today, her cursed beauty may be burnt to ashes in that same fire.” The ascetic replied, “Then so be it. My child, I bless you, that Chitor for which you disregard your own life, your name will be immortal in that Chitor forever; that Mahasati whose ornaments you don today, after your death that Mahasati will keep you at her feet.”
queen Padmini took all Ubardebi’s ornaments on a sandal plate from the female ascetic, and departed. [76]

That night at half past two⁶ there was not a sound in the palace at Chitor – the Maharana was alone. While all his people were sleeping without worry, thinking that there would be truce with the Pathans and peace would return to the land, at that time there was no sleep in the eyes of Maharana Lakshmantisna the king of all Mevar, the divan of Lord Ekling. Alas, the unprecedented! With the truce tomorrow he would have to leave Chitor, who knew whether or not he would return in this life! He would have to give up kingdom, wealth, fame, honour, kin and friends, and go away to some distant land to live like an ordinary man. The Maharana sighed deeply and looked around him – in one corner of the room in a golden lamp-holder one lone lamp was burning, everything else was dark in the enormous palace. Along the corners of rows of arches and pillars, the darkness melted into even thicker darkness – in the light of that one lamp that enormous palace began to seem even darker. The Maharana rose to go into the inner quarters.

All of a sudden the stone floor under his feet seemed to tremble; then the Maharana smelt the rich fragrance of flowers and the tinkle of anklets. As if somebody was wandering in the darkness! The Maharana spoke up, “Who are you? What do you want?” From all around – from inside the walls, from above the roof, from below the feet, rose the words, “I am hungry.”⁷ Lakshmantisna said, “Ah, who wakes from hunger this late in the night in the palace of Chitor?” the words rose again, “I am hungry.”⁸ Then as a dream emerges from deep slumber, so in the darkness of that bedroom a terrifying form like a goddess rose slowly! The Maharana spoke up, “Who are you, god or demon, who deceive me?” Lakshmantisna took the golden lamp from its holder and stood up. In the light of the lamp from the goddess’s crown and earrings, her

⁶ ditto
⁷ The goddess speaks these words in Hindi, and uses the masculine gender as well.
⁸ Again, Hindi and masculine gender.
ornaments, countless gems and jewels began glowing like the tongues of a thousand flames.

Lakshmansinha beheld – Ubardebi!

Overwhelmed by fear and devotion, the Maharana’s whole body became weak – the golden lamp fell from his hand weak with joy. Then there was complete darkness! [77] In that darkness, whether he was dreaming, or whether he was awake, the Maharana could not tell! As soon as he began listening, the goddess spoke – “I am hungry!9 – great hunger, great thirst, I desire a great sacrifice – without blood this thirst will not be quenched! Maharana! Arise, awake, let the life-blood flow for the land – fill my bowl with a stream of blood! If king and people, young and old give up their lives for Chitor, only then will all be well! Or else, the royal family of the solar lineage will never again be able to wrest the throne of Chitor back from the Pathan’s hands.”

As the echo wanders in a mountain cave, so in that huge palace the goddess’s last words hung in the air for a long time.

The night passed. In the golden light of the dawn and the cool breeze, where did the goddess of Chitor disappear to! Far away in Parvati’s temple the notes of the shehnai began praising the great goddess in the rag Bhairavi.

In the morning when Maharana Lakshmansinha revealed the events of the night and the orders of the goddess in front of everybody at the court, then they were all certainly stunned, but many did not believe him. Those whose faith was firm, whose devotion was unshakeable, those who were ready to give their lives for Chitor, they were intoxicated with joy. And those whose hearts were despairing, minds weak, who had thought to conclude a truce with the Pathans and pass their days in peace and contentment, they were deeply distressed! But that night by the Maharana’s orders, when Mevar’s chiefs big and small gathered in that room in his inner quarters to hear the goddess’s orders from her own mouth, when at two in the morning in the hushed

[77] In this instance the goddess speaks the first words in Hindi, and uses masculine gender. The rest of her speech is in conventional Bengali.
palace that form of the goddess revealed herself again to thousands and thousands of brave Rajputs and said, "I am hungry"\(^{10}\) — then no doubt was left in anybody's mind — all skepticism, all weakness vanished in an instant from all their minds — like the darkness vanishes in the light of the fire! They were all intoxicated with valour; Rana Bhimsinha alone gazed at that goddess's form and saw Padmini in her and began wondering in his mind — is this the goddess, or Padmini? Padmini, or the goddess? [78]

Then, preparations were made for the great sacrifice. Maharana Lakshmansinha placed the crown of Chitor on the head of the first among his twelve sons, the eldest among the princes, Arisinha, and said, "O fortunate one, accept with reverence the orders of the goddess. Lead the battle against the Pathans! Today you are Maharana of all Mevar. All these chiefs will be known as your people. From today, the burden of the battle is in your hands; if victorious the reward will be yours — the throne of Chitor in this world; and if you lose your life in battle then your reward is — the fearless feet of the goddess in the other world." The aged Rana Lakshmansinha seated Arisinha on the throne and stood below — the crown of Chitor began adorning the head of the new Rana. The cry rose on all sides — "Praise be to the great goddess! Praise be to Arisinha!"

Lakshmansinha began speaking, "My chiefs, on this day I have one duty left to perform. That duty is not towards the goddess, not towards Chitor, it is towards my forefathers the Maharanas of old. In order that the royal family of Chitor not be wiped out at one stroke in this terrible battle, our forefathers in heaven be given their due offerings of a handful of water, Bappa's lineage live eternally in Rajasthan, for this I desire, that Ajaysinha take his wife and son and go away to the isolated fort of Kailor [Kelwara]."

Ajaysinha folded his hands before the Maharana and said, "Father, my eleven brothers will give their lives in battle for Chitor, and I alone will stay here like the womenfolk, to raise my child? Am I so weak, so incapable?" Lakshmansinha said, "Do not be disheartened, my son, the grave task that I have burdened you with, any Rajput in Chitor would consider himself blessed to

\(^{10}\) Hindi and masculine gender again.
be entrusted with it! It may be that even with our blood being shed, Chitor may not be preserved, it may be that you will also have to give your life for Chitor. It may be that I will depart from here having left Chitor under alien rule (poradhin), and it may be that you will hand over the burden of the kingdom to some brave and fit representative of the solar lineage and will be able to depart from the earth happily! Remember, the joy of witnessing the rebirth of Chitor is a hundred times more than the joy of giving up one’s life for Chitor!” Lakshmansinha had no words left. The court dissolved with cries of praise. At the time of taking his leave from the court, Arisinha said to Ajaysinha [79] “Come and meet me before leaving Chitor.” After making all his preparations for the journey when Ajaysinha went to his elder brother’s home, then Arisinha turned to his brother after he finished writing a letter, and said, “My brother, this is our last meeting; tomorrow you will be elsewhere, and I elsewhere. On this last day I burden you with a little task.” Arisinha gave into Ajaysinha’s hands a small leather pouch and that letter, and said, “Ajay, keep these two things carefully, if I return from the battle, then we will meet again and I will take them from you; else you may open them and see what my last wish is.” Then Arisinha embraced Ajaysinha and said, “Come my brother, let us take our leave of our mother!” Late that night when the two brothers had taken their leave and departed from the women’s quarters in different directions, then the mother who had given birth to twelve sons, the queen of Chitor sighed deeply and fell to the ground – her entire body was cold as stone, only her two tear-filled eyes gazed steadfastly in that direction – where the two princes had gone. The Maharana began to say, “My love (priye), calm yourself, have courage, firm up your heart, accept the terrible outcome of this unshakeable destiny with bowed head and calm mind.” Then to the sounds of battle, the war drums of the Rajputs shuddered and began beating – the prince Arisinha had departed for battle.

One month passed after that day. All the Rajputs’ efforts against the Pathans proved futile! One after one, the eleven princes gave up their lives in battle. There was no hope left; there was no remedy left. And yet the Rajputs did not flinch in their valiant hearts!
There were two brave men left in Chitor, Lakshmansinha and Bhimsinha, they began readying for battle. By the Rana’s orders, those left of Mevar’s lakhs and lakhs of troops and chiefs – the terrifying Lord Ekling’s ten thousand divani troops began to assemble. Trident in one hand, an axe in the other, conch earrings on their ears, a black tuft of hair on their heads, rudraksha beads around their necks, a robe of tigerskin on their shoulders, and a huge shield on their backs! Together with all their fittings, a horse, a blanket, a metal water-pot – they called nothing else their own [80] on earth. Amongst the gods they worshipped only Eklingji, among men they accepted orders only from the Maharana. The creator of this force was Samarsinha. Nobody could see them in ordinary, small battles. Only in the midst of grave misfortune, when the enemy was all around, when dangers threatened from all sides; when for fear of dishonour at the hands of the evil enemy, the beautiful women of the land – whether young, or widowed, or raw ten-year-olds, or fully grown at sixteen – began taking the last vow of their lives, the jauhar, in front of the goddess of Chitor, before burning their beauty and youth in the funeral pyre; when there was no other hope, no other remedy; at that time, daring and unruly like the despairing Rajputs in their final battle, these divani forces could be seen in the fort of Chitor! Seventy years earlier Samarsinha’s widowed queen Karmadebi had assembled all of Mevar’s forces to preserve for her son the throne of Chitor from the hands of Qutbu-d-din; on that day the divani forces had been summoned, and now by the order of Maharana Lakshmansinha the divani forces presented themselves at the fort of Chitor once more.

When the darkness had swallowed the world on the night of the new moon, when the sun and the moon were concealed from above the head, at that time at the temple in the middle of Chitor’s great funeral grounds, twelve thousand Rajput beauties began taking their jauhar vows.

Directly in front of the temple standing at the mouth of a dark tunnel, Padmini the foremost beauty in Rajasthan began praying to the god of the fire, “O Fire, O pure, clean, golden loveliness, come! May the darkness on earth be dissipated by your light. O Fire, O great light, come! You are the strength of the weak, the support of the strong. O God, O terrible one, take
away my fear, destroy my grief, give me refuge. Preserver of honour, destroyer of sorrow, O flame, you are the last resort of life, the liberator from bonds!” Padmini was left without words.

Twelve thousand Rajput women gathered around that pit of fire and began singing, “Protector of honour (laja harana)! Destroyer of sorrow (tapa barana)!” All at once with a tremendous roar that spread in all directions, thousands and thousands of flames from the fire rushed joyously into the mouth of the tunnel [81]. In the blazing light the darkness of the night tottered. Along with twelve thousand Rajput women the queen Padmini jumped into the fire-pit – taking all the beauty from all the homes of Chitor, all the kind words and all the sweet laughter, in one instant they were reduced to ashes in the fire. From within the hearts of all the Rajputs rose the scream, “Praise be to the mahasati!” Alau-d-din, sleeping in his own tent, could hear the scream. The same instant he sent orders for all his forces to get ready and present themselves.

The next day with the rising sun, like the monsoon torrent the Rajput forces burst out of the rocks of Chitor, with cries of “Hara, hara,” and with terrifying rage fell upon the Pathan army.

Alau-d-din’s Tatar troops scattered in an instant under the axes of the divani forces, and fled for their lives. Alau-d-din summoned fresh forces repeatedly, and began engaging the Rajputs – like a bridge of sand at the mouth of a torrent, all his endeavours were of no avail repeatedly.

Alau-d-din himself was no mean warrior, with very few troops he had triumphed over many large Hindu kingdoms like Mevar without any difficulty, but today as he saw the valour of the Rajputs he began to be fearful. Twelve times he gathered his forces and engaged the Rajputs, twelve times they were repulsed; Alau-d-din understood then that there would be no easy end to the battle today. On one side was the imperial throne of Delhi, and on one side was the royal throne of Chitor – which would remain, which would perish! It was then early evening, Alau-d-din gave orders for his entire army to attack all at once, these twelve thousand Rajputs. In an instant, the Pathan badshah’s lakhs and lakhs of troops, horses, elephants, warriors, began rushing...
towards the Rajputs with cries of “din, din,” like a storm of the deluge, darkening the sky with the
dust they raised. Then all of a sudden in one instant, like the waters of the river amidst the waves
of the sea, a few thousand Rajputs were lost in the midst of that numberless Pathan army, no more
could be seen of them. Only a little before sunset, over the heads of those countless men engaged
in battle, Chitor’s royal flag with the sun-god emblazoned on it, glittered like lightning [82] for
one moment only in the evening glow, then the cry arose, “Allah ho akbar, the Shahenshah is
victorious!” The Maharana’s royal umbrella was crushed under the feet of the Pathan! The sun-
god departed, leaving the entire earth in darkness; in greed for blood and flesh, flocks of birds of
night began gathering over the battlefield, flapping their black wings.

The Pathans’ swords reddened the roads of Chitor with torrents of blood; the bags and
boxes of lakhs and lakhs of Tatar troops were filled with wealth, with pearls and jewels! But that
jewel for greed of which Alau-d-din had turned Chitor, which had been like the abode of the
gods, into a funeral ground, for whose sake he had forsaken the throne of Delhi and come to a
foreign land, did he find any sign of that Padmini?

The badshah entered Chitor and heard at once - Padmini is no more - the beautiful
flower has burned to ashes in the funeral pyre!

That night by the badshah’s order, the homes, halls and temples of Chitor – were razed to
the ground and burnt – only in the middle of a huge lake, the queen Padmini’s palace remained,
as new as ever, as unbroken. Alau-d-din rested for three days in that palace, by the shores of the
lotus-filled lake, in a marble verandah in Padmini’s sleeping quarters. Then handing over the
administration of Chitor to a Rajput named Maldev, he slowly made his way back to Delhi. The
Pathan badshah’s strength spread from one corner to Hindustan to the other corner; and the chaste
names of those twelve thousand sati-lakshmi women, the fame of those twelve thousand valiant
Rajput men, remained blessed throughout the world, for all days to come. Even today in the
funeral grounds of the satis in Chitor, that fire-pit of Padmini’s can be seen; men cannot enter
inside it – a black python stands guard at its mouth day and night [83].

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