Folktales of the Gond and Baiga in Eastern Mandla

By

Stephen Fuchs

INTRODUCTION

Mandla District, which forms the south-east portion of the Japalpur Division in Madhya Pradesh (former Central Provinces) of India, is a part of the high, rugged tableland of the Satpura Hills which separates the cotton-growing country of the South from the wheat-growing extension of the Malwa plateau in the North. It is also the watershed of three distinct river-systems. The eastern part of the Mandla District is mountainous, but its soil is rather barren for cultivation, though there are some small scattered tracts of fertile soil. Eastern Mandla is dominated by the range of the Maikal Hills which gradually increase in height from west to east and culminate in the plateau of Chauradadar on the eastern border of the District. In point of grandeur and colourful beauty the scenery of eastern Mandla is second to none in the whole of Madhya Pradesh.

From the earliest times until the close of the sixth century A.D. the history of Mandla District was wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. We know only that around the sixth and seventh centuries this part of Central India was ruled by Rajput kings. Their power reached its zenith in the eleventh century, after which it declined quickly until it ended in 1181 in a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Bhagel Raja of Rewa.

During the rule of these Rajput princes the jungles of eastern Mandla must have been inhabited mainly by the Baiga (of whom the Bhumia are an important sub-group) and similar hill-
tribes. It occurred before the immigration of the Gond. It was at that time probably that the Baiga lost their original language and adopted the Aryan language of their masters which they have retained until the present day.

Being by tradition and personal inclination hunters and shifting cultivators, they left the more fertile but treeless plains to the Hindu peasants who at that time entered the District from the west and gradually occupied all the open river valleys of Central India. But at that time their number was still small, else the Gond, who a little later advanced into he Mandla District from the south, would not have been able to spread in such large numbers in the same area which afterwards received from them the name of ‘Gondvana’. Gradually the Gond also built up their political power. After the defeat of the Rajput kings, a Gond servant of the last king of Tripura (near Mandla town), Jadhe Rao, usurped power and made himself king of Garh-Mandla. He was the founder of a Gond dynasty which ruled in Mandla till 1742 when the Marathas invaded the kingdom, killed the king and laid such a heavy tribute on the country that it was reduced to utter ruin. In 1781 the last Gond ruler of Mandla, Narhar Shah, was tortured to death by the Maratha general Moraji, and Mandla became a dependency of the Saugor Marathas. In 1799 Mandla fell to the Bhonsla king of Nagpur, till in 1818 the British took over and assumed the rule also over Mandla.

The main tribes in eastern Mandla are, as already mentioned, the Bhumia-Baiga and the Gond. The Bhumia, i.e., “Men of the Soil”, are the older and more primitive tribe of the District. They are a sub-group of the Baiga tribe whose main strength is settled in the former Rewa State which is to the east of the Mandla District. Their number in 1941 was almost ninety-thousand. But very likely the Baiga themselves are merely an off-shoot of the more numerous Binjhwar tribe in the Chhattisgarh Division. The latter are now largely Hinduized and have lost their tribal character.

Most of the Gond of eastern Mandla, on the other hand, are comparatively recent immigrants from the western regions of the District. This is evident from their clan names which are to a great extent identical with those found in the western tracts of Mandla District. All these Gond belong to that numerous and important race which founded in the past several kingdoms in Central India and managed to maintain a precari-
ous independence until the eighteenth century when they succumbed to the superior warcraft of the Marathas.

In physical appearance the Gond and Bhumia show only a slight difference. Probably both these tribes belong to the Proto-Australoid race which inhabited India since early prehistoric times. Their physical similarity was enhanced by the fact that until about fifty years ago intermarriage between the two tribes was frequent. Both tribes are rather dark of skin, often curly hair, and narrow heads. They are wide-mouthed and thick-lipped, and have broad noses. Their stature is medium to low. In general the Gond are a little taller than the Bhumia.

In character the Bhumia are naturally simple and most companionable. Though generally honest, they can be cunning and untruthful when they like; and when they are drunk, they often become quarrelsome and are easily provoked to violence. The Gond are a pleasant people, and leave kind memories with those who deal with them. Comparatively truthful, they are always ready to enjoy a laugh; they are less shy than the Bhumia in dealings with strangers and have more self-confidence.

The Baiga are extremely poor in earthly possessions; they can do without much clothing, furniture and implements. They generally live in very simple huts. The Gond are better dressed, live in larger houses and have a higher standard of living.

In days gone by, when they only practised the burn-and-slash form of cultivation, the Baiga did not keep any cattle, but only a few pigs, fowls and dogs. Now that they have been forced by government to abandon the wasteful method of burning the jungle and then sowing in the ashes, they have begun to plough their fields, though their ploughing with cattle is of a rather primitive quality. Being very indifferent to farming, the Baiga, on the feeblest pretext, yield to the allurement of the jungle. In the beginning of the monsoon, for instance, when the rivers and stream-lets of their tracts abound in fish, they forget their fields and go fishing. Similarly, when the jungle fruits ripen, not even the most urgent field work can induce them to sacrifice their inborn love of forest life. They are great hunters though hunting is now much restricted by the Forest Department and poaching severely punished. In consequence many Baiga eke out a miserable existence and live habitually on the verge of starvation.

In comparison with the Baiga the Gond are good cultivators, though even they cannot compete with the Hindu peasant castes.
But the other jungle tribes of Mandla District call the Gond Kisan, i.e., farmers. Though in the past they too were shifting cultivators like the Baiga and the other aboriginal tribes of the area, the Gond must have taken earlier and more readily to plough cultivation. They use bullocks and cows for ploughing and take a greater interest in cultivation than the Baiga. In consequence they are more prosperous than the Baiga.

The social organization of the Baiga and Gond is of a rather complicated nature. Both tribes have a double system of grouping, genealogical as well as territorial. The Bhumia lay more stress on the territorial grouping. Persons who hail from the same ancestral village consider themselves related while relationship by birth, i.e., clan relationship, is often ignored. This becomes particularly evident in marriage arrangements. The Baiga observe village exogamy. A Baiga may not marry a girl from the same ancestral village as his own, while little opposition is raised if he marries a girl belonging to his own clan.

With the Gond it is different. For them territorial relationship has mainly a religious significance. When a Gond dies, his spirit must be finally laid at rest in his ancestral village. But the Gond are rather indifferent if two persons belonging to the same ancestral village get married. They are, however, strict in observing clan totemism. They still worship their respective totems at certain times and observe strict food and touch taboos with regard to them. They practise clan exogamy and regard any sex relations between clan members as incest which they punish with temporary or permanent expulsion from the community. Over and above this, they believe that incest involves severe punishment by God. A severe illness if not death itself, would be the consequence of it.

Socially, the Gond occupy a higher position than the other aboriginal tribes of the district, including the Baiga. This is undoubtedly due to their former political importance in Mandla, but also to a higher degree of Hinduization. But it is only about fifty years since they ceased to interdine and intermarry with the Baiga, for the latter refused to go along with the Gond in the strict observance of the Hindu regulations of social behaviour and of the food taboos. They find it too hard to abstain from pork and chicken meat and from liquor.

In the religious sphere, however, the Baiga maintain a distinct superiority over the Gond. Not only are the Baiga the official priests in all the villages of eastern Mandla, they also
have a higher reputation as efficient soothsayers and magicians. It is in this capacity that they need a good knowledge of their ancient tribal myths and legends, for these myths and legends have to be recited and sung at certain sacrificial ceremonies.

Today the religion of the Baiga as well as that of the Gond is a curious mixture of primitive and Hinduistic elements. Its core is tribal, but it is overgrown and enriched by many Hinduistic beliefs and rites which partly belong to an early stage of Hinduism and partly are of recent adoption from the surrounding Hindu castes.

Both Baiga and Gond believe in a Supreme Being which after the Hindu fashion they call Bhagwan. Like the Hindu castes, they believe that this Bhagwan is eternal, all-knowing, all-present, the lord and maker of the world and of man. He formulated the moral code; he imposed certain sanctions for the observance or breach of the moral code. He is the ultimate master over life and death. In spite of this supreme position which Bhagwan occupies, there is no formal worship of him nor a ritual of sacrifice in his honour, nor can any image or symbol be found to represent him.

Below Bhagwan, and sometimes identified with him, is a deity whom the Baiga call Thakur Deo and the Gond Bara Deo. Both names mean the same, namely, ‘the supreme god.’ Most probably this god was the former high god of the tribes, before they adopted the Hindu god Bhagwan as a kind of overlord in their pantheon. Thakur Deo, or Bara Deo, is represented in a stone slab which is put up against a tree on the outskirts of the village. On important occasions, at the beginning of the sowing season, for instance, or when a person is to be cured of the bite of a poisonous snake, a sacrifice is performed in the god’s honour. The Gond also believe that the souls of the dead are ultimately united with this god.

Both tribes believe in a great number of other gods, spirits, goblins and superhuman forces. Even the ancestors, who must be worshipped, must also be propitiated and asked for favours. By far the greatest part of the religious ceremonial is employed in the service of these minor deities. It is but natural that these primitive cultivators have a special veneration for the earth-mother to whom they occasionally offer bloody sacrifices. Female deities are more numerous and are mostly of a malicious character. Consistent with this curious belief is the conviction of the tribals that black magic is mainly performed by women,
while the male magicians and soothsayers use their powers mainly for the cure of the sick and the propitiation of the offended deities.

It is congenial to the highly artistic trend of mind of these tribals that they express their theological and philosophical convictions chiefly through the medium of myths and legends. These myths and legends speak of God, the maker and master of the universe and of many, the giver and jealous guardian of the moral law; they speak of the minor deities, spirits and ancestors, of the origin of the world, of life and of man, of fire and fertility, of disease and death, of rebirth and resuscitation of all life.

Besides these myths and legends, the Gond and Baiga have knowledge of many stories and fairy-tales which explain more trivial incidents in nature: for instance, why dogs carry their tails in an upward curl, why cats do not kill certain kinds of rats, and why worms attack the crops. These stories differ from the sacred myths which are recited on the occasion of a sacrifice. They can be told on any occasion and at whatever place.

All the tribals of Mandla love a story that is well told. Storytelling is a much respected art among them, but it would be wrong to assume that every Gond and Baiga is a treasure-mine of myths and folk-tales. As a matter of fact, there are only a few good story-tellers among them, and these with a seemingly inexhaustible store of tales. The majority of the aboriginals are more inclined to listen to a good story than to tell one. Still, it may be said that in almost every village there is a man or two who can reel out stories and tell them well. Among the various tribes of eastern Mandla, the Baiga are credited with knowing the largest number of stories and to excel in telling them. However, there is still another tribe, the Pardhan, who can boast of story-tellers even better than the Baiga. But as bards of the Gond, it is their profession, partly, to tell the origin and history of the various Gond and Baiga clans and families. Certain folk-tales seem to be more or less the property of certain families and are handed down from one generation to the other.

Stories are rarely told before a big audience. More often they are related in a more intimate circle. In the long nights, when the men sit out in their fields guarding the crops, somebody might start a story to while away the time and to keep himself and his companions awake. They are usually close re-
latives who share a watching hut, father and sons, or brothers and cousins, rarely if ever is there a servant.

Even then, stories are rarely ever told without the stimulation of a drink. Imagination among them, does not seem to function without this stimulant and the tongue is loosened under the influence of alcohol only. My informant, Musra Baiga, said that his father was a famous story-teller, but he required a full bottle of liquor before he would start telling them. Once started, he was inexhaustible and could scarcely be persuaded to stop talking. Musra himself found it difficult to tell a story without the stimulant of alcohol. When he came to dictate the stories given in the following pages he brought a bottle along with him and whenever he felt his imagination flag or flounder, he helped himself with a few sips of liquor to rejuvenate it.

We cannot help asking whether the stories related in the following pages are genuine inventions of the Baiga or Gond, or whether they are borrowed from other sources. Though detailed proof is still lacking, it seems more likely that these stories belong to a common reservoir of folk-tales which are told in certain variations, but with the same substance, from the west coast of India to the Himalayas. Naturally, as these popular tales are retold again and again by illiterate people, various versions develop, and no story-teller relates them in the same form. Only the substance remains the same.

A word needs be said about the language of the stories. Both Gond and Baiga of eastern Mandla speak a dialect of Hindi known as Gondvani or Mandlaha. It is closely related to Bagheli or Rewai, the language spoken in Baghelkhand and Chota Nagpur, which is also a dialect of Eastern Hindi. The most striking difference between this tongue and ordinary Hindi is the termination of the infinitive which is -an, and of the third person singular of the past tense which is -is. The first person suffix of the past tense is -a, the second person -e. The past participle ends -e. The sign of the genitive is ker, that of the dative ke, or la.1

If the Baiga-Bhumia ever spoke a language of their own, they have completely forgotten it. It is possible that certain words of the vocabulary of their original language entered into the Gondvani or Mandlaha dialect, for in these dialects certain

---

words are used which are unknown in other regions of India where pure Hindi is spoken. However, so far no exact study of these dialects has been made. The extensive texts, with translations, in this paper may therefore provide useful material for such linguistic studies.

It is curious that the Gond of eastern Mandla do not remember that at one time they spoke Gondi, which in Mandla District is called "Parsi," i.e., 'Persian,' with the connotation of 'foreign.' From their clan traditions and territorial names, it is clear that many Gond families have migrated into eastern Mandla coming from the west, or from a region where, to the present day, Gondi, a Dravidian dialect, is spoken. These Gond probably came in small scattered groups and consequently abandoned Gondi soon for the Gondvani or Mandlaha Hindi spoken there.

In conclusion I wish to mention that I collected these folk-tales myself from the Baiga and Gond when I lived among them for over half a year to study their customs and beliefs. As mentioned before, the narrator of these stories was Musra, a Baiga of the village Bijora not far from Dindori in eastern Mandla. In the exact and correct presentation of the original text Mr. Boniface Deodas, who speaks this dialect as his mother tongue and is a college graduate, was very helpful. My sincere thanks are due to both.

1. The Parrot

There was an old Bhumia with his wife, a Bhumin. They had no children, neither son nor daughter; they were very poor. They had no field. One day the old Bhumia took his axe and went to the jungle to cut trees and to make a clearing for a field. But when he had cut down two trees he felt tired and sat down under the shade of a tree. At that moment many monkeys, a whole lakh3 of them, came to the old man and asked him: "Old man, are you tired?" The Bhumia replied: "Yes. I am tired." The monkeys asked: "Have you been cutting trees?" The Bhumia replied: "Yes. I have been cutting trees." The monkeys asked: "For what purpose did you cut the trees?"

3) One lakh is the equivalent of one hundred thousand.
The Bhumia replied: “I wanted to prepare a field.” When the monkeys heard that, they took the axe and cut a great number of trees. Then they went off, and the old man returned home.

After eight days, when the wood had dried up, the old Bhumia came again and cut off all the branches and spread them over the ground. But he soon got tired and sat down under the shade of a tree. Again the monkeys came and took his axe. They chopped the wood and threw the branches all over the ground. The old Bhumia prepared an *akhwa*. With that implement he pushed the chopped-off branches about and spread them all over the clearing. The monkeys followed his example faithfully. And so many monkeys had come to work that the field was made ready in a single day. Then the old Bhumia set fire to the dry wood spread over the clearing. After that the monkey went away into the jungle, and the old Bhumia returned home.

When the rains started, the Bhumia returned with a basket of paddy. He sowed the paddy into the ashes. When the new crop appeared, the Bhumia made a strong fence around his field, with branches and thorns, and he covered his whole field with a roof of branches and leaves. He left not a single hole through which a bird or rat could enter it. Then he went home.

When the paddy was ripe, the old Bhumia again went to his field for the harvest. But what did he see? There was not a single grain left on his field. One day the parrots had come, *lakhs* and *lakhs* of them, had made a hole in the roof of branches and leaves and carried off all the grain from the field. Then they flew away. When he saw what had happened, the old Bhumia began to weep. After a while he resolved to look where the parrots had gone. This was easy, for on their way the parrots had dropped the husks of the rice-grains. The old Bhumia followed the marks which the parrots had left and at last came to a huge tree. It was a *Barra* tree.

When the Bhumia saw the parrots perching on the tree, he quickly turned round and went home. He related to his wife what had happened, and she too began to cry. But the old

---

4) A log of wood, about a cubit long, round, and with a long handle.
5) This is the way how the Bhumia in the past prepared a field for slash-and-burn or shifting-cultivation.
6) It is also called *Akbar* (*Ficus Bengalensis*?). Its fruits are edible; juice is extracted from its leaves.
Bhumia told his wife to bake a big loaf of bread, five cubits long and five cubits broad, and to fill a large earthen jar with ramtila\(^7\) oil, at least ten to twenty seers.\(^8\) The old Bhumia was a strong man; he had an axe which required twenty-six ordinary men to lift it and a sickle so heavy that it required twenty-four men to cut grass with it. He wrapped the bread and the jar of oil into his blanket which he tied around his shoulders.

Then he went into the jungle. With his axe he hacked at the trunk of a \textit{Thuha} tree\(^9\) till sap began to flow. He collected the sap of many trees and mixed it with the oil in his pot. The sap of the \textit{Thuha} trees is sticky and good for catching birds when mixed with oil. As soon as the old man had his bird-lime ready, he went to the tree where he had seen the parrots perching. They had flown away at dawn to feed in the fields, but the Bhumia knew that they would return in the evening. He climbed the tree and smeared the sticky mass (\textit{chhep}) on all its branches and twigs. His work done, he climbed down and hid himself behind some bushes. He wanted to catch all the parrots that had eaten his grain and wished to eat them himself.

In the evening the parrots returned from the fields and began to perch on the tree. But they all got stuck in the sticky bird-lime and one after the other fell down from the tree. Soon a lakh\(^7\) of parrots were lying on the ground. At last Butsen, the king of the parrots, came flying along. He too got stuck in the bird-lime. He began to shout so loud a voice that another lakh of parrots flying in to alight on the tree were warned and escaped to other trees. But Butsen could not save himself and fell helplessly to the ground.

The old Bhumia rushed forward to kill the struggling bird with his axe. He asked: "Why did you plunder my paddy-field? I shall kill you now as a punishment." Butsen replied: "Do not kill me. Take me to your house. I shall guard your house." The old Bhumia listened to the pleadings of the king of parrots and took him home.

When he reached his home, the Bhumin asked him: "Did you catch only one parrot? Where are the others?" The Bhumia replied: "Yes. I only caught one parrot, all the others flew away." The Bhumin said: "Give me the parrot. I shall

\begin{itemize}
\item \textit{Thuha} tree
\item A \textit{seer} is the equivalent of a litre.
\item \textit{Guzotia abyssinica}.
\item \textit{Euphorbia nerifolia}.
\end{itemize}
kill him because he has eaten our rice." The king of the parrots begged: "Do not kill me. I shall watch your house." The old Bhumin thought: "We have no children. I shall keep the parrot as my son." And she put Butsen into a cage and gave him water and fed him with gram. For ten years the parrot lived in the cage.

After ten years the parrot said to the old Bhumia: "There is no sense in keeping me any longer in this cage. Better take me to the town and sell me there." The old Bhumia said: "This is a good idea." He asked his wife to bake a loaf of bread five cubits long and five cubits broad. He wrapped the bread into his blanket and slung it over his back. Then he took the parrot in the cage and went to the town.10

On the way he met an Ahir (cattle grazer). When the Ahir heard the Bhumia shouting: "Buy my parrot! Buy my parrot!" he hailed the old man and said: "Come here. I want to buy your parrot." The old Bhumia went to the Ahir who asked him: "What is the price of the parrot? For how much will you sell him?" The Bhumia replied: "How do I know the price? Ask the parrot. He knows how much he is worth." The Ahir asked the parrot: "What is your price?" Butsen replied: "A hundred thousand rupees." The Ahir replied: "I have got buffaloes. I have got cows and bullocks. I have got goats, but all my cattle is not worth a lakh of rupees. Go away!"

The old Bhumia went on his way to the town, shouting all the time: "Buy my parrot! Buy my parrot!" Finally he arrived at the palace of the king. The king heard him shouting and called him: "Come here. What have you got for sale? Is it a parrot that is for sale?" The Bhumia replied: "Yes. I have a parrot for sale." The king asked: "What do you want for the bird?" The Bhumia said: "I do not know the price. Let the parrot himself tell you how much he is worth." The king asked the parrot: "What is your price, parrot?" Butsen replied: "One lakh of rupees." And the king gave the Bhumia a lakh of rupees for the parrot that could talk.

10) This and some of the following incidents of the story are related in a folk-tale of western India: "The Wanderings of Vicram Maharaja." Cf. M. Frere: Old Deccan Days. London 1898, pp. 79-81. —The same motive appears also in a folk-tale of the Lohar in Barway, in the northern part of the Ranchi District in Bihar, under the title: "The Teacher and His Disciple." Cf. H. Floor: A Collection of Folktales. (In Ms.)
The old Bhumia unfolded his blanket; but there was now no bread in it, for the Bhumia had eaten it on his way. He wrapped the money into his blanket, tied it to his back and went home. He bought cows, bullocks and buffaloes, goats and a horse, and became a rich man. In the past people had called him 'Bhumia,' but now they called him 'Patel.'

Meanwhile the parrot lived in an iron cage in the palace of the king. The king had seven wives. He commanded his wives, each in turn, to feed the parrot. But the six elder queens were wicked; only the youngest queen was good. Therefore the parrot did not accept food from the hands of the six elder queens, but only from the youngest. When the six wicked queens saw that the parrot would not eat from their hands, they grew angry and jealous. They refused to eat and lay down on their beds, saying that they had fever. They asked the king to call a soothsayer (gunia) to find out what medicine they required. But the king knew that they had gone to bed because the parrot refused to eat from their hands. He did not call a soothsayer. In the night the six queens decided to have the parrot killed. When morning came, they asked the king for medicine. The king inquired: "What medicine do you want?" The queens replied: "The liver and the two eyes of the parrot." The king said: "I shall get you your medicine."

Then the king called one of his policemen and said: "Take the parrot, kill him and bring me his liver and his two eyes." The policeman thought: "If the king commands me to kill the parrot, I have to do it." And he took the cage, with the parrot, outside into the garden. When the policeman caught the parrot by the neck to kill him, Butsen shouted: "Policeman, do not kill me. Perhaps the king will need a parrot one day. If you kill me, all the other parrots will die with me, because I am their king." The policeman asked: "What shall I do now? How can I disobey the order of my king?" The parrot replied: "Nothing easier than that. Go to the town and tell the people to give you five cocks for the king. Eat the meat of the cocks, but keep the liver and the eyes of one cock and bring them to the king as medicine for his queens."

The policeman climbed a tree in the garden, hung the cage on a branch and opened the door of the cage. The parrot left the cage and flew to a Bokhaind tree near a tank. The police-

---

11) Headman of a village.
man asked: “Parrot, will you surely return when the king wants you?” The parrot promised: “Yes. I shall certainly return if the king calls for me.” With that he flew away far into the jungle.

The policeman called two of his companions and all three went into the town. They told the people: “The king wants five cocks. Cocks, not fowls. Give them to us.” The people of the town gave the policemen five cocks for the king. They went home, killed the cocks and prepared a grand dinner. Only of one cock they kept the liver and the eyes. The policeman then took the liver and the eyes and carried them to the king. The king asked him: “Have you killed the parrot?” The policeman replied: “Yes. I have killed the parrot. Here are his liver and eyes.” The king took the liver and the eyes and carried them to the queens. When the youngest queen heard that the parrot had been killed, she was sorry and cried. But the six wicked queens were glad and said: “Good! The parrot is dead!” And they got up from their beds.

However, after the parrot had flown away from the palace, the king became very poor: the water in his tank dried up, and the trees in his garden withered. He was forced to sell all his gold and silver and the jewels of his wives for food. One day when he was destitute and had nothing anymore to eat, a Brahmin came to him and asked for alms. The king said: “Maharaj, I myself have nothing to eat.” The Brahmin replied: “What, you are such a great king and you have nothing to eat? How is that?” The king replied: “I do not know how I have become so poor.” The Brahmin took out his book, in which all the secrets of the world were recorded, and began to read. Finally he said: “You lost your wealth, because the parrot went away. Call the parrot back and keep him in your house, and you will get twice as rich as you were before. But six of your queens are wicked.”

When the king heard that, he called the policeman and commanded: “Bring the parrot back.” The policeman said: “But the parrot is dead. How can I bring the parrot back to you?” The king insisted: “Bring back the parrot. I must have that parrot. If you don’t restore the parrot to me, I shall kill you and throw your body into the well.” When the policeman heard that, he went into the garden to the tree in which he had hung up the cage. But the cage was empty, for the parrot had not yet returned from the jungle. The policeman sat down under
the tree and waited long and waited for the parrot to return. His wife brought him his food to the tree, for he did not want to leave his post. He waited for a whole month until at last the parrot returned to his cage.

The policeman saw the parrot and called him: "Parrot, the king wants you. Return now to the cage, as you promised before." The parrot king replied: "No. I won't come. The king might kill me one day." The policeman said: "No, no. Nobody will kill you. Come." And with great difficulty did he at last persuade the parrot to return to his cage. The policeman climbed to the cage, closed its door and descended with the cage from the tree. He carried the cage with the parrot to the king. On his way, while he was passing the tank, the water began to rise in it. The well too was filling with water and the Mango trees in the garden began to bloom. When he reached the palace, all the gold and silver and the jewels of the queens, which the king had sold for food, were brought back to the king and twice over! And the king was very glad and kept the parrot in his palace. But the six wicked queens he killed; only the youngest queen was spared because she was good.

Notes regarding Transcription


The Palatals j (as in jump) and ch (as in charm) are pronounced with the body of the tongue raised to the palate. Jh and chh are aspirated palatals, i.e., they have an h inherent in them.

The Cerebrals ḍ and ṭ are pronounced with the tip of the tongue placed against the roof of the mouth and jerked down sharply to a horizontal position as the sound is uttered. There is no English equivalent to any of these sounds. Dh and ṭh are aspirated cerebrals. R and ṛh are likewise cerebrals and must be pronounced as such. In pronouncing ṛ or ṛh the tip of the tongue is in the roof of the mouth at the beginning and is brought forward and down with a jerk like a crack of a whip to a horizontal position.

Nasalization is expressed by lifting the n to ñ or by writing ſ.
Important is the difference of long or short vowels. If there is any accent, it is on the long vowel.

Anyone who knows Dewanagari will find it easy to transcribe these texts back into Dewanagari; they had to be given in the Roman script because no Dewanagari letters were available for this paper.
Sua

Ek Bhumiya ḍokrā apan ḍokri Bhumin ke sāth rahaiñ. Unkar bāl bachcha na rahaiñ, na bēṭa na bēṭi. Ar un bahut garib rahaiñ. Unkhār khet-bāri na rahaiñ. Ek din Bhumiya ḍokrā apan ṭāṅgwā là dharis ar rūkhwā kāṭhe kuṭhar jharelā dongra kane gāis. Akhar, jab waha dutṭho rūkhwān la kāṭis, tab waha laṭ gāis ar ek rūkhwā ke chhāē mā baiṭh gais. Wohīch samay radhne bandrā—sagle ek lākh—ḍokrā tīṅga āīn ar olā pūchhin: "Kaise, ḍokrā, tai laṭ gaye has joka?" ḍokrā kāīs: "Hao, laṭīch gaye hauṅ arkha."—"Tai rūkhwā kāṭṭat rahas kā?"—"Hao, mēṅ rūkhwāi kāṭṭat rahoñ."—"Kāhīn ke māre tai rūkhwān la kāṭhahas?"—"Mor bichār khet banāē ke hai.

Jab bandrā aisna sunin, tab un ṭāṅgwā là dharin ar radhne rūkhwān là kāṭ ḍārin. Tab pher un bhagāīn ar ḍokrā apan ghar gāis.


Jab dhān hoy gay, tab Bhumiya ḍokra apan khet mā nūlā āīs. Akhar, waha kāhīn dekhis? Okhar khet mā ek ṭho anāj na rahai. Ek din uḥā dūyāk lākh sūā āin, chhāni mā ek chhedā banāin ar pher le sagli anna là kāṭar dārin. Ar pher un lai uṛāin. Jab Bhumiya ḍokrā aisna hoy harā dekhis, tab rowāīn làgīs. Waha chūḍūk der mā yaha dekhe là ṭhān lais ki sūā kahāīn gain. Aisnā karāi saral rahai; kaise ki

Jab Bhumiya sūān lā rukhwā mā baserā karat dekhis, tab waha jhāṭne lautīs ar ghar kā bhāgis. Jo kachhū hoj rahai telā jab waha apan ādkrā lā batāis, tab waha roan lāgis. Akhar, Bhumiya ādkrā apan ādkrā lā ek baṛā jānī rōṭī pāṛch hāth āṃm ar pāṛch hāth chākar bānāyā lā kāīs ar ek māṭī ke hāṛīyā mā das ya pandrā ser ramtilā ke tel bharelā kāīs. Wā Bhumiya ādkrā jādai balwān rahāi. Okhar jo ṭāngwā rahai olā utāyā lā chhai upar āsī āmīrī hamār dūl lagain ar okhar hansiya atnā garu rahai ki omā ghās nuēḷā chāṛ upar āsī ādīī lagain.


Jab waha ghar mā āīs, tab Bhūmīn ādkrā olā pūchhis: "Ekā ċī sūā lā māṛē has jokā? Ar āūsār kahan āin?" Bhumiya kāīs: "Hao,

Ar waha Butsen là ek pinjhrā mā dhar ke pānī ar achchhī chanā ke dār khāy là den lāgis. Sūā das baras tak ēhīc pinjhrā mā rahis.


Bhumiyā ḍokrā āpan kamrā là phailāis; akhar ab omā roṭī na rahai; kaise ki waha rastā mā olā khāy dār rahai. Waha rūpayan là kamrā mā lapetīs olā āpan pīṭh mā bandhīs ar ghar kā lāmmē hois. Waha gayā ar bAILā ar bhaisi ar chhāriyā ar ghōṛā sab kachhū lais ar bāre ādmi ban gaye. Agārū ādmi olā Bhumiyā kahain. Akhar ab olā pātel
FOLKTALES OF THE GOND AND BAIGA

गाँव के मुख्य कहाँ लगिन।
अखाड़े के बाँध बरे रानी बहुत क्षरब राहिन, केवल सबसे
सन्तर रानी भर स्वाद्भाव राहेक। तेक्कर मारे सुअ चहेह बारे रानिन के
हाथ ले कचू ना क्षय पीय। वहा सबसे चौहे रानी ने हाथे ले भर क्षय।
जब उन चह्यो क्षरब रानी ने देखिन कि सुअ आकेह चहोते रानी
के हाथ ले क्षाहाय, तब उन गाना हो पाय अंचोह रानी ने उपर जान
लगिन। उन क्षये प्र ले चहोते दान। अरे दुक्कर हारीजे कहके अपनी
विचिनन मा सोय गाय। अन राजा ले दाला दारू के लंके गुनीया बालाय
ले कहिन। अखाड़े, राजा जानाई कि उनकर हाथे ले सुअ नाही क्षय पीय
tेक्कर मारे एय उन सोय गाई अर वाहा गुनीया नाही बालाय।
राजा ने कागड़ी शुष्क ला मार दारू ले बिचार करिन। जब सक्ष्यरे भाए,
तब अन राजा ले दालाई मा गाय। राजा ला पुछ्हिन: “तुम ला काही दालाई लागिन?”
रानी कहिन: “सुअ ले कारेज अर अघर दुई अक्ष्यै।” राजा काइस: “तुमहारे
दालाई मिल जाही।”
अन्न एक सुपाही ला बालाय अर काइस: “सुअ ले पाकार, लो मार दार अर
अघर कारेज अर दुई अक्ष्यै लाई अनि,” सुपाही सोचिस: “अगर राजा सुअ ला
मारे ले काहीय, ता एस्ना ए मैन वकदार हुन।” अर वाहा बाहर बागआह चाए
मा सुअ के चमरी ला लाइग्य। जब सुपाही सुअ के नारेती ले पाकारिस, तब
वाहा राहाय नारिय्यावान लागिस: “सुपाही, मला ज्यो मार क्षबु राजा ला
एस्ना सुअ के काम पारही। अगर ताई मोला मार दारे, ता सागि सुअ मार
जाहि; काइस मा मैन सब सुअन के राजा आणन्,” सुपाही काइसिन: “टांबे
मैन बाही काहीँ? मैन राजा के व्यक्ति ला काइस वरा काहीँ?”
सुअ काइसिन: “यातू साबले सरल बात हावँ। शहाह मा जा ए अड्रन ले काहि
कि राजा ले लंके मोला पाण्च थो मुरगा देह। सागि मुरगन के शिकार
क्षय लेकर एक थो मुरगा के कारेज अर अक्ष्यै के लघुऩ ले घर लेकर अनला
राजा धिगा लाईजे रानिन के कूलाय ला,”
सुपाही बागाचा के रूक्ष्वा मा चाह्डिस, एक दाराया मा चमरी ला
जहुऩिस एर चमरी के दुरा ले उघर दाईस। सुअ चमरी ले निकाल एक तालवा
धिगा के बोकाइंद रूक्ष्वा मा उर माईस। सुपाही पुच्छिन: “मैन सुअ
ताइ साँचाई लाँट अब्ब जलके राजा तोला बालङ्गी?” सुअ क्रिया क्षय के काइसिन: “हाओ,
मैन जारूर एय जाहुऩ अगर राजा मोला बालङ्गी।” अयरा कहके वाहा
राहाय दोग्रा काणी उर गइ।
सुपाही अपन दुई जहान साखिन ला बालाय अर उन थो जहान शहाह मा
गाय। अन अड्रन ले काहिन: “राजा पाण्च थो मुरगा माग थाई। मुरगै
मुरगा कुक्री उक्री नाही! तौं हामकाह अलादे।” अडरी सुपाहिन ला पाण्च
थो मुर्गा दाई र उन गहर मा बघाईं। उहाँ मुर्गा ला मरीन यो आच्छादा ब्लोज बनाइं। केवल मुर्गा के कार्ज़ यो अंकन्ह ला राख लाईं। राजा ओला पुछ्हि: “तै सूता ला मार दारे?” सूपाही काहि: “हाँ। मेिन सूता ला मार दाराूं। ओकार कार्ज़ यो अंकन्ह याद वाहू।” राजा कार्ज़ यो अंकन्ह ला दिहर यो उला रान्न यो दिहगा लाईं। जब छोट रानि सूनिस की सूता ला मार दारी ना वाहा जादै पास्ताई यो रौज। अकार चोयन दुसाय रानि अंदहर कूक्षी होि यो वाहा लायीं: “आच्छादै बहाई सूता मार गाूंस।” अि उन अपन भिरहन यो उथ गाइं।

अकार जब सूता राजा के महाल यो उर्के भाग गाईं, तब राजा गरिब होई गय। ओकार तल्वा यो पानि सुखाय गय यो ओकार बागाईचा यो रुक्खवा मुर्जहय गाईं। वाहा लाचार होय यो अपन रानिन यो सोल यो चांदी यो हिरा जवाहर ला अन यो लाने बेच दारी। एक दिन जब वाहा बालक गरिब होय गय वाहा, तौ ओकार थो काच्हू कहाँ ला ना राहै, तब एक भांविन्न ओकार कहिन दिहगा आय यो बिलक मार्वी लाईं। राजा काहि: “महराज, मोरां तो दिहयाला नाही याई।” भांविन्न काहि: “काहिन, तै अन्न बार राजा आय तो थो कहिया नाही आय? या काही मा आय?” राजा काहि: “मेिन जाणों यो नाही की मेिन काहेला अत्न गरिब होय गय वाहू।” भांविन्न अपन रानिन्न इलाई मेिन दुनिया तर बहर बरतत यो राहै। अि पाूंहन लाईं। अंत यो वाहा काहि: “तो सूता भाग गाईं, तेक्रार मारे आय तो दन दिहा असार गाईं। तै सूता यो बलाय ले, तौ ओला अपन गहर मा राख आंत आंत गारु दाउल बारे अधि बन जाबे। अकार, तो चैह बारे रानि बाहूत क्षराब वाहू।”

जब राजा आइसाय ला सूनिस तब सूपाही ला बलाई ला काईं: “सूता ला वापिस लयाईं।” सूपाही काहि: “अकार, सूता तो मार गाईं। ओला काहेरे मेिन वापिस लाणों।” राजा काहि: “तै वाहा सूता ला वापिस लान। वाहा सूता के मोला बाहुत जरुरी हई। अगर तै सूता ला नाला के, ता मेिन तो ला मार के अर कुआ मा पहक्वाूं देहुन।” जब सूपाही आइसाय सूनि, तब वाहा बागाईचा यो वारु काच्हू दिहगा गाई जाहून पिन्क्रा तांगे हरारा राहै। अकार वाहा जुच्छिहा राहै, की से मा की सूता दोग्रा यो लाउते ना राहै। सूपाही रुक्खू तारी बाई गाईं यो सूता यो गाली देिन लाईं। ओकार दाउकी रुक्खू दिहगा क्षराबला लान दाईस, काई मा की वाहा ठहार यो च्होप्रे ला ना ठहाह। वाहा एक माहिना रासटा देक्हिस। अत्न मा सूता पिन्क्रा मा लाउत आयस।

सूपाही सूता ला देक्हिस अर ओला बलाइस: “सूता तोला राजा बाला ठाई। पिन्क्रा मा आय जा जासी ता अगरू राहेला राहेला।” सूता काहि: “मेिन नाही अहुन। राजा मोला मार दार ही।” सूपाही काहि: “नाही। तोला कोनो नाही मारही।” अि मुशकते से वाहा सूता ला पिन्क्रा मा लाउता ला साखीया पाई।
2. The Flying Horse

I do not know the name of the carpenter, nor the name of the smith, but this story has to do with a carpenter and a smith and, of course, with a king and the king's son. There is always a king in such stories.

Well, there once was a carpenter and a smith. Both were close friends and always together. The smith was a clever man and his products sold well. But the carpenter was not so lucky; he rarely found any customers for the products of his craft. At last he became jealous of the smith and asked himself: "Why is it that nobody ever wants to buy my products?" And he began to quarrel with the smith. They quarrelled and fought till finally they decided to bring the matter before the king and to ask him to judge their case.

When the king had heard their story, he told them to go home, each man to his own shop, and to try their best to produce a master-piece, each in his own craft. Only then would he be able to judge who was the better craftsman of the two. The carpenter went home and carved a horse with an engine inside its body, and with wings at its sides. The smith only made a big iron pan. When the carpenter had finished his horse, he wrapped it into a sheet and carried it to the palace. Also the smith wrapped his iron pan in a sheet and carried it to the palace.

The king sat with his wife in the hall of the palace and began to examine the horse and the iron pan. When the queen saw the iron pan, she said at once: "I want this pan. We don't want any horses; we have plenty of them in the stables." While they were still discussing, the son of the Raja entered the hall. When he saw the horse of the carpenter, he took a fancy to it and said: "I want this horse. Give it to me." And at once he jumped on its back. But the horse of the carpenter had wings and as soon as the thighs of the prince touched the flanks of the horse, the wings spread out and the horse leaped into the air and carried the prince away. The young prince did not know how to stop the horse, and it flew on and on. The prince rode for days and days till finally he felt very hungry. But he still did not know how to stop the horse.

When the king saw his son carried off by the flying horse, he got very angry with the carpenter and the smith as well. He locked both of them up in his prison. He swore that he
would not release them from prison until his son returned. The wife of the carpenter and the wife of the smith waited at home for the return of their husbands. But when they did not return, they ran away and married other men.

Meanwhile the prince rode on the horse into a distant country. At last, by mere chance, he touched a button at the side of the horse and it descended from the sky and landed in a big, big river. But the horse swam across the river and finally waded to land. The prince alighted and led his horse to a huge hollow tree. He hid the horse in the tree and went off to a town which he saw was not far from the river.

He felt hungry and with the intention of getting something to eat he looked for employment in the town. At the first house that he passed he saw an old woman. He asked her: “Mother, can you give me something to eat?” The woman replied: “Yes. But you must graze my buffaloes.” And the prince asked: “Where can I sleep during the night?” The old woman said: “You can sleep here on the verandah.”

Then the prince went for a walk into the town. He came to the palace of the king. There he sat down and smoked a pipe. Then he saw the king’s daughter and instantly fell in love with her.

Now the story begins to take a bad turn. At first not a very bad one; but later on it becomes increasingly bad. I feel ashamed to relate it. For at midnight the prince went to the hollow tree, took out his horse and rode through the air to the palace. He landed on the terrace where the princess had her room. Every night he went to the king’s daughter on the upper storey of the palace.

At last the king and the queen saw that their daughter was with child. They guessed that some young man must be coming to her room at night. So the queen ground a great quantity of turmeric and in the evening scattered the powder all over the floor of her daughter’s room.

On the following night, when the prince came riding his horse through the air, the parrot of the princess warned him to stay away for just this night and not to visit the princess. But the prince paid no heed to his advice and went into the room of the princess. He played with her the whole night. When he left at dawn, his clothes were stained all over with turmeric.

After the prince had hidden his horse in the hollow tree at the river bank, he went to the house of the old woman.
old woman asked him: “Where have you been that your clothes are all stained with yellow?” The prince only then noticed that his clothes were stained with turmeric. He changed them and gave the spoiled clothes to the old woman for washing. Then he went out to graze her buffaloes.

Meanwhile the Raja went to the room of his daughter and found that somebody had visited her at night. He called his servants and told them to summon all the men of the town to the palace. The son of the washerman to whom the old woman had given the soiled clothes of the prince also obeyed the summons of the Raja. He found the beautiful clothes of the prince among the laundry and thought they would come handy now. So he dressed in them and went to the palace. When the son of the washerman arrived at the palace in the attire of the prince stained all over with turmeric, the soldiers of the king caught him and began to belabour him. When the washerman saw the soldiers beating his son, he went to the Raja and begged him to spare his son. He admitted that the garments which his son was wearing were not his own, but belonged to the cowherd of the old woman. When the Raja heard that, he commanded his soldiers to summon the cowherd.

The soldiers went quickly to the old woman. She told them that her servant had gone to graze her cattle. It was for this reason that he had not obeyed the summons of the king. The soldiers therefore went to round up the cowherd from the grazing ground. But when the prince saw them coming for him, he escaped into the jungle. Making a detour he at last reached the hollow tree at the river-side, called out his horse and rode through the air straight to the palace. He called the princess, set her on his steed and rode away with the princess.

The horse went flying on and on. At last the princess told the prince that she felt pains in her belly and that the time for her delivery had come. At that time the horse was flying over a big river. It was so broad that one could not see from one side of the river to the other. But there was a small island in the middle of the river; so the prince alighted on the island. Then and there the princess gave birth to a son.

The prince said: “I am going away to call a midwife and
a washerman, and I shall bring fire to warm the bath-water.” He rode off on his horse, crossed the river, reached the town, called a midwife and washerman. He also got dry cow-dung and burning coal. He kept them in his hand, jumped on his horse and rode swiftly back to his wife. But when he was flying over the river, the breeze grew so strong that his clothes caught fire from the burning coal. The wings of the horse also began to burn. The horse with its rider fell into the river and the prince was drowned.

The princess on the island watched everything that happened from afar. She said to herself: “What shall I do now? To my right is water, to my left is water, all around me is water and I am all alone here with my child. He is a boy; but how can I get him away from this place?” In her despair she took her baby and threw him into the water, then she jumped after him and was also drowned.

Lower down at the river bank a washerman was washing clothes. He saw a baby floating on the water and decided to save it. He fished the baby out of the water and found that the boy was not quite dead yet. He took the child in his arms and carried it to his wife who said: “Well, it is a boy. Let us keep him. He may become useful when he grows up.”

At another spot at the river bank an old woman who belonged to the caste of masseurs was collecting cow-dung. She saw the body of a young woman floating on the water. She rescued the body and began massaging her. When the princess opened her eyes, the old woman told her that she was her niece and that her mother had died some time ago. And she kept the princess in her house, because she saw that the dress which the princess wore was beautiful and that her jewels were of great value. She wanted to get possession of these things.

The prince, however, was really dead and the river carried his body towards the burning place of the town. There the queen of the town had just cremated her dead husband and now sat near the river washing her clothes. She saw the body of the prince which was badly burned floating towards her. She fished the dead prince out of the water and carried him to the temple of Bhagwan. There she bedded him on a sheet which she had folded up seven times. Then she prayed to Bhagwan to revive the prince. But Bhagwan refused her prayer and said: “This man is too badly burned.” The queen did not cease praying for the life of the prince and finally Bhagwan gave in. He
sent life back into the body of the prince. He opened his eyes and sat up. At that moment he remembered his wife and son. He got up quickly and ran towards the river. The queen called him back, but to no avail. Then the Rani prayed to Bhagwan to recall the prince. Bhagwan heard her prayer and commanded the prince to return to the queen. The Rani took the prince to her palace and married him. And she made him Raja of the town.

Many years passed by. The son of the prince grew up into a man. At last he thought of getting married. One day he saw the niece of the masseur woman—who was in fact his mother—and fell in love with her. He went to the washerman's wife and said to her: "Mother, I want to marry the niece of that old masseur woman." The washerwoman said: "You cannot marry her. She is a Mallaniya and not of our caste." But the son of the prince insisted on marrying the niece of the masseur woman. He himself went to the old woman and offered her areca nuts and liquor. The old masseur woman refused the cup and said: "I do not drink liquor." But the son of the prince said: "I want to marry your niece." The Mallaniya woman replied: "How can you marry my niece? She is a Mallaniya and you are a Dhobi. It cannot be done." But the son of the prince stubbornly insisted on marrying the niece of the Mallaniya woman and appealed to the caste council. The elders discussed the problem and finally decided that the marriage should be permitted. So the wedding was fixed for the following Monday.

When the wedding-day arrived, a Brahmin priest was called to cast the horoscope. The Brahmin consulted his book and cast the horoscope of bride and groom. He found that the horoscope of the bride agreed well with that of the groom and stated that everything was in order and that the marriage would turn out a happy one.

For the wedding they had also invited the prince who was Raja of the town. When the bride left the house after the groom to walk with him round the wedding pole, the prince saw her feet. By a mark on her foot he at once recognized her as his former wife. The prince stopped the couple from walking round the wedding pole and said: "The horoscope of the Brahmin is wrong. But there is a Panka boy grazing his goats at the outskirts of the town. He will cast the right horoscope."

The Panka boy was summoned. He was very afraid when he was told to sit down near the prince. He began reading his
book and related the whole story of the prince from the very beginning. He read of the carpenter and of the smith. He related the adventures of the prince who had been carried off by the flying horse. The prince interrupted him there and then and confirmed the truth of the story. Then the Panka boy continued and read about the love of the prince for the daughter of the Raja. He related the story of the lovers' elopement, the accident in mid-air when the wings of the horse were burned, and what happened to him afterwards, what to the princess, and their son. When the Panka boy had finished his story, the prince—who was now Raja of the town—confirmed the truth of the whole story. When the washerwoman heard the story, she got very frightened, because she had said that the boy was her son. The Mallaniya woman too was afraid because she had said that the princess was her niece.

Then the prince removed the veil from the face of the bride, looked into her face and recognized her as his wife. He said to the boy who had wanted to marry her: "Son, this is your mother." The son took the breast of his mother and thus became her son. The prince took both, his first wife and his son, to the palace. He now had two wives.

After a while he took his two wives and his son and returned to his father's kingdom. The old Raja did not recognize his son, because he had been a little boy when he was carried off by the flying horse. Now he came as a man with two wives and a son. The old Raja asked him: "Who are you?" The prince replied: "I am your son." The old Raja asked: "How can you prove it?" The prince asked: "Are the carpenter and the smith still in prison?" The old Raja said: "Yes. They are still in prison." Then the prince related the story of the carpenter and the smith and also told the king what had happened afterwards.

Now the old Raja believed that the prince was indeed his son. He gave an order to the policemen to release the carpenter and the smith from jail. Their case was dismissed. The carpenter received a thousand rupees for his flying horse, but the smith got nothing for his iron pan. The carpenter and the smith went home, but their wives could not be found. They had long since run away and married other men.

The old Raja said to his son: "I am old. Now you must rule over my kingdom." And the prince was installed as Raja
and began to rule. He lived with his two wives and his son happily ever after.\textsuperscript{12}

\textsuperscript{12} A somewhat different version of the same story was published about fifteen years ago at Calcutta by Mahadeo Prasad Sinha in Hindi. The title of the story was: \textit{Rui ka ghora} (The Horse of Cotton). This proves that the story is not of Baiga origin.

The story of a prince being separated from his wife and children by a series of mishaps, but being finally re-united with them, is found in the Buddhistic Jataka collection (\textit{Nigrodha-Jataka}, 55) and has found entrance even into the Christian legend of Saints Eustachius and Placius. (Cf. H. Lüders: in Einleitung zu "Buddhistische Märchen" by E. Lüders. Jena 1921, p. XIV).
Mein nā to Bāṛhā ka nām jānoṅ ar nā Lōharā ke, akhar kissā mā ek Bāṛhai ar ek Loharā, ar sānchāi, ek Rājā ke larkā hawai. Ek Rājā kissā mā kabbhu nahi chhūtāi.


Jab Rাজার dekhais ki ghরা okhar larkার lai uরাহাস, tab waha rahai Barহai ar Lohরা ke sঠ গুসার hোগ gায়. Waha rahai durnon la kaidkhরান মা bandh kar dais. Waha kriয়া kাহীশ ki jabtak le okhar larkার na laুচাহী, tabtak le waha unlা kaidkhরান লে na chhoরা hী. Barহাই ar Lohরা ke maharইয়া harin kulai din le apnাহী dulhan ke gলি dekhিন akhar jab un nahi laুtীন, tab un rahাইশ chal bhাগিন ar dুসৰ dulহার kar layui.

Ohich ঢিট Rাজkuুরvar ghরা mা chaৰক বahut dুর ke ek desh mা chale gায়. Akhir mা, kaise nahi kaise, waha rahai ghরা ke bাধু মা lage harা bতণ la chhুis ar ghরা rahai uppar le utraইন lাগির ar ek bরা জানিk nadiy়া mা এই pহানফুতচিশ। Akhar ghরা rahai phairat-phairat nadiy়া lা nak gায অর meshkil se kinর লাগি। Rাজkuুরvar ghরা le utaris ar olা ek rukuথুa ব le bরা জানিk khকলামা dহার dais. Waha ghরা la rukhথুa mা lukকীs ar waha ek shahর kanয gাইs jন nadiy়া kে pর mা dিক্হাই।

Waha jাদai bhুক্কয রহাই ar khরনাঁ-pিনা ke lাণে waha shahর mা naukরি dনুর্শষ চাহাই। Mohরার ai gহর mা jo waha nakis so olা ek দকরী dekhিস। Olা (দকরী la) waha pুচ্ছিশ: “Nাই dাই, tai mলা kচহু এk khায়লা dইশাক tসাহ?” দকরী kাহিস: “Hৌ। Akhar tolা mর bহাইন শী লা charায়লা পর্থী।” Ar lাললু pুচ্ছিশ: “Mেইন রত kে kহাহু সোহুন?” দকরী kাহিস: “Tাই ইনহাঁ পর্থীশ mা sোয সাকথাস।”

Tab pher Rাজkuুরvar shahর mা ghুমেলa chal dais. Waha shahর mা Rাজার ke mহাল dহিগা এয অর hুকন্থ পিযান lাগি। Tab pher waha Rাজার ke bতী লা dekhিস ar okhar mওহ-ময়া mা pহনs gাইs।

Kissa ab kহরুব hotai jাতহী। Agরুর গ মান kհাব to nহ। এ; akhar pচহু ব বহুতai kহরুব hotai jাতহী। Mলা bতয লা lাইg লথহাই; kaise mা kি rত kে Rাজkuুরvar khকhলা rকথুযা dহিগা gাইs, apan ghরা lা dহরিs ar hাইwাহু mহাল mা mসক dais। Waha chবুথ্রাজ ke uppar utaris jাহান ছো রাজkuুরvar ke কোথরি rahাই। Waha rahাই roj rত kে Rাজা ke bতী dহিগা mহাল ke uppar ke aট্রীয় মা jন lাগি।

Akhir mা Rাজার ar Rানী dekhিস ki unkরh বৌt nহয চহোরীs। Un sochein ki kানো kানো okhar কোথrি mা jরুর tথhাইন। Ton Rানী rahাই radhine hরদি lা pশিs ar sনজাহী অর apান bটিযয কে kোথrি অর bhুদিয়ান bহার mা sগlি hরদি gনদা lা pহলয দais। Jab Rাজkuুরvar pচহোরু kে rত অর ghরা mা chaৰ কে pরনাই-pরান এয, tab Rাজkuুরvar ke suু olা bতী কে bহারার rahেla ar Rাজkuুরvar ke কোথrি mা jইjল চথতরয dais। Akhar Rাজkuুরvar suু ke bতী lা nহী mানীs ar Rাজkuুরvar ke কোথrি mা gহুসিচ gাইs। Waha (Rাজkuুরvar) rahাই okhar (Rাজkuুরvar)
साथ रात भर खेलिस। जब वहा भूनास राहा भहगिस, तब ओखर साग चिथरान भर मा हर्दी-गुंडा के दाग लग गए रहाई।

अपन गोरा ला रुख्वा के धोर्रा मा नदियाके पृर मा लुकाय के वहा रहाई दोक्री के गहर भहगिस। दोक्री ओज पूछेजः “ताई कहाँ अय रहास तौन तोर लत्ता-कप्रा आईना पियर होय गाईं?” जब राजकुव्वार देखिस कि ओखर चिथरा हर्दी गुंडा मा लोटर गाईं, तब वहा रहाई दुसर चिथरा पहार लैस अर लोटरे हराच चिथरान ला दोक्री ला धावाय ला दाई दाई। तब पहर वहा भहाईसी चरायेला निकल गय।

वोहाइ साईत राजा अपन बेटी के कोथ्री मा गाई अर पाहचान गय कि कानो कानो ओखर दिहिगा राट के जरूर अय रहाई। वहा अपन नोक्रान ला बलाइस अर उनला काहिस माहल मा सब अधिन ला बलाइ लाना। धोबी के अर लरका—जेला दोक्री राजकुव्वार वे लोटरे हराच चिथरान ला दाई रहाई—राजा के बुलाउणा मा अयला ओखर नुकम माननी। वहा साग लोटरे हराच चिथरान मा राजकुव्वार चे चिथरान ला अन्हे कहुले हराच पाईस अर सोचिस अहिन अन आच्छाधी होय जहिन सो वहा उनला पहाविस अर माहल मा चालिस। जब धोबियाह चे लरका माहल मा पाहुंच्छिस राजकुव्वार वे उन लट्टन ला पहार चे जौन हर्दी गुंडा मा लोटर गाये रहाईन, तब राजा चे सुपाही ओला पाकर लैज अर मारन लागिन। जब धोबियाह देखिस कि सुपाही ओखर लरका ला मारथाई, तब वहा राजा चे नेक गाई अर अपन लरका ला च्होरे ला पूछिस। वहा मन्जुर कारिस कि जोन लत्ता कप्रा ओखर लरका पहारी से उन वाक्स पर आखुंज, अक्हर उन एक दोक्री चे चार्वाहा चे आयन। जब राजा ओला सुनिस ता वहा अपन सुपाहिस ला नुकम दाई सो चार्वाहा ला जाये पकार लाना।

जब सुपाही दोक्री दिहिगा गाईं, तब वहा उन ला बताईस कि मोर चार्वाहा धोरान ला चाराय ला गाई। तेक्हार मारे अय वहा राजा चे बुलाउआ मा नाही आय अय। सुपाही चार्वाहा ला चारावत हराच ला जाये लाई ला गाइ। अक्हर जब राजकुव्वार उनला अवत हराच देखिस, ता वहा रहाई दोग्रा कनाई साझक दाई। आन्वा बान्वा दैके अक्हिस मा वहा नदियाके पृर मा रुख्वा के धोर्रा मा पाहुंच्छिस, अपन गोरा ला निकारिस अर चार्हके पवानी-पवान संज्हु माहल मा गाई। वहा राजकुव्वारी ला बलाई, उन अपन गोरा मा बाईहारि अर शहारे चे उपरि उपरि उपहावत लाई भहागिस। जब राजा उनला गोरा मा चार्हके भागट देखिस, ता वहा रहाई अपन दहानी ला निकारिस अर गोरा ला तौर मारई लागिस; अक्हर कहाँ रहाई तिर अर कहाँ रहाई गोरा? राजकुव्वार राजा ला दुराई ले प्राणज चारिस अर राजकुव्वारी चे संघ मा लाम्मे भहाई।

गोरा उर्ते उर्ते बहुत दुर निकल गय। अक्हर मा राजकुव्वारी राजकुव्वार ला काहिस के ओखर पिरा उम्री से अर बताईस कि वहा दिन पुर्तु


Rājkuṅwar to har tarah se marich gay rahai ar nadiyā okhar lahas lā tārī kanāy jarnāhā ghat mā lay gay rahai. Ūnhāṅ ton shahar ke Rānī ohīc sāit apan dulhā ke lahas lā dagad daie ar abhī nadiyā mā


Jab wiyāh ke din pahuṅchis, tab lagun bichārālā Bahmṇa paṅdīt balāis. Paṅdīt apan kitāb paṛṭhis ar dulhā ar dulhā lagun batāis. Waha dekhis ki dulhīn ke lagun dulhai ke āul hawai ar kahis ki sab kuchh achchhā hai. Wiyāh bahut hansi sukhi se hōhi.

Akhar Rājkuñwar là ar niwta dai rahaiīn. Kaise mā waha ton shahar ke rājai rahai. Jab dulhīn dulhā ke pachhārū bhāṅwar kindarelā ghar le nikāris, tā Rājkuñwar okhar gorḥan là dekhis. Okhar gorḥ ke


Rājā ḍokrā apan betā lā khais: “Mein siyān hoy gay hāṅw. Ab tai rāj kar.” Ar Rājkunwar Rājā ban gay ar rāj karan lāgis. Ar dunno Rānī ar ek larkā ke sāth sab din kā kushī se rahan lagis.
3. The Prince and the Oil-Presser's Daughter

There was a king whose name was Sirsing. He had a son who, in his childhood, used to play with the daughter of an oil-presser. Slowly love began to grow in the hearts of the prince and the oil-presser's daughter.

One day the prince decided to go to an ascetic who lived in the forest near the town. He wanted to have one of his wishes granted. At the same time the oil-presser's daughter also decided to go to the ascetic and to ask for a boon. She did not know that the prince was going to the ascetic nor had she told the prince of her intention.

Both, prince and oil-presser's daughter, met at the hut of the ascetic. They worshipped the god of the saint and burned clarified butter and resin in front of the idol; then they went to the ascetic and asked for a boon. The ascetic said: "I shall not grant you any boon today. But come tomorrow at night when the cock crows for the first time. But you must be here exactly at the moment when the cock crows."

The following night, shortly after midnight, the prince rose from his bed because he wanted to be in time at the ascetic's house. The oil-presser's daughter also rose soon after midnight and left her house to visit the ascetic. Just outside the town the prince and the girl met and walked on together. But they had not gone very far, when a rain-storm broke and forced them to take shelter. In a garden they found a hut. They entered it. At the same time a bullock also sought shelter there. The prince and the oil-presser's daughter waited a long time for the rain to subside; finally they got tired and went to sleep. But they did not sleep together; the prince went to one corner of the hut, the girl to the opposite; and as a barrier between themselves the prince placed the bullock, his dagger and his sword.

The rain only stopped when the cock began to crow for the first time. The prince and the oil-presser's daughter woke up, rose quickly and ran to the hut of the ascetic. They poured water over his idol and garlanded it. Then they asked the saint for his blessing. He however said: "Now it is too late. Why did you not come when the cock was crowing?"

The prince and the oil-presser's daughter replied in a song:

"There was a big storm, and loud thunder,
Therefore we remained in a hut in the garden, lord."

When the ascetic heard that, he got angry and said: "If
you stayed the whole night in a hut in the garden, you must have sinned together. Get away from here.” But the prince and the oil-presser’s daughter denied that they had sinned and replied: “A sword, a dagger and a bullock were between us a barrier.” The saint asked the bullock: “Is what the prince and the girl said true?” The bullock answered: “It is true. They are innocent.” Then the ascetic said: “If you did not sin in the hut, I shall perform your marriage.” And he poured turmeric over them and led them seven times around a Tulsi tree.

After the wedding the prince and the girl went home. When they reached the town, they were observed walking together by some persons who reported the matter to the king. The king called his son and accused him: “You have sinned with the daughter of the oil-presser!” The prince denied it and swore that he had not sinned with the girl. But he did not tell his father that the ascetic had united him with the oil-presser’s daughter in marriage. And the king did not discover it because the prince did no more wear his turmeric stained clothes. He and the oil-presser’s daughter had changed their clothes before they entered the town.

But the king was afraid that a scandal would ensue if the prince and the oil-presser’s daughter were not separated. Since they were of different caste, the king did not want his son to marry the daughter of an oil-presser. So he called the girl’s father and requested him to have his daughter married at once. When he heard that the oil-presser had already found a bridegroom for his daughter, the king called his son and said to him: “I am getting old and want to hand over my kingdom to you. But first you must go and see the world.” And he gave him a horse, a groom for his horse and a soldier as companion. The prince mounted his horse and rode off with the groom and the soldier to see the world.

After a while he felt tired, alighted from his horse and sat down under a huge Banyan tree to rest.

But the very day when the prince started on his journey the oil-presser’s daughter was getting married. She wrote a letter to the prince and tied it to the wing of a parrot which she and the prince had reared together. She told the parrot to fly quickly and to deliver her message to the prince. The parrot flew off and searched and searched until finally he found the prince resting under the Banyan tree. He perched on a branch high
up near the top of the tree and began to sing:

"Friend of twelve years' standing, o prince,
Your girl-friend is calling you!"

When the soldier heard the parrot singing thus he attempted to shoot him with his bow. But the parrot hid himself in the foliage of the tree. The soldier missed him. At last the prince woke up, the parrot flew down and hid in the lap of the prince. He found the letter under the wing and read it. When he discovered that he had been deceived by his father and the soldier, he flew into a rage and started to beat the soldier who had made him undertake the journey while the oil-presser's daughter was getting married to another man. The soldier ran away.

The prince wrote a letter to the oil-presser's daughter: "Stay at home till I arrive!" He tied the letter under the wing of the parrot who swiftly flew away. The prince jumped on his horse, and so great was his desire to return to his sweetheart that the horse got wings and leapt high into the sky to carry him home the quicker.

When the prince arrived at the palace, he descended and gave his horse to the groom. He went to his room and waited a full hour till the wedding party passed the palace. When he saw the party he got so angry that he rushed out and with his sword killed all the men of the party, except the bridegroom, the bride and the master of ceremonies. He could not kill the couple as their clothes had already been knotted and they had walked around the wedding pole together. Nor did he want to kill the master of ceremonies, for the latter had cast the horoscope at his own wedding at the ascetic's place. He also spared the musicians because he wanted them to play at his own wedding.

However, after a while his rage subsided and he felt very sorry for having killed so many. He therefore fetched a vessel with life-giving water and a belkhant stick. He poured the water over the corpses and touched them with his stick. All revived. Then he went home. But the wedding went on and the bridegroom took his bride home to the town in which he lived.

The prince now decided to become an ascetic. He took off his princely dress, smeared ashes all over his body, put a tiger's skin over his shoulders and took a crooked stick, with peacock feathers on top of it in his hand. In such an attire he went away to search for the oil-presser's daughter. When he reached
the town where she lived with her new husband, the prince went to the first house in the town. The house belonged to an old woman. The prince asked her for a lodging. The old woman said that she had no room for him. But when the prince gave her twenty rupees, she allowed him to sleep on the verandah.

On the following day the prince went through the whole town, begging and singing. But his real intention was to discover the whereabouts of the oil-presser’s daughter. Therefore he was singing:

“I am Raja Sirsing’s devotee;
I demand from Rupaini’s husband her bride-price.”

It so happened that the servant of the oil-presser, whom Rupaini had married, heard the ascetic singing and told the oil-presser of the beautiful song. The oil-presser called the ascetic who at once began to sing in the courtyard. The oil-presser did not understand what the ascetic sang, but his first wife understood it at once. (She had disapproved of her husband taking Rupaini as his second wife). She therefore told the ascetic: “Rupaini is not here; she is in the upper storey.”

When the ascetic heard where Rupaini lived, he asked the oil-presser for lodging for the night. The oil-presser allowed him to stay in the courtyard. Then the ascetic requested the oil-presser to plant an aloe-bush. The oil-presser planted the aloe bush which in one night grew up to the window of Rupaini’s room. The ascetic climbed up to the window at the dead of night and asked Rupaini to elope with him. Rupaini was quite willing. The ascetic asked her to stick her finger out of the window when he came to fetch her as a sign that she was ready. Then he went off.

13) Among the Baiga, a woman could not legally marry a second man before the bride-price was not restituted to her former husband. The text in the local language has a double meaning: its true meaning would be understood only by Rupaini, the oil-presser’s daughter. In the first part of the stanza the prince identifies himself to the oil-presser’s daughter as Raja Sirsing’s son, but the ordinary man in the street would understand him to reveal that a certain Raja Sirsing was his ‘religious teacher’. In the second part of the stanza he states in so many words that the second marriage is invalid because he as the first husband of Rupaini had not received restitution. But the unsuspicuous listener would understand that the mendicant is merely asking for alms. The word bhaya used in the text can mean ‘brother’ and ‘bridegroom’; and the word dān can mean ‘alms’ and ‘brideprice’.
When he returned to Rupaini and climbed up to the window, she stuck out her finger. The ascetic took his stick and changed it into a snake which bit into the oil-presser's daughter's finger. Rupaini fell back and died on the spot. The ascetic descended by way of the aloe bush and hurried off to the old woman who had given him shelter on the verandah of her house.

The following morning the oil-presser found his wife dead. Soon Rupaini's body was removed to the river to be cremated. The ascetic arrived just before the pyre was lighted and chased all the mourners away. Then he sprinkled his life-giving water on the body and Rupaini revived. He lifted her from the pyre and went off with her.

However, from a distance the oil-presser had watched everything that had happened and now followed the pair in hot pursuit. When the oil-presser passed the old woman with whom the prince had been staying she called the oil-presser into her garden. The oil-presser took no heed of her and went his way. But the old woman called him back by magic and the oil-presser had to stop and enter the garden. The old woman took a sugar-cane stem, cut off a piece and gave it to the oil-presser to taste. The oil-presser ate it. The old woman asked: "How does it taste?" The oil-presser replied: "It is very sweet." Now the old woman cut a piece from the middle portion of the sugar-cane and gave it to the oil-presser to taste. The oil-presser ate that, too. The old woman asked him: "How does it taste?" The oil-presser replied: "It tastes less sweet than the first piece." The old woman then cut a piece from the top portion of the sugar-cane and gave it to the oil-presser to eat. The oil-presser ate that, too. The old woman asked: "How does it taste?" The oil-presser replied: "It is quite tasteless," and spat it out. The old woman said: "Just as this late piece of sugar-cane is without sweetness, so for you is the dead woman whom the ascetic is taking away. Do not pursue them any longer." The oil-presser listened to the advice of the old woman and turned back.

The prince returned with Rupaini to his kingdom. When he came to his father's palace, the old king resigned and the prince began to rule. And he lived with the oil-presser's daughter happily ever after.14

14) This story cannot be a genuine Baiga story. The personae dramatis, the environment as well as the whole tenor of the story are foreign to the culture of the aboriginals. Moreover, the story as related by Musra is imperfect and full of gaps.
Rajkunwar aur Telī ke Bitiya

Ek Rājā rahai, okhar nāw Sirsing rahaiṅ. Okhar ek beṭā rahaiṅ ton bachpan mā ek Telī ke beṭī ke sāth khele karai. Dhīre dhīre Rājkuṅwar ar wa dusya ke hirday mā prem barhan lāgis.

Ek din Rājkuṅwar ek sādhū ke pās jāy lā wichār karis jon ḍongṛā ḍhingā rahai. Waha apan mān ke bāt lā pūrā kare ki bardān māgaiṅ chāhai. Ohich samāy Telī ke bitīyā ar sādhū kahāṅ jāy lā wichār karis. Waha na jānai ki Rājkuṅwar ar sādhū ka pūchhelā jā thai. Ar na to waha (Telī ke bitīyā) olā (Rājkuṅwar) batāy rahaiṅ ki waha jathai.


Dūsā rāt, adhrāt ke tannak pachhārū, Rājkuṅwar uṭhis kaise mā ki waha sādhū jhopṛi mā pahache lā derī na karai chāhai. Telīn ar adhā rāt ke tannak pachhārū uṭhis ar sādhū ke ghar kanāy chālıs shahar ke tannak bāhar Rājkuṅwar ar Telīn mil gain ar dunno ekai sang jān lāgin. Akhar un bahut dūr na gay pāy rahaiṅ ar āndhi pānī āwan lāgis ar un rahai luke lā jaghā khojān lāgis. Un bagaichā mā ek maraiya pāin ar omā ghus gain. Ohich chheko ek bailā ar jhopṛi mā luke lā āis. Rājkuṅwar ar Telīn bahut samāy pānī chhōṛhi kahke okhar gali dekhin, akhar ant mā un lāṭ gain ar soy gain. Akhar un ek sang nahi soin; Rājkuṅwar ek konhā mā sois ar Telīn okhar ulṭa ar apan bich mā rūdhna ke lekhā as Rājkuṅwar ton bailā ar apan kaṭār ar tarwār lā dhar dais.

Jab pahal murgā bolan lāgis tā pānī chhōṛhis. Rājkuṅwar ar Telīn jag gain, jaldi uṭhin ar sādhū dhīgā daurhīn. Un okhar deo mā pānī ḍarin ar oḷā phul charhain, tab pher un sadhu lā ashīs māgin. Akhar sadhu kahis: “Ab to radhne gahar hoy gay. Murgā bolat tum kahelā nahi āyā?” Rājkuṅwar ar Telīn git gāy ke kahin:

“Kahāṅ ki āndhi, kahāṅ ki dhūndhi,
Bābā, bagiṇā mā raha gāya chhāpai.”

Jab sādhū olā sunis ta waha rahai gussa hoy gais ar kahis: “Agar tum bagaichā ke maṛayā raṅ gay raha, tā tum jarūṁ pāp kare ha. Ināḥā le bhagā.” Akhar Rājkuṅwar ar Telīn pāp nahi kare ān kahke batāīn
FOLKTALES OF THE GOND AND BAIGA


Tannak der mà jāb waha lāṭ gay, tab waha rahai ruk gay ar banayāṅ rūṅkhwā ke tari sustāye lā baiṭh gais.

Akhar wohīch din jāb Rājkunwar ghūmelā nikāle rahai, tab Teli ke bīṭiyā ke wiyaḥ howai. Waha ek chiṭṭhī likhīs ar olā apan sūḥ ke paknā mà bāndh dais jēḷā waha Rājkunwar ke sang pāṛhāwai. Waha sūḥ lā jaldi urhke ar okhar khābar Rājkunwar lā kahis. Sūḥ urhīs ḍhunṛhte ḍhunṛhte Rājkunwar lā banayāṅ rūṅkhwā tari sustāwat harā pāis. Waha uppar ke darayā mà pullāṅgī ḍhigā baiṭhīs ar gāwān lāgis:

“Bārā baras kā mintar ho, bābū,
Mintri tolā balāwai.”

Jab sūpāḥi sūḥ lā osnā gāwāt sunīs, ta waha rahai apan dhanahī mà olā mār ḍārelā wichār karis. Akhar sūḥ rūṅkhwā ke pataūan mà lūk

Rājkuṇwar Teli ke bītiyā ke lāne chitthi likhis: “Mor āwat le gharai mā rahbe.” Ar chitthi lā sūkā pakhnā mā bāndh dais ar waha ūhān le jaldi urḥhe bhag gay.

Rājkuṇwar ghōrā mā cāṛhīs ar prem ke māre okhar man ghar lautē ke atnā rahai ki ghōrā ke pakhnā jam gain ar waha bādār mā urḥhan lāgis olā jaldi ne ghar pahachay lā. Jab Rājkuṇwar apan mahal mā pahuńchis, tab waha utarīs ar sahis lā ghōrā lā dais. Waha apan koṭhrī mā gais ar sāgli samāy barāt nikle ke gali dekhan lāgis. Jab waha barāt waren lā dekhis ta atnā gussā bhaise ki waha tarwār dharme dawris ar dulhā, dulhin ar dosi lā chhorke sāgli barāt waren lā pūj daris. Waha dulhā lā oise mā chhorā dais ki okhar chithrā mā gāṭhjārāw rahai ar un maṛwā tari bhānwar phirai. Waha dosi lā ar nāhi pūjis kaise mā ki waha sadhu ke jagha ki okhar wiyāṅ ke lagun bāṭāy rahai. Waha gawaijā-当之wayān lā ar nāhi māris kaise mā ki okhar bīcār unlā apan wiyāṅ mā gawāe bājwāe ke rahai.

Akar tebhule tannak der mā jab okhar ris jūṛāy gay tab waha aṁdher ādmin lā pūj ēre hauṅ phahke bahutai dukh manāis. So waha ek warten mā amrit pānī ar belkhaṅḍ ke ḍanḍā (waha ḍanḍā jē mā māre murdā lā chhuwāe se ji jāthāi) lānis. Waha murdan ke uppar pānī ḍarīs ar unlā ḍanḍā chhuwais ar sāgli jhān ji utṭhin. Tab pher waha ghar bhāgīs. Wiyāṅ ton howat rahai ar dulhā apan dulhin lā apan shahar mā laigay jahān waha rahai.

Dusar din Rajkuñwar bhikh māṅgāwat ar gāwat sagli shahar bhar mā phīris. Akhar okhar aśi wichār jahān kahūṅ Telin rahai Teli ḍhumṛhe ke rahai. Waha gāwai:

“Rājā Sirsing kī jōgī ka hai hāṅw.
Bhāyā māṅgaṅw Rupaini ka dān.”


Jab waha Rupaini ḍhīgā lautīs ar khirī tak cāṛhīs tā waha ton apan angāthī nikāl dais. Šādhu apan ḍanḍa lā nikālīs jon jaldi ne saṅp ban gay ar Telin ke angāthī lā chap dais. Rupaini pachhāṛū gir gay ar ohaḥ thānhar mā mārī gay. Šādhu rāṁbāns le utris ar ḍokṛī tho lamme hois jon olā apan parchhī mā soylā kāhe rahai.


Rājkuṇwar apan rāj mā lauṭe ais. Jab waha apan bāp ke mahala mā pahachis, tab Rājā gaddhi chhoṛ dais ar Rājkumar rāj karan lāgis. Ar okhar pachhārū waha Telin ke sang sab din ānand se rahan lāgis.
4. The Magic Ring

Once upon a time there lived a Raja in a certain town. I do not know the name of the Raja, nor the name of the town in which he lived and ruled. But I know the name of his priest (Dewar), who was Dhurwa. Dhurwa was a good singer and dancer. So the Raja once invited Dhurwa to accompany him to another town to dance the Saila. But the Dewar said to his Raja: “I have nothing to dress for the occasion, neither loincloth nor turban, nor a coat or shirt.” The Raja promised to lend him some clothes and gave him a loincloth and a turban, and a dancing costume more beautiful than the dress of his own son. He also gave him gold and silver ornaments, a pearl necklace and a silver neckring. In this attire the Dewar went with his Raja to dance the Saila in that town.

Soon after their arrival at the town, where the Saila dance was already in full swing, the Raja and his Dewar joined in the dancing. The Dewar, in his beautiful attire, sang and danced so well that he aroused the attention and admiration of the local king’s daughters. They asked the Raja in whose company the Dewar had arrived: “Who is that Raja who sings and dances so beautifully? We never saw him before.” The Raja did not want to disclose to them that he was only his Dewar who had borrowed his clothes from him. He therefore replied: “He is my brother.” The princesses asked: “Is he your brother by birth?” The Raja replied: “Yes. He is my brother by birth.” The Raja’s daughters asked further: “Is he your younger or your elder brother?” The Raja replied: “He is my younger brother.” There and then the two sisters made up their mind to marry the two Rajas; the elder sister would marry the elder of the two, the younger sister the younger brother.

After dancing for a long time, the Dewar felt very hot and tired. He therefore proposed to take a bath. All went with him to the bathing place of the town. When the Dewar saw that all the people were bathing at one place, he said that he would go higher up the river to bathe. He went with his Raja to a more secluded spot and there took his bath.

After a while the two princesses came and brought them

15) The Saila is really an Ahir dance. The Ahirs (shepherds) dance it first during the Diwali festival; afterwards the other aboriginal tribes of eastern Mandla dance the Saila for some time. It is a rather wild dance, with difficult patterns.
something to eat. The Raja and his Dewar sat down and ate, and there and then they decided to elope with the two sisters. The Raja chose the elder sister as his wife, while the Dewar took the younger. They ran away to their own town. When they reached the town, a small, half-broken hut came into view outside the town. The Dewar said to his wife: “This is my house.” The king’s daughter said: “Is this hut your house? No, that cannot be. It is only a watching hut in a garden.” But the Dewar replied: “No, it is indeed my house. I am nothing but a poor Dewar.” The princess said to herself: “Oh, what shall I do? Shall I run away and return home? But my father will be very angry with me because I eloped with a Dewar.” Out of fear of her father she decided to stay with the Dewar.

When the Raja took leave of his Dewer to lead his new wife to the palace, he asked him to return his borrowed dress. The Dewar undressed and returned the beautiful clothes. He only kept a short loincloth. When the princess saw her husband thus naked, she asked him: “Where are your beautiful clothes? Are you not ashamed to walk about naked?” The Dewar replied: “I have no clothes. Those which I wore at the Saila dance belonged to the Raja. I had to return them.” The princess said to herself: “What shall I do? Run away? But my father will beat me if I go home.” So she stayed with the Dewar.

When she entered the hut of the Dewar, she saw that there was nothing in the house, no kodo or kutki, no rice, nor any other foodstuff to prepare a meal. She asked the Dewar: “How shall I cook? There is no kodo or kutki, no rice, nor anything else in the house.” But the Dewar said: “Do not worry. I shall go to the Raja and ask for some flour.” And he went to the palace and soon brought flour to prepare a meal.

When dinner was ready, the princess said to the Dewar: “The meal is ready. Sit down and eat.” But the Dewar felt ashamed to eat before the daughter of a king, and said: “You eat first and I shall eat after you.” But his wife replied: “How can I eat first? Am I not your wife?” With great reluctance the Dewar finally sat down and took of his repast. But he ate only five handfuls of gruel. He felt shy eating before a princess who sat facing him and serving him. After he had eaten a little, the Dewar got up and went out. Then his wife sat down

16) Kodo and kutki are small millets out of which the Baiga prepare a gruel—their daily food.
and had her meal.

After dinner the princess said to the Dewar: "You cannot walk about without any clothes. Here are two rupees. Go and buy some clothes." And she gave him two rupees which she had taken along when she had run away from home.

Dhurwa went to the market to buy himself a new dress. But for two rupees he could not get a full dress. Thus he went home without buying anything. When he got home, his wife asked him: "Where are the clothes?" The Dewar replied: "I could not get anything for two rupees. Thus I returned without buying anything." The princess said: "Now, go at once back to the market and buy whatever you can get for two rupees.

Half-way to the market the Dewar had to cross a river. There he found a Yogi with a cage in which was a Koili snake. The Dewar asked the Yogi: "What have you got in the cage?" The Yogi replied: "I have a snake in the cage. Do you want to buy it?" Now the princess had told the Dewar to buy whatever he could get for two rupees. Dhurwa therefore thought that he should buy the snake in the cage if it was offered to him for two rupees. He asked the Yogi: "How much do you want for the snake?" The Yogi said: "Give me four rupees and the snake is yours." The Dewar said: "I will give you one rupee for it." The Yogi said: "One rupee is not enough. Give me three rupees." The Dewar replied: "Take these two rupees and give me the cage with the snake." The Yogi gave him the snake and went off, happy to have made such a good bargain.

The Dewar said to himself: "Now I have spent the two rupees for the snake in the cage. What's the use of going to the market?" And he turned round and headed for home.

After a little while he felt it necessary to relieve himself. He placed the cage with the snake on an ant-hill and went into the jungle. When he returned he saw that the snake had unlatched the door of the cage and was about to disappear into a hole in the ant-hill. He hurried back and just managed to catch the tail-end of the snake which was trying to escape into the hole. He squeezed the tail and pulled and pulled at it till the snake hissed in pain and asked for release. It promised that it would leave the hole and remain if only the Dewar ceased to pull and squeeze its tail.

Dhurwa asked: "Will you honestly leave the hole if I re-
lease you?” The snake replied: “Honestly, I shall leave the hole if you let me free.” “Truly?” “Yes,” said the snake, “truly!” Dhurwa released the snake. When the snake had left the hole in the ant-hill, Dhurwa asked: “Where did you intend to go?” The snake replied: “To the nether-world.” Dhurwa said: “I too would like to visit the nether-world. Show me the way.” The snake said: “You cannot go to the nether-world.” But Dhurwa did not cease asking the snake to take him along to the nether-world. Finally the snake said: “Tie yourself onto my back.” And Dhurwa tied himself securely on the back of the snake; he even took his long hair and tied it around the neck of the snake. Then the snake began to crawl into the hole in the ant-hill and crawled on and on till it reached the nether-world. When the two reached the house of Burha Nang, the king of the snakes, he asked the Koili snake: “What do you want? Whom did you bring with you? Don’t you know that no human being is allowed to enter the nether-world?” The snake replied: “This is Dhurwa, the Dewar. He only released me on the condition that I promised to take him along to the nether-world.”

Finally Burha Nang relented and said to Dhurwa; “Take this stool and sit down.” But Dhurwa saw that the stool was a snake coiled together and refused to sit down. Then Burha Nang invited him to recline on a bed. Again Dhurwa saw that it was a snake that formed the bed and refused to take his rest on it.

At last the king of the snakes himself went to take a little nap. The Koili snake said to Dhurwa: “Now, make yourself useful and massage the limbs of Burha Nang.” Dhurwa asked: “How should I do that?” The Koili snake replied: “Take this grain-pestle and beat Burha Nang’s body as hard as you can. This is the way in which Burha Nang wants to be massaged.” Dhurwa took the heavy grain-pestle and beat the king of the snakes all over his big body for seven days.

After seven days Burha Nang woke up. He felt much refreshed and asked: “Who has given me such a wonderful massage? Let him be brought before me and I shall give him a present.” The Koili snake said that Dhurwa had massaged him so well. Burha Nang promised that he would grant Dhurwa whatever he would demand. The Koili snake advised Dhurwa to ask Burha Nang for his ring. Dhurwa therefore said to Burha Nang: “Give me the ring on the finger of your right hand.”
Burha Nang did not want to part with the ring and replied: “Why do you ask for so little? Take gold and silver. You can have as much as you want.” But Dhurwa insisted that he wanted the ring and nothing else. Finally Burha Nang gave in and said: “Well, you may have the ring. But you must return it to me after five years. Throw it into the hole in the ant-hill through which you came into the nether-world.”

Burha Nang took off the ring and gave it to Dhurwa. And he showed the Dewar how to make money by means of the ring. He took cow-dung, burned it, rubbed the ring with the ashes and rupees fell to the ground. Dhurwa took the ring and went his way with a happy heart.

When he reached his home, the princess came out of the hut and asked him: “Where have you been for such a long time? And where are the clothes which I sent you to buy?” Dhurwa replied: “I met some caste fellows on the road and spent the two rupees with them.” The princess scolded her husband. But Dhurwa asked his wife to collect cow-dung for eight days and to carry it into the hut. When the princess had collected a huge heap of manure, Dhurwa set fire to it and burned it to ashes. The princess said: “You told me to collect the cow-dung for eight days. Now that I have done so, you burn it to ashes. What is the meaning of this?”

But Dhurwa did not reply and went to sleep. His wife also went to bed. When Dhurwa saw that his wife was fast asleep, he rose and began to rub the ring with the ashes. The rupees began to fall on the floor. When Dhurwa had thus collected a huge pile of rupees, he hid them in a corner and went to sleep.

In the morning the king’s daughter found the pile of rupees and asked Dhurwa where he had stolen the money. But Dhurwa replied: “I did not steal the money. I made it.” His wife asked him: “How did you make the money?” But Dhurwa refused to tell her. The princess was much surprised and decided to find out by all means how Dhurwa came by so much money. When on the evening of the following day Dhurwa and his wife went to bed, the woman pretended to be fast asleep. Then she watched her husband get up and rub the ring with ashes till rupees began to drop on the floor. In this manner she discovered how her husband made so much money.

Now Dhurwa became so wealthy that he could build himself a palace three times as large as that of the Raja. Since he was such a rich man now, people called him Dhurwa Raja.
He also got himself a cat and a dog to watch his palace.

After some time Dhurwa Raja decided to buy cattle in a distant country. He also wanted to fight an Ahir who had grazed his cattle on his grazing ground. He planned to leave with a group of twenty men for his journey. But before he left, he told his wife to hide the ring in an iron box and to put a strong lock on it. The princess, however, did not listen to his advice and found that the ring was good to look at and she told her husband that she wanted to wear it on her finger. Dhurwa implored her to be careful and not to lose the ring. Then he went off on his journey.

On his way he met a group of workers in brass with their merchandise. He advised them to go to his palace and to open a bazaar there. His wife would surely buy their wares. Then he proceeded on his journey.

The merchants came to the palace of Dhurwa Raja. They opened their bags. Dhurwa's wife came from the palace to have a look at the treasures of the traders. When she went from stall to stall, an old merchant saw the ring of Burha Nang on the finger of the Rani's right hand and recognized it instantly. He told the Rani that he wanted to buy her ring and that he would give all the goods of the bazaar for it, with their elephants and horses,—all for that one small ring.

When the Rani saw all the beautiful goods which the merchants displayed, she gave the old merchant the ring in exchange for so much merchandise. In the following night the traders secretly left the palace and went away, leaving everything behind except the ring. They sat down at the bank of a big river where they found plenty of cow-dung and started minting rupees.

Meanwhile Raja Dhurwa returned from his journey. He was warmly welcomed by his wife who at once started to massage his legs. While his wife was massaging his legs, Dhurwa Raja missed the ring on her finger. He at once asked his wife: "Where is the ring?" The Rani replied: "It is in the box." The Raja said: "Bring it and show it to me." The Rani said: "Yes. But first let me massage your legs." However, Dhurwa Raja insisted that the ring should be brought at once. Now the Rani had to confess that she had exchanged the ring for all the goods of the merchants, for their elephants, camels and horses. The Raja got very angry when he heard what had happened and gave his wife a sound beating.
While he was cursing and slapping his wife, the cat and the dog came and begged the furious Raja to desist from beating her. They said that would both go and recover the ring. Meanwhile the Raja and the Rani should not quarrel, but be at peace. They had been like father and mother to the cat and the dog who now wanted to repay their affection and try to recover the ring for them.

After a hearty meal in which rice was served, the cat and the dog went on their journey. In the evening they reached the outskirts of a village. The dog was in great danger of being eaten by wild animals. To protect the dog against their attacks, the cat buried him up to the neck in the ground, only his head stuck out of the ground. Then the cat went into the village and at one house stole rice which he ate. Then he stole bread at another house and brought some to the dog who also ate. After a good rest, the pair went again on their way.

At last the weary travellers came to a very broad river. The cat jumped on the back of the dog who swam the whole day till he reached the other side of the river. Soon the cat and the dog reached the town where the brass-workers resided. The cat and the dog wandering here and there through the streets of the town searched the whole day for them. At midnight finally the cat saw the old merchant sitting in his room and minting rupees. After a while the old merchant stopped, hid the ring in a bottle shaped like an earthen lamp, tied a string around its neck and hung it up on the roof-beam.

While the cat was thinking how he should get hold of the ring in the bottle, he saw a huge rat, of the kind which is called ghuis. At once the cat jumped on the rat and squeezed it so tightly that the rat cried out for dear life. The cat asked the rat: “Can you climb up there to the roof-beam?” “Of course,” replied the rat, “nothing easier than that. I go up there every day.” The cat said: “If you go up there now and bite through the string on which the pot hangs, I shall save your life.” The rat asked: “Really? Will you never hunt me if I do it?” The cat replied: “Honestly. I give you my word that I shall never kill you if you do my bidding now.” The cat said: “Let me

17) Most probably Mus giganteus, a rat as large as a small rabbit and found mostly in houses. Cats do not catch it.
free and I shall do what you demand.” The cat let the rat free who ran up the wall to the roof-beam. In a short time it had bitten through the string. The pot fell to the ground and broke. The cat snatched the ring and went off to the dog. Since that day cats do not kill the kind of rats which is called ghuis.

When the cat found the dog, he asked: “Did you get the ring?” The cat said: “Yes. Now let’s get away quickly.” The dog wanted to carry the ring in his mouth, but the cat objected: “This is no good. You will lose it when you open your mouth to breathe. I will put it on your tail.” And the cat pushed the ring on the tail of the dog who kept it safe by curling his tail upwards. Since that time all dogs keep their tails in an upward curl.

Now the cat and the dog returned the whole way, back to the town and the house of Dhurwa Raja. When they reached the big river, the cat again jumped on the back of the dog who swam across. They had almost reached the other side of the river when a big fish came and swallowed the dog. The cat escaped by making a big jump on to the dry land.

In great sorrow the cat walked alone along the river; he had lost not only his faithful companion of so many adventures, but also the magic ring which they had recovered with so much difficulty. Walking on and on for the whole day, the cat met at last a big herd of elephants. They must have been at least a hundred thousand in number! When the cat saw the leading elephant, it jumped at his throat and bit him. The elephant tried to shake off the cat, but without success. Finally the elephant promised to render any assistance to the cat if he would release him. The cat told him his plight. The elephant at once called all the members of his herd and explained to them what had happened. After a long discussion the elephants decided to dam the whole river. This was carried out at once. The river was dammed and all the fishes caught, after the water had been poured away. The elephants caught all the fishes, tore them apart and searched for the dog with the ring in the stomach of a fish. At last an elephant caught the fish which had swallowed the dog, tore it asunder and found the dog with the ring on his tail. The dog was still alive; though he was nearly dead. After much trouble the cat revived the dog to the extent that both could continue their journey. The cat wanted to carry
the ring in his mouth, but the dog insisted that it should be put back on his tail. Finally the cat gave in and returned the ring to the dog, and both went on their way in peace.

About eight miles from the house of Dhurwa, a vulture swept down from the sky on the dog and bit off his tail and swallowed it with the ring. The cat and the dog were much upset by this new accident. For some time they were at a loss how to recover the ring. Finally the dog found a way for the ring's recovery. Lying down on the wayside, he pretended to be dead while the cat hid in a hole near the dog. When the vulture circling in the air saw the dog apparently lifeless lying on the road, it dived low and sat down near the dog. The dog was afraid that the vulture would take a peck at him and with his sharp beak pierce his belly to find out whether he was dead or still alive. Mortally afraid the dog suddenly jumped. The vulture hopped aside with a shock. At that moment the cat jumped on the vulture, bit off its head, tore open its stomach and found the ring. The dog again demanded the ring back, but the cat said: "How will you now carry the ring? Your tail is cut off." And the cat took the ring and ran home with it as fast as his legs could carry him. The dog ran closely behind, but before he could reach the cat, the latter reached the house and jumped on the roof-beam.

When Raja Dhurwa saw the cat and the dog, he asked them: "Did you bring the ring?" The dog replied: "Yes. But the cat has it." Dhurwa Raja called the cat and said: "Bring me the ring." But the cat replied: "I cannot come down. The dog will bite me." But Raja Dhurwa tied the dog to a pillar. Now the cat came down and gave the ring to Raja Dhurwa who was very pleased and put the ring back on the finger of his Rani.

The dog and the cat were served a sumptuous meal of rice gruel in reward for their troubles. The dog however remained until this day without his tail.

After five years Raja Dhurwa went to the ant-hill where he found the hole leading into the nether-world. He placed the ring in the hole and poured five seers of milk into it. In the stream of milk the ring was swept down into the nether-world till it reached Burha Nang. Since that time the Baiga offer milk at the hole of an ant-hill. This offering is made, after
a fast, every fifth or sixth year.

The story is now finished, the story-teller a liar, the credulous listener a fool. But as this Baiga became a Raja, you too may prosper and grow rich.18

18) This tale contains many typical features of Baiga life and culture. Still, this may be due rather to a clever adaptation than to real Baiga invention. The motive of the magic ring is found in many folk-tales of India. Cf. O. Bodding: Santal Folk Tales, Oslo 1924, p. 88; F. A. Steel: Tales of the Punjab, London 1894, p. 183; J. H. Knowles: Folk-Tales of Kashmir, London 1898, p. 20.
5. Jadu ke mundri


Tannak der mā rājā ke dunno bītiyā aui ar unhār kā ḍholā lānin. Rājā ar dawār bāṭh gain ar khāin ar unhāin ar ohich sātī lokal rājā ke dunno biṭiyan ke sāth lamme hoye lā wichār karin. Rājā jon bāṛē bhāi bane rahai bāṛē bohanī lā ar dawār nān bohanī lā mahariyā banāy lā nimerin. Duriyan ke sāth un rahāin ghar kā bhagin. Jab un rājā ke shahar lā pahūnchīn, tā dunno bohanī shahar ke tannak bāhar


Khāy peke rājā ke biṇjāy apan gharwāre lā kahis: "Tai esnā tannak
as chithrā pahar ke itthe utthe kaske phirbe. Yahade dui rupiyā haṅwain. 
Jā ar akāṭho chithrā laiān.” Ar waha ton olā dui rupiyan lā dais jon 
okhar ḍhigā rahaṅīn.

Apan lāne nawā chithrā layelā Dhurwā rahai bajār gais. Akhar 
wā dui rupiyan mā kahūṅche pūro sabāṅā nahiṅn pāy sakis. Tā wā rahai 
waṅnai juchchhā hāṅth ghar bhag ais. Jab wā apan ghar mā ghūsis 
tā rājā ke kanyā ola pūchhis: “Kahāṅ haṅwain tor dhoti jharkoṭ?”  
Dawār kahis: “Molā dui rupiyan mā pūro sabāṅā nahiṅn milis. Ta 
meṅ kachchhūch nahiṅn lai aṅw.” Rājā ke kanyā kahis: “Kaisnā 
manse āy nai. Jaldi bajār jā ar dui rupiyan mā tolā jatnā milain 
watnai layāṅ.” Dawār rahai turtai lauṭis ar dui rupiyan mā jon 
kachchhū milhī wohīc lā layelā bajār bhagīs.

Bajār ke adhā gālī mā olā nadiyā nakelā parai. Uṃḥāṅ rahai wā 
ek jogi lā paṅs jon ek pinjṛā mā koyli săṁp dhare rahai. Dawār jogi 
lā pūchhis: “Tai pinjṛā mā kāhīn dhare hawas?” Jogi kahis: “Meṅ 
pinjṛā mā săṁp dhare haṅw. Tai olā lebe kā?” Kaisemā kī rājā ke 
kanyā dawār lā kahe rahai ki dui rupiyan mā jāṅhī milhī tāṅhīn layāṅbe, 
tā dawār soṅchis kī okhar man sā hoṅī kachchhū chīj jekhar dāṃ dui 
rupiya hoy layāṅe lā āy chāḥo waha săṁp hoy. Wā jogi lā pūchhis: 
“Tai săṁp ke katnā lebe?” Jogi kahis: “Molā char rupiya állā deīde ar 
sāṁp lā laiā.” Dawār kahis: “Meṅ tolā akhar kā ek rupiya dehūṅ.” 
Jogi kahis: “Ek rupiya mā nahiṅn parhi. Thīn rupiya állā deīde ar layle.”  
Dawar kāhis: “Yahade dui rupiya lē ar molā săṁp wāre pinjṛā lā de.”  
Jogi olā săṁp lā saʊmp dais ar radhīe munāphā ke māre kushī hoy ke 
lamme hois.

Dawār apan man mā kahis: “Ab meṅ dui rupiyan lā pinjṛā mā 
dhare harā săṁp ke lāne kharach kā dāre haṅw. Tā kā kām ke lāne 
bajār jāṅhī.” Ar wā rahai lauṭ paris ar ghar kā bhagīs. Tannak sel 
mā wā sustāwān lāgis. Warhai pinjṛā lā ek putti uppār dhar dais ar 
ek gālī dharke ḍoṅgrā bhittar gais. Jab wā lauṭis tā wā kā dekhis ki 
sāṁp pinjṛā ke duvār lā uṛhār ke putti bhittar ghusat rahai. Wā 
ṭhikai mokā mā apan lā baḥḥaye ke māre chhedā mā ghusat harā săṁp 
ke pūchhi ke chhōr lā pakar lais. Wā pūchhi lā rahai balbhar pakar 
lais ar jhikte jhikte atnā jhikis ki pirāsī ke māre săṁp sinhakārān lāgis 
ar olā chhāṅrailā kahan lāgis. Wā Dhurwā lā kīṛīyā khāyke kahis ki 
meṅn chhedā lē nikar āḥūn ar nahiṅn bhaghūṅn agat tai pūchhi pakar ke 
tānē lā chhāṅṛ de.


FOLKTALES OF THE GOND AND BAIGA

lä daide.” Bhūrānāṅg apan mundri dur karain na chahai tā kahis:
“Tai tannak aslā kahelā māng thas? Son ar dhandi charle. Tai jatnā
chah thas tatnā dhar le.” Akhar Dhurwā kahis: “Mein kachchhū nahi
māngo, siriph tor hānth ke mundri lā.” Ant mā Bhūrānāṅg kahis:
“Agar tai haṭai pakre has, tā wā mundri lā daichala parhi. Akhar har
pānch sal mā tolā lautāylā parhi. Ta pher yelā tā wā putti ke chhedā
mā phenk debe jemā hoyle tā Uttrā-khaṇḍ āy hawas.”

Bhūrānāṅg apan angāthi le mundri nikaris ar olā Dhurwā lā dais.
Ar wā Dhurwā lā batāis ki mundri le kaise karke paisā banāthain. Wā
gāy ke gobar uthāis, olā bāris ar rākh mā mundri lā ghasan lāgis. Jatnā
sel le wā mundri lā ghanis tatnā sel le rupiyā bhūiyān mā ūpkan lāgin.
Dhurwā mundri lā dharis ar bāre manjā mā uppar ke duniyā mā pherai
laui asis.

Jab wā apan ghar lā paṅhachis tā rājā ke kanyā bāhar nikaris ar
olā pūchhan lāgis: “Tai atnā sel kahān rahe rahas? Ar un chithrā
kahān haṅwāṅī jinlā meiṅ tolā laye lā paṭhoy rahoṅi?” Dhurwā kahis:
“Bājarhā gali mā molā apan khaṇḍ kabilā bhaṅiband as mile rahiṅ ar
meiṅ unkhar saṅg dzi rupiyān lā kharach kar ḍāraun.” Rājā ke kanyā
apān gharvāre lā andhere gadhāris akhar wā okhar muṅh nahiṅ lāis.
Ar āṭh din le gobar sakelē lā ar olā apan ghar mā kūṛā karelā kahis.
Jab rājā ke kanyā gobar sakel lāis, tā Dhurwā omā āgi lugāy dais ar
les ke olā rākh kar dais. Dhurwāṅī kahis: “Tai molā āṭh din le gobar
sakalwāye; meiṅ ton olā kullag layānaw tā tai ton gaye ar omā āgi
lugāy daye. Tai esṅā kahelā kare has?”

Akhar Dhurwā kachchhū nahiṅ kahis ar soylā bhag gay. Ant mā
rājā ke kanyā ar soylā gais. Jab Dhurwā dekhis ki okhar gharwārin
khub soy gaye, tā wā uthis ar rākh mā mundri lā ragarān lāgis ar
rupiyā rahiṅ bhūiyāṅ mā ūpkan lāgin. Jab wā rupiyān ke radhne
kuhrā kar āṭris tā Dhurwā unā ek konhā mā lūkāy dais ar soylā bhag
gais.

Sakranhāṅ rājā ke kanyā rupiyān ke kuhrā lā dekhis ar Dhurwā lā
pūchhis: “Tai rupiyān lā chore has jokā? Tā kaise karke rupiyān lā
pāy has?” Akhar Dhurwā atnai kahis: “Meiṅ rupiyān lā nahiṅ chore
aṅ.” Ar wā rājā ke kanyā lā aur kachchhū nahiṅ batāis. Tā wā
rahai andhere atirij mānis. Ar yā jāne lā pakkā wichār bāndh lāis ki
Dhurwā kaisnā karke rupiyān lā pāise. Dūsār sāṅjhā ke Dhurwā ar okhar
mahariyā pherai soylā gain. Rājā ke kanyā rahai khub nīṅ mā soye
ke misā karis akhar wā soyan rahai. Wā apan dulhā la utihat ar gobar ke rākh mā mundri lā ghisat dekhai ar sagli samay chāndin ke dukrān lā bhāiyān mā girat sunai. ESnā karke wā rahai mundri ke matlasi bātlā jān gay.

Chuṭṭkai din ke pachhārū Dhurwā ḍhīgā atrā na rupiā hoy gain ki wā rahai rājā le tin gunā bārhke khulat harā mahāl banwāy dāris; kaise mā ki wā ab atrā barē dhānwan hoy gay rahai tā ādmi olā Dhurwā rājā ke padmi dai dain. Okhar ḍhīgā mahāl ke rakhvāri karela bilaiyā ar kūkrā rahain.


Gali mā olā apan bārtan bhāṅrā dhāreharā kaser ar bharewan ke ek dallak milis. Jab un okhar saṅg wyāpār karelā wichār karin tā wā unlā okhar mahāl mā jāyke dukān lagāy lā kahis. Tā kahūṅ okhar gharwārin kachchhū ek lehe ar wā rahai āgū kanāy chalīs,

Un wyāpārī dawār rājā ke mahāl mā aiṅ a ar apan dukān kholin. Dhurwā ke mahāriṅlā mahāl le nikarīs ar un chijān lā dekhis jīnlā wyāpārī beche lā dhare rahain. Jab wā ek dukān le dūsār dukān phirai tā ek wyāpārī dākṛā rājā ke kanyā ke hāth mā Bhūrāṅk ke Mundlā dekhis, ar turtai chinha lais. Wā rahai kanyā lā kahis: “Meinī tor mundrī lā layelā chathahōṅ ar okhar badlā mā bajār ke saglo samān lā ar uppar le apan hāṁthī, ūnt ar ghorān lā tolā daide taũ.”

Jale Dhurwā rājā ke gharwārin un khuleharā chijān lā dekhis jēlā wyāpārī beñeche lā dikhāwāin tā wā rahail wyāpārī dākṛā lā saglo chijān ke badlā mā apan mundrī lā dai dais. Dūsār rāt ke un wyāpārī rahaiṅ mahāl lā chuppe ke chhor dain ar sab chijān lā chhorke ar mundrī lā dharke lammē hoin. Un rahaiṅ ek bāṛe nadiyā ke pār mā jāy baiṭhīn jahāṅ unlā gobar milis ar un rupiāṅ banāy lā mur karin,

Kuchh din mā rājā desh ghum ke lauṭ ais tā okhar gharwārin

Jon sāīt wā sarāp sarāpke wakkhaṇāi ar māraitonai sāīt bilāiyā ar kukrā jon mahal ke rakhwārī karaṇīn ar rājā ke gussā lā thandā karan ke lāne samjhāwan lāgin. Un kiriyā khāyke kahīn ki ham jābo ar mundrī lā dhūṅṛbo. Rājā ar raja ke kanyā dhiraj dharaṇīn karaṇīn ar jhai laṛajān. Un kahīn: "Tum ham lā āi dādañ daul jāṁtha. Ham tumhārī mundrī lā lānke tumhār phikar lā dūr karbe."


Jon sāīt bilāiyā sochāi ki botal le mundrī lā kaise karike nikārōṇ tonai


Ab rahāṅ kukrā ar bilaiyā Dhurwā rājā ke shahar ar okhar mahāl kaṇāy lamme bhain. Jab unḷā ohich baṛē jāṅik nadiyā milis, tā bilaiyā rahai kukrā ke piṭhār uppar chaṛh gaye ar waha ton olā nakāwān lāṅgis. Un dusar pāṛḷā pahūṇchhtai rahāṅ ki ek baṛa jāṅik māchhṛi āis ar kukrā lā līḷ gay. Bilaiyā rahai wā par chhamne kūḍ gay ar baḥch gay.

FOLKTALES OF THE GOND AND BAIGA

राजा बिलाया बालिस आर कहिस: “मुंद्री ला लां तो।” अक्षर बिलाया कहिस: “तारी उत्तरे की नाने मोर हिम्मम नाही पाराई। कुक्रा मोला चाब जार्ही।” धुर्वा राजा तौं कुक्रा ला एक ठुनिहान मा बांध दाई। ताप्पहर बिलाया हिम्मम बांधके उत्तरिस आर राजा ला मुंद्री ला दाई। कुशी के मारे राजा कहुँ नाही समाई। आर मुंद्री ला ऐप मार रानी जॉन राजा के कान्या अय तेखर हांथ मा धारण दाई।

कुक्रा आर बिलाया ला उन्कहर मेहनताई आस अनकुट बहात दाई। अक्षर कुक्रा के पुंछहित काब्बुहु नाही जामिस।

पाँच साला मा राजा धुर्वा एक पुत्ती धिमा गँस उहाँ उत्तरा-कहंड जवानहा एक बिला पाई सहाना मा मुंद्री ला धार दाई आर पांचक सर दुध कुहारे दाई। दुध के धार मा बहात मुंद्री तौं भुराौँग धिमा पहाँच गई। ओहिच दिन ले एय भुमिया पुत्ती आर चहेदन मा दुध रुकोठाऊँ। हर राम मा साला या दस साला मा दिन भार उपास राहे एस्नै कर्थाई।

किस्सा अब पूज गई। किस्सा बातिया लाब्रा अय; आर उक्षर उपपर विश्वास कराइया गास्वार। अक्षर जासिने भुमिया राजा के बानिस तासिने तौर बनाई।