

JINJIVAS
OR
Chattrapati Rajaram Maharaj

by
V. L. KALE.



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PRICE 0-12-0



OR

THE STAY OF CHATRAPATI RAJARAM MAHARAJ

IN THE CELEBRATED FORT OF JINJI

IN

THE KARNATAK

By

VISHNU LUXMAN KALE

The author of "Short History of India" "Jinjivas-Marathi"
"Vriinda a drama," "Sadbodha Ratna Mala" etc.,

A retired teacher

**BEYNON SMITH HIGH SCHOOL
BELGAUM.**

(Second Revised Edition)

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BELGAUM.**

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FOREWORD

(To the 2nd Edition in English)

Those that are unable to read Mr. Kale's thrilling historical romance "Jinjivas" or "Chattrapati Rajaram Maharaj" in Marathi, owing to their ignorance of that language will have a fairly accurate and adequate idea of the book, through a pretty close translation of it into English by a talented English Lady. The book deals with one of the most critical & stirring periods in the History of the Marathas following the demise of Shivaji, the founder of the Maratha power. The tribulations and the hardships which Rajaram, Shivaji's younger son, heroically bore for upholding the glorious traditions of his illustrious father and for keeping the Maratha Banner floating with the loyal co-operation of a small band of Shivaji's faithful and brave followers have been hit off in terse phraseology in the translation into English. The story of how the sustained and elaborate machinations of a powerful and wily foe like Aurangzeb, were successfully checkmated by the Marathas under Rajaram, is well told by Mr. Kale. The book is interesting from cover to cover and one lays it down after finishing reading it with the good old remark of a great English author, that History after all is the true poetry.

BELGAUM. }

D. V. Belvi,
B. A., LL. B.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S PEN

This second edition of *Jinjivas* in English, has had to pass through the same difficulties and odd circumstances that had beset me in the publication of the 3rd edition of the same book in Marathi. Had it not been for the pecuniary help and generous encouragement given from time to time by an old pupil of mine, belonging to a noble Maratha family (whose name I am not allowed to make mention of) it would have been impossible for me, though so late, to offer this book to my English Readers. He, thus, first deserves my sincere and heartfelt thanks.

The full credit of the translation goes along with my gratitude to the learned English Lady Mrs. Smith, the wife of the late Principal, of the London Mission High School.

Lastly, I have to thank those of my friends, who have kindly helped me in translating the additional pieces from the Marathi 3rd edition, in going over, and correcting the proof sheets and in such other ways; amongst them are Mr. K. Padmnabha Rao my old Colleague, Mr. V. T. Bhate, M. A., Mr. L. B. Modak, B. A., LL. B. and Mr. S. S. Jog, B. A.

I hope, that this edition, too, by God's grace, will rise in popular esteem and will also be useful to students for translating Marathi passages into English.

BELGAUM, }
27-3-38.

The Author.



TO

The Memory of
The rev. Mr. James Smith
LATE PRINCIPAL

OF

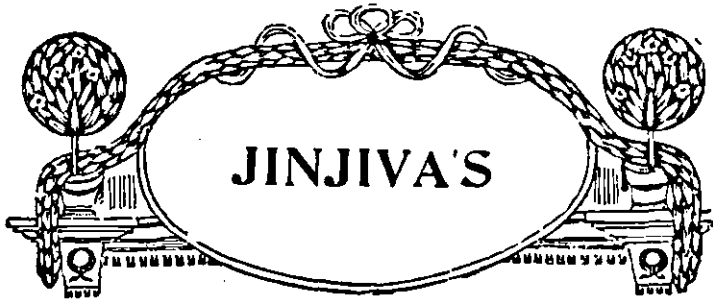
THE OLD LONDON MISSION HIGH SCHOOL
BELGAUM

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dedicated (with permission)*

IN TOKEN OF
HIGH ESTEEM, SINCERE REGARD
AND DEEP GRATITUDE

by
THE AUTHOR.





OR
CHHATRAPATI RAJA'RA'M MA'HA'RA'JA

CHAPTER I

*Where are thy pomps " Alhambra " earthy son,
That had no rival and no second ? gone !
The glory down the arch of time has rolled,
Like the great day star to the ocean dim,
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim
Gloomy and fathomless ; thy tale is told.*

CROLLY.



THE low narrow tract of land which stretches from the south of Narbada and the Mahanadi to Kanayakumari (Cape Comorin) is called Southern Hindustan ; and Maharashtra, which is divided into the Konkon and Desh, is the north-west portion of it.

The Sahyadri range runs from north to south between these two districts and some of its peaks are so high that a bird's eye view may be had from them of the whole of this lovely stretch of country. If we look westwards, we see the narrow belt of the Konkan, consecrated by the feet of Bhagavan Parashuram (an incarnation of Vishnu). We are amazed at its deep ravines, its mountains and valleys and its

hills and dales; the mountain torrents, as they leap and spring from the rocky sides of some of these hills, remind us of the words of the poet.

*'The streamlet rises in towering heights,
And dashes fram glen to glen
In its eager haste to reach the haunts,
And gladden the hearts of men.'*

There are many such elevated summits in the Sahyadri range, which is the home of natural beauty, and the birth-place of poetical genius. In these high and almost inaccessible places, Sinbagad, Pratapagad, Raigarh, Panhala, Vishalgad and other splendid forts were built, and they now look like old heroes, worn out in the service of the country of Maharashtra, which they have protected by their own power alone, for the last thousand years. When we remember that in the days of yore, the flag of Shiva Chhatrapati floated on their ramparts, that the princes, of Maharashtra (the Maratha power) were nursed in their halls and when we think of their former glory and of the palaces which adorned them, we are not only filled with astonishment and grief at their present ruined and dismantled condition, but we feel the truth of the verse which heads this chapter, and we are obliged to confess, that nothing can escape the ravages of time.

Raigarh (Rayagad, known to the early Europeans as the Gibraltar of the East), one of the forts mentioned above is nearly thirty six miles south-west from Poona, and sixtyfive south-east, from Bombay. It is situated among the Northern Ghats, and was regarded in the last century as one of the greatest strong-holds of India. Its scarped sides and long top, form a great wedge-shaped block, cut from the Sahyadri hills by a deep valley about a mile broad at the base and two miles across from crest to crest. The peak of the hill on which it is built, is 2851 feet above the sea. At the top of it

there is a plateau, which is about a mile and a half in extent from east to west, and about a mile from north to south. Built on this spot, it has a natural rampart of broken and precipitous rocks, in the eastern, western and southern sides and only the north-west part of it is artificially constructed. The north-west face is protected by a main line of masonry and two upper walls or portions of walls where the natural scarp is imperfect. Its size, strength, and its easy communication with the Deccan and with the sea, must from early times have made Raigarh an important fortress. The royal and public buildings are said to have numbered 300 stone houses, including palaces, mansions, offices, mint, granaries, magazines, quarters for a garrison of 2000 men, a market nearly a mile in length and a number of rock-cut and masonry cisterns. While the hilltop was being covered with these buildings, care was taken to complete its defences.

It was formerly called Rayari. In the twelfth century of the Christian era, it was for a time in the possession of some Maratha Chiefs. In the fourteenth century these chiefs acknowledged the Vijayanagar princes as their overlords. Afterwards for some years the kings of Vijayanagara held it. But at the middle of the sixteenth century—the battle of Talikote being fought in 1565 between Ramaraya of Vijayanagara and the kings of Bijapur, Golkonda and Ahmadnagar — when the strength of that kingdom was destroyed, and the power of the Mohammedans began to make itself felt in Southern Hindustan, this strong place also fell into their hands. But because it was ordained that the drum of the Marathas should again sound there, the blessings of freedom were once more restored to it at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and it came again into their possession in 1648, when the brave Shivaji and his faithful and obedient servants, the Mavalas, arose in Maharashtra. In 1664,

Shivaji enriched Raigarh with the plunder of Surat, and made it the seat of his government. From that time its importance increased, and the glory of the Maratha kingdom was restored. It was blessed by the dust of the feet of such good men as the great Saint Ramdas and by the presence of such brave and noble men as Yesaji and Tanhaji, friends of Shivaji. At last it became famous in the world's history as the scene of the Coronation of Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaja. Even for some time after the death of Shivaji it was governed by the Marathas and the victorious banner of the Bhosalas waved on its ramparts.

This was about two hundred years ago. One evening about that time when the surrounding heights were glorified by the rays of the setting sun and the trees and shrubs on the mountain range were illuminated by his beams, as he was sinking in the west, the forest was converted into a very paradise of beauty. As it was spring time the trees were clothed with fresh green foliage, the air was filled with the sweet perfume of flowers borne on the gentle evening breeze. Flocks of birds which had gone far away in search of food were flying eagerly back to their nests on the trees. Tigers, jackals, bears, wolves and other nocturnal beasts of prey were leaving their dens in the valleys; cowherds who had taken their cattle to graze on the low lands were climbing the hill, and calling to them to follow. On such an evening as this a young man was standing on the ramparts of the fort, lost in contemplation of the beauty of the scene below. Although he was small, he was muscular. His complexion was swarthy, but his eyes were bright and sparkling, and his face was illuminated and beautified by bravery, wisdom, and the other good qualities which filled his soul. It was easy to guess his age from the moustache which was just budding on his lip. The first glance at the handsome and attractive countenance would give the impress-

ion that he was a very happy man, but a closer scrutiny revealed the shadows of care and showed that some secret grief was preying upon his mind. His clothes were plain, but from his necklace of pearls, some rows of which were lying in disorder outside the military coat which he wore, it seemed that he belonged to some noble family; and beside him stood an old man who was talking to him in a respectful manner. The latter was dressed, in a quilted coat, tight trousers, a tightly twisted red turban and a cloth (five feet long) rolled tightly round his waist. He had old-fashioned sandals on his feet, and on his left arm a thick heavy-silver bracelet. At his left side hung a sword in a leather scabbard covered with rich cloth, which reached from his waist to the ground. As this servant and his young master were standing, talking on the ramparts, the sound of a horse's hoofs fell suddenly on their ears, and on looking about they saw a horseman on the road below, spurring his tired steed up the steep ascent to the fort. He seemed to have come a long way and to be almost dead with fatigue and heat. The horse was bathed in perspiration and foaming at the mouth ; but the rider was the bearer of a very important letter, so he went on at full speed without thinking of the horse or even of himself.

They saw him gallop into the fort and turned towards the palace and then the servant said, "My lord, it certainly seems that some message has come from the Maharaja ; see, the horseman has turned towards the palace ; let us go too ; then we shall know what it is." As he spoke, they began to descend the ramparts and to make their way to the palace.

CHAPTER II



*God for his mercy! What a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once.*

BECAUSE death has overtaken Shiva Chhatrapati who was the author of the short-lived freedom of the Mahrathas and the greatest ornament of the Bhosala family, the government were very anxious about the future administration of affairs. Shivaji had said just before his death that if his eldest son Sambhaji were placed upon the throne, the kingdom would be lost; but it would be difficult to carry on the government if according to command of the Maharaja, his younger son Rajaram were made king; because Sambhaji was very revengeful and there was no knowing what calamities he might bring upon any of them at any time if this dishonour were done to him. They felt themselves to be between Scylla and Charybdis and their anxiety was intense. But the prime minister, Moropant, and Annaji Datto and other noblemen consulted together, and came to the conclusion that whatever might happen, they ought to be brave in that time of trouble, and unanimous in their determination to place Rajaram on the throne according to the desire of the Maharaja. They took proper precautions to prevent the news of the Maharaja's death from becoming public, until after the proposed coronation of Rajaram and with the help of Soyarabai, Rajaram's mother, they caused the preparations for that event to be carried on secretly, intending to be guided in their future action, by the turn which affairs would take.

At this time Sambhaji was at Panhala, to which place he had been banished by Shivaji for his bad conduct; and although the cabinet had taken great care that the news of the Maharaja's death should not become known there, until their secret project was accomplished, he had already heard it through

Hambirarao, the Commander-in-Chief and Jarnobat; for, although the former professed to approve of Moropant's scheme, he was secretly on the side of Sambhaji. Sambhaji was a fierce-tempered man, and as soon as he heard of the deep-laid plot of the subordinate government, he was filled with rage, but instead of allowing the fire which was smouldering in his breast to burst out, he won the hearts of the people in the fort with soft speeches. Then he tried in various ways to obtain his liberty, and having succeeded, he went at once to Karvir (Kolhapur), and getting some of the people there to accompany him, he took the road Mahad. When he neared Karhad, Hambirarao met him with an army according to a previous arrangement; thus they reached Rayagad with an armed force, and all the people in the fort were alarmed at their approach. Sambhaji immediately surrounded the houses of the chief noblemen with guards and made them prisoners. Afterwards he issued a royal mandate for the punishment of all others who had been confederates in the intrigue against him, and cruelly caused the eyes of some to be put out and had some killed by pouring molten lead down their throats—others were trampled to death by elephants; some were thrown from rocks, and others were put to death in various other cruel ways. Even then that vindictive monster, was not satisfied. He had yet to take revenge on his stepmother, Soyarabai, and after most cruelly torturing that innocent and saintly woman he falsely, accused her of having poisoned Abasabeb (Shivaji) in order to get the kingdom, and then in the presence of Rajaram he had her bricked up in a wall. When the lawless sacrifice of human life begun in this way was completed, Sambhaji caused himself to be crowned with great pomp.

How unaccountable is fate! It is true that he who is great and noble has to suffer much. Rajaram, who a few hours previously, had been looked up to by the cabinet, as

their future hope and who had been in the enjoyment of great glory, was made a captive and reduced to the lowest depth of poverty. And was this the limit of his misfortune? By no means. The grief of his mother and the death-agonies which she suffered in his sight, were always before him. We will leave our readers to imagine what must have been his feelings when he witnessed these and heard her pitiful and heart-rending cries; for, that agonising scene is indescribable.

Nevertheless, all the people in the palace loved him for his gentle words and loving deeds and for his patience and quietness in this time of trial. From the time that Sambhaji went to live at Sangameshwar Rajaram's imprisonment became less rigorous. Sambhaji's wife, Yesubai and her son Shivaji (who was afterwards known as a Shahu) were both at Raigarh and they were very fond of Rajaram, because he had always been as affectionate to them, as though they were his own sister and nephew. At that time Shivaji was only six years old and Rajaram delighted in his nephew's bright face and childish prattle, and he would take him in his arms and do anything to please him; and Shivaji on his part would not leave the uncle who loved him so much, for an instant. All the people in the palace and especially Yesubai were charmed by the uncle's and nephew's great love for each another.

At Sangameshwar Sambhaji was so completely under the power of Kalusha that he had become just like a madman. He was so stupid that he even forgot his wife and child. Drink was his goddess and he was her devoted slave. When he was in this condition, what was wife, child or anything to him? and what must have been the state of the kingdom when the king himself had sunk so low? This disorder attendant on immorality prevailed everywhere, and wickedness showed its hydra-headed form in open day; the people were badly governed and confusion reigned.

No one's possessions were his own, and the kingdom fell to pieces; and as misfortune was to fall on the Maratha Empire, everything conspired to bring it about. Aurangzebe was waiting for an opportunity to destroy it root and branch, and he eagerly seized the one which now presented. As soon as he heard that Sambhaji and his prime-minister Kulusha had abandoned themselves to fun and frolic at Sangameshwar, he sent Takaribakhan there with an army. That Mogal nobleman who was very shrewd and crafty found on his arrival that Sambhaji and Kulusha were both intoxicated and he took advantage of that circumstance and surrounded the palace at once and skilfully accomplished his design of capturing them and sending them to the camp of the Emperor at Tulapur. When the news of this unhappy event reached Raigarh, everybody was overwhelmed with grief. They all met together to consider what means could be adopted to remedy the calamity and obtain the release of the Maharaja; but at first no one was able to suggest anything and none of the plans that were suggested after due deliberation, seemed feasible.

Yesubai began to pine away with grief. For, however immoral and wicked a husband may be, a good wife will be unhappy at being separated from him. Rajaram too fretted very much at Yesubai's misfortunes, and at the calamities which had overtaken the Maratha kingdom since the death of his brave father; but what could he do? He was but the plaything of fortune, and his best course would have been to remember that we must reap as we sow, and to cease to brood over his troubles. But nothing could soothe his mind and one evening in order to get, if possible, a moment's forgetfulness, he went with his faithful servant Bhaktaji, on to the ramparts, where they stood for a time gazing, at the glorious scene below.

At the same time Yesubai who was filled with anxiety was sitting as usual in a back hall in the palace, talking with her

servants who were trying to comfort and encourage her with some such words as the following. "What can we say to your majesty, if you give way to despair and allow yourself to be consumed with anxiety night and day? It is true that we often dream about that which occupies our waking thoughts; and the interpretation of a bad dream is always good. Who is he to whom sorrow never comes? Do we speak of kings? Thousands of troubles come upon them. Was not our great Maharaja several times in the hands of his enemies? But by the mercy of the goddess Bhawani, he always escaped. She is our support, She will surely befriend the Maharaja and bring us out of all the difficulties that have overtaken us. Cast your burden on Her and by Her blessing all these calamities will certainly pass away." In the mean time the above mentioned horseman arrived at the front court of the palace and behind him came Rajaram and Bhaktaji. The messenger turned to Pralhadapant, made obeisance to him, and gave him a sealed letter, which he opened and read; but when he learned the fate of Sambhaji who had been cruelly tortured and put to death by Aurangzebe he could read no further. His eyes filled with tears, he was choked with sobs and all he could say was "Ramachandrapant, we are lost, we are lost!" All the people in the court seemed as if turned to stone and sounds of lamentation arose on all sides. It was twilight, many were coming and going, and the heart-breaking news of the Maharaja's murder spread immediately all over the fort. Every one began to run towards the palace. Their grief was unrestrained and all-both high and low-lamented that the throne of the Marathas was destroyed and the prosperity of the Bhosale family, gone. Rajaram also mourned sincerely for his brother. Although Sambhaji had treated him so cruelly, when he heard of the dreadful death he had suffered at the hands of his enemies, his tender heart was filled with pity and grief.

It seemed as though Yesubai's lamentations would bring down the walls of the hall. She clasped Shivaji to her heart and began

to cry, and pray to God for mercy. "O Jagadambe," she said "if it was necessary for Thee to send trouble on Thy servant, why didst Thou not do it some other way. Alas! alas! What must his sufferings have been when those merciless butchers were torturing him! O God of Gods, should the son of the greatest of warriors suffer such a disgraceful death! Ambike, Thy servant had trusted until this day that Thou wouldst fulfil her desires and protect her husband, but even Thou hast shown no pity. I am an unfortunate woman, happiness is not my fate, then how can I obtain it? I have never injured or even grieved any one in this birth; but who can deliver me from the consequences of the acts of a former birth?" Then she fondled Shivaji and said "My little one, thou hast become destitute; who will take care of thee now? Happiness is not for thee either, because thou art the son of such a luckless mother; it would have been better for thee to have been born in a cottage home. Curse this life and this evil fortune. Was it not for the kingdom that Sambhaji had to bear such agony! O Kulaswamini, if Thou hadst taken me instead of him (Sambhaji) the end of the Maratha kingdom would not have been yet! Alas! alas! Shall I never see his bright face again? Without him the whole world is chaos! What is the use of living?" Then she fell senseless on the floor and the maid-servants near, all called out "Dear lady, what is the matter?" Some were fanning her, and others, rubbing her hands and feet, when Pralhadapant, Rajaram, Ramchandrapant and others hearing the noise came running in, and on seeing her in that condition they said "What new trouble is this?" But in a little while she came to herself and opened her eyes.

Pralhadapant said to her "To-day the heavens are as brass over our heads and we are helpless. Who can withstand fate? Even the Gods are not exempt from misfortune. Then what of men! Although we had to-day thousands of brave men each vying with the other to help our lord, none of them could be a

any use to him as it was God's will that he should perish ; and who can escape his destiny ! Alas ! Did any one ever imagine that the Hindus would be thus harassed by the Mogals ? But God's power is infinite and there is no telling what calamity may come upon any one. What is the use of abandoning hope ? We must look to the future ; but if you despair and long for death, who will give us energy to rise and take revenge ? Our griefs however violent it may be, cannot undo the foul deed, nor bring back the departed life. Therefore we must all forget our sorrows and make ourselves firm as a rock in the service of the young prince and Rajaram. If God has mercy on us, these dark days will soon pass away."

While they were thus doing their best to console Yesubai, midnight passed and the dawn appeared.

CHAPTER III.

*Take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing, end them.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

The clashing of Shivaji's sword made itself heard for a long time all over Maharashtra. He had toiled all his life to build up the empire of the Hindus, but before he had been dead ten years, a great breach had been made in the kingdom and the time had come for repairing it. Ought this to have been ? And yet is it wonderful that it was so ? For, although the building was strong, he whose business it was to take care of it, was wholly under the thumb of profligates and flatterers and was steeped in wantonness and debauch. So a band of robbers seized the opportunity and began to take down its strong walls, stone by stone. And if when

the noise of robbers is heard or faithful servants shout 'Thieves, thieves,' the drunken master of the house pays no attention, or even drives his servants away, and if the thieves after making a hole in the wall enter and steal the treasures, or bind and carry away the lord, and afterwards behead him, is that the fault of the builder or the building? No, a thousand times no. It is the fate of the conch-shell which has the ocean for its father, the goddess of wealth for its sister, and the moon whose silvery beams rejoice the world, for its brother, to go begging from door to door on the back of a *jangan*. In the same way it was destined that Sambhaji should suffer death at the hands of the Mogals, although his father was the most valiant warrior of the Bhosulas, his mother, the good and virtuous Saibai, and his family Guru, the greatest of the sages, Ramdas Swami. Such is the power of fate: nothing can prevail against it.

That dreadful time was over. Pralhadapant prevailed upon Rajaram to perform the funeral rites for Sambhaji, and after some days had passed, news arrived of the intention of Aurangzebe to send his army to besiege Raygad. Then they forgot their past grief and turned their attention to this new calamity, when Pralhadapant, Ramchandrapant and the other principal people in the fort were assembled to consider what course they should adopt. Santaji came forward and said with great vehemence "Friends, we have but just passed through one trouble, and the wounds which our merciless enemies inflicted on the hearts of all by their cruel murder of the Maharaja, have not yet begun to heal; and since I heard that they are preparing to destroy the last remnant of us, I have been consumed with grief. Do the Mogals think that because we are hemmed in by misfortunes we have become weak, and has their pride made them careless? O nobles, let the enemy know assuredly that whatever happens, they have to do with brave Marathas who have been nourished by the Bhosalas, and who, even if they die in the attempt, will never rest satisfied

until they have shed their blood. Although to-day we are almost helpless, yet so long as we are willing to give ourselves body and soul for our master, we shall frighten away even death himself; then what of our enemies! We read in the Puranas that Duryodhan annoyed the Pandawas in various ways and being intoxicated with wealth and pride, put Draupadi to shame in open court, and having taken their kingdom from them by craft, sent them to the forest. But after all this was done, was their honour tarnished? No. As soon as the times changed, they destroyed their persecutors by the mercy of Shri Krishna and made the world re-sound with their fame. We need not go so far back. Let us look at our own Shiwa Chhatrapati. What was the condition of this our country, before the sun of his valour illumined it? Alien and cruel Musalmans had destroyed all our wealth and power, and we had to sue to them for a mouthful of food or an ell of cloth. But by the favour of God, as soon as we found a helper like the true patriot, Shivaji, who disinterestedly gave himself up for his country, we escaped from that condition. Blessed be our master!

How highly should his greatness be extolled who, by his own power destroyed the five Mohamedan kingdoms, (Adilshahi, Baridashahi, Nijamshahi, Kutabshahi and Amadshahi) and established the power of the Hindus. The Marathas who had been in subjection for many long years obtained the blessing of freedom by the might of that meritorious man. What was Shivaji, the sun of a Desh-mukh, compared with the Emperor of Delhi, the lord of the world; and what were our half defeated and wholly impoverished Mavalas' (a hill-tribe) compared with the pampered army of the wealthy Baçashah? But such is the force of energy, that Shivaji with the help of two such loyal and self-sacrificing friends as Tanaji and Suryaji, set up his standard in Maharashtra, after fighting many battles. In Treta-Yuga (the second age) Ramohandra in his search for Sita, killed Ravana, who belonged to the family of demons, by the power of monkeys alone. Energy is a wonderfu

thing ; if dumb animals can do so much by means of it, what is impossible to man endowed with the power of speech and reason? What cause have we for anxiety, when three such warriors as Jadhava, Dabhade and Chavan have girded on their armour and are waiting to cut the throats of our enemies?"

At first all hearts were filled with sorrow on account of the dishonour done to the Bhosalas by the Mogals, and their inhuman murder of Sambhuji. But after hearing Ghorpade's stirring speech and seeing that he was quivering with eagerness for the fray, Mohite, Jadhava, Chavan, Dabhade, Powar and other illustrious nobles were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. But Ramchandrapant, knowing that it was not wise to be carried away by impatience and passion at such a time, tried to calm them. He said "O friends, compose yourselves. This valour which is burning within you, is truly worthy of all praise ; there is not the least doubt that you will show to all the world that there are still brave fellows amongst the Marathas who, when occasion comes, will fight as long as there is a spark of life left in them. But we must count the cost. We must first consider our own present condition and then the character and strength of our foes. When we call to mind our enemy's inhuman acts we are filled with passion and we long to satisfy our thirsty swords with the blood of that fiend ; but patience is nobility, and it is the part of true wisdom to consider how our object may be accomplished, and to wait patiently for our opportunity. If we are hasty we shall get nothing for our pains, and we shall become a laughing-stock. You are wise men and men of experience and mature thoughts ; so it is not needful for me to advise you. If we properly organise our plans and make ourselves conspicuous by our daring, and if we are well provided with horses and riders and weapons, our powerful foes will fly before us. A kingdom's chief defence is its army ; but if we enquire into the state of our army to-day, we shall see how lamentable our present condition is. The brave men and

nobles who were formerly in our ranks, have left them in disgust at the maladministration and tyranny of Kulusha, they are scattered all over the country and now there is no life left in any part. Cavalry and infantry are alike powerless. Money is another requisite ; in this respect also we are straitened. As the saying is " A *sanyashi* who wishes to get married must first let his *shendi* grow," so we must begin at the very foundation. We are surrounded by difficulties on every side and we must look before we leap. It is my opinion that we should follow the advice of Pralhadapant who is a clear-sighted and capable man. Besides, we now have Yesubai in place of the Maharaja, and because she is wise and learned, we must listen to her also. Aurangzebe is no common enemy ; therefore it would be absurd to be like an impatient bridegroom who cares not whether the marriage crown is on his head or his knee."

After hearing Ramchandrapant's wise and thoughtful speech the assembled crowd remained quiet for a little while. The mists which had enveloped their minds were cleared away and they gave heed to his council ; and by Pralhadapant's advice, they all went to the palace the following day, to seek an interview with Yesubai. Pralhadapant having in the mean time had information about Aurangzebe addressed her as follows :— " Your Majesty, there is truth in the saying that misfortunes never come alone ; and to-day, while we were thinking that we must recover and strengthen our falling cause and make ready to take vengeance on our foes, this second calamity suddenly confronted us : but we have this consolation in our trouble, that the zeal of your Majesty's ministers has suffered no abatement. On the contrary, they are all more than ever filled with patriotism and united in their determination to bear any privations in order to restore their lost prestige. There is no doubt that as long as men are patriotic, bold, and zealous they will strain every nerve to immortalize the fame of their ancestors, in spite of calamities and

misfortunes. Those whose hearts have once been impressed by the renown of their ancestors, and who have felt their own obligation to preserve it, may remain quiet so long as they are not in a position to help themselves, but they will never rest satisfied without striving to fulfil their desires. Although it does not follow that because Aurangzebe has besieged Raygad, that place will at once fall into his hands, yet it behoves us to act from the very beginning with vigilance and sagacity, because it is our best policy to make sure of our own strength before we stand up to challenge a powerful antagonist; so it seems to me, that instead of openly defying our well-nigh unconquerable enemies, the Moguls, in the hope of overcoming them, we should put our trust in God and try to save our reputation by humbler means. If some of us leave this place and go to Panhalgad after making provision for the safety of our outlying possessions, both our objects may be accomplished, *viz* first, when our enemies know that we have left Raygad and gone to the provinces, their attention will be turned in that direction, and they will not watch Raygad so closely; and, secondly, when our people know that we have protected our possessions, and are ready to fight the foe, the warriors who left the army in disgust during the former administration will rally round us in order to save the kingdom of Hindustan. If we go forward a step at a time in this way then we shall certainly become powerful enough, if not to-day nor to-morrow, yet at some future time, to strike a blow at our adversaries. When you have fully considered all these things, you will be in a position to give us orders. If the army of the foe once gets to this place, the time will have come for us to fight to the death in your defence.

It is not for me to say anything to you. Shivaji, the heir to the throne, is still young, therefore we will obey you and Rajaram. We are only the executors of your orders, and we are all ready to serve the throne in any way you may command." 3

Yesubai—Pant, it is a cause for grief, that it has become necessary for you to bring government—matters before a woman. But be it so; we must remain where God places us. You have done well in coming here to uphold the honour of the throne; but how can a woman know in what way the king's safety may be secured; by what means the calamity which threatens us may be turned aside, and we may become powerful enough to punish those infatuated Mahomedans for their horrid deed. The rudder of our vessel which was previously for a short time in the hands of your father who was chief justice, has now by the will of God been placed in your hands, and it is your duty to use it skilfully and to maintain the reputation of our ancestors. Now all our reliance is on such wise men as you and Ramchandrapant; if trouble comes, we have Nimbalkar, More, Jadhava, Dabhade, Powar, Mohite, Ghorapade and other brave nobles who obtained fame in my father-in-law's time, by fighting with powerful opponents like the kings of Bijapur. By the might of such brave, clear-sighted, and faithful nobles as they are, the kingdom rose to its present prosperity and there is not the slightest doubt, that they will in future be true to their country, and work with all their might, to establish their own, and their grandsire's renown. We must do the best we can for ourselves and God will bring us to the desired haven. What more is there to say, Pant? Do as you and Rajaram think best, govern in the name of Shivaji, and do all you can for the prosperity of the throne; then all will be well.

After Yesubai had spoken in this way, they all praised her goodness and wisdom and returned to their homes.



CHAPTER IV

*Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime.
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sand of time.*

*Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing.
Learn to labour and to wait.*

LONGFELLOW.

Afterwards Yesubai, Pralhadapant, Ramchandrapant, and other officers consulted together and made all their arrangements with one accord. Pralhadapant laid in a store of things that would be required in the fort, such as ammunition, food, &c, and he took measures to enable the garrison to hold out against the enemy for some months, although they had surrounded the fort.

After he had done all that was necessary he called all the people to the palace, before he went away, intending to tell them what course they should follow in the future. He said:-- "Friends, until to-day we have lived together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, but it will not be expedient for us to do so any longer; because if the enemy once come upon us all in this place we shall have no way of escape. Therefore we have some of us determined to go with Rajaram to Panhala and check their progress, before they turn towards Rayagad. There is a saying to the effect that if we cry out before the bear comes near us, it will do us no harm. So, if we give the alarm in another direction the enemy will abandon their intention of marching on Rayagad, and if we succeed in protecting our out-lying provinces, we shall see

afterwards what should be done; but if in the mean time our adversaries besiege the fort, you, brave and true friends are left behind to fight them, and to keep them at bay for a year or six months. We are going to leave the Rani and the young Maharaja to the care of Mohite, Nimbalkar, More, Jagatap, Shitole and other noblemen, while we are away in the districts. We confide in you. It is to the interest of us all to keep in mind the fame of the Bhosals and do all in our power to obtain prosperity for our country and to preserve the renown of our ancestors. It only remains for me to ask you to forget the bad administration of Kalusha and to strive to make the premier-ship which you have thrust upon me, successful."

Having thus made known their intentions to all, Pralhadapant, Ramchandrapant, Khando Ballal, Dhanaji, Santaji, Dabhade and other officers took leave of their families and proceeded to the palace which was crowded with thousands of people who had come to join them. Rajaram and Pralhadapant bowed down before the family goddess and then went into the hall to take leave of the Rani. The former, prostrating himself before her said, "Sister, it is hard to go away and leave you here, but we cannot help it. It would be dangerous for you to leave Rayagad as there is no fortified place near; so you must stay here while we go to Panhalgad and make the necessary arrangements. As soon as we have put the out-lying provinces in order, and are once settled, we shall meet again. Till then take care of those who are left behind and (taking Shivaji in his arms) guard the life of this young prince. I only ask of God that He will deliver us out of all our troubles and quickly bring that happy day, when my little favourite shall be crowned by my hands. Then kissing Shivaji, he was about to put him down, but the child flung his arms about his uncle's neck and clasping him closely, said "Uncle, where are you going away from me?"

Rajaram was overcome with emotion and could not forbear saying "Child, I will take you too" and after pacifying him thus, he took leave of Yesubai. She begged him to take good care of himself while he was away, and turning to Pralhadapant said, "You are now my brother's protector. He is clever certainly, but he has, as yet, had no experience of the world; besides, he is of a very retiring disposition; therefore, I have much to say about him. You must promise to let me know as soon as you have put the provinces in order, because there is no knowing when or how the foe will attack us. All our anxiety is fruitless; but Kulaswamini is able to deliver us out of all our distresses and make us victorious."

Pralhadapant—We have made arrangements, Your Majesty, for the transmission of messages to and from Rayagd. wherever we may be, and we have set wary horsemen in different places to find out the movements of the enemy and to do whatever skill can do. God is the doer and the ordainer; if He regard us with favour, He will certainly make us victorious, who have zealously taken up arms, in defence of our country.

After they had thus taken leave of all who were to remain behind, the force left Rayagd. They halted once on the way and arrived at Pratapagad the following day. They stayed there three or four days, Pralhadapant put the fort in order, and before leaving, they went to the temple of Shribhawani and prayed saying "O Kulaswamini, these Thy servants are now overwhelmed with trouble; this kingdom is Thy gift, therefore it is to Thee that we look to scatter our enemies, and to save us from disgrace. Thou art the patron of the Maratha throne, and there is none besides Thee who can deliver us from all afflictions and keep alive the fame of our sires. We, poor mortals, must do our best in dependence upon Thee; if we succeed, it will be by Thy power. Trusting entirely in Thee, we, with Rajaram Maharaja have left

our homes. Therefore now protect Thy servants and enable them to proclaim aloud the triumphs of the Bhosalas over all the world." Having thus besought the favour of Kulaswami; whose worship was established by Shiva Chattrapati at Pratāga-gad, they went thence to Satara, where they remained a few days; and Pralhadapant had the fort put into a state of defence. He laid in a supply of food, ammunition &c. and numbered the cavalry and infantry; after which they all set out for Parali to visit the grave of Samartha (Ramdas). The sight of that good man's tomb filled them all with love and ardour and caused tears of joy to flow from their eyes. How doubly blessed must those have been, who lived with that great saint, the sight of whose tomb even, was sufficient to fill the heart with rapture and cause joy and sorrow to be alike forgotten! They rested at Parali one day, and then proceeded to Panhala.

The moment they reached the fort, Pralhadapant raised the orange coloured standard of the Marathas, and he sent horsemen throughout Maharashtra with letters signed by Rajaram Maharaja, inviting the people to join their defenders at Panhala. It is necessary here to describe the condition of the Hindu people at that time. It is probably known to our readers that in the years 1686-87 Aurangzebe utterly destroyed the two powerful Mussalman kingdoms of Golkonda and Bijapur in the Deccan. Because the Badshah was convinced that although these kingdoms belonged to the Mussalmans there was amity between them and the Marathas, he had come to the conclusion that as long as they continued in the Deccan the growth of the Maratha power could not be checked. But really his opinion was incorrect. As soon as the order which existed as long as the above mentioned kingdoms held sway in the Deccan, was destroyed, the whole country was opened up to the Marathas. Besides it may have been the case, that in the large army kept up by some of the Mahomedan kings

of Bijapur, Golkonda &c., some Pathans and other Mussalmans had found employment under the Mogals; but the Badshah had not taken any of the Maratha soldiers belonging to those armies into his service. At that time Sambhaji was completely given up to evil habits, and because the reins of Government were dangling in the hands of such an incompetent man as Kalusha the Maratha soldiers, disgusted by his tyranny, were scattered to the four winds of heaven; how could then those disbanded troops find refuge at the hands of the Marathas!

Such being the case, some of them formed themselves into bands and began to loot the surrounding districts at their pleasure; but some noblemen, hoping that the orange-coloured flag of the Bhoslas would again shelter them, remained quiet. Under such circumstances Sambhaji had come to an ignominious end, and the reins of government came into the hands of such a wise man as Pralhadpant who raised the standard in the name of Rajaram, and did with great discretion everything that could be done, to save the kingdom. As soon as this good news became known throughout Maharashtra, they with their followers began to assemble at Panhalgad. In this way the army of the Marathas gradually grew in numbers and importance and because all the arrangements were in the hands of such experienced and skilful military officers as Santaji and Dhanaji, it, in time, became powerful enough to fight with such mighty enemies as the Mogals. Aurangzebe was very angry when he heard this and seeing that Pralhad Niraji, Ramchandra Nilkantha, Jadhav, Ghorapade and others acknowledged Sambhaji's half-brother, Rajaram, as their chief, and were collecting an army, he called Ranamastkhan, Shastakhan, Takaribakhan, Zukafikarkhan and other great noblemen into his tent and addressed them as follows:—My lords, it is now six or seven years since we left Delhi and came here to subdue the Deccan; but up to the present time our object has not been accomplished. What are these Marathas that they should weary out brave warriors like you? We

are filled with amazement when we think for a little while, about what we have done and what we have not done, to accomplish their destruction. It is true that the kings of Bijapur and Golkonda were our countrymen, but we did not hesitate to destroy even our brethren, in order that we might leave the Marathas without a refuge. Through your diligence and manœuvring, Sambhaji fell into our hands, and we punished him with death for his misdeeds. But although we have done all this, those Maratha robbers have not yet received the due reward of their crimes, and they are still wandering about from this fort to that, and from that to this, like evil spirits. Yesterday I received tidings from Abdulkhan that Sambhaji's half brother Rajaram is collecting a force at Panhalgad; and it would be foolish for us any longer to disregard such formidable opponents. The Marathas are a race of vipers; as long as there is any life in them they will do the worst that malice can suggest, and we cannot tell how much trouble they will give us; it is a disgrace that they, feeble as they are, should play hide and seek in this fashion with my brave warriors. It is not fit that we should rest until we have driven them from off the face of the earth. Assure yourselves of this and make ready to attack them to-morrow."

After Aurangzebe had thus roused the ardour of his nobles by his stirring speech, he commanded Zulfikarkhan to proceed to Rayagad with twenty thousand fighting men. Shastakhan and Ranamastbakhhan set out for Panhala with an army. While this was going on, eight thousand Marathas had collected at Panhala. Having made up their minds to conquer or die, in their attempt to restore the lost renown of the Bhosalas they were ready to sacrifice themselves for the Maharaj. Pralhadapant and the other officers were highly delighted to see their energy and ardour preserve self-government. They became doubly anxious to recover their departed glory and fame, and determined at all costs to

overthrow every plan of the enemy. By Pralhadapant's orders Santaji, Bahirji and Chawan went to Tulapur with half of the force. Their plan was to loot the surrounding districts before the Emperor's army should leave the camp for Rayagad and to harass them by not staying in one place but by being here to-day and there to-morrow. However that wise plan proved utterly useless.

While Santaji was proceeding with his army to Tulapur, he heard a report that Zulfikarkhan in obedience to the Badshah's command had gone two or three stages on the road to Rayagad with twenty thousand men, so he thought that instead of staying where he was, he had better retrace his steps to Panhala and tell Pralhadapant that Zulfikarkhan was on his way to Rayagad, and at once make plans for the future. But not liking to return empty-handed after coming so far, he determined to give the enemy a token of his presence. There was a grove of trees about twenty five miles off Aurangzebe's camp and the Ghorapades decided to stay there for two days, to find out secretly all about the enemy, and to carry out their purpose on the third day. They sent Vithoji Chawan on in front with eight hundred infantry. That nobleman and his men entered the enemy's camp on the northern side about the middle of the night, and the result was confusion and uproar. While some of the Mogal nobles and soldiers who were awake, were searching in the darkness for their weapons, the Marathas killed thousands of them where they stood. In this way, while they were off their guard, Chawan attacked them suddenly and his desire was accomplished; and when the enemy, being fully roused, began to pursue the Marathas, they re-treated according to their former intention. Thousands of Mogals who were infuriated by this unexpected attack, seeing that their foes were re-treating, followed them; some on horseback and some on foot, gnashing their teeth with rage. As the Marathas were fleeing with the Mogals in full pursuit, they came

to a stream which was about five miles from the place of attack. The waning moon was just appearing above the eastern horizon and the moment the Mogals reached the stream, the two brothers Santaji and Bahirji each with two thousand horsemen raising the battle cry, rushed upon them from different directions. Why ask about following? The Mogals were furious from the commencement of the attack, and when this new calamity came upon them, they fought recklessly. For an hour or so the carnage continued without intermission. The Mogals fought as they had never fought before, but being caught in the toils of such hardy warriors as Santaji and Bahirji they were reduced to desperation. Blood flowed in streams and the rivulet, as far as the eye could reach, was filled with the dead bodies of the slain, both men and horses. Many Mogals crying out "O Allah, O God, what terrors Thou hast brought upon us," fell on the spot; some hoping to save their lives, fled in any direction in which they were able to escape. Santaji having thus accomplished the work which he had undertaken, took some of the horses which had not been killed, and other spoils of war, and returned to Panhalgad. The most profound astonishment was caused by this daring feat of Vithoji and the two brothers, Ghorapades. Pralhadapant praised their prowess, and made them presents of clothes and ornaments. While this was going on at Panhalgad, tidings came that Zulfikarkhan had laid siege to the fort of Rayagad; but Pralhadapant, Ramchandrapant and other officers, knowing that their army was not strong enough to encounter a warlike nobleman like Zulfikarkhan with twenty thousand soldiers at his back, determined to go to the Konkan, and to procure re-inforcements, so they left Panhala for Vishalgad in company with Rajaram. They took great care to prevent any news of their intention reaching the enemy, and they left five thousand men under the command of Kagalkar, Chawan Bahirji and other brave noblemen to guard the fort.

CHAPTER V.

*The hand that mingled in the meal,
 At midnight drew the felon steel,
 And gave the host's kind breast to feel
 Meed for his hospitality !
 The friendly heart which warmed that hand
 At midnight armed it with the brand
 And bade destruction's flames expand
 Their red and fearful blazonry.*

SCOTT.

It has been already said that Zulfikarkhan had erected his batteries before the fort of Rayagad; but as it was provisioned for a year or so and as the garrison were very cautious, he could make no head-way. It was built also in an almost inaccessible place and the guns could not be brought to bear on it. His patience was exhausted and at last he determined to scale the walls; but first he made as though he intended an attack, by opening fire, and he commanded the officers under him to carry on the fight from the front; while he himself set up the ladders at another part of the ramparts. When some had climbed the ladders and others were still ascending them, the attention of the Marathas was directed towards them. In an instant, thousands of them fell upon the besiegers like arrows. They made a furious onslaught on those who had succeeded in scaling the wall, and cut away the ladders. Their bitter enemy, the Mogal nobleman, Zulfikarkhan, was overwhelmed with vexation at the defeat of his scheme, but he could do nothing, because the fort was impregnable. At last he came to the conclusion that he had better employ some other means than fighting, in order to extirpate them, as they were quite ready to sacrifice themselves to avenge the death of Sambhaji. There are four ways of gaining over an enemy *viz.*, by treat

bribery, warfare, and treachery; and considered that the last, if it were possible, would be by far the best. So he caused enquiry to be made, and in the end he learned that there was a brave sepoy of the time of Shivaji, named Suryaji Pisal in the fort, and that all the secret passages were known to him; and he felt sure that if he could only get him over to his side, his undertaking would be successful. Suryaji was no ordinary soldier; from the first he had been the faithful and obedient follower of his master, Shivaji, who was a lover of freedom; so it would be indeed a difficult task to corrupt him, and through him to accomplish his design. To begin with, it seemed almost impossible to enter the fort unobserved and to obtain a secret interview with Suryaji; and even if some bold man were ready to risk his life in the attempt, was there any certainty that Suryaji would listen? If he were asked any questions, or if he were offered a reward and if his incomparable loyalty, his real concern for the safety of his country, and the patriotism which glowed in his breast, would not permit him to be over-powered by the desire for gain, then their condition would be like that of the beggar who says, "I do not want alms, only take away the dogs;" and they would certainly be caught in their own trap.

While these thoughts were revolving in the mind of Zulfikar-khan, he learned that Suryaji had been very anxious for some time past to obtain the post of Deshmukhi of Wai, and he thought that if he promised to give him his desire, he would gain him over, and his own expectations might be realized; so he applied himself to the task, and succeeded. Suryaji yielded to the temptation, the moment that he was told that he should be made Killedar of Raygad and Deshmukh of Wai, and set himself to accomplish the destruction of his master. Very few instances are found in the history of the world, of men, who have never been

swayed by covetousness, and in whom nobility, faithfulness, patriotism, truthfulness, brotherly love, generosity, devotion to duty, and other qualities which adorn mankind, have never for a moment been eclipsed. Indeed we may say that of late years, not even the germs of these qualities have been found in India; because covetousness, envy, faithlessness, treachery, division, jealousy and ingratitude abound, and their noxious roots have so weakened the soil, that nothing praise-worthy or valuable will grow in it; we are now in a state of great poverty, and more than that, we do not even know what the blessings of freedom and self-government are. Our great wealth, our illustrious warriors, noble kings and clever and skilful politicians have all been destroyed by treachery, and we ourselves have been made slaves by it. Therefore let us keep it at arm's length.

Alas! alas! Suryaji, because of his inordinate desire to be Deshmukh, renounced his duty and the fame, which he had acquired by sacrificing himself in the service of his master. Should a country like India, which up to this time had produced many good and brave men, be cursed with a son like Suryaji, who was a traitor, the destroyer of his family, and the enemy of his country's freedom? But such men have been, and still are being born, and there is no remedy. The moon which illuminates all the earth with her beams, and the poison which destroys the universe, these two jewels of opposite qualities were created in one and the same ocean, and why may not men of such opposite characters be born in one and the same world?

We may truly say that the handle of the axe destroys its own kind. By Suryaji's treachery the secret paths to the fort were made known to the enemy; and through them, thousands of Mahomedans crying "Din! Din!" entered. The Marathas, as

soon as they saw them, shouted 'treachery treachery' and fell on them like infuriated tigers. Mohite, Nimbalkar, Jagatap and other warriors, clad in glittering armour and roaring like lions rushed into the adversaries' ranks. Shouts of smite, strike, kill, mingled with the clashing of swords and the thunder of the guns. They fought hand to hand they were covered with wounds. The Marathas, at first fought well; but when the foe poured into the fort like a destroying flood, they were panic-stricken. Thousands of warriors fell dead on the ramparts; some, regardless of their lives, jumped from the walls, and some made their escape in various other dangerous ways; amongst these was Udaji, who afterwards did great service to the Maharaja in times of peril. By thus routing the Marathas, Zulfikarkhan's crafty designs were accomplished; and in the year 1690, he set up the victorious standard of the Mogals on Rayagad. Knowing that Rajaram, Dhanaji, Santaji, Pralhadapant and other officers were gone to Panhalgad, as soon as the fort fell into his hand, he sent word to Yesubai that if she would submit to him, her life and honour would be perfectly safe; if not she would be treated as a prisoner. Behold, how changeable is Fortune! Is it not a proof of her fickleness, that a nobleman like Zulfikarkhan, should dare to send such a message to Yesubai, the daughter-in-law of that great and good Shiva Chhatrapati, who a short time before by his brilliant generalship and great military skill had humbled the proud and ostentatious Mogals who by his unwearied exertions, brought the blessings of freedom and self-government to his country-men, when they were groaning under a foreign yoke; who trained the Marathas from the very beginning in the exercise of courage, bravery, patriotism, boldness, brotherly love and unity, and made them brave, warlike, and skilful soldiers; who made Afzul Khan, Mohabat Khan, Shalhistekhan and fiercer and more powerful noblemen than they, acknowledge his power; and who amazed even the

Emperor of Delhi by his profound wisdom and unheard of feats. The saying 'The course of time is crooked' is true to the letter.

Yesubai was not an ordinary woman; she was wise, brave and clever. But what could she do? Such unhappiness as no one would wish even an enemy to suffer, had come upon her. While she was overcome with grief at the death of her husband, she was made a prisoner by the mean and wicked act of Suryaji who was a disgrace to his family. Therefore it is not astonishing that her courage should fail, and that she should agree to the proposals of the enemy, in order to save her child. Even a brave man would have been terror-stricken at such a time and have fallen into the trap; and Yesubai was only a woman. She thought that nothing could be gained by acting obstinately and foolishly, that it was vain to oppose God's will, and that she must remain where Kulaswamini placed her. She felt that She had power to deliver her, even out of such misery and give her prosperity again. She knew that the Mogals were wicked and cruel butchers, that they had not the least discernment, righteousness, nor politeness, and she thought that her family-goddess must have put it into the heart of that Mogal nobleman to send her a letter, which showed the real greatness and nobility of his character. She knew that Kulaswamini could help her, if She only wished to do so; and after she had obtained a sufficiently re-assuring promise from Zulfikarkhan, she placed Shivaji under his protection saying, "This child is no longer mine, he is yours; bring him up as you think fit." Her confiding words pleased that nobleman greatly, and in accordance with his promise, he harmed no one, but he took possession of all the valuables in the fort and sent the good news to the Emperor; and as soon as he received orders from him, he took Yesubai and little Shivaji with all the pomp befitting their former greatness to Aurangzebe's camp.

Directly Aurangzebe's daughter Roshanara knew that they had arrived, she went with great eagerness to see them. The sight of Shivaji, brought to her remembrance the handsome form of Sambhaji whom she had loved better than life, and a great affection for him sprung up in her heart. She took him on her knee and kissed him again and again, and looking at his soft, beautiful face said "Dear child. I love you with all my heart and I want to hear your babyish talk; speak to me just once. I am distracted with grief when I remember that your father did not live to rejoice in your innocent prattle, but there is no help for what is passed; all that we can do now is to make you and your mother happy, and this Roshanara will lavish all her fondness on you. And you, Yesubai, should stay here without the least fear or anxiety, and regard this place as your home, not as an enemy's home. Your husband was put to death by my father; therefore he will not only hold your honour sacred and protect you, but he will take care of Shivaji till he is grown up, and then place him on his throne."

Having thus comforted them both, Roshanara took Shivaji the next day to see the Badshah, and said to him with great earnestness "Sire, you must look upon Shivaji as your own son and make arrangements to have him properly brought up; because he and his mother have put their lives in your hands, although you killed their beloved protector; and if you treat them more honourably than even your own children, your name will be revered all over the world and a blessing will fall upon us and upon this kingdom which you have obtained. It is true greatness and true policy to shelter those who seek protection. If you keep Yesubai and little Shivaji with you and treat them well, your great kindness to, and love for, your enemies will be extolled by all the Marathas in the Deccan, and they will begin to act towards us

with friendliness, and then your desire will be entirely fulfilled and the object for which we have come to the Deccan, accomplished." The Emperor was pleased with his daughter's words, and he at once had a separate tent pitched beside hers for Yesubai and Shivaji. He made them a special allowance, and left all the necessary arrangements to Roshanara. Yesubai's reverential deportment and her sweet disposition, and Shivaji's gentle way of speaking and his engaging manners, astonished Aurangzebe, as did also his beloved daughter's ardent affection for them both. She was always going to their tent and showing her devotion, by attending to their comfort in various ways, and dressing Shivaji in beautiful new garments and decking him with costly jewels. The Badshah gave him the name of Shahu, because of his humility and gentleness. While the mother and her child were thus spending their time with sweetmeats in their mouths but a knife at their hearts, Sambhaji's old and faithful Maratha servant, Bhaktaji remained with them by Aurangzebe's permission. No one else was allowed to go to their tent.

While such was the state of things, Daoudkhan and Ranamastkhan went to Panhala, besieged the forts of Panhala and Pawangad, and commenced firing upon their enemies inside. The Maratha noblemen Kagalkar and Banki waited for a time, but at last as they could not stand before the enemy's fire they were obliged to surrender. Serjekhan took the fort of Miraj and all the surrounding districts. Sinhagad, Pratapgad and Purandar fell into the hands of the Mogals. In this way the sway of the Marathas was broken and the power of the Mogals increased. The fame of Aurangzebe was proclaimed everywhere, and because of the Maratha-power had set in gloom and darkness, the lotus (the Maratha country) faded with grief at the loss of his beams. Aurangzebe, believing that it was by the favour of God that his

desires were accomplished, was filled with joy. The wealth and power of the Mogals had reached their zenith and the Emperor's great nobles and his army had leisure to rest and take their pleasure in the Deccan, for a time.



CHAPTER VI.

*Never give up! Though the grapeshot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud o'er you burst,
Stand like a rock,—and the storm and the battle
Little shall harm you though doing their worst.
Never give up! If adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is the stout watchword of—Never give up!*

TUPPER.

When the sad news reached Vishalgad that Rayagad, Panhals, Sinhagad, and other forts had fallen into the hands of the enemy, that the foe had spread all over Maharashtra, that the noblemen and the newly formed army were dispersed and that Yesubai and Shivaji, the young Maharaja, were made prisoners, Pralhadapant, Ramechandra-pant, and other officers were utterly cast down, not knowing what to do, nor how to obtain deliverance. They all felt that their newly awakened hope that some day or other they would become powerful enough to fight with their adversaries, and regain the prestige which they had lost, was completely crushed, and that they could no longer hold up their heads.

Then Rajaram said "Pant, the Mogals have destroyed our power by craft. No one knows what will be the future fate of the

Bhosalas. Was it God's will that all this trouble should come upon my sister-in-law who has spent nearly all her life in the ease and luxury of a court, and upon the tender young prince, and that our ears should hear of it? It is partly through us that, that mother and child, who until now, never even crossed the threshold of a stranger, are suffering the unbearable miseries of captivity. What did I say to Yesubai before I left her, and how have things turned out!

O Suryaji! is your inordinate desire for the Deshmukhi which overshadowed and eclipsed all your former fame, fully satisfied now? If you had scorned to do a mean action, and if you had with a grateful heart attended carefully to your duty, and so fulfilled the end for which you were created, you might have been at this moment a real Suryaji (sun) giving light to all the world. But this was not to be. If fortune is unfavourable everything goes against us. If she forsake the Bhosalas what use is it for us to do anything? There remains for us now, nothing but death or victory. We must bring the necks of our enemies, who are warriors born, as an offering to the battle-field and thus proclaim the greatness of our fathers; or else we must bare our breasts to their swords, and offer up as a sacrifice, our own bodies, which will else be but a burden to the earth. It is better to die than to live in dishonour; and it is an honour to warriors to be killed in battle: therefore it is my opinion that we should at once make ready to attack the foe, thinking neither of defeat nor victory. Brave warriors like Dhanaji and Santaji are not likely to be defeated straight away; then why should we make ourselves infamous by parading cowardice before the world! If by the blessing of God we conquer, our fame will never die, and if we perish in the defence of our country, eternal blessedness will be our all sufficient reward."

Ramchandrapant replied, "Maharaja, when we think upon the greatness of our fathers, and their quickly earned success, and when we regard ourselves as nothing but consumers of food, and burdens to the earth, it is true that we not only do not highly value our life, but we feel that to die and to depart would be far better than to continue in such a wretched and disgraceful condition. But it is not right at any time to be foolish and impatient, or to act recklessly, trusting only to fate. We should always bear in mind this wise saying, 'Be not faint-hearted, then victory is sure, be guided by circumstances and the times.' What can even the boldest swimmer do in the great and mighty ocean, when the waves are lashed into fury by a storm and will not the glory of even the bravest warriors be eclipsed, when such calamities overtake them? Recklessness never bears good fruit; so why should we sacrifice these human bodies, which are ours but once, after eighty-four lacks of inferior births, to no purpose on the battle field? Such a death can in no wise be regarded as blessed; therefore I pray that it may never overtake a prince like you, or brave and loyal warriors like Santaji and Dhanaji. We have with us to-day, wise men like Pralhadapant, and men of experience, who are fertile in resource and who never lose their presence of mind, however great the danger that befalls; and I believe that if we take heart and follow their advice, we shall be delivered out of all our troubles, and shall be shown how we may immortalize the name of our ancestors."

Then Dhanaji said "O Ramchandrapant, it is most disgraceful that the young prince and his mother should be compelled to eat bread and drink water in the house of foes who are of another religion, while we, who belong to the families of those Marathas who have often amazed even Aurangzebe by their incomparable bravery, are still alive. We have fallen in the estimation of the Mogals who are eaten up with pride because of their wealth; and

by thus defeating us, they have stained our hitherto unsullied fame, and I, for one, will never rest until the stain is wiped off and we have had our revenge; let what will happen, I will bear any trouble or any suffering rather. It will be a good day when this land which has become parched and heated by the fierce fires of their cruelty, shall be cooled by their blood. When I remember, that because of Suryaji's treachery there is not, to-day, a single spot left on this earth, where we may show our faces, I am overcome with rage and indignation and like the Maharaja, I feel disgusted with life; but when I hear the opinion of a clear-sighted man like yourself, I change my mind and think that we should not rush heedlessly into the jaws of death, but should make some great and noble use of these human bodies which God has given us; or they will have been given in vain. If we do nothing to make our descendants proud of us, and if we act in such a way as to be unworthy of their reverence, we shall have lived in vain. Sooner or later death comes to all."

Pralhadapant:— Well said, Dhanaji, well said. What man is there of us who will not be inspired by your eloquent words and those of Ramchandrapant, and by the evident devotion of the Maharaja, to his duty? The unity and energy of all our officers are I am quite sure, destined to cause all India, some day or other, to re-sound with our fame. The difficulties which beset us to-day are not to be compared with the great straits, and the unparalleled calamities, which came upon the kingdom in the time of Shivaji. Brave men are patient; it is their duty to be courageous in danger. No man's character can be tested except by trouble. Anxiety strengthens the mind as pain does the body; and this calamity also will be overcome, if brave men like you, buckle on their armour and fight for their sovereign without losing heart. Our foes have taken Raygad by craft, but what of that? They may

take the whole kingdom, yet if we have the rock of courage in our breasts, we may build upon that hundreds of such Rayagads. The *head* is surely of more importance than the *pagadi*. Where will our enemies go? We shall have to fight them all our lives, but it is no use to be impatient; for this is the day of their power. How can our weakness stand against their strength? Bearing in mind that those win, who work with knowledge and foresight, and that success depends upon the qualities of the worker, I advise that we should leave this place, and go somewhere else to make our arrangements, before our adversaries reach the top of the Ghauts. We can consider afterwards what plans we should adopt.

When Pralhadapant left off speaking, they all decided that Rajaram and some of the officers should leave the next day and go to the Karnatic. Because, the Mogal power was not established there; and Pralhadapant thought that as the strong fort of Chandi, and the surrounding districts were still in the possession of the Marathas, they might go there and try to make more plans and exert themselves to the utmost, for the defence of their country. But as the Mogals had spread like a flood all over Maharahstra and the borders of the Karnatic, and many of the roads were shut to them, it was not considered safe to take the Maharaja's family and retinue; so it was decided that only Rajaram, Pralhadapant, Khando Ballal, Dhanaji, Santaji and Khanderao Dabhade, should go, taking with them a few servants, and that Ramchandrapant and the rest should remain at Vishalgad, to take care of the royal family. Accordingly, they sent a messenger with letters to Mahadik, the *Killedar*, and Hanmante, the *karkun* at Chandi, telling them to expect them. After all the arrangements were completed, Pralhadapant, thinking that he would like to see his family *guru*, before departing for the distant Karnatic, went secretly to Bramhanal, a little village about five miles from Saugli.

A *sadhu* named Anandamurti was living there at that time. He had formerly been a Brahman priest and the head of a family; but for some reason or other, being tired of the world, he became a *sadhu*; and the esteem in which he was held grew day by day, until at last he was entitled to sit in the assembly of the five chief *sadhus** and everybody praised him. This great saint was Pralhadapant's family *guru*, and he was to him, just what Ramdas had been to Shiva Chhatrapati. As Ramdas taught Shivaji how to release his country-men from the oppression of the Mahomedans who tormented them, so it was chiefly through the teaching of Anandamurti-swami, that when, after the death of Sambhaji, Aurangzebe was destroying the Maratha power, Pralhadapant, with the aid of such brave and mighty friends as Dhanaji and Santaji, raised it by his wise policy and gave new life to the Empire of the Hindus. As clouds water the earth without benefiting themselves, so great *sadhus* live for the sake of others; such beings are now and again created for the salvation of the world. That good man's grave may still be seen at Bramhanal, and a large sum of money is given by government to keep it in repair.

Because Pralhadapant had unlimited faith in this great *guru*, he paid him a visit, so soon as it was decided that they should proceed to the Karnatic; and directly he saw him he prostrated himself before his lotus-feet and addressed him thus:—"O great *guru* who art merciful to the sorrowful, thou knowest what calamities have come upon me, thy servant, at the present time. Since my father's death it has always been my great desire, to serve the Hindu throne; but I cannot tell what will be the future condition of the Maratha kingdom and of the Hindus, who are groaning under the tyranny of the Mahomedans. Raynagad has

* Ramdas, Jayaram, Rungnath, Anandamurti and Keshavamurti formed the assembly of the five great *sadhus* at that time.

already fallen into their hands and Yesubai and Shivaji are in confinement in their camp. No one is left but Rajaram Maharaja and so long as he is spared there is some hope; but should anything happen to him, all will indeed be lost. The Mahomedans will spread all over the country. Aurangzebe who is very persevering, has now been for some time in the Deccan with his large army, trying to overthrow the Hindu religion, and to establish the Mahomedan power and religion everywhere; and it seems as if at this time all his desires are to be fulfilled by the power of God, so that whatever plans we may make, will be fruitless; therefore I have determined to go to Chandi in the Karnatic, with Rajaram and some other officers. Because the Mahomedans have not yet got a foot-hold there, we will go and try our fortune once again; and if by thy favour we are successful, I shall think myself a happy man. Our only object is to make that tyrant confess that we are not forgetful of our country, or our duty, and that we are able to save our father-land, although Shiva Chhatrapati who conquered Maharashtra, is dead. There is none beside thee, who has power to save the family of the Bhosalas and with them the people of Maharashtra. Therefore I have come to throw myself at thy feet, to make known my intention and to obtain thy blessing which will ensure success. Put thy blessed hand upon my head and take away my fears. If I come again, it will be to serve thee and my native land, as is meet; if not, this is our last meeting on earth."

The heart of Swami Maharaja overflowed with pity when he heard the sorrowful words of Pralhadapant. He knew that he was a brave and clever man; but thinking that calamity had discouraged him, he sought by giving him good advice to arouse him to sense of his duty. That advice is worthy to be remembered, and a summary of it is given below. By means of it

Pralhadapant was strengthened, and the root of the Maratha power which was still left in the ground began to grow; and in the end it became a big tree, under the cool shadow of which all the people of Maharashtra took shelter, and enjoyed the blessing of freedom.

“Although” said the *guru* “the Maratha kingdom is at present in such an unhappy condition, yet if we do not lose heart, before very long the day of its prosperity will dawn. Even the greatest men and the most meritorious kings have to bear their appointed trouble; then why not we? It is a mark of true greatness and true courage to endure calamity with a brave and cheerful heart. It is said that the truly noble are brave in adversity, and forgiving in prosperity; and this is the only difference between great men and the common herd. If the wind of prosperity blows even for a moment upon common men, they are puffed up with pride and consider themselves the only honourable people in the world; but the truly good are quite different. When riches increase they are humble, and try to give others pleasure; and if calamity confronts them like a high mountain, they are not terrified, but they save others as well as themselves by their presence of mind.

The wheel of fortune is always turning. We daily look at the circle of pots on a machine placed over a well for drawing water; when the first are filled and begin to rise, they seem to dance with joy as they proceed on their way to the surface; but as soon as they reach the highest point they turn and begin again to descend; presently, they touch the water and being re-filled they rise gladly; as they are doing so, they seem to say to their fellows that are going up, ‘You will sink, you will sink.’ Thus kingdoms also rise and fall. There are few whom misfortune does not overtake; therefore it is wrong for us to think that we

shall never get through our difficulties, and in our despair to forsake our religion, or to throw aside morality and leave the path of virtue and walk in the way of the wicked. Nothing is impossible to the brave and persevering. Untiring effort will force oil from grains of sand. We must never allow ourselves to be turned from our resolves. Just as seed will not grow except it die, so we shall never find freedom, wealth or happiness unless we strive courageously and bear trouble bravely. Happiness springs from grief, and sadness from pleasure; therefore unless we endure the night of sorrow, we shall not see the dawn of gladness. Trouble is the touch-stone by which courage, nobility of soul, firmness, morality, devotion to duty and other manly virtues are tested.

The hotter the furnace, the purer the gold. Base metal will not stand the fire. The real diamond is not broken by the stroke of the hammer; so true bravery and true nobility gain greater brilliance in the furnace of affliction, and they are strengthened, not crushed, by misfortune's blows. "Be not prostrated by grief, but do your best to overcome all difficulties and you will have no lack of joy. Knowledge and wisdom forsake those who being overcome by misery cease to think. He who is watchful in evil times becomes strong. Those who work together in many difficulties will not fail in the end." These are the sayings of the wise, and if you keep them in mind and shape your conduct by them, you will always be prosperous. In India, many kingdoms have come and gone, many have risen and fallen; if we read their history in the Puranas we shall see that the difficulties, that disinterested men who by their own power and might established great kingdoms, and made the Aryas famous by their brilliant victories had to encounter in their great work, were neither few nor small. When we remember how they sacrificed their lives, we feel that if they had not been surpassingly brave and patriotic the

world would not still be resounding with the fame of their peerless power and greatness. The supremacy which they obtained and the kingdoms which they established flourished and declined; and although, to-day, there is not a trace of their greatness left, still their unwearied efforts to accomplish their objects, and the wise means which they used in order to overcome the difficulties which beset them, have become our teachers, and are teaching us still; and not only so, but they will always go on instructing us. The example of our fathers has been, and still will be the main spring of our efforts to arouse a desire for freedom in the heart of the Marathas who have been conquered and ruined, and to make them a power in the world, yet once again.

Your determination to go away is right in the present straits. It is said that it is justifiable to sacrifice one person for the sake of a family, a family for a village, and a village for the whole country; and so a man may forsake his country if by doing so he can save himself. Besides Narada taught Dharmaraja that in times of danger a king must deliver himself by treaty, by fighting, by flight, by concealment, by falsehood or by the help of others. By concealment is meant going to a fort or some other safe place and taking shelter there, until the times become favourable. So if you go with Rajaram to the Karnatic, and there make plans for the overthrow of the enemy, your plans will not be made in vain. The wise and experienced say that honest effort always succeeds, and God will certainly crown with success, the man who trusts in Him and does his work without stepping aside from the right way. Our fortune began to decline after the death of Shivaji. Sambhaji lost his courage and his power; and all the wealth, energy and might of Maharashtra being destroyed, you are obliged to fly from your country. But after a short time if you all keep up heart and bear trouble bravely for the sake of your country, it will be your turn to ascend. One word more and I have done, "Be on

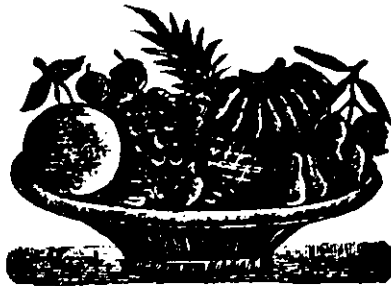
your guard in trouble, but never give way to despondency; stay in a solitary place making plans for safety; forgive past faults and encourage your ministers and engage them in work. Fear paralyzes effort; therefore in all things seek for wisdom and keep on good terms with everybody, then your objects will be speedily accomplished. Remembering this, try to unite others, and be of one mind to drive away the public foe, and you will become famous all over the world. "Use the sword with courage and energy, then you will rise to the summit of prosperity." Always keep in mind this good and loving advice of Ramdas; then just as Vishnu became incarnate as the man-lion in the third *yuga* in order to fulfil the desire of Pralhad, so he will fulfil your desire and make your country as famous as it was in the days of old. Collect a large army, and fill the minds of your soldiers with one thought and then fight with all your strength against the Mohamedans. Try to keep what you have and to get more and establish the Maratha power all over the country."

Pralhadpant was overcome with emotion at the conclusion of this soul-stirring speech. The following day the Swami blessed and took leave of him, and as soon as he had permission to depart, he returned to Vishalgad. He told Rajaram and the rest what the Swami thought and said about their country, and then began to make his arrangements. He gave to Moropant's son Nilopant the title of Peshwa and told him and Parashuram Trimbak Kulkarni* and Saukraj Narayan † to do as Ramchandra-pant advised. He placed Shidoji Gujar and Kanoji Angre in

*The ancestor of Pant-Pratinidhi of Oundh.

†The ancestor of Pant-Sachiv of Bhor.

command of the navy and told them to help Ramchandrapant to protect the Konkan as well as they could. He made Mahadaji Naik Pansambalkar, Commandar of the Garrison and told him to obey Ramchandrapant. After committing the safe keeping of the fort to them, Pralhadapant, Rajaram Maharaja, Dhanaji, Santaji, Dabhade, Khando Ballal and five or six faithful servants prepared to depart. An account of their journey is given in the following chapter.



CHAPTER VII.

.....: *And either tropic now
 'Gan thunder and both ends of heaven ; the clouds,
 From many a horrid rift abortive, poured
 Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
 In ruin reconciled.*

MILTON.

All the preparations were completed, and a favourable time for starting was appointed. The servants who were to accompany the travellers had taken leave of their friends and were getting everything ready for the journey. The time fixed for setting out, was before sunrise the following morning; and in the evening, Rajaram went to the hall to take farewell of his two beloved wives. As they knew that the Maharaja was to leave for the Barnatic at early dawn, and that they were to remain at Vishalgad, they were very unhappy. They were watching for him; and when they saw him coming, they both got up to greet him.

After embracing them he said to Tarabai "Darling, how is it that your face which is usually so bright that it cheers those who look on it, is overclouded to-day? Are you not well? Men look to women for rest. If they are ill in body or troubled in mind, one look at such a happy face as yours will drive away all their cares, fill their hearts with joy, and give them fresh vigour. Happy are those men who because of their merits in a former birth are rewarded in this, with such a good and noble wife as you are; we may say that their joy has no limit.

Tarabai—(Pretending to be angry) Enough; how much more will you flatter us? I understand your honeyed words. Do

we not live together? Truly, we women must learn from men, the art of getting what we want by flattery. I know the reason of all these sweet speeches to-day. If a neighbour covers up his cock, will that delay the dawn? Go where you like; but you shall not go unless you promise to take us with you. The Karnatic and Chandī are a long way off; and there is no certainty that you will regain your power and punish the enemy by going there. Then why do you leave us and go away for nothing? It is true enough, that the life of us women is vanity and vexation. For men we must endure anxiety day and night, and be sifted as wheat. If they go from home and their return is delayed but for a little, we go in and out, and look up and down the road seventy times. If they only have a headache, we pray to Kulaswami and fast on Mondays and Fridays; and so our cares are multiplied, and half our life is wasted in worrying about men. But what is that to them? True it is that the sorrows of others do not touch us. Nevertheless we are determined to go with you.

Rajaram laughed a little and said "So all this anger and all this railing against men in general, are only because you do not like being left behind! Do I ever refuse you anything? A sleeping man may be aroused, but what about one who is already awake? If you know all about our present trouble and make all this fuss on purpose, who can pacify you? No one can ever do it. But all this talk and all this obstinacy are utterly unbecoming to a wise and intelligent woman like you. When God gives piece, who is willing to throw away the joys of home and suffer the sorrows of separation, alone in a distant land? Besides, dearest, you are about to become a mother and what man is there who would harden his heart and tear himself away from his wife at such a time, instead of staying with her and doing all that lies in him to make her happy, except at the urgent call of duty? There is no help for it; we must do what the circumstances and

the time demand. If I, who have come of a race of warriors give myself up to family cares and neglect my duty, and forget the name of my ancestors, God will certainly not hold me guiltless. Our foes have spread themselves all over Maharashtra and it is dangerous to remain here in false security; therefore we have to go to the Karnatic and do the best we can. We ought to take you with us certainly; but the distance is very great; and as the enemy are encamped at different places on the road we don't know what will happen, where we may have to go, or what privations we may have to endure. But after we get there, we will arrange to send for those who are left behind. Therefore it will be much better for you to let us go quietly than to worry yourself by being foolish and obstinate.

Rajasabai now joined in with—Ah! you pretend that you are anxious about us; and perhaps some will believe it. Let danger come, or let what will come; we would much rather go with you and share your privations than stay at home consumed with anxiety, eating the bread of tears and drinking the water of affliction. Did not Ramchandra take Sita with him when he went to the forest?

Rajaram—True; and for that very reason Valmiki had to write the Ramayana. Had Rama not done so, Sita would never have been taken to Ceylon, and there would never have been the least cause for Maruti to be at the trouble of searching for her, nor for Rama to wage fierce warfare against strong giants like Ravana, and to be made weary of life. If you wish to fall into the enemy's hands, there is some sense in all this perversity.

Tarabai:—Who can say anything after they are caught in their own trap? Women can never argue with men. Their words are vain, and no one will regard them. God has so ordained

it; yet we are so silly that we can never be quiet. If taking us will increase your trouble, we will not worry you about it. Our happiness and pleasure depend upon yours; so what is the use of insisting upon anything which will only double your anxieties. But at least listen to us when we ask you to take care of yourself, and remember us; or else, you will say 'yes, yes' to everything until you go, and as soon as you have crossed the threshold, everything will be forgotten and you will not even ask about us. Kulaswamini, you must protect him now; when we hear that he has had a prosperous journey and has reached Chandi, we will give you a golden knob for the top of your umbrella.

So in loving talk, and contemplation, and snatches of sleep the night was spent. When Venus rose, Rajaram dressed and went out into the court, where he found Pralhadapant, Ramchandrapant, Khando Ballal, Dhanaji, Santaji, Dabhade and others assembled and ready to start. The previous evening they had left some rice, betel-nut, and turmeric at a neighbouring house, and these they now removed as a sign that they had departed. As day began to dawn, they slowly made their way out of the fort. When Pralhadapant was about to dismiss those who had accompanied them, he told Ramchandrapant that all the responsibility rested on him, and that he, Nilopant, Mahadaji and the rest must act unanimously and arrange to send word to them at Chandi, of all that happened. He said that after they had settled at that place they would make their plans for the future, and that if until then, they cast their care on God, and did what they could to help themselves, He, the giver of all good would certainly not forsake them. After giving this good advice to those who had seen them so far on their way, he sent them back; and the travellers continued their journey. After a few days they crossed the Ghat and reached Devagad. They determined to proceed thence to Gokarna by water, and from there *via* Soundha to the

Karnatic. But as they had to pass through the enemies' country, Pralhadapant thought it would be better to travel incognito, and be disguised some as *jangams*, some as *bairagis*, and others as *jogis*; and he himself put on a *linga*, took off his *shendi*, dressed himself in an orange coloured robe and passed for a Lingait priest. Disguised in this way, these would be pilgrims crossed the mountain sacred to Shri Venkatesh and reached the Karnatic.

Aurangzebe heard that they had left Vishalgad and gone to some other place; so he sent word to his captains to find out their retreat and as soon as they got a clew to their whereabouts, to capture them and send them to head quarters. Having received these strict orders the Mogal officers were everywhere on the alert. Just at that time our pilgrims reached Bangalore and took up their quarters in the *dharmasala* there. That very day other *bairagis* had arrived there and some *ganja* smokers from the town were sitting smoking and singing in their midst. As soon as the meal was ready Rajaram Maharaja began to wash his feet; and while one man was pouring water on them, and other standing with a towel in his hand, these Canarése people began to observe him and to whisper amongst themselves, that although they appeared to be poor pilgrims, there was no doubt that the one who had water poured upon his feet by another, must be some great and rich man. Khando Ballal knew a little of the Dravidian language and hearing this he concluded that the Canarése people were talking about them, and that their suspicions had been aroused. So in the evening, after they had left the *dharmasala*, he told Pralhadapant that it seemed from their remarks that they were suspicious of them, and that it was very likely, that as Bangalore was a Mogal Station, some Mogal officer might hear their chatter about them, and that he also might be led to suspect them, which would plunge them into trouble. Therefore they had better at once decide on what would be the best course for them to adopt.

They were all surprised at Chitnis' words, and Pralhadapant said, "Friends, we seem to be in a great difficulty. If we all leave this place at once we shall needlessly give the enemy cause for increased suspicion and they will follow us and watch us closely. Neither is it safe for us to stay here; for, if we are once caught in the clutches of the Mogal officers, they will harass and annoy us. It does not matter for the rest of us; but if he, for whom we have abandoned home and country, and who is the centre of all our hopes, fall into the enemy's hands, then all is lost. So, some of us should leave this place with Rajaram before daybreak and go eastwards. Afterwards, if the enemy chance to seize those of us who remain behind, it will not matter. Those who go on first must wait for the rest at Vellore; we will manage to meet somehow. I see no other way out of the difficulty." Pralhadapant's plan commended itself to them all: so Rajaram, Santaji, Dhanaji and one servant set out on their journey eastwards as soon as the moon rose. Before daylight the next morning, the *dharmasala* was surrounded by a guard of Mogals; because, as has been before said, the Faozdar of Bangalore had received orders from the Badshah to watch, and he was therefore on the look out. So, when he heard the rumour that there were some rich pilgrims in the *dharmasala* outside the town, he immediately gave his subordinates orders to seize them and bring them to the fort.

As it was bright moonlight the four who had left the *dharmasala* walked on slowly all night; and by daylight they were ten or twelve miles off. At dawn they came to a clear, gently flowing stream where they refreshed themselves; after which they continued their journey. Because as they were afraid of being pursued by the enemy, they determined to go as far as they could before it got very hot, and then rest about ten or eleven o'clock, if they found a halting place; but twelve o'clock came and they saw no sign of any village or other place where they might stay. They

had lost their way ; and as they advanced, the country became more and more hilly. They could see nothing but a frightful precipice on one side and towering rocks on the other, and to add to their misery, the heat of the sun became intolerable. Their feet were sore as they had been walking since midnight, and they were completely exhausted. They had given up all hope of coming to a village. So, as soon as they found a place where there was water, they sat down under a tree to rest. After eating a little food, and drinking some cold water, the faintness caused by hunger and long travel passed off, and the moment they lay down in the cool shade they fell asleep. When they awoke the sun was no longer hot, and they were invigorated by their sleep. And as they were anxious to get to some village before dark, lest they should have to pass the night in that dreadful spot, they pressed on. As they climbed the hill, storm-clouds covered the sky, and the sultriness was so extreme that they became wet through, with perspiration.

The darkness increased and it began to thunder. Now and again there were bright flashes of lightning. While they were wondering whether they would be caught in a shower, the wind rose to a hurricane. Big trees swayed to and fro and it seemed as if they would be plucked up by the roots. The eyes, noses, and mouths of the travellers were filled with dust, and they were unable to see the road. Storm voices filled the air, and they felt as though the heavens were about to fall upon them. They could not go a step further, and they sat down under a tree for shelter. Just then, the wind ceased and a violent hail-storm came on. We need not describe their condition. The hail-stones were like small cannon balls ; and there was nothing to break their force as they fell on every part of their body. As soon as the fury of the hail-storm abated, the wind rose again. The thunder roared over their head, the lightning-hissed at their feet, and they

were at their wit's end. The rain came down again in torrents. In a little while the whole place was flooded, and the distress of the fugitives was extreme. Rajaram Maharaja had suffered so much from the rain and hail that he was in an almost lifeless condition. He had never before been exposed to wind or hail, cold or heat, and had never even witnessed a storm except through the windows of a palace or other safe and pleasant refuge; and it is not surprising that now, after being exposed to the fury of the elements, his condition was pitiable in the extreme. Even hardened warriors like Dhanaji and Santaji who had often been in great straits and had escaped hundreds of perils, were alarmed by this terrible experience. Then what must the feelings of others have been!

In about an hour the rain stopped; the sky immediately became clear and the soft beams of the setting sun rested on the hills. It had been just a hot weather storm and in an hour or two it cleared up and became quite bright. Then our travellers regained their cheerfulness. They felt that they had escaped from a great peril. They wrung their clothes, and dried them; and seeing an old temple a little further up the hill, they turned towards it. It was a beautiful place and they determined to take up their quarters in it for the night. Now our readers will be anxious to know the fate of Pralhadapant, Dabhade, Khando Ballal and the others who stayed in Banglore. So, we will leave Rajaram Maharaja in this temple of Kalika, and return to them.



CHAPTER VIII.

*Be patient. Time will reinstate,
Thy health and fortune.*

LONGFELLOW.

As was said in the previous chapter, early the next morning, the guards who had surrounded the *dharmasala* seized all the pilgrims, and took them to their officer in the fort, who after threatening them said, "Tell me truly who you are, whence you came, and whither you are going; or I shall send you to the Badshah and then who can tell what your fate will be." But they only said "We are *jungams* from the banks of the Tunga, and are going on pilgrimage to Shri Rameshwar." When he asked what had become of the *Bairagis* who were with them in the *dharmasala* the previous day, they said, "They are not of our party; and they left about two o'clock this morning." Directly he heard that, he sent some horsemen towards Rameshwar to overtake and bring back the pilgrims; and he ordered those who had already been seized to be placed in confinement.

They were kept the whole of that day and night without food; and the next morning, the horsemen who had been sent after the others, came back with four or five pilgrims whom they had overtaken. Then he adjured them all to tell the truth on pain of death; but in vain. So he made them stand in the sun with stones, three maunds in weight on their heads, and he kept them three days without food, and had them beaten, and fettered, and tortured in various other ways to get at the truth. But it was all to no purpose. He could get nothing out of them, but that they were pilgrims and that they were going to Rameshwar. On the fourth day he began to feel sorry for them, and he sent them food and gave them permission to cook and eat it; but they would

not eat. They said that they were pilgrims; and they would neither eat nor drink until they were set at liberty; that they had determined to offer themselves up once for all to Shri Rameshwar, and it did not matter whether they lived or died; but it would be much better to die than to defile themselves by eating and drinking in confinement. The officer felt certain that they must really be pilgrims when he saw their firmness and their rigid observance of rules; and he felt that he had tortured them for nothing. So he commanded that they should be released and then he sent to tell the Badshah all that had happened.

What shall we say of such loyalty and devotion! Blessed are such men! Surely the nobility of Khando Ballal, Dabhade and the others is worthy of praise. For, having once sworn fealty to Rajaram they abandoned their homes and all whom they loved; and not counting their lives dear to them, unflinchingly bore all this pain for his sake. Such men as these are the jewels who adorn our country and who shine as lights in the world. It is because of their unswerving loyalty and devotion that Hinduism and the Vedic religion are to be found in India to-day. But for them Mahomedanism would have been established and our very name would have passed away. Readiness to endure bondage, hunger, the burning rays of the sun, and the intolerable scourge of the tyrant, for the sake of duty or for love of one's country—this indeed is true courage and true patriotism. It is common for people to toil for their own interest and it is easy to talk about loyalty, patriotism, and the service of one's country; but it is very difficult to act as we speak, if by so doing we should bring trouble upon ourselves. If we have but to fast once a fortnight or to deny ourselves ever so little, all our courage goes, to say nothing of enduring starvation, or keeping cool when our lives are in danger as Pralhadapaht, Khando Ballal and Dabhade did. As long as we lose nothing, or are untouched by danger, so long we

can talk and write *ad-nauseum* about brotherly love, patriotism, devotion to duty &c; but let the least sacrifice be required of us, and we straightway forget that there are such words in the dictionary. If Pralhadapant or Khanderao Dabhade, or others had been ready to not disloyally for the sake of their own advantage, Aurangzebe would have taken them into his service and rewarded them with large grants of land, and he would even have taken their advice. But no! Those great and noble men allowed themselves to be ground to pieces like the sandal wood for the sake of future generations, and they established a kingdom; and by sacrificing themselves for others, won earthly renown, and everlasting blessedness.

Our readers will remember that we left Rajaram and his followers in the temple of the goddess Kalika. Now let us see what happened to them afterwards. As it was evening, Rajaram, Santaji and Dhanaji sat down by the margin of the lovely lake that was spread out before them, in order to feast their eyes on its beauty for a little while. The hollows round the shrubs and trees were filled to overflowing by the rain, that had just fallen. The petals of the lotus flowers which had been broken off by the storm, were floating on the surface of the lake. Thousands of beetles were flying about like mad things. Birds of different sorts, were preening their feathers on the branches of the trees which bordered the lake. Just then all the world seemed to be mourning because the sun, the lord of light, had set. The stars came out one by one filling the heavens with their soft radiance. Myriads of fireflies lighted up the shadows under the thickest trees and the air seemed to resound with the chirping of crickets. Seeing that the darkness was increasing, the three friends went towards the temple and found their servant who had just swept it, making up their beds. They had some light refreshments with them which had been more or less soaked by the rain; having eaten which, they all fell into a sound sleep.

Rajaram Maharaja slept for a short time; but long before day-break he awoke and began to look about him. Everything was quiet. No sound broke the stillness, but the deep breathing of the slumberers, and the twittering of the birds in their nests. The wind had fallen and not a leaf stirred. His body was aching with the fatigues of the previous day and he rose and sat on the side of the bed. Just then the moon appeared above the horizon. And looking at it, he said within himself, "Just as the earth which has been enshrouded in darkness is now rejoicing in the moon, so the hope of future success, when it springs up in the heart of a man who has been overwhelmed by disappointment, fills him with happiness, and makes him strong to bear present pain. But where shall a poor man seek for courage, whose days are spent in unavailing efforts to free himself from the calamities brought upon him, by the errors of a former birth. Notwithstanding that troubles have come thick and fast upon the Maratha kingdom since the death of Abasaheb, we have till this time trusted in God, and not lost heart. Hoping for better days we endured heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and have borne voluntary exile for the sake of proving ourselves worthy of the renown of our fathers. But, if after all Bhawani does not pity us, what is the use of wandering from country to country and bringing all this misfortune upon ourselves? If it had been God's will that the rule of the Marathas should continue, and that the flag of our ancestors should float over our country, he would not have permitted this separation between ourselves and the rest of our party. Who knows what will be the fate of those devoted servants whom we left behind. How shall we be reunited, and how shall our objects be accomplished? All is over, and the end of the Bhoslas and of the kingdom is at hand.

Oh Ambition! I have heard that thou art a destroyer, and now I know it by bitter experience. Although we have read many stories in the Puranas, of kings whom thou hast caught in thy toils and made thy servants and at last utterly ruined, we are still under thy spell, and wander about like fools to do thy bidding. Who knows to what length the inconstancy of man's mind will lead him. So enough of this misery, and of future royalty. It would be better to go to some distant place, and spend one's life in good works than to endure this anxiety; and better still to stay in this lovely spot and worship Kalika. Then she will drive away all my griefs and give me, her humble servant, shelter at her feet. To do this is now my sole desire. Oh Ambition! henceforth thou wilt find no place in this steadfast heart. Oh foolish mind! I am weary of thy tyrannical and troublesome rule and am determined to free myself from it; therefore give up all thy impossible desires and go to Kalika for rest."

These floods of sorrowful thoughts flowed over the soul of the Maharaja; and as he sat sighing on bed, presently Santaji and Dhanaji awoke. Santaji asked what had disturbed him and said, "It is true that we are in a sad plight; but there is no help for it. If there is anything fresh troubling you, your servant is ready to do all that in him lies to remove it. Perhaps, sitting here awake and alone, you have been overwhelmed by sorrowful thoughts. But if I may make bold to say so, no one of your family has, ever, up till this time allowed himself to give way to useless worrying; and why should it happen to one so wise and brave as yourself. Tell your servant why you sit sighing in despair. It is in your name that we have buckled on our swords, and left our country, and become as wanderers on the earth for the sake of the Bhosalas; and if you give way, to whom shall we look to inspire us with courage? If you abandon hope and look coldly on us, when we have left all to serve you, who shall inspire us with energy to

fight our foes? These misfortunes will not last for ever. Tomorrow we shall reach Chandi and all our troubles will be at an end. So now, I humbly entreat you to be of good courage and to strengthen our hands."

Rajaram replied, "Do not be unhappy about me; nothing has happened. There is no cause for anxiety when I live with me such a devoted servant as you. But there is one thing that troubles me. It does not seem right that God should bring all these misfortunes on the Maratha kingdom, when brave men and wise politicians like you and Pralhadapant have devoted yourselves entirely to its service. My heart is melted by your afflictions; I care nothing for myself. If the joy of a ruler is not for me, how can I obtain it? After the death of Abasaheb (Shivaji) I was a prisoner for a time and now because our enemies have taken our kingdom, we have to live in concealment. We must bear whatever comes upon us; we cannot avoid it by complaining. If God has made us only that we may suffer, who can deliver us? But if we offer ourselves up to God instead of enduring all this misery for the sake of obtaining a kingdom, we should fulfil the object for which we were created. I am weary of all these troubles, and I do not desire a kingdom. Henceforth all my happiness will be to remain in this lonely place and worship at the feet of Kalika. If by good fortune, you and Pralhadapant meet again and your efforts are crowned with success, send the young Maharaja on the throne. It seems to me that all my desires will be fulfilled, if I hear that he is protecting his Hindu subjects, and ruling them well."

"Maharaja," said Dhanaji, "what does this mean? It is not right that such a noble man as you should speak such sad words. It is a disgrace to a warrior to allow himself to be discouraged and overwhelmed by difficulties. If you entertain such cowardly

thoughts instead of being ready to give your body to be destroyed, in order to keep what your ancestors obtained, this human life, with which you have been crowned after thousands of inferior births, will be wasted. It would be better never to have been born, than to live, and not do one's duty. A man must fix his mind on the object he has in view, and work for it with all his might and main. As no image can be made without blows from a chisel, so no one can obtain honour or do anything truly great, unless he prepares himself by bravely enduring hardship. You know what Shivaji did in order to establish the kingdom, and after his death India re-sounded with his fame. If by your power you increase that kingdom, you will not only be honoured as a worthy son of your father, but you will be the saviour of his and your mother's families; and you will obtain renown in this world and everlasting happiness in the next. If not, you will neither serve God nor obtain salvation. Ramdas has given the following advice. 'First attend properly to worldly concerns, then give diligence to obtain salvation. Be not idle but watchful; if you abandon the world to secure future bliss, you will be unhappy. They are truly wise who attend to both present and future.' So it is both the duty and the reward of warriors, to sacrifice themselves for their country and their countrymen. Shivaji's hopes were centred in you. We shall never forget his last words *viz*: 'After my death, Rajaram will govern and protect the Hindu people with greater love and care than I have done.' When we remember this, we forget our sorrows and our hands are strengthened; but if you give up hope and renounce everything, your mother and Shivaji will not be happy even in heaven. Therefore throw all this indifference to the wind and strain every nerve to destroy Aurangzebe, the bitter enemy of our religion and our country, and to raise again the orange-coloured standard of your family in Maharashtra. Then you will discharge the debt you owe to your father, and we shall do our duty to you.

What nobler object can there be than that? Just as Bharat abandoned his mother, and Bibhishana his brother for the sake of Ramchandra, so we have sold ourselves for you. Therefore rouse yourself and see the day is dawning. Probably there is some village near, where we may rest for a day or two, and forget our weariness."

The sadness, and the discouraging thoughts which had filled Rajaram's mind, were all dispelled by the hopeful and inspiring words of his true hearted servant. It is true as Moropant said that the words of beloved friends cheer our hearts just as the *katak* seed clears muddy waters. The affectionate words of a true and faithful servant like Dhanaji, were surely enough to change the current of his master's thoughts in a moment. As soon as the sun rose, they left the lake and continued their journey. About ten o'clock they came to a village, where they stayed for two days; after which they went by stages to Guramkonda.



CHAPTER IX.

*But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will be bound our calm contents.*

SHAKESPEARE.

There is a large hill-fort called Jinji in the Madras Presidency. It is about 37 miles to the south of Arcot, the chief town of the Zillah of that name. It is built on three hills, and is surrounded by a strong mud rampart about 7 miles in circumference, and it appears to be of immense size. The most important part of it is on Rayagiri which is the highest and most famous of these three hills; its southern side is just a steep precipitous rock, and in former times the only access to the fort was by the fearful ravine to the south-west. It is not certainly known by whom or at what time it was built. Some think, that the stupendous work was accomplished by Chola kings; others, that it was begun by the son of Vijayrang, a famous nobleman of Tanjore in 1442, and that it was carried on and completed at different times by different Vijayanagar kings. Be this as it may, it is certainly very old. If we climb to the top of the hill we see many old granaries, one or two ancient temples, a gymkhana, a large hall called the Kalyanamahal and other buildings which have fallen into ruin for want of repair. Of these the Kalyanamahal is the most remarkable for its splendid workmanship which is very superior to that of later times. In it, there is a large and beautiful reception room, opening into which are many zenans. There is a grand tower in the middle ten stories high, which rises ninety feet above the rest of the building. Water is brought by pipes from a long distance into every part of it and a fountain plays on the top. These pipes can be seen at the different places whence they are brought into the fort, through the mud ramparts. There is a large gun on Rayagiri; and the meta

of which it is cast being incorrodible, it is perfectly bright, and looks like a new weapon. Besides all these things there is a slab of marble twenty feet square, lying in the palace yard; and the horrible well into which the bodies of prisoners used to be thrown is also to be seen there.

The fort of Jinji remained in the possession of the kings of Vijyanagar, until the battle of Talikot. Afterwards in the year 1638, a famous nobleman named Bandhulakhan belonging to the royal family of Bijapur took it and it became a possession of the Bijapur kings. Shivaji's father Shahaji was the Commander of the company of men, by whose help Bandhulakhan got possession of it. When Shivaji's power was increasing he got the strong fort of Jinji into his hand and placed Maratha garrison there; and as it was almost impregnable it remained in the hands of the Marathas from that time; and the Government of the small talukas of Kolhar, Balapur, Uskata, Bangalore, Elore and Jinji, which Shahaji had gained in the Karnatic, was carried on from there. Shivaji had placed an army and an almost independent governor there, to whom he had made grants of land for the protection of his possessions in the Karnatic. The Governor was to rule according to Shivaji's laws, and go once a year to Rayagad, to give an account of his doings. Amatya, one of Shivaji's eight ministers, was sovereign of this small kingdom and he usually resided at Jinji. The kingdom was well governed and the important fort of Jinji belonged to it. So, although it was so small, its influence was felt all over the Karnatic. The Marathas call it Chhandi. After the death of Shivaji, during the lawless reign of Sambhaji, Bangalore, one of these talukas fell into the hands of the Mahomedans, and they had a camp there. The Kings of Mysore took Uskata; and the remaining talukas, including the fort of Jinji, were left in the possession of the Marathas. At this time they were governed by Nilo Moreshwara Amatya and Janardanpant Haumante.

As the result of Sambhaji's folly, anarchy prevailed in some parts of the Maratha dominions during his reign, and the Maratha power began to fall to pieces, and the power of the Mogals advanced step by step. But as the Karnatic was very distant and as the government of his possession there, was in the hands of such a wise man as Nilopant who ruled according to Shivaji's laws, it was not affected by the lawlessness of Kalusha's career; besides, it was very fruitful and the people were in a prosperous condition. The fort was always prepared for any emergency, because there were fifteen hundred foot and a thousand horse-soldiers stationed there. And as it was in good order, Pralhadapant had set out for it with Rajaram. After they had escaped from the Mogal soldiers at Bangalore, Pralhadapant and his companions went to Velore. They expected that the Maharaja and his followers would be waiting for them somewhere in the town and they made many enquiries, but could find no trace of them; and thinking that they might have proceeded to Jinji they turned toward that place. Pralhadapant was much troubled, because they could hear nothing of them at Jinji either; and being filled with anxiety about their probable fate he prayed saying "O God, how long wilt thou hide Thyself from us? Is it Thy will that this should be the sad end of all the sorrows we have borne, and of our bringing Rajaram away from all that was dear to him, and making him a wanderer in a strange land?" Then taking courage he sent Khando Ballal, and Dabhlade back to Velor, to look for the wanderers.

It has been already said that when Rajaram and his people left Bangalore, they lost their way, and went sixty or seventy miles in a northerly direction to Guramkonda. They were so tired out when they came in sight of that village, that they could scarcely put one foot before the other; and stayed at a temple just on the outskirts. On the road they had been obliged to eat and drink anything they could get, and since about nine in the morning the

Maharaja had been suffering slightly from stomach-ache, which increased after he had eaten a light meal at the temple. In the middle of the night he became so ill that Dhanaji and Santaji were quite frightened. They applied such remedies as were at hand, but without effect. We must leave our readers to imagine how terribly anxious and apprehensive those faithful servants felt, when they saw their master so ill. The other people, who were spending the night in the temple, hearing their lamentations and seeing the almost lifeless condition of the Maharaja, told them that there was a Hindu doctor in the town, who supplied medicine gratis to poor pilgrims like themselves, and that unless they fetched him, their friend would most likely die. Santaji thanked them and begged one of them to show him where the doctor lived. As soon as they found him Santaji told him everything and entreated him to return with him to the temple; but as it was night, he refused to go. At last Santaji in his fear of his master's life fell at his feet and said, "Hakeem Sahab, if you will be merciful and take the trouble to come with us, you will have the honour of saving the life of a poor pilgrim and we will never forget your kindness as long as we live." What peerless loyalty was this! May many such faithful men as Santaji be born in our country who are ready to give up everything yea, even to fall at the feet of another to serve him, to whom they have once sworn fealty. Blessed are such men, and happy are the times which produced them !!

When the doctor heard the humble words of Santaji he agreed to go with him; and on reaching the temple they found that the Maharaja was still in great pain. The doctor administered a remedy which soon took effect, and he fell asleep. Santaji and Dhanaji could scarcely contain themselves for joy, when they found that all danger was over. They thanked the doctor warmly, and were sorry that they could not reward him for his kindness. He

stayed with them all night, and from their words and general behaviour he thought that he recognised them. But he was afraid to say anything because it was night, and they were disguised, and he could not see them properly. As soon as it got light he recognised them, and he threw himself at their feet confessing that he had done wrong and asking for forgiveness. When they looked at him closely, they saw that he was no doctor, but their old servant Udaji Kadam-

He gave the following account of himself. "When the enemy took Rayagad by craft, I threw myself from the wall and escaped. Thinking there was no safety for me after Zulfikarkhan had taken Yesubai and the young Maharaja prisoners and sent them to the Badshah's camp, and that I must go somewhere and get something to do, I disguised myself as a doctor; and as I knew something of medicine, I got my living for a time by that profession. One day Bhaktaji and I met in the Badshah's camp. From him I heard many things about Yesubai, also that you and others had gone with Rajaram Maharaja to the Karnatic, and it was reported in the camp that you had been seized in Bangalore by the Badshah's officers. Yesubai suggested to me through Bhaktaji that I should go to Bangalore and find out the truth; and I have come so far on the way, and we have been so fortunate as to meet here to day." They were all filled with joy at this and Udaji counted himself happy, in that God had permitted him to do the Maharaja's service.

Having thus unexpectedly met with Kadam they remained where they were for a day or two after Rajaram was out of danger, so as to give no clew as to who or what they were. Afterwards they went together towards Velore. They stayed a day at Kolhar, in order to see the *linga* which Rama and Sitta had placed there on their return from Ceylon, and left very early the

following morning. There was a large stream about a mile from the town; and as it was very deep and there were thick trees on both banks, travellers were often attacked by robbers there in the mornings and evenings. It was always haunted by thieves from the village at those times. When Venus rose, Rajaram and his companions started. When they reached the stream the robbers caught sight of them, and as they descended into the bed, one or two of them came cautiously out from amongst the trees. While these were standing talking to the travellers, they were joined by three or four more. After looking about a little, one of them whistled; and in a trice the pilgrims were surrounded by about twenty of these ruffians, who, thinking that they probably had some money with them, ordered them to give up every thing without delay.

Dhanaji at first answered mildly, "We are pilgrims from Rameshwar, and have nothing with us but bare necessities. But they would not listen and four or five of them seized Santaji and took him to a distant tree. Dhanaji, seeing that they were about to bind him, ran up to them and entreated them to release him; but they refused. When Santaji saw that they intended to tie him to the tree he began to fight. Up till that time he had not shown his strength; and finding that they could not overpower him, four of the robbers held him firmly, while the fifth pulling his sword under his arm, began to tie him to the tree. Dhanaji who was standing near, saw this opportunity, and with great agility snatched away the sword and struck two of them with great violence. Santaji being set free, took the sword from Dhanaji and attacked his captors with great ferocity. The thieves being armed returned the attack, and Dhanaji and Kadam went to the help of Santaji. Other robbers hearing the disturbance, left their hiding place, and pelted the travellers with stones. One

of them struck the Maharaja on the head, and crying out " O Dhanaji, I am killed, I am killed," he fell senseless on the ground. But, because of the confusion no one heard his cries. Just then two horsemen galloped up to the scene of the struggle. The thieves, hearing the sound of the horses' hoofs fled and were soon completely hidden amongst the trees; but Santaji, Dhanaji and Kadam followed them into their retreat. As soon as the above mentioned horsemen had descended to the bed of the stream, they saw a man lying on the ground. Blood was flowing from his head and he was senseless. They wiped the blood from his face, and did all they could to restore him to consciousness. When he was better and they were asking him a few questions, Dhanaji, Santaji and Kadam returned having been unsuccessful in their attempt to follow up the robbers. Just then the day began to dawn. Hearing from the Maharaja's own lips that the horsemen had saved his life, Dhanaji and Santaji could scarcely speak for joy. They were very grateful to his deliverers and asked who they were, whence they came &c. And then although they could not see each other's faces clearly, they recognised each other's voices; and they thanked God out of the fulness of their hearts, that He had delivered them from peril and brought them together.

My readers will guess that these horsemen were none other than *Khando Ballal and †Khanderao Dabhade whom Pralhadpant had sent in search of the Maharaja; and they all went on their way to Jinji, rejoicing. Dabhade went on ahead to inform

*Khando Balal was the son of Balaji Avaji, Parabhu Chitnis, in the services of Shivaji.

†Khanderao Dabhade is the ancestor of the present Dabhade family of Talegaon. His father was a Patel of Talegaon. It was he who first placed himself in the services of Shivaji.

Pralhadpant that Rajaram was coming. And as soon as they heard the joyful tidings, Mahadie, Amatya, Hanamante and Pralhadpant went to meet him with a large retinue, and brought him into the fort with great pomp.

The district all round was very flourishing as Amatya and Hanamante had taken good care of everything. Pralhadpant did not forget this, and as soon as all the power was placed in his hands, he advanced them to high position on the Maharaja's staff. He was a very farseeing and clever man and always recognised and admired goodness in others. As he was placed at the head of affairs, he made his arrangements in such a way as to introduce some new laws, while still keeping to many of the old one..

When it became known throughout Maharashtra that Rajaram and some of his followers had arrived at Jinji, and that Pralhadpant, Dhanaji, Santaji, and other brave men were trying with one accord to restore the lost greatness of their kingdom, Pawar, Bhonsale, Athole and other great chiefs and honourable men, who had been ruined in the reign of Sambhaji and had remained inactive uptill that time, assembled their followers and went one after another to Jinji. They assembled rapidly in the Karnatic, hoping that such old servants would be rewarded, that presents would be given to them from time to time to encourage them to fight for their country, and that they would be sent into Maharashtra to induce others of their countrymen to join them. These new recruits being drilled by such skillful warriors as Dhanaji and Santaji, soon became ready to take the field against their enemies. Pralhadpant's policy was wise and farseeing, and he treated all according to their deserts; so a desire was aroused in the heart of every man to do all that in him lay to increase the prosperity of his country. And as all the people became anxious to regain their lost glory, signs of prosperous times began to appear.

CHAPTER X.

*Be just and fear,
Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's.*

Shakespeare.

We said in the previous chapter that the Marathas soon began to flourish at Jinji and their power increased day by day. Pralhadpant now thought that it was time to place Rajaram on the throne, to carry on the Government in his name, and to form a council in accordance with the methods of Shivachattrapati. And as soon as he had obtained the consent of the leading men he caused preparations to be made for the coronation. At first Rajaram was unwilling to be crowned; but after a time he yielded to pralhadpant's entreaties, and everything was done that was necessary. On the auspicious day Pralhadpant summoned a durbar, and placed the crown on the head of Rajaram with his own hands. The ceremony was performed with regal splendour; and at the same durbar, several officers were appointed to places in the council according to their merit. Before they left, Maharashtra, †Ramachandrapant had received the title of Hukumatpanha, and Nilopant Pingle that of Peshwa. These they retained, and as Mahadaji Naik Pansambalkar was dead,

* Ramchandrapant is the ancestor of the present Bavada family. His father's name was Nilopant. As Nilopant distinguished himself by his personal abilities at the time of Shivaji he was first appointed Subnis at the fort of Bhora.

*Santaji was made Senapati in his place and the lace bordered flag and the drum were made over to him. The honourable military title of Jayasingrao was given to *Dhanaji. As Jauardanpant was a very intelligent man, he was appointed Amatya; Shankraji Malhar was made Sachiva; Ramachandra Trimbak, Mantri; and Mahadaji Gadadhar, Sumanta. The official robes were given to all of them. †Pralhadpant took no title for himself; so the Maharaja created a new one on purpose for him, viz. that of Pantapratinidhi, and made him Prime minister. When tidings of the coronation reached Vishalgad the people of Maharashtra were delighted, and they began to think that by the favour of God there would soon be an end to all their misfortunes.

*Santaji & Dhanaji first rose to eminence under Hambirao Mohite, (the commander-in-chief). When in the year 1674 the Mogals besieged the fort of Panhala they both by their heroic valour compelled their enemies to raise the siege by completely routing their forces. This act of heroism spread their fame through out the country & they were a terror to the Mogal Generals. The original surname of the Ghorpade family was Bhosale. But it gained the surname Ghorpade as one of the persons of that family is said to have captured a fort at the time of the Bahmani Kingdom by using *ghorpad* (Iguana) in scaling it. Kapshi, Sundur & Mudhol are the present branches of that family.

†Pralhadpant was the son of Niraji Raoji, the Nyayadhish (Chief Justice) at the time of Shivaji. First he was with Venkoji in the Karnatic and later on worked as envoy of Shivaji at the court of Golkonda.

There was by this time a very large army at Jinji; and Pralhadpant thought that it would be wise to send part of it under skilled military officers such as Santaji and Dhanaji to Maharashtra; because the soldiers were loyal and patriotic. They had endured many hardships and toiled unremittingly for their country; and if they went to Maharashtra they would have an opportunity of showing how well they could fight and of taking complete revenge upon their enemies, which would make them doubly zealous. Another reason was, that if reinforcements were sent to Ramchandrapant he would try to regain those districts which the Mogals had conquered; and if a check were thus put upon the enemy in Maharashtra, Aurangzebe would be obliged to keep a large part of his army there, and would not be able to do much harm to Jinji. He made known his plans to the Maharaja and a durbar was called in which by his bold and courageous words he impressed the minds of all present. Addressing the members of the council he said, "Noble Lords, the calamities which befel our kingdom during the administration of Kalusha have now all passed away; and by God's blessing good times have come and we have obtained strength to fight for our countrymen and our religion. Therefore I will first thank God for his goodness, and then at the desire of the Maharaja say a word or two to you, about what we consider to be our duty.

You know that it is now between two and three years since we left our homes. When we call to mind the sufferings which some of our brethren had to endure at the beginning of our wanderings, we are overcome with emotion; but they bore them all cheerfully for the sake of their country, and for love of the Bhosalas. None can destroy those whom God wills to save; and if God is on our side, no matter what troubles come upon us. They will disperse of themselves, and nothing will delay the advent of our prosperity. It is by the skill of Santaji, Dhanaji,

Dabhade, Khando Ballal and other devoted servants of our master who have suffered much in his service, that we have preserved this kingdom in the Karnatic, and obtained the glory, the strength, and the happiness which we now enjoy: but for them, it is difficult even to imagine what our present position would have been. But now we must not suppose that the whole of our duty is accomplished. We have still great and arduous work to do by means of the army which we have obtained. And we must be ready as long as life lasts, to sacrifice ourselves and to strain every nerve for the salvation of our country, which has been reduced to misery by the tyranny of the oppressor. If we obtain freedom for our country we shall be known all over the world as worthy descendants of our renowned and victorious forefathers, and we shall prove ourselves worthy of the favour of God who has been so merciful to us. If we shrink from our duty, what is the use of living? The time is now come for us to encourage the Marathas, who after we left our country were deprived of their freedom, and rendered miserable by the Mahomedan yoke, to deliver them from the jaws of the tiger, and to annihilate the proud Mogal army, and make the Hindus famous. Therefore, Oh Maratha nobles, let us not permit our adversaries to remain any longer ignorant of our pertinacity, our courage, our activity, and our boldness. Our foes have not yet turned their attention to the Karnatic; and when they do, we must be cautious, and allow them no opportunity of getting here. At this time every thing is in our favour: so now let us strengthen ourselves, and use such means as will obtain for ourselves and our descendants the blessings of freedom, and best serve our mother country. Then we shall be richly rewarded for all the trials we have undergone. It is the intention of the Maharaja that some of you should go with half the army into Maharashtra, and try to raise the National Standard. And if you obey Ramchandrapan in every thing and do the work appointed you, God will give you success."

The nobles and other officers were filled with zeal by Pralhadpant's speech, and began to long for the time when they should go to Maharashtra, and take vengeance on their proud and cruel enemies. The next day Ghorpade, Jadhav, Thorat, Bhossale, Nimbalkar and others made arrangements for the start. By the order of the Maharaja, they set out with an army of fifteen thousand men. They went by stages and reached Vishalgad in about a month. Our readers will doubtless remember that when Rajaram left Maharashtra for the Karnatic, Tarabai was expecting to become a mother in a few months. In due time she gave birth to a son. Ramachandrapant sent news of this joyful event to Jinji, and gave the child the name of Shivaji. When he was a few months old, and everything was ready for their reception, he sent him with his mother and Rajasbai to Jinji, in accordance with the Maharaja's orders.

The Badshah was furious when he heard that Pralhadpant and other officers had got away to the Karnatic, and had crowned Rajaram in the fort of Jinji. At first he determined that he would himself lead an army into the Karnatic and make all his enemies prisoners there. But he feared that if he did so his crafty foes would perhaps return to Maharashtra and try to overthrow the kingdom which he had established there, by the efforts he had made during the last two years. So he abandoned that design thinking that if instead of breaking up his camp on the Blima, he sent a powerful general like Zulfikarkhan to Jinji with a large army, the enemy would certainly fall into his hands. He summoned Zulfikarkhan and said, "Because our adversaries left Maharashtra, we thought they were completely defeated. So we have stayed here in ease and luxury for a year or more. I thought, as you did, that as Yesubai and the little Maharaja were in our camp, the Marathas had no one left to move hand or foot

for : and being vain enough to suppose that although Ramachandrapant was still in Konkan, I could destroy him whenever I chose, I paid no attention to him. We have also made a great mistake in establishing camps in different places and allowing our soldiers to remain here enjoying the salubrious air of the Deccan. Because by so doing, we have given our crafty foes an opportunity of going to Jinji and regaining their power, and encouraging their countrymen to rally round them. It is both amazing and disheartening that when tigers like you roar throughout Maharashtra, those wolves which used to hide themselves in the hills and mountains should go off to the Karnatic in spite of you. Make ready at once to go in pursuit of them. When we have succeeded in taking Jinji and imprisoning the Maharaja and his officers, we shall be satisfied, but not till then. If we fail we shall have had all our trouble invain."

"Oh my lord" said Zulfikarkhan "there is no need to be so anxious about such despicable enemies as these Marathas. Why should you, who have millions of soldiers at your command and powerful nobles ready to serve you, be so much afraid? Just as a cat, instead of killing a mouse straight off, drops it and allows it to run about for an instant, trying to save its life, so we, after having half destroyed the Marathas, have left them to amuse themselves for a little. Had it not been so, even their very name would, before now, have perished from the earth. We can destroy them easily when we choose. What if they have gone to the Karnatic! Even if they had gone to the nether regions, there is not one of the meanest of your officers who could not drag them thence and utterly destroy them. And if I go, I will certainly not rest until I have brought Rajaram and his nobles in chains to your feet. So set your mind at rest."

As soon as he had taken leave of the Badshah, Zulfikarkhan

set out for the Karnatic, with Daoudkhan, Kilijakhan and other inferior nobles, and an army of twenty thousand men. When he reached Jinji and saw what a strong position the Marathas occupied, he was quite startled. The conquest of Jinji had seemed a very easy thing, when he was living in luxury in the Bidshah's camp; but now, it was quite a different matter! When he found that there were twenty thousand brave Marathas in the fort, all ready to fight, he was convinced that his army could do nothing against them, intrenched as they were in well nigh inaccessible place. Nevertheless he laid siege to the fort, sent word of all that was going on to Aurangzebe, and begged him to send five or ten thousand men to his help.

When Santaji, Dhanaji, Nimbalkar and the other nobles reached Maharashtra with their army, Ramachandrapant determined not to remain idle. Because just about that time the Mogals had conquered Wai and its dependencies, and were treating the Brahmins there, very badly: so badly indeed that some of them had fled with their families, to the Konkan, for safety. And thinking that it was time to shew to their tormentors, that the mantle of Shivaji Bhosle, the protector of cows and Brahmins, had fallen on his successors, he sent Santaji and Dhanaji to punish them. Those two warriors immediately set out with ten thousand foot and eight thousand horse-soldiers and quickly reached Wai. They attacked the enemy's camp and made great havoc. The great Mogals left all their possessions and fled; and the Marathas looted and burnt their camp and delivered the Brahmins from their clutches. As they were returning from Wai, Santaji besieged the fort of Miraj. The *Fouzdar* Daudkhan defended it for a day or two; but being unable to hold out any longer, he surrendered. Having thus destroyed these two forts at the commencement of their campaign Santaji and Dhanaji went via Sholapur to Ahmadnagar.

The Mogal nobles of Wai and Miraj went with their armies to Panhalgad for safety ; and as soon as this became known to Ramchandrapant, he sent Parasharampant Kinnikar with two Maratha nobles named Bhosle and Pawar, and ten thousand men to conquer Panhala. The Mogals knew that the Marathas were making this move, and they put the fort into a state of defence and made preparations for war. Parasharampant besieged the fort, and opened fire on it. For some days the firing was incessant ; but the Mogals would not surrender. The fort was strong, and Serjekhan knowing what had befallen Wai and Miraj, was cautious and Parasharampant saw that his task would be no easy one. So he changed his tactics, and was quiet for a little while. The besieged had plenty of provisions and everything that was necessary, and they felt secure: but one night Parasharampant placed some ladders at the Northern side, and before the Mogals knew anything at all of what was going on, two or three of the Marathas had scaled the walls and entered the fort. All at once the cry of 'hara hara' was raised and a volley was fired ; and as the Mogals awoke and looked around them, many of them were slain where they lay. The Mogals were furious, and rushed at the Marathas, crying 'treachery treachery' and a scene of carnage ensued. For some time the slaughter continued without intermission. Pawar and Bhosle were here and there and everywhere like lightning, cutting the throats of their adversaries ; and Parasharampant smote Serjekhan with his sword and slew him. There was great lamentation amongst the Mogals when the death of their commander became known ; some, courting death, threw themselves from the ramparts and some went over to the Marathas. Thus in the year 1692 Parasharampant after a long siege, took Panhala and showed the Mogals that they were no mean foes, with whom they had to fight. At the same time Sankraji Narayan and Nimbalkar, conquered Rajagad and drove the Mogals out.

In this way, some three or four years after Maharashtra had been overrun by the Mogals, and the Marathas scattered, Dhanaji, Santaji and other officers were again able to bring an army into the field, which must surely have been a cause for rejoicing to all patriotic Marathas. Those officers and sepoys of Bijapur and Golkonda, who having been unable to obtain employment under the Badshah, had up till that time remained quiet, went and enrolled themselves in the Maharaja's army; which in a short time amounted to, from twenty five to thirty thousand men. Ramchandrapant thought that it would not be well to allow such a large army to remain inactive and that he ought to send some troops to the north to recover the territories which the Mogals had seized; and to collect revenues, so that there should be no anxiety about money matters. So he sent Thorat, Nimbalkar, and Jagtap with eight thousand men to Gujarat, and Pawar, Bhosle and Athole to the Godavari, the Berars and Khandesh to establish the authority of the Marathas in those places; and he empowered them to collect revenue from various districts, for their own personal expenses.

It has been already stated that Zulfikarkhan had besieged the fort of Jinji and was waiting there for help from the Badshah. But as Dhanaji and Santaji and other officers were attacking the Mogals all over Maharashtra, Aurangzebe was unable to send any more men to the Karnatic. And after some time Zulfikarkhan decided to make a raid in the Deccan for booty, instead of remaining inactive at Jinji, until he was reinforced. So he left Daoudkhan and Khiljikhhan there with a part of the army, and set out with the rest for Trichinopoly. Pralhadpant knew that Zulfikarkhan was a powerful, crafty and dauntless man and he was afraid that he might return at any time; because he was certain that although he had a garrison of ten or twelve thousand men, and

the fort was well defended, the Mogal general would never rest until he had taken it. Besides, he was a bitter and bigoted noble, and a Mahomedan to the backbone. famed far and wide for his prowess, and known everywhere as a true man and a brilliant warrior. And as long as he enjoyed the full confidence of Aurangzebe, it would be impossible to get rid of him. Pralhadpant, therefore, set himself to find out some means, by which the friendship and confidence which existed between the two might be destroyed.

The Badshah's beloved daughter Roshanara was very much attached to Yesubai, and very attentive to her; and Pralhadpant thought that he might be aided by that princess in his endeavour to arouse suspicion of Zulfikarkhan in the mind of Aurangzebe. Only one, who was very dear to him, would dare to speak a word to him against that nobleman; and even should any one dare to do so, it was doubtful whether he would listen. In any case it would be very difficult to poison his mind against him; and the only plan which occurred to Pralhadpant, was to use Yesubai and Roshanara as his tools. He told the Maharaja what he proposed to do, and they decided to send Udaji Kadam, who was well acquainted with the Badshah's camp, to Yesubai. Kadam was very clever and able to sustain any disguise and speak any language he chose: and he left Jinji in the disguise of a doctor, and reached Aurangzebe's camp in twenty five days. One day he managed to see Bhaktaji in secret; and after telling him how things were going on in the Karnatic, he asked him to make Pralhadpant's desire known to Yesubai and to do his very best to prevent disaster to the Marathas.

Yesubai was very glad to get news from Jinji through Kadam, and the cleverness and shrewdness of Pralhadpant pleased her greatly. She hoped that the night of her misfortunes was over

and that the dawn of prosperity was at hand. But she could not rest night or day, in her anxiety to find some way of inducing the Badshah, to recall Zulfikarkhan from the Deccan, and so make Pralhadpant's scheme successful. In the mean time she heard that Aurangzeb's son Kambaksha had returned from Bijapur with his army, and she was consumed with anxiety and dread, lest he should be sent to the assistance of Zulfikarakhan. But she was a wise and courageous woman; and the means which she used to accomplish her object will be related in the next chapter.



CHAPTER XI.

*Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.*

COWPER.

It was not easy to carry out Pralhadpant's project. It seemed almost an impossibility to deceive a man like the Badshah, and to poison his mind against Zulfikarkhan. But just as a fierce, poisonous, hissing cobra, is seduced by the sweet strains, of the charmer's flute and brought into subjection to him, so however obstinate a man may be, he will be fascinated by the bright eyes of woman, and allow himself to be led by them. There are few who are insensible to their smiles, and who cannot be entangled in the net of their flattery. Only women are able to harness men, and turn them in any direction they will. If we want to make a man do anything we must entrust the task to a woman. Being fully persuaded that success would be secured only in this way, Yesubai applied herself to the attainment of her

object. One day when Roshnar and her mother went to her tent as usual, she was sitting by herself looking very unhappy and sighing deeply; and we shall see how she played the part she had undertaken. She knew the force of the saying "If we wish to be thought mad we must tear our clothes."

Roshnar said to her, "How is it, Yesubai, that you look so sad today, and that all your joy and gladness seem to have departed? There must certainly be some cause for so much unhappiness. If one of your servants has disobeyed your orders or spoken rudely to you, only let me know it, and I will not hesitate even to cut out his tongue. I consider that dishonour shown to you is shown also to me, and that your happiness and that of your son, are mine. The Badshah is always telling me to look after your health and comfort, and never to let you feel that you are a stranger. So tell me the cause of your grief, and I will do my best to remove it."

"Yesubai," said the Begum "do not be anxious about anything. You are the same to me as my own daughter. While you are with us, if you have any grief which we cannot remove, our glory, our kingdom, and our fame will be as nothing to us. Perhaps you are anxious and troubled about Shivaji; but you must not indulge and fear on his account. Roshnar looks upon him as her own son, and when he is old enough, the Badshah will give him an estate, and make him one of his nobles; at least so he has often told me. Then why this needless sorrow?" "Lady mother," replied Yesubai "though I gave birth to Shivaji, I do not now regard him as my son. I thank God for putting it into your heart to care for him after his father's death. I shall never be able to repay the kindness you have shown us both, in our helplessness. The Badshah's kind disposition, his

desire to treat all who take refuge with him as his own children, and his mercifulness, have made him the lord of the world. But for these, he would have been no greater than other kings. When I heard of his generosity, I brought my son from Rayagad and placed him at his feet. And from that time to this, I have never felt like a stranger to you, but have looked upon you and Roshnar as my mother and sister. Then why should I be sorrowful ? ”

“ You may say what you will ” said Roshnar “ but it is quite evident that your mind is not at rest; and I shall not be happy until I know the reason. However strongly you may deny it in words, your sorrowful looks speak for themselves. ”

“ No one has offended me Begumsahab, and I do not lack anything ” said Yesubai. “ God has been good to me, and the Badshah has surrounded me with every comfort. But since you told me the day before yesterday, that those two robbers, Dhanaji and Santaji had returned from the Karnatic and were making mischief in Maharashtra, I have had no peace. Pralhadapant is so crafty and so hypocritical that there is no knowing what plots he will make or what lies he will tell to injure me. If he gets the upper hand, perhaps he will bring trouble on me and my son again. When he knows that we are happy, he will do his best to ruin us. That is why I am wretched. ”

“ But ” said Roshnar, “ If Pralhadapant does get the better of us, or if Rajaram should be successful, how will that harm you ? Do we ever wish our own people to be unfortunate ? If Rajaram and Pralhadpant regain their own country they will do more for my darling, Shivaji, than I can; and you will soon forget us all. ”

Yesubai sighed deeply and said "If you think it right to grieve this already overburdened heart, I cannot help it. What is the use of blaming other people for our misfortunes? We must reap as we sow. But if I only hear the name of those two crafty men, Santaji and Dhanaji, I am filled with rage, and I never wish to see their faces again. What is the use of uncles and brothers, if one's beloved is dead. Is it not said that without fire nothing boils, and without affection there are no tears. If those butchers cared for me and my son, why did they abandon us? Rajaram is nothing to me but a step brother. I want neither his love nor his kingdom. I am perfectly convinced that strangers do much more for us than our own relatives. Pralhadapant is a self-seeking man, and one, who is always plotting for his own benefit. Rajaram too, when Sambhaji was living, was always on the look-out for his death; but those who spread a net for others are themselves entangled in its meshes. The goddess Jagadamba has punished him; so all is well. But for this, who knows what he might have done to us in order to avenge his mother's cruel death! It was by God's mercy, that Pralhadapant determined to leave us in Rayagad. For, since we have been with you, we have not known trouble. And my prayer is that the Badshah may have peace, and that his kingdom may flourish."

The Begum said "I am pleased with your words and with your sincere love for the Mogals. Never fear that those crafty and wicked Marathas will hold up their heads any more. Zulfikarkhan will punish them and bring Pralhadapant and Rajaram in chains to our camp. He can accomplish their destruction at any moment."

"Begumsahab," said Yesubai "that is the very thing that makes me afraid. Zulfikarkhan is no ordinary warrior; there is no doubt that he is powerful enough to crush the Marathas in a

moment, if it pleases him to do so. But is there not an 'if'? It is very strange that although he has been in the Karnatic for a whole year, the Marathas are still unconquered. But I can say nothing; one word against him may be my ruin."

Roshnar said "I don't, in the least, understand your suspicious words, Yesubai. If you really know any reason why Zulfikarkhan has not succeeded in the Karnatic, tell it plainly. As soon as the Maratha rising in the Deccan is suppressed, we shall return to Delhi. Then you will see grandeur and wealth of that great capital, and we shall have all sorts of amusements and pleasures; and I will get my father to give my little Shivaji an estate in the north."

"Is there yet such happiness before me"? said Yesubai, "Who knows what troubles fate has in store for me"? I have heard that there is a reason why Jinji is still unconquered, and I would have mentioned it to you before; but Baisaheb, if we try to do a certain thing and the contrary happens, what help is there for us? Zulfikarkhan is at present in great favour with the Badshah for his faithfulness. And if any one suspect him, and tell his suspicions to others, what will be his fate when the Badshah hears it? It is better to let sleeping dogs lie. The Badshah is good to me, and I think it better to trust in God and let the future bring what it may, rather than endanger myself, by offending him. I have no right to interfere with his concerns."

"Yesubai," said the Begum "What interference would there be in that? If there is any real cause for suspicion, you need not be afraid to tell it. Am I not your friend? and what reason have you for fear. If the Emperor is attached to Zulfikarkhan, it is only so long as he does his duty; let him once

neglect that, or harbour treachery in his heart, and his influence will be at an end. Such is the disposition of the Badshah that if any one is unfaithful, no matter whether it is Zulfikarkhan or any one else; he instantly withdraws his favour. Besides, if he is deceived and confides in one who does not deserve his confidence, harm may come of it to the nation. So if you are anxious for the prosperity of the Mogal kingdom, and if you know of anything which may bring evil upon it, you must not keep it any longer secret. Sometimes, women know things of which men are ignorant; and if they do not tell them those things and so remove all misapprehension from their minds, it is possible that much mischief may be done. If you tell me what you know, I will do all the rest; and no harm shall happen to you."

Yesubai:—If you promise me that much, I will tell you. I hear that Zulfikarkhan has been secretly bribed by Rajaram and Pralhadapant, and that he is in their power. If it were not so, the fort of Jiuji would certainly not have remained so long unconquered; and unless there were some agreement between them Dhanaji and Santaji would never dare to come back and fight in Maharashtra. Besides, even when Zulfikarkhan took Rayagad, I had some doubts about his sincerity. Had I chosen, I could easily have persuaded him to let me go; but I came of my own free will to the emperor. So he had no chance of making any suggestions to me; but I certainly think that there is some agreement between him and Pralhadapant. Therefore, if the Badshah is induced to re-call him and to send another officer to the Karnatic, in his place, I believe the Marathas will quickly be subdued. If this is not done, I cannot say what will happen. But all this is confidential. Women cannot move openly in such affairs as these; so until to-day I have kept my own counsel.

Roshnar said " Yesubai, if you know this to be the case, the sooner we do something the better; but we cannot act on mere suspicion. If such an important thing is kept secret, not only may trouble come upon you, but even the Mogal kingdom may be endangered. Confidence is the main-stay of kingdoms; if that is destroyed they fall. We must consider how we ought to act; and my mother, if necessary, will do her best to carry out your suggestions ".

All this was very pleasing to the Begum. On a former occasion Zulfikarkhan had offended her by putting dishonour on Kambaksha; and because he thought that there was no other man so brave, so powerful, or so wise as himself, she had been wishing for a long time for an opportunity to humble him. Such an opportunity had now come to her unsought, and she determined to make the most of it.

CHAPTER XII.

*I leave myself, my friends and all for love,
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, love my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught..*

SHAKESPEARE.

The Maratha nobles who had gone northwards, gave much trouble in Gondwan, Chanda, the Berars, on the banks of the Godavari, in Gujarath and other districts, and they seized several Mogal camps. They took a fourth part of the revenue of some of those provinces by force, and a tenth part of that of others.

When re-enforcements for the Badshah's army passed through the country, on their way from Delhi, they created great disturbance by attacking and looting and harassing them, in order to get money. Those two tigers, Santaji and Dhanaji, kept Sholapur, Golkonda, Hyderabad and other districts in a perpetual ferment. They were one day on the banks of the Krishna, the next, drinking the water of the Tunga, and where they might be on the third, no body could say. Parashuram Trimbak and Sankraji Narayan were watching Poona, Satara, the Konkan and other districts, and keeping up disturbances there. While all was confusion and disorder, Zulfikarkhan abandoned the siege of Jinji and went to Trichinopoly as said before. When the Badshah heard it, he was very angry and fell into great anxiety. He was very vexed that Zulfikarkhan had gone to the south without having first taken Jinji. One day just at this time the Begam who was clever, crafty, and quick to see her opportunity, got a chance of private speech with him.

Seeing that he was lying on his couch apparently in great trouble, she said to him "Should people worry themselves from morning to night? Does not God care for us? You trouble yourself needlessly by looking into all the trifling details of Government, when you have hundreds of people under you who can do it all, if you just look over them. Besides, Kambaksha is now grown up; entrust the management of affairs to him. That will give you a little freedom, and he will be learning how to govern. If you spend all your life like this, when will you be able to enjoy the pleasures of royalty? What is the use of this vast kingdom, and of all this glory, if you cannot get even one day's happiness from it. You seem to be always overburdened with care."

The Badshah carressing her, said " Beloved, one who has so vast an empire to govern, must have worries. I have to be always watching my officers to see whether they work for the aggrandisement of the kingdom, and discharge the duties I entrust to them, faithfully. If I did not, the wheels of Government would never run smoothly. It is the duty of people of high positions to put aside their own pleasures, and to live for the welfare of those whom God has committed to their keeping; and in doing so, they find their reward. They are neither wearied nor disheartened by trouble, but keep their end steadily in view."

" But " said the Begam, " did I ever say that the kingdom should be neglected? I only say that you should not trouble yourself so much about the way your subordinates do their work. I have never seen you look anything but anxious and troubled for the last few days; and who knows what is the cause of all your uneasiness. Hitherto you have been worrying about the conquest of our foes; but by God's blessing that is all over now, and the Marathas are utterly destroyed. What is the cause of your present grief? It is true that women should not meddle with Government affairs; but it is only because I am a foolish woman, that I cannot see you suffer without wanting to know the cause. The lives of men and women are so intimately connected, and their joys and sorrows are so interwoven, that if a thorn pierces a man's foot, his wife suffers. Then, if you will not be angry with me for asking..." " Dearest, " said the emperor interrupting her " why should I be angry? Just as woman depend upon men for their happiness, so men look to women, and to them alone for relief from care and anxiety. They have no other refuge; and not only so...

" Enough of this " replied the Begum angrily " I dont want any of your flattery. Your words come from your lips, not from

your heart. If you do not wish to tell me the cause of your trouble just say so plainly; and I shall never trouble you again. My salvation does not depend upon my knowledge, either of Government affairs or the cause of your anxiety. ”

“ Dont be so angry dear ” said Aurangzebo. “ What cause could there be that I would not tell to you ? I thought, until just lately, that our adversaries were destroyed; but they have gone secretly to the Karnatic, and owing to the neglect and inattention of our officers, have collected an army and taken up a strong position there. We have not troubled ourselves about them for two or three years; and the consequence is that they have begun raiding and looting in Maharashtra and the Karnatic again. It is now nearly a year since I sent Zulfikarkhan with twenty thousand men to take Jinji, and to bring the principal men to our camp as prisoners; but he has not done it yet. And a few days ago, I heard that he had given up the siege in despair and gone southward. I have not the least idea what has made him so careless of his duty, and so much afraid of the enemy. And my anxiety about the future is the cause of my present restlessness; there is nothing else. ”

The Begum:—A fine reason indeed ! Just as if any one would believe it. though I am a woman, I am not to be quite so easily cheated. If you can't tell the truth, does any one compel you to waste your time inventing falsehoods ? Even if a mad-man heard, that one who has millions of soldiers, and thousands of officers ready to do his bidding, was afraid of such feeble foes as the Marathas, he would not believe it; let alone others. If one officer has failed, there are hundreds more. But Zulfikarkhan is a man of no common might; and it is strange that one who has made himself famous for his valour, all over Maharashtra, should find it difficult to take Jinji.

But what does a woman know ? Pride must have a fall; and if any man thinks that his authority should be paramount, and that his doings should be blazed abroad, however wise and powerful and attentive to his master's business he may be, his pride will be his ruin. If subordinates do their work well, they should be praised; but not more highly than they deserve. The fear, that if anything is neglected, their master will call them to account, should always be before them; otherwise, their zeal and energy will be scorched by their pride, and they themselves will be destroyed. If the vain thought arises in the mind of any man, that because his master trusts him entirely and leaves everything to him, no one else can do great things; it is all over with him. However powerful he may be, he will thenceforth accomplish nothing. But what is the use of talking ? The name of Zulfikarkhan acts as a charm upon you. ”

So this self-satisfied woman tried by her witty words to win over the Badshah, and turn him against Zulfikarkhan, and she succeeded. He thought it might be as she said, that by relying fully on him he had exalted him in his own esteem, and that therefore he had been disobedient and had abandoned the siege of Jinji and gone to the south. And he decided that it would be well to re-call him and entrust the work which he had failed to do, to another general; so that he might see that there were many men in the service of the emperor, worthier and more skillful than himself, and that he might not be so boastful and negligent again. Having convinced himself of this, he was quite ready to humble Zulfikarkhan. So he recalled him and thus proved the truth of the saying that the advice of women is destructive to those who allow themselves to be guided by it. Directly Zulfikarkhan received the Badshah's order, he returned

alone to head quarters and Aurangzebo sent Asadkhan, Kambaksha and Dandkhan with additional ten thousand men and ample supply of provisions to Jinji.

Zulfikarkhan had an interview with Aurangzebo, in the course of which he discovered that he had lost the confidence of the emperor and that, that was the reason of his re-call. His thoughts were full of it day and night, and he imagined various causes for it. One night his troubled spirit could find no rest; and he was speculating as to who could have been bold enough to run the risk of ruining his own family by traducing him to the Badshah, and so working his destruction, and how the mystery could be unravelled, when it occurred to him, that it could not have been done by an ordinary person. It was impossible that any of his fellow officers should have done such a thoughtless and hazardous thing; besides he had never injured any one, or treated any one in such a way as to arouse such enmity against, and contempt for himself, and he began to think that the malicious Begum was at the bottom of it, and that her great love for her son was the cause.

Thus by constantly brooding over it, he at last arrived at the truth. Then he said to himself " Alas alas ! is this my reward for my readiness to sacrifice myself for my master, and for my efforts to raise his victorious standard in Hindustan, to increase the Mogal power, to mak their sway lasting and their emperor famous all over the world ! It is true as people say, that however sensible a man may be, if he is henpecked he is robbed of all his manly qualities and of his skill, in reading the character of those about him. It is ruin to be ensnared by a woman. The wisdom of even the greatest statesmen, is turned to folly by their spells. By the glance of a woman a precious jem is turned to a bit of valueless

glass; then why should we be astonished if true courage is considered blameworthy, and other good qualities mistaken for bad ones. When strong places like Bijapur and Golkonda have been destroyed, when troublesome enemies like the Marathas have been scattered and Sambhaji killed, and his wife and son given up to Badshah, why should not Zulfikarkhan be called faithless, unprofitable, and ungrateful? We have a saying 'the patient is cured the doctor may die.' Although I constantly sent letters begging for help, the Badshah lent a deaf ear to my entreaties; and now he is angry with me for not taking Jinji. The foe is not yet destroyed. We shall see what great things some of the nobles, and simpleton like Kambaksha who is still drinking milk, will do, and how they will show their valour! There is no reason to despair, or to be impatient. After it is cast into the furnace, gold remains gold, and brass is shown to be but brass. But my brave father Asadkhan is gone with Kambaksha; so it is possible that by his might, or because the Marathas have been for a long time in a state of siege, the fort will be taken. I must take means to prevent that; then I shall see how Jinji will be destroyed."

While these thoughts were passing through the mind of Zulfikarkhan, a *fakir* passed the tent chanting:—

"What cannot water carry away?
 What cannot the ocean swallow up?
 What cannot a woman do?
 What cannot time destroy?"

and his attention was directed towards the singer. Our readers will be anxious to know who the *fakir* was, and what he was doing there. Their curiosity shall be satisfied in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

MACAULAY.

As we said before, Zulfikarkhan was already suspicious of the Begam. And while he was considering what gifts he should offer to get his luck changed and the Badshah's doubt of him removed, so that he should again be friendly towards him, the words of the *fakir's* song "What cannot a woman do?" suddenly fell upon his ears. My readers will remember that as soon as Pralhadpant knew that the emperor had dishonoured Zulfikarkhan and recalled him from Deccan, he thought that if he could widen the breach between them, his plans would certainly succeed; so he sent Udaji Kadam, disguised as a *fakir*, to Aurangzeb's camp. The words of Tulsidas which he was chanting as he passed Zulfikarkhan's tent, chimed in with the nobleman's thought; so his attention was immediately directed towards him. And as various ideas passed through his mind he came to the conclusion that the ways of women are past finding out. But he determined that he would never rest until he had made the Badshah, who was ruled by a woman and sunk in wordly pleasures, confess that he had done wrong in dishonouring his faithful and devoted servant.

The *fakir* told the Sepoy on guard that he was going on pilgrimage to Mecca, and having heard of the Badshah's generosity and of his devotion to his religion, he had come a long way to get help from him, but he did not know how a poor man like himself could get an interview, and while he was wondering what he should do, he had been told that Zulfikarkhan stood high in the

emperor's favour and that he had better prefer his suit through him. So he asked the sepoy to take him to the Khansaheb and said that if he would do so, he would have the satisfaction of helping a poor pilgrim, and that he would thereby secure for himself some of the merits of the pilgrimage.

The guard replied " Sir, who would not help pilgrims like you in their good work ? Although we have not much power to help people, yet we may get merit by introducing them to those who are rich and generous. If you desire to get an interview with the Khansaheb, I will certainly help you. My master is kind and is continually trying to get help for one and another from the emperor. But I am afraid you will not get what you want today. For, since he was recalled from the Karnatic he has been uneasy in mind; and as he has been unwell for the last two or three days his uneasiness has increased. If you will come another day, I will find an opportunity of taking you to him. "

Zulfikarkhan heard talking outside the tent, and he asked the guard who was there. When the latter said that a pilgrim on his way to Mecca was enquiring for him, he was told to let him in. As soon as the *fakir* saw the Khan, he made known to him his ostensible purpose and asked him to get assistance for him from the Badshah. At last on taking leave, he pushed the letter which he brought with him under the carpet, and returned to his lodgings. The next morning the letter was found by a servant, when he was sweeping the room. He thought that it was a business letter of his master's which had been left about by mistake; so he took it to him. It was stamped with seal of the Maharaja, and turned out to be a letter of entreaty, written in the Persian language. It was from Pralhadpant, who was wise and shrewd

politician, and it was full of noble thoughts expressed in eloquent language, well calculated to attract and to arouse in himself feelings of pity; and Zulfikarkhan was well pleased with it. If the thing which we most desire is laid at our feet, and the opportunity we have been longing for comes unexpectedly and without any effort on our part, who is there among us who will not be pleased? Zulfikarkhan thought that the only way in which he could open the Badshah's eyes and avenge himself for the insult done to him, was by consenting to Pralhadpant's request and trying to help the Marathas. So, his first step was to enquire for the *fakir*; but as he had left the camp as soon as his work was done, his whereabouts was not known. The Khan then considered that if he sent to tell his father Asadkhan who was gone to the Karnatic with the army, that he had been disgraced, and asked him to delay the conquest of Jinji, it would appear that he had agreed to do as Pralhadpant wished, and his own object too would be accomplished. So he immediately wrote to his father.

As soon as Asadkhan, Kambaksha and Doudkhan reached Jinji with their forces, they surrounded the fort and placed the guns in position. But Asdkhan having in the mean time received his son's letter, altered all his plans and postponed the storming of the fort. He told Kambaksha that his plan was to keep the foe shut up in Jinji until their provisions were exhausted, so that they might fall an easy prey, and to loot the country round. And they remained inactive for two or three months. Orders for the speedy conquest of Jinji were frequently sent by the Badshah; but Asadkhan kept quiet.

Udaji having done the work entrusted to him, joined Dhanaji and Santaji. At that time, both those officers were making raids

upon the country north of the Krishna, and at Hyderabad, Vellore and other places. As soon as they heard of the siege and got Pralhadapant's orders to return, they turned southwards with their army. But at Koverpak they met the Mogal officer Alimardikhan who was stationed there; and thinking that if they both stayed there when they were most needed at Jinji, the enemy would make a great effort to take the fort, Dhanaji set out to assist Pralhadapant with part of the army, leaving Santaji behind with eight thousand men to deal with Alimardikhan. When the Marathas arrived at Koverpak they were hungry and exhausted by their long march; and having found a convenient place to halt in by the side of a stream, they stayed there to rest.

Presently Santaji saw the enemy moving in the distance, and in a very short time they approached the stream. When Santaji saw that they were coming close, he made a sign to his men to get ready, buckled on his armour, and mounting a charger he came to the front brandishing his sword. Meantime the whole army prepared for the fray. Immediately the foe began the attack, Santaji ordered Manaji Nimbalkar to shoot arrows at them from the eastern side. Instantly showers of arrows fell in quick succession upon the Mogals. Ali, seeing that his people were being scattered, gnashed his teeth with rage, and attacked Nimbalkar with three thousand horse. He soon cut to pieces one or two hundred Marathas. They retreated a step or two before him, and signs of confusion began to appear in their ranks. Santaji rushed recklessly at Ali, shouting out "Warriors, when you have such an opportunity of steeping your swords in the blood of our foes, why are you fanit-hearted? Shame upon you, who are warriors by birth, if you are afraid of death! Surely it is better to die than turn your

backs upon the enemy, and to endure the miseries of captivity here, and the horrors of hell hereafter. If we conquer, we shall be famous throughout Hindustan, and shall make for ourselves an everlasting name. If we fail, we shall offer up our lives on the battlefield for our country, which is the duty of true warriors, and then, we shall obtain immediate and eternal felicity. Why do you falter? Give your fears to the winds, and in the name of Shiva Chatrapati strike and win."

Then he broke through the enemy's ranks brandishing his sword and roaring like a lion; and his brave soldiers, shouting out the battle-cry, followed him with irrepressible ardour. The combatants fought hand to hand with their swords, and showers of arrows were falling everywhere. The struggle continued for an hour or two without intermission; and in the midst of it, Santaji, seeing Ali in the distance rushed at him like a tiger, and dealt him a severe blow on the chest. The Mogal leader fell from his horse dead, and uproar and confusion prevailed in his army. All the spoil fell into the hands of the Marathas. After having thus accomplished the destruction of Ali in the battle of Koverpak, the victorious Marathas turned towards Jinji. A report was spread amongst the troops there, that Alimardikhan had killed Santaji and demolished the Maratha army at Koverpak, and that only a few stragglers had returned to Maharashtra. When this report reached the ears of Dhanaji, he was overwhelmed with grief at the fate of his beloved friend. "Alas! my friend," he cried "India has resounded with the fame of your bravery, loyalty, and patriotism until this day, and has God thus suddenly brought death upon you! my courage fails me now as you are cut down. By your great skill you have blessed the family of the Ghorapade's from which have sprang many illustrious warriors. They lost their lives on the battle-field in

the service of their country, and you have poured out your heart's blood, instead of water, in your last 'tilanjali' to your ancestors, and thus paid the debt you owe them. But Santaji, when will this unhappy Dhanaji find a friend like you? Have you forgotten that when we took leave of Pralhadapant at Jinji, we took a solemn oath that we would not go to heaven until we had saved our country and destroyed the very name of Mnsalman? Alas, O God! for me, to day, there is no difference between success and defeat. Only friend, in your last moments you may have thought of me, and died with the name of our country on your lips. (Then angrily) O vile Alimardikhan, know assuredly that while I have life, it shall be my aim to avenge my friend; and I will not even drink a drop of water, till I have cut to pieces the hand which slew him, trampled on your proud breast, and laid you low, in the dust of the battle-field."

Afterwards sighing deeply he said "O cruel God of Death, art not even thou ashamed to have cast thy net over a man like Santaji, whose fame was never sullied by one dishonourable act, and whose constant endeavour it was, to drive out the Mogals and make his country free? His glittering sword was his constant companion, and helpmate. But why blame thee! What canst thou do before the decrees of Brahma? O my friend, why were you so cruel? Had you no pity for your countrymen when you went to heaven and left them struggling in the ocean of despair? (after thinking a moment) You thought that you would be the first to tell Shivaji the glorious news that God had helped us to rescue our country from the Mogals, and set up once more the orange-coloured standard of the Bhoslas. O Nobles, let us be ready to go tomorrow to light the sacrificial fire on the battle field from which Santaji ascended to heaven, to sprinkle it with

the blood of our foes, and to crown our friend's labour by offering up Alimardikhan as a sacrifice."

There was much lamentation as Dhanaji thus recounted the merits of his friend and mourned his untimely death. Just then, the courier reached the camp, who had been sent on by Santaji, with the tidings that the victorious Marathas were on their way to Jinji. The joyful news spread like wild fire and all were thankful for this first success. Congratulation took the place of lamentation and Dhanaji eagerly set out to meet his beloved friend. As soon as they met, they embraced each other affectionately and Dhanaji told Santaji all that had happened at Koverpak. After due consideration the two friends agreed to surround the besiegers, so as to cut them off from all communication with the Badshah, and prevent their getting supplies and so to enfeeble them and afterwards to attack them both from above and below. They hoped thus to humble them completely, and prevent them from ever again entertaining evil designs against Jinji. They at once prepared to carry out their plan, and Kambaksha understanding their movements, asked Asadkhan to attack them; but he did not stir. At last, when all communication with the outside was cut off, and the provisions were exhausted and the soldiers beginning to starve, Kambaksha lost hope; and he decided that there was but one way out of the difficulty, either to slay or be slain. So he prepared for action without consulting Asadkhan, and many brave officers gathered round him and made ready to fight. Although Asadkhan had been unwilling to fight at first, he joined in afterwards, lest the Badshah should suspect him of treachery.

While Kambaksha was considering where he should begin the attack, the Marathas opened fire, and the Mogals returned

the fire so effectually with their cannon that at first they did a good deal of damage. But after a little while, firing commenced from the top of the fort and many of the Mogals were slain. Then the Marathas regained their courage and the complexion of the battle was altered. When Dhanaji was about to charge with a chosen band of horsemen, some of the Mogal officers, seeing that they were caught in a trap rushed recklessly into the thick of the fight, with loud cries of "din din."

Nazibkhan, Mirakhan and Asadkhan were fighting against Santaji on the left flank with blind fury. But Mirakhan suddenly leaving that part of the field, turned towards the east; because, there, Kambaksh and Sarjekhan, heedless of their lives, had suddenly and impetuously fallen upon the Maratha-horse, and Dhanaji's whole attention was given to keeping his men in check. Seeing this opportunity of striking him from behind, Mirakhan left the melee, and at the risk of his life, galloped towards Dhanaji, brandishing his sword. Vishwasrao saw him in the distance, and urged on his horse at its utmost speed and rushed after him. In another moment, Mirakhan being wounded in the back with the spear of Vishwasrao, cried out "O God, O fate!" and fell dead on the field. This great feat filled Santaji and all who saw it with admiration, and they cried out "Friend, well done! Great warrior, well done!" Death called for Dhanaji, but his time had not come. That danger having passed, they all turned again with fresh courage to fight the foe. The combatants roared out their respective battle-cries, and shouts of "hara hara Mahadeo" and "din din" rent the air. The true war-spirit was roused in the breast of the warriors, and they looked as terrible as death himself, and the battle-field seemed to be turned into the city of the God of Death. Heaps of slain were every where; and blood and mangled limbs were mingled

with the dust. In another part of the field, Santaji harassed Nazibkhan and Asadkhan, and made havoc of their cavalry, and they retreated in utter confusion. Kambaksha and Sarjekhan fought with all their might; but they could not stand against Dhanaji's superior skill. They had nothing with which to turn aside the sharp arrows of the Marathas, and the Mogal soldiers were disheartened. Kambaksha being unwilling to sacrifice his men needlessly, sued for peace. The fighting was stopped and Santaji and Dhanaji went at once to the fort, and told the Maharaja and Prahladpant that the Badshah's son had sued for peace. It was decided that the Mogals should leave all their guns and other valuables with the Marathas, and that they should be allowed to return unmolested to Vandiwash. Peace being thus secured, the Mogal army with Kambaksh, Asadkhan, and Sarjekhan at their head returned to Maharashtra.

The cause of this victory of the Marathas over the Mogals and the utter humiliation of the latter, is the blending of the tactics of the statesmen and the valour of the heroes. The importance of these two factors is equal in the acquisition of the empire. History teaches us that the presence of the one is fruitless without the other. The skillful and real statesmanship of the politicians like Prahladpant (first factor) and tested valour and eager readiness of the warriors like Dhanaji and Santaji (Second factor) to lay down their lives on the battlefield, joined together and the result of this double barrel is, what the world has seen in history. We cannot say why the marathas who were now in the Zenith of their power did not avail themselves of this opportunity and vanquish the Mogals completely. Had the Marathas continued their efforts steadily, they could certainly have suppressed their enemies completely. But Scott Vering the well-known historian says, that the Emperor,

infuriated with this victory of the Marathas, tried his best to bring about a split in their camp. And this split was the beginning of the deep plot, which, in the course of time, culminated in the treacherous murder of Santaji Ghorpade. But for this, it need hardly be said, that the Mogals would have been completely vanquished by the Marathas.

CHAPTER XIV.

*And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods.*

MACAULAY.

We have already stated that Pralhadapant had sent some of the great nobles to Gujarat, Khandesh, Varhad, Bagalan, Nanded, and the banks of the Godavari, to establish his authority there. For two or three years, Parsoji Bhosle, Nemaji Shinde, Haibatrao Nimbalkar, Dabbade, Athole, Pawar, Thorat, and others had endured great hardships there, in order to display the might of the Bhosla and they had completely humbled Daudkhan, Abdulalli, Mahomadvazir, Rustumbahadur, and other Mogal officers. Wherever the Badashah had camps, they used to attack and loot them, conquer the districts, and exact a fourth of the revenues. In some places, they would encamp in a grove of trees, and fall upon the enemy whenever they had a chance; and if reinforcements came to the help of the Mogals, they would break up their camp and march off. They were here today and twenty five miles away tomorrow; and they never gave the

Mogals the slightest clew to their movements, but made great raids on them in various places, and at last succeeded in setting up their standard in the north. The names of Parasoji, Haibatrao, Athole and other brave men were a terror in many districts and their fame was in every man's mouth. Ramchandrapant was much gratified by their energy and zeal. He sent to Jinji, and obtained for them honourable titles from Pralhadapant, as rewards for their bravery. Parasoji Bhosle was called Senasahb-subha; Nimbalkar, Saralashkar; Dabhade, Senadhurandbar; Pawar, Vishwasarno; Thorat, Dinkarno; and Athole, Samsherabhadur; and Pralhadapant sent them robes and decorations corresponding to their rank. Thus at different places in the Karnatic Maharashtra and as far north as the Vindhya range, the Maratha nobles and warriors dazzled the Mogals by the brilliance of their military skill, and the country resounded with the victories of the Maharaja.

We have before stated that Kambaksha, Asadkhan, Sarjehkan and other Mogal officers went back to Maharashtra, leaving Jinji still unconquered. The emperor was enraged at Kambaksha's shame-ful conduct, and at the defeat of the Mogals. His passion blazed up like a pine tree on fire, and he vowed that he would burn up the Marathas or drive them into the other regions.

He gave all his officers and soldiers strict orders to murder them wherever they found them, and he himself, having broken up his camp at Bramhapuri, set out for Bijapur. The Mogal officers, in accordance with his commands, began to make raids in Maharashtra and the Karnatic, and they acted with the utmost imprudence. As soon as Pralhadpant heard that, he sent Dhanaji to Maharashtra with twenty thousand men, and ordered the rest of the army to ravage the districts round Bijapur, under

Santaji. There was a very brave and powerful nobleman named Kasimkhan in those districts. When he saw Santaji's movements, he sent to the Badshah for help, and made ready for war. Aurangzebe knew that Kasimkhan was indefatigable; and he believed that if he sent him assistance, he would never rest until he had subdued the Marathas, and driven them out of the Karnatic. So he sent Isfarjung with twenty thousand men from Bijapur to his help.

Kasimkhan's ardour was stimulated by the arrival of this force. He was a Pathan and as firm as a rock and a Musalman to the backbone. It was his intention to come upon the Marathas without warning, to fight with Santaji of whose valour and prowess he was always hearing, to rout his army, and thus show his own courage. But one night, before his plans were fully developed, Santaji suddenly surrounded his camp with fifteen thousand cavalry, five thousand infantry, and some artillery. The Mogal officers were amazed at this daring feat. All night long the arrows of the Marathas were falling amongst the Mogals, and killing them; but it was pitch dark and Kasimkhan did nothing. From sunrise the next day till three o'clock, both armies fired a few shots occasionally; but the battle did not really commence until that hour when, the Mogals having found a capital position set up their guns and suddenly sent a shower of missiles into the ranks of the Marathas. The firing was returned, and for about forty minutes clouds of smoke and dust filled the air. But the small guns of the Marathas were utterly useless against the destructive cannon of their foes. And Santaji saw that unless they closed with their adversaries and fought hand to hand with swords and spears, they would be unable to stand against them; so he made a sign to his officers and men.

In an instant fifteen thousand horsemen came to the front, and broke into the ranks of the Mogals. The Mogal horsemen also came forward, and the firing ceased. The two armies fought promiscuously. The noise of the horses' hoofs, the clashing of the swords and spears, and the shouting of the combatants pierced the skies and penetrated to the depths. The horse that Santaji rode was hurt, and he himself had many wounds. But although this conquering hero of ours was covered with blood and dust, he mounted a fresh charger and flashed about amongst his soldiers like lightning, encouraging them with such words as "Well done my brave fellows! Noble warriors well done!" Kasimkhan and Isfarajang were on the battlefield till the evening, fighting like heroes and inspiring their men and making themselves famous. But at last Kasimkhan saw that his soldiers were dispirited by the heavy onslaughts of the Marathas; and as soon as it got dark, he began to retreat slowly and cautiously, his front ranks still fighting. By the middle of the night he reached a small fort called Dadori about five miles from the battlefield, and there took shelter.

When Santaji saw that the Mogals were retreating he followed them for a mile or two. But it was a very dark night, and thinking that it might be dangerous to pursue them further, he returned, and he and his men spent the night on the battlefield. As soon as the sun rose, some Maratha horsemen went in search of the foes. When Santaji knew that they had taken up their quarters in a strong fort, and were putting it into a state of defence, he divided his army into two bands and surrounded it. The Mogals had a strong position, so they did not trouble themselves. They thought that the emperor would hear that they were besieged and send them help. So they waited patiently for some time; but at last Kasimkhan began to despair.

Their stock of food was exhausted, the people were beginning to die of starvation, and they were almost ready to devour one another. Death, in his most frightful form, confronted them; and despairing of life they determined to fight their way out. One morning, when the besiegers were off their guard, they seized the opportunity thus presented; and while some of the Marathas were snoring, some performing their morning ceremonies, some grooming the horses, and others bathing, four or five thousand Mogals issued from the Eastern gate and shouting "Din din" attacked the Maratha defences. All was disorder and confusion.

At first the Marathas were very careless and the Mogals inflicted great losses on them. But presently, being thoroughly aroused, they began to make havoc of the Mogals, and then for a moment the battlefield was turned into a city of the dead. Streams of blood began to flow; the rider was in one place and the horse in another. No one knew his neighbour, and corpses of half-starved Mogals were lying about everywhere. The unfortunate people who remained in the fort were looking on. They were loud in their lamentations; there was no one to give orders, and no one to obey them. In despair they went to Santaji and begged for mercy. But Kasimkhan was a truly brave and honourable man, and he would not yield to the Marathas; so he killed himself by taking poison. Thus by the end of the year 1696 Santaji had made himself famous in those parts of Karnatic west of the Krishna, and his name was a terror throughout the whole of that province *

* The above facts have been collected from the records of the Musalmin historian Kafikhan who was living during these times. From these the readers can very well judge whether

The bravery, military skill, physical strength, patience and tact, both of the Mogals and the Marathas, were put to a severe test at that time. Owing to the mild policy of Akbar, the disorder that oursed the reign of Jahangir, the peace that prevailed in the time of Shahjahan, and owing to other causes, the Mogal army had become undisciplined; and their ardour, their boldness, their fierceness and other warlike qualities had declined. The nobles were effeminate, proud, devoted to pleasure, and disunited, and they had become lazy and feeble. The retinue of the Mogal officers looked just like a marriage procession. They had showy and beautiful horses, which were richly caparisoned. Their heavy saddles were fastened with gold and silver chains. These were covered with beautiful velvet cloths, with a brush of wild cows' hair hanging on the either side. The riders also were decorated much in the same way. They wore coats of thick cloth, with chain or iron plate armour over them. The trappings of their horses were very heavy; and if they were surprised, their enemies would attack and loot them while they were getting their horses ready and putting on their armour. The Mogal soldiers were very tall fine men: but they had lost their warlike spirit and their patient endurance. As their insubordination and love of pleasure increased day by day, their real greatness gradually declined. They became exceedingly festidious and were constantly contriving plans for making themselves comfortable, and were always puffing away at their pipes, without any thought for any body but themselves. Because of this, although they sometimes prepared for war, and even began a campaign, and fought well when Santaji and other soldiers were simply a band of pillagers, drifting from one place to another as circumstances propelled them, or if they were manly warriors with a prowess to face and fell the formidable forces of their foes.

they were in the humour for it, they had neither the endurance necessary for a long struggle, nor the strength to bear for any length of time the fatigues and hardships of war.

The Marathas on the contrary, though small in stature, were naturally active, being accustomed to hard work, and physically strong. Their horses like themselves, though small, were hardy and enduring. The riders had but to press them with their thigh, and their trot would be changed on the instant, to a fast gallop. The saddles were light, and perfectly plain. Both cavalry and infantry soldiers wore a small turban, cloths bound tightly round their legs, a light quilted coat and a narrow waist-band. Bows and arrows, glittering swords, primitive guns, and spears eight cubits in length, made of pointed bamboos, were their weapons. Unlike the Mogals, they had no tents. Every horse-man would lie down on the open plain or where he might happen to be, with one hand grasping his spear which was struck in the ground near him, and with the other, holding his bridle. Their arrangements were so perfect, that they could spring into the saddle at a moment's notice. They cared neither for hunger or thirst, cold or heat, sun or rain. They would live for days together on bread and onions which they would eat on horseback, if necessary. They were always ready for any emergency; therefore they never feared defeat. If there seemed the least chance of their being conquered, they were very clever at separating, and dispersing in all directions. After two or three days, they would unite and be ready to go in pursuit of the foe. Under such circumstances they met and attacked enemies far stronger than themselves, without any fear.

CHAPTER XV.

*Dear as thou wert and justly dear,
 We will not weep for thee;
 One thought shall check the starting tear,
 It is—that thou art free.
 Triumphant in the closing eye
 The hope of glory shone,
 Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh;
 To think the fight was won.*

DALE.

Rajaram and his officers were very glad when they heard that Kasimkhan had been utterly defeated in the Karnatic, that he had lost his life, and that Sinbagad, Purandhar, and other forts had fallen into their hands. But just at that time, when the power of the Marathas was increasing, and their kingdom was becoming more prosperous, a very sad thing happened which gave a terrible shock to all the Marathas. Pralhadapant had been suddenly taken ill and was gradually growing weaker. He tried all sorts of remedies, but there was no improvement; and day by day his feebleness increased. He knew quite well that he would never recover. Rajaram and the chief officers used to visit him every evening. On one occasion when a large number of them were there together, he called them and said with much affection " My friends, I have now only a very short time to live. You have helped to make my efforts to serve our country successful, and I have not the least fear of death, since my duty in this world is done. This is a dying world, and death comes to every man in his turn. But we never know when it will come to us, and blessed is he who is found watching. We

should consider what we ought to do, and what we really are doing. If we forget our duty and grow careless, we shall often fall a prey to our own wicked and destructive desires. We should forget our worldly interests and worldly happiness and give all our attention to our duty. If you do this, the remaining part of your life will pass felicitously, and you will certainly be happy both in this world and the next.

Shivaji Maharaj and devoted patriots like yourselves have made India free, and now the misfortunes of the Marathas have passed away, and the dawn of prosperous times has come. Hitherto you have striven unanimously and with all your might to destroy your enemies, and regain the lost glory of the Bhoslas; in future you must strive to preserve the power you now have. The struggle has been bitter, but the reward will be sweet. You know that it is necessary to take greater troubles to keep a kingdom, than to gain one. Our anxieties are in proportion to our duties. The greater a man becomes, the greater are his responsibilities. There is a saying which we should do well to bear in mind 'The elephant is looked upon as a jewel; yet he has to bear the pricks of the goad.' It is quite true that a thing which takes years to make, may be destroyed in a moment. Shivaji had to work hard to establish the Hindu rule in Maharashtra and to humble the Mahomedans who were puffed up with pride, and did their utmost to destroy the Hindu religion. But in the reign of Sambhaji, the foundation of the kingdom and of the Government which Shivaji had established, began to give way, and in less than ten years, the work which had cost him so much labour, was destroyed. So you must try with all your might to keep the power you have won by the help of wise men like Ramchandrapant, and warriors like Dhanaji and Santaji, and to go on increasing it.

The Maharaja is wise, well-disposed, farseeing, clever and able to discern ability in others. Still, trust-worthy, well born and loyal men like yourselves, and the officers under you who are good politicians, must constantly help him to govern well; so that your kingdom may grow, and your successes may be published all over the world. However intelligent a ruler may be, unless those under him give him good advice and not unanimously, he can not govern well. Therefore it is said, that thoughtful, impartial, skilful and trustworthy people are a country's chief wealth. Wise people see with their mental eyes, ordinary people with their bodily eyes, but kings with the eyes of their underlings. Therefore, courtiers are a king's spectacles. If you and Rajaram act according to the policy recommended by Ramdas in the Rajadharma and Sevakadharma and in the Mahabharata, and other books on political matters, in a short time, all your enemies will be destroyed and the kingdom will prosper.

If those, who want milk out the udder of the cow, they will not get any; and if kings are unwise and unrighteous in their treatment of their subjects, they will not be happy. No one's objects will be accomplished by fate without effort, and fate cannot be known except through effort; therefore effort is greater than anything else. We must be careful to make all the arrangements that are necessary to any undertaking, at the very beginning. If we are not, instead of success we shall have failure. Wise men say that our life is divided into separate portions, by days and nights just as a tree is cut up into different pieces with an axe. Bear that in mind and you will never wish to put off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. The night is short, but the play is long. There is much work to be done in our three score years and ten. Therefore it is the duty of every

one to be diligent and never to waste a moment. There are some things which are effected by time without any effort of ours. But any endeavour on our part to bring them about would be fruitless; and we must consider well before we undertake such things. Such food as is wholesome, and by eating and digesting which, we are not only not injured but benefited, may be eaten at any time.

If the members of a family act honourably, that family is great, even if it is not wealthy. Poverty is not meanness, but that man is really mean who neglects his duty, and is careless of the honour of his family, and acts ignobly. A man should not deprive himself of peace by giving way to despair, or by allowing anger to master him; because anger causes bodily and mental pain, and it sometimes even destroys the body. That which is attainable may be won by exertion. But if we weary ourselves by striving after that which is unattainable, our energy will be destroyed, and afterwards we shall have neither the power nor the desire to do anything. If we adopt means to ward off threatened calamities, bear patiently the ills which we cannot avoid, and take warning from past experience, we shall succeed in all our undertakings.

Those of us who are rulers, should always seek to secure the happiness of our subjects. Because, whatever trouble may come, a king will have no cause for fear, if his people are contented. It is said that giving happiness is a sign of true greatness; but it is ignoble to repel people by harshness. There are many ways of benefiting people. If we sympathize with them in their difficulties and distresses, help them in their work, and speak gently to them, they will always be ready to serve us. A kind word costs nothing, but it is worth much. If we give orders to

our servants kindly, and praise them when they do well, they will become more and more ready to serve us promptly. If those who work for us, unwittingly make a mistake, we must not be angry, but must forgive them readily. For, nothing becomes the great so well as mercy.

We must never despise our enemies even if they are weak; but must always do our utmost to destroy them. It is said 'Whether our foes are weak or strong, they must be watched. Fire and poisonous serpents are dangerous, if they are not kept under control.' Bows and arrows are warriors' true honour; but it is death for warriors to turn their backs on their enemies after defeat. 'He who fears death should not be a soldier, but should maintain himself in some other way. Cowards die and go to hell; if they live, life is a disgrace. Is it not plain that they have no happiness in this world or the next?' Warriors should engrave these words of Ramdas on the tablets of their hearts. A king must find out whether there is any defect in his Government which will allow of an enemy creeping in, whether his people are happy, whether there is any one in power whom they do not like, or whether there is any defect or vice in himself for which they may censure him. If a king has any servant or officer who is dear to him but not beloved by the people, he must give him up; and if he has a vice which he loves, but which his people hate, he must overcome it. It is his duty as a king to care more for the welfare of his subjects than for himself.

If a king is a slave to women, gambling, or drinking, if he punishes a small fault severely, and if he follows the advice of foolish, stupid and idle flatterers, his kingdom will be destroyed. There are many flatterers; but few who tell us the truth, and few who listen to it. But even if one who is beneath us tell us

anything that is for our good, we should be grateful to him. We should give to those who are worthy of our gifts. The great should be careful to deserve the confidence of others. He who is straightforward, whose words are gentle, whose actions are good, and whose disposition is peaceable, is honoured by those above him. A man's conduct shows what his religion is, bravery is tested in times of danger, proverty is the touchstone of courage, and trouble is the crucible in which friendship is tried. He is a truly brave man who does not allow himself to be hindered in the attainment of his object by cold or heat, poverty or wealth, fear or love. The gods stand with folded hands before a man who never undertakes anything without due consideration, but who having once embarked in it, never rests until he has brought it to a successful issue.

Those servants who know their lord's will and do it with diligence are worthy of his love; and their loyal service has power to secure for them a place in heaven. Therefore, they should exert themselves for him. If, for any reason he is angry with them, they should not bear malice, but should always desire his prosperity; and he will certainly value them for their goodness and patience. If their master does any injustice or makes any mistake, they should not be afraid to tell him of it; their silence at such a time may cause his destruction. It is said 'He is a good servant who works without expecting a reward, who never disobeys his master, but catches his words as they fall from his lips. One who neglects his master's work for the sake of his own interest is not a good servant. If a servant has any complaint to make, he should wait for a convenient season and then speak meekly.

Finally, I have only to say, that in this age especially, there is strength in unity. Keep this in mind and act accordingly.

Great is the power of co-operation. A tree may be strong and big and its roots may go a long way into the ground, yet if it stand alone, a strong wind can destroy it; whereas, if there are many trees all sheltering one another, though they are small, even a hurricane will not hurt them. Therefore you should act unanimously and give due attention to business. I very much regret that Santaji and Dhanaji are absent, but there is no help for it. Tell them my last words. And just as I have carried on the Government with their help, so must you and the Maharaja carry it on in future. Then they (Santaji and Dhanaji), who are the Ahi and Mahi (famous warriors) of the present age, will destroy all your enemies by their superhuman energy, and all the universe will resound with your fame. I cannot say more now."

Pralhadpant then took leave of them all. Three or four days afterwards the end drew near. He gradually sunk and became oblivious to all worldly affairs. The doctor felt his pulse and said that in a few moments all would be over. The Maharaja and other officers were sitting by him; they heard the death-rattle and at last the King of Terrors took him for his prey. Alas, alas!! Pralhadpant who had so disinterestedly served his country and who was always ready to sacrifice himself for it, was no more! Ramdas says "We should so act as to gain the approval of others. The time comes when we must give up everything and die; but we should leave our name behind." Thus Pralhadpant immortalized himself by doing his duty in this world, and then went to his reward.

CHAPTER XVI.

*We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant.*

WORDSWORTH.

Pralhadpant was worthy of praise for his firmness, his wisdom, and other great qualities. He had propped up the kingdom, which Shiva Chhatrapati, the ornament of warriors had established and which after his death was tottering to its fall. But he had been suddenly snatched away and the hearts of all in Maharashtra, both old and young, were filled with grief. This is natural. If the head of the family consisting of five or six members dies, grief falls on the family like a mountain, and crushes it. And is it not right to lament when a man dies, who has lived for the prosperity and salvation of his country, who has sympathised with all the people in their joys and sorrows, encouraged them in times of difficulty, and endured great sufferings for them? There have been few men in our country, who, like Pralhadpant, have truly loved it and devoted themselves entirely to it.

His father had taught him well, and instructed him in the principles of Government from his childhood; he showed him the necessity of being courageous under all circumstances and instilled into his mind, a love of greatness, and patriotism. He was energetic and persevering and always acted as though he believed the saying "A good use of every moment is a foreshadowing of prosperity" He was very careful that his words and actions should agree; because, he felt that if any one wishes other people to have confidence in him, he must be disinterested. And the

truth, that they can do great things, who carry out their principles in their daily conduct, was deeply impressed on his mind. In the time of Shivaji Maharaja, he was a *vakil* in Golkonda for a short time. That was before the death of his father. During the misrule of Sambhaji, there was nothing to call forth his good qualities; so they remained for a time hidden. But afterwards, the real greatness of his character asserted itself, and there is no doubt that it was he who made the Marathas famous all over India. Honesty was the rule of his conduct, and his sole aim was to secure the welfare of the Maharaja and the good of his country; and so, in accordance with the saying of Waman Pandit, "He is a good man who seeks not his own interest but the welfare of others." He put aside his own pleasure, and loyally served his country during the whole of his life. He was an ornament to humanity and deservedly earned undying fame. It is our duty always to keep such an extraordinary man in remembrance; so we will once more offer him our tribute of praise, and after shedding the tear of affection over his untimely death, turn again to our story.

As soon as Aurangzeb heard that Pralhadpant was gone, he thought that the destruction of the Marathas would be the work of a moment. While he was living, his foresight and sagacity had prevented the Mogals from bringing any of their plans to a successful issue; and because Kashimkhan was dead, the power of the Marathas was gradually increasing in Maharashtra, and the Karnatic, in spite of their efforts to check it. So he said to himself "It is no use now depending upon our valour alone. Unless we try to bring about a split in the Maratha camp, it is impossible to achieve success towards our goal. For, the two statesmen Pralhadpant and Ramchandrapant and the two warriors Dhanaji and Santaji are the four pillars of the Maratha Empire. One of

these statesmen (Pralhadpant) has by God's grace come down to the ground. If, we manage to get rid of one warrior (Santaji) out of the two, it won't take us even a minute to destroy the whole erection. We are sure to succeed if we eliminate from the field this important personage by means of whose tactics we had to lose the jewel of our general Kasimkhan, and whose very name was a terror to the whole of the Karnatic. And this is the best time for it. For, there is no other foresighted and wise statesman in the Jinji Darbar at this time like Pralhadpant, who could bring his influence upon Rajaram with his wise counsel. Khando Ballal has just at this time been deputed on an errand in Konkan, by Rajaram, to see and consult Ramohandrapant on some points. This powerful man is also at a safe distance. We must therefore lose not a second but try to poison the ears of Santaji's master against him and bring about his replacement as a general, by Dhanaji." Thus thinking, the Emperor began to work in that direction. He was quite correct in his idea that once Santaji was dishonoured, he would not wait even to take a drop of water in the Maratha camp, but would leave it immediately; such is the self-respect he has ! But even this his suspicious would not allow him to be at rest. He sent his secret spies into the Maratha camp to spread the rumour, that the Maharaja was going to dismiss Santaji and appoint Dhanaji as the general. At the same time, he sent written orders to his generals everywhere, to arrest Khando Ballal on his way back from Maharashtra to Jinji.

As the Emperor had thus arranged every thing, the rumour got afloat in the Maratha camp in a very short time and also reached the ears of Santaji, that the mind of the Maharaja was prejudiced against him; that he was also to be deposed as the general and that honour was to be bestowed upon Dhanaji. Even

before he had heard this rumour, he had himself experienced some sort of change in the Maharaja's behaviour towards him, ever since the death of Pralhadpant. For, when once he had gone on some business to see the Maharaja, the latter did not receive him properly, nor did he speak to him with an open heart as before. He became thus sure that somebody had poisoned the ears of the Maharaja against him. He knew that something was wrong somewhere, but he could not actually locate the mischief. He thought that perhaps Dhanaji had enviously prejudiced the Maharaja's mind as he could not stand the universal praises that were showered upon him, on account of having defeated Kasimkhan. Moreover, there was some faint idea that the enemies had also something to do with it. Be it as it might, it was risky for him to remain there. Consequently, he finally made up his mind to be forewarned before the occasion of his dishonour came about; he took some of his intimate & trusted servants with him and bade good-bye to the Maratha camp.

The internal strife thus begun in 1696 affected in its results not only the Jiuji Darbar, but its offshoots reached the Maharashtra and brought about some friction in the ministry there. Ramchandrapant had never liked the obstinate and resolute nature of Santaji and he therefore saw nothing wrong in his displacement by Dhanaji. But both Parashuram Trimbak and Sankraji Narayan felt extremely sad when they heard that they were abandoned by the great leader Santaji, who was ever fighting for the Swaraja, at the risk of his very life and was a regular terror to the foes on the battlefield. For, they thought the Emperor would surely invite him, offer him great Jahagir and honour him abundantly. This forebode no good to the Maratha Empire. They naturally expressed that this was a great blunder on the part of the Maharaja. It need hardly be said that

Ramshandrapant did not appreciate this. Though Santaji had left the Maratha camp, it was never with a sinister idea that he should join the Mogals and wreak his vengeance on the Maharaja. He resolved on the contrary, to unfurl the national standard and fight the enemies whenever and wherever he could, and thus serve the Maratha Empire, in an independent manner, as long as he lived. Here lies a true character! It is peculiar in the world. There is no unmixed good nor unmixed evil in this manifested universe. A real diamond is discovered in a mine under the dust.

Aurangzeb would really have raised Santaji to the skies, had he thought of joining him. But no!! Santaji knew very well that it never became a real hero to unsheath his sword against one, whom he had once called his master or be the cause of his ruin, though he should, by mistake, dishonour him. It was for this very quality that Pralhadapant ignored his precipitate and excitable nature, and called him his right hand. In a very few days the Maharaja saw his mistake and sent Dhanaji to him to induce him to return to the Maratha camp. But it was invain. On the other hand, he became suspicious and attacked Dhanaji's men all at once like a tiger. There were one or two tussels and both lost much in the bargain. At last, Dhanaji gave up the idea and returned towards Jinji, and Santaji proceeded to Mhaswad. (In Satara District).

Though all things were arranged as the Emperor desired, he knew quite well that there was no one but Zulfikarkhan, who could carry out his plans. So he sent for him and had a secret interview with him, in which he soothed his feelings in the way in which it was possible to do it, and brought him to a right understanding.

Although all things were managed to the entire satisfaction of the Badshaha, still he entertained as before, the same opinion that none but Zulfikarkhan could successfully complete the work of capturing the fort of Jiuji. So he sent for him and had a secret interview with him; in which he soothed his wounded feelings in the only way in which it was possible to do it, and brought him to a right understanding.

Badshaha— I know, that you have been troubled ever since I recalled you from the Karnatic; but there was a reason which made that step necessary. I could not help it. Some of my many nobles were envious of you, because of my confidence in you and respect for you, and I recalled you on that account. By doing so, I have shown them how difficult a thing it is, to conquer such mighty warriors as the Marathas. It is true that our foes who would, but for that, have been destroyed ere now, are still unconquered; but these nobles have learned the lesson that there is nothing so foolish as harbouring jealousy against those who possess good qualities which they themselves do not, and that fame cannot be acquired without goodness. Hereafter they will not injure themselves by such envious feelings, and they will attend properly to their own business. I trust that you will forget the past and be as eager as you were before to take Jinji, and bring our enemies in chains from the Karnatic. Many of the Marathas are now utterly cast down on account of Pralhadapant's death and this is a good time to attack them. There is no need for me to tell you that you are the only one of my generals who can do this, and fulfil the desire that I have entertained for a long time past.

“ Your Majesty,” said Zulfikarkhan “ I am your obedient servant. When I have once received an order from you, I consider

it my duty to obey at all risks and to strive day and night to increase the prosperity of the Mogal kingdom. Then why do you hesitate to command me? There is not the least cause for me to feel hurt at having been recalled from the Karnatic. When the end which your Majesty has in view, viz. the destruction of our foes and the conquest of the Deccan, is accomplished, it will be enough for me, whatever be the means used. But the Marathas have become more active there, they have destroyed the army under Nazibkhan and driven Kambaksha back, and all this is very discouraging. But there is no use in crying over spilt milk, and your Majesty must not be anxious. Jinji will fall, and the Marathas will be conquered as soon as I reach the Karnatic." After they had talked some time in this way and the Badasha had again commissioned Zulfikarkhan to take the command from which he had been recalled, he made ready to go to the Karnatic with forty thousand men. He took Daoudkhan, Sarjekhan, a Rajaput chief named Ramsing Hada and Maratha nobles named Dalapatrao Bundele, Shirke and Mobite and they laid siege to the fort as soon as they reached it.

The fort of Jinji has been called the Troy of the East by the Historian Wilks; because the siege of Jinji lasted several years as that of Troy. Since Rajaram Maharaja came to Jinji in April 1691 from Maharashtra and the Mogals besieged the fort for the first time, it took the latter Seven full years to get it back into their hands. At the very first siege, Zulficarkhan, Ismailkhan and Raja Kishorsing felt certain that it was impossible for them to succeed in their attempts to get this strong fort, without long range guns, ample ammunition and a large equipment of soldiers. They were obliged to seek the help of the officers of the English warehouse at Madras and the French at Pondichery. But they had to raise the siege without doing any-

thing in the face of the havoc made by the Maratha generals Nemaji Shinde and Mankoji Pandhare. Similar was the result later on whenever they laid siege to the fort again. Very often the supplies sent to them from the Emperor's camp were intercepted by the Maratha forces on the way and they were made to starve during the siege. For one or two years the showers were so very heavy that the Mogals had to spend their days in the neighbouring regions, as the trenches they had dug for their safety were all full of water, and their provisions were all wasted away. There too, the Marathas would not let them get their food. When Mahamud Mumin the Mohamedan officer over the artillery was trying to take back his guns as there was water all around, he was ruthlessly attacked by the Marathas and his condition was any thing but comfortable. As the Marathas themselves had from the very beginning acquainted with the Hindu chiefs of the neighbouring parts of the country and secured their good will, they were getting all sorts of help from them. Notwithstanding this, Zulfikarkhan and Raja Kishorsing once met Santaji in a battle at Arni and utterly defeated him. He had therefore to run away leaving all his things behind him. (See Marathi P. 162)

The Marathas had become powerful during the first two or three years as they got money, ammunition and supplies abundantly from Shahaji II (cousin to Rajaram Maharaja) of Tanjore. They had an army of 40000 cavalry and 25000 footmen as they were reinforced from all directions. So they were able to go on with their raids on Maharashtra and Karnatic simultaneously. As soon as Zulfikarkhan came to know that he was helping the Marathas, he at once attacked Tanjore and put a stop to the supplies from that direction. Nevertheless, the Marathas were never nonplused but attacked Ismailkhan near Jinji and utterly vanquished him. Thus they secured from him

Cudappa & Conjeveram provinces and Keshayram was appointed Subhedar of those parts with an army of 10000 horsemen and 4000 infantry and kept there to protect the region.

As the two brave Maratha generals Dhanaji and Santaji got sufficient reinforcements they had more impetus for their work and kept the Mogals at bay; and so the latter could never complete their operations. When they laid siege to the fort they had at once to raise it, on hearing that the Marathas attacked another region somewhere near, leaving all their work behind them. This sort of thing went on till 1697. Zulfikarkhan, his father Asadkhan and all other generals of first water tried their very best at different times but never succeeded in conquering the fort. At last Aurangzeb called Zulfikarkhan for an interview, pacified him as mentioned before and sent him with four of his trusted generals, warning him that in case this expedition failed in its purpose, he would have to lead the forces himself. (Marathi P.163)

Had a real and tested warrior like Santaji been living on this critical occasion, the Marathas would never have been defeated. Those of our readers who are anxious to know what befell him when he went towards Mhaswad, may read the foot note below.

* One day in June 1697, Santaji, exhausted by the terrible heat of the sun, had entered into a brook in a forest of Charkhal near Mhaswad for bath, keeping his sword on the bank of the brook. His trusted servants were not with him but had gone to bring provisions from the neighbouring village. Taking this opportunity, Nagoji Mane, Deshmukh of Mhaswad, who was in the employ of the Emperor, fell upon him and murdered him. For the details of this heartrending story our readers are recommended to refer to the Marathi Historical drama called ' Vrinda ' or ' The culmination of the Maratha loyalty. '

CHAPTER XVII.

*What truer fame can greet a mortals's ear,
Than duty's task heroically done?*

TUPPEN.

It has already been stated that Zulfikarkhan had reached the fort of Jinji with forty thousand troops and besieged it. At that time there were only five or six thousand Marathas in the fort, as Dhannji and Bahirji (Santsaji's brother) were fully occupied in Maharashtra and in the country on the northern bank of the Krishna. While all the men in the fort were quite overcome with grief at the loss of Pralhadpant, they were suddenly surrounded by the enemies; and Rajaram with all his officers was terrorstricken. At such a critical moment the Maharaja had nobody in his Darbar, so prudent, experienced and considerate as Khando Ballal. As he was on his way back to Jinji after an interview with Ramchandrapant at Satara, he was kept in custody by the Mogal officer at Arunaahal. However, Maharaja consulted with the prominent leaders in the fort on the situation and negotiated terms of treaty with the enemy. But Zulfikarkhan was not ready to accept them as he was afraid, that Aurangzeb would be displeased and come down in person with all his forces to the Karnatic, if he knew that a treaty was made instead of capturing the fort.

Though placed in such difficulties, Khandopant was not disappointed. He determined to try his utmost to get out of the prison and go to Jinji by some device or other. When he learnt that the sentry on the prison was a Hindu, he adopted various means to persuade him. When the sentry was convinced of the impending danger on the Swarajya if the enemy succeeded in captur-

ing Rajaram Maharaja, he was impressed and promised Khandopant to release him on condition that somebody similar in appearance was substituted in prison. What a tremendous joy we feel when we utter the three words—Swarajya, Swadharma and Swadesh! This triad has such an unparalleled and tempting force that their very utterance inspires self-respect in any man under any circumstances. It is no wonder therefore, that the sentry being quite regardless of what might befall, was ready to release Khandopant at least for the time, and thus serve the cause of his country. Khandopant deputed a man, through the sentry, to go home in Maharashtra with a letter. Because he thought that he would better keep in prison, his own son Bahiru, who was very similar in appearance to him and could go to Jinji and arrange to send the Maharaja to Maharashtra, according to Ramchandrapant's advice. Bahiroba, on the receipt of his father's letter started for Arunachal and saw his father in prison. Khandopant:—Bahiru, I was imprisoned on my way to Jinji. But fortunately, I could persuade the sentry here and could send you the letter with his help only. He has promised to release me if you are ready to be in my place. I would never have hurried to get out of the prison and thought of putting you in danger; but what could I do? The interests of our own nation are now at stake. Such a brave and determined sardar like Zulfikarkhan has taken a vow to capture and to take the Maharaja into the presence of Badshaha after successfully seizing the fort of Jinji; and I feel that he will not fail to do so. If the Maharaja is imprisoned by the enemy, all our endeavours for the cause of Swarjya will be futile. Therefore I mean to try my utmost to remedy the situation by one device or another. But how can I do that while I am in prison? Will you therefore.....

Bahiru—Dear father, when I see that you have endangered your life by running this risk in order to save your Lord and

country, how can I refuse to help my own father? Was not Bhishmacharya blessed by his paternal devotion which he showed in observing strictly perfect celibacy till death, according to his father's wishes? If my being in prison could make my country free of danger, I am ready not only to bear the torments of this prison but even those of the hell. Papa, he continued—how could you bear the weight of the iron-chains, so heavy [as they are, even for a young man like me? What an unlucky man am I that you had to suffer so much while I am living? (He called the sentry and asked him to unlock the chains of his father and put them on his person.) Dear father, now please do not delay.

Khandopant embraced his son and with a heavy heart replied:—Bahiroba, pardon me that I am compelled to deprive you of the pleasures of the youth and to ask you to suffer the prison-life; but though I have a father's heart, I have at present made it as hard as a rock only in order that I may save my country. It is your own father—so cruel that he has become now—who makes you suffer the miseries, forgetting his fatherly affections towards you and none can there be more cruel than your own father! Bahiroba, you are really lucky that you have rightly served your father with ardent fervour and loyalty for your nation. When I imagine the torments that may be inflicted on you if the Mogul officers learn about you; I feel that better it is not to go to Jinji but to suffer myself. I am at a loss to know what I should do..... Bahiroba:—(with tears in his eyes) Dear father, you are hesitating because you have deep affections for your son. But this is not the occasion of being subject to it. I feel that I am born of such a loyal and revered father like you, only to die for the cause of our Lord. What else can I expect, if you serve the Maharashtra and Swarnjya by my suffering this prison-life? I shall be gladder, if I see better days after getting out of this trying

situation by your favour. But if unfortunately I die, I shall pray to God for our Maharaja and countrymen.

After this, Khandopant left Bahiroba and reached the fort by a secret path. He met Maharaja and learnt all about the enemy. When Khandopant realised that the enemy was not ready to enter into a treaty and that it was difficult to hold on the fort till Dhanaji and others came to their help, he suggested that instead of fighting with forty thousand Mogals and losing lives of many in vain, it would be better to get out of the fort by adopting some device, before the enemy tried the final attack. He also assured the Maharaja that the fort, though it would be captured just then by the enemy, could be very easily taken back in the near future. All consented to this and Khandopant began with his further activities. When he learnt that Shirke brothers, the Maratha sardars in the Mogal service, had accompanied Zulfikarkhan, and that he had appointed them to supervise the work of raising parapets to mount the guns northwest of the fort, he thought that if he could only win them over, they could do any thing he chose. So he took the Maharaja's permission and got down over the wall in a hammock that very night and had an interview with them. He did not find any difficulty in getting at Shirke as his tent was surrounded by a guard of Maratha soldiers. Shirke brothers asked him why he had come at that time of the night, why he had disguised himself, and other questions.

Sambhaji had done great injury to the family of Shirke and put many of its members to death. Therefore Khando Ballal was afraid that Ganpatrao and Ranoji Shirke would not listen to him; But because he could not accomplish his object in any other way, he put aside his fear, and told Ganpatrao plainly

what he wanted. Ranoji, calling to mind all that his family had suffered at the hands of Sambhaji, said angrily "Khandopant, consider for yourself, whether it is likely that any one belonging to the family of Shirke should desire the welfare of the family of that wretch Sambhaji, who tormented us and drove us over to the enemy. With this one exception, ask what you will, and we will do it for friendship's sake; but never speak to us again about doing any thing for the Bhoslas." Khandopant was grieved at his angry words. But he wearied the brothers by his persistent appeals, and at last they yielded.

He said to Ranoji "Calm yourself, friend. It is natural that we should be offended and enraged if any one torment us without cause, and that we should try to punish them; but there is a time for everything, and that man is considered great, who never loses control of himself. As a man sows, so must he reap; and God meted out a fit punishment to Sambhaji, who by his inhuman actions sullied the fame of all the Hindus. It is no use to be always bringing up old sores. When your family was destroyed, several famous men of ours were also put to death. But what can we do? We only injure ourselves by retaliation. We must remember that great and worthy ruler who delivered our country from the cruel Mahomedans, gave us the blessings of freedom, and made many families prosperous. If any one kills our cow, it is not right for us to take revenge by killing the calf. you are thoughtful men and whatever.... .."

Ganpatrao—I at least, never thought that you would ever approach us to seek help for saving instead of taking revenge upon the family of the most cruel and ungrateful wretch, that killed your father and brother by tying them to the legs of elephants, dragging them to death and covering the streets with

their blood. It is of no consequence to us, whether his family, whose motto was to annihilate the whole race of the Shirkhas, is saved or ruined. Remember well, that we have not as yet become so mean and cowardly as to wish their welfare and to serve them who once discarded us with scorn.

Khandopant—(Being excited) Do you think us mean and cowardly because we again espoused the cause of Swarajya? Ganpatrao, I assure you that the enemy would never have saved any Maratha family in the whole of India, had we not borne the pride of the Bhoslas and prepared ourselves to risk our lives in upholding the cause of Swarajya. Because we have faced the Mogals boldly and still are fighting them with courage that Maratha Sirdars like you, are still honoured and favoured by them. Otherwise, all of us (both you and we) would certainly have been reduced to slavery.

Ranoji—Khandopant, whatever you might plead, those who do not keep their hearts burning for vengeance for the dishonour and persecution of their ancestors are no men! I think, it is the duty of a true warrior to avenge himself at the opportune time.

Khandopant—If the utter ruin of our own countrymen and putting an end to swarajya for one's dishonour would mean revenge and true bravery, well then, take this sword and count me as the first victim. First try your sword on me and then do not hesitate to put the Maharaja himself, his wives and every member of the Bhosala family to death. It is far better to fall a victim to the fury of our fellow-brothers than to live and be persecuted by strangers. Look sharp, don't delay. (offers his sword.)

Ganpat:—Chitnis, what is all this for ? Do you think that we are so heartless as cruel butchers ? We are also born of Hindu families as you are. We also feel proud of our own countrymen, Swarajya and Hindu religion, though we are at present serving the enemy. Why then, do you wish us to do this sort of butchery and go to hell ?

Khandopant:—Ganpatrao, there is no butchery in this. If Ranojirao is really firm in effecting revenge, there is nothing wrong in avenging himself upon Sambhaji's brother Rajaram and thus upon all the families of Maharashtra ! This is an opportune time, when by sacrificing Shivaji's own son to the enemy's sword, you can repay the obligations of that holy Bhosala family in which revered Shivohhatrapati was born and raised several Marathas, your own grandfather and uncle, to high prosperity and fame.

Ranoji:—We can't help, Khandopant ! We are quite enraged at the remembrance of Sambhaji's cruel and scornful deeds. Otherwise as a matter of fact, who will not be proud of Shivaji's unparalleled merits and bravery ? None can there be whose heart will not be full of reverence for the Bhosala family, when he remembers the great obligations that Shivaji has conferred upon Maharashtra by his prowess and valour. Moreover, we are his near relations. But, Chitnis, of what use can it be at present, even though we intend to help the Bhosala family as you say, for the sake of Shivaji ? We have openly accepted the service of the enemy. Under such circumstances.....

Khando:—It matters very little, though you are serving the enemy. Love for one's own countrymen and pride for Swarajya, can prompt every one to serve the cause of his own nation, though he sometimes stoops to serve mean people and

humble himself. Do you not know that the self-respected nobleman Ramsing, did help Swarajya, while he had fallen into the bondage of the enemy? So, if both of you are alive to the sense of duty and protect the Bhicsala family, your fame will ever be lasting and your name will always be respected in the whole of Maharashtra.

Ganpat:—It is all true. But if we dare to undertake anything for Swarajya, it will be fraught with danger. If we hazard our lives for our country and succeed, it is doubtful whether Rajaram Maharaja will remember our services and reward us for them. If not, we shall be doomed and shall have no place to show our faces. Therefore, it is better to go on as we are.

Khandopant—Ganpatrao, you should not think so meanly of the Maharaja. How can any one be regarded as a man, who has no gratitude? Even cattle love those who are kind to them. Then what of men? Besides, Rajaram is an incarnation of goodness. He is so merciful and so good to those under him, and his temper is so mild, that even his enemies cannot continue to hate him. If this were not the case, Dhanaji, Santaji, Pralhadpant, Ramchandrapant and others would never have exerted themselves so much to help him, and God would not have given them success. But every thing has gone on smoothly until to-day and his power has reached its zenith. But to make it permanent, to increase it, and to give the benefits of freedom to your country, rests with you.

They both promised to do their best; and Khandopant promised to obtain five villages for them from the Maharaja in the *taluka* of Ratnagiri, and to draw up a deed in their name. But even then, they were not satisfied. So, that loyal servant,

Khandopant, was ready for the sake of his master to give up even his Deshmukhi of Dabhol. Here is the true sense of selfsacrifice and devotion for one's own master ! If the nation is to prosper at all, it produces such gems ! No nation will rise, unless every one feels that Swarajya is his soul and that all his wealth and worldly pleasures without it, are in vain. The Shirkes took three different oaths that they would, by some means or other, deliver the Maharaja from all his troubles. Khando Ballal returned to the fort before dawn, and told Rajaram what he had done.

We will acquaint our readers in the next chapter, with a rough sketch of the description of the Fort of Jinji, Zulfikarkhan's great preparations for a final and decisive attack on the fort, the escape of Rajaram Maharaj from thence, and his safe arrival in Maharashtra.



CHAPTER XVIII.

*For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.*

BYRON.

The rock fortress of Jinji, from its almost central position, dominates the vast Karnatic plain from Arcot southwards to Trichinopoli, and from the Eastern Ghats to the bay of Bengal. It consists not of one fort but of three fortified hills connected together by strong lines of circumvallation and forming a rough triangle nearly three miles in circumference. In order to understand what particular preparations were made by Zulfikarkhan after he laid seige to Jinji for its final and desperate attack on the fort, it is necessary to give full description here, of some of its important places.

The strongest and the highest of the three fortified hills is the Western one called Rajagiri; its top stands 800 feet above the plain below and 400 feet in an almost sheer ascent above the rest of the ridge. The northernmost of them is Krishnagiri and the Southern one is called Chandrayandurg. About half a mile south of Rajagiri is a fourth hill Chamartikri or Chikalidurg, the summit of which is also strongly fortified. But it is not connected with Jinji. The gates are three. One in the Northern wall near Singaverum hill, is called Vellore or Arcot gate. It was formerly called Trinomali gate. The second gate in the eastern face is called Pondicherry gate. It was the principal entrance into the fort in the seventeenth century. Due west of this second gate right across the lower enclosure, stands a small postern gate, in the wall connecting Chandrayana with Rajagiri. It is

called Saitandari; it is a great natural chasm nearly 30 feet wide and 60 feet deep. It was artificially lengthened and widened by the kings of Vijayanagar and was made the only entrance to the citadel. A narrow wooden bridge was thrown over it, leading to a stone-gate commanded by more embrasures and loop-holes. Orme says that this point could be held by ten men against ten thousands ! (South Arcot District Gazetteer)

Zulfikarkhan himself took post opposite the Northern gate towards the Singaverum hill. Daoudkhan Pani, with Maratha noblemen Shirke and Mohite, was posted before Chikalidurg, a mile south of Jinji; and Sarjekhan, Dalpatrao Bundela and a Rajput chief Ramsing Hadu, at the small postern gate, called Saitandari. Parapets were raised for mounting batteries on all sides of the fort. Though all preparations were completed for the final and decisive attack, Zulfikarkhan waited and waited.—God alone knows why — At intervals, he had ordered different generals to try their strength at different quarters, but they all proved fruitless. Once, a bold attack at close quarters on Chikalidurga was attempted but also failed, as the garrison on the fort was more than a match for them. But Zulfikarkhan still hesitated in giving final orders for the decisive attack, and thus dragged on the siege for more than a month. Taking advantage of this opportunity (prolongation of the siege) the Maharaja thought of planning for his escape. He had already learnt from Khandopant on his return to the fort after his secret interview with the Shirke brothers, that they had promised to help him in his attempts. So, having consulted Khandopant and others, he deputed Naro Pralhad (son of Pralhadpant) and Mahadik to govern at the fort in his absence and prepared himself to start. One day, at the middle of night, he was secretly let down in

hammocks alongwith Khandopant, Antajipant, Chavan and Shitole. The Shirkes lodged them for the rest of the night in their tents and before day-break, they all left their camp on the pretence of hunting. The Shirkes accompanied them for 40 miles and then returned with the permission of the Maharaja. The party travelled by stages as far as Gutti where they met Dhanaji and Dhabhade brothers. They had set out for the Karnatic with large forces, when they learnt about the siege of Jinji.

When Dhanaji realized the danger and difficulty of the Maharaja's safe escape to Maharashtra, he, in consultation with Khandepant decided to send Dabhade brothers to accompany the Maharaja as far as Vishalgad. As for himself and his party, they thought of remaining behind, with a view to keep the enemy at bay, if at all they came in chase. When Dabhade brothers (Khanderao and Shivaba) were on their way to Maharashtra with the Maharaja, all in disguise, a sad incident happened. As they had the fear of the foes behind them, Khanderao, Shivaba and the Maharaja were running as fast as they could. But as the Maharaja got tired and could run no more, Shivaba took him on his back and began to run. While thus running, the strain was too much for Shivaba and consequently there was the rupture of a blood-vessel of the heart and he began to vomit blood. Khanderao's, heart became full when he saw the condition of his younger brother and the critical state they were all in. The eyes of the Maharaja also became filled with tears when he saw blood gushing out of the mouth of his loyal servant Shivaba, who never cared for his own life in the service of his Lord. His throat was choked and he could utter not a word. Shivaba looked at the gloomy face of the

Maharaja and said with broken voice to his brother Khanderao as follows.

Shivaba:—Brother dear, do not worry for my sake and render the Maharaja's heart sad. There is no knowing now when I shall pass away. My earnest request to you therefore is, that whatever befall me, do not allow yourself to be overcome with sorrow nor stay behind. Vishalgad is about 9 or 10 leagues away. I shall feel myself blessed to the extreme, if you succeed in carrying the Maharaja till there. I don't care for my life in the least. The enemies are behind in chase and so please hurry up. If, on the other hand, they once overtake us, the whole Maratha Kingdom will be no more, and we shall have taken our birth in the Maratha family in vain. My last prayer is, that you should not entangle yourself in your love for me, but start on at once.

With this word another gush of blood came out of the mouth of this loyal servant and he was no more. Alas! What a specimen of noble loyalty!! The fact that men like Shivaba were born who were ever ready to sacrifice their lives for such as they once called and recognised as their Lords, this alone saved the Maratha kingdom from the imminent ruin that stared it in the face. Shivaba I you have not only ennobled the Dabhade family, but have brightened the history of the whole Maratha kingdom, by this act of sacrifice, which will never be forgotten. As soon as Shivaba breathed his last, his body was hidden in the sands by Khanderao who then carried the Maharaja on his back to Vishalgad. He then returned to this place the next day and cremated the remains of his brother.

The siege still continued when Surgekhan and Bundela suspected Zulfikarkkhan's policy in postponing the final attack. But when

Zulfikarkhan knew that he could not successfully escape the close attention of his generals under him, he had to order bombardment on the fort on all sides. While an all sided bombardment continued, Zulfikarkhan ordered Daudkhan to explore a track for scaling Chandrayandurga, from the south. When all the defenders were drawn to that side, Dalpatrao scaled the Northern walls of Krishnagiri and captured the outer fort after a severe struggle. The garrison retreated to an inner fort called Kalakot, which Dalpatrao entered pell-mell with them and occupied. The surviving Marathas took refuge in Rajgiri or the highest fort. There they held out for several hours, heroically. But when Daudkhan had scaled the walls of Chandrayandurga and advanced through the city or the low inner plain of Jinji towards Krishnagiri, they fled to the top. But finding no safety there, on account of a merciless massacre by the Mogals, they capitulated and laid down their arms. When the Killedar and others surrendered themselves, Zulfikarkhan ordered his generals to stop further operations. *

* According to Bhimsen—(one of the generals under Bundela) the reason why Zulfikarkhan protracted the siege, was that the Marathas were in secret communications with him and that he sided with them for his self interest. He might have thought, that the death of Aurangzeb would cause civil wars amongst his sons and there would be confusion all over. It was natural for him, therefore, to think of establishing an independent kingdom for himself in the Deccan, with a foresight of gaining help from the Marathas. Prof. Jadunath Sarkar, in his historical writings has observed that the correspondence of the French officer Frankais Martiu at Pondichery, and that of the British merchants at Madras, speak to the same effect.

As soon as Zulfikarkhan gave orders for the fighting to cease, Sarjekhan and Daoudkhan placed a guard round the palace, and began to search for the Maharaja; but could find no trace of him. They then imprisoned all the principal people and beat them. They even beat Naro Pralhad to death; but they got no hint as to the whereabouts of Rajaram. At last, they learned that he had escaped with a few nobles and officers and gone to Maharashtra. Zulfikarkhan appeared to be very much surprised and troubled at the escape of the Maharaja. He ordered all the Government officers and their wives and children to be taken to his camp. Then he took possession of all the valuables, jewels, treasure, elephants, horses, guns &c., Thus the long-cherished desire of the emperor was at last fulfilled, and the green flag of the Mogals began to float on the battlement of Jinji in January 1698. But the bird had flown away.



CHAPTER XIX.

*And Tear, and Bloodshed,—miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower.*

WORDSWORTH.

Soon after Rajaram and his officers had reached Vishalgad, the Shirkes managed to send his wives and his little son to Maharashtra. Shirkes and Mohite told the three Khans, that some of their relatives, the wives and children of those who had been slain in battle, were with them, and that it was their duty to send them to their homes, so that their honour should remain un-tarnished. And accordingly many women and children were put in their charge. Thus, the Shirkes and Mohite with true devotion to their master, saved their country, delivered the captive women and children from their enemies, and sent them safe to Vishalgad. The Maharaja honoured them for their devotion and sent them valuable presents. He also made over to them the title-deeds of several villages in the Ratnagiri District. During the absence of Rajaram, Ramchandrapant had served his country with great wisdom, diligence and loyalty, and had made the Marathas famous, by rescuing several forts from the jaws of their powerful foes. Therefore Rajaram made over to him the regal power, and even he himself obeyed him. Angray had, from time to time, done good service at Suvarnadurga and had protected the Konkan; so he was honoured with the title of ' Surkhel.' Khando Ballal had also done good service and had freely given himself and all that he had, for his master. Therefore, he rewarded him with lands,

the income of which amounted to twenty thousand rupees annually. Besides this, he gave him a tenth part of the revenues of several villages. Dabhade brothers were also rewarded with permanent Jahagir. Parashurampant, Sankraji Narayan, and other officers who had done great deeds and increased the prosperity of the kingdom, were rewarded according to their merits, and all were satisfied. From Jinji, Zulfikarkhan returned to his base at Wandiwash, and then pursued Rajaram from Vellore to Guramkonda. But the Maharaja had a good start of him and escaped to Vishalgad in safety.

When the Bhosla family had thus reached the summit of prosperity and was governing in Vishalgad, Rajaram began to think about invading Northern Hindustan, in order to divert the attention of Aurangzeb in that direction. But, Ramchandrapant entreated him, before doing so, to establish a Maratha throne somewhere in the centre of Maharashtra. He said to him "As Satara is in all respects a good place for the purpose, it would be well to set up a throne there, and then proceed to the accomplishment of other objects. If this is done, all the people of Maharashtra will rejoice and all who call themselves Hindus, will be filled with zeal for your Majesty." Rajaram and all the officers consented and they went to Satara. As soon as an auspicious time was fixed, preparations were begun everywhere. Letters were sent to subordinate officers and other honourable men. The city was decorated with flags and festoons. At the appointed time a *grand Darbar* was called, and Ramchandrapant seated the Maharaja on the throne with great pomp, and gave him the title of Victor. Thus in 1698 of the Christian era and 1620 of the Hindu *shaka* a Maratha throne was set up in Satara.

The establishment of the Hindu rule in Satara, is worthy to be recorded in letters of gold in the history of India and especially in the history of that part of it called Maharashtra; because, it gave to us, Marathas, the blessings of freedom for a time. For about a century our natural qualities had full play, and the establishment of the Maratha power was the commencement of greatness and prosperity of the whole nation. Under its shadow Bajirao, Raghunathrao, Vinohurkar, Patwardhan, Gokhale, Janakoji, Mahadji, Malharrao, and other great Brahmin and Maratha warriors were born who began the conquest of such foes as the Mogals, the Nizam, the Rohilas, Haidar Ali and others. Under its protection we had the opportunity of learning how to govern, and great rulers like Balaji Bajirao and Madhavrao Peshwas, and great politicians like Nana Fadnavis arose, who, by their wisdom and skill, astonished not only Musalmans, but French politicians like Dupleix, and English politicians like Malet and Hastings. As we regard the throne of Satara as the fountain from which sprung all our glory, freedom and chivalry, we shall never cease to think of it with love and veneration, although it has long since ceased to exist.

As soon as the coronation of Rajaram and all the ceremonies connected with it were over, he began to think about making preparations for the invasion of Northern India. But before doing so, he went to survey the forts in the Konkan which were recaptured by Ramchandrapant. Soon after he returned to Satara, Ramchandrapant suggested to him after consulting other officers that instead of encamping at one place in Maharashtra, some of the sirdars and army should be sent to the neighbouring provinces of the Emperor's camp at Bramhapuri on the banks of Bhima (25 miles from Pandhapur) for making ravages. Accordingly Nemaaji Shiude and Bahirji Ghorpade (Santajji's brother)

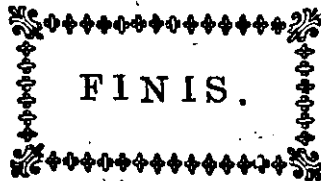
were deputed for that purpose. Dhanaji and Dado Malhar were ordered to go to Haidrabad and Bedar side, where Zulfikarkhan had encamped. Hanmantrao and Usbaji were sent towards Miraja, where Badshaha's grand son Bedarbakhata and Chinkuli chakhan were stationed. After making all the necessary arrangements, Rajaram Maharaja set out for the North with an army of 15000 men. On his way he was joined by Nimbalkar, Shitole and other nobles with their forces.

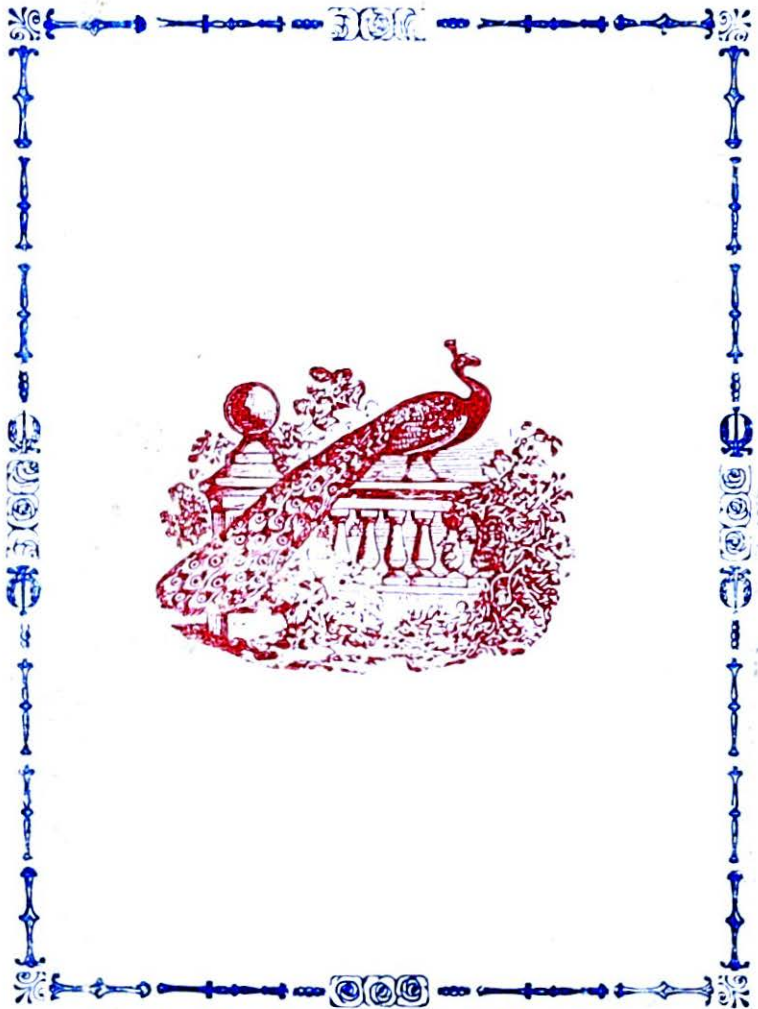
The Mogal nobles, when they saw this large army, left their camps and went towards Delhi; and the whole of the province was thus open to the Marathas. The Maharaja conquered Khandesh, Berar, Goudwan and the whole country as far as the Nermada, and levied tribute on the subdued territory. No sooner did Aurangzeb learn that the Maharaja had gone to the North and that his nobles had retreated in fear towards Delhi, than he swore that he would himself conquer Maharashtra. So, he recalled Zulfikarkhan from the Deccan and sent him north-wards. After despatching Zulfikarkhan to the North he left Bramhapuri and moved in the direction of Satara. Hearing that Aurangzeb had himself taken the lead, and captured some of the forts in Maharashtra, Rajaram Maharaja left his nobles to look after the conquered territory in the north, and returned.

Here ends my story. I will now say a word or two, according to the custom, about what should be learnt from the foregoing pages and then take leave of my readers. Nothing, whether a person, a country, or a great nation, can escape the vicissitudes of fortune. Not only every living being, but even every in-animate thing in the world, is subject to alternate rise and fall, increase and decrease. Therefore, it is not the part of true wisdom to

act proudly in prosperity, nor in adversity to think of that which might have been, and give ourselves up to bemoaning our miserable fate. When adversity comes upon us, there is nothing so childish as to imagine that we are the only people who are unfortunate, and that others are always happy, or to yawn idly and blame our ancestors, instead of discriminating between the true and the false, or to quarrel with each other instead of looking to the future. But, if we are filled with faith and love, and an earnest desire to do our duty, and if we bear patiently the trials that come upon us, God will be merciful to us.

*God is our refuge and our strength
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.*





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