



S OF INDIA SERIES.

SHIVAJI,
THE MARATHA

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F. MALCOM-SHITH,
M.A., PH.D.

TRICHUR
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33

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V. SUNDRA IYER & SONS.

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TO
THE INDIAN FAMILY
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF
THE 'HAPPY YEARS
SPENT BENEATH THEIR ROOF.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

It is always a difficult matter for a foreigner to write the life of a great hero belonging to a nation other than his own. If I have been guilty of inaccuracy or misrepresentation in this Life of Shivaji, the Maratha, if I have inadvertently written anything which may hurt the feelings of my readers, I would plead for their forgiveness, and beg of them to believe that ignorance, not intention, has been responsible for my fault.

The present short work is intended to be used in schools, to portray for the boys and girls of India the personality of one of the great men of India. It has been based mainly on three works, *A History of the Maratha People*, Vol I, by C. A. Kincaid and Rao Bahadur P. B. Parasnis, *Shivaji, the Maratha* by H. G. Rawlinson, and the most recent and scholarly life of the Maratha King by Jadunath Sarkar, *Shivaji and His Times*. I herewith acknowledge my indebtedness to these three authorities, and crave their indulgence for the use I have made of their scholarship. It only remains for me to express my sense of gratitude to my publishers for having entrusted me with a task which, it is not exaggeration to say, has opened a new world to me.

E. F. MALCOLM-SMITH.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. The Birth of Shivaji : : 1	1
II. The Opening Stages : : 18	18
III. Shivaji's Wars with Bijapur : 34	34
IV. Shivaji and Shaista Khan : 50	50
V. Mughal Vengeance and Shivaji's Escape 66	66
VI. Shivaji's Recovery : : 88	88
VII. Shivaji's Coronation and Last Successes 112	112
VIII. Shivaji's Character and Attainments 130	130
APPENDIX. The Ballad of Afzal Khan 147	147
Bibliography : : : 163	163

APPENDIX I.

THE BALLAD OF AFZAL KHAN.

I

Hail in all faith to Shiva,
God over Gods supreme!
The iron age grows golden,
His eyes propitious beam,
When as the royal ensigns
And steadfast faith afford
Witness to Amba incarnate
In Shivaji our Lord.
Drink from the royal fountain
Whose living streams o'erflow ;
Come, fellows, bathe within it
And Shiva's promise know.
Rajgarh, the royal castle,
The fort benam'd of gore,
And that stronghold which first the flag
Of victory proudly bore,
Fair Javli's crown of palm-leaves,
High soaring into heaven,
And Mundun's clustering palaces
The faithful god hath given
Sonsabila and Pratapgarh
With Rajgarh's hidden gold,

The homes of ancient deities,
Gray forts and bastions old,
All from a god propitious
Holds Shivaji the King ;
Hearken Maratha princes,
His glorious state I sing.

I:

Oh hearken ! bards and princes,
Young pillars of the state ;
The conqu'ring wiles of Shivaji
And wisdom I relate ;
How in the dark world of mountains,
With every fortress grim
That lowers above the valleys,
Were seiz'd and rul'd by him.
The dying eyes of Chandra
Beheld the lofty wall
Of Javli, then of Pratapgarh
And strong Panhala fall ;
The huge and rocky castle
Which all the whirlwinds sweep :
Gosala, and the hamlets
By Matungarh that sleep ;
The lovely homes that nestle
Above the Konkan green,
Like the sacred lotus swimming
On the water clear and sheen ;

My song shall not forget you,
 Nor you, the peasant's home,
 Fair lowlands of the Konkan
 To whose twelve harbours come
 The laden keels of nations ;
 Nor all the Deccan wide,
 From Indapur to those old fanes
 Where Moslem saints abide ;
 Piecemeal by town and hamlet,
 They yielded to the king :
 Hearken, Maratha princes,
 His glorious state I sing.

III

When Kalian and Bhendi
 Where given to the sword,
 The cry went up to Bijapur
 And Adil Shah, its lord,
 Fierce was the monarch's anger,
 Like flame his summons flew
 To the valiant Moslem nobles
 And every good Hindu :
 From all his wide dominions
 They throng'd to the Durbar ;
 And Afzal Khan the mighty
 Seiz'd the betel leaf of war.
 A sword that gleam'd like lightning
 A stately battle steed

Were the grateful monarch's guerdon
To the servant of his need.
Seven hundred rocket camels
Their eager riders mount ;
The horse were fourteen thousand,
The footmen who could count ?
Forth march'd they, but near Torwa
Whene'er the vanguard drew
Down fell the royal standard
That o'er the cannon flew ;
"Alas ! an evil omen,"
Said Krishnaji, "we bring."
Hearken, Maratha princes,
The Rajah's state I sing.

IV.

To Tuljapur and Pandarpur
Slow roll'd the host along ;
There to the god's most holy
They wrought most grievous wrong
Bhavani's sacred image
They level'd with the dust,
And into Bhima's shudd'ring depths
Great Vithoba they thrust.
Then rais'd the Khan a costly shrine
That men again might pray ;
The outraged gods received it
And his sins were washed away.

Slow rolled the Mughal army
Round Pali's ancient shrine,
Then Khandoba put forth his might,
And showed an awful sign ;
The quaking Moslem turned them
And cried a dreadful cry,
And full two leagues in furious rout
Like hunted deer they fly ;
They straight they build a lamp-tower
That night was turned to day.
The god appeas'd received it,
And their sin was washed away.
Towards Avant's sacred towers
The Moslem host aspire,
There the great goddess Yemai
Displayed a portent dire ;
A holy feast the Khan proclaimed,
And called the priests to pray ;
The goddess checked her fury,
And his sin was washed away.
Slow rolling, widely wasting,
The Mughal army went,
Trouble and woe to Shambhu
When the Khana pitched his tent !
At last at Wai he halted,
Which once his sway had known ;
And Krishnaji his letters bore
To the great rajah's throne.

The Brahman stood before him;
"To Shivaji be health!
Receive the Khan, and peace be thine,
And joy and mighty wealth."
"What are his gifts?" the rajah said;
Were we at peace I vow
With four and forty castles strong
The Khan I would endow;
In the fair halls of Javli
A stately pageant waits;
There will I bide the Khan's approach,
And greet him at my gates."
He touch'd the holy Erahman's feet
Dismissing him, and sent
With him the Mhaldar Jivaji
To seek Abdullah's tent.
With aspect blunt he greets him,
As one untaught to fear;
"if not to bow before our gods,
Why are thy horsemen here?"
No more obeisance paid he,
But turned and went his way;
And the furious Khan upstarted,
And bade his host array.
Straight to Rantundi'd fortress
His haughty troops he led,
And fourteen days around it
The baffled host was spread.

The Rajah roused his chieftains,
 They came from far and near,
 With many a Mavli swordsman,
 And many a horse and spear;
 In council close the leaders
 Were gathered round the king.
 Hearken, Maratha princes,
 His glorious state I sing.

V

"Brothers and friends," quoth Shivaji,
 "No stripling is our foe;
 The holy gods themselves are awed
 When Afzal's name they know;
 Say, shall we hail him as a guest,
 Or greet him with our sword?
 The captain of the fort is here,
 Give counsel to your lord."
 "O Shiva!" the Gaekwar cried,
 "The coming feast is sweet;
 But sword and spear and helm and mail
 For such a guest are meet."
 The counsel pleased; they arm him,
 And round his waist they take
 The one-edged sword that coils and bites
 Like the deadly hooded snake;
 The two-edged glaive by Jivaji,
 The Mhaldar stout, was borne

And the curved steel of the tiger claws
On the rajah's hand was worn.
O'er his snowy vest of cotton
His robe imperial flowed:
He sought his mother's blessing,
She met him on the road;
In a palki Jija met him,
And blessed the goodly king.
Hearken, Maratha princes,
His glorious state I sing.

VI.

"If in thy lot, my Shiva,
Or woe or bale be writ,
On me let all the evil fall,
Towards me I conjure it "
Thus prayed his mother, Jija,
"Be prosperous and brave,
I give thee here the betel,
Remember Mahadev."
She spoke, low bowed the rajah
And filial reverence paid;
O mother! would the Dewan's hand
Could on my head be laid;
Wide spread my lands and rich my halls,
But where is he — my sire?
"Son, meditate thy purpose high
And fill thy soul with fire.

The blood of Shambhuji doth cry
His wrong is unredressed."
"Mother, I go: but tell my sire
I thought of him and blessed."
He filled his forts with warriors true;
And till he came agen,
He gave his power to Netaji
With full five hundred men;
And with him Umbaji was joined
The royal seat to fill,
While Tukya's eager troops were drawn
Around Rantundi hill.
Then forth to Javli's audience halls.
The prudent rajah fared,
And there to greet the Khan's approach,
A pageant great prepared.
Through every spacious chamber
The silken seats were spread,
Gay with their various borders
Of plumage blue and red;
On carved and painted pillars
Rich wreaths of coral hung.
Garlands of pearls and rubies rare
From every cornice swung
Bright as the glorious Sun in heaven
They glow the lamps enhanced,
And like the tall and graceful crane,
The fountains leaped and danc'd

A canopy of costly cloth
 And curtains fine enfold,
 Gleaming with many a diamond
 The rajah's throne of gold.
 Four stalwart, Moslem marching
 Their monarch's missive bring.
 Hearken, Maratha princes
 The rajah's state I sing.

VII.

For them no courtly greeting,
 No prayer, or gift, or bribe;
 Rough in the first and second courts,
 The speech of guard and scribe.
 But better far than greeting,
 In the third court they found
 A troop of lovely dancers
 Approach them with a bound.
 Rapt were the gazing Moslem,
 And Afzal laughed aloud;
 When Shivaji and Jivaji
 Entered amid the crowd.
 "First to my guardian Mahadev,
 To Shahji next, my sire,
 Then doth the world's great mother
 My reverence due require;
 Then to the gallant freemen
 Who guard my forts in mail;

And last to thee, Abdullah,
 I bow and bid thee hail."
 Such was the rajah's greeting,
 And lofty the reply :
 "Whence did a peasant's son achieve
 To raise these halls so high ?
 And whence the wealth that far outshines
 The courts of Bijapur
 Hence to thy wells and gardens,
 The royal rents restore."
 "Abate thy pride," said Shivaji,
 "The gods alone I fear :
 They rule the fates that govern
 All issues far and near ;
 For thee — thy birth and rank I know ;"
 Thus far the undaunted king.
 Hearken, Maratha princes,
 His glorious state I sing.

VIII.

"Back to thy father's oven!
 Back to thy mother's store!
 Whose toothsome sweetmeats oft delight
 The boys of Bijapur.
 Shall rajahs brook the insult
 Of thee — the baker's son?"
 He looked upon Abdullah,
 And knew his work was done.

The Moslem leaped upon him,
His grasp was fierce and fell,
And how he plied the dagger
The dinted mail might tell.
But Shivaji the rajah
In answer made him feel
The twin sting of the scorpion,
The deadly claws of steel.
His entrails torn and bloody
Gaped through the horrid wound ;
But Afzal was a warrior bold,
And faltered not nor swooned.
He loosed his girdle deftly,
Uncoiled the sword below,
And dealt upon the rajah's head
A fierce and furious blow.
It cleft the embroidered turban,
And twisted chains fourteen,
And the rajah felt, as steed the spur.
The sword edge sharp and keen.
His blade leaped out and wrapped the Khaa,
Like the sacred thread to view,
Between the neck and shoulder
It struck and clove him through.
He fell, down fell the Moslem,
While steadfast stood the king
Hearken, Maratha princes,
His glorious state I sing.

IX.

Up leaped the Sayyid Bandu,
And raised his sword in haste ;
But the wary rajah turned it
And cleft him to the waist.
Then forward stepped the Brahman
Seeing the Sayyid die :
"Turn back, turn back," cried Shivaji,
"Turn back and haste to fly.
I may not smite a Brahman,
Lest the curse of god should sound."
The rajah laughed and cast his sword
Down clattering to the ground.
But Kavji the Mhaldar
His broad spear raised on high,
And leaping at the Brahman
He whirled and made it fly ;
It met him in the navel,
The steel of Burhanpur,
Through the backbone it pierced him,
He fell and spoke no more ;
Twice did he call on Shiva,
And then his breath was gone :
"Forward!" exclaimed young Kavji
The rajah's gallant son ;
"Have at the palki-bearers,
That not a man remain,"

And with his sword he dashed among
The trembling menial train.
They dropped the stately palki
And wild with wounds they fled ;
While Shivaji approached the Khan,
And straight cut off his head ;
He bore it to Bhavani,
Most like a conquering king.
Hearken, Maratha princes,
His glorious state I sing.

X

To her, the world's great mother
In Pratappgarh that dwel',
And bore him through victorious,
He offered it and knelt ;
"Receive my gift, O mother,
This goat of goodly frame ;
His teeth are as the teeth of men,
And Afzal is his name."
Then was the signal given,
The rajah's cannon spoke ;
Their twelfold voice the people heard
And saw the whirling smoke.
Out dashed the rapid footmen,
With weapons bare to kill,
They rolled gallant Trimbak
And crowned Rantundi hill ;

Down went the Moslem standards,
As on the swordsmen dash,
The elephants that bore them
Fell with an echoing crash.
The Mughals feared and turned them
And fled with all their force,
And Tukya closed and captured
Full sixty Arab horse.
Back marched the host victorious,
Hanumant at their head
And to Panhala's fortress
By Shivaji were led ;
There the strong walls were strengthened
And armed on every side,
And the raging hosts of Bijapur
Victoriously defied.

XI.

The noise of war is over,
The songs of victory sound,
The lady Jija calls the chiefs,
The loyal chiefs, around ;
They throng the halls of Javli,
The minstrels sing and play,
And, master of all melodies,
Adnyandas gains the day.
With the sweet Kadaka rhythm
A village rich he won,

For ever free from tax or fee
From father unto son ;
Two golden bracelets decked him,
Gifts from the goodly king.
Hearken, Maratha princes,
His glorious state I sing.

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