



S OF INDIA SERIES.

SHIVAJI,
THE MARATHA

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

TRICHUR
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33

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TRICHUR
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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SHIVAJI, THE MARATHA.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF SHIVAJI.

"Rough and stony, but a good nursing mother."

Description of Maharashtra.

FROM time to time in the history of the world a man is born in a family, a clan or a nation who towers above the rest of his race as a giant among pigmies, and who is destined to leave an indelible impression upon the future. A modern English writer, John Buchan, has attempted to trace the ancestors of one such hero. In *The Path of a King*, he describes the life of Abraham Lincoln's forbears in a series of short sketches from the dawn of history down to the great

American's appearance on the political stage. It is an interesting study, but it leaves the problem of genius unsolved. In fact no satisfactory explanation has ever been put forth to account for the incidence of a Napoleon from the ranks of a poor Corsican family or of a Shivaji from those of a comparatively unimportant Maratha clan.

Environment and heredity are the two great moulders of character, and in Shivaji's case perhaps the first was the more important. The founder of the modern Maratha nation was nurtured by his country. The original state of Maharashtra lay at the western edge of the Deccan plateau, and comprised the present districts of Nasik, Poona and Satara, together with parts of Ahmadnagar and Sholapur, and the western corner of Aurangabad. The Maratha race had also spread into Konkan between the Western Ghats and the Indian Ocean. Maharashtra is a rocky, mountainous and thickly forested country with a slight and intermittent rainfall. The clouds of the southwest Monsoon precipitate their mois-

ture on the western slopes of the Ghats and hardly penetrate into the interior, so that, except along the banks of the few rivers, the existence of the peasant is a precarious one. In short the Deccan 'yields to much labour a bare measure of subsistence.' Two other features of the country have influenced its destiny. In the first place it was difficult to travel through the dense forests from one part of Maharashtra to another. Hence the inhabitants lived isolated lives, cut off from the outside world and from each other. In the second place the action of sun and rain has covered the land with a series of flat topped peaks, fortresses carved by nature's own hand, and needing nothing but a few fortifications at the most accessible points to make them almost impregnable.

Amid such surroundings it was natural that the Maratha grew up frugal, hardy, independent and self-reliant. The earliest account of the race comes from the pen of the Chinese pilgrim, Huen Tsiang, in the 7th century of the Christian era. "Their manners," he said, "are simple and honest.

They are tall, haughty and supercilious in character. Whoever does them a service may count on their gratitude, but he that offends them will not escape their revenge. If any one insults them, they will risk their lives to wipe out the affront. If one apply to them in difficulty, they will forget to care for themselves in order to flee to his assistance. When they have an injury to avenge, they never fail to give warning to their enemy; after which, each dons his cuirass and grasps his spear in his hand. In battle, they pursue the fugitives, but do not slay those who give themselves up. When a general has lost a battle, instead of punishing him corporally, they make him wear women's clothes, and by that force him to sacrifice his own life." † Later ages were to give them cunning at the expense of chivalry, as we shall see when we describe Shivaji's behaviour to Afzal Khan and Shaista Khan. This deterioration in character

† M. G. Rawlinson, *Shivaji the Maratha*, p. 19. Oxford, 1915.

was the result of the decline of the great Hindu kingdoms of India, the internecine strife that followed and finally the Moslem conquests.

The Marathas are Hindus, but two things have prevented the establishment of a Brahman hierarchy among them, the influence of Buddhism and their innate sense of the equality of man. Although Buddhism died out during the 5th and 6th centuries A. D., its remains are to be seen in the Chaitya Hall at Karli and in the magnificent Ajanta Caves, while traces of its teaching may still be found in the popular religion of the country. Vitthala or Vithoba of Pandharpur is one of the favourite local deities among the lower orders. Caste distinctions are unrecognised in his temple, his festival coincides with the Buddhist Lent, and his shrine is known by the Buddhist name of *Vihara*. During the 15th and 16th centuries religious movements popular in their origin swept through the country. "This religious revival," as Mr. Sarkar points out, "was not Brahminical in its

orthodoxy; it was heterodox in its spirit of protest against forms and ceremonies and class distinctions based on birth, and ethical in its preference for a pure heart, and for the law of love, to all other acquired merits and good works. This religious revival was the work also of the people of the masses and not of the classes. At its head were saints and prophets, poets and philosophers, who sprang chiefly from the lower orders of society—tailors, carpenters, potters, gardeners, shop-keepers, barbers and even *mahars* (scavengers)—more often than Brahmans. The names of Tukaram (born about 1568), of Ramdas (b. 1608), of Vaman Pandit (b. 1639), of Eknath (b. 1528) still retain their ascendancy over the minds of the people of Maharashtra.” §

The devotional songs of Tukaram and Ramdas, and the ballads containing the stories of the Hindu epics sung by wandering minstrels throughout the land, were the

§ Jadunath Sarkar, *Shivaji and His Times*, pp. 9-10. London, 1929.

handmaids of religion in fostering a spirit of unity among the Marathas. Hence, when Shivaji appeared upon the scene, they already possessed community of language, creed and life. All that was wanting to turn them into a nation was his creation of a modern state, welded into a compact whole by its long struggle against the Mughal Emperors, and its subsequent expansion into an imperial power under the Peshwas.

At the time of Shivaji's birth the Deccan was divided between the two principalities of Bijapur and Ahmadnagar. Bijapur had been founded in 1489 by a son of Amurath II of Turkey, and was ruled by the Adil Shahs. The state of Ahmadnagar had been founded about the same time by the descendant of a Brahmin prisoner, Malik Ahmad. During the 16th century the Mughal Empire had been firmly established by Akbar the Great. The Maratha race was divided among these three powers, all of them Moslem. Nevertheless the Marathas suffered little persecution on religious grounds. The ruling caste kept to their

capitals, and let out their lands in *jaghir* or *sief* to the Maratha chiefs, who in return maintained a cavalry force at their own expense for the use of their overlords. Thus each chieftain had a body of horse at his disposal, and often found it profitable to hire out his sword to one of the neighbouring states. In this way many Rajputs and Marathas rose to wealth and fame. The bulk of the population lived peaceably in their villages, their only real grievance being the system of farming the taxes, which often led to extortion and oppression. Shivaji was one of the Bhonsles, a clan in the service of Ahmadnagar. Like all Maratha families, the Bhonsles sought to trace their descent back to a Rajput ancestor, and they claimed that they were the descendants of one of the great Sesodia Rajputs, the lords of Chitore, whose present head is the Maharana of Udaipur.

In the middle of the 16th century one of the Bhonsle clan called Babaji was *patil* (or headman of a village) of the villages of Hingani, Beradi and Diwalgaon in the Poona

district. He had two sons, Maloji and Vithoji. Maloji was born in 1550 and, together with his brother, entered the service of Lakhaji Jadav Rao of Sindhkher, a Nizam Shahi noble. The story goes that at a festive gathering Maloji's little son, Shahji, was playing in the courtyard of Jadav Rao's house with that nobleman's little daughter, Jija Bai. Jadav Rao took the two children on his knee, praised the beauty of Shahji, and said that they would make an excellent match. Thereupon Maloji leapt to his feet and called upon those present to witness that Jadav Rao had consented to the betrothal of the two children. Jija Bai's proud father would not agree to a union of his house with that of the Bhonsles, and drove Maloji and Vithoji from his presence. But only for a time. The brothers went back to their home at Ellora. There they became men of considerable wealth, thanks to the discovery of a buried treasure. Its existence was revealed to Maloji according to one story by no less a person than the family goddess, Bhavani, the consort of Shiva.

Another account says that one night, as Maloji was watching the crops in one of his fields, he noticed a large snake coming out of a hole. It is a popular belief that snakes are the guardians of hidden hordes, and Maloji therefore dug down where he had seen the snake and unearthed seven pots full of gold coin. With the money he and his brother undertook pious works, such as the rebuilding of temples, the construction of a big tank on the Shambhu Mahadev Hill for the use of the pilgrims who flocked in their thousands to the shrine, and the giving of alms to the Brahmans. The rest they spent in raising and equipping a regiment of cavalry, a thousand strong. Jadav Rao then consented to the marriage of Jija Bai and Shahji, Maloji's son, and the two were united in April 1604. Thus Jija Bai became the mother of Shivaji, the future founder of the Maratha nation.

Troublous times followed the marriage in Ahmadnagar. Jadav Rao was murdered at Court about 1630, the state was torn by factions, and the Mughals took advantage

of its internal anarchy to seize large portions of its territory. Such a situation of weakness and confusion was a golden opportunity for ambitious leaders like Shahaji, who were in command of a considerable force. Towards the end of 1630 he entered the service of the Mughals, then deserted to Bijapur in June 1632. In the final dismemberment of the Ahmadnagar kingdom during the next years Shahji seized the lands between Poona and Ahmadnagar for himself. So troublesome did he become that the Mughals sent a large force against him in February 1636. He was obliged to surrender his conquests, and re-entered the service of Bijapur, which he had temporarily abandoned in order to win an independent position. From the Adil Shahi Government he received the grant of the Poona district, and was soon to win considerable estates to the south as well.

Shivaji was the second son of Shahji and Jija Bai. He was born in April or May, 1627, and the first ten years of his life therefore coincided with his father's changes

of fortune. The details of our hero's early life are wrapped in obscurity, even to the exact date of his birth. § It is however certain that he first saw the light in the hill fort of Shivner, and that he was called after the goddess, Shiva Bhavani. Another proven fact is that he grew up almost a stranger to his father. Not only was Shahji obliged to leave his wife and son on account of the vicissitudes of his own fortune, but they seem to have fallen under his neglect. About 1630 he took a younger and more beautiful wife, and had nothing more to do with Jija Bai. Shivaji was therefore brought up by his mother, a proud and deeply religious woman. After 1637 there are varying accounts of the life of mother and son. One says that in that year they joined Shahji at the court of the Adil Shahs, and remained there for three years. There Shivaji was described as being 'singularly shrewd and intelligent for his years and addicted to asking questions about affairs of state,' and as showing 'open contempt and

§ Jadunath Sinker gives it as April 10, 1627.

hatred for Mohammedans and their religion. § This at least is true, that Shahji handed over the Poona district when it became his to be administered by Dadaji Kond-dev, and that he wrote a letter to him as follows: "My wife, Jija Bai, is living in the fort of Shivner and has brought forth a son named Shivaji. Bring her and her son away and keep them in your charge and supply them with money for their necessary expenses."

Thus Shivaji came to Poona, and a new influence, that of Dadaji Kond-dev came into his life. But his mother remained his guiding star to the end of her life many years later. His lonely childhood (his elder brother had died) and the isolation of their life deepened his love for her until it amounted almost to adoration. From her he imbibed his deep sense of religion, his love of the myths and epics of Hinduism, and his independence of character. Dadaji Kond-dev on the other hand taught him the art of government. His environment did the rest.

§ Rawlinson, p. 29.

The *jagir* of Poona had been devastated by the constant inroads of different armies, and was invested with bands of robbers when it came under Dadaji's care. He was a man of great administrative ability, and very soon reduced it to order. A later chronicler reported that he did such strict justice that the very name of robbers and usurpers disappeared from the district. An anecdote illustrates his keen sense of justice. "He planted a garden of fruit trees, named it after Shahji, and gave strict orders that if anyone plucked even a leaf from the trees he would be punished. One day Dadaji with his own hand plucked a mango from a tree. For this offence he was about to cut off the hand, when other people prevented him. To show his respect for the rules, however, he wore an iron chain round his neck." In connection with Shivaji's education another authority tells us that Dadaji trained the boy himself, and also appointed an excellent teacher for him, so that he soon became skilled in fighting, riding and other accomplishments. But it is probable that in some

directions he grew up, as we should term it, an illiterate in the sense that it is extremely doubtful whether he could read or write. Nevertheless he knew the Hindu epics by heart, travelled far, sometimes at the risk of his life to hear *Kirtans* and the recitations of *Kathas* and *Puranas*, and frequented the society of Hindu and Moslem saints wherever he could find them. And more vital than all these, he was deeply versed in the knowledge of his fellow men.

The name of Maval is generally given to the mountain valleys of the Poona district. These valleys were Shivaji's happy hunting ground. Their inhabitants were Kolis in the north and Marathas in the south with a strong admixture of hill blood. They had preserved the primitive virtues, but the rest of the world despised them as a backward and stupid race. They were organised in village communities, each under its own *patil*. These again were grouped into larger units under *deshmukhs*, who were in effect small chieftains or landed barons. Shivaji soon discovered their virtues, and they

became his most devoted followers. These Mavlis taught the boy to ride and shoot and how to use a sword, and they constantly took him with them on their hunting expeditions. He thus came to know every inch of the Deccan hills, and he began to dream of carving out an independent position for himself with the assistance of the Mavlis. It was obvious that internal anarchy would in time bring about the downfall of Bijapur, as it had brought about the downfall of Ahmadnagar, and he therefore knew that he had little to fear from the Adil Shahs. The Mughal power was a more formidable one, but he disliked the idea of entering the service of a power so alien and distant as that of Delhi, although many mercenaries had risen to a high position in it. Independence was dear to the heart of all Marathas worthy of the name, and he resolved to follow that path whatever the dangers that encompassed it. In the course of his wanderings he had discovered that the four natural strongholds controlling the Poona, *jagir*, Kondana (afterwards called Singhgarh)

Torna, Chakan and Purandar were carelessly guarded by their Bijapur garrisons, and in a considerable state of disrepair into the bargain, and that their conquest would be a comparatively easy matter. He therefore began to collect followers and to mature his plans. His ambitions brought him into conflict with his guardian, Dadaji, who wished the young man to become a famous mercenary captain in the pay of Bijapur, and was horrified at Shivaji's schemes and at the company he kept. But in 1647 he died, and Shivaji was thrown on his own resources at the age of twenty.

CHAPTER II.

THE OPENING STAGES.

"Adil Khan of Bijapur was attacked by sickness under which he suffered for a long time, and great confusion arose in his territory."

SHIVAJI'S first blow was struck in 1646. In that year matters reached a crisis in Bijapur. Adil Khan fell seriously ill, and, although he lived for another ten years, he took little part in the government of his state. Shivaji determined to take advantage of the general weakness that ensued to obtain possession of Shahji's whole *jagir*, and to turn it into a compact state under his own authority. In 1646 he secured the fort of Torna without striking a single blow by bribing or tricking its governor. Within its walls he discovered a horde of treasure whose existence, it was popularly believed, was revealed to him by the goddess Dhavani, who had appeared in similar circumstances to his

grandfather. Part of it he used to construct a new fort called Rajgarh five miles to the east of Torna. He next obtained possession of the fort of Chakan. It had been entrusted to a commander called Firanji Narsala by Dadaji. Shivaji persuaded him to hand it over to him, and then, Firanji, having sworn obedience to Shivaji, was confirmed as its governor. Kondana fell into his hands by means of bribery and Purandar by a trick. Thus by the end of 1647 without spilling a single drop of blood he had made himself master of the whole district, 'watching and crouching', to quote Grand Duff, 'like the wily tiger of his own mountain valleys until he had stolen into a situation from which he could at once spring on his prey.'

The prey which he was coveting was Konkan, the fertile coastal district between the Ghats and the sea. The northern part was governed by Mulana Ahmad from Kalyan, a prosperous port at the head of the Bombay creek. Shivaji's first action in this direction was the capture of a load of treasure on its way from Kalyan to Bijapur. He intercepted

the convoy as it was crossing the hills, and secured it after a slight skirmish, the first actual fighting of his career. Shortly after this exploit Abaji Sondev, one of his officers, captured Kalyan itself, and took the Governor and his family prisoner. In this connection there is a charming story, which shows how courteously Shivaji was wont to treat his captives. Abaji sent Mulana Ahmad's beautiful daughter to him as one of the spoils of war. When Shivaji saw her, he merely laughed and said that if his mother had been half as beautiful, he himself might have been less ugly. He thereupon sent her back to her relations.

Gradually Shivaji established himself in the Konkan. Many of the forts surrendered without fighting, and some he captured by a trick. Towards the end of the hot weather the natives of the Ghats are accustomed to protect their buildings against the severity of the Monsoon rains by covering them with thatch. Long lines of hillmen might then be seen climbing up to the fortress gates with great bundles of grass and other

thatching material on their heads. Among the ordinary villagers, Shivaji concealed bands of his Mavlis with their weapons hidden in their bundles. Thus they were able to gain the inside of the forts without detection and surprise the garrisons.

In the midst of these successes Shivaji received the disquieting news that his father had been arrested on July 25, 1648, and all his property, including his troop of cavalry transferred to Mustapha Khan, the Commander-in Chief of the Bijapuri army. Several reasons have been given for Shahji's disgrace. One story connects it with his son's exploits. The contemporary Persian historian of Bijapur on the other hand says that Shahji refused to go on fighting under Mustapha Khan during the siege of Jinji in the South Arcot district. A later Persian history of Bijapur gives the following details:

"Shahji, withdrawing his head from obedience to the Nawab Mustafa Khan, began to oppose him, till at last the Nawab decided to arrest him. One day he made Baji Rao Ghorpade and Jaswant Rao Asad-

Khani get their forces ready and sent them very early in the morning to Shahji's camp. Shahji, having passed the preceding night in mirth and revelry, was still sleeping in bed. As soon as the two Raos arrived and he learnt of their purpose, he in utter bewilderment took horse and galloped away from his house alone. Baji Ghorpade gave chase, caught him, and brought him before the Nawab, who threw him into confinement. His contingent of 3000 cavalry was dispersed, and his camp was thoroughly looted. Adil Shah on hearing of it, sent from his Court Afzal Khan to bring Shahji away and an eunuch to attach his property. Shahji was brought in chains to Bijapur and kept in prison along with his eldest son." •

It is said that Shahji never forgave the Maratha chief, Baji Ghorpade, for the part he had played in his arrest, and that he instigated Shivaji to take vengeance upon him. At all events when in 1661 Shivaji

• Sarkar, p. 36.

surprised Mudhol, the chief stronghold of the Ghorpades, he pillaged the town, and then burnt it and razed it to the ground, slaying all its inhabitants. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that Shahji remained in the Bijapur dungeons for several years in considerable danger of his life, since the Sultan threatened to wall up his cell unless Shivaji submitted to him.

In these difficult circumstances Shivaji took the only possible course. He appealed to the Mughal Emperor, the hereditary enemy of Adil Shah. He first approached Prince Murad Bakhsh, the Mughal Viceroy of the Deccan, begging him to sue the Emperor for a pardon for Shahji's past conduct in the Ahmadnagar district against the Mughal power, and for protection for him and his sons in the future. In return he offered his own sword to the Emperor, and promised to fight for him. Murad replied to this appeal on March 14, 1649, and told him to send a trusty agent to his Court to formulate his demands. He also promised to lay Shivaji's requests before the Emperor

Shah Jehan. But it is doubtful whether anything came of it, especially as Shahji was hated at the Court of Delhi for the trouble he had caused in 1633--1636. Probably Shivaji himself was not in earnest, but hoped to frighten Bijapur by entering into friendly communication with a rival power. Eventually Shabji was released, probably at the end of 1649 through the friendly offices of two of the leading Bijapuri nobles. Their efforts on his behalf received added weight from the fact that the Karnatak, the district which Shabji had governed, was in a state of great disorder as a result of the removal of its former ruler.

Shivaji spent the six years after his father's release in consolidating his power throughout the districts he had won by his sword. His only fresh conquest was the capture of Purandar, eighteen miles to the south-east of Poona. It belonged to Bijapur but was governed by a hereditary Brahmin chief, Niloji Nilkanth Nayak. This man refused to allow his two younger brothers any share in the government or in the income

of the estate. They therefore asked Shivaji to judge their case, and invited him to the fort during *Dewali* as their guest. But Shivaji seized all the three brothers, and took possession of Purandar for himself. Papers still in the possession of the Nilkanth family give the following account of the episode:

"Shankaraji, the second of the three brothers, was able and clever, and used at first to manage the affairs of the fort, all the brothers living together. But Niloji the eldest, urged by his designing and imperious wife, who had secretly corrupted the garrison, one day attacked and severely wounded Shankaraji and gained control of the fort. Shivaji, who had been coveting Purandar, came to its foot with his mother and army to spend the rainy season. On the occasion of the *Dewali* he was admitted as a guest. In the night of the third day he surprised and chained all the three brothers when fast asleep and seized the fort and all the property in it. After a time, at the entreaty of the holy man, the Dev of Chinchvad,

(whose son had married Niloji's sister), he released the brothers, gave the village of Chamli to Shankarji, restored the *nayakship* to Niloji, and employed their youngest brother Pilaji (alias Trimbakji) in his army." •

Shivaji's next exploit was the capture of Javli in 1656. There is a proverb that necessity knows no law, and that is Shivaji's only justification for a treacherous attack upon its rulers carried out by vile and underhand methods. Early in the 16th century the state of Javli had been granted by the first Sultan of Bijapur to a Maratha family called More. The descendants of its first ruler had consolidated it by conquering all the petty chieftains in the neighbourhood, by maintaining a force of 12,000 infantry, and by amassing a huge treasure. The head of the family was always called Chandra Rao, the title of honour conferred on the first ruler of Javli by the Sultan of Bijapur on account of his personal strength and

• Sarkar, p. 40.

courage. Javli occupied a position of great strategic importance. It included a large strip of the Ghat Mahta, the borderland between Konkan and the Deccan. Its capital was situated in the Par Pass, the gateway between the two, through which the caravans passed coming from Kalyan to the inland towns. It was here that Shivaji had ambushed Mulana Ahmad's convoy and treasure. Javli barred the way to the south and southwest, and Shivaji determined to rid himself of the hindrance by fair means or foul. Fair means offered no chance of success, and so he had recourse to foul. The details of the plot to destroy the Mores were arranged by two of his officers, Raghunath Ballol Korde, a Brahman, and Shambhaji Kavji. Shivaji put the matter in a nutshell to the first of these. "Unless Chandra Rao is killed, the kingdom cannot be secured. None but you can do this deed. I send you to him as an envoy." There are several accounts of what took place. They differ in detail, but all agree as to the important facts, that Chandra Rao and his Diwan were

killed, and that Shivaji then captured Javli together with Chandra Rao's two sons. Jadunath Sarkar has reconstructed the story by a careful study of the evidence at his disposal. 'The then Chandra Rao, named Krishnaji and eight in succession from the founder, was a boy of sixteen and all his business was conducted by his kinsman, Hanumant Rao More, who was his *diwan*. Raghunath Ballal Korde under Shivaji's orders visited Hanumant (the *diwan* or person who really ruled the estate) with a pretended offer of marriage between his master and the late Chandra Rao's daughter, and treacherously slew him at a private meeting. He escaped unscathed and quickly brought Shivaji to the scene with a vast army. Javli was captured after six hours' fighting, and several members of the More family were taken prisoners. But Chandra Rao himself was either absent from the place or had fled before its fall. He took refuge in Raigarh (a fort belonging to him). Shiva invested it and gained possession of it by negotiations. The two boys, Krishnaji

Chandra Rao and his younger brother Baji Rao More, were carried away by Shivaji to Poona, and there the elder one was beheaded. His offence is alleged by some modern theorists to have been the opening of correspondence with the Adil Shahi Government for recovering his heritage, which would be a quite natural and legitimate desire." §

This episode is a greater blot on the fair fame of Shivaji than any of his other exploits. It was a deliberate murder planned in detail beforehand, and perpetrated in cold blood for personal gain. As his previous biographer points out, Shivaji's power was in its infancy, and he could not afford to be scrupulous in the choice of the means to strengthen his position, but that is no moral justification for murder. The gain, however, was considerable, not only in actual territory, but in fighting men and treasure. The capture of Javli took place on January 15, 1656, and by the end of April Shivaji

§ Sarkar, p. 44.

reduced the last More stronghold, the magnificent hill fort of Raigarh, destined to be the future capital of his Maratha kingdom. He also built a great fort two miles west of Javli called Pratapgrah, the Valiant Fort.

There is a charming story which explains why he chose to build his new fortress on that particular hill. It will be remembered that the goddess Bhavani was the special object of worship in the Bhonsle family. Once a year they visited her shrine at Tuljapur, but, after Shivaji's conquests it was no longer safe for them to go to that place. Shivaji therefore determined to build a temple for her at Rairi, and began to collect the materials for it. One night, however, Bhavani appeared to him in a vision. She told him that she did not wish to have a temple at Rairi, but that she preferred to live near Mahableshwar. He was to search until he found a hill known as the Bhorapya Hill, and on its summit he was to build a temple for her and a fortress for himself. Next morning Shivaji set forth to find the

hill. A herdsman pointed it out to him about twelve miles west of the Mahableshtar plateau. When he reached the spot his vision was confirmed by the discovery of a stone bearing the lingam, the special mark of Shiva. He therefore built a temple and round it More Pingle, at his master's orders, built a fortress. Its position is most striking. To the west the ground falls thousands of feet sheer to the Savitri valley and beyond lie the fields of the Konkan stretching to where a silver streak on the horizon reveals the Indian Ocean. To the north the great fortresses of Rajgarh and Torna stand out against the sky, to the east is the forest clad wall of the Sayhadri mountains crowned with the Mahableshtar temples. Moreover its position linked up Shivaji's new conquest of Javli and his former conquests along the western seaboard.

The possession of Javli and the annexation of Supa from one of his half brothers completed and rounded off Shivaji's kingdom. He was now the ruler of a compact state guarded to the south by a strong line of hill

forts and with easy access on the north west to the Konkan. He had practically destroyed the authority of Bijapur north of Kohlapur, and the only state which was still holding out against him, and which he never succeeded in taking, was the port of Janjira, ruled by the Siddis or Abyssinians. Shivaji's conquests in the Kolaba district had brought the two into direct contact, and constant skirmishes took place. Under Yusuf Khan, who ruled Janjira from 1642 to 1655, nothing serious was attempted, but his successor, Fath Khan determined to win back the territory the Marathas had captured. He joined wholeheartedly in the struggle between Shivaji and the forces of Bijapur led by Afzal Khan described in the next chapter, and from that time onwards there was intermittent warfare between the Siddis and the Marathas. Shivaji made an almost annual and invariably fruitless attempt on Janjira itself during the cold weather until the end of his life, but the Siddis remained in possession of their fortress despite all his efforts.

On November 4, 1656 Muhammed Adil Shah of Bijapur died, and a new era opened in the territories he had governed from which Shivaji was to derive much profit.

CHAPTER III.

SHIVAJI'S WARS WITH BIJAPUR.

*Oh hearken! bards and princes,
Young pillars of the state;
The conqu'ring uiles of Shivaji,
And wisdom I relate.*

The Ballad of Afzal Khan.

IT is doubtful whether Shivaji would have been allowed to make such great conquests undisturbed by the power which claimed the Deccan as part of its possessions, if it had not been for the policy pursued by Prince Aurangzeb against Bijapur. Mughal activities against the Adil Shahs kept the latter too fully occupied for them to be able to interfere with Maratha activities in their outlying territories. In 1650 the Emperor Shah Jehan had made his third son, Aurangzeb, Viceroy of the Deccan. Now Aurangzeb was a bigoted Sunni, and he hated the Shiah heretics of the Deccan almost as much as he hated the Hindus, and one of the aims

of his policy was to add to the Moghul dominions the two kingdoms of Bijapur and Golconda. In the same year as Shivaji's attack on Javali, he marched against Golconda, and in the following year he advanced against Bijapur. In 1656, as we have seen, Mohammed Adil Shah died and was succeeded by his son, Ali Adil Shah, a boy of nineteen. Internal quarrels immediately broke out in Bijapur. Aurangzeb promptly took advantage of these quarrels. He declared that the new monarch had failed to do him proper homage, and invaded his territory in 1657. Bijapur itself would certainly have fallen if Aurangzeb had not been interrupted in his victorious career by news from Delhi. He learnt that his father, Shah Jehan, was desperately ill, and that his eldest brother, whom he detested, had assumed the regency. Aurangzeb had determined that he would be the Emperor when his father died, and he therefore left Bijapur as quickly as possible and hurried to Delhi. The following year, 1658, he deposed Shah Jehan,

murdered his three brothers and ascended the throne himself.

When Muhammed Adil Shah died, Shivaji entered into correspondence with Prince Aurangzeb. He begged the Mughal Government to grant his formal recognition of his right to all those Bijapuri forts and villages that were in his possession, and to give him leave to annex the port of Dabhol and its surrounding territory. Aurangzeb returned a vague but friendly answer, which Shivaji knew how to apprise at its true worth. Realising that there was nothing to be gained from the Mughals, he attacked the Mughal part of the Deccan while Aurangzeb was occupied with the siege of Kalia in April 1657. Two of his Maratha captains pursued an unchallenged career of devastation up to the very gates of Ahmadnagar, while Shivaji himself attacked Junnar. One dark night (April 30) he scaled the walls of Junnar city by means of rope-ladders, killed the sentries before they could give the alarm, and carried off an enormous quantity of loot in the shape of

money, horses, rich clothing and jewels. Aurangzeb immediately sent reinforcements to the district under Nasiri Khan, Rao Karn and Shaista Khan. The first of these surprised Shivaji's army, but he managed to make good his escape, although at the cost of heavy losses. Aurangzeb ordered his officers to drive out the raiders and then to carry the war into the Maratha country, "wasting the villages, slaying the people without pity and plundering them to the extreme." The Monsoon, however, put a stop to these operations. Shivaji returned to his own country, and the Mughal forces encamped along the frontier in a defensive cordon.

Peace was signed between the Mughals and Bijapur at the beginning of September in the same year. Shivaji then realised that it was useless to fight against the Mughals single-handed. He therefore wrote to Nasiri Khan and offered to submit. The Khan replied in conciliatory fashion, and Shivaji then sent an envoy to him to discuss terms. As nothing definite came of these overtures, he sent Raghunath Pant to

Aurangzeb himself, just as that Prince was about to depart for Delhi, at the beginning of 1658. Aurangzeb's reply was as follows: "Though your offences do not deserve pardon, I forgive you as you have repented. You propose that if you are granted all the villages belonging to your home (i. e., Shahji's old *jagir*) together with the forts and territory of Konkan, after the imperialists have seized the old Nizam Shahi territory now in the hands of Adil Shah—you will send Sona Pandit as your envoy to my Court and a contingent of 500 horses under one of your officers to serve me, and you will protect the Imperial frontiers. You are called upon to send Sonaji, and your prayers will be granted."* But the Mughal prince was not sure of the sincerity of Shivaji's repentance, and he ordered his generals in the Deccan and Adil Shahi territory to take every precaution against the Maratha marauder.

While Aurangzeb was busy with the

* Sarkar, pp. 53-54.

wars of succession against his brothers, Shivaji further extended his conquests in the Konkan, plundering Portuguese territory belonging to the province of Daman, and turning Kalian and Bhiwandi into naval bases and dockyards. But in 1659 he was obliged to call a halt. Serious trouble was brewing for him in Bijapur. The Adil Shahi state was now free from danger by Aurangzeb's withdrawal to Northern India, and its rulers determined to bring its recalcitrant vassal to book. The new Prime Minister, Khawas Khan, was a man of considerable energy, and the Queen Mother, Bari Sahiba, the real ruler of the country, was an able administratrix. A leader was found willing to undertake the subjugation of Shivaji in the person of Abdullah Bhatari, known as Atzal Khan, a great Bijapuri noble who had fought with considerable distinction against the Mughals. He boasted in open Durbar that he would bring the "Mountain Rat in chains" and cast him before the Sultan's throne. At the head of an immense army he marched

to the Deccan, halting on the way at Pandharpur and Tuljapur, where he is supposed to have defiled the temples of Vithoba and Anba Bhavani by pounding the damages to powder and sprinkling the altars with the blood of cows. These stories would seem to be later inventions, but they appear in detail in the ballads.

Some time in April 1659, Afzal Khan reached Wai where he spent several months planning the final details of the campaign. It is practically certain that these details included Shivaji's death, for before his departure from Bijapur, the Queen Mother had told him to effect the capture or murder of Shivaji by pretending friendship with him. This fact is vouched for by a letter written at the time by the English agent at Rajapur to the East India Company. At Wai Afzal Khan sought to detach the *Mavli deshmukhs* from the great Maratha chieftain. He called upon them as vassals of Adil Shah to help him to subjugate Shivaji on pain of forfeiture of their lands and office. He achieved a certain measure of

success, although seven of the Mavli *deshmukhs* remained faithful to Shivaji.

Afzal Khan's invasion was the crucial point in Shivaji's career. At his first council of war his officers urged him to make peace. But if he had done so and surrendered to Afzal Khan, all his hopes of independence would have vanished, and, even if his life had been spared, he would have been condemned to live as a peaceful vassal of Bijapur. On the other hand if he resisted, there was an end to all repose. Alone and single-handed he would have to fight for the remainder of his life against the Moslem powers, Bijapur and the Mughals. All night he pondered which it was to be. At last he fell into a fitful sleep. The goddess Bhavani then appeared to him. She urged him to resist Afzal, took him under her special protection and promised that he should be victorious. He then took council with Jija Bai, who also urged him to resist. She gave him her blessing and told him to remember that it was Afzal Khan who had been

responsible for the death of Shivaji's brother, Shambhuji.

It was at this juncture that Afzal's envoy, Krishnaji Bhaskar, arrived with the treacherous offer of his master's friendship. "Your father has long been a great friend of mine," so ran the message, "and you are, therefore, no stranger to me. Come and see me, and I shall use my influence to make Adil Shah confirm your possession of Konkan and the forts you now hold. I shall secure for you further distinctions and military equipment from our Government. If you wish to attend the Court, you will be welcomed. Or, if you want to be excused personal attendance there, you will be exempted." In the middle of the night Shivaji visited the envoy in secret, and appealed to him as a Hindu and a Brahman to tell him whether the Khan was planning mischief or not. Krishnaji warned him that some plot was afoot against him. Shivaji made his plans accordingly. He sent an

‡ Sarkar: pp. 61-62.

envoy of his own in the person of Gopinath Pant back to Afzal with Krishnaji, agreeing to the Khan's suggestion for an interview provided the Moslem would give him a safe conduct. Gopinath bribed some of Afzal's officers so that they confessed that Afzal intended to arrest Shivaji if he agreed to an interview since he was too cunning to be caught in the open. Gopinath Pant then returned to his master, having discovered in addition the strength of Afzal's army and other useful military details. Shivaji thereupon determined to anticipate the Khan's attack, and to murder him at the forthcoming interview.

He laid his plans with great skill. He first declared that he was too frightened to come so far as Wai, and suggested that Afzal came to a spot just below the fort of Pratapgarh. Afzal swallowed the bait and agreed to meet Shivaji at the place he had selected. The Marathas then cut a path through the jungle from Wai to Pratapgarh, and placed food and drink ready for the Bijapur army along the route. Shivaji next

summoned Moro Trimbak Pingle and Netaji Palkar with their armies to come within easy reach of Pratapgarh. On a spur half way up the hill to the fortress he erected tents and set up a richly decorated pavilion with gorgeous carpets and cushions, as if for the reception of a royal guest. On either side of the path that led up the hillside he ambushed parties of picked troops, while the main part of his army was hidden nearby in the jungle.

Shivaji spent the night before his meeting with Afzal Khan in prayer before the shrine of Bhavani. In the morning he performed the ceremonial ablutions enjoined by the Hindu religion, and put on a long tunic. But beneath it he wore a coat of chain mail, and under his turban he wore a steel cap. His weapons were concealed. Up his right sleeve was hidden a thin sharp dagger called the scorpion (*bichwa*), and in his left hand was a set of steel claws (*baghnakh*) fitting to the fingers such as were used among the hillmen for purposes of assassination. He was accompanied by

Jiv Mahala, Shambhuji Kavji and one other. Gopinath persuaded Afzal also to come to the meeting with only three attendants, two soldiers and a famous swordsman, Sayyid Banda, and to leave the rest behind. When news came to the fort that Afzal was on his way up the hillside in a *palki* with his three attendants and the two envoys, his own and Shivaji's, Shivaji came down from the fort. His last order was to the sentry whom he had posted in readiness. "When you see me strike," he told him, "sound the charge, whether I stand or fall." When the Maratha chief reached the pavilion, he refused to enter Afzal's presence until Sayyid Banda had been sent out of the tent. After that had been done, he came before the Khan, apparently unarmed, like a rebel who had come to make his submission, whereas Afzal was girt with sword and dagger. Here, thought the Khan, was his chance to rid himself of Shivaji once and for all. As the Maratha chief bowed low to him, Afzal advanced a few steps to meet him and opened his arms as if to embrace him.

Suddenly he tightened his hold, drew his dagger and struck at Shivaji's side. The hidden armour rendered the blow harmless but Shivaji was in considerable danger of being strangled. He groaned aloud and almost lost consciousness. Then summoning all his resolution, he passed his left arm round the Khan's waist and ripped open his bowels with the terrible steel claws. The pain made Afzal loose his hold, and as he staggered back, Shivaji drove the *bichwa* into his side. The Maratha then rushed out of the tent. Sayyid Banda cut his turban in twain as he passed, but the edge of the sword was turned by the steel cap beneath. Jiv Mahala then came to the rescue, and Sayyid was cut down. The other attendants put their wounded master into the *palki* and tried to take him away. But Shambhuji Kavji slashed at their legs, so that they dropped the *palki*, and he thereupon cut off the Khan's head.

Shivaji in the meanwhile had reached the fort. A cannon was fired, the signal for which the ambushed Maratha troops

were waiting. They fell upon the Bijapuri camp from all sides. After a desperate fight they overcame their enemies. 'All who begged quarter holding grass between their teeth (a mark of surrender) were spared, the rest were put to the sword'. Enormous booty fell into the hands of the Marathas, including artillery and ammunition, and above all 4000 horses. Their capture enabled Shivaji to form a cavalry brigade of sufficient weight to meet the charge of Bijapuri or Mughal cavalry on equal terms. Although he had possessed mounted troops before, the local *tat* was too small to be of use when it came to actual fighting. The Maratha forces had been merely mounted infantry, whose ponies added enormously to their mobility, but they had always been obliged to dismount in battle. One small portion of the beaten army, including the Khan's eldest son, Fazl, escaped. The rest surrendered, and the power of Bijapur in the central Deccan was broken for ever.

Shivaji treated his conquered foe with

great kindness. The captives were freed and sent back to their homes with money, food and other gifts, while his own Marathas who had fought so stoutly were handsomely rewarded.

The fate of Afzal Khan has passed into legend, and there are many stories about his fatal march. Before starting out on the expedition that was to have so tragic an end, he is said to have had a premonition of death, and to have put all his wives to death by throwing them from a high rock into a deep pool of water. Other stories tell of elephants who refused to march, and of evil dreams that troubled the Khan's repose. The Marathas regarded the destruction of Afzal Khan and his army as the dawn of their national independence, and it was celebrated in numerous ballads composed and sung by the wandering bards, the *gondhalis*. The most famous of these was composed at a much later date than the event it celebrates, and is very inaccurate. Nevertheless it is to be found at the end of the present volume in an English

translation as a fragment of considerable historic and literary interest.

To his countrymen Shivaji's murder of Afzal Khan was no crime, and in truth the worst that can be said about it is that Shivaji met treachery with treachery. And it must be remembered that it was he who took the greater risk. As Jadunath Sarkar has justly written, "To the Marathas the fight with Afzal has always appeared to them as at once a war of national liberation and a crusade against the desecrator of temples. To them Afzal Khan typifies the bold mad man, who combines treachery with frightfulness, and defies God and man alike. Their historians from the earliest times have seen no element of murder in the incident, but always described it as a glorious example of the sagacity, courage, and agility with which their national hero averted a treacherous plot against his own life, made the treachery recoil on the plotter's head, and avenged the outraged shrines of their Gods."

§ Sarkar, p. 71.

CHAPTER IV.

SHIVAJI AND SHAISTA KHAN.

"Shivaji is so famously infamous for his notorious thefts that report hath made him an airy body and added wings."

Letter to the East India Company.

AFTER their victory over Afzal Khan's army, the Marathas decided to carry the war into the enemy's country and to attack Bijapur. Leaving a force behind to guard the Poona district, they poured into South Konkan and the district of Kohlapur. Shivaji in person seized the great fortress of Panhala, the key to the southern Maratha country. So little resistance was offered to him that the ruler of Kohlapur, Rustam Ziman of Miraj, was supposed to have been bribed by Shivaji, when he was at last goaded into bringing an army into the field, he left the bulk of the fighting to be done by Fazl Khan, Afzal's son, who was

burning to avenge his father's death, and allowed himself to be driven in head-long flight over the Krishna. The Marathas followed up their victories by advancing to the gates of Bijapur itself, looting as they went, and then retreating with their booty before the Bijapuri cavalry could overtake them. But here Shivaji made one of the few strategical mistakes of his life. His Marathas were defeated by a powerful Bijapuri army under the leadership of an Abyssinian General, Sidi Johar, who had been sent to drive them out of the country. They were not yet a match for Mughal or Bijapuri armies in the open, for they lacked artillery and heavily mounted cavalry. Instead of escaping north with his booty to the Deccan hills where he would have met his foes on his own ground, Shivaji allowed himself to be shut up in Panhala. Sidi Johar began a close investment of the fortress on March 2, 1660 and Shivaji found himself in a trap. It was impossible for either of the other main Maratha armies to come to his assistance. Both the one under Nathaji

Palkar and the one in the Konkan had their hands full as it was. The siege dragged on for more than six months, and Shivaji realised that he must either surrender or escape. He began to negotiate with Sidi Johar, and offered to enter into an alliance with him. Sidi Johar, who was both a fool and a traitor, began to imagine that with the great Maratha's help he might carve out an independent kingdom of his own, and he allowed himself to be tricked. His troops began to relax their vigilance while the negotiations were going on, those under Fazl Khan being the only ones who were animated by real determination to capture Shivaji. The result was that one dark night, July 13, he slipped out of Panhala with most of his men and made for the fort of Vishagarh, twenty-seven miles to the west. His escape was soon detected, and Fazl Khan and his cavalry started in hot pursuit. They caught the Marathas about noon when they were still six or eight miles from Vishagarh. Shivaji then appealed to his men for one last effort, in spite of their

exhaustion. He detached part of them to form a rear-guard under Baji Prabhu, the *deshpande* of Hirdas Maval, and ordered him to hold the pass, (at that point the road had narrowed and ran through a steep ravine) while he and the main body made for Vishagarh. At the signal that they had reached the fortress in safety five guns were to be fired, and, as soon as he heard the signal, Baji Prabhu was to break off the engagement and make good his own escape, if possible.

Baji Prabhu's defence of the pass has been compared, not without justice, to the defence of Thermopylae by Leonidas and his Spartans. For five hours he withstood attack after attack. He himself was mortally wounded and expired just before the signal gun was heard announcing the safety of Shivaji and his troops. The remnant of his force escaped into the hills carrying with them the body of their gallant chief.

The siege of Panhala dragged on until it at length surrendered to the Bijapuri forces on September 22. After its fall the

war petered out to the south and Shivaji turned his attention to the allies of Bijapur, who had been harrasing his forces to the north-west, the Savants of Savantwadi, Baji Ghorpade of Mudhol, the same who had taken part in Shahji's arrest, and the Sidis of Janjira. Before they had had time to concentrate their forces, he took Danda Rajpuri in 1661. This was a port only a few miles north-west of Janjira. Then he besieged Janjira itself. Lack of artillery, however, made it impossible for him to compass its fall. In this connection the story is told that one night in a dream Shivaji saw Varuna, the God of the Sea. The God told him that Janjira would never fall into his hands. "To take it is beyond your strength," he said. "I will give you another island." Shivaji accordingly raised the siege and took possession of an island off Malwan, thinking it was the one promised to him by Varuna. In any case he was obliged to turn back from Janjira in order to meet his other foes. He conquered Mudhol, and, remembering his father's

injunction to punish Baji Ghorpade for the part he had played in Shahji's capture, he slew the inhabitants and razed the city to the ground. Then he conquered Savantwadi, and made an alliance with the Portuguese at Goa in 1662. By these successes he not only obtained the South Konkan, Savantwadi being converted into a vassal state, but induced the Bijapuri Government to come to terms with him. In fact the Adil Shahi state was so distracted by local factions that it was powerless either to send help to its allies and vassals or to take the field itself against the Marathas. It has been thought that Shahji himself acted as mediator between his son and Bijapur. At all events Shahji's visit to his famous son coincided with the signature of a formal treaty between Shivaji and the Adil Shahi Government. The Treaty acknowledged Shivaji as ruler of the Deccan as far south as Kolhapur and of the Konkan as far south as Goa.

When Shivaji and his father met after so many years, the son showed Shahji every

sign of profound respect. He went many miles to welcome him, he walked beside his carriage and would not ride or sit in his father's presence. They spent the rainy season together feasting, and when the monsoon had abated the two visited Rajgarh, Purandhar, Lohgarh and Raigarh. Some authorities say that it was at Shahji's suggestion that Shivaji moved his capital from Rajgarh to Raigarh. The latter place was big enough to contain palaces and public buildings as well as a fort. Moreover it could easily be turned into an impregnable citadel. Khafi Khan § gives some interesting details about the means employed by Shivaji to test the inaccessibility of his new capital. He offered a bag of gold and a gold bracelet to anyone who could ascend to the fort save by the path which passed through the gates. A certain hillman who had known the district from boyhood came forward and climbed up the mountain by the pathway he had used in his youth, and so won the promised reward. The path was forthwith closed by

§ Aurangzeb's Court Historian.

a bastion. Not long afterwards a milk-woman was benighted in the fort after the hour when the gates were closed. The guards would not allow her to go home, although she had a baby in her house as well as a mother-in-law. Rather than neglect the one and endure the scolding of the other, she scrambled down the hillside. Shivaji heard of the feat, and built another bastion at the spot where she made her descent, which is called by her name to this day.

While Shivaji had been occupied to the south against Bijapur and its allies, a new foe had arisen in the north. The exploits of the Maratha Chief had roused the Mughal power against him. Aurangzeb appointed his maternal uncle, Shaista Khan, as Viceroy of the Deccan in July 1659. Intermittent fighting had taken place throughout the next years, and Shivaji had been obliged to divide his forces. This fact explains his defeat at Pachala, and also accounts for the Mughal conquest of Kalian in north Konkan in 1661. The previous year they had captured the fort of Chakan, but only after a desperate

siege. After fifty or sixty days' investment the Mughals exploded a mine which carried away a whole bastion and its defenders, so that "stones, bricks, and men flew into the air like pigeons." Even then it did not fall. Its defender, Phirangoji Narsala, had prepared an earthwork behind the mined bastion, and for a whole day and night he and his men defended it desperately. At length the Mughals received large reinforcements, and the Marathas were obliged to surrender. Shaista Khan honoured the men who had put up such a gallant defence, and offered Phirangoji a post in his service. When he declined the honour, he was allowed to go home together with the remnants of the garrison.

By way of reprisal for the loss of Chakan and Kalian, Shivaji ordered Nathaji Palkar and Moro Pingle to ravage the Mughal territories from Ahmadnagar to Aurangabad. They secured much booty, but were pursued with so much determination by Shaista Khan that they had much ado to escape with only a small part of it. Shaista Khan was then

living at Poona, which he had occupied, in the very house inhabited by Shivaji as a boy. After the fall of Chakan he sent an insulting letter to Shivaji. It was in the form of a Persian stanza and it likened Shivaji to a monkey whose only safety lies in his mountain forests. Shivaji replied by a Sanskrit couplet, in which he claimed to be, not merely a monkey, but Hanuman himself, and he threatened to destroy Shaista Khan just as Hanuman had helped Rama to destroy the demon Ravan. Shivaji then planned the most daring exploit of his adventurous life. He decided to raid Shaista Khan in his own house in the midst of his camp.

Now, as we have seen, Shaista Khan was living at Poona in the house which Shivaji had occupied as a boy. He therefore knew every inch of it. Shaista Khan had too great a respect for his Maratha foe not to take every precaution against surprise. Nobody was allowed to enter or leave the town without a permit. Moreover the quarters of the Mughal guard were placed all

round the Lal Mahal, his house, and, across the road leading to Singharh where Shivaji was known to be, lay the camp of his second-in-command, Maharajah Jaswant Singh. In spite of all this Shivaji determined to beard the lion in his den. It is said that he evaded the order which forbade anyone to enter the town without a permit on one occasion in order to attend a *Kirtan* by his beloved poet, Tukaram. If so, he doubtless learnt something of the disposition of his enemy's forces and other useful information.

One dark night Shivaji carried out the raid he had planned. Taking with him a thousand of his bravest men, he sent Nathaji Palkar and Moro Pant the *Peshwa* with a thousand men apiece to take up positions on the two flanks of the Mughal encampment. The Maratha force arrived at Poona after nightfall, and, according to Khafi Khan, Shivaji played a twofold trick on the guards. He himself, with four hundred men and his boyhood friends, Babaji Babuji and Chimnaji Babuji of Khed as his bodyguard,

entered the town as a wedding procession, permission having previously been obtained from the Kotwal for a marriage party to be allowed access into the city. The other half went to one of the other gates dragging a number of their comrades along with them. They told the guard that they were Deccani soldiers in Mughal pay with a number of prisoners whom they had captured, and they beat them unmercifully to make their story more convincing. Once safely within the walls the two contingents joined forces and rested for a few hours in an obscure corner of the camp.

It was the sixth day of Ramazan, and the Khan's servants were asleep after the heavy meal which had broken their fast at sundown. Only some cooks were awake, preparing the meal which has to be eaten before dawn. Shivaji's men crept into the Lal Mahal and fell upon these men before they could give the alarm, stabbing them to death in silence. The wall between the kitchen and the room in the harem where the Khan's body-servants slept had a small

door in it, but it had been closed up with brick and mud to secure the seclusion of his harem. The Marathas began to take out the bricks as quietly as they could. Nevertheless they woke some of the servants. One of them went to Shaista Khan and warned him that he had heard a suspicious noise, but got nothing but a scolding for his pains. The Khan rated him for disturbing his slumbers and went to sleep again. Soon the Marathas had made a hole large enough for a man to creep through. Shivaji and Chimnaji Babuji were the first to enter. They found that the whole place was a network of screens. Shivaji however hacked his way through the canvas until he reached the sleeping chamber of the Khan. Before that chief could seize his weapons the Maratha was upon him and had cut off his thumb with one stroke of his sword. At that point one of Shaista Khan's women had the presence of mind to put out the lights and a confused struggle took place in the darkness. Two of the Marathas fell into a cistern of water, and several women

were killed by mistake. In the confusion the slave girls carried their master, who had fainted with the pain, to a place of safety. By this time the second party of Shivaji's men had rushed the main guard, shouting to them in derision, "Is it thus ye keep watch?" To add to the tumult the Marathas ordered the bandsmen to beat their kettle drums and so drown the sound of the fighting and shouting that was going on within the Lal Mahal. At length the noise grew so great that the Mughal troops outside realised that something must be wrong and that their general was in danger. They began to arm, but as soon as Shivaji knew that he would shortly have the whole army about his ears he sounded the retreat. Shaista Khan's son, Abul Fath, had been slain and two other sons wounded, six of his wives had been killed and eight other women wounded, and there were forty other casualties among his servants and guards. Among the forty was a Mughal captain who tried to escape by means of a rope-ladder. The Marathas

mistook him for Shaista Khan himself and cut off his head before they discovered their mistake.

Shivaji fled from Poona as fast as he could go in the direction of the Katraj Ghat, the pass which crosses the range of hills having Singhgarh as its western extremity. The Marathas fastened lighted torches to the trees at the top of the Katraj hill, as if a great army was encamped on the summit, and then turned due south to Singhgarh. The Mughal Army was thus thrown off the scent, and made an elaborate attack on the empty hilltop of Katraj while Shivaji was safely within the walls of Singhgarh. The fame of this exploit spread far and wide and Shivaji was accredited with miraculous powers. Aurangzeb was not slow to punish Shaista Khan for his supposed negligence, in spite of the fact that the Khan was his maternal uncle and the leading noble of the Empire. He was transferred to the Government of Bengal, a place described by the Emperor himself as a hell well stocked with bread,

and Prince Muzzam was sent in his stead to the Deccan at the beginning of 1664.

CHAPTER V.

MUGHAL VENGEANCE AND SHIVAJI'S ESCAPE.

"We have a great regard for you and therefore desire you to come here quickly and without further loss of time.

Aurangzeb to Shivaji. §

AFTER Shivaji's raid on Poona he seemed to be invincible. "He assaulted the foe on dark nights," according to an early record, "seized difficult passes and fired jungles full of trees." His navy captured ports on the Gujerat coast and cut off the pilgrim ships bound for Mecca, holding the rich pilgrims to ransom. But his most spectacular feat was the loot of Surat in January 1664. It lasted unchecked for four days and yielded an immense quantity

§ Kincaid and Parasnis, p. 225.

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of treasure, "in gold and silver, coined and uncoined, and the stuffs of Kashmir, Ahmedabad and other places," so says Khafi Khan. "He made prisoners some thousand Hindu men and women of same-station," the account continues, "and Mussalmans of honourable position. Millions in money and goods came into the hands of that evil infidel."

The complete success of the raid was due in part to the cowardice of Inayat Khan, the Governor of the city of Surat. He shut himself up in the citadel, which stood on the south bank of the Tapti, twelve miles from the sea, as soon as Shivaji's advance was known. The fortress was impregnable to light armed horsemen like the Marathas but the town was not even walled. Many of the inhabitants followed their Governor's example and fled when they learnt of Shivaji's approach. The rich bribed the Commandant of the fort to give them and their valuables a safe refuge in the citadel, the poor fled across the river into the country, and nobody except the English

and Dutch merchants made any attempt to defend their property. Although the factories of these foreign traders were open houses not designed to withstand attack, "It was thought more like Englishmen to make ourselves ready to defend our lives and goods to the uttermost than by a flight (to the ships) to leave money, goods and house, to merciless people." So wrote Sir George Oxenden, the English President, to his Company. They landed guns from their own vessels and brought up armed sailors from their ships at Swally, so that they mustered in the factory 150 Englishmen and 60 *peons*. Having secured the approaches to the factory, Sir George Oxenden marched his little force through the town declaring that he meant to withstand Shivaji to the best of his ability and attempting to hearten the rest of the inhabitants who had remained in the city.

Shivaji reached Surat on January 6, 1664 and devastated the place for four days. After they had thoroughly ransacked the houses, the Marathas set fire to them,

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so that, as the English chaplain wrote, "the fire turned the night into day, as before the smoke in the day time had turned the day into night, rising so thick that it darkened the sun like a great cloud." The wealth of Surat in those days was fabulous. Near the Dutch factory was the mansion of Baharji Borah, supposed to be the richest merchant in the world. From this house alone the Marathas took twenty eight *seers* of large pearls with many other jewels, rubies, emeralds and an 'incredible amount of money'. When the house had been ransacked, even the floor being dug up, it was fired. Such was the fate of the Surat traders who had abandoned their property, and Shivaji did not shrink from any means to extort money as quickly as possible from hapless owners if they fell into his hands. To quote the English chaplain again, "His desire of money is so great that he spares no barbarous cruelty to extort confessions from his prisoners, whips them most cruelly, threatens death and often executes them if they do not produce so much as he thinks

they may or desires they should — at least cut off one hand, sometimes both.”

On Sunday, January 10, Shivaji learnt that a Mughal force was marching to the relief of the town. He therefore left Surat as quickly as possible and escaped to his native hills with his load of booty. The only part of Surat left untouched was the quarter of the town round the English factory. As a reward for the stand they had made, Aurangzeb granted the Dutch and English traders a reduction of one half per cent on the normal import duties.

It seemed as if the Mughal forces during these two years, 1663 and 1664, were quite powerless to check Maratha depredations. On June 26, 1664 the English factors wrote, “Shivaji is so famously infamous for his notorious thefts that Report hath made him an airy body and added wings, or else it were impossible he could be at so many places as he is said to be all at one time.” But no great power can afford to let itself be flouted indefinitely, and in 1665, Aurangzeb determined to

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take the offensive in the Deccan. The officer he entrusted with the task of subduing the Marathas was Mirza Rajah Jai Singh. He was given a force of 14,000 men and the pick of the Mughal generals, both Hindu (mainly Rajputs) and Moham-medar. Jai Singh arrived at Aurangabad on February 10, where he paid his respects to Prince Muazzam. Then he marched to Poona and took over the command from Jaswant Singh, an officer whose efforts against the Marathas had been half-hearted and unsuccessful.

Jai Singh was the most famous commander in the Mughal Empire, the 'hero of a hundred fights' from Balkh to Bijapur, and Kandahar to Mungir. But age had taught him caution, and he summoned all the arts of diplomacy and bribery as well as those of strategy to his aid in dealing with Shivaji. First he looked for allies, and he ranged against the Maratha chief, not only important states like Bijapur, but the Portuguese at Goa and the Sidis of Janjira, all in short who had suffered at Shivaji's

hands or who were jealous of the rise of the Bhonsles or who had a grudge against their head, such as Ambaji Govind Rao More of Javli. He set up his headquarters at Saswad. Even to-day it is a place where five roads meet, and in the seventeenth century it provided a convenient centre for striking against the main Maratha forts, Purandar, Rajgarh and Singhgarh. His first object of attack was the mountain mass of Purandar, It consisted of two forts, the main citadel rather lower than the summit, and a smaller fort called Vajragarh or Rudramal, which was at the highest point and which commanded the lower main fort. Jai Singh accordingly directed his main efforts against the higher fort. It fell on April 14 after a preliminary bombardment. The garrison were disarmed and allowed to return home as an example to the rest. Dilir Khan, the hero of the storming of Vajragarh, was entrusted with the reduction of the main fortress, while Jai Singh organised a series of raids into all parts of Shivaji's dominions. These raids were useful in two ways. Not

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only did they harass the enemy, but they enabled Jai Singh to get rid of troublesome subordinates, who were kept too fully occupied to do much mischief. His flying columns burnt Maratha villages, razed them to the ground and carried off many of the peasants and their cattle as spoils of war.

Meanwhile Shivaji was harassing the Mughals in turn as well as he could. He hung on the flanks of the enemy, cutting off stragglers, and Khafi Khan notes that the surprises of the Marathas, their gallant successes, attacks on dark nights, blocking of roads and difficult passes, and burning of jungles made it very hard for the imperialists to move about without suffering considerable loss of man and beast. Nevertheless Shivaji was powerless to prevent the fall of Purandar. The siege continued and was marked by heroic deeds on both sides. When the Mughals reached the foot of the two White Towers, which had been previously dismantled by their guns, the defenders threw down lighted naphtha oil, leather bags full of gunpowder, bombs and heavy stones.

Nothing daunted, the Mughals built wooden towers in order to mount their guns close to the fort. On May 20 some Rohila soldiers, without waiting for orders from Jai Singh, stormed the White Tower and gained a footing within the fortification. Reinforcements were hurried to the scene, and after a desperate struggle the White Tower was carried and the Mughals proceeded to dig themselves in. It was then obvious that the fall of the fortress was only a question of days, especially as a train of heavy siege artillery was known to be on its way. Shivaji therefore determined to submit. For one thing the families of the Maratha officers had been taken into the fort for shelter, and its capture meant their captivity and dishonour. About May 29 he sent his Chief Justice, Raghunath Ballal (Pandit Rao) to find out Jai Singh's terms. He returned with the answer that Shivaji must come in person and make an unconditional surrender, after which Imperial mercy would be shown to him. Jai Singh also promised that Shivaji would be allowed to return

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home after their meeting whatever the outcome of their negotiations might be. All this was in defiance of the Emperor's orders, for he had forbidden Jai Singh to hold any parley whatever with Shivaji.

On June 11, Shivaji arrived at Jai Singh's camp in a *palki* attended by six Brahmans. Jai Singh sent word that he would only consent to see him if he agreed to surrender all his forts. Shivaji submitted in general terms, and was then escorted to Jai Singh's tent. The Rajah advanced to meet him, embraced him and seated him at his side. A further attack on Purandar was staged at that moment, and when he saw the slaughter of his men, Shivaji sent word to the garrison to surrender. The result of the meeting was the signature of the Treaty of Purandar. Shivaji gave up twenty three of his forts and these, together with the lands which supported their upkeep, were annexed to the Empire. He was allowed to keep twelve forts for himself including Rajgarh with an annual revenue of one *lakh* of *hun* on condition that he rendered

loyal service to the imperial throne. In addition, if he could win lands in the Konkan and in the uplands of Bijapur, he was to be allowed to retain possession of them on payment to the Emperor of forty lakhs of *hun* in thirteen yearly instalments. Further, he undertook to help the Mughals in their forthcoming invasion of Bijapur with 2000 cavalry under his son, Shambhuji, and 7000 infantry under his own command.

Aurangzeb accepted the terms of the Treaty, and sent Shivaji a gracious letter and a robe of honour. In the war with Bijapur Shivaji distinguished himself in the Emperor's service, and was again rewarded, this time with a jewelled sword as well as a robe. Jai Singh was anxious for the Maratha chief to visit the Court, and held out dazzling prospects for the future if Shivaji would only make his submission to the Emperor in person. In March 1666 Aurangzeb himself wrote asking him to come, and promising to receive him with great hospitality and to give him permission to return to his own lands after a short

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time. After hesitating for a long time, partly because he feared treachery, Shivaji at last determined to visit Agra. It seemed to many of his friends that he was putting his head into the lion's mouth, but Jai Singh took all the oaths most sacred to a Hindu that no harm should befall the Maratha chief as the result of his visit, and Ram Singh, his son and agent at the Imperial Court, pledged his solemn words for Shivaji's safety while he was actually in the capital.

Even so, Shivaji made his plans for the government of his lands during his absence with great forethought, so that, if he were imprisoned or killed the administration would continue without a break. His mother, Jija Bai, was left as Regent with Moro Pant the *Peshwa*, Niloji Sondev the *majumdar* and Nethaji Palkar the commander-in-chief to carry out her orders. His forts were put under the command of capable governors, and he enjoined his civil officers to follow his customary rules and practice in all their dealings. After a final tour of his dominions

to see that everything was in order, he left Rajgarh about the third week of March 1666 accompanied by his eldest son, Shambuji, seven trusty chief officers and 4000 troops. The Emperor sent him a *lakh* of rupees for his expenses, and Ghazi Bey, one of Jai Singh's officers was instructed to act as his guide. Some weeks of travel brought him and his entourage to the neighbourhood of Agra. On the 12th of May, three days later, he had his audience of the Emperor in the splendid *Diwan-i-am* of the Agra fort. But, although Aurangzeb received him with the gracious words, "Come up, Shivaji Rajah," any hopes of advancement he may have cherished were doomed to disappointment. After he had made his *salams* to Aurangzeb, he was placed among the third grade nobles, those who commanded 5000 men, and the *Darbar* proceeded as if he were not present. Shivaji asked Ram Singh who it was standing in front of him, Ram Singh replied that it was Maharaja Jaswant Singh. "Jaswant!" Shivaji exclaimed in a fury. "Jaswant, whose back my soldiers

have seen! I to stand behind *him!*" And then and there he would have committed suicide if he could have found a weapon, so mortified was he. He continued, however, contrary to all court etiquette, to expostulate loudly with Ram Singh, and finally fell down in a swoon. Aurangzeb asked what was the matter. Ram Singh answered diplomatically, "The tiger is a wild beast of the forest. He feels oppressed by heat in a place like this and has been taken ill."* He further apologised for Shivaji's manners, saying that he was only a rude Deccani unused to Courts. Aurangzeb gave permission for Shivaji to be carried to an anteroom and gave orders that he should be sprinkled with rose water. He also excused him from attending the rest of the darbar.

Such a conclusion to the audience from which he had hoped so much was not at all what Shivaji desired. Unfortunately he expressed his disapproval of his reception

Sarkar, p. 144.

so loudly that his complaints were reported to the Emperor. The result was that he very soon found himself a prisoner. Ram Singh was ordered to lodge him in the Jaipur House outside the city walls and to be responsible for his safe custody. In vain Shivaji tried to bribe the Emperor by promising that, if he were released, he would conquer Golconda and Bijapur for the Mughals, nor would Aurangzeb consent to see him privately. On the contrary a strict guard was placed round the Jaipur House under Fulad Khan, the police chief of Agra.

"This made the Rajah lose heart; he felt sad and lamented long, clasping Shambhuji to his breast." Thus three months passed, but Shivaji was not the man to be content in such circumstances, and he soon began to plan his escape. First he asked permission to dismiss his followers on the pretext that the climate was injurious to their health. Aurangzeb gladly assented to his wish, as he thought that the Maratha chief would be more completely at his

mercy if they went. Next he pretended to be quite happy where he was. He continually told Falad Khan, the officer in charge, that he no longer wished to return to the Deccan. The Emperor provided for his comfort, he said, so that he was under no expense himself, and he thought that if the Emperor would give him leave, he would send for his mother and his wives to come to him. Then he began to send sweetmeats out of his house every evening for the Brahmans, wandering holy men and his friends in the city. These were carried in huge baskets slung from a pole which was carried by two men, the basket hanging between them. At first the guards were suspicious, and examined the baskets carefully, but as day after day they found nothing but sweetmeats, they became careless and allowed them to pass unchecked. Finally, Shivaji pretended to be ill and sent word to the guards that he had retired to bed and was not to be disturbed. During the evening of August 19, his half-brother, Hiraji Farzand, who

resembled him in appearance, lay down upon Shivaji's couch, covered over with a quilt. The only part of him that was visible was his right arm and upon it he was wearing Shivaji's own gold wristlet. Shivaji and his son then crouched down in two of the sweetmeat baskets and were carried out with the rest by some of his followers in disguise. They made for a village six miles from Agra where Niraji Raoji, Shivaji's Chief Justice, met them with horses. They then fled as fast as they could gallop in the direction of Mathura. When they were near the city, they abandoned the horses, smeared themselves with ashes, and mingled with the crowd of religious mendicants always to be found at that holy place.

Meanwhile their escape became known at Agra. The guards looked into the room the following morning, but were reassured by the sight of Hiraji lying upon the bed with Shivaji's wristlet plainly visible, and a servant massaging his feet. During the afternoon Hiraji and the servant walked out of the house. As they passed the sentries at

the gate, they warned them to make less noise as Shivaji was still ill. But the house seemed so strangely quiet that in the evening the guards went into it, and found it empty. The alarm was sounded at once, but the ruse had given the fugitives a precious twenty-four hours start. Shivaji realised that it was impossible for him to stay in Mathura. The disguise of a holy man was the one most often adopted by escaped prisoners. But he discovered that Shambhuji was worn out with fatigue and incapable of bearing the hardships of the long journey before them. In this difficulty three Brahmans came to the rescue. They were the brothers-in-law of Shivaji's *Peshwa* and they lived in the holy city. When the circumstances were revealed to them, they offered to give Shambhuji shelter as one of their own family, and the eldest of them, Krishnaji, offered to be Shivaji's guide as far as Benares.

From Benares Shivaji went to the famous shrine of Gaya, and finally reached the Deccan through Gondwana, Haidarabad and Bijapur territory. This circuitous route

undoubtedly enabled him to reach his own lands in safety. None of his pursuers imagined that he would go east when the way to the Deccan lay to the south west but even so he had some hair breadth escapes. He carried gold and jewels, it is said, in a hollow staff, and once at any rate he only evaded capture by bribing the *faujdar* of a town by giving him a diamond and a ruby worth a *lakh* of rupees. On another occasion he and his companion stayed the night, disguised as holy men, in the house of the *Patel* of a village on the banks of the Godaveri, which had recently suffered from a raid of Maratha horsemen. Their host's old mother apologised for the poor fare which was all she had to set before them, and explained that Shivaji's troopers had plundered the village the previous day. She thereupon cursed him and his followers loudly, declaring that she wished to God he would die in prison. At another place he was buying a horse. As he had not enough loose rupees to pay for it, he opened a purse full of gold coins. The man

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exclaimed when he saw so much wealth, and said, "You must be Shiva since you are paying so much for a small pony!" Shivaji thereupon thrust the whole purse into his hands as hush money and fled from the place.

At length, one day as Jija Bai was sitting in her apartments in great anxiety of mind, the guards told her that some strange Bairagis or religious mendicants were at the gate of Rajgarh fort asking to see her. She ordered her servants to admit them. When they came into her presence, one of them blessed her after the manner of the Bairagis, but the other threw himself at her feet. She was greatly surprised that a holy man should place his head upon her feet, but when he raised it and placed it upon her knee, his cap fell off, and she saw by a mark on his head that it was her son and none other.

The only factor that marred the general rejoicings for Shivaji's return was the absence of Shambhuji. Shivaji spread a report that his son was dead, and even

went into mourning for him. Having thus lulled the suspicions of the Mughals, he sent for Shambhuji. The three brothers brought him themselves, and later settled in Maharashtra. They had one narrow escape on the way. A Mussalman officer suspected that the boy was not a kinsman of the three Brahmans as they declared him to be, but that he was indeed Shambhuji. In order to test them, he ordered that they should all dine off the same dish. Although for a Brahman to eat with a Maratha, no matter how highly born, was a breach of caste law involving a costly penance, the brothers did not hesitate. The Mussalman was then satisfied and allowed them to depart in peace. Shivaji rewarded all those who had helped either him or his son to escape. The three faithful brothers were given the title of Vishwas Rao, Lords of Fidelity, together with a *lakh* of gold pieces. He also settled upon them an annual revenue of 10,000 *huns*. He bestowed similar gifts upon those who had helped him, not

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forgetting the hospitable *Patel*, who, in spite of his own misfortunes, had entertained the two wandering *sannyasins*.

CHAPTER VI.

SHIVAJI'S RECOVERY.

*"How Tanaji the Lion won
the Fortress for the King."*

The Ballad of Singhbarh.

SHIVAJI returned from Agra to a diminished heritage, namely the Poona, Supa and Chakan districts, and these were overshadowed by the Mughal garrisons in Singhbarh and Purandar. Nevertheless the Mughals were in no position to repeat their former successes against him. Jai Singh's campaign against Bijapur had not been going any too well during Shivaji's imprisonment in Agra, and the Maratha's escape further discredited him in the Emperor's eyes. His son, Ram Singh, was supposed to have connived at it. In these circumstances he sought to convince Aurangzeb of the loyalty of his family by suggesting a scheme to Jafar Khan, the Prime Minister,

which is a typical example of the degradation of public morals in the 17th century. He actually proposed to entrap Shivaji by a false offer of marriage between his daughter and Jai Singh's son, and to have him murdered during his journey to the Rajput's camp. The letter was as follows :

"I have not failed, nor will I do so in future, to exert myself against Bijapur, Golkonda and Shiva in every possible way. I am trying to arrange matters in such a way that the wicked wretch Shiva will come to see me at once, and that in the course of his journey or return (our) clever men may get a favourable opportunity of disposing of that luckless fellow in his unguarded moment at that place. This slave of the Court himself, for furthering the Emperor's affairs, is prepared to go so far, regardless of the praise or blame of his act by other people, — that if the Emperor sanctions it, I shall set on foot a proposal for a match with his family and settle the marriage of my son with his daughter — though the pedigree and caste of Shiva are notoriously

low and men like me do not eat food touched by his hand (not to speak of entering into a matrimonial connection with him), and in case this wretch's daughter is captured I shall not condescend to keep her in my harem. As he is of low caste, he will very likely be caught by this bait. But great care should be taken to keep this plan secret. Send me quickly a reply to enable me to act accordingly." §

But his plan was never tried, for in May 1667 he was relieved of his post, and Prince Muazzam was reappointed Viceroy of the Deccan. The old Rajput veteran set out on his homeward journey shortly afterwards in great misery of mind, and died on the way on July 2 at Burhampur. His departure removed the last check upon the quarrels that had been seething for months in the imperialist ranks, and it coincided with the threat of a Persian invasion of the Mughal Empire from the north. In these circumstances the wisest policy for the Emperor was to leave Shivaji alone. He for his part

§ Sarkar, pp. 160-1.

had no wish to renew hostilities, and so for the next three years, except for the annual expedition against Janjira, he lived quietly at home, reorganising his kingdom. In 1668 he persuaded Aurangzeb to sign a treaty with him. The Emperor formally conferred upon him the title of Rajah and acknowledged his right to his father's old fief of Poona, Chakan and Supa together with the neighbouring forts except Singhgarh and Purandar. Shivaji thereupon sent his son Shambhuji with a contingent of cavalry to Prince Muazzam's Court at Aurangabad.

The years of peace were utilised by the Maratha chief to draw up new regulations for the improvement of the administration. An account of the system he established will be found in the last chapter and it is upon that system that his fame as a statesman and administrator rests.

In 1670 war between the Marathas and the Mughals was renewed. Aurangzeb was suspicious of the friendship that existed between the great Maratha chief and his son, Prince Muazzam. He ordered his son

to arrest Pratap Rao and Niraji, Shivaji's agents at Aurangabad, and to take over the horses of the troops they commanded. It is said that the Prince heard of the order through his own agent at his father's Court before he received it in its official form, and that he warned the two Marathas to escape. Just at the moment when he was thus acting against Shivaji, the Emperor was obliged for economy's sake to reduce his forces in the Deccan, and many of his disbanded soldiers took service in the Maratha army. Thus all the advantage was on Shivaji's side. He opened the offensive at the beginning of 1670. His cavalry looted Mughal territory and attacked several of the forts ceded by the Treaty of Purandar. One of these was Kondana, otherwise called Singhgarh, the Lion Fort. It was held by a renowned Rajput chieftain called Udai Bhan, and its capture was one of those heroic feats round which legend has gathered. The facts were as follows. Shivaji entrusted its capture to Tanaji Malusre. He stole through the jungle by night with three hundred picked

Mavlis guided by some local Kolis, and scaled the precipices of the mountain side by means of rope ladders. Before the Rajputs, who were stupefied with opium, had time to arm, the Marathas had effected an entrance. Udai Bhan and Tanaji fell dead in single combat. The Marathas were then rallied by Tanaji's son, Suryaji, and charged the Rajput ranks, yelling their battle cry, "Hara! Hara! Mahadev!" They soon overcame all resistance and the fort was theirs. Tanaji was Shivaji's boyhood friend, and when he heard that Singhgarh had cost Tanaji's life, he exclaimed, "I have won the fort and lost my lion," so that its name was changed to the Lion's Fort from that day.

The ballad which describes its capture, despite the legends it contains, is a wonderful specimen of Maratha verse and is here given in full in Mr. Kincaid's translation, §

Tw'as Queen Jijabai looked forth,
To the East and to the North
As at Pratapgad one morning
She combed her raven hair.

§ Taken from the Appendix of Rawlinson's Life, pp. 102-11.

And white as ivory seeming,
With the sunlight on it streaming,
The Lion Fort was gleaming
In the February air.

"Now my messenger come hither :
Go ride to Rajgad thither,
Tell Shivaji of Junnar
That his mother needs him sore!"

And the messenger rode far
By Madha and by Par
And he thundered through Eirwadi
And he flashed through Poladpore.

Now to Rajgad he has ridden
And to enter he is bidden.

"Why comest thou unsummoned
And why comest thou in such haste?"

" 'Tis Queen Jijabai has cried,
Till my son is at my side,
No water shall I drink
And no morsel shall I taste."

"Bring my shield and breast-plate here,
Bring my tiger claws and spear,
Lead Krishna from the stables,
The pride of all the stud,
For by Madha and by Par,
By the Moon and by the star
Shivaji of Junnar must ride to Pratapgad."

The blare of his horn
Woke Queen Jijabai at morn.
"Come, Shivaji of Junnar,
I would play at dice with thee."
And the wager was taken
And the dice-box was shaken.
"Bhavani!" prayed Queen Jijabai,
"Grant, victory to me."
From her shrine above the valley
High o'er Par and Ambenali
Bhavani heard and ordered it
That Shivaji should lose:
And thrown by either hand
The dice at her command
For Jijabai showed sixes
And for Shivaji fell twos.

"Now choose, mother mine,
From my strongholds twenty-nine,
Choose Rajgad or Raigad
Or Sheri by the sea,
Choose Makrangad or Chandan,
Choose Visapur or Wandan."
"Nay, Shivaji of Junnar,
Give the Lion's Fort to me."
Then the Bhonsle's brow grew black,
As he slowly muttered back:
"But Udai Bhan the Rathor
And his twelve sons guard the way:

He has Arabs and Afghans
And Rajputs and Pathans."

"Nay, the Lion's fortress give me :

'Twas a wager ; thou must pay."

"But the elephant Chandavelly,

The man-slayer from Delhi,

Will trample us to powder,

If we break their fighting line."

"Now God's curse upon thee rest,

If thou dost not my behest,

But on thee a mother's blessing

When the Lion's Fort is mine."

Both back to Rajgad went,

But a weary night he spent.

"Now who among my barons all

Will win the hold for me ?

To win it went forth many,

But there came back never any ;

Oft planted was the mango seed,

But nowhere grows the tree.

Where the emerald Konkan rests

'Neath the Sayhadri's crests

Dwells Tanaji the Lion,

My boldest baron he.

Now my messenger ride back

Down the rugged Madna track

And with twelve thousand men-at-arms

Call Tanaji to me."

Swift the horseman crossed the Doni
On his nimble Deccan pony-
The little Doni water that lives
But through the rains-
Then adown the sunny slopes
To the verdant mango topes,
That nestled round Umratha
In the pleasant Konkan plains.

Through the outer gate he rode,
Through the Darbar hall he strode,
Where Tanaji Malusre
Has seated him in state :

" 'Tis the Bhonsle who has spoken.
See! I bring his betel token,
And he calls thee with thy vassals
And he bids thee not be late."

"Ho! gather Wadghar Naiks
From your rice-fields and your dykes,
Ho! Shirkes of Umratha
Your sturdy tenants bring,
Ho! fly o'er Nandir manor
The Savant's knightly banner
And speed ye with your liege
Lord Malusre to the King."
With sword on shoulder hung,
On his steed Malusre sprung,
When his son, the dark-eyed Rayaba
His father craved to see :

"My father, prithee, tarry,
 For to-morrow morn I marry
 With the fairest in the Konkan,
 With the bride hast picked for me."

"When Ganga backward flows
 At the melting of the snows,
 When Yamuna rolls her waters
 From Prayag to Khatmandhu,
 Then only then, by Hari!
 Shall I tarry, shalt thou marry,
 When Shivaji of Junnar
 Has work for me to do."
 They have reached Rajgad and wait.

"Fling wide the Hira gate.

Ob. Shivaji of Junnar!

Was thy token but a jest?"

"Nay, Queen Jijabai did need thee,

Her lips alone shall tell thee;

My mother, tell thy champion

His guerdon and his quest."

She waved around his head

Her five-wick'd lamp and said:

"Of all the Bhonsle's barons men

Shall deem thee as the first,

Nay, I shall be thy Mother,

And Shivaji thy Brother,

If thou wrest the Lion's fortress

From the rule of the accurst."

To her feet he bowed his crest:
"Be thy heart, O Queen, at rest.
He who bears a mother's blessing
Is safe from every ill,
And be thou at my side,
My hand and blade to guide,
O Bhavani of Pratapgad,
Bhavani of the Hill!"
They have reached the broken ground,
The Lion's fort around,
And they've freed the Ghorpad §
Yeshwant beneath the western gate:
They have flung a necklace o'er him
And bent the knee before him,
And they've tied the rope around him
That should bear them to their fate.
Half-way the ghorpad turned,
For the soul within him learned
That the fortress frowning o'er him
Soon would see Malusre die;
And the armed men behind him cried:
"O Tanaji, unbind him,
Defeat and death await us,
For the ghorpad cannot lie:"
Loud laughed Malusre, scorning
The Ghorpad Yeshwant's warning.

§ The *ghorpad* or iguana is supposed to have great power and tenacity in scaling walls, and there are many stories of its use in warfare.

"And if Hell yawned before us
Should a Kshatriya hesitate?
It that lazy beast plays prophet,
I shall soon make mincemeat of it
And I'll cook it on chapattis
And we'll eat it while we wait!"
Then the frightened Ghorpad fled,
Up the dark rock overhead,
Till above he fixed his talons deeply,
Firmly in the heath.
And their hearts beat high with hope,
As they scaled the swinging rope,
With their blankets round their faces
And their tulwars in their teeth.
Fifty men, a chosen band,
On the bastion's summit stand
When the rope breaks behind them
As ye knap a strand at will.
"Now Kshatriyas stand fast!
For the cause! For the caste!
For Shivaji of Junnar
And Bhavani of the Hill!"
On hands and knees they crept
Where the Arab guards-men slept
The sleep that comes unbroken
From the wine when it is red.
Then a sudden silent dart
And a knife thrust to the heart

And they slew the whole nine hundred
Save a single one who fled.

He fled on wings of fear
To the castle's topmost tier,
Where Udai Bhan was toying
With his eighteen ladies fair."

"Lo! the' Kafir from the west,
He has slaughtered all thy best.
Leave thy revels and thy ladies
Or we lose the Lion's lair."

Then Udai Bhan looked up,
As he quaffed his golden cup,

"Now a curse upon the Kafir
And a plague upon thy head.
Send the elephant Chandravelly,
The manslayer from Delhi.

He will trample down the Kafir
Like the worm beneath his tread."

They have drugged the brute with bhang
Till his trunk in fury swung,

And his eyeballs glared
As red as the sun at eventide.

"Now yield, thou country lout,"
Cried in scorn the bold mahout,

"Or be trampled into powder
Under Chandravelly's stride."

Fierce waxed Malusre's ire
And his Konkan blood took fire

And he sprang astride the monster
And his kick the driver slow.
Then his tulwar downward sped,
Where the trunk met tusks and head
And the manslayer sank lifeless
As the singing blade shore through.
"Udai Bhan, be up and doing,
Or all Islam will be rueing."
Chandravelly," cried the Arab,
"Lies a lump of bleeding clay."
"Send my twelve sons to the battle,
They will drive the foe like cattle,
But my eighteen winsome ladies
I shall love them while I may."
Stamped on each stripling's face
Was his regal Rajput race
All the fiery soul of Marwad
Flashing bright through every eye
Like the crag adown the corrie,
Like the tiger on the quarry,
They rushed upon Malusre
To kill him or to die.
Swift aside Malusre stept
And as each one forward leapt,
He smote him through the shoulder
All adown the sacred string,
And they died without a sigh
For the cruel Chagatai,

With their faces towards the foeman
And their backs upon the ling.
Then the Arab told their doom
In the merry bridal room.

Where the Rahtor loved the Ladies
Who sighed for him alone.

"Now thy gallant sons are slain,
Durst thou Delhi face again
And the laughter of the nobles
And the anger of the throne?"

Lo! Udai Bhan has sprung
Where his sword and buckler hung;
In a single line he's placed them,
His eighteen ladies fair,
And his blade flashed through and through them
As one and all he slew them
And lightly touched their life-blood
On his forehead and his hair.
Now Bhavani of the Hill,
Guard brave Tanaji from ill,
For the stoutest hand might tremble
And the boldest heart might fear,
For in duel and melee,
The deftest blade in Delhi
Was this mighty Rajput captain
Of the Mughal Alamgir.
As the lighting-flash descends
Where the Indryani wends,

When the thunder clouds are gathered
Around Visapur in Jesh',
On Malusre fell the blow,
Beating sword and arm low,
And Tanaji the Lion fell
Cloven to the waist.

Bhavani from her fane
Sorrowed sorely o'er the slain :
"Deep and dark shall be the vengeance
Ere His soul to Kailas go."
And the breath of her hate
Burst wide the Kalyan Gate
And Tanaji's twelve thousand
Sprang headlong on the foe.
Then the good Maratha steel
Clove the Rathor to the heel,
And the rest they dragged in triumph
To the Kalyan Gate to kill.
And the blood of the accurst
Ran free to quench the thirst
Of Bhavani of Pratapgad,
Bhavani of the Hill.
On the cot their chief they laid,
By his side his blood-stained blade.
And the conquered guns roared homage
As they bore him down the Khind.
And no throne could have been fitter
Than that rude triumphal litter

For a baron of the Konkan,[§]
 For a Kshatriya of Ind.
 And they bore him back again
 To the sunny Konkan plain,
 To his own fief of Umratha
 Where his fathers lived and died
 Twelve days the King wept o'er him
 For the great love that he bore him
 And the next he chose for
 Rayaba a fairer, luckier bride.
 Then he sent a workman skilled
 A monument to build
 On the Lion's fortress summit,
 On the spot where he was slain.
 For all Maharastra through,
 Where the Bhagva Jhenda blew,
 His like ne'er lived before him
 And shall never live again.
 And there carved in stone Virasan,
 Still he looks o'er lake and station,
 Ringed round with desolation,
 Where the grey apes leap and swing.
 And clear as history's pages
 He tells the after ages
 How Tanaji the Lion won
 The Fortress for the King. §

§ Taken from Appendix I, of Rawlinson's Shivaji, the Maratha.

In March the other great fortress, Purandhar, was recovered, and gradually Shivaji won back all that he had lost. His task was made easier because the Mughal leaders at Aurangabad were quarrelling among themselves. The only one who upheld the prestige of the imperial arms was Daud Khan Querishi, one of Jai Singh's generals, and he cleared Mughal territory of Maratha raiders. In October of the same year (1670) Shivaji looted Surat for the second time. As on the former occasion, the English, Dutch and French factories were stoutly defended. They therefore went unscathed and the rumour got about that the foreign leaders had made terms with the Marathas, and this time they received no reward from the Emperor. The fact was that there was more than enough undefended booty in Surat to satisfy the looters and they were unwilling to risk their lives for the sake of additional plunder. As they were returning laden with their spoils, a large body of Mughal cavalry under Daud Khan waited for them in a pass near Nasik

with the intention of cutting them off. An obstinate and bloody battle was fought near Dindori on October 17. The Marathas remained masters of the field, and Shivaji was then able to lead troops and treasure in safety to Raigarh.

It was in this same year that Shivaji came nearer to capturing Jinjira than ever before. Fath Khan was so hard pressed that he withdrew from the neighbouring fort of Danda Rajpuri, and was about to surrender. But the rest of the garrison mutinied, put him in irons and appointed Siddi Yakut in his place. This new leader recovered Danda Rajpuri and put the defenders to the sword. During the storming of the fort the powder magazine exploded. Shivaji is said to have heard the noise at Raigarh forty miles away, and to have exclaimed, "Some disaster has befallen my men at Danda Rajpuri. Go and see what it is."

With the riches obtained from Surat, Shivaji equipped 30,000 fresh troops and a powerful fleet. With these forces he raided far and wide, and plunder poured

into Raigarh. One army led by Shivaji himself overran Khandesh, while Moro Pingle reduced the State of Jawhar and exacted contributions from what is now the northern part of the Thana district. Aurangzeb at last realised the gravity of the situation and took steps to retrieve the fortunes of his troops. He recalled Jaswant Singh, and sent Mahabat Khan, an old and trusted officer of Shah Jehan, at the head of 40,000 men. At first Mahabat Khan was successful, and invested the fort of Salhjr. Shivaji sent forces to raise the siege, and these forces under Moro Pingle early in 1672 routed a Mughal division under Ikhlas Khan just outside Chakan. This was the first complete victory won by a Maratha force over an equal number of Mughal troops in the open field, and it greatly enhanced their prestige. The investment of Salhit was abandoned and the Mughals fell back on Aurangabad.

Shivaji spent the rest of the year in occupying the Koli country, and forcing the Koli chiefs to make treaties with him and

to promise to supply him with contingents of fighting men as required. The Marathas then occupied the Nasik district, but were driven back from Khandesh and Berar in December. Shivaji was also foiled in an attempt to capture the fort of Shivner, his birthplace. As if in compensation for these failures, the state of Bijapur again became an easy prey. In November 1672 Ali Adil Shah died, and the government was plunged into hopeless confusion. The new ruler, Sikander, was only four years old, and Bijapur was torn by rival factions each seeking to secure control of the regency.

On March 6, 1673 Kondaji Farzand stormed Panhala. Shivaji then occupied it, and made it his headquarters. He next sent a Maratha force under Pratap Rao against the Bijapuris, whose army was led by Bahlol Khan. A desperate battle was fought between them at Umrani, but it was indecisive. Pratap Rao gained the upper hand but failed to press home his advantage. Bahlol Khan then achieved considerable success until he fell ill in September. At

that point the Mughals threatened to invade Bijapur and Golkonda. These two states sought to come to terms with Shivaji in order to secure his help against the Mughals, but he preferred to bribe the imperialists to let him do what he liked against Bijapur, and he attacked Kanara, raiding both the upland and the coast. At the end of the year he was forced to retire again owing to pressure from the Bijapuri Generals. Bahlol Khan had recovered his health and had taken the field again against the Marathas. Shivaji sent Pratap Rao against him once more with the words: "Bahlol has come again. Go with your army, destroy him and win a decisive victory. Otherwise never show your face to me again." Stung by these words, Pratap Rao flung himself with six horsemen against the whole Bijapuri army when he came up with them in a narrow pass at Nesari, and was cut to pieces. After that the war gradually petered out. Both the Marathas and the Bijapuris were sick of fighting, and the Mughals were obliged to withdraw the bulk of their forces to cope

with an Afghan rising of so serious a nature that Aurangzeb himself left Delhi to take command of his army, in person. Shivaji used the lull in the fighting to be crowned lawful monarch of the lands he had won. The coronation took place in June 1674.

CHAPTER VII.

SHIVAJI'S CORONATION AND LAST SUCSESSES.

"Shivaji Maharaj ki jai !"

BY the beginning of 1674 Shivaji had won back all and more than all he had lost. He was the master of the Deccan, he had conquered South Konkan and the western coast of the Kolaba district, and between 1671 and 1674 he had annexed Baglana and the Koli country in North Konkan and Panhala to the South. Further, he had defeated all his rivals in the open field. Bijapur was reduced to impotence, Golkonda looked on helplessly, and the Viceory of the Deccan was obliged to allow forts to be captured and could not even protect the suburbs of Aurangabad from Maratha raids. But great though Shivaji's power was, it rested on very insecure foundations. As leader in war he exercised

supreme sway, and nobody questioned his right. But in time of peace the other Maratha nobles were unwilling to concede him any precedence. Moreover he had no real claim upon the devotion and loyalty of the people he ruled. They regarded the Bhonsles as upstarts. If this was true in the Deccan itself, he was at a still greater disadvantage when he came into contact with other rulers. The Mughal Emperor regarded him as nothing more than a *zemindar*. Adil Shah treated him as the rebellious son of one of his vassals. The permanence of the political state he had created could only be secured by giving it a sovereign according to the ancient forms.

But here Shivaji was met with a formidable difficulty. According to the Hindu scriptures, only a member of the Kshatriya caste could be legally crowned king and receive the homage of Hindu subjects. The Bhonsles were certainly not Kshatriyas, in fact they were not members of any of the twice-born castes. They were *Shudras*. The difficulty was finally overcome by the

ingenuity of Shivaji's secretary and by the expenditure of huge sums of money. The secretary suggested that a *pandit* should be sought out, one of unimpeachable reputation as a scholar, who would be willing to perform the coronation ceremony. Such a man was found in Vishweshwar, Gaga Bhat of Benares, the greatest Sanskrit theologian of the day. He held out for a long time, but his scruples were eventually overcome by the production of a genealogical table concocted by the resourceful secretary, accompanied by a huge present. The genealogical table traced the Bhonsles back to Udai Singh, the Maharana of Udaipur, whose family, that of the Sesodia Rajputs, is of divine origin. Gaga Bhat then consented to act as high priest at Shivaji's coronation, provided that the Maratha chief was first invested with the sacred thread. The King was no doubt of Rajput descent, but his family had been curiously neglectful of Rajput observances.

A tremendous crowd of people assembled for the coronation. 11,000 Brahmans together with their wives and children,

making 50,000 souls in all, were fed for four months at the Rajah's expense. As the day itself approached the number of visitors swelled to nearly 100,000. Among those present there happened to be a deputation from the East India Company, headed by Henry Oxenden, who had come to obtain redress for Maratha raids on Surat, Hubli, and Karwar, and to negotiate a treaty. They arrived while Shivaji was absent at Pratapgarh, whither he had gone to spend some days in prayer before the shrine of Amba Bhavani in preparation for the solemn event, and they have left us an interesting contemporary narrative of the whole proceedings.

On May 28, 1674, Shivaji performed penance for the sins of his ancestors and for his own sins in not having observed the Kshatriya rites for so long, and was then invested by Gaga Bhat with the sacred thread. Next day he made atonement for his sins in this life, and was separately weighed against each of the seven metals gold, silver, copper, zinc, tin, lead and iron; as well as linen,

camphor, spices and other eatables. All these metals and materials together with a *lakh* of *hun* were given away to the assembled Brahmans. The 5th of June was the eve of the coronation itself. He spent it in prayer and penance like the vigil of a knight. Next day he was crowned. First he was washed in sacred water from the Ganges, together with his Queen Consort, Sorya Bai, and the Heir Apparent, Shambhuji. Then he changed his dress for one of royal scarlet and gold with a turban decorated with strings and tassels of pearls, and entered the throne room. As he mounted the rich and stately throne that had been prepared for him, small lotuses of gold and silver were showered among the assembled throng. The crowd set up deafening shouts of *Shivaji Maharaj ki jai!* The guns of Raigarh thundered volley after volley, and the sound was taken up by all the other forts in the kingdom till from end to end of the Sahyadris the roar of artillery proclaimed the birth of the Maratha nation. When the stately ritual attending an Indian coronation

came to an end, Shivaji mounted his finest elephant and rode through the town at the head of his troops.

His mother, Jija Bai, lived just long enough to witness the elevation of her devoted son. She died a few days after the coronation full of years (she was almost eighty). As Jadunath Sarkar rightly observes, "She had forgotten her husband's neglect in the love and devotion of her son, and rejoiced to see before she closed her eyes, that he had reached the summit of human greatness as the crowned king of the land of his birth, an irresistible conqueror, and a strong defender of the religion which was the solace of her life."

The coronation cost approximately 50 *laks* of rupees, and exhausted Shivaji's treasury. He was still technically at war with Bijapur and with the Mughals, but for the next two years he contented himself with plundering raids and measures designed to secure his conquests. He looted Bahadur Khan's camp in the middle of July, 1674, pillaged Baglana and Khandesh towards the

end of the year, and captured Kohlapur in March 1675. In short the Maratha bands ranged up and down, plundering and robbing without any hindrance or danger. But they failed to secure any very rich prize. In truth they had exhausted the resources of the country easily accessible to their raids. Moreover, the first part of 1676 had been spent in enforced idleness owing to Shivaji's serious illness. While he was convalescent he looked about for means to replenish his depleted treasury, and found a fresh field for his depredations in an outlying province of Bijapur. The Karnatak plain on the east coast was known to that age as the land of gold. It was immensely rich, and Bijapur was so torn with internal strife that it afforded a fairly easy prey. Its nominal rulers were not likely in any case to put themselves out to come to the rescue of such an outlying portion of their dominions.

And apart from Bijapur, Shivaji could with a fair show of justice claim part of the Karnatak as his own. His father Shahji

had been in possession of *jagir* which included Bangalore, Kolar, Usotta and a number of places in Mysore. At his death Shivaji's half-brother, Vyankoji, had succeeded to these lands, and had increased his possessions by the addition of Tanjore.

In 1676 the local Bijapuri Governors of the Karnatak plain were Nasir Muhammed Khan with his seat at Jinji and a jurisdiction extending to Pondicherry, and Sher Khan Lodi to the south with his seat at Wali-ganda-puram. Further south still were the Hindu states of Tanjore and Madura ruled by their own Rajahs. All four were at enmity the one with the other. Sher Khan dreamt of conquering the kingdom of Golkonda for himself, and Vyankoji was "the mortal enemy of the Nayak of Madura". While these generals rent the Karnatak in pieces with their quarrels, the Sultan of Golkonda cast covetous eyes upon it. He was urged to do so by his Wazir, who though a Brahman, had obtained paramount influence over the mind of his master, Abul Hasaa Qutb Shab. This Wazir, Madanna

Pandit, and his nephew Gopanna, a Vaishnav saint, were anxious for the Karnatak to be conquered so that they might place it under Hindu rule. Shivaji was the obvious agent for their purpose, and the Wazir induced the Sultan to agree to a joint enterprise with the Maratha King, the Sultan to provide the expenses and munitions of war and Shivaji the fighting men.

When this suggestion reached Shivaji it came at an auspicious moment. He had with him Raghunath Narayan Hanumante, whom Shahji had appointed as Vyankoji's regent. When Vyankoji grew up he would not brook Raghunath's domination and drove him to resign all his offices and to leave his dominions. Raghunath then sought service, first with Bijapur, and then with Shivaji, preferring to serve a Hindu rather than a Moslem master. Moreover he believed that Shivaji's star was in the ascendant. The Maratha therefore had at hand an adviser who knew the political situation in the Karnatak to the smallest detail. Then the Mughal forces were still occupied on the

North West Frontier and Bijapur was in the throes of civil war between the Afghan and the Deccani parties both striving for the regency during the minority of the boy king, Sikandar. To add to the confusion the Mughal Viceroy, Bahadur Khan, invaded Bijapur as the ally of the Deccani party.

Before starting off on his distant expedition, Shivaji secured himself in the rear by making peace with Mughals. Then leaving More Pingle as Regent he set out from Raigarh at the beginning of January 1677. He first visited his ally, the Sultan of Golkonda, and made a magnificent and spectacular entrance into the capital city of Haiderabad. There he remained for a month negotiating the details of the alliance, and taking over the arms, money and material he had been promised. He also equipped a local auxiliary force to take part in the coming campaign.

The first great success that befell the Maratha arms was the capture of the fortress of Jinji in May. Its commander, Nasir Muhammed Khan, was induced to surrender

it in return for a large sum of money and the promise of a *jagir* yielding half a *lakh* of rupees per annum. Shivaji placed the fort in charge of a Mavli captain, and made another of his officers governor of the surrounding lands in which he set up the military and revenue administration of Maharashtra. He also built additional fortifications in order to transform Jinji into a safe refuge in case of need. Vellore was his next point of attack. It was a tremendous fortress surrounded by a deep ditch full of crocodiles. The Marathas had to besiege it for fourteen months before it finally fell in July 1678. The siege was entrusted to 2000 cavalry and 5000 Mavle infantry under Narahari Rudra, and Shivaji with the main force pushed on against the other Bijapuri Governor, Sher Khan Lodi at Wali-ganda-puram. The Marathas drove him and his men before them until on July 5th he made terms with Shivaji, promising to pay a ransom for which he left his eldest son as hostage in return for his own freedom. Shivaji next extorted a large contribution

from the Nayak of Madura and then sent for his half-brother, Vyankoji.

The two brothers spent some time feasting together in Shivaji's camp on the banks of the Kolerun. Then Shivaji demanded three quarters of all that their father had left. Vyankoji refused to give it up, and, fearing that he would be kept a prisoner until he submitted, he fled to his own territory by swimming across the river one dark night. Shivaji retaliated by seizing all Tanjore territory north of the Kolerun thus making himself master of the whole northern Karnatak with the exception of Vellore, which was still holding out, and Arni.

In September 1677 the Maratha King called a grand council of his officers, and it was decided that they should return to their own country. Shivaji had been away for ten months and the administration needed his master hand. Moreover, he had received tidings that Aurangzeb had sent a combined Mughal and Bijapuri army against Golkonda to punish Qutb Shah for having rendered assistance to that "arch-rebel" Shivaji. He

left the bulk of his army behind in occupation of his conquests, and took with him a small force of 4000 cavalry. On his way to the Deccan he took possession of those parts of his father's *jagir* that form the eastern and central parts of the present kingdom of Mysore, and reached his own country in March 1678. The amount of booty, much of it in the form of forced contributions, which he had taken in the Karnatak was immense, so great indeed that the Maratha chroniclers have made no attempt to estimate its value, while the territory he had annexed brought in a yearly revenue of twenty *lakhs* of *hun*.

No sooner was Shivaji's back turned than Vyankoji tried to recover his lost territory. After considerable fighting the two brothers made peace. Shivaji retained the Jinji territory, while Vyankoji was left in possession of the country south of the Kolerun and a little to the north of it in return for six *lakhs* of rupees in cash. On the whole Vyankoji seems to have been no unworthy brother of Shivaji, being possessed

of great personal bravery and considerable administrative ability, although the Maratha chroniclers do him scant justice.

Shivaji spent the remaining months of 1678 in consolidating his conquests. In order to round them off he annexed the southern corner of the Bijapur kingdom, the districts of Kopal, Dharwar and Belgaum. These districts formed the link between his old and his new dominions. But his astonishing successes stirred up his enemies. The alliance with Golkonda was of short duration. Although Qutb Shah had provided the sinews of war, Shivaji had kept all the spoils for himself. Then, as we have seen, Aurangzeb sent Dilir Khan to co-operate with Bijapur first against Golkonda and then against the Marathas. Dilir Khan however quarrelled with the Bijapuri Regent, Siddi Masaud, and attacked Bijapur instead of Shivaji. In December he received an unexpected addition to his forces in the person of Shambhuji, Shivaji's son and heir, who was the curse of his father's last years. A confused period of intrigue and counter-intrigue followed until

in August, 1679, Dilir Khan began a fresh campaign against Bijapur. The Regent appealed to Shivaji. His envoy, Hindu Rao, made this moving appeal:

"The condition of this royalty is not hidden from you. There is no army, money or ally for defending the fort and no provision at all. The enemy is strong and ever bent on war. You are a hereditary servant, elevated by this Court. And, therefore, you will feel for this house more than others can. Be true to your salt; turn towards us. Command what you consider proper, and it shall be done by us." § Shivaji thereupon undertook to defend Bijapur against the Mughals. When Dilir Khan found that the capital was too strong to be captured, a feat upon which he had set his heart, he unmercifully ravaged the surrounding country so that Hindu women and children jumped into the wells near their houses rather than fall into the hands of his men. Their atrocities sickened Shambhuji, who returned to his father in November 1679. Shivaji welcomed

§ Sarkar, p. 331.

the prodigal and tried to show him the error of his ways by kindly persuasion. But he soon realised that his sermons were falling on deaf ears. The character of his eldest son filled the Maratha King with sad forebodings for the future, but the only alternative to Shambhuji's accession was the accession of his other son, Rajaram, a boy of ten, and he felt that a Regency would be even more disastrous than the rule of the lawful heir.

Shivaji died on April 4, 1680. His health had been failing for some months, a fact attributed to the curses of Muhammedan saint, Sayyid Jan Muhammed of Jalna. When the Marathas had attacked Jalna, a town forty miles east of Aurangabad, most of the wealthy inhabitants had taken refuge in his hermitage bringing with them their money and Jewels. The raiders heard where the wealth of the town had been stored, and they violated the saint's abode. The man of God therefore cursed Shivaji and his death took place five months later. Towards the end of March, as he was returning from a raiding expedition, a painful swelling

appeared on his knee joint. In spite of all that medical aid could do, it grew rapidly worse, and fever set in. As the great Maratha chief realised that his end was near, he summoned his nobles and chief officers and gave them wise counsel. Then, having performed the last rites of his religion, he fell into a trance and died at noon on Sunday, April 4, the full moon of the month Chaitra in the fifty-third year of his age. Shambhuji arrived too late to see his father alive. Shivaji's spirit, to use the words of another historian,* "left his war-worn frame just as the Prince approached the foot of the hill of Raigarh".

It was rumoured that Shivaji's death was due to poison, and that it was his wife Sorya Bai who had administered the fatal dose, in order to prevent him from bestowing the throne upon Shambhuji instead of upon her own son, Rajaram. At all events, Shambhuji put her to death, but the story was probably only a pretext enabling him to

* Kincaid and Parasnis, *History of the Maratha People*, Vol. I p. 271.

punish her for having attempting to secure the succession for her son. Another of the great King's wives, Putla Bai, committed *sati* on her husband's funeral pyre. A stone plinth marks the spot in Raigarah where he was cremated, and a temple stands over his tomb. Among other interesting relics still to be seen among the ruins of the great fortress-capital, called not inaptly the Gibraltar of the East, is a mound marking the spot where the founder of the Maratha nation was crowned, and to this day men approach the place barefoot and the two lowest castes among the Marathas are not allowed within the precincts.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHIVAJI'S CHARACTER AND ATTAINMENTS.

*Remember Shivaji! And count this life as grass.
In this world and the next rely on Fame alone.
Remember Shivaji! His form, his noble aims;
Forget not also all his valiant deeds on earth.*

Randas.

THE most diverse estimates have been formed of Shivaji's character. His enemies have represented him as the devil in human guise, his admirers as something little short of a saint. The truth is that the founder of the Maratha nation was neither the one nor the other, but a man with all a man's virtues and failings. Moreover, it must never be forgotten that he was a man of the seventeenth century. He should therefore be compared with his contemporaries and with contemporary standards of morality. Of his genius as a warrior and a

statesman there can be no doubt. He stands to this day as one of the heroes of India, nay more, as one of the great men of the world.

Shivaji has generally been described as an assassin and a free-booter, the incarnation of successful baseness and cunning. The first charge is based on the murders of Afzal Khan and of Chandra Rao More. In the first instance Shivaji met trick with trick, and treachery with treachery, and it is little stretching of the evidence to plead that the killing of Afzal was a measure of self-defence, a clear case of kill or be killed. The murder of the Mores cannot be thus defended. It must stand as one of the crimes of history, a blot on the hero's scutcheon, like the murder of the Red Comyn by Robert Bruce, the hero-king of Scotland, or the Massacre of Glencoe which actually took place within the same century as Shivaji's life. But, as one of his biographers has pointed out, if he had been merely a treacherous assassin, he would never have achieved what he did and

he would never have been served with such devoted loyalty. Nobody ever betrayed him in spite of constant inducement from his enemies, and that fact itself is strong evidence that he was not himself a betrayer. The fairest estimate is that of Khafi Khan, who as the historian of Aurangazeb's* Court, can hardly be said to have been prejudiced in favour of the Maratha chief.

"He attacked the caravans which came from distant parts, and appropriated to himself the goods and the women. But he made it a rule that wherever his followers went plundering, they should do no harm to Mosques, the Book of God or any one's women. Whenever a copy of the holy Kuran came into his hands, he treated it with respect and gave it to some of his Mussalman followers. When the women of any Hindu or Muhammedan were taken prisoners by his men, and they had no friend to protect them, he watched over them till their relations came to buy them their liberty, . . . He laid down a rule that, wherever a place was plundered, the goods of poor people, copper money and vessels of

* Taken from Rawlinson: *op. cit.* Title Page.

brass and copper, should belong to the man who found them; but other articles, gold and silver, coined or uncoined, gems, valuable stuff and jewels were not to belong to the finder, but were to be given without the smallest deduction to the officers, and to be by them paid over to Shivaji's Government."§

In appearance he was a typical Maratha, short and slight, with long arms, small hands, aquiline nose, pointed beard and fair complexion. His eyes were piercing, his expression resolute and intelligent. Though handsome, his face was somewhat feline, stamped by the life he had been forced to lead. He was often likened during his lifetime to the tiger of his native hills, and the simile is an apt one. Like a tiger he was always surrounded by enemies, like a tiger he sprang upon them unawares, like a tiger he defended his lair with all the cunning and ferocity of his nature. As he told the Mughal Governor of Surat, "Your Emperor has forced me to keep an army

§ Quoted by Rawlinson: p. 98.

for the defence of my people and country. That army must be paid by his subjects."

And what of his achievements? His greatest was the creation of the Maratha nation out of the half savage hillmen of the Western Ghats and the Marathas of the plains, these last broken by three centuries of servitude. From such unpromising materials he created a fighting force which in his own day was capable of challenging the Mughal Empire and all its resources. The Emperor might sneer at Shivaji as the son of a petty *jagirdar*, but he was reduced to despair when it came to subduing him. Moreover this same army which he had organised was the one which eventually after his death "shattered the Mughal Empire, which spread terror from Ramesvaram to Attock, and which offered the only real opposition to the British in Northern India."

But Shivaji's greatness as a soldier must not be allowed to overshadow his fame as an administrator. For he thought out a system of government which is still in force

under the British Government in India. The districts were managed by village and district officers. Justice rested upon a simple system. Civil cases were decided by the local *panchayat*, criminal cases by the Sastras as interpreted by the *Nyayadhish* or Chief Justice. Both in the realm of civil government and in the army Shivaji took great care that *Prabhus*, Marathas and Brahmans should all have their fair share.

At the time of his death the Maratha kingdom extended roughly from the Tapti to the Gangavati River. This tract is described in contemporary documents as his 'own kingdom' or 'old dominion'. In addition he conquered the Western Karnatak shortly before his death. His Kingdom was divided into three provinces, each under a viceroy. Outside these settled portions there was a wide and fluctuating belt of land subject to his power but not owning his direct sovereignty, and to the south there was a wide tract of country extending to Vellore and Jinji that was held by

Maratha garrisons in the forts he had constructed or strengthened. The work of government was entrusted by him to paid agents only. He refused to make grants of land to his nobles or to allow hereditary offices to be created. Thus he guarded against the disruption of the Maratha state if the central authority grew weak. His officials held their posts at his pleasure and were dismissed if they proved incapable or insubordinate. It was they who collected the assessment due from the peasants and paid it into the royal treasury. Out of the Treasury into which, as has been noted by Khafi Khan, went all the spoils of war as well as the regular taxes. Shivaji paid his soldiers and officers regular salaries. He found himself obliged to double the office of Treasurer, so vast was the work he was expected to do, and he created two Ministers, to control the finances, the Pant Amatya or Finance Minister and the Pant Sachiv, who was a king of Accountant General.

In addition to the two Finance Ministers,

there were six others who carried out the work of administration under Shivaji's direct supervision. They were the Peshwa or Prime Minister, the Mantri or Chronicler, the Senapati or Commander-in-Chief, the Sumant or Foreign Minister, the Pandit Rao in charge of ecclesiastical affairs and the Nyayadhish or Chief Justice. None of these offices was hereditary, a prudent provision which his successors were not wise enough to maintain.

His financial arrangements were equally sound. Shivaji only claimed two-fifths of the gross yield from the peasants instead of the fifty per cent current in the neighbouring states. In return he took care that they were adequately protected by providing forts close enough together to keep marauding bands in check and to afford places of refuge for cultivators, cattle and gathered crops in the event of danger. The forts were under triple command, two Marathas and a Brahman, while the stores and provisions were in charge of a Kayastha officer, so that one caste was a check upon the

others. The garrisons were paid regular salaries and every tenth man was a *Naik* or Corporal and received slightly higher pay.

The cavalry unit in the army was a regiment 1250 strong under a *Hazari*. Each regiment was divided into ten *Jumalas* or squadrons of 125 troopers. Each *Jumala* was subdivided into five *Havalas* consisting of 25 *bargirs* or troopers. Each *Havala* had its own water carrier and farrier. Five *Hazaris* formed a cavalry brigade under a *Panch Hazari* and at the head was the *Sar-i-nanbat* of cavalry. In addition to the regular cavalry (*paga*) were the *silahdars* or troopers who supplied their own horses and arms. They were under the *Sar-i-nanbat*, but were organised differently from the *paga*. The infantry was divided into regiments of 1000 men each under a *Hazari*. Each regiment was again divided into ten companies or *Jumalas* each under a *jumaldar*, and each half company was divided into five bodies of ten sepoy of which the chief was the *naik*. Seven such battalions formed a brigade under a *Sarnobat*

or brigadier, and at the head was the *Sar-i-nanbat* of infantry.

Shivaji intended his armies to be practically self-supporting. His orders were as follows: "The troops were to get into cantonments in the home territory during the rainy season (June—September). Grain, fodder and medicines were kept in stock for the horses, and the huts of the troopers were kept thatched with grass. On the day of *Dashera* (early in October) the army should set out from the camp for the country selected by the Rajah. At the time of their departure a list was made of all the property that every man, high or low, of the army carried with himself. The troops were to subsist in foreign parts for eight months and also levy contributions. No woman, female slave or dancing-girl was to be allowed to accompany the army. A soldier keeping any of these was beheaded. No woman or child was to be taken captive, but only men. Cows were exempt from seizure, but bullocks might be taken for transport only. Brahmans were not to be

molested, nor taken as hostages for ransom. No soldier should misconduct himself.*

It would be a serious omission to close an account of Shivaji's life without a reference to its religious aspect. Trained from boyhood by his saintly and pious mother, Jija Bai, the great Maratha was brought up in an atmosphere of religious devotion. Later he came under the influence of two of the greatest saints of Maharashtra, his *guru* Ramdas Swami and the 'sweet singer, Tukaram. He tried to induce both these saints to live permanently with him, but they refused. Tukaram answered his invitation in a metrical letter which began, "Torches, umbrellas and horses, these are not among the things good for me. Why, O lord of Pandhari, dost thou seek to entangle me among such? Honour, ostentation and aping other men's ways, I court as the dung of swine. O God, says, Tuka, run to set me free from this!"‡ It

* Sarkar, pp. 377-8.

‡ Kincaid Parasnis, p. 187.

was the same with Ramdas, although he at last agreed to accept the fortress of Parli near the citadel of Satara where he lived intermittently and where Shivaji used to visit him.

There are many stories which show Shivaji's devotion to these two men. On one occasion he went to a *Kirtan* given by Tukaram at a time when he was at war with the Mughals. His enemies heard of it and a body of Afghans was sent to seize him in one of the Poona temples where the *Kirtan* was being held. The building was surrounded and a search was made for the prince among the audience. Tukaram took no notice and went on with his recitation, and Shivaji sat still listening to him. Then, so runs the popular belief, Krishna himself intervened to save the Maratha. A figure exactly like Shivaji rose, and, slipping through the guards, ran out of the door. The Afghans tried to catch him, but he ran with incredible swiftness towards Singbgarh. Even on horseback they could not come up with him. When he reached the jungle at

the foot of the fortress, he dived into a thicket and disappeared. Meanwhile Shivaji remained listening to Tukaram until the performance was at an end and then went home untouched.

Another story tells how Shivaji secured the milk of a tigress for Ramdas, when the saint was ill, and so cured him. Again, one day Shivaji met Ramdas as the latter was begging for alms near the Jaranda temple, a holy place east of Mahuli. When he met the saint, Shivaji dropped a piece of paper into his lap. Ramdas picked it up and found that it contained the grant of the whole kingdom. Ramdas pretended to accept the grant, and for the rest of the day Shivaji acted as his servant. At the close of the day the saint asked how he liked the change from kingship to service. Shivaji replied that he was quite happy, whatever his state, in the presence of his *guru*. Ramdas thereupon gave him back his kingdom with the words, "It is for kings to rule and for Brahmans to do worship."

From that day Shivaji was to rule his realm as a servant responsible for his acts to God, and it was after this incident that he took as his flag the ochre robe of a Hindu *sannyasi*, the *Bhagwe Jhenda*.

On another occasion Shivaji begged Ramdas to live with him so that he might serve the saint always as he had done for one day at Jaranda. Ramdas asked him instead to grant him three boons; first, that in the month of Shraavan he would do certain things in honour of Shiva; second, that in the same month he would distribute gifts of money to the Brahmans; and third, that he should honour the hero-god, Ramchandra, by ordering his subjects when they met to greet each other with the words, Ram Ram. Shivaji gladly granted the three boons, and Deccani Hindus still greet each other with the words, Ram Ram.

Shivaji showed great toleration in his religious policy. He respected the holy places of all creeds, and endowed Hindu temples and Moslem saints' tombs and mosques alike. He provided similarly for

the holy men of Islam as well as for Brahman scholars and saints. He even appealed to Aurangzeb for the religious toleration that had been a part of the great Emperor Akbar's policy. Above all these things, he practised and preached strict morality among his people so that, whereas the neighbouring states were a prey to vice and dissipation, his Marathas led strict and disciplined lives. .

Shivaji's kingdom was lost within eight years of his death, but he had succeeded in inspiring his people with new life. His most precious legacy, according to Jadunath Sarkar, was the spirit he breathed into the Maratha race and through them into Hinduism. Another of his recent biographers maintains that great organiser and military genius as he was, it is in far-seeing statesmanship that he stands supreme, and he sums up the great leader's life and work in the following words:

"In all history there is no such example of modesty in the face of continued success. The insolent, overweening vanity which has

proved the ruin of so many commanders, both in ancient and modern times, found no place in Shivaji's admirably balanced mind. He won victory after victory against Bijapur and the Mughals, yet his head was never turned. He realised always that he had yet to meet the full power of the Mughal empire. His one aim was to secure the freedom of his countrymen. That he might do so, he sought to win the friendship of Aurangzeb. When that proved impossible, he resolved to secure a place of shelter against the coming peril..... Four years after Shivaji's death, the emperor mobilised the whole military resources of northern India, and an army several hundred thousand strong, led by the Emperor in person, poured through the Vindhya passes to the conquest of the south.... Within five years all Maharashtra was overrun. Shambhuji had been taken and executed.... But the Maratha generals, headed by Rajaram, adhered to the strategy laid down by the great king. Falling behind the southern line of fortresses, built by Shivaji from Bednur to Tanjore,

they held the South against the might of all Hindustan. At length the great offensive weakened. The Maratha captains in their turn began to attack. Slowly but surely they drove the Delhi forces back across the frontier of the old imperial possessions. At last Aurangzeb, his treasury empty, his grand army destroyed, died a broken man in his camp at Ahmadnagar. Maharashtra was free. Southern India was safe. The single wisdom of the great king, dead twenty-seven years before, had supplied the place of two hundred battalions."§

§ Kincaid and Parasnis, p. 276.

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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