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SHIVAJI THE MARATHA

HIS LIFE AND TIMES

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शिवराजास आठवावे । जीवित् तृणासम मानावे ।
इहपरलोकीं तरावे । कीर्तिरूपे ॥
शिवराजाधिं आठवावे रूप । शिवराजाचा आठवावा साधेप ।
शिवराजाचा आठवावा प्रताप । भूमंडलीं ॥

*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.*

RAMDAS.

PREFACE

I HAVE to acknowledge my indebtedness to Rao Bahadur B. A. Gupte, Curator of the Victoria Memorial Exhibition, Calcutta, for permission to reproduce the picture of Shivaji, by Raja Ravi Varma, said to be copied from a contemporary Dutch print; to Mr. G. A. Kincaid, C.V.O., I.C.S., for permission to produce his spirited version of the Ballad of Sinhagad, and for kindly reading and correcting my proofs; to Mr. R. D. Ranade, M.A., for translating the selections from the old Maratha poets given in Appendix I I ; and to Mr. V. A. Smith and the officials of the Clarendon Press for valuable advice and assistance in many ways. The map is the work of Mr. R. K. Bhide of the Poona Agricultural College.

NOTE

THE, orthography of proper names is that adopted by the Government of India in the Imperial Gazetteer. The vowels have the following values: *-a*, as in woman; *a*, as in father; *i*, as in kin; *i*, as in intrigue; *o*, as in cold; *u*, as in bull; *u*, as in rule. (It should be remembered that the *a* sound in the English cat, &c, is *never* found in the Marathi dialect.)

INTRODUCTION

No life of Shivaji has up to the present appeared in English. Yet we can hardly exaggerate the importance, in the history of modern India, of the great chieftain who laid the foundations of the Maratha Empire. Fortunately, the materials for such a compilation are good and abundant. The great families of the Dekhan all have their *bakhars*, or family chronicles, which are replete with information. Of the Bhosle clan alone, to which Shivaji belonged, some sixteen such chronicles still exist, and many more must have perished. Of these, the Chitnis *bakhar*, and the *bakhar* known as Chitragupta's, conveniently edited with notes in Marathi by K. N. Sane, B.A., have been chiefly used in the compilation of the present monograph. Another interesting *bakhar*, which has also been consulted, is given in Forrest's *Selections from the Bombay State Papers* (Maratha Series, vol. i). This is a translation, made by 'E. Frissel, Poona, 1806', of a document, now lost, compiled by native clerks from records preserved in the Daftarkhana in Shivaji's capital at Raigad. It is therefore of unique importance. Some doubts, however, have been thrown on the accuracy of the translations. It is hardly possible, for instance, that a Maratha chronicler should describe Shivaji as sallying forth 'on a night darker than his

*own heart.*¹ Another translation of an old *bakhar*, said to be based on an even older one made for Shivaji's son Rajaram at Tanjur, was published by J. L. Manker, under the title of *The Life and Exploits of Shivaji*, Nirnaya Sagara Press, Bombay 1884. The original MS., which was found at Pachad, had apparently disappeared. A mass of documents relating to Shivaji, including letters to Aurangzeb, to his son, and to his brother, still exist in various parts of the Presidency of Bombay. Many of these await publication, though some have appeared in the *Itihasa Samgraha*, edited by Rao Bahadur Parasnis of Satara. It is imperative that all such documents should be published as soon as possible. Owing to official neglect, a vast mass of information which was extant in the time of Grant Duff has now completely disappeared. Among local sources of information, mention should perhaps be made of the picturesque ballads or *pavadas*, of the exploits of Shivaji, still sung by the Gondhalis, or wandering minstrels, at fairs and festivals all over the Dekhan. Some of these have been collected by Acworth and Shaligram (London 1891), and a specimen is included in the appendix to this volume. Of Mahommedan histories of the Dekhan, Briggs's translation of Ferishta's *History of the Deccan* (Reprint, Cambray, Calcutta 1908), and the famous *Munta-khabu-l Lulab*, of Muhammad Hashim, commonly called Khafi Khan, translated by Elliot and Dowson

¹ Telang in ftanade's *Rise of the Maratha Power*, ch. xiii. See the full discussion of other original documents there given.

in their *History of India as told by its own Historians* (London 1877), vol. vii, are the most important.

Of English works on Maratha history, the earliest which concerns us is the entertaining *New Account of East India and Persia* by Dr. Fryer (London 1698).¹ Fryer was in Bombay when Shivaji was crowned at Raigad, and so what he has to tell us is of peculiar interest. Other early works are Orme's *Historical Fragments of the Moghal Empire* (London 1805), Scott Waring's *Marathas* (London 1810), and Briggs's *History of the Mahomedan Power* (1832). Most important, however, by far, is Grant Duff's masterly *History of the Mahrattas* (London 1826, Bombay 1863, 1873, 1878, and Calcutta 1912), which is now invaluable, as the author had access to a vast mass of documents now, alas, lost. They were deposited by the author with the Bombay Literary Society, and when that society became extinct they also disappeared. The late Justice Ranade's brilliant little essay on *The Rise of the Maratha Power* (Bombay 1912) is spoilt by the author's exaggerated views on his hero's merits and achievements. One of the most valuable books to the student of Maratha history is that extraordinary monument of scholarly research and diligence, *The Gazetteer of the Bombay Presidency* (Bombay 1896). Volume I contains the important essays of Sir R. G. Bhandarkar on the 'Early History of the Deccan', and of Sir J. F. Fleet on the 'Dynasties of the Kanarese

¹ Reprint, Hakluyt Society. Ed. Croke, 1909.

Districts'. The other volumes are replete with local information.

English writers on Indian History generally speak of Shivaji as an assassin and freebooter; Indian authors run to the opposite extreme in palliating his faults and magnifying his achievements. The object of the historian is, I conceive, to

' Nothing extenuate
Nor aught set down in malice.'

This I have endeavoured to do. With what degree of success, I leave my readers to judge.

H. G. RAWLINSON.

TOONA, 1914.

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CHAPTER T

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE DEKHAN

ALMOST across the centre of the Indian peninsula stretches the great natural barrier of the Vindhya mountains. Southward of this lies the Dekhan, the Sanskrit *Dakshinapatha* or South Country, a vast rocky plateau, its slopes covered with dense forests and intersected by precipitous gorges, which formerly rendered it almost inaccessible to the invader. An Alexandrian merchant, who visited Broach in the first century A.C., says that the Dekhan in his day * consisted of desert regions and vast mountains, swarming with wild beasts of every description—leopards, tigers, elephants, huge snakes, hyenas, and monkeys of various kinds'.¹ The Chinese pilgrim Fa Hian, three hundred years later, speaks of the Dekhan as precipitous and dangerous. It was, he found, impossible to penetrate its fastnesses without guides, who passed the traveller on from one to another. Along the western side, the land slopes away abruptly to the sea, the Sayhadri, or Western Ghats, forming a kind of fringe or barrier, between which and the ocean lies a narrow strip of alluvial country called the Konkan. The climate of the Konkan is moist and humid, and the soil is rich and fertile ; but the great

¹ *Periplus Maris Erylhræi*, § 50 (ed. Muller).

inland plateau of the Dekhan is hot and dry, and the ground is barren and stony. The rain-clouds, which from June to September sweep inland from the Arabian Sea, beat vainly against the rocky wall of the Sayhadris, where their moisture is precipitated in furious storms, resulting in a rainfall often of two or three hundred inches in three or four months. Inland they penetrate but feebly, often indeed not at all. Parts of the Dekhan are almost periodically famine-stricken. In the terrible *Durgd Devi* famine of 1396-1408, no rain at all fell for twelve whole years, and for two decades the land was a desert, inhabited only by wild beasts and robbers. One feature of the country must be particularly noted. The action of sun and rain has carved out a number of abrupt, flat-topped peaks all over the land, easily convertible, by means of a few curtains and bastions at the least inaccessible points, into almost impregnable forts. These natural strongholds have, from time immemorial, played a decisive part in the country's history. The Marathd hillmen, issuing from them in sudden sallies, would seek their shelter when seriously assailed, only to creep out again when the baffled foe retired, and hang on his flanks like a pack of wolves, cutting off stragglers and intercepting supplies. **Τρηχεῖ', ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος,** said Ulysses of Ithaca.¹ The inhabitants of these wild and sun-swept tracts were equally frugal and hardy. Mounted on their tiny ponies, the Maratha horsemen could thrive where any

¹ 'Rough and stony, but a good nursings-mother.' *Od.* ix. 27,

other army must have starved. They often lived for days together, we are informed by perfectly reliable authorities, on ears of corn plucked and rubbed between the hands.¹

Beyond the Vindhya, Aryan civilization penetrated slowly. In the *Ramayana*, Rama speaks of the country round the Godaveri as the 'forest of Dandaka', and it is inhabited by 'demons', Rakshasas and Dasyus,—probably the wild aboriginal hillmen,—who plagued Aryan settlers who ventured within its borders. It was probably not before the seventh century B.C. that the Dekhan became Hindu in language and customs. Even then, its inhabitants retained a great many of their distinctive racial peculiarities. The leaven of Aryan blood was by no means as strongly felt as in the Panjab or the Ganges valley. On the other hand, the Dekhan highlands were far more affected than the purely Dravidian kingdoms south of the Krishna, which remained, in blood and language, very little influenced by their contact with the Aryans, though they adopted their social and religious system. The inhabitants of the Dekhan appear to belong mainly to a Scytho-Dravidian stock, with a considerable Aryan element in the higher castes. They speak a dialect which is Aryan by descent, with an intermixture of a few aboriginal roots and forms.

The origin of the word *Maratha* is involved in some obscurity. In the inscriptions of Asoka² (272 B.C.),

¹ Grant Duff, i. 571, note (*sub fin.*).

² Rock-edict V, trans. V. A. Smith, Oxford, 1904.

we find mention made of the 'Rastikas and Pitenikas', among the nations on his borders to whom the Emperor sent his Buddhist missionaries. The Pitenikas are, no doubt, the people of Paithan, and the Rastikas the Marathas. These Rastikas or Rathas came to call themselves Maha-Rathas, just as the Bhojas of Berar styled themselves Maha-bhojas. Hence arose the term Maha-rathi, which (with the feminine Maharathini) is common in cave inscriptions in the Dekhan as early as the second century A.D. The country in which the Maharathis lived was called Maharatha, more familiar to us in its Sanskrit form Maharashtra. •Whence the Marathas originally came is by no means clear. Local legends connect them with the Rajput clan of the Rahtors, with whom the ancient family of the Rashtrakutas, apparently on good grounds, claims kinship. Later clans, such as the Bhosles, to which Shivaji belonged, also trace their origin to a Rajput ancestor. If this is true, the trace of Rajput blood in the veins of the Maratha fighting classes may partly account for their valour and love of warfare.¹

The creed of Gautama, preached in the Dekhan by Asoka's missionaries, appears to have become extremely popular there. Innumerable Buddhist caves are to be

¹ On this subject, see the learned remarks of Sir R. D. Bhandarkar, 'Early History of the Dekhan' (*Bombay Gazetteer*, I. i. 143), and of Sir J. R. Fleet, C.I.E., 'History of the Kanarese Districts,' *ibid.* 384. Fleet would connect the Rathas with the Reddis, but these speak Kanarese, not Marathi. An old derivation of Maharashtra, as 'Country of the Mhars', gave great local offence!

found all over the country. Of these, the magnificent *Ghaitya* hall at Karli, with its cathedral-like aisles, and its semi-Persian pillars, and the Ajanta caves, with their exquisite frescoes, are perhaps the most conspicuous examples. Buddhism died out by degrees in the Dekhan in the fifth and sixth centuries A. D., but some remains of Buddhist influence may probably be still traced in the popular religion of the country. The god Yitthala or Vithoba of Pandharpur is, among the lower orders, perhaps the favourite local deity to-day. In his temple distinctions of caste cease to exist; his festivals coincide with the Buddhist Lent; and his shrine is called by the Buddhist name *vihara*.¹

The earliest rulers of the Dekhan of whom we hear are the Andhras or Satavahanas, a dynasty which ruled from very early times to the middle of the third century A. D. Their fame still lingers in the mind of the unlettered peasant in the legends of the greatness of the mythical Shalivahana. There is little doubt that the Dekhan under the Andhras was a nourishing and prosperous kingdom. Greek traders plied up and down her coasts from Broach to Goa, bringing wine and glass and specie, and beautiful girls for the royal harem,² and taking in exchange onyx stones, fine muslins, and costus, lycium, and other spices and unguents beloved of the Roman ladies. Powerful mercantile guilds, like the weavers,

¹ Vitthala, Vithu, is of course a dialectic corruption of Vishnu. But Buddha is, according to Hindu mythology, an *avqtar* of Vishnu.

² *Periplua*, § 49.

druggists, and corn-merchants, devoted themselves to religious works, such as the cave-temple of Karli and the Amravati *stupa*. Ports like Broach, and inland cities like Suppara, Paithan, Nasik, Kalyan, Tagara, and many others, flourished exceedingly, and good roads connected them with the sea. Paithan especially was * the jewel and glory of Maharashtra, with rich palaces and cool temples', with wide roads, strong walls and moats, and white market-places.¹ The Andhras were patrons of literature. The Maharashtra is classed by grammarians among the five great Prakrit dialects of mediaeval India. The *Brihat Katka*, from which Somadeva largely drew his immortal 'Ocean of Stories,' and the *Saptashati*, an anthology of love-lyrics praised for their elegance by the great Bana, are traditionally connected with the name of Shalivahana.

Of the later history of the Dekhan there is, alas, little known.² In the third century A.D., the Andhra dynasty, after a long and glorious career, became extinct. About two centuries afterwards, we find their place taken by the Chalukyas, a dynasty said to be of Rajput origin, who revived the glories of their predecessors. The raja Pulikesi extended the kingdom of the Dekhan to the eastern seas. He beat back the great Hala, whose power extended from end to end of Northern India, and his fame brought him

¹ *J. B. B. R. A. S.*, x. 134. The quotation is from a Jain work.

² As we have seen, Fa Hian (A. D. 400) could not enter or get any information.

ambassadors from the Sassanian court. This event is immortalized in the frescoes of Ajanta, themselves not the least glorious of the achievements of this monarch. We are fortunate in having a graphic pen-picture of the Dekhan under Pulikesi, from that most entertaining of writers, the Chinese pilgrim Hiuen Tsiang.

Hiuen Tsiang evidently formed a high opinion of the bravery, chivalry, and honesty of the Marathas. 'Their manners', he tells us, '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.'

In many of the characteristics thus noted by the Chinese scholar, we may detect, in the remote ancestry of Shivaji, the qualities which distinguished the career of that great prince, and which enabled the Marathas to withstand the forces of the great Moghal himself.

From the death of Pulikesi to the end of the tenth century, the Rastrakutas, an ancient Maratha family, as their name implies, temporarily superseded the Chalukyas, and during this period orthodox Hinduism finally ousted Buddhism from the Dekhan. The Jains, however, remained a powerful sect. The most typical work of art of this period is the great Kailasa temple at Elura, hewn from the living rock. After a long period of confused wars against their southern neighbours, the Chalukya kings finally came to an end at the close of the twelfth century. After the Chalukyas came the Hoysalas, and after the Hoysalas the Yadavs of Devgiri or Daulatabad. Of the latter race the last and greatest was Ramchandra or Ramadeva. He, like many of his predecessors, was a patron of literature, and at his court lived many famous scholars, of whom the chief was the great HemaYlpant, and his pupil Bopadeva. More important, perhaps, was the famous translation of the *Gita* into Marathi by Dnyandeva¹ in A.D. 1290, for this is the first considerable poem in the vernacular Marathi as contrasted with the Maharashtra Prakrit. But a new factor had now been introduced into Indian politics. In 1294 Ala-ud-din, the Mahommedan Sultan of Delhi, swept across the Narmada, and the last Hindu monarchy of the Dekhan before the accession of Shivaji was blotted out after a brief but fruitless struggle (A.D. 1313).

¹ Many people hold this to be the first poem in Marathi. This is wrong. Mukundraj wrote several poems in the reign of Bhillama, just a century earlier. Even in his poems the language is by no means in its infancy.

It would be a thankless task to unravel in detail the tangled skein of the history of the Mahomedan rulers of the Dekhan for the next two centuries. It is a story mainly of blood and treachery and confused fighting. The Dekhan, however, in spite of the triumphant march of Malik Kafur from the gates of Delhi to Adam's Bridge, was never subdued like the country north of the Vindhya. The Emperors of Delhi were kept too busy by fresh invading hordes from across the Hindu Kush to spare many troops for distant enterprises. That cruel and capricious monarch, Muhammad Tughlak, who founded Daulatabad on the site of the ancient Devgiri by making the wretched inhabitants of Delhi leave their city and walk there, a distance of over 800 miles, raided the country several times to replenish his exhausted treasury ; but his unbearable brutalities brought their own reward. A rebellion, one of many, broke out among his officers, who fled to Daulatabad, and being joined by many of the local Hindu nobles, they managed to resist an attack led by the Emperor himself. Muhammad Tughlak was soon recalled by a disturbance in the north, and the rebels, choosing as their leader a certain Zafar Khan, set him up as king of the Dekhan. So started the first independent Mahomedan principality of Southern India. It received the name of the Bahamani dynasty from the fact that its founder, like many another adventurer who carved out thrones and empires for himself in the East in those troubled times, had started life as a slave, his master being a Brahman of

Delhi. The Bahmini dynasty, which lasted from 1357 to 1526, enjoyed comparative immunity from interference on the part of the Emperors of Delhi, for various reasons. Chief among these is the fact that Delhi was for most of the time plunged in an orgy of blood. In 1398 Timur and his Moghals swept down upon the doomed city, massacring till the streets were rendered impassable by heaps of corpses; and neither the Sayyids nor the Lodis exercised much authority beyond the walls of their capital. It was not till the Moghals, under the gay and gallant Babar, once more established a settled kingdom on the site of so much sorrow and rapine, in 1530, that interference in the internal affairs of the south became possible.

Meanwhile, affairs were shaping themselves in the Dekhan. On the banks of the Tungabhadra sprang up the great city of Vijayanagar. Besides this, the Bahmini kingdom gradually fell apart, and five independent states grew up out of its fragments, of which two are especially important for our purpose. These are the state of Bijapur in the south, under the Adil Shahs, founded in 1489 by a son of Amurath II of Turkey, who had reached India after a series of romantic and almost incredible adventures; and the state of Ahmadnagar, founded at the same time by one Malik Ahmad, a minister descended from a Brahmin prisoner.¹ An ominous event was the appearance, in 1498, of Vasco de Gama off the coast of Calicut, and in

¹ The kingdom of Golconda, governed by the Kutab Shahs, plays a certain part in the later life of Shivaji; but of the small kingdoms of Bidar and Berar we hear nothing.

1510 Albuquerque founded the city of Goa on an island captured from the forces of Bijapur.

Such, then, was the condition of the Dekhan at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was practically divided between the principalities of Bijapur and Ahmadnagar. Bijapur, strengthened by its crushing victory over Vijayana-gar in 1565, was the more powerful and compact of the two kingdoms: Ahmadnagar, rent by factions, invited Moghal interference, as by this time the Moghal Empire had been established on a firm basis by the master-hand of the great Akbar. Akbar, however, was content with the conquest of Khandesh, and the fortunes of Ahmadnagar were temporarily revived by the prudent counsels of Malik Ambar. Under this regime the Marathas, though they can hardly be said to have been well governed, were not particularly discontented or unhappy. Of national feeling, until Shivaji galvanized it into life, there was little or none. There was little persecution upon the part of the Mahommedans, and, on the whole, Hindu and Mahommedan agreed amicably. The Mahommedan courts afforded plenty of scope for adventurers of any caste or creed, and in them many an astute Brahman rose to wealth and fame. Of central government there was practically none. The Mahommedans, a mere handful, kept mostly to their capitals. The districts were let out in *jaghir*, or fief, to the great Maratha nobles, who in return were bound to supply a standing force of cavalrymen for their overlord. Of these Maratha families, the Mores, the

Nimbhalkars of Phaltan, the Ghorpades, and the Daphles, were in the service of Bijapur; the J6davs and the Bhosles in the service of Ahmadnagar. These chiefs, however, were generally ready to sell their swords for a price, and as their bodies of horse usually turned the scale in a campaign, they enjoyed considerable respect and independence. The minor hill-forts were garrisoned by these Maraiha feudatories; only a few important ones were held by the Mahommedans under a Killedar or Governor, and as these posts were desolate, isolated, and often ill-found, they were usually not very formidable. The Mahommedans made the fatal mistake of failing to realize that the hill-forts and not the walled towns, were the key of the Dekhan. The ordinary population, regulated by its caste distinctions, dwelt, we may believe, at peace in its villages, recking as little as it does now who governed it, provided that it was free from inordinate extortion on the part of its tax-gatherers, unharassed by marauding troopers, and not more hardly pressed than usual by failing monsoons and famines. Justice was administered by the *Panchayat*, or jury of *five*, of the village elders, according to immemorial unwritten custom. Order was maintained by the village officers, the *Patil* and the *Kulkarni*. Probably the system of tax-farming, which, in spite of supervision by Mahommedan officials, must have led to a great deal of oppression and injustice, was the only real grievance. As we shall see later, it was the first object of Shivaji's reforms.

CHAPTER II

THE BOYHOOD OF SHIVAJI, 1627-1646

As we have already observed, Maratha families liked to trace their descent to a Rajput ancestor. The family of Bhosle was not above this weakness. They claimed that the founder of their house, a certain Bhosavant Bhosle, was a descendant of nothing less than the princely house of Chitor, whose ancestors, in the troubled times of Ala-ud-din, had migrated to the Dekhan. Bhosavant Bhosle, however, was merely a *'patil*, or village officer, of the district of Singanapur when we first hear of him, and the story of his princely origin can hardly be regarded seriously. From him sprang a certain Babaji, whose two sons, Maloji and Vithoji, (the elder was born in the year A.D. 1550), entered the service of the powerful nobleman, Lukaji Jadavrao of Sinkhed, who claimed descent from the famous mediaeval rajas, the Jadavs of Devgiri. Lukaji was a feudatory in the service of the Nizam Shahi government of Ahmadnagar, for which he maintained a force of 10,000 horse, and Maloji appears to have obtained a subordinate post in his service. Maloji was an able, ambitious man, and attracted the notice of his overlord, who admitted both himself and his little son Shahji to terms of considerable familiarity among his household. He finally had the audacity to demand

the hand of his patron's daughter in marriage to his son, a request which was peremptorily refused. The refusal came not so much from Lakhaji himself as from his wife, who, like all women, was bent upon making as noble a match for her daughter as possible, and scorned the idea of an alliance with an insignificant underling. A story is repeated in the annals of the Bhosle family of how, one day, the two children were playing together in the court-yard of Lakhaji's palace. It was the fifth day of *Holi* in the year 1599, and Shahji was a child of five years old. A great number of Lakhaji's dependants were present, and that noble, catching Shahji and his little daughter, seated them on his knee, remarking in a jesting tone, * Well, my girl, will you have this boy for your husband?' To the surprise of all, Maloji jumped up, and claimed that Lakhaji had consented to the betrothal of the two, and, in spite of protests, insisted upon the ratification of his claim. However this may be, Maloji, incensed at the rejection of his repeated proffers, left the service of Lakhaji in high dudgeon, and retired to his native village. Here he was not heard of for some time, till finally he reappeared as a man of considerable wealth. A great hoard of gold, buried beneath an ant-hill, had been revealed to him, it is said by no less a person than the goddess Bhavani¹ herself. The practice of hoarding treasure in this way has always been popular

¹ Bhavani, or Ambabai as she is familiarly called, is a local form of Durga, the consort of Shiva in her terrible aspect. Her great shrine in the Dekhan is at Tuljapur. She was the *Kula Derata*, or family goddess, of the Bhosle clan.

among Hindus, and the story may contain an element of truth. Or Maloji and his brother may have enriched themselves by a little private freebooting,—no difficult thing for a couple of determined soldiers, in those troubled days, with a troop of horse at their backs. At any rate, about 1603 Maloji reappears. He spent much of his money in pious works,—repairing temples, building tanks, and feeding Brahmans,—and more in equipping a considerable regiment of cavalry.

He now presented himself once more at the court of Lakhaji. With his wealth, his well-found troopers, and the popularity acquired by his pious acts, Maloji was no longer the despised dependant of five years before. His brother-in-law, the powerful Naik Nimbalkar of Phaltan, interceded on his behalf, and Maloji is even paid to have laid his case, in a none too deferential manner, before the Nizam Shah himself. The fortunes of Ahmadnagar were waning, and Maloji's wealth and forces were not to be despised in the desperate struggle against the ever advancing power of the Moghals. Accordingly, in April 1604, the wedding of Shahji and Jijabai was celebrated with great pomp, Maloji was raised to the rank of commander of 5,000 horse, and presented with *the jaghirs*¹ of Poona and Supe, and the forts of Chakan and Sivaneri.

Maloji died in 1619, and his son Shahji lived very much the life of his father. At first he returned to the service of Ahmadnagar, and took a leading part in the confused and wearying story of intrigue, treachery,

¹ Estates.

and bloodshed, which marked the closing years of that state. After changing sides more than once, and even trying a little king-making on his own, he was compelled to abandon Ahmadnagar to its fate, and in 1637 it was taken by the Emperor Shah Jahan. Shahji had by this time entered the service of Bijapur, and when Shah Jahan made peace with the latter kingdom, it was stipulated that this turbulent leader should be given up to the Moghals. This, however, was easier said than done. Shahji, not without the connivence of Bijapur, promptly fled with his followers to the Dekhan hills, where he played hide-and-seeek with the unfortunate general sent to arrest him. Finally Shah Jahdn, anxious to wind up affairs in the Dekhan, granted him a free pardon on condition that he returned to the service of Bijapur. The latter state had profited greatly by the late war. The Moghals allowed it to claim many of the forts of the central Dekhan, contenting themselves with Ahmadnagar and the territories in its immediate vicinity.

Shivajf had been born in May 1627. His birth-place was the fort of Sivaneri. Here his mother had been left by Shahji, who, at that time, had just escaped from Daulatabad, which was being invested by the Moghal forces. The first ten years of the young Maratha's life were troubled enough. Jijabai was too proud to return to her father's roof: the Mahommedans were harassing the countryside, and her husband was a fugitive. She fled from fort to fort, in daily fear of arrest. Once she was actually seized by a Moghal

force, but was rescued by the Marathaas. When the amnesty of 1637 was proclaimed, Shahji was temporarily reunited to his family, who joined him at Bijapur. Shivaji, now a growing lad of ten, was three years at the court of the Adil Shahs, and the experience was of the greatest use to him, for it gave him a thorough insight into the strength and weakness of that great but degenerate capital. Shivaji is described as being singularly shrewd and intelligent for his years, and addicted to asking questions about affairs of state. One trait of his character was even then prominent. He showed open contempt and hatred for Mahommedans and their religion. Stories are related of how he became involved in more than one dispute over that perennial source of friction between Mahommedan and Hindu, the practice of cow-killing, attacking the butchers in the streets and liberating their victims. Nor would he, when taken to court, perform the usual profound obeisance required by Mussalman etiquette, but contented himself with an informal *salaam*. It was only Shahji's position as a trusted servant of the Adil Shah dynasty, and his popularity with the Bijapur nobility, which saved the lad from condign punishment. In this, we may be sure, Shivaji was instigated by his mother. A proud, determined woman, she never forgot that in her veins ran the blood of those who, before the coming of the *Yavana*,¹ had been the rulers of the land, and she

¹ 'Barbarian.'¹ Used originally of the *Ionians* or Greeks who invaded N.W. India in the days of Alexander and after, but

bore her husband no goodwill for consenting to tight in their employ. It is related that she refused to allow Shivaji to be married at Bijapur, 'lest the Mahommedans might defile the ceremony by their presence.' It was now time for Shahji to proceed once more upon his campaigns in the Karnatak, and as it was obviously unpalatable to both Shivaji and Jijabai to remain at the court of the hated Mussalman, they were sent back to *Shahji's jachir* in the Dekhan. This was the turning-point of Shivaji's life. He was brought up by his mother and by Dadaji Kondev, a loyal servant to whom Shahji had entrusted the education of his son and the management of his estates. The family settled at the city of Poona, an ancient centre of Brahman learning, and so the lad was surrounded by an atmosphere of rigid and uncompromising orthodoxv. intense love for his country and his religion,—which showed itself especially in his devotion for Amba Bhavani, the family goddess,—was the natural result. There seems to be little doubt that Shivaji grew up with a genuine sense of a mission,— that his career was inspired by a real desire to free his country from what he considered to be a foreign tyranny, and not by a mere love of plunder. Here, too, he learned to love the legendary myths and epics of Hinduism. He would sit for long nights by the fireside or under the moonlight, listening to the recitations of *kathas* and *puranas*, the tales of

later applied as a term of hatred and contempt to all Westerners, especially Mahommedans. Cf. *Roumi*.

Raina and Sita, and the adventures of the Pandavs, or the ballads of the *gondhalis*. One of the most picturesque stories of his career relates how, at the risk of his life, he once stole through the Mussalman lines, into the heart of his enemy's camp at Poona, to listen to a *khtha*.

To the mountain-valleys of the Poona district the name of Maval is generally applied. (The Mavlis, or hillmen, who cultivate these, valleys, are an uncouth, backward, and stupid race, (Up to the time of Shivaji they had been generally neglected and despised. The young Maratha, however, discovered that beneath an unprepossessing appearance many sterling qualities were concealed. Hardy, brave, and intensely faithful, the Mavlis soon came to regard their young master with passionate admiration. They had profited greatly by the wise and equitable administration of Dadaji, and the winning manner of Shivaji captivated them entirely. They took him with them on their hunting expeditions; they taught him to ride and shoot; they made him an expert in the use of the sword. Above all, by wandering in their company, Shivaji learnt to know every inch of the Dekhan hills, and to find his way through the tangled maze of jungle and ravine and precipice which leads from the Ghats to the Konkan. Three friends he particularly made, Esaji Kanka, Baji Phasalkar, and Tanaji Malusre, and to them he confided his ambitions. For Shivaji's mind had not been idle. In the Poona *jaghir* were four natural strongholds, giving their possessors

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a hold over the surrounding country. These were Kondana (afterwards the famous Sinhagad), overlooking Poona; Torna, built on the summit of a bold and precipitous hill some twenty miles distant; and the forts of Chakan and Purandhar. As Shivaji had observed, they were carelessly guarded. Their walls were in bad repair; the garrisons were weakened by the withdrawal of the best troops for the war in the Karnatak, and by the fevers which hindered them almost uninhabitable during the rains. Muhammad Adil Shah thought little of the Dekhan, which was scarcely worth holding, and his ambitions were directed towards the richer and more profitable conquests in the south. Indolent and artistic, he preferred building palaces and mausoleums to ruling efficiently; and as Shivaji's experience of court-life had shown him, much could be achieved by means of judicious presents to the high officials. Nothing could be easier, it appeared to him, than to seize the forts, and, supported by the Mavlis, to defy the Mahomedans to touch him. With this purpose in their minds, Shivaji and his lieutenants collected a consiowahln army of followers and began to lay their plans

CHAPTER III

FROM THE FALL OF TORNA TO THE RELEASE OF SHAHJI

1646-1653

SHIVAJI struck his first blow in 1646. He persuaded, or bribed, the governor of the fort of Torna to throw open the gates of his stronghold, which he occupied with his Mavlis, and at once set to work to repair its defences. Khafi Khan furnishes us with an admirable account of his sudden rise to power. ' Shivaji became the manager of these two *purganas* (Poona and Supe) on the part of his father, and looked carefully after them. He was distinguished in his tribe for courage and intelligence; and for craft and trickery he was reckoned a sharp son of the devil, the father of fraud. In that country, where all the hills rise to the sky and the iunges are full of trees and bushes, he had an inaccessible abode. Like the *zamindars* of the country, he set about erecting castles on the hills and mud forts, which in the Hinduwi dialect of the Dakhin are called *garhi*.

'Adil Khan of Bijapur was attacked by sickness, under which he suffered for a long time, and great confusion arose in his territory. At this time Mulla Ahmad went with his followers to wait on the Emperor Shah Jahan, and Shivaji, seeing his country without a ruler, boldly and wickedly stepped in and

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seized it, with the possessions of other *jaghiradars*. This was the beginning of that system of violence which he and his descendants have spread over the rest of the Konkan and all the territory of the Dakhin. Before the *jaghiradars* in those troublous times could appeal to Bijapur, he had sent in his own account of the matter, with presents and offerings, charging *the jaghirdars or proprietors* with some offence which he felt called upon to punish, and offering to pay some advanced amount for the lands on their being attached to his *own jaghir*, or to pay their revenues direct to the governments. He communicated these matters to the officials at Bijapur, who in those disturbed times took little heed of what any one did. The country of the Dakhin was never free from commotions and outbreaks, and so the officials, the *rayats*, and the soldiery, under the influence of surrounding circumstances, were greedy, stupid, and frivolous; thus they applied the axe to their feet with their own hands, and threw their wealth and property to the winds. The greed of the officials increased, especially in those days when the authority of the rulers was interrupted) or their attention diverted. In accordance with the wishes of this disturber, the reins of authority over that country fell into his hands, and he at length became the most notorious of all the rebels. (He assembled a large force of Maratha robbers and plunderers and set about reducing fortresses.' ¹

While engaged in the repair of the walls of Torna,

¹ Khafi Khan, *apud* Elliot and Dowson, vii. 256-7.

Shivaji discovered a large treasure-trove. It was popularly supposed, as in the case of his grandfather, that it was revealed to him by the goddess Bhavani herself. With the money thus obtained, he set to work to build another stronghold on the neighbouring peak of Rajgad, three miles from Torna. This bold action aroused even the languid authorities at Bijapur, who wrote to Shahji, ordering him to check his son's encroachments. Shahji thereupon sent orders to Dadaji Kondev, to keep a tighter hold on Shivaji. But the old minister, sick and on the point of death, had now little influence on his young ward. He expostulated, as in duty bound, but in his heart of hearts he secretly admired his exploits. Just before his death, which occurred in the following year, he is said to have actually blessed Shivaji's undertaking, and to have exhorted him to strike a blow for his country's freedom, and for 'the temples, the Brahmins, and the sacred kine'. Thereupon Shivaji wrote to his father, announcing that he would now take over the Poona estate as his own. He won over the fortress of Sinhagad by bribery. Piirandhar he surprised by a trick. His only rival, Baji Mohite, whose sister Shahji had taken as his second wife, he captured and packed off ignominiously to the Karnatak. Thus, by the end of 1647, he was undisputed master of the Poona district, 'watching and crouching,' as Grant Duff picturesquely observes, 'like the wily tiger of his own mountain-valleys, until he has stolen into a situation from which he could at once spring on his prey.'

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Shivaji did not, however, remain long contented with these acquisitions. He began to cast covetous eyes on the Konkan, the fertile low country) lying between the Ghats and the sea. This rich land, with its seaports, its rice-fields, and green pastures, offered far more inviting prospects of plunder and wealth than the barren, rocky, rainless Dekhan hills. (The northern Konkan, the present collectorates of Thana, Kolaba, and Ratnagiri, was under the control of a Mahomedan governor named Mulana Ahmad, whose head-quarters was the most important town of Kalyan, at the head of the Bombay creek, a prosperous port, and the chief point of departure for the numerous 'pilgrim-ships plying between Western India and Mecca. The first blow struck by Shivaji 'against the Mahomedans was directed against Mulana Ahmad. Spies announced to the MaratM leader that a load of treasure, probably revenue, was about to be sent from Kalyan to Bijapur and that it would travel by the great highway from the Konkan to the Dekhan, up the Par Pass, halting at the town of Wai, which was the seat of a Mahomedan governor, or *mokiMiddr*, who controlled the important strongholds of Pandavgad, Kamalgad, and other neighbouring forts. Shivaji, however managed to ambuscade the convoy as it climbed the hills, and captured the treasure, with a loss on his own side of about ten killed and twenty-five wounded, and on that of the enemy of twenty-five killed and some fifty or sixty prisoners. This was the first blood spilt, Shivaji's other captures

having been effected by bribery, compact, or surprise. He liberally rewarded those who had shown gallantry in the face of the enemy, and made ample provision for the families of those who had fallen. This generosity, and the complete success of their enterprise, greatly elated the Mavlis, who saw that the dreaded Mahommedans were, after all, not so formidable. Soon after this, one of Shivaji's officers, Abaji Sondev, attacked Kalyan itself, captured the governor and his family, and took the town. This was a magnificent exploit, and marks the beginning of Shivaji's career as the champion of Hinduism in the Dekhan. Shivaji behaved like the gallant soldier he was to his captives. Abaji sent to him the daughter-in-law of Mulana Ahmad, a young woman of striking grace and beauty. The great Maratha, on seeing her, merely remarked with a laugh that had his mother been half so beautiful, he himself might have been a little less ugly, and dispatched her, with every sign of respect, to her relations. This chivalrous attitude towards women (who, according to the ethics of the day, were the property of their captor immensely increased Shivaji's prestige. Mulana Ahmad was also allowed to go free. The capture of Kalyan was the signal for a general uprising. The people were tired of Mahommedan misgovernment, and Shivaji prudently established Dadaji's wise revenue-system in each of his fresh acquisitions. Fort after fort opened its gates, and the Konkan, as far as the borders of Savant Wadi, was soon in the hands of

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the Marathas. Other strongholds, which refused to surrender, were surprised by a simple stratagem) In the Ghats, the heavy monsoon rains render it necessary, towards the end of the hot weather, to protect all buildings with a heavy coating of thatch, known locally by the name of *shekdr* or *chappar*, and late in May long lines of hillmen, bearing on their heads bundles of grass and other thatching material, might be seen slowly ascending the steep paths leading to the fortress-gates. Among these Shivaji more than once intermingled bodies of Mavlis, their weapons concealed in their bundles. By this means they passed the sentries unobserved and gained admission. It was about this time that Shivaji acquired from a Hindu in the Konkan his famous Bhavani sword. He is said to have paid the sum of three hundred *hons*¹ for it. This historic weapon seldom left his side afterwards, and it is said that he regularly worshipped it at the time of the great festival of *Dasara*, when all Hindus do reverence to the implements of their trade. After his death it passed into the hands of the Rajas of Satara, and it is still in the possession of their descendants, who pay it divine honours. It is a fine Genoese blade, of exquisite temper. The hill of Raigad, Shivaji's future capital, was probably first occupied at this time.

The gauntlet was now cast down with a vengeance.

¹ The *hon*, or *pagoda*, was worth 3½ rupees. The genuineness of the Bhavani sword at Satara is doubted. Another blade, now in the South Kensington Museum, is also pointed out as the authentic weapon.

Muldna Ahmad, disgraced for ever, appeared in tears at the Bijapur *darbar*, clamouring for revenge. Kalyan was lost, and the revenues of the Konkan were almost entirely cut off. (But still the Bijapur *DarbdrS* hesitated. They apparently suspected Shivaji's rising to be instigated by Shahji. A despotic government seldom trusts its most successful officers, and Shahji's extraordinary success in the Karnatak was by no means popular with them. It (was thought that he had incited Shivajf' to rebel in order to divert attention from himself, while he tried to set up an independent monarchy in the south. Shahji in vain pointed out that it was useless for him to remonstrate with his son, who had long ago passed out of his hands. The Bijapur authorities, afraid to act openly, bribed a Maratha chief, Baji Ghorpade of Mudhol, to seize him by treachery. For this base act Shahji never forgave Baji. After his release, though the two were openly reconciled, and even exchanged small portions of their respective estates in token of friendship, Shahji wrote to Shivajf privately, '*If you be a true son of mine, punish Baji Ghorpade*'. This was impossible at the time, but in 1661, Shivaji surprised Mudhol, and after pillaging the town, burnt it and razed it to the ground. This was the solitary instance where anything like a general massacre followed one of Shivaji's raids, and his conduct shows his intense disgust at the cowardly betrayal. (For four years Shahji languished in the dungeons of Bijapur, in a tiny cell, which the Sultan threatened to build up

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altogether, unless Shivaji surrendered. (Shivaji was now in desperate straits, and for a time even contemplated laying down his arms. From this he was said to have been dissuaded by his wife. He therefore bethought him of another device. Since the peace of 1637, the Moghals had been little heard of in the Dekhan. Shah Jahan, like Mahommed Adil Shah himself, was a poet and builder rather than a warrior. To him we owe those masterpieces of the architecture of the world, the Taj Mahal, the Jama Masjid, and the gemlike mosques of Agra. These, and the Peacock Throne, occupied the greater portion of the Emperor's time and money. In the Dekhan, in consequence, the Imperial armies had of late done very little, as the Moghals were content with the territories of Ahmadnagar. Shivaji's counterstroke was, therefore, a masterpiece. He entered into correspondence with the Emperor, and offered to go over to his side if the Bijapur authorities molested his father any further. This would have meant handing over all Shivaji's numerous conquests to the Moghals, who would acquire by this means the major part of the Dekhan and a goodly share of the Konkan. What was more, they would be within striking distance of Bijapur itself. Shah Jahan received his advances in a flattering fashion and offered him a *mansab*¹ of 5,000 horse. It is needless to say that Shivaji had no object beyond playing off Shah Jahan against the Bijapur

¹ *Mansab* is a command, implying at the same time a certain rank at the Imperial Court.

Government, but the latter was seriously alarmed. Added to this, the Karnatak was in utter disorder. Deprived of its old and trusty ruler, it was in a state of open rebellion, which other generals had tried in vain to subdue. Moreover, Shahji had many friends in court, who exerted their influence on his behalf, He was there tore released in 1653.^)

CHAPTER IV

FROM THE CAPTURE OF JAVLI TO THE DEATH OF AFZAL KHAN

1655-1660

SHIVAJI, free at last from anxiety with regard to his father, now prepared to strike a fresh blow. Among the few Maratha noblemen of the central Dekhan who remained independent, was Chandrarao More, Raja of Javli.¹ His state was of great strategical importance, for it included a large strip of the Ghat Mahta, the borderland between the Dekhan and the Konkan. His capital, the village of Javli, lay on the Par Pass, the gateway between the highlands and the lowlands.² Through it passed the caravans coming from Kalyan and the sea to the inland towns, and it had already been the scene of more than one of Shivaji's adventures. Here he himself had ambushed Mulana Ahmad's convoy, and here in turn Baji Shamraj, attracted by the bribe offered by the Bijapur Government, had made a feeble attempt to waylay him in 1652./ The

¹ He was descended from a Karnatak chief who conquered the Ghat Mahta for Yusuf Adil Shah in 1500, and was given the territory in *inam*.

² The old Par Pass is now little used. It was called the Corkscrew Pass on account of its steep gradients. It ran past Bombay Point a little south of Mabableshtar. The present mainroad runs through the Fitzgerald Ghat, about two miles to the north of the old route. The new road was started in 1871 and finished in 1876.

possession of Javli, or an alliance with its ruler, had thus become a strategical necessity to Shivaji, if he was to be able to pass in safety between the Dekhan and the Konkan. Chandrarao More remained obdurate. He refused to enter into any alliance and with his hill-forts, his Mavlis, and his extensive territories, it was impossible to attack him openly with any reasonable prospect of success. To do so would be to drive him into the arms of Bijapur. Shivaji, incensed by the attack made upon him by Baji Shamraj, to which Chandrarao More must have been privy decided to get rid of his rival by fair means or foul. The actual details of the plot were arranged by his two officers, Ragho Ballal and Sambhaji Kavji. They sent a secret message to their leader, who dispatched a body of troops to lie in wait in the jungles round Javli. When the net had been drawn round the doomed town, the two conspirators, who in the meantime had kept the Raja engaged by a talk of a pretended marriage-alliance between his daughter and their master, walked up to him in open *darbar*, stabbed him and his brother to the heart, and before people had realized what had happened, rushed out through the crowd, cutting down all who opposed them. At the same moment the Mavlis, emerging from their ambush, rushed into the town and stormed it. The Raja's troops made a gallant resistance, but they were caught unprepared, and were quickly routed. Himat Rao, the *Divan*, fell fighting bravely at the head of his master's forces, and the two sons of

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the Raja were captured. It is said that they were afterwards executed for plotting with Bijapur, but this story, happily, rests on a very slender foundation. Shivaji, remorseless enough in his actual blows, seldom showed deliberate brutality towards a vanquished enemy. For instance, Baji Prabhu, the Deshpande of Javli, became his most devoted follower.¹ Javli never recovered from the blow, and is to-day an insignificant roadside hamlet. The various hill-forts of the Ghat Mahta were immediately stormed, and the whole of the territory of the Mores fell into Shivaji's hands. The Maratha leader was now at the height of his power. The terror of his name had spread all over the central Dekhan, and there was practically no independent chief who did not acknowledge his sway. The authority of Bijapur, north of Kolhapur, was practically extinct. Even the Savants of Wadi yielded, and agreed to a treaty by which they consented to pay to Shivaji one half of their revenue, to garrison the forts, and to maintain a body of infantry on his behalf. The only exception was the important port of Janjira. This port was a flourishing colony of African Mahommedans, who maintained a considerable fleets and derived their prosperity largely from the pilgrim traffic with Mecca. Their governor was the gallant Fateh Khan, usually called the Sidi on account of his Abyssinian origin. The Sidi *Vazirs* of Janjira were originally under the governor of Kalyan, but after the

¹ As we shall narrate further on, he died a hero's death in the defile of Rangami.

fall of that town had maintained their independence.¹ Fateh Khan beat off an attack by Shamraji Pant with considerable loss. This defeat, breaking as it did the tide of Maratha victories, was a source of the deepest chagrin to Shivaji, who recalled Shamraji and deprived him of the office of *Peshwa*.² Ragonath Pant was about to renew the attack when news of the departure of Afzal Khan made Shivaji withdraw him.

In order to understand why the Bijapur authorities had so tamely looked on at the ever-increasing power of Shivaji, we must go back a little. In 1650, Aurangzeb, third son of Shah Jahan, became for a second time Viceroy of the Dekhan. Aurangzeb, a bigoted adherent of the Sunni faith, hated, the Shiah heretics of the Dekhan almost as much as he did the Hindus themselves, and his first aim was to add to the Moghal dominions the independent kingdoms of Golconda and Bijapur. This was in direct opposition to the tolerant and peaceful policy of Shah Jahan, who had, since the peace of 1636, compelled his governors in the Dekhan to devote themselves to the management of conquered territory of Ahmadnagar, without attempting fresh conquests. In 1655, the year in which Shivaji made his treacherous attack on Javli, Aurangzeb marched against Golconda, and the city only saved

¹ These Abyssinian Turks came probably to India in 1489, and some of them were employed by Malik Ambar in charge of the Ahmadnagar fleet (*Gazetteer*, T. ii. 34).

² Ranade (p. 94) merely says, "The Siddi's territory was also attacked, *but without any decided result.*" This is a good example of the way in which Ranade avoids anything adverse to Shivaji.

itself from destruction by a humble submission. In the following year Mahommed Adil Shah died at Bijapur, and his son, the young Ali Adil Shah, a boy of nineteen, found himself totally unable to manage the contending factions which at once broke out. Aurangzeb promptly took advantage of this state of anarchy. Alleging that the new monarch had failed to pay him proper homage, he invaded the territory in force early in 1657. On the way he captured Kalyan and other strongholds, and soon reduced Bijapur to such desperate straits that, undermined as it was by treachery, it must have fallen. Suddenly, however, news arrived from Delhi that the old Emperor was desperately ill, and that Dara Shikoh, his eldest son, had assumed the regency. Aurangzeb, who hated Dara, and had determined to secure the throne for himself, at once raised the siege and marched post-haste to the capital, where, in the following year, he deposed his father, and by the cruel murder of his three brothers, finally established himself on the throne.

When Aurangzeb started on his invasion of Bijapur, Shivaji, with his usual astuteness, sent ambassadors to him, acknowledging him as overlord of the Dekhan, and asking to be confirmed in his possessions, which, he said, he had only seized on account of their mismanagement by the Bijapur Government. Each was equally desirous of playing the other off against their common enemy, Bijapur. As soon, however, as the Imperial army was well on its way to the south, Shivaji profited by the withdrawal of the Moghal

troops with a sudden raid, first on Junnar, then on Ahmadnagar. Junnar he captured and plundered, taking three lakhs of treasure; but at Ahmadnagar he was beaten off, not, however, before he had pillaged the bazaar. Most important of all, he carried away nearly a thousand good cavalry mounts. He had long seen that to meet Moghal or other troops in the plains, cavalry were essential, and the small *tats* or ponies of the Dekhan, however suitable for mountain warfare, could not stand for a moment against heavy horse. The raising and training of this new arm was entrusted to Nathaji Palkar. On hearing, however, of the return of Aurangzeb, he sent a further embassy, asking pardon for what had occurred, and again suggesting that he should hold the Konkan in fief to Delhi rather, than allow it to lapse once more to Bijapur. Aurangzeb again returned a gracious answer.

It was now high time, however, for Shivaji to prepare for a blow from another direction. The Bijapur authorities, having recovered from Aurangzeb's raid, determined to put an end at last to the impudent marauder who had driven them out of the Dekhan and the Konkan, robbed them of their tribute, and defied their authority for so many years. It was determined that the matter should be settled once and for all. Early in 1659 a force of all arms was equipped, consisting of five thousand horse, seven hundred infantry, and a detachment of mountain guns and rockets, carried on camel-back. The command of this formidable army was given to a

Pathan officer of the name of Afzal Khan. Afzal Khan knew the Dekhan well, having at one time been in command of the Mahomedan garrison at Wai; he was an experienced soldier, and a man of great personal strength and bravery. All through the rains of 1659 preparations for the equipment of the force were pushed forward with feverish activity. .

Meanwhile, Shivaji had not been idle. After the murder of the Raja of Javli, it became evident that the Par Pass must be secured at all costs. At the foot of the Ghat, some four miles from Javli, an abrupt, flat-topped hill rises sharply to the height of some six hundred feet, completely commanding the highway to the Konkan, which runs round the foot of it. The fortification of this position was entrusted to a young Brahman officer, Moro Trimal Pingle by name. Moro Pingle did his work well. A double line of fortifications surrounds the hill-top in two concentric rings, with bastions at the corners. On a projecting spur, a high tower affords to the picquet on guard a complete view of the pass and the road. On all sides save one, the walls are built upon the edges of abrupt pi-ecipices, rendering the favourite Mahomedan device of undermining almost impossible. On the single side where the approach is less steep, the entrance is guarded by two huge gates, the inner one studded by gigantic iron spikes, to prevent its being burst open by elephants. The approach to the outer gate is completely enfiladed for its whole length from the walls. Within, may still be seen the temple of Amba Bhavani, the *Kulu Devata*,

or patron saint of Shivaji's family,¹ and the flagstaff from which flew the *Bhagva jhenda* the Maratha standard. The scene from the ramparts is romantic in the extreme. On the western side, the ground drops sheer away for thousands of feet to the Savitri valley, and as far as the eye can see, stretch the fertile fields of the Konkan. A silver streak, scarcely visible on the horizon, marks the position of the Indian Ocean, forty miles away. To the north, the stately peaks of Rajgad and Torna, Shivaji's fortresses in the Bhor State, loom majestically through the mist, while, to the east stretches the great forest-clad wall of the Sayhadri Mountains, crowned by the temples of Mahableshwar, the home of the 'great strong god'.² At the foot of the hill, the road to the pass winds through the jungle. The fortress was appropriately named Pratap Gad, the Valiant Fort, and even in modern days it would be difficult to capture it, in the face of determined opposition, without artillery. In strength it is scarcely inferior to Shivaji's capital at Raigad, 'the Gibraltar of the East,' and in strategic importance it even excels it. It was finished in 1656.

By the middle of September 1659, Afzal Khan's force was ready to move. The rainy season was not

¹ But this was only added in 1661, when Shivaji was unable to go to Tuljai-ur for the *utsava*, or celebration of Ambabai's feast, which was held yearly at *Dasara* by the Bhosle family.

² Mahabal and Atibal were giants killed by Vishnu. In such legends we have good examples of the process of supersession of the old aboriginal creed by the Aryan religion. The temples there were started by the Mores, though added to by later benefactors since.

yet over, and it was likely that the roads through the Konkan and the Ghats would be still impassable. Afzal Khan, however, was impatient to be off. He there fore determined to proceed through the Dekhan, where the rainfall is insignificant, and military operations practicable all the year round. Before he started, Afzal Khan, with ill-omened levity, boasted in open *darbar* that he would quickly bring the 'Mountain Rat,' and cast him in chains before the throne of the Sultan. Worse than this, as he passed through Pandharpur and Tuljapur, he defiled the temples of Vithoba and Amba Bhavani, breaking the idols and sprinkling the altars with the blood of cows. Henceforth, little mercy could he expect at the hands of any Maratha. 'The Angel of Doom,' says Khafi Khan, 'led him by the collar to his fate.' Shivaji's scouts brought him warning of the arrival of the Mahomedan army at Pandharpur, and the Maratha forces were at once recalled from the siege of Janjira and other operations in the Konkan, and concentrated at Pratap Gad. The Bijapur army had in the meantime moved to Wai, and halted there. Afzal Khan now found his task less easy than he had at first supposed. He had to march through a densely wooded and mountainous country, to the siege of an almost impregnable fortress. The rains were not yet over; the mists hung heavily on the jungle, and even if he blockaded the stronghold, he would be subject to constant attacks from a daring and almost invisible foe. Shivaji was aware of all this, and he conceived

a plan which, for treachery and daring, is almost unparalleled in history. He, in his turn, was unwilling to face the risks of a long blockade, which would mean the loss of his *prestige*, and probably of his newly acquired territories. Nor was he in a position to meet his foe in the open field. He therefore sent emissaries to treat for peace. Afzal Khan received these gladly. He had no quarrel, he said, with the son of his old comrade in arms.¹ It was agreed that negotiations should be formally opened, and that, if they proved successful, Shivaji should be confirmed in his *jaghir* as a feudatory of Bijapur, and after receiving a suitable *khillat*, be dismissed with all honour.

The next day, formal negotiations were opened. Gopinathpant,² a Brahman in the employ of Bijapur, was sent with other envoys to Shivaji's camp. The embassy was hospitably received, and tents were pitched for them at the foot of the pass. But the Brahman's tent was placed at some distance from those of his fellows, and in the middle of the night Shivaji himself crept stealthily into it. He implored Gopinathpant, as a Brahman and a Hindu, to be true to his country and his gods, and to help him to punish the defiler of temples and the slayer of kine. He was

¹ Neither, however, could have forgotten that Afzal Khan probably had a hand in the death of Sambhaji at Kanakgiri (1653). See the Ballad of Afzal Khan in Acworth's *Ballads of the Marathas* (Longmans, 1894, p. 8, line 208):

'The blood of Sambhaji doth cry,
His wrongs are unredressed.'

² The ballads, however, say it was Krishnaji Bhaskar.

fighting, Shivaji went on, for Hinduism and for India, at the behest of Bhavani herself, and he added a promise of a handsome *inam* in return for Gopinathpant's help. No Brahman could resist an appeal couched in these terms, and Gopinathpant yielded. On his return to Wai, he represented to Afzal Khan that Shivaji was in a state of great terror, but that if a personal interview could be arranged, the Mahomedan general might easily quell his suspicions and arrange an amicable settlement. The crafty Brahman had gauged accurately enough his master's reckless nature. Afzal Khan readily consented, and preparations for the interview were pushed on apace. Moro Trimal Pingle, the young engineer who had planned the fort of Pratap Gad so ably, was ordered to hide with a large force of veteran Mavlis, in the jungles round Javli. Nathaji Palkar and the cavalry were similarly concealed at the foot of the fort. Halfway up, on a projecting spur, a space was cleared in the thickets, forming a narrow open plateau. At this spot the interview was to take place. A path was cut, leading to the spot, but none leading from it. It was a cul-de-sac.

The fatal morning arrived.¹ Afzal Khan walked straight into the trap. On the previous day he had moved with his force from Wai to Javli, and in the morning, attended by fifteen hundred troopers, he rode on to the foot of the hill. Here he dismounted, and

¹ I have chiefly followed Khafi Khan (*apud* Elliot and Dowson, *History of India*, vol. vii) in the account which follows. The *bakhars* all give slightly different versions. I have borrowed from all of them in my reconstruction of the scene.

telling the escort to await him, jumped into a *palki*, and accompanied by a single officer and four or live attendants, proceeded to the rendezvous. Meanwhile, Shivaji had made every possible preparation for the crowning event of his life. Now, for the first time, he was to test the result of twelve years of preparation. Before him stood the detested foe of his race and creed ; if he fell, Hinduism would perish in the Dekhan. He spent the night in prayer before Bhavanfs shrine. In the morning, he performed with scrupulous care the ceremonial ablutions enjoined upon the Hindu by his religion. He dressed in the long white Indian robe, but beneath it he donned a shirt of fine mail. In his belt was the *bichva* ,¹ or scorpion dagger, a favourite Maratha weapon, and the good Bhavani sword. Concealed in the palm of his left hand lay the terrible *vagh-nakha*, or tiger's claws, long steel hooks fitting to the fingers, used among the hillmen for purpose of assassination. He commended his children to his friends if he fell, and then, kneeling at the feet of his mother, he asked her blessing and bade her farewell. Then, accompanied only by his old and tried comrade Tanaji Malusre, he descended slowly from the gateway of the castle. Above the plateau stands a bold projecting shoulder of the cliff, crowned by a bastion. Here a sentry had been posted. ' When you see me strike,' Shivaji ordered him, ' Don't think-of me; sound the charge, whether I stand or fall.' The signal was

¹ Dowson mixes this up with the *vagh nakha*, not mentioned by Khali Khan.

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to be passed on to Moro Trimal by firing five guns at the same moment. Shivaji then descended, hesitatingly, and in apparent fear, and threw himself weeping at the Mahommedan's feet. Afzal Khan stooped to raise him up, when suddenly the Maratha chief, making as if to embrace him, struck him fiercely in the stomach with the tiger's claws. Afzal Khan, desperately wounded, staggered back, and drew his sword, but the edge was turned by Shivaji's coat of mail. His officer¹ was offered quarter if he would surrender, but to his everlasting fame, he refused the generous proffer, and drawing his weapon, endeavoured to beat off his assailants, while his dying master was hurried into the litter by his attendants, who made a desperate effort to carry him off*. But he was quickly cut down; the Khan was dispatched and his head carried off to the fort.

In the meantime, the sentry on the tower had given the signal. With wild cries, the Marathas rushed out of the jungle and charged on all sides into the midst of the luckless Mahommedans. 'Horse and foot,' says Khafi Khan, 'they fell upon the army of Afzal Khan, killing, plundering, and destroying.' The surprise was complete. Of the cavalry forming the Khan's escort, few or none escaped. Caught by the ruthless Nathaji Palkar in the cul-de-sac arranged for them, the unfortunate troopers, who had mostly off-saddled and loosened their girths, fell almost to a man. The main body, camped near Javli, was routed equally suddenly

¹ Sayad Bandu, says Grant Duff..

by Moro Trimal, and broke in wild confusion. The Khan's army,' says an old Maratha account, 'which consisted of 2,000 regulars and 10,000 followers, having learnt that his head was taken to the fort, were disheartened and a panic fell upon them. At the same time, the king's forces hemmed them in, and a panic fell upon them. The grandees who accompanied the Khan's forces, warriors fully armed, Mahadin and Usden Pathan, Rohillas, Arabs, Sarnis, Sar Viziers, Fargis, Marathas of noble birth, Dhangars, Brahmans, men in charge of artillery bullocks, Karnatak marksmen, archers, arm-bearers and gunners, all fought desperately and without distinction. The Mavlis fought hand to hand on foot. Some of the elephants lost their tails, tusks, and trunks. Others lay dead on the field. Horses were killed by a single blow. The ground was strewn with bodies. Pools of blood lay everywhere. Clotted blood and fragments of flesh were trampled like mire under the feet of the combatants.'¹ Moro Trimal had strict orders to spare all who surrendered, but many fled into the pathless Dekhan jungles, to die of starvation, or fall over precipices, or to be devoured by the wolves and panthers. For days starving men wandered in and gave themselves up.

That day the Dekhan vultures gorged their fill. Seldom has a large force been so completely and dramatically destroyed with so little loss to the attacking party. In the Maratha camp, songs, **foast**

¹ Mankar, p. 17, §

ing, and rejoicing resounded all night. Silver and golden necklaces, robes of honour, and presents of money were given to those who had distinguished themselves in the fight or had received wounds, and to the relatives of the fallen. The spoil was immense. Four thousand good horses were captured, and afforded invaluable remounts for the new cavalry brigade. Camels, elephants, rockets, and mountain guns were also taken, together with a large amount of specie destined for the payment of the Mahomedan troops. The unfortunate Khan's head was buried, according to an old Maratmi custom,¹ under a tower of the fort, still called Abdulla's Tower. His body was interred where it fell, and the tomb is still shown. His sword was kept, for many years after, in the treasury of Shivaji's descendants, the Rajas of Satara. The gilt cone which adorned the top of his luxurious tent was presented to one of the temples of Mahableshwar, and to-day it still forms the apex of the building. His family escaped, owing to the connivance of a Maratha officer, who was promptly tried by court-martial and executed. Among the most distinguished of the prisoners taken was Jhunjhrrao Ghatge of Malavdi, a Maratha chieftain who had been for many years in the service of Bijapur. As he refused all offers to join his foe, Shivaji, like the true soldier that he was, dismissed him with a handsome present. Wai quickly capitulated, together with

¹ Cf. Livy's story about the *Capitol* at Home. (I. 55. 6.) A man was often buried under a bridge or tower as a sacrifice to secure its safety in old India, and this was apparently the custom in many primitive nations.

Kamalgad and the other forts under its charge,¹ and the power of Bijapur in the central Dekhan was broken for ever.

ADDITIONAL NOTE

There are many accounts of the death of Afzal Khan, but none more picturesque than that of Fryer, who was in India at the time. Fryer, who no doubt got his information from some one on the spot, writes as follows :

'At the day prefixed therefore he takes with him his son and a selected number, which he credited would not be out-equalled by *Seva Gi*, upon his former protestations and hopes of reconciliation; but the perfidious man had placed an ambuscado, and with a smaller shew in appearance than *Abdul* brought, waits his coming, who as soon as he spies him afar off, went forth to meet him, and prostrates himself before him with feigned tears, craving pardon for his offence, and would not rise till he had assured him of his being his advocate to procure it; going to enter the *choultry* together, he cries out, like a fearful man, that his Lord (so he styled the General,) might execute his pleasure on him and ease him of his life; which *Abdul Cann* surmising was because he was armed and the other came seemingly unarmed, delivered his sword and poynard to the page, and bad him enter with courage; where after some parley he slips a stiletto from under his coat-sleeve, and after eying his blow, struck it at his heart, whereat the signal was given, and his men came forth, in which struggle *Abdul's* son gave *Seva Gi* a wound, but was forced to change habit with a *Trass* immediately, and venturing thro' untrodden paths hardly escaped to the Camp, who thereupon were so discomfited, that they quickly dispersed themselves, and left the field open to *Seva Gi*.' (*New Account*, p. 172.)

¹ Pandavgad, four miles from Wai, is said to have held out till 1673. This, however, seems improbable, as it must have been quite isolated. Satara (the old Bijapur state-prison) is also said to have held out till about the same date.

CHAPTER V

THE BUIPUR CAMPAIGN, 1659-1662

SHIVAJI, however, was not content with merely defeating Afzal Khan. He determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, and to give them a lesson they would not quickly forget. His recent successes had shown him that he had now organized a force which, on its own ground, was more than a match for any army likely to be sent against it, and he knew that if he merely remained inactive in the Dekhan, another and perhaps stronger expedition would be sent against him. If, on the other hand, he marched straight upon Bijapur, while the city was still panic-stricken at the disaster which had overtaken their last army, he might easily force them to conclude a treaty which would confirm him in his late conquests. Shivaji laid his plans with great speed and secrecy. A force was left to guard the Poona district. Another was detached to mask any Hanking movement from the Konkan on the part of the Sidi of Janjira and the Savants of Wadi, who had, on the approach of Afzal Khan, thrown off their allegiance to the Marathas. With a third, Shivaji marched southwards himself. He reached the Kolharpur district, and, either by treachery or strategy seized the great fortress of Panala, the key to the southern Maratha country. The other strongholds

of the district, Vishalgad, Rangana, and Pavangad, were also taken. The surrounding country was in *the jaghir* of Rustum Zaman of Miraj, who is suspected by some of having been corrupted by Shivaji. At any rate, it was not until too late that he attempted to oppose the advance of the Marathas, and then his small force of 3,000 cavalry was routed and driven in headlong confusion across the Krishna'. The Marathas followed up their success by advancing up to the gates of Bijapur itself, plundering as they went, in the fashion so dear to their hearts, and retreating with their booty before the Bijapur cavalry could overtake them. The Bijapur government, however, had now recovered from the confusion and panic into which the sudden Maratha raid had at first thrown them. A large army, under a distinguished Abyssinian general, Sidi Johar by name, took the field, and Shivaji, unable to meet it, fell back on Panala, leaving Nathaji Palkar and his horsemen in the open country to harass the enemy. But for once Shivaji had committed a strategical error. He should obviously have retreated northwards with his booty, and have waited until he reached the Dekhan hills to engage his foe. The Bijapuris were excited to a pitch of exasperation, and with them was Fazl Mahommed Khan, son of Afzal Khan, burning to avenge his father's cruel murder. Panala was closely invested ; Nathaji Palkar, after some initial successes, was driven back by Sidi Johar, and in the Konkan the Maratha troops had more than enough to do to hold their own, and could render their

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leader no assistance. After being besieged for the whole of the rainy season, 1660, Shivaji saw that he must either surrender or resort once again to treachery. He therefore began to make terms with the Bijapur commander, and an agreement was come to, by which the fort was to be surrendered, after the adjustment of a few minor differences, on the next day. That night the besieging troops, considering the position as practically taken, considerably relaxed their vigilance. One can easily depict their chagrin on the following morning, when they discovered that the bird had flown! Profiting by their slackness, Shivaji, with a few followers, had, under cover of rain and darkness, stolen through their outpost-lines, and was riding for his life to the north. Furious at the deception, Fazl Mahommed Khan and his cavalry started in hot pursuit. They caught up the Marathas some six miles from Rangana. This fort was held by a Maratha garrison, and once Shivaji arrived within its walls, he was safe for the time being. At this point, however, the road runs through one of those narrow *ghats*, or passes, so common in the Dekhan. To hold the gap, he detached a rear-guard of a thousand Mavlis under Baji Prabhu, his former foe and now his devoted officer, with strict orders not to retreat until a gun should be fired to announce the arrival of the main force at Rangana. The Bijapur cavalry were twice repelled with loss; at last, shortly before noon, a fresh body of infantry came up. These, led by Fazl Mahommed Khan, at once made a furious assault on the position.

Men were dropping fast; Baji Prabhu was himself desperately wounded, but still the Marathas hung on behind the rough barricade of stones which they had managed to* throw up. At last, when half their numbers had fallen, the long-expected gun was heard from the fort, and the dying commander gave the order to retreat, expiring with a sigh of satisfaction at having accomplished his task. The scanty remnant of the heroic little force fell back in good- order, carrying with them the body of their gallant leader. The action at the Rangana Ghat has been compared, and not without justice, to the battle of Thermopylae.

After this, the campaign died out in an ineffectual fashion. Sidi Johar could not, apparently, make up his mind whether to pursue Shivaji into the Dekhan, or to resume the siege of Panala. He apparently decided upon the latter course, leaving Fateh Khan to engage the Marathas before Rangana. Shivaji retired to Pratap Gad, where he spent the rains of 1661, building there the temple of Rhavani, as he was unable to proceed to Tuljapur for the Dasara festival, The Mahomniedans succeeded in recapturing some of the forts they had lost in the Kolhapur district; Shivaji, on the other hand, gained several successes in the Konkan against Janjira and Savantvadi. A combined movement on the part of the troops of Bijapur, Savantvadi, and Ghorpade of Mudhol, was then decided upon. Shivaji was at Vishalgad when the news of this fresh combination reached him. He had not forgotten his father's message of thirteen

years before, 'If you be a true son of raine, remember B&ji Ghorpade of Mudhol.' Creeping down with his Mavlis, he rushed Mudhol at dawn, sparing neither man, woman, nor child, and firing the town after him. He retreated to Vishalgad before he could be overtaken. In the meantime, the unhappy state of Bijapur was, as usual, distracted by factions. The King suspected Sidi Joh&r because he had failed to defeat the Marathas; the Sidi, in high dudgeon, retired to his estate, where he soon afterwards rebelled and was killed by his own followers. At the same time the Karnatak, an old storm-centre, began to give trouble. Meanwhile, Shivaji had conquered Savantvadi again, made an alliance with the Portuguese at Goa, and had formed the nucleus of a fleet with which to patrol the coast and plunder the trading vessels making for Janjira and the other ports of Bijapur. The Bijapur authorities therefore determined to come to terms. The details of the treaty are obscure, but it appears that Shivaji was acknowledged as the ruler of the Dekhan as far south as Kolhapur, and of the Konkan as far as Goa,—a strip of territory some hundred and fifty miles in length and from fifty to a hundred miles broad. It has been thought that the treaty was negotiated by the good offices of Shahji. At any rate, we know that about this time the old warrior visited his now famous son, whom he had last seen as a mere boy, when he departed, nearly a quarter of a century before, for the Karnatak. Shivaji received his father with the most profound signs of respect.

He went many miles to meet him, walked beside his carriage, and would not even sit in his presence. Father and son spent some weeks in feasting together, after which Shahji returned, loaded with presents for the king of Bijapur. They never met again, as three years later Shahji was killed in the hunting-field. It was about this time that Shivaji, recognizing the importance of his kingdom in the Konkan, decided to make the fort of Raigad his capital. Raigad was, for many reasons, more convenient than Rajgad, which had been his favourite place of residence for some years past. In the first place, Rajgad, with its narrow summit, is too small to contain a capital of the size which Shivaji now contemplated. Again, Raigad, besides being in the centre of the Konkan, was conveniently close to Janjira and to Surat, against both of which places Shivaji made constant raids. It was to Raigad to which his troopers returned after their expeditions to Surat, Ahmadnagar, and other places, loaded with plunder.¹ The building of the capital went on for some years, though the main defences were complete by 1664. Khafi Khan² tells an interesting story of how Shivaji tested the strength of the walls. When his architects announced the defences as complete and the fort impregnable, he offered a purse of gold and

¹ Waring (*Marathas*, p. 215) says his treasury consisted of over nine crores of rupees, including coins of all nations—Venetian sequins, Spanish dollars, Moghal mohurs—and vast stores of gold ingots, pearls, diamonds, and jewels of all kinds, silks and cloths, an immense armoury, and ample stores for a siege.

² Elliot and Dowson, vii. 288.

CHAPTER VI

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOGHALS

1662-1666

IN 1662,¹ Shivdji was master of the Dekhan and at peace with Bijapur. Why he was not content to remain as he was, is hard to determine. His ambitions were, apparently, realized. He was recognized by his neighbours as an independent prince. Why he should wantonly provoke the dreaded power of the Great Moghal it is difficult to say; we can only suppose that either he was unable to restrain those born plunderers, the Marathas, for a long period, from satiating their love of pillage, or else that he himself was so hard up for money and horses that he was constrained to ravage Moghal territory, hoping that, as Prince Muazzam, the Viceroy of the northern Dekhan, was a mere boy, and Aurangzeb was occupied in his own affairs at Delhi, he might do so with impunity. At any rate, during the cold season of 1662 Nathaji Palkar and his cavalry pillaged the country up to the very walls of Aurangabad, spreading terror wherever they rode, and bringing vast quantities of plunder back to Rajgad. The forces on the spot were plainly unequal

¹ The dates are wrong in Khafi Khan, who gives this as 1070 (A.D. 1660).

to the task of coping with the situation, and Aurangzeb, unable to endure this defiance of his authority, determined to put an end to it. He therefore sent his uncle, Shayista Khan, with the title of *Amir-ul-umara* and Subadar of the Dekhan, to punish Shivaji, and make an end of the whole business. The force left Aurangabad early in 1663, and marched towards Poona.¹ Hardly had it left the city gates, however, than the Marathd horsemen began to hang on its flanks, plundering the baggage and cutting off stragglers. 'Every day, and on every march,' says Khafi Khan, 'Shivaji's Dakhinis swarmed round the baggage, and falling suddenly upon it like Cossacks, carried off horses, camels, men, and whatever they could secure, until they became aware of the approach of the troops.' Harassed and weary, the Imperial forces reached Poona, which they occupied, meaning to rest there till the rains were over and campaigning could be resumed. Shivaji retired to the impregnable fortress of Sinhagad, which towers high above the town, to watch the further movements of his opponent. Meanwhile, an event occurred which considerably damped the ardour of the Mussalmans. A strong detachment had been sent to reduce the small fort of Chakan, between Poona and Junnar. The place was of little importance, and Shayista Khan was chagrined when it held out for nearly three months. The besiegers, hampered by the rain, were

¹ Mankar's MS. gives the details of the force as 100,000 cavalry, a regiment of Rohilla Pathans, and archers, artillery, elephants, and baggage.

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attacked at night by the Marathias and driven out of their trenches. Even when a bastion was undermined and blown up, they were unable to rush the defences. The town finally surrendered at discretion, and the brave little garrison marched out with the honours of war, after having put nearly a thousand of their opponents *hors de combat*. It was an ill omen for the reduction of the other strongholds which overlooked the country in every direction. But worse was to come. Shayista Khan had taken the greatest precautions to prevent a surprise while he occupied Poona. The Katraj Pass was held by a strong picquot, and no one was allowed to enter the town without a permit. But Shivaji discovered that it was possible to evade the regulations, and he himself did so, if tradition may be believed, on at least one occasion, when he risked his life by passing the sentries and entering the town to attend a *kirlan*, or recital of sacred songs, by his beloved poet Tukaram. Meanwhile, Shayista Khan had challenged him, in the vaunting style which the Mahommedan nobles loved to assume, to come down to the plains and fight like a man. 'You hide away in the hills,' he taunted him, 'like a monkey.' 'Yes,' replied Shivaji, 'But remember, it was the monkeys which destroyed Ravana and all his host!'¹ Shivaji was as good as his word. Shayista Khan was occupying the Lal Mahal, or Red Palace,² the old home where Shivaji had spent his boyhood under Dadaji

¹ Frissel's MS.

² Called also the Rang Mahal or Painted Palace.

Kondev. He knew every inch of it. One day, a party of Mara this applied to the *kotwal* for a pass for a Hindu wedding procession to enter the town, and received the required permission. Soon after, a party of troopers appeared, driving before them some Maratha prisoners, pinioned and bareheaded, whom they, apparently, reviled and beat with vigour. They, too, were allowed to pass unchallenged by the sentry. The two parties consisted in reality of Shivaji, Tanaji Malusre, and a picked body of Mavlis. That night, the rain fell in torrents. 'It was as dark as his own heart,' says the old account,¹ when Shivaji and a few of his followers, having bribed a gardener, entered the palace garden. The Khan had retired to sleep, and all was still. The intruders crept silently to the kitchen, stabbed the cooks and other servants before they could utter a sound, and proceeded to dig a hole through the wall into the Khan's bedroom.² They were shown the way by a maid, whom they seized and threatened with their swords. The wall burst through, and the Marathas rushed exultingly into the house, cutting down all whom they met, and crying, * This is the way they keep watch ! ' Some were killed in their beds. The Khan's son made a brave stand, and slew three men before he was dispatched. Two women were attacked in the dark, by mistake, and one was so cut to pieces that her remains

¹ Frissels MS. But is this a correct translation? See the note in the Introduction.

² Walls in India are often of mud, and this is a common trick on the part of burglars.

had to be collected in a basket!¹ The Khan himself shot down one of his pursuers, and then leapt out of the window, but, as he did so, a Maratha slashed at his hand on the window-sill, and cut off three of his fingers. The marauders vanished as quickly as they had come; it is said that Shivaji himself cut off the trunk of an elephant which barred his path. Worse than this, a party of Mahomedan cavalry which reconnoitred out towards Sinhagad at dawn, in hopes of intercepting the attackers, ventured too near the fortress, and coming suddenly under the fire of a concealed battery, was routed with loss. Wild was the joy of the Marathas when their leader returned safe and sound to his stronghold, and before the mortified Mussalmans were well aware, in the darkness and confusion, of what had happened, the victors might be perceived ascending the hill, waving their torches in triumph. Shayista Khan, broken-hearted, asked for his recall, and the command devolved on Prince Muazzam, with Raja Jai Singh, the greatest of the Rajput feudatories, to help him. At first Shivaji was as successful as ever. 'He assaulted the foe on dark nights, seized difficult passes, ami fired jungles full of trees.' He struck coins, defying the Moghal supremacy. His navy seized the ports on the Gujarat coast, and to the rage of the orthodox Emperor, cut off the pilgrim-ships bound for Mecca, and held rich pilgrims up to ransom.

¹ So Khafi Khan. Mankar's MS. says this happened because the Khan, knowing Shivaji's gallantry, took refuge among his women!

He plundered Ahmadnagar. Early in January, 1664, he swooped down upon Surat. 'He seemed to be everywhere and prepared for every emergency/ writes one of the Factors. The inhabitants fled in terror, and the Governor shut himself up in the citadel, where he was protected by naval guns from the ship Middlebrough, wrecked some time previously on the coast. Meanwhile, the Marathas plundered the town at their leisure. . The booty was stupendous. 'Shivaji took from Surat', says Khafi Khan, 'an immense booty, in gold and silver, coined and uncoined, and the stuffs of Kashmir, Ahmedabad, and other places. He made prisoners some thousand Hindu men and women of name and station, and Mussalmans of honourable position. Millions in money and goods came into the hands of that evil infidel.' But the English and Dutch managed, under the leadership of Sir George Oxenden, to drive the intruders away after a fierce struggle. For this Aurangzeb sent the President a robe of honour, and granted the English settlement certain privileges and exemptions. The Company, too, struck a gold medal in honour of the occasion, and liberally rewarded the defenders. Shivaji then sailed down the Konkan, and ravaged the coast towns on the plea that the Bijapur Government had broken the truce. The English Factory at Karwar was attacked and forced to pay an indemnity of one hundred and twelve pounds. The country was like a desert. But gradually the Moghals prevailed. Piirandhar fell, after sustaining a heroic siege. Shivajf's own family was blockaded

at Rajgad, and for once in his life, he found himself face to face with a capable commander. He therefore determined to surrender.¹ Raja Jai Singh, though he took every precaution against treachery, received him warmly. Out of the thirty-five forts in the Deccan, the keys of twenty-three were to be given up, and Shivaji was to assume the position of a *jdghirddr* of the Moghal Emperor. Thus disastrously ended Shivaji's first campaign against the Moghals.

Raja Jai Singh then went off on an expedition against Bijapur. It is probable that Aurangzeb, who hated all Hindus, and suspected the Raja for his former adherence to the ill-fated Dara, sent him on this expedition in order to keep the Rajputs occupied and out of the way. At any rate, he did not mean them to succeed, for they were recalled just as Bijapur was at its last gasp, and their exertions and losses were thus rendered useless. Shivaji, nothing loath to strike a blow at his old rivals, accompanied his new-found allies, and rendered invaluable service by scaling forts and harassing the foe. At the end of the campaign, on the advice of the Raja, Shivaji determined to go to Delhi,² to interview the Emperor and try to obtain better terms. The design, however, was doomed to failure. He was received coldly by the Emperor, to whom he refused to pay the profound obeisance demanded by Persian etiquette. He was, to his disgust, only placed

¹ The Maratha MSS. say he rode in from Javli and surrendered. Khafi Khan says he was besieged at Rajgad, and surrendered with the fall of the fortress.

² Khafi Khan says Agra, but this point is much disputed.

among the *Panj-hazaris*, or commanders of 5,000, and expressed his disapproval so loudly that it came to Aurangzeb's ears, and he was forbidden to attend the Imperial levee. Guards were stationed at his house, and he found himself a prisoner. Shivajf then petitioned to be allowed to return, as the climate was injurious to his followers. He was told that he might dismiss his retinue, but that he and his son must await the Emperor's pleasure. The situation was becoming serious. At any moment he might be seized and packed off to the dungeons of Gwalior, so he determined to escape. He was, no doubt, aided by Ram Singh, son of Jai Singh, for the latter had given his pledge for Shivaji's safety, and a Rajput never breaks his word. He clearly thought Shivaji's life no longer safe. The escape was effected as follows. Shivaji had been in the habit of sending huge baskets of sweetmeats to various nobles, and to be distributed to mendicants and beggars at the mosques. For several days he feigned fever and kept his bed. . One day the attendant saw him apparently asleep as usual, covered with a blanket, with the *toora*, or chaplet of pearls, plainly visible. But it was in reality Hiraji Pharjand, a faithful follower who had consented to take his place.¹ Shivaji and his son Shambaji had been smuggled out in sweetmeat baskets, and were riding for their lives for Mathura. Here he was met by the faithful Tanaji, and shaving off his beard and whiskers, and smearing his face with ashes, he was quickly lost

¹ Frissel's MS.

among the vast crowd of devotees who haunt that holy spot. He then set off, travelling by night, to Allahbad, where Shatnbaji broke down, and was left in charge of a friendly Brahman.¹ From Allahabad he went to Benares, carrying gold and jewels, it is said, to pay his way, in a hollow walking-stick. Thence he made his way to the Dekhan. An amusing story is told of an episode of the journey. The supposed devotee and a single companion were staying for the night in the house of a Patel in a village on the banks of the Godaveri. The Maratha horse had been plundering there the day before, and the Patel's wife, abusing Shivaji roundly, declared that she wished to God he would die in prison at Delhi. Shivaji smiled, and made a note of the name of the place.²

One day, as Jijabai was sitting anxiously in her apartments at Raigad, a *bairagi* came and craved admittance. The princess received him, and he fell at her feet, saying he had an errand for her. When she asked him his business, he suddenly stripped off his disguise and stood before her. It was Shivaji.³

¹ Khafi Khan says this was no other than Kabkalas or Kalusha, afterwards the notorious favourite and minister of IShambaji, who thus rewarded his protector.

³ Frissel's MS.

¹ December 1666.

APPENDIX

THE SIEGE OF SURAT

The following is Mankar's account of this famous raid :

' In the meantime, Bahirji, a messenger from Surat, arrived and said to the king, " If Surat be taken, immense wealth will be found." . . . They went through Kolvan and by forced marches appeared suddenly near the walls of Surat. The people of Surat were taken unawares. The forces entered the long street of shops near the gate of Surat. The army of the Moghal then approached. A bloody battle ensued.. The king's (i.e. Shivaji's) forces then laid siege to merchants' houses and took from them gold, silver, pearls, diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones and jewels, and gold coins such as Hons and Mohurs, and put them into their bags. They did not touch cloth, copper utensils, and other insignificant articles. The best horses that were found in the battle and in the merchants' houses were taken. One half of their number was reserved for warlike purposes, the other half being loaded with bags containing the booty. The infantry was provided with long bags to hold such booty. Thus prepared they started. The fort of Surat was not taken, as there was no time left to do it. They were therefore content with having pillaged the town. . . . After his return, the booty from Surat was counted, and it was found that five crores of Hons and 4,000 horses were got in the bargain.' (§§ 54, 55.)

CHAPTER VII

FROM THE ESCAPE FROM DELHI TO THE DEATH OF SHIVAJI

1666-1680

IN an incredibly short time the news of Shivaji's escape spread all over the Dekhan, and great were the rejoicings among the Marathas at the return of their beloved leader. He returned, however, to a greatly diminished heritage. His Dekhan possessions were reduced to the Poona, Supa, and Chakan districts, and even these were kept in subjection by Moghal garrisons at Sinhagad and Purimdhur. In the Konkan, Raigad and the Kalayan district remained in the hands of the Marathas, and Moro Pintle, who had been left in charge as regent when Shivaji went to Delhi, had managed to reoccupy quite a number of the ceded forts there. Many of these had merely been dismantled by Jai Singh, as he had not sufficient men to occupy them ; others, for the same reason, were so weakly held that they could be easily retaken when the time came. For the next three years, however, Shivaji struck no blow. With the exception of the annual raid, unsuccessful as usual, on Janjira, he devoted his time from **1667** to 1669, to civil and political reforms. It was not until **1670** that he felt himself ready to take the field again. He rightly

judged that Aurangzeb, jealous of Prince Muazzam and suspicious of Jai Singh, would send no reinforcements if he could help it. The first thing to be done was to recapture the hill-forts, and of these Sinhadgad, commanding as it did the Poona district, was the most important. It is said that Queen Jijabai herself urged Shivajf to this measure, looking upon the presence of the Mahommedans there as a disgrace to her countrymen.¹ The undertaking was no light one. The great stronghold lies on the summit of a flat-topped rock, which rises above the hill-top with sheer precipices nearly fifty feet high. Crowning the cliffs is a long loopholed wall, with bastions at frequent intervals. The single gate, studded with huge spikes and protected by flanking towers of great strength, is approached by a narrow mountain-path. It was a task with which the Mavlis, alone perhaps of any troops in the world, could hope to cope successfully. The undertaking was entrusted to Tanaji Malusre, who had under him his brother Suryajf and one thousand picked men. Leaving Rajgad early in 1670, in order to avoid suspicion they proceeded in small parties over the hills to a rendezvous at the foot of the fort. Here they assembled for the escalade. It was a clear, moonless night, 'the ninth of the dark fortnight of the month Magh,'² cold and still. The garrison consisted of a thousand Mussalmans and

¹ See the Ballad of Sinhadgad, quoted in the Appendix to this volume, for the traditional account of this event.

² February.

Rajputs under Udai Banu, an officer known all over the Dekhan for his daring and bodily strength. The Marathas crept silently to a part of the cliff which, on account of its precipitous steepness, was less vigilantly guarded than the rest. Within, the garrison was revelling and feasting; the forms of the sentries, pacing the walls, could be dimly seen against the sky. A Mavli climbed stealthily up, and letting down a rope-ladder, pulled up Tanaji and three hundred of his followers. Suddenly the sentry stopped and listened. A moment later he fell, pierced to the heart by an arrow. But it was too late. The alarm was given, and the garrison, lighting flares and torches, began to turn out in the direction of the sound. There was nothing in it but to charge, and Tanaji sounded the advance. But at that moment he himself fell, and the Marathas, now without a leader, began to fall back to their ladder in confusion. Fortunately they met Suryaji, who had just succeeded in effecting a lodgement with the main body. Suryaji at once grasped the state of affairs. 'Cowards!' he cried, 'will you see your father's body cast into a dung-pit by scavengers? The ropes are down, and there is no retreat!' Stung by the taunt, the Marathas rallied, and raising their battle-cry of 'Har, Har, Mahadev!' charged home. Inch by inch the Rajputs were forced back towards the battlements. Resistance grew fainter and fainter and at last the fort was won. A Maratha, firing the thatched roof of a hut, gave the long-expected signal to the anxious watchers on the walls of Rajgad.

When the bleak winter dawn appeared over the Sayhadris, a ghastly sight presented itself to the eye. Both leaders were dead, and the ground was strewn with corpses. About five hundred Rajputs, too desperately wounded to move, were taken prisoners. The rest of the garrison had either died fighting, or had hurled themselves over the battlements rather than surrender, so whole-hearted was their devotion to the Emperor who suspected and humiliated them, and purposely left them without reinforcements. The fort was taken, but at a heavy price. Tanaji Malusre had died, as every right-minded man would wish to die, with his face to the foe, in one of the most gallant and desperate feats of arms of an age abounding in desperate deeds. Nob a great leader like Moro Pingle or Nathaji Palkar, he was an honest and devoted soldier. He was Shivaji's earliest friend, and had been with him through all his perils. He was present at the death of Afzal Khan, and had organized the escape from Delhi. When Shivaji heard of his loss, he was deeply grieved. 'I have won the fort and lost my Lion!' he cried, and the name, Lion's Fort, commemorates the death of the gallant officer who died to win it.¹ The storming-party was received with acclamation on its return, and the soldiers rewarded with silver bracelets and other gifts.

The other forts held by the Moghals were soon afterwards recaptured one by one. In many cases the garrisons resisted desperately, but Prince Muazzam,

¹ Before it had been called Kondana,

systematically starved of troops by Aurangzeb, was unable to send them reinforcements. It was shortly after the fall of Sinhagad that Shivaji came nearer than he had ever done to capturing Janjira, the gallant little fort which had beaten him off every year since 1661. Fath Khan was so hard pressed that he withdrew from the neighbouring fort of Danda Rajpuri, and was about to surrender. This course, however, did not suit the garrison. They put Fath Khan in irons, appointed Sidi Yakut in his place, and continued the war. Sidi Yakut sent his fleet to attack the Maratha vessels, and when he captured a ship, tied stones to the sailors' feet and threw them overboard. Finally, when the Maratha garrison was drunk during the *Boll* feast, he stormed Danda Rajpuri, and put the defenders to the sword. During the escalade, the powder magazine exploded, and Shivaji, asleep at Raigad, is said to have heard the noise forty miles away, and to have exclaimed, 'Some disaster has befallen my men at Danda Rajpuri; go and see what it is.' On October the 3rd, 1670, at the head of fifteen thousand men, Shivaji made a second descent on Surat. The English factory was defended by a party of marines under Steynsham Master, Oxenden being away. The French basely bought exemption by allowing the Marathas to lay an ambush for an unfortunate Mahommedan, the deposed 'King of Kaskar', who had just landed from Mecca. He was captured and relieved of his gold and silver plate, and *mirabile dictu* of a 'golden bed and other rich furniture', which

had apparently accompanied him on his travels. For three days the marauders pillaged at ease, and were returning loaded with jewels, clothes, and specie to the value of millions of rupees, to Raigad, when they were intercepted by a large body of Moghal cavalry, who waited in the pass near Nasik to cut them off. Shivaji detached a body of troops to hold the enemy, while the convoy got away in safety, and they drove back the Mahommedans with great slaughter. This victory, however, was quite eclipsed by the brilliant cavalry action fought outside Chakan early in 1672 by Moro Pingle. In this, twenty thousand Maratha horse charged a Moghal division under one Ikhlas Khan, and literally cut it to pieces. This was the first complete victory of a Maratha force over an equal number of Moghals in the open field, and it greatly enhanced their prestige. The Marathas now began to spread terror far and wide. They swooped down upon Khandesh and demanded *chautk*, they raided Ahinadnagar, Aurangabad, and even Golconda, and plunder poured into Raigad, as body after body of horsemen rode in with fresh loads of pillage.

Meanwhile, the wretched kingdom of Bijapur, which had enjoyed a brief respite, was once more plunged into confusion by the death of its monarch, Ali Adil Shah (Dec. 15, 1672). Shivaji found the opportunity too tempting to pass over. He seized Panala, plundered the foreign settlement at Hubli, and sent his fleet to raid the coast. By the summer of 1674, the Bijapur troops had been driven back to the walls of their

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capital, and the Marathas were in possession of the country as far as Miraj. It was in the course of this campaign that Shivaji had occasion to reprove a cavalry officer, Pratap Rao, for disobeying orders. The officer was so stung by the rebuke that he threw himself with a small body of horse against a large force of Bijapuris and was cut to pieces. Shivaji had now established himself as ruler of the Dekhan. He had not only reconquered all the ground lost by his surrender to Aurangzeb, but he had defeated all rivals in the open field. Bijapur was reduced to impotence: Golconda was paralysed: the Viceroy of the Dekhan looked on helplessly while the Mahommedan garrisons were captured and Maratha troops plundered the very suburbs of Aurangabad. Shivaji therefore determined to be crowned lawful monarch of the lands which he had won by the strength of his arm. Curiously enough, a deputation from the English factory, headed by Henry Oxenden, reached Raigad in time to witness the ceremony (June 6, 1674). They had come to obtain redress for the raids on Surat, Hubli, and Karwar, to try and arrange a treaty. Their experiences are recorded for us in the entertaining narrative of Dr. Fryer, who, no doubt, met the embassy soon after its return. When they arrived at the top of the rock, Shivaji was absent. He had gone to Pratapgad, where he remained for some days in prayer before the shrine of Amba Bhavani, in preparation for the great event of his career. It was, perhaps, on this occasion that the curious incident noted in one of the

old narratives took place.¹ Whilst engaged in prayer, Shivaji fell into a deep trance, and Bhavani entered his body. Using him as a medium she spoke and prophesied the future destiny of the nation about to be born. She foretold how Shambaji should be captured by the Moghals: how Raja Ram should succeed him: how Shivaji should be born again and lead his people to the gates of Delhi: how the dominion should remain in the Bhosle family for twenty-seven generations: *and lastly, how the sceptre should pass into the hands of a strange people with red faces.* The words were taken down, as they were spoken, by Ragunath Narayan Hanamante, Dattoji Pant Waknis, and Balaji Prabhu Chitnavis, who certified to their truth.

On his return, Shivaji had an interview with the English embassy, who had been hospitably received and entertained, though they found the food very trying.² They complained that their factories had suffered severely in the attacks on Surat, Karwar, Hubli, and other places; they wished to have permission to trade without duty (except the 2½ per cent, import duty), throughout the Raja's domains: they asked that wrecks should not be plundered, and that English coin should be recognized as current in the Dekhan. After some preliminaries (including handsome presents, of course, to various ministers), the ambassadors were received in audience. The Raja was courteous,

¹ Frissel's MS.

² Nothing but rice and ghee, till the Raja sent a butcher to supply them with goat! (*Fryer*, p. 78).

and consented, in return for a tribute, to allow free trade for English goods and the establishment of an English factory. Wrecks, he pointed out, were looked on by the fisher folk as their right, but the crews should be respected. As for coins, he said that English money, being of a high standard of purity, would always fetch its value in India, and an agreement on that head would be unnecessary.

The coronation of Shivaji was a scene of great splendour. Gagabhatt, a *shastiri* of renown from Benares, was present, and performed the ceremony according to the strictest ritual. First, the Raja was invested with the sacred thread, and declared to be an anointed Kshatriya, lord of the Maratha race.¹ Then he weighed himself in gold, and distributed it to the Brahmans. Lastly, clad in gorgeous robes, the Raja mounted the throne prepared for him, amid cries of '*Shivaji Maharaj ki jai!*' from the vast crowd assembled in the precincts. The guns of Raigad thundered volley after volley; the sound was caught up and repeated from fort to fort, till from end to end of the Sayhadris the roar of artillery, for hundreds of miles, proclaimed to the world the birth of the Maratha nation. That night, merry-making and rejoicing, music and dancing, gladdened the hearts of high and low in every hamlet of the Dekhan. In Raigad, the spoils of plundered cities, stored for years, were poured out with lavish hand. Fifty thousand

¹ His title in full was *Kshatriya Kulavtansa Sri Raja Shiva Chhatrapati*,

Brahmans were fed for a week, and innumerable costly presents were distributed. Gagabhatt alone received £10,000. Meanwhile, Shivaji, seated on his throne with a golden image of Vishnu in his right hand, his queen and his son at his side, and his eight Ministers, holding their symbolic emblems, around him, went through the stately ritual of an Indian coronation. Finally, mounting his horse, he rode in state round the town at the head of his troops.¹

For the next two years there was a lull in military operations. Shivaji, worn out with the immense exertions of his life, contented himself with some plundering raids, and with measures designed to secure his conquests. He was severely ill in 1676, and, sensible of his coming end, devoted himself to religious observances. It was perhaps at this time, that, feeling that the great task of his life was achieved, he wished to hand his realm over to Ramdas, and becoming a *sanyasi*, to spend the rest of his life in contemplation. Ramdas, the prince's spiritual adviser since his boyhood, accepted the gift, and then, handing it back, bade Shivaji use it for the good of mankind. Shivaji was a sincerely pious man, devoted to his country's gods, and nothing is more remarkable than the outburst of religious and poetic fervour which followed upon his revival of the Maratha national spirit. After the great Ramdas, perhaps the most remarkable personality was the sweet singer Tukaram, whose

¹ A most interesting account of the ritual used will be found in the *Gazetteer*, Bombay Pres., xi. 370 ff".

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pious strains are still sung by high and low, peasant and Brahman, all over the Dekhan. The story is well known, how, when Shayista Khan held Poona, Shivaji stole down through the enemy's lines to attend a festival at which his hymns were chanted. On another occasion it is related that the prince, when at Lohagad, sent an escort to fetch the poet to his presence. But Tukaram, -lost in meditation on the Bhandara hill, had no use for courts or gifts.

'Torches, umbrella, steeds,' he wrote, 'what be these to me ?

Lord of Pandhari, why seek to ensnare me thus ?

Pomps and Vanities are to me as dust and ashes:

"Hasten, O Lord, to my help," saith Tukaram the bard.'

But he sent the young¹ prince seven stanzas of wise advice on the duties of the ruler.

Shivaji's last expedition was undertaken in 1676. At the end of that year he set out, with the largest Maratha force which had ever yet taken the field at one time,² to claim half of his father's *jaghir* in the Karnatak, which had hitherto remained in the possession of his brother Venkaji. Such a claim appears to the impartial historian as not only unjust but imprudent; the Dekhan and the Konkan were, racially and geographically, the natural limits of Maratha occupation, and to cross the Krishna was to tempt the Moghals to a fresh incursion into the country from which they had been driven with so much bloodshed.

¹ The *traditional* date of Tukaram's poem is 1643. The poems by Tukaram and Ramdas relating to Shivaji will be found translated in Appendix II to this volume.

² 40,000 foot and 30,000 horse according to the MS.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Marathas were born plunderers, and since his first rise to power, Shivaji had only retained his position by constant predatory warfare. The feeble state of the wretched kingdom of Bijapur, however repugnant the idea may be to our notions of fair play, offered an irresistible temptation, and the rich fields of the Karnatak promised a welcome change after the much-ravaged north, where the Mardtha horsemen, like a swarm of locusts, had stripped the country of every trace of wealth. Even Surat, with its new stone walls, was no longer as easy a prey as it had been. There was, after all, not much to be feared with regard to the Moghals. The officer in charge at Aurangabad was not over-eager to cross swords with his redoubtable opponents, and to make assurance doubly sure, Shivaji took the bold course of visiting Golconda and entering into an alliance with its monarch. At the same time, Moro Triinal Pingle, the Peshwd, was left as Regent at Raigad, with orders to guard against possible incursions and to keep up the perennial warfare with Janjira. The invasion was a complete success for the Maratha arms. The fortress of GJingf, afterwards destined to become the great rallying-point for the Marathas in the apparent hour of Moghal victory, surrendered; Vellore was taken, together with the Kolhar and Bangalore districts, the latter being part of the ancestral territory granted to Shahji; and Venkaji, in great despondency, consented, perforce, to surrender half his possessions to his masterful brother.

Aurangzeb's policy with regard to the Dekhan was to encourage all the states to quarrel until they should be so exhausted as to be an easy prey. He now thought it time to interfere, and so he sent Diler Khan, the famous Pathan officer who had formerly been the colleague of Jai Singh in the campaign of 1662-5, to co-operate with Bijapur. On receipt of this news, Shivajf returned to the Dekhan by way of Bellary, which he took *en route*. Meanwhile, however, in the inconsequential manner which makes Oriental warfare so puzzling to follow, Diler Khan had quarrelled with his allies, and had demanded the Padshah Bfbf, the Sultan's sister, as a hostage. A famous story is told of how the princess rode into the enemy's camp, and gave herself up to save the doomed city from further slaughter. Shivajf, who had no wish to see his ancient foe fall a victim to the Moghal,—with the Moghals at Bijapur he would have a powerful enemy on either flank,—now made a diversion in their favour. He sent forces to plunder and harry Moghal territory, and eventually caused Diler Khan to retreat. Shivajf, as usual, was carrying all before him, when suddenly, at Kaigad, a disease of the knee brought on a violent attack of fever. Worn out by constant exertion, the great warrior and statesman succumbed to what at first had appeared to be a trifling illness, and he passed away on the 5th of April, **1680**, at the age of fifty-three. 'On that day', says the ungallant Khafi Khan, making an anagram, Persian-wise, of the date, 'the went to Hell.'

CHAPTER VIII

SHIVAJIS CHARACTER AND ACHIEVEMENTS

IT has been the custom merely to consider Shivaji as a great warrior—the liberator of his country, by means often to be considered, when judged by western standards, as base and treacherous, from the shackles of Mahommedan domination. This point of view is, in nearly every respect, a false one. Of his supposed treachery we shall have occasion to speak later on. Like nearly all great warriors—Napoleon is a conspicuous example—Shivaji was also a great administrator, for the qualities which go to make a capable general are generally those which are required by the successful organizer and statesman. It is convenient, however, to deal first with the Maratha army, the weapon forged by Shivaji to achieve his great struggle for independence. The backbone of his force was his body of Mavlis. These trusty troops, the hillmen of the central Dekhan, had been first organized and trained by him, and to the last they clung to their, beloved leader with splendid courage and fidelity. But the Mavlis were only of use in the hills. In the earlier campaigns, which were chiefly waged for the purpose of recapturing the forts and ambushing forces in the passes and jungles, they were invaluable. It was they who surprised Javli and scattered the army

of Afzal Khan, and scaled the sheer precipices of Sinhagaoy Their principal weapons were the sword and shield, and their method of attack was to creep within charging distance, and then to rush wildly upon the enemy with loud cries, retreating with equal speed if repulsed. But for work in the plains, regular campaigns and long marches, Shivaji added to his force several regiments of Hetkaris. These were recruited from Savantvadi and other parts of the Konkan,¹ They were good marksmen and were armed with matchlocks, though one in every ten carried a bow, as in escalading a fort it was often necessary to pick off a sentry without noise. The organization was very much the same as that of the Mahomme-dans, and it still prevails in our Indian Army with comparatively little alteration. The squad was commanded by a *naik* or corporal, the half-company by a *havildar* or sergeant, the company by a *jumladar* or captain. Above them were the battalion and brigade commanders (in charge of 1,000 and 5,000 men respectively), and the *Samobat* or *Sendpati*, the Commander-in-chief. Of regular drill there was little or none, and this explains the fact that small forces of troops trained on European lines could overcome the best native army with ease. Thus, at the battle of Khirki in 1817, a British force of 2,800 men defeated the flower of the Maratha chivalry, though the latter were by no means deficient in courage or dash. It must be remembered that great though Shivaji was,

¹ *Het* is a tract of country south of the Siivitri.

he seldom faced a really skilful adversary in the open field. His opponents were usually either grossly incompetent, or undermined by distrust and treachery. Ho knew this, and probably that was why he at once surrendered when a competent leader like the Raja Jai Singh took the field against him. Certainly, both Afzal Khan and the Sidi Johar, had they taken ordinary military precautions, should have ended his career with promptitude. But Eastern campaigns are conducted in a fitful, haphazard fashion, with little regard to strategy. Wellcsley's campaign in the Dekhan in 1802 shows how easily a scientific plan of action might have overcome resistance. Shivajf's army is reckoned at as much as 50,000 troops all told. This, if not a great exaggeration altogether, includes the numerous garrisons employed to guard and maintain the forts. His usual striking force was about 10,000 troops of all arms.¹

Since the coming of the Mahommedans, cavalry had played an increasingly important part in Indian warfare. Most of the great feudatories of the Dekhan were ranked according to the number of cavalry they could put into the field. At first, Shivajf neither had nor needed cavalry. His Mavlis were frequently mounted on the little Dekhan *tats*, but they were merely mounted infantry. They could not stand up for a moment before a charge of the heavy Mahommedan

¹ Fryer says he had * 30,000 horsemen and footmen innumerable', but 'miserable souls for soldiers: they looked like our old *Britains*, half-naked, and as fierce when all lies open before them' (*New Account*, p. 14.7).

horse. Shivaji later on raised a body of seven thousand horse mounted on steeds captured from Afzal Khan and from the Moghals on the occasion of various raids, and entrusted them to the able but cruel Nathaji Palkar. They were a great asset, and in later days the sturdy Maratha horseman, his long lance in rest, and his scanty feed hung in the *tohra* at his side, scoured all over India, bringing terror to the gates of Delhi itself. A nursery rhyme, still familiar in Bengal, echoes this fear:

'The baby is sleeping, the village is still,
The *borgis* are riding around:
The bulbuls have eaten the grain in the ear,
Oh, how is the rent to be found ?'

The *boryi* is the *Bargir*, or Maratha trooper who is supplied with a horse at the expense of the state. The *Silladar* provided his own horse. Pay varied from about twelve rupees a month to a trooper, to eight hundred for a brigadier. The Mavlis appear to have been paid in kind. Shivaji, like all great generals, was adored by his troops, who would follow him anywhere. He was generous in rewards, but a strict disciplinarian. It will be remembered how his quondam opponent, Baji Prabhu, held the pass of Rangana till he fell. On the other hand, Khanduji Kakre was executed for conniving at the escape of Afzal Khan's family: Shamraj Pant was dismissed for his failure before Janjira: and we hear of another unsuccessful officer committing suicide rather than face his master's wrath. Shivaji considered that the

chief strength of the Dekhan lay in the hill-forts, and here he was quite right. The obstinate defence put up by Chakan against the Moghal army showed their strategic value. Only hillmen like the Mavlis could hope to surprise them. On the chief of these strongholds, Rajgad, Raigad, Torna, Pratapgad, and others, he expended extraordinary care and skill. Raigad has earned for itself the name of the Gibraltar of the East. There were, in all, two hundred and eighty of these, and many of them are connected with the most stirring events of Shivaji's eventful career. The people were taught to regard 'the fort as their mother'—as indeed it was, for thither the inhabitants of the surrounding villages resorted in time of invasion, with their flocks and herds and treasure, and in times of peace they earned a living by supplying the garrisons with provisions and fodder. In order to prevent a recurrence of the treachery by which he himself had taken so many strongholds, Shivaji provided that in each garrison there should be a mixture of castes. Any one who has been engaged in administrative work in India will appreciate the prudence of this precaution. The garrison usually consisted of Mavlis, commanded by a Maratha Havildar. The Havildar was associated with a Prabhu *Karkhanis*, or Garrison Engineer, while the Brahmin *Subhedar*, or Civil officer of the district, also resided there. The surrounding hill-sides were entrusted to the *Ramoshis*; or aboriginal low-caste folk, who kept charge of the adjacent forest, gave

early warning of an approaching foe, and collected grass and firewood for the garrison. In one arm, artillery, Shivaji was extremely weak, and this partly accounts for his repeated failures before Janjira.

The campaigning season was from October to April. At the close of the rains, at the great Hindu festival of *Dasara*, which usually falls early in October, the troops were paraded, and a review was held, at which the equipment of all ranks was carefully examined. At this festival, Shivaji's goddess, Ambabai of Tuljapur, was worshipped with great solemnity, in order that she might bestow her blessing upon the operations of the ensuing season.

The Civil System introduced by Shivaji resembled, in its essential respects, the system of government which has obtained in India since the time of the Mauryas, and which, with comparatively trifling alterations, is in force under the British Government to-day. The so-called 'bureaucracy', against which it is now the fashion to inveigh, is really indigenous to the soil, and probably more suited to the needs of an Eastern people than any form of representative government. The districts were managed by village and district officers, as they are to-day; the chief difference being the absence of our present elaborate judicial system. Civil cases were decided by the local *panchayat*, criminal cases by the *Sastras*, as interpreted by the *Nyayadish*, or chief Justice. As in the Army, Shivaji was careful that Prabhus, Marathas, and Brahmans should all take their share

in Civil government; the Brahman monopoly of office, which began, with fatal results, under the rule of the Peshwas, and still prevails to a certain extent, was carefully avoided. The central Government consisted of the Heads of Departments, who formed a Cabinet not unlike the old Legislative Council.¹ It was called the *Ashtapradhan*, or Council of Eight, and directed the policy of the State in general. It did not meet very often, as its members were nearly all military officers, engaged in the field, and the local organization sufficed for ordinary occasions. The Prime Minister, or Peshwa, was the famous Moro Pingle; the other officers were the Auditor-General, the Record Keeper, the Secretary, the Commander-in-Chief, the Foreign Minister, the Chief Justice, and an ecclesiastical officer who acted as astrologer, interpreter of sacred books, and chief authority upon religious customs and ceremonies in general. Besides these Ministers, were the usual army of clerks, accountants, and other officials, who make up the permanent Civil Service in any country.

The chief cause of unrest in India is usually economic, and it was Shivaji's economic reforms which chiefly commended him to the people. In this he owed much to the precept and example of the just and righteous Dadaji Kondev, who, in his turn, borrowed a great deal from the great Mahom-

¹ It has been absurdly compared to a Parliament! It was nothing of the kind. Elective institutions were unknown in India, and the *Ashtapradhan* was a Cabinet. Its members were nearly all military.

medan financiers, Malik Ambar of Ahmadnagar, and Todar Mai of Agra. Authority in the Dekhan had, since the overthrow of the Hindu Raj by the Mahomedans, fallen into the hands of the great feudal nobles, who, in the absence of a strong central Government, did very much as they pleased. Taxes were farmed out, and as long as the dues were paid to the authorities, no questions were asked about the manner of their collection. The unfortunate *rdyat*, afflicted by famine and oppression, had no court of appeal and no means of redress. It was Dadajf's just administration of the *jaghir* of Poona which first won the hearts of the Mavlis to Shivaji's cause. In this respect, Shivaji effected two great and lasting reforms. Firstly, assessment of the tax was to be made on the state of the crop, so that in famine years taxation was practically *nil*¹. Cattle, grain, seed, and money were advanced on liberal terms to encourage farming. Secondly, all tax-farming was peremptorily stopped, and taxes were collected only under the supervision of the officials of the Central Government. The great Dekhan nobles, the Jadavs, the Mores, the Savants, and the rest, had been Shivaji's chief rivals and opponents, and he sought to break their power for ever. No land was henceforth granted in return for military service, and troopers were enlisted, for fixed rates of pay, by the Government. The system of

¹ The tax was two-fifths of the crop or its value. It was usually paid in kind. See the note at the end of the chapter for further details.

employing the nobles and their retainers ceased to exist. Again, Shivaji took the greatest care that none of the great offices of the state should become hereditary. They were given as a reward of merit, and the holder was frequently dismissed for incompetence. This wise and statesmanlike regulation was, unfortunately, not adhered to by the later Maratha rulers.

In appearance, Shivaji was a typical Maratha. He was short and slight,¹ with long arms, small hands, an aquiline nose, a pointed beard, and a fair complexion. He had piercing eyes, and a resolute face, handsome and intelligent, but hard and feline. He was an excellent swordsman and horseman, of wonderful endurance, and pleasing and frank in manner. Of his personal character, many estimates, of a most diverse nature, have been formed. Grant Duff, with memories of the Maratha power still recent in his mind, speaks of him as an assassin and freebooter, and this, unfortunately, is the opinion followed by most subsequent English writers.² On the other hand, Indian writers are prone, often for political ends, to exaggerate his good qualities to an extraordinary degree. The fairest estimate is that of Khafi Khan, who, being himself an historian of Aurangzeb's court, can scarcely be accused of a

¹ He weighed 10 at. at his coronation. See Fryer, "Waring's *Marathas*, p. 87, and the Vignette in Orme's *Fragments*

² Even Grant Duff owns that 'his claim to high rank in the page of history must be admitted'.

bias in Shivaji's favour. Khafi Khan writes as follows:¹

¹ 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 Musalman followers. When the women of any Hindu or Mahomedan 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.² . . . He laid down a rule, that whenever a place was plundered, the goods of poor people, copper money, and vessels of brass and copper, should belong to the man who found them ; but other articles, gold and silver, coined or uncoined, gems, valuable stuffs 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.³

Shivaji must not be judged by twentieth-century Western standards. He was, according to the ethics of his age and nation, a brave and chivalrous man. He was fighting a desperate battle, against enormous

¹ Elliot and Dowson, vii. 260.

² Shivaji's respect for women was so well known, that on more than one occasion Mahomedans escaped from the sack of a town *by dressing in women's clothes*.

³ So, at the plunder of Surat, Mankar (§ 54) tells us that * they did not touch cloth, copper utensils, and other insignificant articles'. The story of Smith, the English merchant, who was taken prisoner, that he saw Shivaji chopping off the heads and hands of those who concealed their wealth, must be a gross exaggeration.

odds, and he could expect little mercy from his foes had he fallen into their clutches. His was a dark and violent age, and at least Shivaji's hands were not stained, like those of Aurangzeb, with the blood of his kindred. He was never deliberately or wantonly cruel. To respect women, mosques, and non-combatants, to stop promiscuous slaughter after a battle, to release and dismiss with honour captured officers and men—these are, surely, no light virtues. His attacks upon the Mores and Ghorpades were inspired by the treachery which both had shown, and by the hatred which he felt for his countrymen who refused to join in the national uprising. The Marathas, born and bred in the stern and barren Dekhan Hills, living largely on plunder, were naturally a wild and ruthless race. Shivaji had his share of these national characteristics, but he was never guilty of such enormities as stained, for example, the name of the infamous Nana Saheb. He certainly, from the English point of view, acted treacherously towards Afzal Khan. On the other hand, Afzal Khan, with his knowledge of the Dekhan, deserves little commiseration. No officer of intelligence should have walked into such a trap, and Shivaji was, moreover, incensed by the wanton desecration of the most holy of the Dekhan shrines.¹ Nor is there much doubt that the dungeon prepared for Shahji would have been quickly

¹ The murder of Afzal Khan was, after all, no more treacherous than the murder of the Red Cornyn. Yet what historian seriously blames Robert the Bruce?

filled by his son—perhaps, according to Mahomedan usage, maimed and blinded—had he surrendered to his opponent,

Shivaji was a sincerely religious man. He believed himself to be constantly guided and inspired by the goddess Bhav&ni. He was the disciple of the great Dekhan preacher and poet, Ram Das, and an admirer of the saintly Tukaram. His devotion to his parents, especially to his mother Jijabai, was proverbial. And, lastly, we must not forget that he organized the army which shattered the Moghal Empire in the height of its power,—a task which the Rajputs themselves essayed in vain,—which spread terror from Ramesvaram to Attock, and which offered the only real opposition to the British in northern India. The glories of the Peshwas and of the Rajas of Sahara have long since departed, but in the great feudatory states of Western Hindustan—Gwalior, Indore, Baroda—we still see the fruits of the organizing genius of Shivaji.

ADDITIONAL NOTE

SHIVAJI'S REVENUE SYSTEM

The following details may be useful to students: Land was classified as rice, hill, or garden land. Rice land, being the most valuable, was divided into twelve classes, and the tax was 40 per cent., or two-fifths, on what was considered to be the average yield of each class. This came to about 57½bushels per acre on first-class land,' and about 23 bushels on land of the last class. In practice, however, the assessment was found too severe, and was reduced to about 33 per cent. In the case

of gardens, coco-nut trees in bearing paid half their nuts, barren trees being exempted. Toddy palms, jack-fruit, &c, paid from 6d. to 2s. per tree, and other crops in like proportion. Hill-country was generously treated, allowance being made for rocky soil and for time required for fallow. Our own Land Administration system is based on this plan, and hence is in accordance with national tradition. In the case of foreign lands overrun by Manitha troops, an officer was left to collect *chauth* (tax of one-fourth), and if it was not forthcoming, it was taken by force.¹

¹ See, for details of a typical province, the account in T. B. Jervis, *Statistical Memoir of the Konkan*, Calcutta, 1840.

APPENDIX I

THE BALLAD OF SINHAGAD

THE following ballad is a specimen of the popular songs still sung among the Marathas of the Poona district to celebrate Shivaji's exploits. It was translated for me by Mr. C. A. Kincaid, C.V.O., I.C.S., by whose kindness I am permitted to print it. The original, together with another on the death of Afzal Khan, is given in Ac worth and Shaligram's collection.¹

'Twas Queen Jijabai looked forth, to the East and to
the North
As at Pratapgad one morning she combed her raven
hair.
And white as ivory seeming, with the sunlight on it
streaming,
The Lion's 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 Birwadi and he flashed
through Poladpore.

¹ Bombay, 1891. See also Acworth's *Ballads of the Marathas*, Longmans, 1894.

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

'Why comest thou thus 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 baste/

'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.

'Gome 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 Shcrist by the sea,

'Choose Makrangad or Chandan, choose Visapur or Wandan.'

'Nay, Shivaji of Junnar, give the Lion's fort to me.'

Then the Bhosle'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 Raj puis and Pathans.'

' Nay, the Lion's fortress give me: 'twas a wager; thou
must pay.'

' But the elephant Chandra velly, the man-slayer from
Delhi,

Will trample us to powder, if we break their righting
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
Mad ha track

' And with twelve thousand men-at-arms call Tanaji to
me.'

Swift the horseman crossed the Doni on his nimble
Dekhan 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 Bhosle who has spoken. See I I bring his
 betel token,
 'And he calls thee with thy vassals and he bids thee
 not be late.'
 ' Ho I gather Wadghar Naiks from your rice-fields and
 your dykes,
 ' Ho! Shirkes of Umra'tha 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.

'Oh, Shivaji of Junnar! was thy token but a jest V

'Nay, Queen Jijabai did need thee, her lips alone shall
speed 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 Bhosle'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 theghorpad¹ Yeshwant beneath the
western gate;

¹ The *ghorpad* or iguana is common in the Dekhan. It is attributed with extraordinary power and tenacity in rock-climbing, and there are many stories of its scaling castle walls. The family of Ghoipade earned their name from a legendary exploit like the one attributed in this ballad to Tanaji. The story here related has no support in contemporary accounts, but it is believed all over the Dekhan; for, say the people, the rock is so steep that it could have been scaled in no other way! It was certainly an extraordinary feat.

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 Yesh-
want's warning,
' And if Hell yawned before us should a Kshatriya
hesitate?
' If 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 I'
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 Kshattriyas 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
guardmen 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
lire
And he sprang astride the monster and his kick the
driver slew.
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 bold 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 merrybridal room,
Where the Rathor 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 Bhdn 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 in niale'e, the deftest blade in Delhi
Was this mighty Rajput captain of the Moghal
Alamgir.
As the lightning-flash descends where the Indryani
wends,
When the thunder-clouds are gathered around Visapur
in jegt
On Malusre fell the blow, beating sword and sword-
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 a 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 Kshattriya of Ind.
And they bore him back again to the sunny Konkan
plain,
To his old 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 Maharashtra 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.

APPENDIX II

SHIVAJI AND THE MARATHI POETS

THE great national revival under Shivaji brought with it, as such revivals often do, an outburst of poetic writing. The great Maratha poets who are associated in popular tradition with the name of Shivaji, are Tukaram and Ramdas. Of each of these I here give a brief sketch, with a translation of some of the poems bearing more directly on Shivaji. They may be of interest to the reader, as Marathi poetry is almost unknown to the outside world, and, at least, has never before been translated. Marathi poetry has few of the distinctively 'lyric graces' of western verse. It is partly 'gnomic' and sententious, partly devotional. In the latter respect it resembles curiously the poetry of the so-called 'metaphysical' school of English poets,—Crashaw, Vaughan, Herbert,—especially in its quaint conceits and its genuinely mystic note. Tukaram, especially, rises to extraordinary heights in the latter respect, I have had to translate somewhat freely in order to meet English readers, as Marathi poetry, in an English dress, often appears inconsequent and elliptical if literally rendered. In these translations I am greatly indebted to Mr. R. D. Ranade, M.A., a profound Marathi scholar with a unique knowledge of the poetry of his nation.

Tukaram's stanzas are quoted from the Nfrnayasagar edition (1912); those of Ramdas from Gondhakekar's collected edition of the *Works* (Dhulia, 1906).

I. TUKARAM

Tukaram was born in 1608 at Dehu, near Poona, on the banks of the Indrayani. His father kept a little store. In 1629 one of the terrible periodic famines swept over the Dckhan, and all whom he loved perished in it. He took to the worship of VithoM, the god of Pandharpur, and though after the famine he married again, his devotion for the deity grew daily upon him. He identified Vithoba and Krishna, and his poetry rises to almost lyrical heights in praise of him. He was cruelly persecuted by the Brahmans, but by his patience under torment he won their hearts. Shivaji visited him and tried in vain to get him to come to his court. Tukaram, however, refused, saying that Ramdas was a fitter preceptor for the prince. He, however, addressed Shivaji in a number of stanzas giving him wise advice and blessing his enterprise. In 1649 he disappeared. 'I am going to my mother's village,' he said, in a pathetic verse he left behind. The common people said that Vithoba carried him to Heaven in his chariot.

Tukaram is the popular poet, *par excellence*, of the Dekhan. His verses are still chanted by high and low, and form a guide in life to those who are unacquainted with Sanskrit, and cannot read the Sacred Books. He

is a true mystic, and his artless verses, always sincere, always filled with a personal perception of the Divine Presence, sometimes rise to wonderful heights of devotion and praise.

The following is part of the Epistle which Tukaram sent to Shivaji, when the Council of Eight went to him in a body and implored him to come to the court:

(4440) God made the world, and in it He placed all manner of skill: a skilful Prince art thou, wise in heart, devoted to thy Teacher.

Siva is thy name, Lord of the Maratha hosts, Lord of the Umbrella, Governor of the world: vows and penance, meditation and *yoga*, these thou hast practised, therefore thou invitest me to come.

Listen to me, O Prince, while I reply; this is my request: Dwellers in the forest are we, we roam homeless, wild and uncouth to behold, unwashed and naked, foodless and living on wild fruits.

I am lean and ugly, my hands and feet are far from beautiful: what then is the pleasure of seeing me? Listen to my request, saith Tuka, invite me not to come.

(4441) Why come to thy court? Why weary myself with a fruitless pilgrimage? Alms are my support, cast-off rags my raiment, stone my bed, the sky my covering.

Why then ask thy help? It is but wasted time. The king is the fountain of honour, but honours give no peace to the Soul: The fortunate are blessed by the king, the rest remain unhappy; looking upon the

rich in golden raiment, I feel that I am already dead to the world.

Even if thou forsakest me, God forsakes me not: This then is my last message to thee, The Mendicant's life is the best for me.

Many honourable men suffer torture, for penance, vows, sacrifices ; none of these can rid them of Desire: you are honourable men, saith Tuka, but the devotee is already blessed.

(4443) Do now one thing, Grow not weary of well-doing : invite me not, for it will be a sin.

Bad men, fault-finders, there be in plenty around thee; take no heed of such: find out the rulers, make this thy aim.

Do this and my heart finds Peace: I need not visit thee, for life is short.

* There is one Truth in the world: there is One Soul in all Being. Pin thy faith to This Soul, see thyself mirrored in Ramda's: Do this, O Prince, and Thou and the whole world shalt be blest therein, thy fame will pervade the Universe, saith Tuka.

Finding that he could not get Tukaram to come to court, Shivaji went to visit him. The following is the stanza said to have been uttered by the poet on this occasion:

(4445) King Shivaji, listen to me; fix thy mind on Ramdas: Ramdas is thy teacher, thy sage, go prostrate before him.

An incarnation of Maruti, he hath imparted to thee his secret word (*mantram*): the secret word of Rama saves. It relieved the Lord of Uma Himself in his pain.

Repeating backwards the Name of Rama, Valmiki found salvation: this also was the secret of Vasistha; resort not, therefore, to any one else. Rama-Panduranga will save thee; think therefore of none but Ram das.

We are indifferent to thee, Lord of the Umbrella (*chhatrapati*), for we are Lords of Rags (*patrapati*): we have the right to alms in all quarters, and yet we often lack bread.

God hast bestowed upon us the begging-bowl as His Gift: let us, then, go our ways, for thou also art a devotee of Rama. We are the servants of Vithala, God will not forsake us.

Humble yourself before Ramdas ; blessings be upon you, saith Tuka, make obeisance to your Teacher.

II. R AMD AS

Narayan, afterwards called Ram-das (the slave of Rama), was born in A.D. 1608 on the banks of the Godavari. Early in life he pledged himself to a life of celibacy and devotion, and in 1620, when he was about to be married, he ran away from the hall when the ceremony was being conducted,' as the priests were beginning to chant the *Savadhana* ', For twenty-four years he was never heard of by his parents. He first went to Takali near Nasik, where he spent twelve years in rigorous penance. After this (like Nanak the Sikh Guru), he wandered all over India, visiting the great shrines. Among the places he is reported to have stayed at, are Benares, Ayodhya, and Mathura in the north; Jagannathin the east; and Rameshwara

ajitid Ceylon in the south. At each he founded a *matha*, or monastery. Returning home in 1644, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, he visited his aged mother, and then settled down in the Krishna district. Wai and Mahuli were his favourite places of residence. Here in 1649 he gave his first audience to Shivaji. He visited the shrine of Pandharpur, but when he gazed on the famous idol of Vithoba, he saw, not Vithoba, but his own deity Rama. 'God is One, though the wise call Him by many names.'

Shivaji became more and more devoted to Ramdas, whom he adopted as his spiritual preceptor, about 1650. Ramdas therefore took up his residence at Parali near Satara. In 1655, when Ramdas, according to the practice of the mendicants, came to ask an alms, Shivaji fell at his feet, and made over his empire to him. Ramdas accepted the gift, but returned it to the prince, saying that henceforth he must regard his kingdom as held in trust for God, and himself not a prince but a trustee. In token whereof, Shivaji adopted the 'brown banner' (*bhagva jhenda*) as his standard in imitation of the brown robe of the mendicant.

After the murder of Afzai Khan in 1659, Shivaji was told by Ramdas that he owed his victory to faith in Bhavani. After this, we do not hear much of Ramdas in connexion with Shivaji. His great work, the *Dasabodha*, composed about this time, contains much sage advice, but it is philosophical rather than political. It is, however, full of shrewd practical observations on life. In 1680 Shivaji died. Ramdas

heard of Sambaji's evil courses, and wrote exhorting him to give up his vicious life and follow the example of his mighty father, but all in vain. In the following year this remarkable man called his disciples around him and told them his time had come. Of the three great Marathi poets of the period, it may be said that Eknath was literary, Tukaram emotional, and Ramdas practical. Ramdas, 'the power behind the throne,' is inseparably bound up, in the minds of the Marathas, with the rise of the national power under Shivaji. The *Sat-Karyottejaka Sabha*, Dhulia, is now collecting and publishing his works, and they have recently acquired a MS. of the *Ddsabodha* by Kalyan, his favourite disciple, with notes by the Master himself. The *Bharata-Itihasa-Samshodhaka-Marulala*, Poona, claims to have discovered some original documents and letters, but these are not yet available. None of the works of Ramdas has been hitherto translated into English.

I. Shivaji went to visit Ramdas at Mahuli in 1649. Ramdas was at Chaphal, but he sent Shivaji the following epistle:

(1, 2) Immovable at heart, the protector of many, resolute to lead a holy life, rich and meditative, generous-hearted—who can vie with such an one ?

(6) Bold and liberal and earnest-minded, alert and brave, you have put all kings to shame, O Prince.

(7) The shrines are desolate: the Brahmans' houses are polluted: the earth is quaking: Faith is dead.

(8) Gods and Cows, Brahmans and the Faith, these are to be protected: therefore God has raised you up.

(10) In all the earth there is not another who can save the Faith: a remnant of the Faith you have saved.

(11) Through you religion survives; many look to you, blessed in your fame, world-renowned.

(12) The wicked are rooted out; they tremble. Many come to you for shelter, O Shiva, prince of auspicious name.

II. Shivaji, after meeting Ramdas, wished to renounce the world, and become his disciple. But Ramdas told him that his duty lay with his people, and addressed to him the following 'Ode to Duty':

The Duty of a Prince.

(4) A Prince should gauge the capabilities of men: he should employ fit servants, putting aside the unfit.

(7) Treachery should be blotted out: seek out Truth where she lies hid.

(8) Lucky is he who wins people's hearts: time-servers should be kept at a distance.

(11) Luckless is he who grows weary of action: cowardly is he who fails at the supreme moment.

(17) Sheep run from a tiger: what do we care for a buffalo, though he be far larger?

(18) Kings should fulfil their kingly office: warriors

the duties of a soldier: Brahmans should perform their religious functions, each according to his station.

Duties of a Warrior.

(2) . . . He who is afraid, should shun the soldier's life, and fill his belly by other kinds of work. . . .

(4) A Warrior should die fighting and go to heaven: or striving valiantly, return to reap the meed of Victory. . . .

(12) When the Faith is dead, death is better than life ; why live when Religion has perished ?

(13) Gather the Marathas together, make religion live again: our fathers laugh at us from Heaven!

(15) If you are proud of your lineage, march out to the fight: shun it, and bitter will be your repentance.

(16) Forgive me, O Prince, but a man of one caste cannot fulfil the duties of another.

(17) The enemies of God are as dogs; root them out. Victory lies with the servants of God, doubt it not. . . .

(19) Discrimination, Prudence, Action, these be thy virtues: Kama killed Havana by the aid of the Lord of Tulaja.

(20) Tulaja Bhavaui conferred her blessing on Kama: to her Ramdas prays.

III. The following Ode was addressed by Ramdas to Shivajf after the latter's victory over Afzal Khan. This Ode, recently discovered, is given in the Dhulia Edition of the Dasbodba (Dasaka 18, Samasa 6):

(1) Men deck their bodies with jewels and fine raiment: but far better is a soul arrayed in Wisdom.

(2) A resplendent body, decked with jewels and line raiment, without the seed of Wisdom at its core, is void of worth. . . .

(7) Avoid excess, be sober: a wise man is never obstinate.

(8) Obstinacy is the cause of faction : and when two factions arise, one must perish.

(9) Tulaja Bhavanf protects us: yet we should be prudent in our duty.

(10) A prudent man needs no warning: yet oven ho must be on the watch.

(11) A prince has many folk under him: he should therefore be prudent, for upon him rest the hopes of many.

(12) The accursed barbarian lias waxed mighty: be continually on your guard against him.

(13) God does all: wondrous happy is he whom He favours.

(14) Justice and Thought: Wisdom in all things: Courage at the crisis and noble deeds: these be the gifts of God.

(16) Fame and Glory: unequalled Virtue: these be the gifts of God.

(17) Gods and Brahman: Thought and Deed : the people's love and a charitable heart: these be the gifts of God.

(18) Thoughts for this world and the next: Prudence and Tolerance: these be the gifts of God.

(19) Thought for the ways of God: Veneration for Brahman: Protection for the people: these be the gifts of God.

(20) Incarnations of God on Earth: Protectors of the Faith: these be the gifts of God.

(21) **An** eye for Merit: Shrewdness of mind: Love **of the Faith: a holy** life: these be the gifts of God.

(22) The noblest of virtues is Reason: by Reason only we cross safely the sea of life.

*(Here endeth the sixth Samdsa, being the descri/dion
of the Virtuous Man.)*

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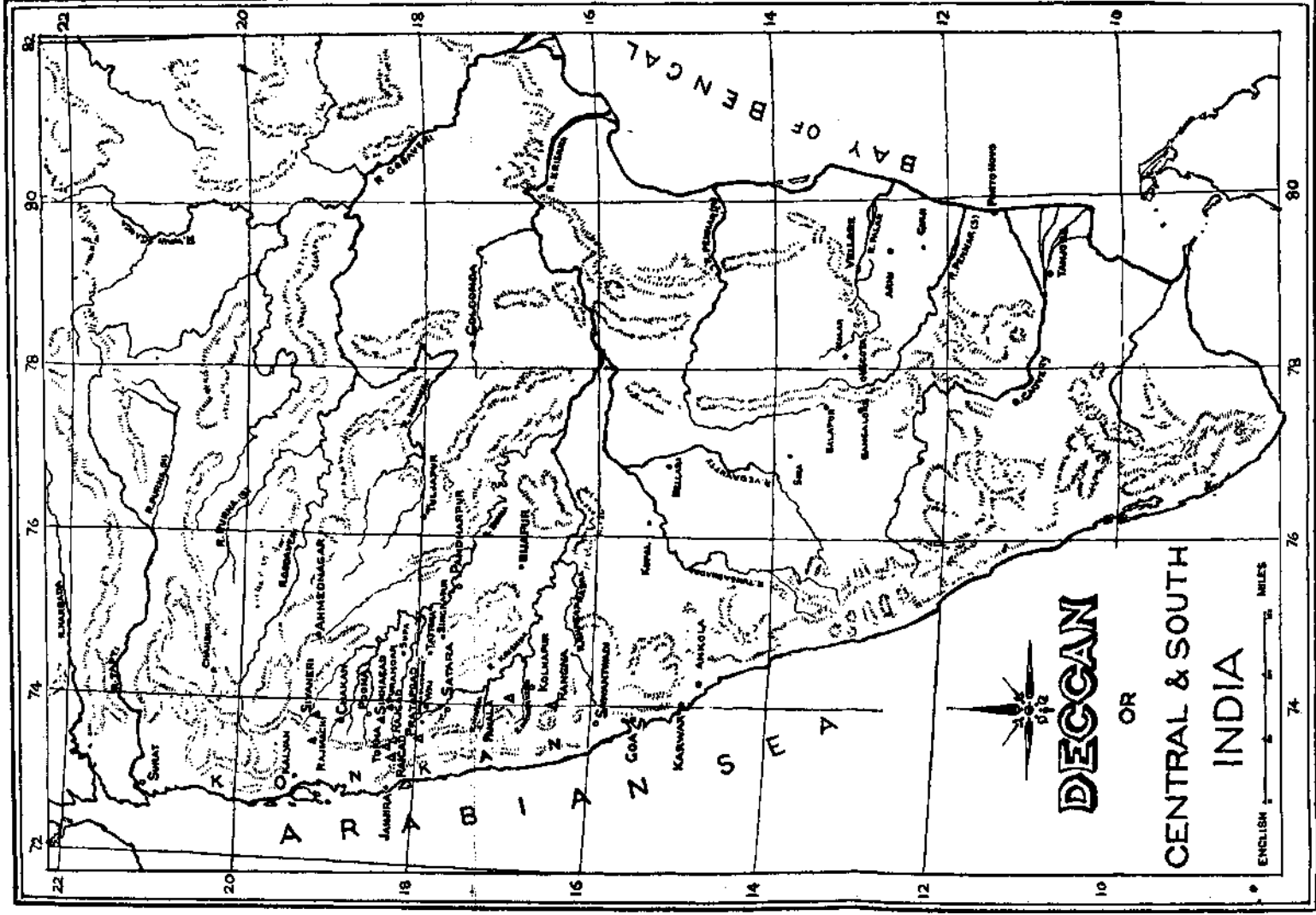
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OR

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INDIA**

ENGLISH MILES

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R. TUNGABHADRA

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