

T. V. C.'S STORY READERS

Pages from Indian History

SHIVAJI

T. P. Srinivasan

Madras

T. V. Chellappa Sastry & Sons,

T. V. C.'s Story Readers

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FOURTH GRADE

S h i v a j i

By

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TO TEACHERS

This series of four books has been called 'Pages from History,' because the four great personages whose lives are depicted therein are historical characters. They represent different periods of the history of our country and are wide apart in age and characteristics.

Vikramaditya belongs to that early period of the history of Hindustan, which has not yet emerged from the research of scholars and antiquarians sufficiently to bear the impress of authenticity. Its main interest to the reading public is romantic rather than historical. He is yet mostly a hero of romance like King Arthur, or perhaps King Alfred, around whom have gathered innumerable traditions that give us a glimpse of the times and an idea of the civilization of the people, which are of high historical value.

Prithvi Raj is of a much later date. His is a towering personality that stood for the dying glory of Indian Chivalry. He holds forth to our view the past and the future of one of the most interesting periods of Indian History. It is the first great period of transition, of which authentic history has come to be written. But Prithvi Raj, by virtue of his own deeds and qualities, is as much a hero of chivalry and romance as Richard I of England or Peter the Great of Russia. The romantic interest of his life is in no way minimised by the greater accuracy of knowledge we have of the main events of history connected with him. Around him, too, a great number of traditions have gathered, which, while being less authentic as facts of history, are yet of considerable value as giving a glimpse of the life and times, and the people of his days.

Akbar and Shivaji are comparatively modern. We are more sure of the parts played by these two characters in the shaping of the history of the country. Akbar consolidated the Mogul Empire, and gave to it an abiding place covering a period of more than two centuries. He also represents a period of transition. From whatever causes it might be, Babar and Humayun left the country not much better than they found it, and no lasting foundations were laid by them for the establishment of the Mogul Empire. It was left to Akbar to do it. What is of far greater value and interest to us than the great battles, victories and conquests of this redoubtable warrior and commander, are the wide outlook and far sighted policy and statesmanship with which he not only inaugurated, but established, a powerful empire extending from the Himalayas to South India. The way in which he worked to consolidate his extensive conquests and weld together the two great races into a nation united by common interests and mutual goodwill, is indeed of the first importance to us. Around him, too, a large tradition has gathered, and anecdotes as romantic as those of the Maiden Queen of England have come down to us from various sources.

Lastly Shivaji represents another great transition. The Mogul power had begun to decay. The policy of mistrust and the bigotry of Arungzeb weakened the bonds by which the different parts of the empire were knit together, and the work of disruption had more than commenced. The conditions were such as to give rise to the feelings and scope to the talents of a man like Shivaji. Shivaji was the liberator of Maharashtra. He worked wonders to achieve the object of his life. But he could not perhaps have formed the ambition, much less realised it, if an Akbar had ruled at Delhi instead.

of Aurangzeb. The achievements of Shivaji are facts of history which, by reason of their recent date, ought to have been better known and made more authentic. But from various causes known and unknown, the history of Shivaji is only just being re-written with the labours of research. This fact, combined with the nature and circumstances of his achievements, has given room for a great many traditions and stories to circulate as if he were a hero of remote antiquity. Again, too, as is almost invariably the case, these traditions give us a clearer insight into the life and conditions of the times than a most accurate and detailed narration of mere facts and events can ever do.

The four books in this series therefore are fortunate in the heroes around whom so much of romantic material exists, which at the same time are of high historical value. One of the main objects of these little books is to present some of this romance to the young pupils as it has come down to us, and thereby to produce in their minds more or less clear impressions of the life and times represented by each one of these heroes.

These impressions will be formed naturally in the process of reading of the stories. The pupils' attention need not be emphatically drawn to them. In spite of this new interest in the subject matter, the main object of these general reading books should not be lost sight of. Language should always remain the first and most essential object of a general reading book.

Next only to language in importance, and as a means that directly contributes to the cultivation of it, is the interest which the stories rouse in juvenile minds. It is this interest that should foster the tendency in the pupils to take to general reading, and thereby improve their acquaintance of the language.

But, as the pupils advance in their studies, and come to read later the several periods of the history of India, they will find these early impressions to be of great value, setting off the detailed events and facts of history to greater advantage by placing them in proper perspectives.

The teacher may, however, supplement or amplify the stories so as to confirm the general impressions created by them and thereby help unconsciously to develop in the pupils what is known as the historic sense.

T. P. Srinivasan.

Shivaji

CHAPTER I

Who was Shivaji ?

One of the most noted names in Indian History is 'Shivaji.' Many books have been written of his life and doings. His name and fame, his daring deeds, and his noble qualities are sung in many a poem and song in the Mahrathi language. He was a Mahratta by birth ; a great many people believe him to be God Shiva himself, born as man.

Now, who was Shivaji ? When did he live ? What did he do ? All these and many more questions are answered in this story in a plain, simple way. Those that read it, will like to know more about this great warrior and king ; for, it is so nice

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and good. For such, there are bigger books which are also much finer, and far more interesting. These can be read by and by, but first it is well to know the simple facts of this great man's life.

It has been said above that Shivaji was held by the men of his race to be an *avatar* of God Shiva. But that only shows in a way that he was held in very high regard. Perhaps Shivaji himself would not have liked to be worshipped as a god ; yet many of the good qualities of Sri Rama and Sri Krishna were found in Shivaji also. However that may be, there is one great difference that matters. The life and times of Sri Rama and Sri Krishna are of a long past age. They do not come within the period of known history. They are in the shape of stories. But Shivaji lived in recent times. His deeds were recorded by many who lived in his time, and those records are still to be had.

We know many things about Shivaji's life which are true and certain facts. About other things, opinions have differed. But these differences are growing less year by year. Great scholars are still studying the records to learn the truth of things.

Now, who was Shivaji ? He was a great king who ruled in our country. He was born three hundred years ago. He fought many long wars.

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He won great victories, and conquered a great many foes. He united quarrel-some nobles and made his race into a great nation. He taught them to be pious. He gave them freedom and ruled them for their good. These are deeds worthy of Sri Rama himself. What wonder then that he is held in high regard by the people of his race, and by many learned men ?

The great battles that he fought and the many victories that he won are matters of history ; they cannot be told in a small story-book like this. Really this book contains a number of small stories which will be very interesting to read. But it must be remembered that they are true stories, The events that are told in them really took place, though some of them may seem very wonderful.

Though a great warrior, Shivaji was a very religious man. He had many holy men to help and advise him. He sought their help in all difficulties. He valued their advice very highly, for he found it always good.

He was, besides, full of piety. He worshipped Bhawani, Gananati, Shiva and Sri Krishna. He spent large sums of money in building temples. He was never proud in all his glory. He gave his kingdom away to Saint Rama Das, but the Saint bade him rule it himself. Thereupon like the noble Bharata, Shivaji begged the saint for his

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sandals, and ruled, not as king, but as the viceroy or deputy of the saint.

Such was the great and noble Shivaji, and the story of his life has many great lessons of wisdom and virtue, and of courage and honour.

CHAPTER II

The Bhonsle family

Shivaji Maharaj belonged to the famous Mahratta family known as 'Bhonsle'. It traced its line long back to a Rajput warrior whose name was Devraj Maharana. Shivaji was thus a Rajput belonging to the solar race. His grandfather, Maloji, began his life as an ordinary soldier, but afterwards rose to great power under the Nizam Shah of Ahmadnagar. That Sultan gave Maloji the title of 'Rajah' and made him commander of a large army. But that was by and by.

Maloji had no son for a long time. He made many vows to the gods, but in vain. At last he made a vow at the Muhammadan shrine of Pir Shaha Shariff, and he gave alms to fakirs. Some time after, two sons were born to him. In honour of the Muhammadan saint, the first child was named Shahaji and the second son Shariffji.

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When Shahaji was five years old, he was taken by his father Maloji to the house of a great Mahratta Chief. The name of this Chief was Jadhavrao. He belonged to the great family of Yadhava princes. He had a daughter not much younger than Shahaji. The two children were playing together. They were both fair and full of mirth. Jadhavrao made the children sit on his lap in fondness. Looking at them, he said, "What a happy couple they will make."

Now, Maloji, the father of Shahaji, said to those that were present there, "Listen, gentlemen, Jadhavrao has promised to marry his daughter to my son. Remember it all of you."

Years passed; the children grew and came of age to marry. But Maloji was then poor and Jadhavrao was very proud of his wealth and rank, and he refused to give his daughter in marriage to Maloji's son. Maloji took this as a great insult. He said to himself, "From this day on I will work and win both wealth and rank. I must bring down the pride of Jadhavrao." Some time passed. One night Maloji went with his brother Vitthoji to the fields to watch their crops. It was full-moon that day. They kept watch by turns. At first, Vitthoji went to sleep, and Maloji watched. There was an ant-hill close by. Maloji saw a fair hand coming out of it shining with jewels. The hand

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seemed to call him to come. Soon the hand was gone. He told his brother Vitthoji of this, when he awoke ; but he did not mind it. Now, it was Vitthoji's turn to keep watch, and Maloji went to sleep. In his sleep he saw a wondrous dream. In the dream, the Goddess Bhawani stood before him and said, "I live in this ant-hill as a snake. Dig up the ant-hill and you will find much gold. Take it and use it well. Your fame and name shall grow. For twenty-seven generations your children and children's children shall rule in the land."

Maloji woke up and told his brother of the dream. They wished to test the truth of the dream. So they dug up the ant-hill, and found in it a great quantity of gold and precious gems. They brought all this home and buried it safely in the garden behind their house. Maloji was now wealthy, and he spent large sums of money on many charities. He built a beautiful temple on the site of the ant-hill. Large sums of money were spent in many other pious ways.

But all this time Maloji and Vitthoji did not forget the insult they had received from Jadhavrao. That chief still refused to give his daughter's hand in marriage to Shahaji. Maloji now gathered a small army of horsemen. With the help of these he made various attacks upon Jadhav's territory.

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The quarrel at last reached the ears of the Nizam of Ahmadnagar. He was the master of both Jadhavrao and Maloji. Now both were equally strong and useful to the Nizam. So he advised Jadhav to give his daughter in marriage to Maloji's son. Shahaji and Jijabai were married accordingly. Shivaji was the son of Shahaji and Jijabai.

CHAPTER III

Birth and Childhood

After the marriage of Shahaji with Jijabai, his father, Maloji, lived for fifteen years. During these years he did very useful service to his master, the Nizam of Ahmadnagar, and rose to great power and prosperity. Maloji died in 1619. His place in the Nizam's service was given to his son Shahaji, who received all his father's jagirs.

Soon after, there was fighting between the Mogul army and the army of the Nizam of Ahmadnagar. In this war Shahaji fought bravely on the side of the Nizam. The Nizam's army was defeated, and many of his nobles went over to the Moguls. Among these was Jadhav, the father-in-law of Shahaji. But Shahaji was still in the service of the Nizam.

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Now something must be said about the condition of the country at this time. The Moguls ruled at Delhi. Shah Jehan was then the emperor. The Moguls had conquered many kingdoms in the Deccan. But these kingdoms often rose against the Moguls, and there were thus many wars between them and these kingdoms. Often, too, these kingdoms fought against one another.

There were three such important kingdoms in the Deccan at this time. They were Bijapur, Ahmadnagar, and Golconda. Of the three, Bijapur was then the most powerful. Ahmadnagar was slowly losing power. Golconda had suffered greatly in the wars with Bijapur.

Though these states belonged to Muhammadans, many Mahratta nobles served as commanders and ministers in them. Shahaji remained in the service of Ahmadnagar till two years after the birth of Shivaji. Then that kingdom was defeated by the armies of the Moguls and of Bijapur which had joined together. The jagirs of Shahaji went over to Bijapur. He had therefore to go over to the service of that kingdom. By doing so he got back all his former estates.

Two sons were born to Jijabai. The elder was Sambhaji. He was very dear to Shahaji, and remained with him always. The second son was Shivaji. Shivaji was born in 1627. There is a

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story showing that Shivaji was God Shiva himself, born as man for the good of the country. It is as follows :

One night Shahaji had a strange dream. In that dream he saw a *gosavi* or *sanyasi*. His clothes were in rags. The sacred ashes were all over his body. He stood by the bed of Shahaji, and gave a mango fruit into his hands saying, "Give half of this fruit to your wife, and eat the other half yourself. God Shiva himself will be born as a son to you. He will not salute a Mussalman. Do not force him to do so. Leave him to himself after his twelfth year. Let him act as he pleases. For, he will conquer many kingdoms, and be a great king. His children will rule after him for hundreds of years. He will give freedom to his country. Moreover he will be a pious man; and he will lead his race to piety and goodness."

Shahaji awoke from his dream. He felt quite sure that the *sanyasi* of the dream was God Shiva himself. When therefore a son was born to him after this dream, Shahaji gave him the name of Shiva himself.

Such is the story of the birth of Shivaji. He was born in a house on the top of the Shivner fort. The fort is near the town of Junnar in Maharashtra, and fifty miles from Poona. A wall of that house still stands in ruins.

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CHAPTER IV

Boyhood

The birth of Shivaji was a matter of great joy to his parents. Shahaji was then at Bijapur. News of the birth of the second son was sent to him by special messengers. Jijabai spent three years at Shivner. From there she moved to another place called Byzapur.

About this time there was war between Bijapur and the Mogul army. A great Mahratta warrior, by name Murar-pant, led the Bijapur army. Shahaji held the second command. A story is told of the cleverness of Shahaji which pleased Murar-pant greatly.

The Bijapur army was on its way to Dowlatabad, the capital of Ahmadnagar ; it was then held by the Moguls. On the way, the army one day encamped at a city where two rivers meet. On that day there was an eclipse of the Sun. Murar-pant was a religious man, and he wished to give money and lands in charity on a large scale. He desired to weigh his elephant against silver and give it away to deserving men. But how was the elephant to be weighed? No one could tell. At last, Shahaji was asked, and he found an easy way of doing it. He said that the elephant should first be taken out in a boat on the river,

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and the sinking line of the boat should be marked. The elephant should then be taken out and the boat filled with stone. The boat would sink to the line marked already. Then the stones could be weighed in the scale in parts, and thus the weight of the elephant could be easily learnt.

In this war Shahaji fought very bravely, and made the Mogul commander angry. He therefore formed a plan to bring away Jijabai as a prisoner. A man was sent to capture her. Formerly he had been in the service of Ahmadnagar. He knew all about Jijabai and her ways and habits. So he was able to carry her away easily ; and she was kept a prisoner in a fort. But she had hidden away Shivaji from the enemy. He was then six years old. For three years the Moguls made every effort to find him. But all their attempts failed.

Now, Jadhavrao, the father of Jijabai, was high in favour with the Mogul emperor. But Jijabai would not take any help from him. It was because he had no love or regard for her husband. Shahaji was at open war with the Moguls, but Jadhavrao was in their service. That was another reason.

The brother of Jadhavrao was in the Mogul camp at Dowlatabad. He heard that his brother's daughter, Jijabai, was a prisoner with the Moguls, and he was very sorry for her. He spoke to the

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Mogul commander there on her behalf. It was stated that Jijabai had quarrelled with her husband, Shahaji, because he had married a second wife. It was therefore no punishment to Shahaji to keep Jijabai in prison. So argued her uncle. The argument was partly true and partly false. Shahaji did marry a second wife ; but a nobleman used to marry many wives in those days. Jijabai had no quarrel with her husband at all.

But this argument satisfied the Mogul commander, and Jijabai was set at liberty. Soon she came back to Shivner. There she was joined by Shivaji. For a few years after this, the struggle between the Moguls and Shahaji went on. Jijabai and Shivaji were often in fear of danger from the Moguls. Thus the childhood and early years of Shivaji were days of trouble and care.

CHAPTER V

With Father and Mother

The first ten years of Shivaji's life were spent with his mother. She took a very great interest in his education. She herself belonged to an ancient royal family ; for, the Jadhavs were once great rulers of the Deccan. Her husband belonged to the still

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more ancient Rajput family of Udaipur. Both of the royal families had suffered greatly in the past on account of the Muhammadan conquest. Again, recently, her father and brothers had both suffered most bitterly in the service of Ahmadnagar. Her husband, too, was being driven from place to place by the Moguls at that time. These things burned in the proud heart of Jijabai.

Then, too, though Shahaji failed to establish a Hindu kingdom at Ahmadnagar, he showed great powers in fighting the Muhammadan foes. This roused in the mind of Jijabai hopes of winning independence for her people. She would often talk of this to her son. She would sing songs and tell stories of the brave Rajputs and Jadhavs. As she sang how the heroes fought and fell, Shivaji would often cry out, "I, too, will fight, but I will not fall."

Young Shivaji was naturally gifted with great intelligence. The teachings of his mother filled his mind with high ideas. During this period he made good progress in riding and in the use of weapons. He also received good lessons in reading, writing and accounts.

When Shivaji was fourteen years old, he went with his mother to Bijapur to live with his father. Even at that age he could fight well. From his childhood he was fond of riding horses and elephants, and he had learnt how to manage them.

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He was always fond of learning new things. Whenever he met men of wisdom, learning or experience, he showed great respect to them. He would talk to them about many things, and try to learn all that they could teach. He was never idle ; nor was he fond of pleasure.

The nobles of Bijapur liked young Shivaji for his intelligence, ability and good conduct. Once they spoke in great praise of him before the Sultan. The Sultan therefore wished to see the young son of Shahaji. So he and his friends wished to present Shivaji to the Sultan at court. But the boy did not like it. He did not like to bend his knees to a Muhammadan ruler. He told his father's friends the truth. He said, " I cannot flatter the Sultan. I care not for the favours of the Sultan. I feel that I cannot breathe freely in the presence of Muhammadan nobles or princes. I must bathe and change my clothes after meeting them."

Such fancies were strange in a boy of fourteen years. Shahaji advised the boy against such conduct. His father and grand-father had served Muhammadans loyally ; and both rose to power and wealth. His mother's father and uncle did the same. Such was the condition of the country. There could be no wrong in serving and honouring Muhammadan princes and patrons. It was not right to hate them.

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Shivaji's mind did not change ; so Shahaji requested some of his friends to advise him. But it was all in vain. He had passed through many sad and bitter troubles already as a child. They had taken a firm hold of his growing mind. The lessons of his mother's teachings had taken a deep root in his heart. His mother herself now tried to remove his ill-feeling. But even she failed in the attempt.

Thereupon, one day, his father spoke to him thus : " The Muhammadans are the rulers of the land. What is the harm in serving them ? We keep the practices of our religion. It is God's will that they should be rulers ; and the subjects must serve and obey the rulers. Was it not the will of God ? Else why should the Hindu kings have fallen from power ? Why should the Muhammadan princes have risen in the land ? Surely it must be the will of God. There can be no harm in serving under Muhammadan rulers. Are they not good patrons ? Do they not reward loyal service ? A great many Hindus rose to rank and power by such loyal service. I myself won my present position in the service of Muhammadan masters. I have won all this for your benefit alone. My favour with the Sultan will be a great good to you. He is a good and kind master. He loves and honours me. 'He may raise you higher still.'

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These were words of wisdom and experience ; yet they could not change the boy's mind, though his father himself spoke them. In his own child-like, simple way, Shivaji said to his father, " But they kill our sacred cows. Our sacred temples are in ruins. It pains me much to see them so."

CHAPTER VI

Bijapur Court

Shivaji had a strong will. It made his father very sorry ; but he was not angry or severe with the boy ; that would be no use. The father would often talk to the son gently. Shivaji had always the greatest respect for his father ; and at last he agreed to attend the Sultan's court.

Shahaji now felt happy. He taught his son how to behave in the royal presence. " You should bow down to the ground on entering the royal chamber. For, that is the form in practice there." Shahaji repeated these words many times.

Shivaji went with his father to the palace. But, on entering the hall, he only made a slight *salaam*. Then he sat down by his father's side. The Sultan took notice of young Shivaji a short time after, and

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gave him jewels and robes of honour as presents. But as soon as Shivaji came back home, he took off the grand dress, and had a bath.

After this Shivaji often went with his father to the *darbar* ; but on every occasion, he made only a slight *salaam*, and took his seat. The Sultan did not mind it at first ; but later, one day, he noticed it. He wished to know whether Shivaji did so on purpose. So he called the boy aside, and asked. Shivaji was a clever boy. He knew what to say. He replied, " It is true, Sire, that I am often told to make my salute in the proper manner. I try to bear it in mind ; but just at the moment of doing it, I forget somehow or other." The boy perhaps felt shy in the big place ; did he ? No. But so thought the Sultan, and was satisfied. Seeing this, young Shivaji said, " I make no difference between you and my father, Sire ; and I salute you just as I salute my father. Need I make a difference between you and him ? " The Sultan was pleased with the flattery, and burst into laughter.

Shivaji had been brought up to be religious and God-fearing. He had, even as a boy, the highest respect for the teachings and practices of his religion. One of the things that caused him great sorrow was the killing of cows.

One day, on his way to the Sultan's palace, Shivaji saw a cow about to be killed by a butcher.

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The sight made the lad very angry, and he beat the butcher down, and let off the cow. The news reached the Sultan's ears; but on account of his great regard for Shahaji, the Sultan did not take notice of it.

But the sight of cow-killing was only very common at Bijapur, because it was a Muhammadan country. Shivaji's mind grew sadder every day to look at this sight. So he said to his father humbly one day, "I pray you, Sire, do not press me to go with you to the *darbar*. You have work to do, and you should go. But I have no work there. Why should I go? Oh, my father! Our sacred cows are killed everywhere on the way. I cannot look at the sinful sight. It makes me sad."

What could Shahaji do? If he did not take Shivaji to court, the Sultan would surely notice the absence and ask. Shahaji stated his trouble to a Muhammadan friend. By that friend's advice, Shahaji did not take his son to the *darbar* that day. Luckily, that day, the Sultan was in a pleased and happy mind. So Shahaji and the Muhammadan friend were able to speak of Shivaji to the Sultan. The good friend said to him, "You are the father of the people, both Hindu and Mussalman. All your subjects enjoy your royal favour equally. There are both Hindu and Muhammadan officers in the service of the state. Both of them are allowed

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to worship God in their own ways. It does great honour to you and to the state. For, according to the Hindu religion, it is a great sin to kill cows. But cow-killing takes place even around the royal palace. That is very painful to the religious feelings of the Hindus. It is so to Shahaji himself, who is one of the most valued servants of the state. But he would not dare to complain. His son, however, is a brave lad, and he has quarrelled with his father. He would not attend court, because of the cow-slaughter. It is for you, my Sire, to be gracious to your Hindu subjects." So spoke a Muhammadan noble in a Muhammadan court, even in those days of hate and quarrel in the country.

The Sultan was pleased with the arguments of his Muhammadan noble. So orders were sent to stop cow-slaughter near the palace, and the sale of cow-flesh in the city. If any one disobeyed the order, he could be punished by the Hindus. No complaint would be received by the Sultan against such punishment. So the slaughter-houses went out of the city. Now Shivaji began again to attend the Sultan's court. The Sultan was pleased with the lofty spirit of the brave boy, and often gave him presents of robes and other marks of honour. All went well for a time. Shivaji went to the Sultan's court often. But soon fresh trouble arose.

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CHAPTER VII

Shivaji Leaves Bijapur

One day a butcher was selling cow-flesh at the city-gate, in disregard of the Sultan's order. Shivaji chanced to pass by that way. On seeing the butcher seated with his basketful of cow-flesh, the boy lost his temper, drew his sword and cut him down with a stroke. It was all the work of a moment. The butcher's wife filled the air with her cries, and lodged a complaint in court. The gate-keepers also stated that the complaint was true. But the Sultan said that Shivaji's deed was right; the butcher had disobeyed the order of the state, and the punishment was just.

This event was much talked about in the city. Many Muhammadans felt very angry. They blamed the Sultan himself for being too partial to the Hindus. The ill-feeling began to spread in the city. It caused Shahaji great fear and care.

One day Shahaji sent for his son, and thus spoke to him in the presence of Jijabai: "You are still very young, my son; you have no knowledge of the world. You give way to anger, and draw the sword for very slight cause. It is not right conduct. If we are to rise in the world, we must serve the Muhammadans. If we serve them, we must serve them well, not minding petty difficulties

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and differences. If I had behaved as you do, where should I be ? Remember this, my son : it was by serving Muhammadans that your elders rose to greatness and power. You see me high in office and power in this state to-day. But do you know what troubles and difficulties lay in my way ? I formed high hopes of you, my boy ; for, you have talents and good sense. But this unhappy hatred and evil temper will spoil your life. I fear it will drag me also down, and drive me away to misery and sorrow. Really, your conduct should have already brought us into trouble ; but I have good friends at court ; to them we owe our safety now. But if we have friends, we have also foes. Bear my words in mind ; remember your own good, and your duty to me. Be careful in future, and guard your temper."

Shivaji listened with bent head and folded arms to the wise words of his father. He said nothing in reply. Shahaji did not stop with that. He spoke to Jijabai about their son, and got her to advise him in private. She did so, speaking to him with love and tenderness. She pointed out to him his duty to his father ; she said a good son should obey his father in everything.

Shivaji replied with tears in his eyes, " It is never my wish to go against my father's commands. They are ever sacred to me. But in this matter, I

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cannot alter my nature. My knees refuse to bend to a Muhammadan. The sight of cow-slaughter makes me mad with rage. To save me from such things in future, you should send me away somewhere far off from any Muhammadan state. I do not say this in disrespect. I say it most humbly. I am sorry ; but I cannot change my nature."

Jijabai felt the truth of her son's words, and she told her husband all. Both saw that it was the best thing to do. Shivaji was therefore sent away with his mother to Poona under the care of Dadaji Kondadev.

CHAPTER VIII

Dadaji Kondadev

It has been said that Shivaji grew entirely under the care of his mother. Those were days of care and fear for both the mother and son. But Jijabai was careful to bring up her son properly. She paid great attention to physical training and education ; and Shivaji made good progress in both. She also aroused in her son a high ambition, and love of his race and religion.

On coming away from Bijapur, Shivaji lived with his mother at Poona under the care of Dadaji

Shivaji

Kondadev. From that time on, Shivaji received much of his training from that good man. Dadaji was also managing the jagirs of Shahaji. He showed great tact and skill in the management of the estates. He was a perfectly true and honest servant. A story is told of him that shows his great honesty.

On one occasion he was passing through one of the groves of his master. There were fruit trees in that grove. By chance he plucked off a mango from its stem. At once he said to a servant by, "Cut off this guilty hand of mine." Shivaji too was there, and he said, "No, no! Take back your order please, Dadaji. You have planted the trees; they have grown under your care; you have a right to take as many fruits as you like." Dadaji took back the order; but he cut short one of the sleeves of his dress; and he always wore a short sleeve till his death.

Under the care of Dadaji, Shivaji's powers grew in every way. He went through a regular course of drill and physical training. Dadaji paid special attention to this course. Shivaji attended to his studies also. He learnt Arabic and Persian and also a little of Sanskrit. Dadaji was a very religious man. So he took Shivaji to many religious lectures. He would often tell Shivaji stories of brave heroes from the Puranas.

Shivaji

In all these things Jijabai had made a beginning already. Dadaji only carried them onwards. But there were also other important things to be learnt. Shivaji could learn them from Dadaji alone. For example, Dadaji had great tact and skill in taking work from servants in a pleasing manner. As a judge he was both skilful and impartial. In his love for the people, he was like a father to them. These qualities were highly necessary in a ruler of men. And Shivaji had the highest training in these under Dadaji. Dadaji often taught Shivaji how to decide difficult questions. He took his pupil round the jagir estates, and trained him in matters of revenue.

There was a third source from which Shivaji received a good training. It was from his own father, though father and son did not live together for long. While at Bijapur, Shivaji would often sit listening, when his father talked upon great questions of State. Thus he came to know many things, and they were all very useful to him in after-life. Early in life, Shivaji found great pleasure in learning how the various offices of the government worked. On account of the great position, of Shahaji at court, Shivaji could often visit the several offices, both civil and military, and the army headquarters. He had a keen memory, and noted well in his mind all that he saw.

Shivaji

CHAPTER IX

Saint Rama Das

Many saints lived in Maharashtra during the lifetime of Shivaji. Shivaji often sought their grace and advice. Two of them had a very great hold on his mind. They were Tukaram and Rama Das. Many stories are told about the attempts made by Shivaji to sit at their feet and learn ; for, both of them were slow to take him as their pupil, because he was rich and powerful.

Rama Das became famous as a saint, just when Shivaji had begun his great conquests. Hearing of the fame of the saint, Shivaji went to see him at his place, but could not see him as he was absent. Soon after, Shivaji went a second time. Once more the saint was absent. Shivaji wandered in search of him. Rama Das knew about this search by Shivaji ; after a long time, the saint took pity and wrote him a letter. The letter made him desire still more to see the saint. Shivaji again went to the saint's place, and this time also he was not to be seen. At last a servant was so kind as to tell Shivaji where to find the saint. Shivaji started at once. The servant offered him food. But he had vowed to eat nothing before seeing the saint. So he refused to take the food, and went on his search.

Shivaji

Rama Das was sitting under a tree making verses on God. Shivaji fell at his feet and begged for his grace. The saint gave him blessings. Shivaji presented Rama Das with a large sum of money ; but he gave it away to the cow-boys. Shivaji then urged the saint to come away and live with him. But he would not come.

When Shivaji took his leave, the saint gave him a cocoaunt some earth, a few pebbles and some horse-dung. Shivaji took these to his mother. Jijabai asked in anger the meaning of such funny presents. Shivaji said that the water and the earth meant that he would conquer Maharashtra. The pebbles meant that he would hold it by means of his forts. The horse-dung meant that he would win great victories with the help of his cavalry.

Another story is told of the first meeting of Shivaji and the saint. After long wanderings Shivaji found Rama Das in a small cave. He lay there in great pain. Shivaji asked him in great distress what could be done to cure his pain. The saint replied that there was only one remedy in the world to cure his pain. "Tell me what it is," said Shivaji, "and I will get it for you." The saint replied, "No, you cannot get it for me, for, it may cause danger to your life." "I do not care for my life," said Shivaji, "I will try to get the thing for you at all costs. Pray tell me what it is."

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“Then,” said the saint, “bring me the milk of a tigress.”

The bold prince went into the jungle, sword in hand, and found some cubs in a bush. He entered the bush, caught them up and sat down waiting for the tigress. An hour later, the tigress came and saw her cubs in Shivaji's hands, and sprang upon him. The prince boldly faced the beast, and said to her, “I wanted to give the dying Rama Das some of your milk.” At the mention of the saint's name, the tigress quietly lay down and allowed Shivaji to milk her. So he brought the milk and gave some of it to the saint ; and his pain was cured. Then Rama Das made Shivaji drink the rest of the milk. Hence, said the people, was Shivaji bold and strong like the tiger.

By the commands of Rama Das, Shivaji ordered his subjects to say *Ram, Ram*, when greeting one another. It was to show reverence to Sri Rama. Also, Shivaji chose for his flag the orange-brown colour worn by saints and holy men.

CHAPTER X

Saint Tukaram

Shivaji had come to hear of great saints like Dyandev and Tukaram in his early boyhood.

Shivaji

Both were poet-saints, and they sang *kirtans* in praise of God. When Rama Das refused to come and live with Shivaji, he requested Tukaram to do so. But Tukaram wrote back refusing to come. He wrote, "The court of a king is not a fit place for a poor lover of God. I have given up the world and its gifts."

Once Tukaram was invited by some of his followers to Poona to sing *kirtans*. Shivaji was then living at Sinhagad, a fort within a few miles of Poona. He used to attend these *kirtans* every night. When they were over, he would come back to his fort.

His Muhammadan foes came to know of this. One night, a body of two thousand Pathans surrounded the house in which Tukaram was singing his *kirtans*. Shivaji was in the house that day. The people in the house were in great fear. Tukaram at first did not know anything about the matter.

But soon he saw that something was wrong and he asked the people what the trouble was. He was told the truth, and the people requested permission to fly away with Shivaji. But the saint would not hear of stopping the *kirtans* for fear of the enemy. He said, "This is a holy day (Ekadasi), which we should spend in fasting and prayer. What care we for foes? If we are so

Shivaji

fortunate as to die this day, we shall all go straight to Heaven. No, my people ! Let us not mind the enemy, but go on with our *kirtans*." The people dared not disobey. Nor would Shivaji permit it, even for his own safety.

The *kirtan* went on. Shivaji was listening to the sacred words, forgetting the world and the danger that surrounded him. Meanwhile some one among the people quietly left the hall, and went out. He was seen to spring on a horse and ride away silently. He looked like Shivaji to the eyes of the Pathans. They rode after the flying horseman in pursuit. It lasted long ; the flying figure at last escaped into the woods, and was lost to the sight of the pursuers.

By this time the *kirtan* was over, the people left the house, and Shivaji reached his fort in safety. People said to one another afterwards, ' It was Hanuman himself that saved Shivaji from his foes.'

Yet another story is told to show the effect of Tukaram's *kirtans* on Shivaji. Once upon a time, Tukaram was singing them at a certain place. Shivaji was also present there. The opening verses of the *kirtan* were very sweet and soul-stirring ; and the heart of Shivaji was filled with pious joy. Tukaram spoke on the shortness of the world's joys.

Shivaji's heart was turned to the truth of the

Shivaji

saint's teachings. When the *kirtan* was over, he came back home, and cast away his rich clothing. Dressed as a common man, he went into the woods, and began to think upon the words of Tukaram.

His mother, Jijabai, was greatly grieved. In great fear she went to the saint, and said, "I pray to you, Oh holy one, turn back my son to the great task that lies before him. He is the only one who can bring freedom to our people and our religion."

Tukaram said to her, "Fear not, noble lady, for your son. He will attend the *kirtan* to-night also. I shall give him the necessary advice."

That night Shivaji came to hear the *kirtan* as usual. Jijabai was also present. The saint spoke that day on the duty of every man to work for the common good of all. Merit lay not in flying away from home into the woods. The saint then spoke on the great duties of a king. The king was the father of his people. He should not leave them to themselves and flee to the lonely forests for his own happiness. That would be selfish. But he must also always rest his mind on God all the time."

On hearing these words of Tukaram, Shivaji knew they were spoken for his own sake. He felt the force of the words. He fell at the feet of the saint and his mother, and with their blessings came back to his home.

Shivaji

CHAPTER XI

Master and Pupil Disagree

Shahaji had his jagirs in Maharashtra along with other Mahratta chiefs. These often quarrelled among themselves, and there was no strict control over them. They changed masters often, at one time being under the Moguls, and next under Bijapur. Thus they were always open to attacks from one or the other, or among themselves. Shivaji wished to bring peace and order in Maharashtra so that his father's jagirs might be safe. How could he bring about order out of this confusion? He found that the only way was to unite all Maharashtra into one state. For this purpose and to save his own property, it was necessary for him to capture and strengthen some of the forts belonging to the Bijapur and the Mogul governments. It was never Shivaji's wish, however, to set himself against the Muhammadan powers.

But such ideas of Shivaji were not liked by Dadaji Kondadev. He feared to give offence to his master Shahaji. He had not the high ambition of Shivaji or of his mother. He was only true to his trust, and loyal to his master. His duty was to keep Shivaji from all dangers. He tried to turn Shivaji from his dangerous ideas, and said to him accordingly, "Your present deeds are full of

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danger, my prince. They will bring you and your jagir to ruin. The Muhammadan kings are great and powerful. You do not have enough power or wealth to oppose them. Think well, my young master. Your father is at Bijapur. Your present acts are sure to rouse the anger of the Sultan. And then what will be the fate of your father? Think well upon it."

Dadaji repeated this advice from time to time. Shivaji listened in silence. But he never gave up his high ambition or the bold deeds which he had begun.

Dadaji wrote to Shahaji about his son's doings, and asked for advice. But Shahaji did send any reply. He was busy in the Carnatic. Perhaps he thought Shivaji did well in making himself strong in Maharashtra.

Dadaji grew sadder day by day ; he was in great fear for the safety of the jagir, for the safety of Shivaji, and for the safety of his master, Shahaji. On account of this sorrow, Dadaji's health gave way. He was already very old, and the present sorrow laid him ill. Shivaji and Jijabai did all they could to bring him back to health. Shivaji often came to him and sat by him long.

Day by day the condition of Dadaji grew worse. At last the fearful day of death approached. Dadaji knew it. He sent for the officers and

Shivaji

servants of the jagir. He bade them serve their master faithfully. He gave the keys of the treasury into the hands of Shivaji, and advised him to be kind to his servants. He then spoke to Shivaji on the merits of the different officers and clerks one by one. Then with kind words, full of blessings for his pupil, the old man died peacefully.

CHAPTER XII

Shahaji in Trouble

Shivaji gradually went on increasing his power and adding to his territory. He captured many places round about his own jagir. After a time he captured forts and places further away from Poona. Many of these places formerly belonged to the kingdom of Ahamadnagar, and now to Bijapur. The Sultan of that kingdom heard of these conquests of Shivaji. But he did not yet take notice of Shivaji's conduct. The time was not suited for quarrelling with him.

Shivaji grew bolder still at this, and he attacked and captured Kalyan. It was after this that Shivaji obtained his famous sword *Bhavani*. This sword had belonged to a chief named Gowalkar Sawant. Shivaji's friends sought to take it by force from its owner. But Shivaji replied, "A brave man should never covet what belongs to another."

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But the chief himself desired to enter the service of Shivaji, and made a present of the sword to him. Shivaji accepted the present, and in return presented the chief a purse of 300 *hons*, the real value of the sword, and a robe of honour. He also took the chief in his service.

The conquest of Kalyan was a serious thing for Bijapur. The Sultan was wild with anger. He believed that Shahaji knew and allowed his son's action. But it was not yet in his power to punish even Shahaji. He was too powerful to be easily punished. The Sultan therefore wrote a letter to Shahaji directing him to advise his son. It was good for Shahaji himself that his son should put a stop to his activities. If Shahaji could not control his son, he should hand over the son to the Sultan.

Shahaji replied that Shivaji was no longer in his control. The father could not be responsible for the son's evil ways. But he himself was a loyal servant of Bijapur. The Sultan might punish Shivaji as he liked. Shahaji would not complain.

But the reply did not satisfy the Sultan. He sent secret letters to one Baji Ghorpade to arrest Shahaji secretly and bring him away to Bijapur. Baji Ghorpade invited Shahaji to a feast, and when he came as an unsuspecting and honoured guest, he was arrested by the false host, and brought to Bijapur. The Sultan compelled Shahaji to write

Shivaji

a letter to his son advising him to give up all his conquests and come at once to Bijapur. The letter also mentioned the dangerous position of Shahaji at Bijapur.

This was a difficult position for Shivaji. He did not know what to do. In this trouble, his wife gave him sound advice. She said to him, "I am only an ignorant woman. I am not fit to give you advice on state matters. You have able ministers who can give you good advice. But I cannot see you in suffering. If I may speak my mind to you, I would humbly place my ideas before you for consideration. In high affairs of state, family ties have no place. We should be guided by a high sense of duty alone. God will help us out of the difficulty in the end. Therefore you should not yield to the threats of Bijapur sent through your father. He himself would not like you to give up your glorious conquest."

Shivaji's mother, ministers and officers, all gave the same advice. So Shivaji wrote back to his father, refusing to do as directed by him. Father and son should each follow his own fortune.

Shahaji sent the letter on to the Sultan. But still the Sultan would not believe Shahaji to be true. So the Sultan had a wall raised, in which sufficient space was left for a man to be seated. Shahaji was put into this space. The wall was built up

Shivaji

almost completely ; there was only a small opening left. The Sultan threatened to close this also, if Shivaji did not submit within a given time.

The news of Shahaji's condition soon came to the ears of his son. Shivaji's heart was filled with grief for the lot of his father. Was he to give up all his conquests ? Was he to give up the liberty and happiness of Maharashtra ? Or was he to let his father die a horrible death ? In this difficulty, his clever mind hit upon a plan. He wrote a humble letter to the Mogul Emperor at Delhi, requesting him to help Shahaji out of his difficulty. Shivaji promised in return to be a loyal servant of the Emperor, and to carry out his orders faithfully.

Shahahan thought it was good to have Shahaji and Shivaji as allies. So he wrote a commanding letter to the Sultan of Bijapur to set Shahaji at liberty. The Sultan could not disobey the Emperor's commands and Shahaji was set free.

Shahaji remained at Bijapur for five years after this. During this time Shivaji would not attack any place belonging to the Sultan or the Emperor ; for that would put his father's life in danger.

CHAPTER XIII

Shivaji and Afzul Khan

Some time after, Shahaji was again taken into confidence by the Bijapur government, and sent

Shivaji

to the Carnatic. After Shahaji left Bijapur, Shivaji began again to attack and capture forts and places belonging to it. No less than forty forts fell into Shivaji's hands.

The Sultan of Bijapur was then a young man, twenty-one years old. His mother ruled the kingdom ably with the help of the chief minister. The daring conquests of Shivaji made the old queen very angry. She called all her ministers and generals one day, and spoke to them about punishing Shivaji. She asked if any of them had the daring to bring Shivaji a prisoner to her. All were afraid. They knew the strength and skill of the brave Shivaji. But there was one boastful man who stood up and said he would conquer him. This was Afzul Khan. The old queen sent him at the head of a large army and with a large quantity of stores and provisions. Before Afzul Khan left Bijapur, the queen advised him to capture or murder Shivaji by entering into false friendship.

On the approach of the large Bijapur army, Shivaji went over to the strong fortress of Pratabgad. Afzul Khan saw the difficulty of taking that fort. So he encamped at Wai, some distance from Pratabgad, and tried to drag out Shivaji by false friendship. Shivaji came to know of the great strength of the enemy. He made up his mind to

Shivaji

offer terms of submission, and try to gain time and profit. Accordingly he sent word to the proud Khan, asking for peace.

The Khan believed Shivaji's message to be quite true. He sent one Krishnaji Bhaskar to Shivaji, to invite him to a meeting for settling peace terms. But Krishnaji was struck with admiration at the high and noble ideas of Shivaji. So he told Shivaji the real motives of Afzul Khan. Shivaji learnt that the Khan wished to make him a prisoner and carry him off to Bijapur.

Now Shivaji showed his great skill. He sent an ambassador back with Krishnaji, requesting Afzul Khan to come to Javli. This was midway between the Khan's camp at Wai and the Fort of Pratabgad. The Khan was told by Krishnaji that Shivaji was a coward, and was afraid of coming into the Muhammadan camp. The Khan was anxious to make Shivaji a prisoner. So he agreed to come to Javli.

Shivaji now kept concealed a large army around Javli, ready to fall upon the enemy at a given signal. Then he went to his mother and took her blessings. Leaving his mother, he went to the temple of Bhavani, and prayed to that goddess for help against the foe. Lastly he called his chiefs and nobles, and said to them, "I know my friends, that in going to meet the foe to-day, I

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risk my life itself. If I succeed, it will be our greatest joy. But I may fail, and be killed. If so, you should not lose your courage, but fall on the enemy as already arranged. You are sure to succeed. I won so many victories over the Muhammadans by your help alone. Without you I could have done nothing. It is for you to save our homes, our country, and our honour."

The chiefs and nobles felt proud to serve such a master. They said they would obey him in all things, even without caring for their lives. Taking a kind leave of them all, Shivaji went forth to meet the Khan.

Meanwhile the Khan had arrived. He waited for Shivaji at the tent put up for the meeting. As Shivaji entered, Afzul Khan rose from his seat and came forward to embrace Shivaji. But instead of embracing, he caught Shivaji by the neck strongly with his left arm. Then he drew his dagger with his right hand, and drove it into Shivaji's ribs.

But Shivaji had come prepared for such a thing. He had his coat of mail under his cloak, and the dagger could not pass through it. Shivaji wore in his left fingers sharp steel claws like those of the tiger. With these he pierced the body of Afzul Khan. At the same time, Shivaji gave thrust upon thrust on the Khan's back with a small sword kept concealed in his right-hand sleeve.

Shivaji

The Khan cried out, 'murder,' 'murder.' as he fell. Soldiers from both sides rushed forward and fought round the fallen Khan. Meanwhile the bugle sounded, and cannons were fired from the fort of Pratabgad. The Mahratta army, which was kept concealed around Javli, fell upon the Bijapur army, and drove them away with great loss in men and money.

CHAPTER XIV

Re-union of Father and Son

Even after the thorough defeat and death of Afzul Khan, the Bijapur government waged war with Shivaji for some years. But in the end, Shivaji put down the power of Bijapur. In this he was helped by the Carnatic wars which drew away the army of Bijapur from Maharashtra.

When peace was made between Bijapur and Shivaji, Shahaji applied to the Sultan for leave to pay a visit to the holy shrines in Maharashtra. In granting the leave, the Sultan directed Shahaji to advise his son to be loyal to Bijapur.

With the leave of the Sultan, Shahaji set out from the Carnatic to revisit the land of his birth after a long absence. He brought with him his junior wife and their son Venkoji. Shivaji had

Shivaji

news that his father was coming with the permission of the Sultan.

Tuljapur was one of the most holy places in Maharashtra. There was an ancient shrine in it, which was held very sacred. When Shahaji reached that holy place, he gave away large sums of money in charity. Shahaji had made a great vow to this shrine for the success of Shivaji in his wars. Now he made good his vow by making small images of the goddess in gold, and giving them away to the poor. The Shahaji visited the other holy places in Maharashtra.

Shivaji made special arrangements for the comforts of his father during the journey in his kingdom. At every place where Shahaji halted, he was attended by his son's officers. To Jijabai and Shivaji the coming of Shahaji was a most joyful thing. They had been separated for a long time. The Brahmins were consulted and a proper place and time were fixed for the meeting. The place selected was the temple of Jejuri. On the arrival of Shahaji at some distance from Jejuri, Shivaji sent forward his commander-in-chief to give him a fitting welcome. Cavalry, infantry and elephants were sent to do him honour. Shivaji himself waited at Jejuri. Shahaji was led to the temple in a grand procession with music and joyful cries.

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A large basin containing hot, liquid ghee was placed at a spot in the temple. The long separated relations saw each other in the reflection of their faces in the ghee. These were Shahaji, Jijabai, Shivaji and his two wives.

Shivaji then prostrated at his father's feet. Shahaji raised him up and clasped him in a loving embrace. Tears started to their eyes in joy and thankfulness. Shahaji was then taken in a palanquin to Shivaji's camp. Shivaji walked bare-footed by his side and holding his father's slippers in his hands.

When they arrived in camp, Shahaji sat on the seat prepared for him. But Shivaji stood before him with folded arms, and addressed him thus: "I have been guilty of disobedience, my Sire, in waging war upon Bijapur. It has placed your life in danger again and again. It was most improper conduct in a son. I feel most sincerely sorry for it. I shall willingly take any punishment from you for my misconduct."

These words of his son brought tears into the eyes of Shahaji. He rose from his seat, caught his son in fond embrace and forced him to sit by his side. He then addressed his son and said, "Your deeds, my noble son, are no mis-deeds. They are worthy of one who comes of a most ancient Rajput family. I am proud of you and your glorious

Shivaji

conquests. You have given liberty of life and religion to Maharashtra. Your courage and wisdom have brought back the glories of our ancient race. Can there be greater happiness to me than to be father of such a son ! ”

Shivaji then prostrated himself before his step-mother with affection and respect, and embraced his step-brother Venkoji. Alms were given to thousands of the poor in honour of Shahaji's visit.

CHAPTER XV

Shahaji at Poona

The camp was then moved to Poona. Shahaji stayed there for two months. Shivaji himself attended to all his father's comforts. Shahaji was told in detail of the civil and military arrangements in the kingdom, and no business was done by Shivaji without his advice. In fact, everything was done in the name of Shahaji, while he remained in his son's territory. Shahaji's heart was filled with pleasure at these marks of honour and affection.

Shahaji had brought with him from the Carnatic some swords of great workmanship. Of them there was one, set with jewels, used by Shahaji himself. He made a present of that sword to

Shivaji

Shaista Khan caught hold of a Brahmin who knew Sanskrit, and made him write a haughty letter to Shivaji. The letter was to the following effect. "You are a wild ape of the mountains. You are too cowardly to face and fight your foe. But I am come to draw you out. I shall never leave till I have hunted you down. You are doomed to die. You cannot escape long."

Shivaji wrote back in reply : "You wish to call me monkey. Very well then ! Remember what Hanuman did to Ravana !"

Shivaji thought of a plan of punishing Shaista Khan for his pride. Also, if he could be killed, the Mogul army would lose its leader, and could be easily broken up. The plan was this. A Mahratta cavalry officer of the Khan in Poona was won over by Shivaji. This officer got up a false marriage in his family. Then he applied to the Khan for permission to lead a marriage procession. The permission was granted. Shivaji and a strong band of armed men joined the procession, and at midnight attacked the house of Shaista Khan. The Khan was asleep. Shivaji was about to kill him with the sword, but the Khan's wife rushed in and begged for her husband's life. Upon this Shivaji got up, sword in hand, and led the Khan and his wife out of the room. There he cut off two of the Khan's fingers and let him off.

Shivaji

The son of Shaista Khan woke up and came to attack the Mahrattas, but he was himself killed. A fight began within the house between the guards of the Khan's house and Shivaji's followers. Cries of murder filled the air, and the whole camp was in great confusion. So Shivaji and his party were able to make their escape from the city in safety. Shivaji then called together his soldiers from their hiding places outside the city-gates, and rode fast for Sinhagad.

A strong party started in pursuit. But it was misled by a trick of Shivaji. At some distance from the city-gate, there were many trees. Before coming into the city, Shivaji had caused torches to be fixed on to many of the trees. Also, torches were tied to the horns of cattle that had been kept in readiness. Now, as the pursuers started, the signal was given and the torches were lit up. The cattle ran in all directions with torches burning on their horns. These and the torches upon the trees looked to the Mogul horsemen like a flying army. The Mogul horsemen therefore went in hot pursuit in the direction of the torches. This gave time to Shivaji and his men to escape in the opposite direction and reach Sinhagad in safety.

Thus did Shivaji take revenge upon Shaista Khan for his insulting letter.

Shivaji

CHAPTER XVII

Shivaji at the Mogul Court

The fate of Shaista Khan brought down another large army from Delhi. This army was divided into two halves, and placed under two able generals, Raja Jay Singh and Diler Khan. It was the grandest army that ever reached the Deccan from Delhi. Shivaji and his counsellors thought it best to make peace with the enemy. In this purpose they were helped by the goodness and grace of Raja Jay Singh. This Rajput chief had heard of the skill and power of Shivaji. The fates of Afzul Khan and Shaista Khan made him prefer peace to war, if possible. The terms were discussed by letters between Jay Singh and Shivaji. The terms were then submitted to the emperor with a strong recommendation from Raja Jay Singh.

Aurangzeb accepted almost all the terms, and invited Shivaji to attend his court. Raja Jay Singh strongly promised that Shivaji would come to no harm by going there. Shivaji resolved to go to Delhi, though he knew it was full of danger to his life and liberty. He assembled his officers and nobles before leaving for Delhi, and addressed them thus : “ Whatever evil may happen to me, I am sure in the end to come back to you in safety ; for the Goddess Bhawani has advised

Shivaji

me to go to the Mogul court. She has promised me her protection. If, however, I fail or fall, cheer up my old mother, and guard the kingdom with care."

Shivaji then chose some of his most trusted followers to go with him. After taking a touching leave of his mother, he started with his eldest son Shambaji. A messenger was sent in advance to tell the emperor that Shivaji was coming.

When Shivaji and his party came near Agra, Aurangzeb sent Raja Ram, the son of Raja Jay Singh, and another noble to receive them. Raja Ram had been directed by his father to be helpful to Shivaji. Shivaji wished Raja Ram to bring about the meeting with the emperor soon and as between two equal rulers.

On the day fixed for Shivaji to attend the *darbar*, the most loyal nobles were present and many Pathans guarded the emperor's throne with drawn swords; for Aurangzeb had heard that Shivaji was no ordinary man. It had been stated to him that Shivaji could jump 25 cubits of length. There were five different weapons of war kept ready near the emperor's seat; and he himself had put on a coat of mail under his muslin robe. The hall was filled with nobles who wished to see the famous warrior and chief from the south. •

Shivaji, with Ram Singh and a few chosen

Shivaji

attendants, entered the hall at the time fixed for the meeting. Shivaji made the usual salutation and placed his *nazzar* (loyal present) before the throne. Aurangzeb asked the usual questions regarding his father's health, and he gave proper answers. The emperor then pointed out a seat and told Shivaji to be seated. The seat was one of those, where nobles of the second rank sat.

Shivaji grew angry at this insult. He spoke out boldly against the disrespect and asked for a sword. He wished to kill himself for the shame and insult done to his rank. The emperor at once ordered Ram Singh to offer *pan-superi* to Shivaji and take him back to his residence.

CHAPTER XVIII

Shivaji's Escape

Shivaji's skill and daring roused the emperor's admiration. He wished to keep Shivaji in his service, and offered a jagir to him in the north. This was to be in addition to his jagirs in the south. In the north Shivaji could not be so powerful as in the south. Shivaji would not agree to this. Thereupon Aurangzeb set a strong force of 500 men to guard the house of Shivaji. Now Shivaji saw the difficulty of his position. But he did not

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lose his courage. He resolved to win the confidence of the emperor and then escape.

The first thing he did was to send away his followers one after another. He kept only a few most trusted men with him. Then he obtained permission to visit the nobles of the court. He paid many visits, and made many friends among them. He spoke to them often of his desire to stay away in the north and serve the emperor. In time, this reached the ears of the emperor as Shivaji wished. The next step taken by Shivaji was to celebrate every Thursday as a festive day. On that day every week, he made large quantities of sweetmeats. These were sent in large baskets to the Muhammadan nobles. The guards were at first careful to examine the baskets before letting them out. But after some time they grew less careful. They examined only one or two baskets and passed off the rest.

Now was the time for Shivaji to carry out his plan of escape. He pretended to be ill one day, and sent for a doctor to examine him. Some time after, he said he felt better, and prepared large quantities of sweetmeats as if in joy at his recovery. They were sent out in many big baskets to the Mogul nobles. In one of the big baskets he hid himself, and Shambaji was hid in another. These two baskets were borne by Shivaji's own

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servants. The baskets escaped notice, and were carried out of the city in safety. Then he and his son got upon horses kept ready for them, and fled to Mathura. Meanwhile, a servant, who remained behind, put on the dress of Shivaji and lay down in Shivaji's bed. No one knew the truth till the next morning, when the bed was empty.

CHAPTER XIX

Coronation

From Mathura Shivaji started on his way home in the company of *gosavis*. He too was dressed as a *gosavi*. He had to pass through many difficulties on the way. The rainy days had begun. The rivers were swollen. He had to cross many mountains and rivers and travel wide forests on foot. A journey on foot over such a long distance was a most difficult task in those days.

On his arrival in the Deccan Shivaji did not go directly to his home. He went to Puri and from there on to Hyderabad and Bijapur. At last he reached Panhala and from there he went to Rajgad. He still had on the robes of a *gosavi*. When he sought admission at his own palace-gate, the sentinel informed Jijabai that a *gosavi* had come to see her. Even she did not know her son,

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when she saw him first. How great was her joy to know that it was her own noble son !

Shivaji's return soon became known. There was joy all over his kingdom. Men came in numbers to look upon their chief. Shambaji had been left behind at Mathura under proper care. It was to avoid detection. Great anxiety was felt for his safety. But he too soon returned all well.

Shivaji now entered upon the serious work of conquest. He had to re-conquer many places. He fought many wars both with the Moguls and with Bijapur. He came out victorious in the end. Shivaji now assumed the crown. He might have crowned himself long ago ; but he would not do so when his father was living and in the service of Bijapur. Jijabai lived to see the highest glory of her son. But she did not live long after it.

Shivaji led his army to the Carnatic and made many conquests. He paid a visit to Tanjore, where his step-brother Venkoji was ruling. Shivaji claimed his half-share of his father's Carnatic estates. Venkoji was unwilling to share them with Shivaji. When Shivaji was busy capturing places in the Carnatic such as Ginji and Vellore, Venkoji fought against his own brother's army ; but he was defeated. Venkoji had then to beg for pardon. Shivaji pardoned him and made him ruler of all the estates in the Carnatic.

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Shivaji spent his last days in piety and prayer. He often visited Rama Das. In one of his visits Shivaji asked Rama Das to pardon him for all his faults. The saint saw that the king was sad, and asked him about it. He embraced the saint and said that it was their last meeting. Shivaji seems to have known that the end was come. Then bidding farewell to the saint, he returned to Rajgad. Shortly after, he fell ill of fever, and, after seven days' illness, quietly passed away. His death took place in April 1680.

Shivaji left four daughters, besides his two sons. Shambaji succeeded to the throne of his father. But he did not rule long. Though able and skilful, he had formed habits of ease and enjoyment, and neglected his kingly duties. But Raja Ram was worthy of his father in every way. On Shambaji's death, his son Shahu succeeded. But he was an infant. So Raja Ram ruled the kingdom as Regent.

CHAPTER XX

Shivaji's Character

Shivaji holds a high place among the great men of the world. The story of his life is wonderful to read. He is regarded as a great national hero. A large number of people believe him to be an

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avatar of Shiva. His fame and name are told and sung in many a tale and song. Scholars are still hard at work to know more of his life and deeds.

How was Shivaji great? What was the work of his life? He was a great man of action. His objects were lofty and noble, and by hard and diligent labour, he attained many of those objects. He was wise and brave. He met with many troubles in his life; but with great tact he got over them all. He had to face many enemies, and also a great many dangers; but he bravely conquered them all. By his skill and daring, and by his untiring zeal, he united all the Mahrattas into a vigorous race, and built up a great kingdom.

Shivaji passed through many troubles almost from his birth. We saw that he did not spend much time with his father at any time. Even from his mother he was separated for a time. It was when she was carried away as a prisoner by the Moguls. They wanted to carry him off too. So he had to be kept in hiding.

The troubles were too great for a boy. But Shivaji was not like other boys. The troubles only made Shivaji more brave.

Early in his life Shivaji formed a high ambition. His will was always strong. And he set to work for great objects while yet a boy. We saw how he united all Maharashtra, and built a power-

Shivaji

ful kingdom. He had to fight against many foes. The mighty Moguls came down from time to time to crush his power on one side. The powerful kingdom of Bijapur gave him endless trouble on the other. Shivaji defeated them all every time. But it was not by the strength of his army, but by his own wisdom and courage. Thus did Shivaji rise to great power in the land.

But yet he was highly religious and God-fearing. He made friends with pious saints like Tukaram and Rama Das. He took their advice in all things. He had a great faith in his sacred religion. The killing of cows brought tears into his eyes. The sight of sacred Hindu temples in ruins caused him great pain.

Again, Shivaji was a fond and dutiful son. In all his greatness, he was humble and good. To his friends he was always gentle, and to the poor he was ever kind.

Thus was Shivaji great and good. He was powerful yet gentle, strong yet kind, and noble yet humble. His life is a glorious example of the words of the poet :

. “ The lives of great men all
Teach us how to make our lives sublime.”

GLOSSARY

Page		Page	
7	<i>Noted names</i> , names of famous men <i>Doings</i> , actions		<i>Cow-slaughter</i> , killing of cows <i>In fine spirit</i> , noble nature
8	<i>Avatar</i> , God born as man for the good of the world <i>Respect</i> , respect	26	<i>In disregard of</i> , disobeying <i>Chanced to pass by</i> , happened to go along <i>Lost his temper</i> , became angry <i>Mindful</i> , caring for; attending to
9	<i>Quarrelsome</i> , having a quarrelling nature <i>Pious</i> , godly; thinking much upon God	27	<i>Talents</i> , powers of mind <i>Hatred</i> , enmity <i>Misery</i> , trouble sorrow <i>Guard one's temper</i> , do not get easily angry <i>Sacred</i> , holy
10	<i>Sandals</i> , wooden shoes <i>Solar race</i> , race of kings coming down from the Sun	28	<i>Alter</i> , change <i>Rage</i> , anger <i>Ambition</i> , desire to become great
11	<i>Came of age to marry</i> , became old enough to marry	29	<i>Sleeves</i> , the lower ends of the hands of a shirt or coat
12	<i>Wonderous</i> , wonderful <i>The site of the ant-hill</i> , The place where the ant-hill was	30	<i>Impartial</i> , not being more kind to one than to another <i>Revenue</i> , income by tax <i>Military</i> , relating to the army <i>Headquarters</i> , chief office
13	<i>Prosperity</i> , easy and happy life	32	<i>Cavalry</i> , army of soldiers on horse back <i>Duties</i> , sorrow
14	<i>Rose against the Moguls</i> , refused to obey the Moguls	33	<i>Chose</i> , selected
15	<i>In ruins</i> , in a ruined condition	34	<i>Poet-saints</i> , pious and holy men who sang songs in praise of God <i>Kirtans</i> , songs in praise of God
16	<i>Messengers</i> , men who carry messages or news from one to another		<i>For fear of the enemy</i> , on account of fear from the enemy
17	<i>Was won in favour with</i> , was greatly liked by	35	<i>Straight</i> , directly <i>Spring on a horse</i> , jump up on to the back of a horse <i>Lasted long</i> , went on for a long time
19	<i>Recently</i> , a short time before <i>Independence</i> , freedom <i>Made good progress</i> , advanced		
20	<i>Flatter</i> , praise too much <i>Favours</i> , helps from persons in a higher rank of position <i>Fancies</i> , ideas <i>Loyalty</i> , faithfully <i>Patrons</i> , great men who give kind help or support		
22	<i>Chamber</i> , a big room		
23	<i>On purpose</i> , purposely <i>Aside</i> , apart; separately		
25	<i>Took place</i> , happened		

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- Goods*, forests
Shivaji's heart was turned,
 Shivaji became changed in heart
 36 *To change his son's mind*, change my son's mind
Reflect on God, think upon God
Under the force of the words, understood the full meaning of the words
 38 *He became ill*, became ill in health
 39 *Went on increasing his power*, became more and more powerful
Wish, wish very much for
 40 *Gold*, gold coins used by the Mahrattas in those days
Guest, one who feeds a guest
 42 *As allies*, in friendly relations
 43 *Encamped*, fixed his camp
 44 *Peace terms*, conditions of peace
Motives, objects
Ambassador, one who went from one king to another to speak on state affairs
Sign, sign
 45 *He attacked the enemy*, attack the enemy
Coat of mail, coat made of steel and used by soldiers
 46 *Defeat*, defeat
 47 *Comfort*, sources of ease and of happiness
The Brahmans were consulted, the advice of the Brahmans was taken
 48 *Basin*, an open vessel
Shadow, shadow
Bad actions, bad actions
 49 *Prostrate*, lay full length out of respect
Workmanship, skill
 50 *Often*, often
Gained, gained

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- Again and again*, very often
 51 *Sati*, the custom of women dying with their husbands.
Consent, consent
Feel for her death very strongly, feel for her death very strongly
Mansion, a big house
Previous care, previous care
 52 *Very proud*, very proud
Do like others foolishly, do like others foolishly
Fated, fated
 55 *Generals*, big army officers
Talked over, talked over
Met together, met together
Fail or fail, fail in my attempt or be killed
Sorrowful farewell, sorrowful farewell
To give welcome to them, to give welcome to them
Lengths of half a yard, lengths of half a yard
 56 *Present made to a king or emperor*, present made to a king or emperor
Betel leaves and nuts, betel leaves and nuts
 57 *Feast or festival*, a day of feast or festival
Made a show, made a show
Cure, cure
 58 *The rivers were swollen*, the rivers were in floods
 59 *Conquer again*, conquer again
Became king, became king
The ceremony of crowning a king, the ceremony of crowning a king
 60 *Taking leave*, taking leave
 61 *Duties worthy of a king*, duties worthy of a king
Of a high character, of a high character
Was in fear of danger on all sides, was in fear of danger on all sides
Eagerness that never grew less, eagerness that never grew less
 62 *Noble*, noble

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