



SHIVÁJÍ

From a painting by Ravi Varma

SHIVAJÍ
THE MARÁTHÁ
HIS LIFE AND TIMES

BY

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• शिवराजास आठवावे । जीवित् तृणासम मानावे ।
इहपरलोकीं तरावे । कीर्तिरूपे ॥
शिवराजाचे आठवावे रूप । शिवराजाचा आठवावा साक्षेप ।
शिवराजाचा आठवावा प्रताप । भूमंडली ॥

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

RÁNDÁS.

PREFACE

I HAVE to acknowledge my indebtedness to Ráo Bahádur B. A. Gupte, Curator of the Victoria Memorial Exhibition, Calcutta, for permission to reproduce the picture of Shivájí, by Rájá Ravi Varma, said to be copied from a contemporary Dutch print ; to Mr. C. 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. Ránade, M.A., for translating the selections from the old Maráthá poets given in Appendix II ; 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. Ehide 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; *á*, as in father; *i*, as in kin; *í*, as in intrigue; *o*, as in cold; *u*, as in bull; *ú*, as in rule. (It should be remembered that the *a* sound in the English cat, &c., is *never* found in the Maráthí dialect.)

INTRODUCTION

No life of Shiváji 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 Maráthá Empire. Fortunately, the materials for such a compilation are good and abundant. The great families of the Dekhan all have their *bakhar*s, or family chronicles, which are replete with information. Of the Bhosle clan alone, to which Shiváji 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 Maráthí 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* (Maráthá 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 Daftárháná in Shiváji'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 Maráthá chronicler should describe Shiváji 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 Shivájí's son Rájárám at Tánjúr, was published by J. L. Mánker, under the title of *The Life and Exploits of Shivájí*, Nirnaya Ságara Press, Bombay 1884. The original MS., which was found at Páchácl, had apparently disappeared. A mass of documents relating to Shivájí, 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 *Itihása Samgraha*, edited by Ráo Bahádur Párasnis of Sátára. 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 *javádás*, of the exploits of Shivájí, still sung by the Gondhális, or wandering minstrels, at fairs and festivals all over the Dekhan. Some of these have been collected by Acworth and Sháligrám (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, Cambay, Calcutta 1908), and the famous *Munta-khabu-l Luláb*, of Muhammad Háshim, commonly called Kháfi Khán, translated by Elliot and Dowson

¹ Telang in Ránade's *Rise of the Maráthá 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 Maráthá 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 Shiváji 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 *Maráthás* (London 1810), and Briggs's *History of the Mahommedan 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 Ránade's brilliant little essay on *The Rise of the Maráthá 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 Maráthá 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. Bhandárkar on the 'Early History of the Deccan', and of Sir J. F. Fleet on the 'Dynasties of the Kanarese

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

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

English writers on Indian History generally speak of Shiváji 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.

POONA, 1914.

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APPENDIX I

THE BALLAD OF SINHAGAD

THE following ballad is a specimen of the popular songs still sung among the Maráthás of the Poona district to celebrate Shivájí'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 Khán, is given in Acworth and Sháligrám's collection.¹

'Twas Queen Jijábái looked forth, to the East and to
the North

As at Pratápgad 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 Rájgál,
thither,

Tell Shivájí of Junnar that his mother needs him
sore!'

And the messenger rode far by Malha and by Pár

And he thundered through Birwáli and he flashed
through Poladpore.

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

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

'Why comest thou thus unsummoned and why comest thou in such haste?'

'Tis Queen Jijábái has cried, till my son is at my side,

'No water shall I drink and no morsel shall I taste.'

'Bring my shield and breast-plate here, bring my tiger claws and spear,

'Lead Krishna from the stables, the pride of all the stud,

'For by Madha and by Pár, by the Moon and by the star

'Shivájí of Junnar must ride to Pratápgad.'

The blare of his horn woke Queen Jijábái at morn.

'Come Shivájí of Junnar, I would play at dice with thee.'

And the wager was taken and the dice-box was shaken.

'Bhavání', prayed Queen Jijábái, 'grant victory to me.'
From her shrine above the valley high o'er Pár and Ambenali

Bhavání heard and ordered it that Shivájí should lose:

And thrown by either hand the dice at her command
For Jijábái showed sixes and for Shivájí fell twos.

'Now choose, mother mine, from my strongholds twenty-nine,

'Choose Rájgad or Ráigad or Sheri by the sea,

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

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

Then the Bhosle's brow grew black, as he slowly
muttered back :

'But Udai Bhán the Rathor and his twelve sons guard
the way ;

'He has Arabs and Afgháns and Rájputs and Patháns.'

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

'But the elephant Chandravelly, the man-slayer from
Delhi,

Will trample us to powder, if we break their fighting
line.'

'Now God's curse upon thee rest, if thou dost not my
behest,

'But on thee a mother's blessing when the Lion's fort
is mine.'

Both back to Rájgad 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 Sayhádrí's
crests

'Dwells Tánáji the Lion, my boldest baron he.

'Now my messenger ride back down the rugged
Madha track

'And with twelve thousand men-at-arms call Tánáji 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 Umráthá in the pleasant Konkan
plains.

Through the outer gate he rode, through the Darbar
hall he strode,

Where Tánájí Malusre has seated him in state :

'Tis the Bhosle who has spoken. See! I bring his
betel token,

'And he calls thee with thy vassals and he bids thee
not be late.'

'Ho! gather Wadghar Naiks from your rice-fields and
your dykes,

'Ho! Shirkes of Umrátha your sturdy tenants bring,

'Ho! fly o'er Nandir manor the Sávant'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 Ráyabá 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 Shivájí of Junnar has work for me to do.'

They have reached Rájgad and wait. 'Fling wide
the Hira gate.

'Oh, Shivájí of Junnar! was thy token but a jest?'

'Nay, Queen Jijábái 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 Shivájí 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 Bhavání of Pratápgad, Bhavání of the Hill!'

They have reached the broken ground, the Lion's fort
around,

And they've freed the ghorpad¹ 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 Ghorpade earned their name from a legendary exploit like the one attributed in this ballad to Tánáji. 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 Tánáji,
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 Kshattriya
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!'

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 Shiváji of Junnar and Bhaváni 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 Bhán 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 Bhán looked up, as he quaffed his golden cup,
'Now a curse upon the Kafir and a plague upon thy
head.

'Send the elephant Chandravelly, the manslayer from
Delhi.

'He will trample down the Kafir like the worm
beneath his tread.'

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

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

'Now yield, thou country lout,' cried in scorn the bold
mahout,

'Or be trampled into powder under Chandravelly's
stride.'

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

And he sprang astride the monster and his kick the
driver 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 Bhán 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
Rájput 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 Ráthor 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 Bhán 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 Bhavání of the Hill guard brave Tánájí from ill,
For the stoutest hand might tremble and the boldest
heart might fear,

For in duel and in melée, the deffest blade in Delhi
Was this mighty Rájput captain of the Moghal
Alamgir.

As the lightning-flash descends where the Indryání
wends,

When the thunder-clouds are gathered around Visapur
in Jesht,

On Malusre fell the blow, beating sword and sword-
arm low,

And Tánájí the Lion fell cloven to the waist.

Bhavání 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 Kalyán-
gate

And Tánájí's twelve thousand sprang headlong on the
foe.

Then the good Maráthá steel clove the Ráthor to the
 heel,
 And the rest they dragged in triumph to the Kalyán-
 gate to kill.
 And the blood of the accurst ran free to quench the thirst
 Of Bhavání of Pratápgad, Bhavání 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 Kshatriya of Ind.
 And they bore him back again to the sunny Konkan
 plain,
 To his old fief of Umrátha 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 Bhagvá
 Jhendá blew,
 His like ne'er lived before him and shall never live
 again.
 And there carved in stone Virásan, 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 Tánáji the Lion won the Fortress for the King.

APPENDIX II

SHIVÁJÍ AND THE MARÁTHÁ POETS

THE great national revival under Shivájí brought with it, as such revivals often do, an outburst of poetic writing. The great Maráthá poets who are associated in popular tradition with the name of Shivájí, are Tukárám and Rámdás. Of each of these I here give a brief sketch, with a translation of some of the poems bearing more directly on Shivájí. They may be of interest to the reader, as Maráthí poetry is almost unknown to the outside world, and Rámdás, at least, has never before been translated. Maráthí 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. Tukárám, especially, rises to extraordinary heights in the latter respect. I have had to translate somewhat freely in order to meet English readers, as Maráthí 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 Maráthí scholar with a unique knowledge of the poetry of his nation.

Tukárám's stanzas are quoted from the Nírnáyaságar edition (1912); those of Rámdás from Gondhakekar's collected edition of the *Works* (Dhulia, 1906).

I. TUKÁRÁM

Tukárám was born in 1608 at Dehu, near Poona, on the banks of the Indrayání. His father kept a little store. In 1629 one of the terrible periodic famines swept over the Dekhan, and all whom he loved perished in it. He took to the worship of Vithobá, the god of Pandhárpur, and though after the famine he married again, his devotion for the deity grew daily upon him. He identified Vithobá 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. Shivájí visited him and tried in vain to get him to come to his court. Tukárám, however, refused, saying that Rámdás was a fitter preceptor for the prince. He, however, addressed Shivájí 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 Vithobá carried him to Heaven in his chariot.

Tukárám 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 Tukárám sent to Shivájí, 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 Maráthá 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 Rámdás: 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 Tukárám to come to court, Shivájí went to visit him. The following is the stanza said to have been uttered by the poet on this occasion:

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

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

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

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 Ráma. We are the servants of Viṭhala, God will not forsake us.

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

II. RÁMDÁS

Náráyan, afterwards called Rám-dás (the slave of Ráma), was born in A.D. 1608 on the banks of the Godávarí. 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 *Sárvadhána*'. For twenty-four years he was never heard of by his parents. He first went to Tákali near Násik, where he spent twelve years in rigorous penance. After this (like Nának the Sikh Guru), he wandered all over India, visiting the great shrines. Among the places he is reported to have stayed at, are Benáres, Ayolhya, and Muthurá in the north; Jagannáth in the east; and Rameshwara

and Ceylon in the south. At each he founded a *nutha*, 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 Krishná district. Wái and Máhulí were his favourite places of residence. Here in 1649 he gave his first audience to Shivájí. He visited the shrine of Pandhárpur, but when he gazed on the famous idol of Vithobá, he saw, not Vithobá, but his own deity Ráma. 'God is One, though the wise call Him by many names.'

Shivájí became more and more devoted to Rámdás, whom he adopted as his spiritual preceptor, about 1650. Rámdás therefore took up his residence at Parali near Sátára. In 1655, when Rámdás, according to the practice of the mendicants, came to ask an alms, Shivájí fell at his feet, and made over his empire to him. Rámdás 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, Shivájí adopted the 'brown banner' (*bhagrá jhendá*) as his standard in imitation of the brown robe of the mendicant.

After the murder of Afzal Khán in 1659, Shivájí was told by Rámdás that he owed his victory to faith in Bhavání. After this, we do not hear much of Rámdás in connexion with Shivájí. His great work, the *Dásabodha*, 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 Shivájí died. Rámdás

heard of Sambáji'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 Maráthí poets of the period, it may be said that Eknáth was literary, Tukárám emotional, and Rámdás practical. Rámdás, 'the power behind the throne,' is inseparably bound up, in the minds of the Maráthás, with the rise of the national power under Shiváji. The *Sat-Káryottejaka Sabha*, Dhulia, is now collecting and publishing his works, and they have recently acquired a MS. of the *Dásabólha* by Kalyán, his favourite disciple, with notes by the Master himself. The *Bhárata-Itihásu-Samshodhaka-Mandala*, Poona, claims to have discovered some original documents and letters, but these are not yet available. None of the works of Rámdás has been hitherto translated into English.

I. Shiváji went to visit Rámdás at Máhulí in 1649. Rámdás was at Cháphal, but he sent Shiváji 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. Shivájí, after meeting Rámdás, wished to renounce the world, and become his disciple. But Rámdás 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 Maráthás 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: Ráma killed Rávana by the aid of the Lord of Tulajá.

(20) Tulajá Bhavání conferred her blessing on Ráma: to her Rámdás prays.

III. The following Ode was addressed by Rámdás to Shivájí after the latter's victory over Afzal Khán. This Ode, recently discovered, is given in the Dhulia Edition of the *Dásbodha* (Dasaka 18, Samása 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 fine 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) Tulajá Bhavání protects us: yet we should be prudent in our duty.

(10) A prudent man needs no warning: yet even he 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 has 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 Brahmans: 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 Brahmans: 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 Samása, being the description of the Virtuous Man.)

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