

**THE LAST OF THE
PESHWAS: A TALE OF THE
THIRD MARATHA WAR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649101191

The last of the Peshwas: a tale of the third Maratha War by Michael MacMillan & Paul Hardy

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MICHAEL MACMILLAN & PAUL HARDLY

**THE LAST OF THE
PESHWAS: A TALE OF THE
THIRD MARATHA WAR**



"THE SHOCK DROVE HIS HORSE BACK ON ITS HAUNCHES."

The Last of the Peshwas

A Tale of the Third Maratha War

BY

MICHAEL MACMILLAN

Author of "Tales of Indian Chivalry" "In Wild Maratha Battle"
"The Princess of Balkh"

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED

LONDON GLASGOW DUBLIN BOMBAY

1907

PR -
6025
M223L

TO THE MEMORY OF

J. D.

1994201

THE EXILE'S DREAM

Our ship, as swift as the lightning flash,
Clove with her prow the waves that dash
Tumultuously with thunderous roar
At midnight on an Indian shore,
And those whereunder buried lie
Busiris' Memphian chivalry,
Then o'er the midland wavelets blue
To Calpe's cannoned steep we flew,
And in a moment southward far
St. Vincent left and Trafalgar,
Ah! joy to feel the northern blast
That on our brows the snowflake cast,
Till loomed a land of hodden gray
Half-hidden by the Atlantic spray,
Behind whose misty canopy
Was heard the peewit's eerie cry.
What magic ship thus bore my soul
Like flash of lightning to her goal
Across the seas that lay between?
A dream of days that once had been,
And what that land of hodden gray?
The bonnie hills of Galloway,
On which my steps no more may stray,
For ever and aye.

CONTENTS

CHAP.	Page
I. IN THE VALLEY OF THE FLEET	13
II. JEALOUSY AWAKENS LOVE	20
III. ON THE WHITE TAP OF CULROCH	25
IV. WITH ALICE IN THE FAIRY GLEN	31
V. I BECOME A CADET IN THE OLD TOWNS	39
VI. A CANARY'S OBSEQUIES	46
VII. MY UNCLE IN BOMBAY	50
VIII. I VISIT A HINDU BANKER	57
IX. DECEYED INTO THE PESHWA'S PALACE	67
X. BEFORE THE PESHWA	71
XI. I ESCAPE OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF TRIMBARJI	79
XII. AFFRAY IN THE STREETS OF POONA	85
XIII. MY INTERVIEW WITH MR. ELPHINSTONE	93
XIV. HAIBATI'S INFORMATION	100
XV. THE HIRWA BUNGALOW	110
XVI. HIRA'S STORY	120
XVII. BEFORE THE BATTLE	135
XVIII. BATTLE OF KIRKI	143
XIX. HAIBATI SUMMONS ME TO BHOSARI	148
XX. A CAPTIVE IN THE HANDS OF THE PINDARRIES	155
XXI. MY CAPTORS BECOME MY FOLLOWERS	162

CHAP.	Page
XXII. BRIMASHANKAR TO PRABUL	171
XXIII. ASCENT OF PRABUL	177
XXIV. JOHN HANNAY'S PRISON	182
XXV. MY LOST FRIEND FOUND	188
XXVI. JOHN HANNAY'S STORY	193
XXVII. JOHN HANNAY'S STORY CONTINUED	205
XXVIII. A CHIVALROUS FOE	218
XXIX. CONCLUSION	228

ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
"THE SHOCK DROVE HIS HORSE BACK ON ITS HAUNCHES"	221
<i>Frontispiece</i>	
"SHE WAS WALKING UP AND DOWN IN EARNEST CONVERSATION WITH A YOUNG MAN"	20
"I FOUND MY DEPARTURE OBSTRUCTED BY THREE MEN"	69
"I KEPT THEM AT BAY FOR SOME TIME"	112
A CAPTIVE	156
"AT LAST WE SAW ABOVE US THE WALL OF THE FORTRESS"	178