

### 1: With Clive in India, or the Beginnings of an Empire

*These questions and more will be answered in G. A. Henty's With Clive in India: or, the Beginnings of an Empire. Set in mid-eighteenth century India, Sri Lanka and England, this book includes more than geographical, historical, and explanatory footnotes to aid the modern reader.*

Every preparation was made on the preceding day, and four strong columns told off for the assault. Two of these were to attack by the breaches, the other two at the gates. Rafts were prepared to enable the party attacking by the new breach to cross the moat, while the columns advancing against the gates were to be preceded by elephants, who, with iron plates on their foreheads, were to charge and batter down the gates. His force was now reduced to eighty Europeans, and a hundred and twenty Sepoys. The men leaped up and stood to their arms, full of confidence in their ability to resist the attack. Soon the shouts of the advancing columns testified to the equal confidence and ardour of the assailants. Not a sound was heard within the walls of the fort, until the elephants advanced towards the gates. Then suddenly a stream of fire leaped out from a loophole and battlement. So well directed and continuous was the fire, that the elephants, dismayed at the outburst of fire and noise, and smarting from innumerable wounds, turned and dashed away, trampling in their flight multitudes of men in the dense columns packed behind them. These, deprived of the means upon which they had relied to break in the gates, turned and retreated rapidly. Scarcely less prolonged was the struggle at the breaches. At the first breach, a very strong force of the enemy marched resolutely forward. They were permitted, without a shot being fired at them, to cross the dry ditch, mount the shattered debris of the wall, and pour into the interior of the fort. Forward they advanced until, without a check, they reached the first trench bristling with spikes. Then, as they paused for a moment, from the breastwork in front of them, from the ramparts, and every spot which commanded the trench, a storm of musketry was poured on them; while the gunners swept the crowded mass with grape, and bags of bullets. Three times, strongly reinforced, they advanced to the attack; but were each time repulsed, with severe slaughter. Still less successful were those at the other breach. A great raft, capable of carrying seventy, conveyed the head of the storming party across the ditch; and they had just reached the foot of the breach, when Clive, who was himself at this point, turned two field pieces upon them, with deadly effect. The raft was upset and smashed, and the column, deprived of its intended means of crossing the ditch, desisted from the attack. Among those who had fallen, at the great breach, was the commander of the storming party; a man of great valour. Four hundred of his followers had also been killed, and Riza Sahib, utterly disheartened at his repulse at all points, decided not to renew the attack. After the repulse of the assault, the heavy musketry fire from the houses around the fort was continued. This was granted, and on its conclusion the musketry fire was resumed, and continued until two in the morning. Then suddenly, it ceased. Under cover of the fire, Riza Sahib had raised the siege, and retired with his army to Vellore. On the morning of the 15th, Clive discovered that the enemy had disappeared. The joy of the garrison was immense. Every man felt proud, and happy in the thought that he had taken his share in a siege, which would not only be memorable in English history till the end of time, but which had literally saved India to us. The little band made the fort re-echo with their cheers, when the news came in. Caps were thrown high in the air, and the men indulged in every demonstration of delight. Clive was not a man to lose time. The men were at once formed up, and marched into the abandoned camp of the enemy; where they found four guns, four mortars, and a great quantity of ammunition. Not a moment was lost, for Clive felt the importance of, at once, following up the blow inflicted by the repulse of the enemy. Three days were spent, in continuous labour, in putting the fort of Arcot again in a position of defence; and, leaving Kilpatrick in charge there, he marched out with two hundred Europeans, seven hundred Sepoys, and three guns, and attacked and took Timari, the little fort which before baffled him. This done, he returned towards Arcot to await the arrival of a thousand Mahratta horse, which Murari Reo had promised him. When these arrived, however, they proved unwilling to accompany him. Just at this moment, the news came in that reinforcements from Pondicherry were marching to meet Riza Sahib at Arni, a place seventeen miles south of Arcot, twenty south of Vellore. When the Mahrattas heard the news, the chance of booty at once altered their intentions, and they declared themselves ready to

follow Clive. The greater portion of them, however, had dispersed, plundering over the country, and great delay was caused before they could be collected. When six hundred of them had been brought together, Clive determined to wait no longer, but started at once for Arni. The delay enabled Riza Sahib, marching down from Vellore, to meet his reinforcements; and when Clive, after a forced march of twenty miles, approached Arni, he found the enemy, composed of three hundred French troops, two thousand five hundred Sepoys, and two thousand horsemen, with four guns, drawn up before it. Seeing their immense superiority in numbers, these advanced to the attack. Clive determined to await them where he stood. The position was an advantageous one. He occupied a space of open ground, some three hundred yards in width. On his right flank was a village, on the left a grove of palm trees. In front of the ground he occupied were rice fields, which, it being the wet season, were very swampy, and altogether impracticable for guns. These fields were crossed by a causeway which led to the village, but as it ran at an angle across them, those advancing upon it were exposed to the fire of the English front. Clive posted the Sepoys in the village, the Mahratta horsemen in the grove, and the two hundred English, with the guns, on the ground between them. The enemy advanced at once. His native cavalry, with some infantry, marched against the grove; while the French troops, with about fifteen hundred infantry, moved along the causeway against the village. The fight began on the English left. There the Mahratta cavalry fought bravely. Issuing from the palm grove, they made repeated charges against the greatly superior forces of the enemy. But numbers told, and the Mahrattas, fighting fiercely, were driven back into the palm grove; where they, with difficulty, maintained themselves. In the meantime, the fight was going on at the centre. Clive opened fire with his guns on the long column marching, almost across his front, to attack the village. The enemy, finding themselves exposed to a fire which they were powerless to answer, quitted the causeway, and formed up in the rice fields fronting the English position. The guns, protected only by a few Frenchmen and natives, remained on the causeway. As the column issued from the village along the causeway, at a rapid pace, the French limbered up their guns and retired at a gallop. The infantry, dispirited at their disappearance, fell back across the rice fields; an example which their horsemen on their right, already dispirited by the loss which they were suffering, from the newly-arrived English musketry and the discharges of the field pieces, followed without delay. Clive at once ordered a pursuit. Three times the enemy made a stand, but each time failed to resist the impetuosity of the pursuers, and the night alone put a stop to the pursuit, by which time the enemy were completely routed. The material loss had not been heavy, for but fifty French and a hundred and fifty natives were killed or wounded; but the army was broken up, the morale of the enemy completely destroyed; and it was proved to all Southern India, which was anxiously watching the struggle, that the English were, in the field of battle, superior to their European rivals. This assurance alone had an immense effect. It confirmed, in their alliance with the English, many of the chiefs whose friendship had hitherto been lukewarm; and brought over many waverers to our side. In the fight, eight Sepoys and fifty of the Mahratta cavalry were killed or disabled. The English did not lose a single man. The Mahrattas captured the treasure, the prospect of which had induced them to join in the fight, and the governor of Arni agreed to hold the town for Muhammad Ali. Clive moved on at once to Conjeveram, where thirty French troops and three hundred Sepoys occupied the temple, a very strong building. Clive brought up two eighteen-pounders from Madras, and pounded the walls; and the enemy, seeing that the place must fall, evacuated it in the night, and retired to Pondicherry. North Arcot being now completely in the power of the English, Clive returned to Madras; and then sailed to Fort Saint David, to concert measures with Mr. Saunders for the relief of Trichinopoli. This place still held out, thanks rather to the feebleness and indecision of Colonel Law, who commanded the besiegers, than to any effort on the part of the defenders. He had, however, perceived that the operations there were wholly secondary, and that Trichinopoli was still the all-important point. Strong reinforcements and a battering train were sent forward to the besiegers; and, by repeated messages, he endeavoured to impress upon Law and Chunda Sahib the necessity of pressing forward the capture of Trichinopoli. But Dupleix was unfortunate in his instruments. Law was always hesitating and doubting. Chunda Sahib, although clever to plan, was weak in action; indecisive, at moments when it was most necessary that he should be firm. So then, in spite of the entreaties of Dupleix, he had detached a considerable force to besiege Clive. Dupleix, seeing this, and hoping that Clive might be detained at Arcot long enough to allow of the siege of Trichinopoli being brought to a conclusion, had sent the

three hundred French soldiers to strengthen the force of RizaSahib. He had still an overpowering force at Trichinopoli, Law having ninehundred trained French soldiers, a park of fifty guns, two thousandSepoys, and the army of Chunda Sahib, twenty thousand strong. InsideTrichinopoli were a few English soldiers under Captain Cope, and a small body of troops of Muhammad Ali; while outside the walls, between them and the besiegers, was the English force under Gingen, the man utterly dispirited, the officer without talent, resolution, or confidence. Before leaving the troops with which he had won the battle of Arni, Clive had expressed, to the two young writers, his high appreciation of their conduct during the siege of Arcot; and promised them that he would make it a personal request, to the authorities at Fort Saint David, that they might be permanently transferred from the civil to the military branch of the service; and such a request, made by him, was certain to be complied with. He strongly advised them to spend every available moment of their time in the study of the native language; as, without that, they would be useless if appointed to command a body of Sepoys. The boys lost not a moment in sending down to Madras, to engage the services of a native "moonshee" or teacher. They wrote to their friend Johnson, asking him to arrange terms with the man who understood most English, and to engage him to remain with them some time. A few days later, Tim Kelly came in. He looks for all the world like a monkey, wrapped up in white clothes, but he speaks English after a fashion, and has brought this letter for you. The creature scarce looks like a human being, and I misdoubt me whether you had better let him in. He has come to teach us the native language. As for Tim, he quite lost patience at this devotion to study on the part of his master; who, he declared to his comrades, went on just as if he intended to become a nigger and a hater himself. The little creature twisting his shrivelled fingers about, that looks as if the bones were coming through the skin. I wonder what the good father at Blarney, where I come from, you know, Corporal, would say to such goings on. Your master is a brave young gentleman, and is a deal more sensible than most of them, who spend all their time in drinking wine and playing cards. A knowledge of the language is most useful. December passed quietly; and then, in January, an insurrection planned by Dupleix broke out. The governor of Pondicherry had been suffering keenly from disappointments; which, as time went on, and his entreaties and commands to Law to attack Trichinopoli were answered only by excuses and reasons for delay, grew to despair; and he resolved upon making another effort to occupy the attention of the man in whom he already recognized a great rival, and to prevent his taking steps for the relief of Trichinopoli. Law had over and over again assured him that, in the course of a very few weeks, that place would be driven by famine to surrender; and, as soon as Clive arrived at Fort Saint David, Dupleix set about taking steps which would again necessitate his return to the north, and so give to Law the time which he asked for.

2: With Clive in India, Or, The Beginnings of an Empire - George Alfred Henty - Google Books

*To ask other readers questions about WITH CLIVE IN INDIA Or, The Beginnings of an Empire, please sign up. Be the first to ask a question about WITH CLIVE IN INDIA Or, The Beginnings of an Empire Lists with This Book.*

See Article History Alternative Titles: In his first governorship 1756 he won the Battle of Plassey and became master of Bengal. In his second governorship 1767 he reorganized the British colony. First years in India At Madras, Clive was moody and quarrelsome; he attempted suicide and once fought a duel. Hostilities between the British and French East India companies and their competitive support of rival Indian princes drew Clive into military service and gave him a chance to demonstrate his ability. In the next months Clive established himself as a brilliant exponent of guerrilla tactics. In March he left Madras with his bride, Margaret Maskelyne, and something of a fortune, having been appointed in a commissary for the supply of provisions to the troops. In 1767, after unsuccessfully standing for Parliament, he was sent out again to India, this time as governor of Fort St. With him went troops intended to expel the French from India. On the way, at the request of the government in Bombay now Mumbai, he stormed the pirate stronghold at Gheriah on the western coast. Reaching Madras in June 1767, Clive immediately became involved in the affairs of Bengal, with which, henceforward, his fate was to be linked. Hitherto Bengal had been ruled by viceroys of the figurehead Mughal emperor, and it was under their protection that the British East India Company carried on its trade. The principal city, Calcutta now Kolkata, had come to rival Madras as a trading centre, and its commerce was the most valuable in India. After some delay, Clive was given command of the relief expedition and set out on October 16, 1767, with Europeans and 1, Indians. This victory made Clive the virtual master of Bengal. A challenge from the Mughal crown prince was repulsed at Patna in 1767. In addition, by the dispatch of a force under Col. First, he accepted not only full compensation for losses to the East India Company and the Calcutta citizens but also large payments to himself and the council. This example opened the way to a flood of corruption that nearly ruined both Bengal and the company and which Clive himself later struggled to control. Since the company possessed paramount force and its servants believed in working on their own behalf, this had a most harmful effect on the economy of Bengal. He had snatched the richest province of India out of the hands of his political superiors and with the authority of the Mughal regime. Returning to England in February 1769, he was given an Irish peerage as Baron Clive of Plassey in 1769 and was knighted in 1769. His critics, led by a former friend who was then chairman of the company, tried to cut off the income from his Indian estates. Though they failed to ruin him, they did prevent him from becoming a national statesman. Clive was appointed governor and commander in chief of Bengal with power to override the council. But there was a political and military vacuum between Bengal and Delhi the Mughal capital, and the whole Bengal administration was in chaos. His work falls into three parts: In his external policy Clive had to face one of the most difficult tests of statesmanship: The emperor was solaced with an annual tribute, and in return he conferred the revenue administration dewanee of Bengal on the East India Company. It gave legal authority to the company to collect the revenues of Bengal and Bihar, sending the emperor only his annual tribute. The administration of the dewanee was organized through a deputy nawab appointed by the company. Within two days of landing, he superseded the Calcutta council, which had defied his predecessor, Henry Vansittart. He reestablished discipline by accepting all resignations, enforcing others, and bringing replacements from Madras. All company servants were required to sign covenants not to receive presents worth more than 1, rupees without the consent of the governor. Private trade, the abuse of which had caused the war, was forbidden. Clive tried to meet the difficulty by forming a trading company that administered the salt monopoly and in which the servants received shares according to their rank. Clive dealt with the army with equal rigour. He cut down swollen allowances and faced with dauntless courage the White Mutiny of discontented officers, when for a time he stood almost alone in Bengal. Clive left Calcutta in January 1770. His second government was his crowning achievement, but he had made many enemies. An active group, supported by Lord Chatham, feared the corrupting influence of Indian wealth on English public life. With his already shaken health, the strain on his melancholic temperament was too great:



**3: With Clive in India: Or The Beginnings of an Empire [Read] Full Ebook - Video Dailymotion**

*With Clive in India Or, The Beginnings of an Empire - Kindle edition by G. A. (George Alfred) Henty. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets. Use features like bookmarks, note taking and highlighting while reading With Clive in India Or, The Beginnings of an Empire.*

It is one of the books freely available on ManyBooks. I love the latter and have glanced briefly at the former; I made the assumption that this story would be similar enough to appeal to my tastes. Alas, it did not. While it was not quite as painful as the worst book to have plagued my eyes, it did its best. It is a piece of historical fiction, the Sharpe of its day. It claims to follow the life of fictional Charlie Marryat from the fatherless youngster sent to the employ of the East India Company to the battle-hardened soldier who just cannot put a foot wrong. Now, I am far from adverse to historical fiction: I have devoured pretty much every single Bernard Cornwell work that has crossed my path. But I do not like historical fiction which seems unable to make up its mind whether it wants focus more on the fiction or the history. These are not brief forays into the realm of fact either – they are many thousand-word breaks away from the fiction. This perhaps would not have been so blatant if G. Unfortunately, his prose reads far too much like a history book, which requires a particular frame of mind to absorb. The aforementioned flicking from one genre to another gives little time to prepare such a mindset. Charlie asks him why Britain interferes in the affairs of Indian politics. A conservative estimate suggests that this book has words to a page, which means that this reply consisted of words of almost pure narrative. And this was one of the short ones. One particular danger when covering national events in a country unfamiliar to the reader is the local names – those of the places and the people. I could reel off a number of Mexican towns, cities and regions – in fact, let us try it: I imagine you probably stopped registering them after the third one. I know I would have done. Now, a couple of people: Without looking, try and recall the place names. Good, now the individuals. They probably mean nothing to the majority of you and, consequently, I dare say few of them really stuck in your mind. Perhaps you might be more able to recall them if you were warned before reading them. But you did not expect to have a memory exercise while reading a book review blog, did you? Such is the scale of the events Henty tries to include that the reader is simply inundated Indian names, mixed in with a couple of French and English, and there is no real time invested in building up an image for each one. Alas, Henty gives no such reading aid. What makes this lack of structure all the more galling is the fact that Henty occasionally displays an ability to tell a good battle. It is an engaging account; he gives an overview of what was going on as well as detailing individual events within the battleground itself. He uses the scenario to give us an idea of what, which has until now been pretty much absent, Clive is actually like as a person: Unfortunately, this is 3 pages of story almost hidden away within 28 pages of exposition. In fact, though the bulk of this review has been raging against how the book was put together, the fiction which was told was not up to much either. It is, however, far better than this. Henty does not buy into the idea of subtlety. Doctor Rae has just been told, by Captain Clive, what the plan of attack is, and its many risks. This plan was thought up by Clive himself. But I recognise the importance of the enterprise. If you should succeed, it will draw off Chunda Sahib from Trichinopoli. I realise this review has merely deteriorated a rather long rant. I shall complain about just one last flaw. The characterisation, frankly, sucked. He has no flaws at all. He is handsome, good at sports, intelligent yet does not look down on others, brave, a natural with languages as a language graduate, this one particularly rankles, easy-going yet hard working, just, wise beyond his years, bland. Nothing makes this guy but an eyelid: There is no depth to him. Or any of the characters, for that matter. His Irish servant Tim is idiotic. His Uncle Tufton is pompous. Doctor Rae is reasonable. Each of them are almost entirely summed up with these single adjectives. Bah, enough is enough. Writing this just makes me angry. Simply put, the book is just badly written: Probably did not help that this was pretty much the running theme of the book:

**4: WITH CLIVE IN INDIA Or, The Beginnings of an Empire by G.A. Henty**

*Sent to India to make his fortune as a merchant, an English youth returns home after a ten-year adventure in which he makes a fortune and receives military honors while assisting the triumph of British influence in the Indian Empire.*

The Pirates Of The Pacific. A regular watch was set, both on the plateau and on board ship. Towards morning, one of the watch on board hailed the officer above: It seems to me like the splash of a very large number of oars. Although the night was perfectly still, and not a breath of wind was stirring, he heard a low rustling sound, like that of the wind passing through the dried leaves of a forest, in autumn. I will call the captain, at once. Barlow, the young lieutenant in charge of the troops, to place half his men across each end of the plateau. The back was defended by a cliff, which rose almost perpendicularly from it to a height of some hundred feet; the plateau being some thirty yards, in depth, from the sea face to its foot. The male passengers were requested to divide themselves into two parties, and to join the soldiers in defending the position against flank attacks. The guns were all loaded, and the sailors then set to work dragging up bales of goods from below, and placing them so as to form a sort of breastwork before the guns along the sea face. The noise at sea had, by this time, greatly increased; and although it was still too dark to see what was passing, Captain Thompson said that he had no doubt, whatever, that the boats had one or more large ships in tow. I expect that they hoped to catch us napping, but the wind fell and delayed them. They little dream how well we are prepared. Did they know of our fort here, I question whether they would have ventured upon attacking us at all, but would have waited till we were well at sea, and then our chance would have been a slight one. I think, now, the pirates are well inside the bay. In half an hour we shall have light enough to see them. Ifancy there are two ships moored broadside on, stem and stern. Presently, against the faintly dawning light in the east, the masts of two vessels could be seen. One was a large ship, the other a brig. They were to aim between wind and water, and strive to sink her as speedily as possible. As the light gradually grew brighter, the party on the plateau anxiously watched for the moment when the hull of the Indiaman becoming plain to the enemy. These would open fire upon it, and so give the signal for the fight. At the first alarm the tents had all been levelled; and a thick barricade of bales erected, round a slight depression of the plateau at the foot of the cliff in its rear. Here the ladies were placed, for shelter. As the light increased, it could be seen that in addition to the two ships were a large number of native dhows. Presently, from the black side of the ship, a jet of fire shot out; and at the signal abroadside was poured into the Indiaman by the two vessels. At the same moment, with a hideous yell, hundreds of black figures leaped to their feet on the beach, and rushed towards the, as yet, unseen position of the English. The captain shouted "Fire! The captain then gave orders that two of the light guns should be run along the terrace, to take position on the flanks, and aid the soldiers against the attacks. This time Charlie had lent his rifle to Peters, and was himself armed with his double-barrel gun. The steep ascent checked them, but they rushed up until within ten yards of the line of soldiers on its brow. Hallam gave the word to fire, and the soldiers and passengers poured a withering volley into them. At so short a distance, the effect was tremendous. Completely swept away, the leading rank fell down among their comrades; and these, for a moment, recoiled. Then gathering themselves together they again rushed forward, while those in their rear discharged volleys of arrows over their heads. Among the defenders, every man now fought for himself, loading and firing as rapidly as possible. Sometimes the natives nearly gained a footing on the crest; but each time the defenders, with clubbed muskets, beat them back again. The combat was, however, doubtful, for their assailants were many hundred strong; when the defenders were gladdened with a shout of "Make way, my hearties. Let us come to the front, and give them a dose. The effect was decisive. The natives, shaken by the resistance they had already experienced, and appalled by the destruction wrought by the cannon, turned and fled along the shore, followed by the shots of the defenders, and by two more rounds of grape, which the sailors poured into them before they could reach their boats. Similar success had attended the defenders of the other flank of the position, and all hands now aided in swinging round the guns, which had done such good service, to enable them to bear their share in the fight with the ships. In the middle of the fight, the party had heard a great cheer from those working the seaward guns, and they now saw its cause. The brig had disappeared below the water,

and the sailors were now engaged in a contest with the ship. The pirates fought their guns well, but they were altogether overmatched by the twenty guns playing upon them from a commanding position. Already the dhows were hoisting their sails, and one of the cables of the ship suddenly disappeared in the water, while a number of men sprang upon the ratlines. Let all with muskets and rifles try to keep men out of the rigging. The sailors worked their guns with redoubled vigour, and a great shout arose as the mainmast, wounded in several places, fell over the side. James, take all the men that can be spared from the guns, man the boats, and make a dash for the ship at once. I see the men are leaving her. Set all your strength putting it out. We will attend to the other boats. They had fallen into a complete trap, and instead of the easy prey on which they calculated, found themselves crushed by the fire of a heavy battery in a commanding position. Captain Thompson, seeing that the guns of the ship were silent, and that all resistance had ceased, now ordered the sailors to turn their guns on the dhows and sink as many as possible. These, crowded together in their efforts to escape, offered an easy mark for the gunners, whose shot tore through their sides, smashing and sinking them in all directions. In ten minutes the last of those that floated had gained the mouth of the bay and, accompanied by the boats, crowded with the crews of the two pirate vessels, made off; followed by the shot of the thirty-two pounders, until they had turned the low promontory which formed the head of the bay. Long ere this Mr. The boats were sent back to shore, and returned with Captain Thompson and the rest of the sailors, and this reinforcement soon enabled them to get the mastery of the flames. She was now painted entirely black, and a snake had been added for her figurehead. Her former armament had been increased and she now carried thirty guns, of which ten were thirty-two pounders. A subsequent search showed that her hold was stored with valuable goods; which had, by the marks upon the bales, evidently belonged to several ships; which she had, no doubt, taken and sunk after removing the pick of their cargoes. The prize was a most valuable one, and the captain felt that the board of directors would be highly delighted at the recovery of their ship, and still more by the destruction of the two bands of pirates. The deck of the ship was thickly strewn with dead. Among them was the body of a man who, by his dress, was evidently the captain. From some of the pirates who still lived, Captain Thompson learned that the brig was the original pirate, that she had captured the Dover Castle, that from her and subsequent prizes they had obtained sufficient hands to man both ships, all who refused to join being compelled to walk the plank. These were the only two pirate ships in those seas, so far as the men knew. The news of the Indiaman being laid up, refitting at the island, was brought by the native craft they had seen on the day after their arrival; and upon its being known, the natives had insisted in joining in the attack. The pirate captain, whose interest it was to keep well with them, could not refuse to allow them to join, although he would gladly have dispensed with their aid, believing his own force to be far more than sufficient to capture the vessel, which he supposed to be lying an easy prize at his hands. Another ten days were spent in getting the cargo and guns on board the Lizzie Anderson, and in fitting out both ships for sea. James and a portion of the crew being placed on board the prize, they sailed together for India. The Dover Castle proved to be much the faster sailer, but Captain Thompson ordered her to reduce sail, and to keep about a mile in his wake, as she could at any time close up when necessary; and the two, together, would be able to oppose a determined front, even to a French frigate, should they meet with one on their way. The voyage passed without incident save that, when rounding the southern point of Ceylon, a sudden squall from the land struck them. The vessel heeled over suddenly, and a young soldier, who was sitting on the bulwarks to leeward, was jerked backwards and fell into the water. Charlie Marryat was on the quarterdeck, leaning against the rail, watching a shoal of flying fish passing at a short distance. In the noise and confusion, caused by the sudden squall, the creaking of cordage, the flapping of sails, and the shouts of the officer to let go the sheets, the fall of the soldier was unnoticed; and Charlie was startled by perceiving, in the water below him, the figure of a struggling man. He saw, at once, that he was unable to swim. He seized him by the collar, and held him at a distance. When he came up he seized him again, and again shouted: The Indiaman was still in confusion. The squall had been sudden and strong. The sheets had been let go, the canvas was flapping in the wind, and the hands were aloft reducing sail. She was already some distance away from him. The sky was bright and clear, and Charlie, who was surprised at seeing no attempt to lower a boat, saw a signal run up to the masthead. Looking the other way, he saw at once why no boat had been lowered. The Dover Castle was but a quarter of a mile astern. Carrying less sail than her consort,

she had been better prepared for the squall, and was running down upon him at a great rate. A moment later a boat was swung out on davits, and several men climbed into it. The vessel kept on her course, until scarcely more than her own length away. Then she suddenly rounded up into the wind, and the boat was let fall, and rowed rapidly towards him. In another minute they were dragged into the boat. This was soon alongside the ship, and three minutes later the Dover Castle was pursuing her course, in the track of the Lizzie Anderson, having signalled that the pair had been rescued. Charlie found that the soldier was an Irish lad, of some nineteen years old. His name, he said, was Tim Kelly, and as soon as he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak, he was profuse in his professions of gratitude to his preserver. He had not been permitted to communicate with his friends on shore, but had been kept in close confinement, until he had been put in uniform and conveyed on board the Lizzie Anderson, half an hour before she sailed. There was no fighting in India, and neither honor, glory, nor promotion to be won. The Company, then, were driven to all sorts of straits to keep up even the small force which they then maintained in India, and their recruiting agents were, by no means, particular as to the means they employed to make up the tale of recruits. The vessels did not again communicate until they came to anchor in Madras roads, as the wind was fair and Captain Thompson anxious to arrive at his destination. During these few days, Tim Kelly had followed Charlie about like a shadow. Upon their arrival they saw, to their satisfaction, that the British flag was waving over the low line of earthworks, which constitute the British fort.

**5: Daily Motion Video Player - With Clive in India: Or The Beginnings of an Empire [Read] Full Ebook**

*Will Clive be able to defeat the determined French? Will Charlie and his friends survive the threat of war, tigers and the Black Hole of Calcutta? These questions and more will be answered in G. A. Henty's *With Clive in India: or, the Beginnings of an Empire*.*

**6: German addresses are blocked - [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)**

*Read "With Clive in India, Or the Beginnings of an Empire" by G. A. Henty with Rakuten Kobo. Historical novel set in India in the 18th century. The Preface begins: "In the following pages I have endeavoured to give."*

**7: With Clive in India: The Beginnings of an Empire - - Alpha Editions**

*Description: With Clive in India: The Beginnings of an Empire. Charlie Marryat, a lad of marvelous pluck who possesses a great love of adventure, secures a job as a writer with the East India Company, and travels to India, only to discover a far more exciting occupation than his intended one.*

**8: Robert Clive | Biography & Facts | [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)**

*Free Kindle book and epub digitized and proofread by Project Gutenberg. *With Clive in India; Or, The Beginnings of an Empire* by G. A. Henty - Free Ebook Project Gutenberg.*

**9: With Clive in India, or The Beginnings of an Empire by G. A. Henty | LibraryThing**

*With Clive in India; or, The beginnings of an empire. With Clive in India; or, The beginnings of an empire of Michigan and uploaded to the Internet Archive by.*



*Clarissa History of a Young Lady, Volume VI We are the ants shaun david hutchinson On the Road to Patsy Cline Kids Pop (Blue Book (Kids Pop) The Soviet Union looks ahead Cutest boy on the moon Communal Identity in India MARKETING HIGHER AND FURTHER EDUCATION (Creating Success) Report writingfor business and industry Grammar Practice for Grades 3-4 Music and the institutions Joseph J. Ryan Truth in Perspective From cover Volunteer mess song Woodworth B. Allen. The horse stays in the game. Program implementation plan for ARTCC Maintenance Control Center (AMCC) The creative pattern book 2003 Physicians Desk Reference for Nonprescription Drugs and Dietary Supplements (PDR for Nonprescription Evergreens shrubs A Simply monstrous time 2005 ford f 150 manual What is basic science The Cobweb Christmas Comparative political parties data, 1950-1962 Sundays on the phone Tree without roots The transcendental deduction (3) Calculus larson edwards 8th edition Alexander chapters 3 and 5 njc.html Changing concepts: Sontag, S. One culture and the new sensibility. Fishwick, M. Confessions of an ex-elit V. 19. District of Puri and the Orissa Tributary States. Ch.4. Training and handling our best friends The Real Vitamin and Mineral Book (Avery Health Guides) Aashto maintenance manual for roadways and bridges Language Bases . Discourse Bases Arma 3 guide tactique Objects of affection The other major costs associated with the seven research tasks include The First Man to be First Lady Human rights, democracy, and capitalism*