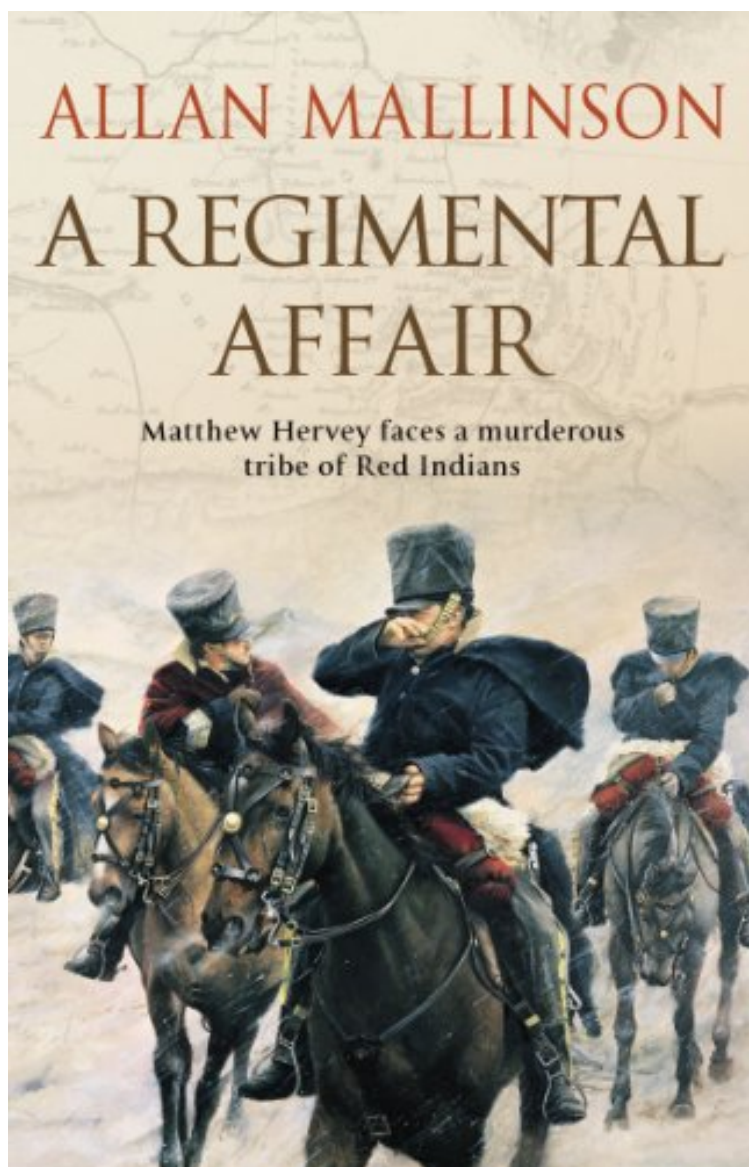


(Free and download) File size: 57.Mb

## A Regimental Affair: (Matthew Hervey 3)



*Par Allan Mallinson*  
ebooks | Download PDF | \*ePub |  
DOC | audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #816023 dans eBooksPubli le: 2010-03-20Sorti le: 2010-03-30Format: Ebook Kindle

(Free and download) A Regimental Affair: (Matthew Hervey 3)

**Par Allan Mallinson : A Regimental Affair: (Matthew Hervey 3)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised A Regimental Affair: (Matthew Hervey 3):

Download

Read Online

### Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurCanada 1817Captain Matthew Hervey is suffering the effects of unrest within his beloved regiment, the 6th Light Dragoons. Their new commanding officer - wealthy, arrogant and cruel - has taken an immediate dislike to him. Somehow, Hervey must earn promotion while retaining his integrity and the loyalty of his men. Then the regiment is sent to Canada where, in the aftermath of war with the United States, Hervey faces danger on two fronts. Murderous native tribes are on the move. While, closer to home, he and his commanding officer have embarked on a collision course - the consequences of which will be devastating... 'A riveting tale of heroism, derring-do and enormous resource in the face of overwhelming adversity.' Birmingham PostExtraitchapter 1THE PRIVILEGE OF RANKThe Horse Guards, March 12,

1817 Five major generals, so much scarlet and gold that the usually somber meeting room of the commander in chiefs headquarters was for once a place of color, sat in comfortable upholstered chairs at a long baize-covered table, their chairman, Sir Loftus Wake, Bart., the vice adjutant general, at the head, while on upright chairs at the wall perched the Duke of Yorks military secretary and two clerks. The atmosphere was somnolent despite the morning hour. In front of each general officer lay a blue vellum portfolio tied with red silk, as well as paper, pencils, and a coffee cup of delicate pink Rockingham, rather out of place. Some of the cups were empty, and were being attended to by a footman in court livery. Major General the Lord Dunseath, a dyspeptic-looking man with a purple nose, waved him aside without a word, intent on some detail in his copy of *The Times*. The footman next proffered his coffeepot to Sir Archibald Barret, KG, a kind-faced man in spite of his eye patch, who merely sighed and declined with the same breath. Major General the Earl of Rotheram, noble browed, a picture of decency, lit a cigar instead, but Sir Francis Evans, Kt., crabbed and lacking any appreciable chin, with an ear that was turned forward like a tailors tab, accepted more of the strong araba and took out his snuffbox. The footman hesitated by the next, empty, chair and then moved to replenish Sir Loftuss cup. Sir Loftus Wake resembled a small garden bird in both looks and animation. His frame was spare indeed, and his eyes, his whole head, darted from papers to watch, from watch to door, and then back again with the speed and regularity with which small birds must search about constantly for predators. He stared again at the empty chair and then at his half-hunter. It is a quarter past.

Where can Sir Horace be? Lord Dunseath, his nose always a beacon of his disposition, put down his newspaper and made a loud huffing sound. Well, if hes trying to come through the City hell never get here. Theyre hanging that caitiff Cashman at Newgate this morning. *The Times* says a crowds expected. A mob more like, Ill warrant! I trust youve a line of cavalry between them and Whitehall, Wake? Oh, come! said Sir Loftus, more agitated still. That will be no occasion for trouble. Dont you imagine it, huffed Dunseath again. I was ere last December when those damned Radicals at the Spa Fields marched on the Tower. As close to revolution as I ever saw! Stuff and nonsense, sir! said the Earl of Rotheram, blowing a cloud of smoke ceilingwards. I was at St. Jamess the whole time. It was all wind and wine. Hunt and his like, rabble-rousers, yes, but I hardly fancy they have the stuff of a Robespierre in them! The earl was ever a man in whom the moderation of the shires found a faithful voice. I wouldnt be so sure, Rotheram, warned Dunseath. Theres radicalism seething all about. In some places the machine breakers are as active as ever. And theres a deal too many discharged soldiers and sailors as well. All prey to jackanapes like Hunt. On this latter I would not dissent. And where might we seek to lay blame on that account? I think it truly ignoble that this government has discharged its fighting men in so mean a fashion. There are beggars in scarlet in every lane. Lord Dunseaths nose seemed darker still. What would you have had Liverpool do, then? Exalt Pitts income tax another penny to provide sturdy beggars with pensions? We want done with it! Lord Dunseaths voice was rising in both pitch and volume, but the Earl of Rotheram remained unperturbed. I very much doubt we shall see an end to the income tax now that it is so expeditiously collected. And I should not have thought it too great a burden on men who stand to profit so much from peace, and, indeed, who have profited so much already from war. At least they might rid us of the wretched Corn Laws. Now, that, sir, is radical talk! spluttered Dunseath. Gentlemen! Gentlemen! pleaded Sir Loftus Wake. I hardly think the Horse Guards is the place for politics. The military secretary had moved towards the chairman, meanwhile, and he now whispered something in his ear. Sir Loftus looked relieved. Well, gentlemen, it seems that, since we are five, there is a quorum. So let us begin without Sir Horace; and if he does arrive, At this point Major General Sir Horace Shawcross, KCB, did indeed arrive, flushed and angry. In Gods name, whats become of this country! he boomed. Insolent devils holding up every carriage in the City, and not a constable in sight. It wouldve been the same along the Strand an all had there not been regular horse there. See, Rotheram; *The Times* warned as much, said Lord Dunseath, his nose almost glowing with satisfaction at the news. The Earl of Rotheram merely raised his eyebrows. Sir Horace Shawcross ignored the exchange as he half flung his cloak at an orderly. When in Gods name is Parliament going to grasp the nettle? If we dont have proper police soon therell be no peace for the keeping anywhere, and the armyll be ruined doing the work! Sir Loftus, though well acquainted with Sir Horace Shawcrosss choleric disposition, was taken aback by his vehemence, and the strains of his pronounced Lancashire vowels were permitted, for the moment, to continue unchecked. Damme, Id the very devil of a job in the Midlands with them Luddites. He pronounced Ludd to rhyme with hood. Sir Francis Evans smiled to himself. Even had Sir Horace seen it, it would not have mattered, for his hero, Robert Peel, chief secretary for Ireland, pronounced the word in the same way. Now, if we had a peace preservation force, as Peel has got himself in Ireland, he boomed again, we could stop all

this nonsense in a trice. The Earl of Rotheram set aside his cigar. Peelers? In England? Rather than us having to do the work, replied Sir Horace gruffly. Rather would I be under an Albura saw again than chase round doing police business! He pulled aside the chair with his right hand, his left having been the object of the surgeons blade after that bloody battle, and slammed his hat on the table, setting the cups and saucers atremble. For what seemed an age, Sir Loftus stared intently at the hat, for it was the old service shako of Sir Horaces beloved 47th, Wolfes Own, rather than a major generals plumes. Sir Loftus, as vice adjutant general, was most punctilious in these matters. Indeed, he seemed quite oblivious now to the growing ruction about his committee. Said thered be trouble, muttered the purple nose from behind The Times. Everyone as been saying thered be trouble, growled Sir Horace. But whats the good of that? If we had proper police we might do something about it. The Earl of Rotheram sighed. Aye, Rotheram, well mighty ysigh, complained the voice of Lancashire, for its your party that wont see sense. The Earl of Rotheram had, indeed, spoken against the proposal for such a force when last it had been debated in the Lords. I should sooner trust to the good sense of the magistrates than have some damnable system as they have on the Continent. Weve not fought Bonaparte these past twenty years just to have a score of little Fouchs in every town. Sir Horace looked startled until he recognized the French. He drank his coffee in one go and held out his cup for more. Rotheram, youre as good a man as ever walked them broad acres o yours, but you underestimate the seething there is, and the dissatisfaction of folk who are a prey to violence every day, in town and country alike. I grant you the odd poacher might disturb your peace, but thats nothing to having yer livelihood and property, aye, and yer very life itself, a hostage to the mobs whim. The two men looked across the table at each other uncomprehendingly, as if it were the great divide of the Pennine range itself, for Sir Horaces family was cotton rich and Whig, whereas Lord Rotherams was land rich and Tory. In their own counties the families were as well regarded by the poorest of their workers, be it in factory or farm, as any could be. And these two sons had served England dearly in its late trial, Sir Horaces hand being matched by the earls right leg. Yet each saw the future as differently as might two horses see the same fence. Sensing exhaustion on the subject of a professional constabulary, Sir Loftus Wake sought to regain his authority. Well, gentlemen, perhaps we should adjourn this debate and be about our proper affairs this day. To his considerable relief there was a general murmur of agreement. We all want to be ome afore dark, added Sir Horace gruffly. Well, therefore, let us begin the proceedings of the twenty-third meeting of the Army Brevets Committee. He replaced his pince-nez firmly and turned over a page of his portfolio. May I first respectfully remind you that the purpose of a brevet, We all know what the purpose of a brevet is, Wake! rasped Sir Horace. Lets be having the business!