

# ‘The Emperor’s Dragoon’



by

Catherine Meadows

Being an adventure of the wars of the Great Napoleon...

## Chapter One – Drums Along The Danube

Four rings on the bell. “My husband!” Madame Celeste recognised her maid’s dire warning.

“*Alors!*” instantly awake Major Henri DuBois of the Empress’ Dragoons darted to collect his clothes with almost indecent haste... though not perhaps as fast as that of Colette as she re-robed. Barely pausing to kiss his *amant illicite adieu*... Henri made for her *boudoir* window – threw down his uniform and clambered out. Hastening into his undergarments, breeches and boots he collected his *impedimenta* - mounted his waiting steed Chicard – and galloped off, back to his unit...

“What’s up!” Henri rode into camp that April afternoon in 1809 to find it in uproar.

“The Austrians have marched in Bavaria”, his friend Gaston Lefebvre was laconic as he sucked on a stick of liquorice; checked the tack on his horse.

“*Du Bois!*” Colonel Lacoste shouted. “Where the hell have you been! *No!* Don’t tell me – I don’t want to know”, he was glad his daughters were safely back under lock and key in Paris. “We move tonight for Germany!”

oOo

Three weeks later... and Henri drew his cloak tight to avoid the rain. The enemy were learning. But maybe not fast enough... Chicard snorted a protest, so Henri quietened him. Extending his telescope he could see if it was but a rearguard. The *Kaiserlichs* were learning, yes... The main enemy army had evaded. But someone here was making a stand. Turning Chicard around he went to make his report...

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“...*dacord*”, General Francois Pantalon swilled some looted wine around his glass. “This new Austrian Archduke...”

“...Charles...” an aide helpfully added.

“He is no fool. Well”, he shrugged, “*l’Empereur* needs these crossroads...so we attack. Now... No delay. *A la bayonne*...”

It was then a handsome woman with glaring green eyes of about seven-and-twenty years emerged from the general’s tent. Henri found himself unable not to smile at her. She was dressed in a riding habit... and hastily moved to mount

a waiting horse. She did not look like the usual sort of *vivandier* that accompanied the army.

"I will report..." mounting her horse she rode off.

"*Quelle?*" Henri whispered to Major Blerot.

"One of *l'Empereur's* Exploring Agents", he explained. "*Madame* Renault. A lady can pass unnoticed, *n'est pas?*"

"*Oui...*" Henri shrugged. He was sure his mother would approve of such an adventurous *fille...* addicted as she was to the latest *déchireurs de corsage anglaise* of *Mesdames* Austen and Quinn...

*The village of Shutzen occupies a crossroads. General Swinefurter has been ordered to hold the French advance for at least ten turns. He is hoping Napoleon's main army is elsewhere.*

## 11) AUSTRIAN NAPOLEONIC c.1808 CE – c.1840 CE

### Generals & Characters

Austrian General SKI/M 4 pts Competent General (General Swinefurter)

### Forces

Grenadier Infantry Command #1 MSK 6 pts

Grenadier Infantry #2 MSK 5 pts

Grenadier Infantry #3 MSK 5 pts

Austrian Infantry #1 MSK 5 pts

Austrian Infantry #2 MSK 5 pts

Austrian Infantry #3 MSK 5 pts

Hungarian Infantry Command #1 MSK 5 pts

Hungarian Infantry Command #2 MSK 5 pts

Hungarian Infantry #3 MSK 5 pts

Hungarian Infantry #4 MSK 5 pts

Hungarian Infantry #5 MSK 5 pts

Hungarian Infantry #6 MSK 5 pts

Jaeger Infantry Command #1 SKI/F 5 pts RIFLE ARMED

Dragoon Regiment Command #1 CAV/U 5 pts

Dragoon Regiment #2 CAV/U 5 pts

Dragoon Regiment #3 CAV/U 5 pts

Artillery Battery #1 ART 5 pts Muzzleloading smoothbore 8pdr + Foot Artillery Horse

Limbers #1 TPT 1 pt

*The village of Shutzen occupies a crossroads. It is held by Austrian troops, and in an important side route to Vienna. Eject the enemy and secure the road onwards within ten turns...*

## 10) FRENCH NAPOLEONIC c.1800 CE – c.1815 CE

### b) LINE UNITS

#### Generals & Characters

General Pantalon SKI/M 5pts Competent

1 X SKI/M stands @ 6pts to fill with:-  
Major Henri Du Bois, Empress Dragoon  
Cuirassier Officer

#### Forces

1<sup>st</sup> Ligne Command #1 MSK 6 pts

1<sup>st</sup> Ligne #2 MSK 6 pts

1<sup>st</sup> Ligne #3 MSK 6 pts

5<sup>th</sup> Ligne Command #1 MSK 6 pts

5<sup>th</sup> Ligne #2 MSK 6 pts

5<sup>th</sup> Ligne #3 MSK 6 pts

18<sup>th</sup> Ligne Command #1 MSK 6 pts

18<sup>th</sup> Ligne #2 MSK 6 pts

18<sup>th</sup> Ligne #3 MSK 6 pts

69<sup>th</sup> Ligne Command #1 MSK 5 pts

69<sup>th</sup> Ligne #2 MSK 5 pts

69<sup>th</sup> Ligne #3 MSK 5 pts

69<sup>th</sup> Ligne #4 MSK 5 pts

3 X SKI/F stands @ 5pts to fill with:-

12 X Voltigers

Dragoon cavalry command #1 CAV/U 6pts Can dismount as 1 X SKI/F

Dragoon cavalry #2 CAV/U 6pts Can dismount as 1 X SKI/F

Artillery #1 ART 4pts Muzzleloading smoothbore 8pdr / TPT limber 1 pt

## Chapter Two – Swamp Island

Captain George Wickham was vexed. Having transferred from the Militia after the marriage he'd been manoeuvred into by his nemesis, Fitzwilliam Darcy... he now faced the prospect of duty overseas. At least that way he would avoid the foppish wife Lydia and her annoying family...

The door burst open. "Walcheren island it is!" out strode General Sir John Lowe. "Right on Boney's doorstep!"

"Sir John..." Wickham dutifully followed as his 'master' led them out of Horse Guards. George *though* he remembered reading something somewhere about malaria on low islands.

But, this at least, was 'adventure', of a kind...

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Marianne finished her briefing... the Emperor listening in silence. "*Dacord...*" he spoke. "This Archduke Charles is not an idiot like his brother the Emperor", he then thoughtfully quipped. "And now zer English have landed in Flanders?" he sighed. "Zay think they are so clever, because they have boats... We shall see. Savant!" he called for his ADC.

"Sire", the officer responded.

"Provide Madame Renault with a fresh horse. I want to know what zer English are planning to do. *Clair?*"

"*Oui*", Marianne agreed – and departed to carry out her duties.

"Probably sit on their *derrieres* whilst others fight for them", Marshal Lannes was contemptuous of the '*manteau-rouges*'.

"They play zer long game, *n'est pas?*" the Emperor thought of the long-running Iberian 'Spanish ulcer'; the war in the Peninsular... of his failure to invade England and to shatter their trade...

oOo

"Seems you were right about the bad air here", ensconced upon the island of Walcheren... British troops were already suffering from Walcheren fever'.

"The enemy suffered similarly when they occupied the island, Sir John", George Wickham laconically replied. "It was in '*The Times*'".

"Well that won't bother us..." slapping his thighs and climbing to his feet General Lowe exclaimed. "Our division is being sent into Germany".

"To Austria, Sir?" Wickham alarmed.

“God no! To Brunswick. To support our allies. No doubt we’ll be evacuated soon”, he thought of his brother, Admiral Lord Lowe, RN. “Let’s hope Boney’s minions don’t control *a//* the German ports...”