

BRINY EN GARDE!

Being in the Main a Game of the Life of a Gentleman Seeking Fame & Fortune in the Royal Navy at the Time of the Napoleonic Wars, and his Several Companions

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“A ship in harbour is safe, but that is not what ships are built for.” ~William Shedd



Applications Considered in the Navy

Young Horatio Whistleblower boldly walked into the recruitment office of the *Hornet* and walked out with a ticket on the next cutter. Able Seaman William Frederick Lawford and Midshipman Richard Antony Timmons of the *Berwickshire* joined him in search of action on the *Caligula*. With a letter from Emily Westmoor's uncle, Wisdom Codrington finally found a berth and set off to serve as a sailor on the *Royal Oak*.

The cutter brought a letter to Lieutenant Robert Erasmus Douglas from Admiral Ogle, welcoming him to the staff as the admiral's Aide.

On shore, Frederick Jackston Rostenburg and Gabriel

Ambrose Bathurst were accepted onto the *Fiddler's Green*, Bathurst purchasing the rank of Able Seaman. Samuel Adam Mulligan presented himself to the *Nemesis* and was readily accepted.

It is rumoured that Midshipman Oglby requested Lts Spratt and Edwards to retire their positions on the *Alexander*. As the lieutenants are still in their offices, one can only assume the answer was no.

First Sea Lord announces Summer Fleet Deployment

TWELVE SHIPS have been selected to go on campaign in June for the Summer Season. In the Channel Fleet, the *Halcyon* will join Red Squadron ships *Fiddlers Green*, *Dreadnought* and *Achilles*. The *Nemesis*, *Vanguard* and *Alexander* will represent the Blue. On Blockade, the *Mercury*, *Caligula* and *Tickler* will serve with the *Hornet* on Cutting Out duty. The *Enterprise* will be on Independent Action in the West Indies.

***FINE HOUSE in CAMDEN available to let.
Write to Lieutenant Douglas of the Royal Oak
to enquire regarding costs and conditions.***

A View of the April Actions

IMAGINE SOMETHING LIKE A KALEIDOSCOPE which allows you to look at what's happening at sea, where the Royal Navy is doing its best (and sometimes its worst) to keep the French at bay.

You put it to your eye, blink once, and suddenly you're in the captain's cabin aboard the Royal Oak, just as a certain nameless stranger is shown in. This time he is not late, but the sound of his curiously high-pitched voice irritates Captain Marvell just as much as it did last time. Nor is his manner any more conciliatory.

"My employers would be most grateful if you were at the mouth of the Gironde by Monday next week — April 17th at 3 a.m., to be precise. Here are your orders, which you may open once your ship has reached its destination. Good day, sir, and good luck!" and with that the stranger is gone. Captain Marvell's face has gone the colour of beetroot and makes you laugh... and as your eye blinks, the picture changes.

Now you're on the gun deck of the Caligula, somewhere in the Channel. "Fire!" shouts Lt. Tull, and able seaman Brock dutifully puts the burning slowmatch to the touchhole; so do the other gun captains, but the stuttering succession of half-hearted bangs is not even loud enough to mask that curious rumbling sound Lt. Tull can't quite identify. Well, he has only joined the ship a week ago, but in his opinion Captain Trower's method of fifty lashes for whoever finishes last in any given exercise is near infallible and will certainly produce excellent results, given time. Of course the crew might grumble and turn sullen at first, but after several months they will get used to it, never mind the ship's chaplain (who had shaken his head sadly).

Now that this Frenchman has suddenly come upon them, surely the men will rally round? There is that rumbling sound again. Lt. Tull looks at his watch. The crews are slow to reload their guns, and half of the men are missing. Have the boarding parties already assembled? Is Captain Trower leading them himself, instead of entrusting the job to him? Have six days of bowing and scraping been for nought?



Suddenly Lt. Tull doesn't feel well at all. And then something heavy crashes against his ankle and sends him sprawling into oblivion! You watch incredulously as sailors Lawford and Blonde solemnly shake hands. "Got that sod!"

"That you did" and both start dancing a hornpipe until midshipman Timmons (a.k.a. "The Rat") stops them. You blink again, and the picture changes...

"Bloody pea-souper!" Lt. Yalesford growls on the quarterdeck of the Mercury. "See a grey goose at half a mile? What a joke — can't bloody see it until it hits

your bloody nose!"

"Doesn't matter, sir. We found us a nice little bay and now our ships can snug down while this south-western blows itself out. Won't last long, me bones already give me gyp — due that when the wind's about to change."

"Your words in god's ear, Master Pilot. You know this stretch of coast better than I do. But I still think you cut it pretty close. Some of these rocks could have played bloody hell with old Freddie's copper... and I have no idea where the Tickler is. Might run her bowsprit through our back lantern any minute."

"I think she's still ahead of us. The fog is clearing a bit. Ah, there are her stern lights!"

"No, they're not. Those are way too high, and old Tickler only carries two, not three — bloody hell, it's the French!"

A full-throated broadside is all the confirmation he needs. It kills the pilot and Captain Livonwater (who had just come on deck) and another salvo drops Subaltern Heywood. He survives, but will spend May in a hospital ashore. But you don't hang around to watch Lt. Yalesford fighting the Frogs among the rocks, so you blink once more...

Now you're not very far away aboard the Tickler, where Captain Ames has come to the same conclusion. The fog here is still very thick, but the fiery blast of the French guns gives Captain Ames his direction. He doesn't bother with gunnery, but lays his ship against the enemy and leads his men aboard.

The hand-to-hand fighting is incredibly vicious, nothing you'd care to watch, although you will later grumble that you've missed the bits where Captain Ames gets stabbed in the leg and where able seaman Boddy sneaks down into the French captain's cabin and pockets some papers plus the captain's wife's jewelry.

But once again, the picture changes... and now you're sitting in the Hornet's great cabin, watching the captain write his report: "The Hornet, Captain Robust, his hand: Standing off Cap Gris Nez, I had the boats out to exercise the men in a night boarding, intending to send them into the estuary near Ambleteuse to cut out some ships at anchor there. Shortly after midnight the lookout saw a flash out to starboard and I immediately abandoned the exercise and gave chase..."

Captain Robust is not very much at home in the world of letters and you tire of watching him scratch out words again and again; another blink and once more the picture changes.

"Fire!" shouts Captain Llwydium-Crystal, and the gunners dutifully put the burning slowmatch to the touchhole; but what can a sloop's nine-pounders do against a French ship of the line? What she can do instead is jink like a hare. More than once the enemy's broadside crashes into the spot the Enterprise occupied just moments ago; and the fountains of water drench everybody on her quarterdeck.

Fortunately, the French lose interest when it begins to get dark and the Enterprise escapes with her hull and masts intact. In his report, Captain Llwydium-Crystal writes: "it was as if the French ship had strict orders to remain on a given station and to pursue the enemy only as far as necessary. But for what reason I cannot imagine..."

You can't either, and with another blink you find yourself inside the very room where the Lords of the Admiralty meet! It is a room which has seen its share of historic occasions, but today isn't such a day. Only three Lords have bothered to attend (the bare minimum to constitute a quorum), and only two of them make any effort to listen to whatever reports and messages are presented by the droning voice of the head clerk; the third occupant divides his attentions between a large picnic hamper placed on a chair beside him and a stack of papers before him on the table.

One of the listeners is the First Lord, Sir Lucius Hawkes, and the other is George Douglas, Earl of Morton, who came down by coach all the way from the North because his younger brother Robert had sailed with the Royal Oak last month, and the Peer is eager to learn firsthand how his sibling is doing. But the First Lord positively seems to avoid the issue and the next hours are spent discussing the various ships and their captains and crew. "Too bad that Lt. MacRory let that chest with gold get free of its sling and drop to the bottom of the sea. But a very creditable show nevertheless" remarks the First Lord.

"Chest of gold eh? Wish that chest had dropped into my lap!" spluttered the third occupant of the boardroom, who had enjoyed a good snooze after his meal. "Ready money is everything these days. Government papers a dime a dozen. Stocks for a penny. Rack and ruin, that what's it all coming to... have to sell another Rubens... or throw the place open to the public... harrummph!"

"So glad you're with us again, Sir Isaac" The First Lord remarked coolly and picked up another sheet of paper. "Hmm, Captain Trower seems to be in trouble again; Certainly he was extremely unlucky in his dispositions."

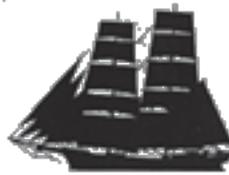
"The man's a spit-and-polish maniac!" exclaimed the Duke. "An abysmal performance and I think the crew was rolling shot across the deck — and not without cause, in my opinion!"

"Your opinion unfortunately doesn't count," Sir Lucius replied, "and because nothing can be proven I'll have to give Captain Trower the benefit of doubt. I'll post him to another ship, certainly the Ferocious will offer ample scope for his talents. Lots of brass. You'll be interested to learn that Midshipman Timmons has refused promotion — obviously he wants to remain where he is, so we must presume he is happy there. Instead, we'll rate Mr. Lawford able seaman and find a subaltern's spot for Mr. Stern. That should go some way towards making the Caligula a tighter ship. What's the next ship on our list, Barnes?"

"The Mercury, M'lord."

"Known as 'Freddie' in the service, though nobody knows why." The First Lord essayed a smile. "No lack of seamanship there, at any rate. That subaltern was injured protecting Fitzgerald. I want to promote him; Maybe it helps him to get well faster."

"That would be Mr. Heywood, M'lord."



“Make it so. Pity I can’t do the same for Lt. Yalesford, but there’s no room. Next ship please!”

“The Tickler, M’lord.”

“Ah, Captain Ames. Any relation to Lt. Ames aboard The Royal Oak?”

“His uncle, M’lord” the head clerk supplied the information.

“And what shall I do with Captain Ames, Sir George?”

“Traditionally, you lose a leg and you get to be the ship’s cook” the Duke of Morton smiled “but a captain can not be his own cook...”

“No, but he can be promoted to a bigger ship, with seniority!” The First Lord replied. “The Caligula will welcome him with open arms! Next ship, Barnes?”

“The Hornet, M’lord. And Mr. Whistleblower refuses to be promoted.”

“With his share of prize money he can leave the Navy and settle down. Cultivate bees, for instance. But make a note to watch over him, Barnes. And what’s next?”

“The Enterprise, M’lord. And her captain seems not averse to advancement.”

“Good. We’ll put his feet on the next rung of the ladder. The Mercury needs somebody like him. Poor old Livonwater — but perhaps that’s the way he would have wanted to go...” The First Lord stopped in mid-sentence as the door opened and a medium-sized figure in a costly and fashionable, but somewhat strangely cut, coat stepped in. “Count von Bülow! I thought you were still with the King. This is a pleasant surprise indeed!” The First Lord exclaimed and, turning to the Earl of Morton, he explained: “This gentleman is proof that your brother did well this month. In fact, he is an eyewitness to all that happened. He is one of our most active continental agents. His full name is Bernhard Victor Christoph-Carl, Graf von Bülow; Rather a mouthful, but his friends call him Vicco.”

With that the First Lord turned again to the newcomer: “My dear Count, this is the Earl of Morton and the brother of the man who rescued you from below the hooves of the French dragoons. Rather than giving him the official report to read, may I trouble you to recount to him what happened?”

Count von Bülow gave a slight bow in the Earl’s direction and began: “I was travelling in the South of France when I got an inkling that the French had been

warned about me. I made my way to the Médoc and a friend was good enough to hide me in his wine cellar until King George could send somebody to pick me up. I confess that I had thought one of her Majesty’s sloops would be saddled with the job, so when I stood on the chateau’s tower and saw the pride of the British Navy lingering at the mouth of the Gironde I was a mite chuffed.

“That night I made my way down to the beach and lit the dark lantern as agreed. Soon I saw two boats crash through the surf and sailors getting out, together with a score of Marines, which took up position between the dunes. A lieutenant (to judge by his uniform) hailed me and gave the password ‘Loriot’ to which I replied ‘Golden Oriole.’ Just when I was sure everything went well we heard the rapidly approaching drumming of hooves and then the French dragoons were upon us!

“Your brother is not a big man, but he threw me over his shoulder (using some wrestling trick, I believe), dashed towards the boats, threw me in, and with the help of a dozen sailors the boat was pushed out at once, frustrating the French plans to take me alive. I’m very much indebted to your brother, my dear Earl, and the same goes for that sailor who picked up my mapcase, which I had dropped while dangling over your brother’s shoulders. It contains all the information Lord Hawkes has been waiting for so anxiously.”

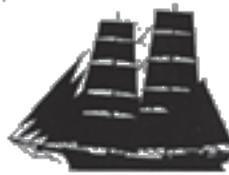
“And what a treasure trove it turns out to be. My dear Count, since you will not accept any favours yourself, may I reward you by promoting the two lieutenants commanding the boats? Mr. Gai and Mr. Bradley shall be made to command the Enterprise and the Tickler, respectively. And Mr. Codrington promoted to Able Seaman.”

“But what about Lt. Douglas?” The Graf von Bülow exclaimed.

“Yes, what about my brother?” The Earl of Morton chimed in.

“Unfortunately, I won’t be able to promote him as well. Both Lt. Gai and Lt. Bradley are senior to him, which can’t be set aside. But his part won’t be forgotten. And now, dear Count, would you mind leaving us alone for a few minutes to conclude our business? I’ll be with you shortly to learn more about Spain.”

And upon these words, the picture turns black and you put the device away.



Matters of the Heart

THIS MONTH PROVED MUCH TAMER than the last where the ladies were concerned, with no loss of life or limb.

The big news amongst the local gossips was Lieutenant Horatio D'Ascoyne's proposal to Nancy Hall. D'Ascoyne called upon his lady in the first week of April with a bouquet of spring blossoms and an emerald ring. She accepted, of course, as much of a sure thing as always.

Rebecca Morrison received a letter with a list of seven addresses, and seven menus. The lady went to the first location with her maid to find Sailor Samuel Adam Mulligan waiting, with a pair of earrings. She was delighted enough to have dinner with him the next night, and the night after, each time receiving another item of jewelry. By the end of the week, the couple were having dinner delivered to her house.

Harold Taylor presented himself to Leta Blair and was welcomed with a smile. Arthur Chance tried his luck with Agnes Nutter and was pleased with her enthusiastic response.

One does not expect eunuchs to be involved in courting, and yet a chorus of them serenaded Samantha Stevens with lyrics of her beauty. All the girls love eunuchs! Her woes of the previous month were forgotten when Samantha saw Berkeley Square with an armload of roses, and she accepted his attentions.

The second week saw Able Seaman Gabriel Ambrose Bathurst, in a very impressive new suit, calling on Eugenie Windsor. Perhaps he should have spent more attention on a better gift for the lady rather than his own appearance, because she turned him down.



| Name | Title | Att | SL | Gent |
|----------------------|-------|-----|------|------|
| Muriel Merrywea ther | | | 15.0 | |
| Caroline Cadger | | W | 15.0 | |
| Serena Samuels | | B I | 14.0 | RED |
| Flora de Bries | | B W | 13.0 | CAD |
| Harriet Hilfinger | | | 13.0 | |
| Irene Castle | | W | 13.0 | |
| Elsie Taylor | | | 12.0 | |
| Octavia Marvell | | B I | 11.0 | ABC |
| Rebecca Morrison | | | 11.0 | SAM |
| Alice Wunderlich | | | 11.0 | HMS |
| Janet Carter | | B | 11.0 | RD |
| Joan Fullins | | B | 10.0 | |
| Beatrice Chippendale | | | 10.0 | SB |
| Eugenie Windsor | | | 10.0 | |
| Emily Westmoor | | W | 10.0 | WC |
| Sophia Williams | | B | 9.0 | MAP |
| Nancy Hall | | I | 9.0 | HDA |
| Leta Blair | | B | 9.0 | HT |
| Pippa Middleton | | I | 8.0 | |
| Anne Bonny | | W | 8.0 | HT |
| Rebecca Dorrit | | | 8.0 | WHO |
| Samantha Stevens | | B I | 7.0 | BS |
| Helena Troy | | B W | 6.0 | NQ |
| Gwendolyn Hotspur | | | 5.0 | PCR |
| Mary Lamb | | | 5.0 | BB |
| Catherine Lane | | I | 5.0 | IK |
| Sara Pati | | | 4.0 | |
| Agnes Nutter | | | 3.0 | AC |

Able Seaman Philip Cecile Roberts waited until the last week of the month to call on Gwendolyn Hotspur, He invited her to the theater, and the rest of the week they created their own romantic comedy.

| DUELING!! | Wins | Losses | Notes |
|----------------------------|------|--------|----------|
| Matthew Alistair Pratingly | 4 | | Killed 1 |
| Horatio D'Ascoyne | 3 | | |
| Patrick Stern | 2 | | Killed 1 |
| Sylvester McMonkey McBean | 2 | 1 | |
| Philip Cecile Roberts | 2 | 3 | |
| Sean O'Leary | 1 | | |
| Sebastian Bracegirdle | 1 | | |
| William Fredrick Lawford | 1 | | |
| Richard Antony Timmons | 1 | 2 | |
| Royston Darkwing | 1 | 1 | |
| Jonathon Ignatius Brooke | | 1 | |
| Neville Hunter | | 1 | |
| Charles Algernon Digby | | 2 | |
| Harold Taylor | | 2 | |
| Callum McTavish | | 4 | RIP |
| Cuthbert Collywobble | | 1 | RIP |

The Seedier Side of London

WEEK ONE WAS THE BUSIEST this month at the stews, with the more cautious customers arriving in carriages. Lieutenants Shaun O'Leary and Sylvester McMonkey McBean showed up in style, the latter all but having forgotten his bad luck of March. A good time was had by both of them, and Madame Fifi was all smiles when they took their leave.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Frederick Jackston Rostenburg, Gordon Ottershaw and Wolff du Lac took their chances on foot. All went well until Wolfie declared his bladder was killing him and he would just slip round the corner in search of a quiet spot. A few seconds later his friends heard him shouting for help, but wisely didn't rush to his side. Nobody messes with a press gang!

Hot Spot Number One in Week Two

The Pit was the place to be in week two when both Able Seaman Sebastian Bracegirdle and Mr. Horatio Matthew Stevens had booked a private room to hold their respective celebrations. Mr. Bracegirdle — with the delectable Miss Chippendale on his arm — got there first and claimed the Admiral Byng Room. Not a well-chosen name, methinks, from a sailor's point of view. But taste is a matter of... well, taste. His guests included Midshipman William Hornchurch Ogilby and Rebecca Dorritt, Private Norwich Quillian and Helena Troy, Mr. Arthur Chance and Agnes Nutter. Having just enough to make up two tables for whist, the cards were dealt and wine poured.

The conversation was so genteel that one would think they were at the Dolphin! The ladies went on at length discussing the latest fashion in hats, and made plans for a trip to the milliner's together. The men were quiet, one might think smugly so, especially after seeing the guests from the other party in the hall.

Mr. Stevens had been held up by an incident in Puddin' Lane and was not at all happy with the only room still available, named imaginatively The Spare Room. He had no time to make a proper complaint to the club management because his guests followed hard on his heels. Lieutenant Shaun O'Leary was the first and was soon talking earnestly to Sailor Frederick Jackston Rostenburg about navy life. Mr. Gordon Ottershaw still dallied outside, enjoying a smoke and watching Mr.

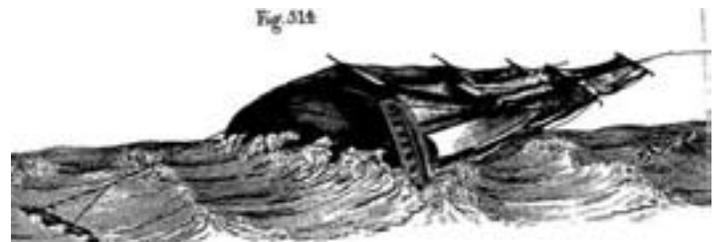
Able Seaman Gabriel Ambrose Bathurst also strayed into the shadier areas of London in week four. He reckoned that by this time he would have all the girls at Madame Fifi's to himself. Too bad that, when informed that he was at the door, most of the girls decided to slip out through the back because they would rather attend the "Bees and Flowers" lecture given by the Salvation Army. Mr. Bathurst ended up in the company of a Polish Au Pair who was new and didn't speak a word of English. But a kiss's still a kiss for a' that...! Mr. Bathurst also traveled in a hackney carriage to protect himself from the press gangs still roaming the streets. He wouldn't have minded a buxom lady robber stepping up to the coach window and demanding "his money and his hand in marriage," but unfortunately street crime hasn't been designated an equal opportunity occupation yet.

Isaac Kellet help Sara Pati down the coach steps. So did Mr. Berkeley Square, but his wolf whistle was not well received.

The gentlemen continued smoking and amused themselves with a game of dice. Miss Pati was annoyed that the feathers on her turban scraped on the low ceiling. Did any of the gents notice her sneaking into the other party for a visit with the other ladies?

Also at The Pit on their own that week were Private Hercule Kimberley Steptoe and Able Seaman Samuel Asscroft-Dipper, who merely helped prop up the bar and didn't join either of the parties. In fact, Mr. Asscroft-Dipper spent much of the time ogling the various ladies, but a club is the wrong place to be looking for female companionship. I'm sure that, if asked politely, any of the gentlemen present would have been happy to steer him towards Madame Fifi's establishment.

Private Steptoe, serving on the *Nemesis*, bristled at the Fiddler's Green's sailor Rostenburg when they passed in the hall. Since the Royal Marines did not follow ship rivalries as strictly as the Navy, they kept their heads about them and neither issued a challenge.



Patriotic Tunes at the Pit in Week Three

“RULE BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA RULE THE WAVES!” A dozen sailor’s voices were belting out the hit that had taken London by storm a few months ago, their voices well lubricated by drink and their patriotic fervour fired by their imagination — no doubt each of them saw himself standing on the quarterdeck of a mighty ship, a seventy-four or better.

The windows of the Pit shook under the onslaught of their voices, well-trained in a hundred gales. Here was Lieutenant Horatio D’Ascoyne with a tankard of ale in his hand, which rose and dipped in time with the music; There stood Able Seaman Gabriel Ambrose Bathurst who still held the piece of pease pudding he had been eating. And Able Seaman Philip Cecile Roberts was there, ready to offer a steady hand, and in front of them all stood the worthy host Lieutenant Sylvester McMonkey McBean, giving a creditable impression of a semaphore with his arms waving about wildly.

Six couples made their efforts at the country dance “The Dressed Ship.” Isaac Kellet did his best to call out the steps whilst dancing with his Catherine Lane. Able Seaman Matthew Alistair Pratingly led Sophia Williams through the figures. Horatio Matthew Stevens tripped over Alice Wunderlich’s feet more than he tripped the light fantastic. Midshipman William Hornchurch Oglby hardly cared, so intent he was on locking eyes with Rebecca Dorrit. Private Norwich Quilliam had an earful of Helena Troy telling him the steps were out of order and Agnes Nutter impressed Arthur Chance that she could step like a duchess.

The sole dissenters (and may God forgive them, because King George never will) were Subaltern Bill Bull who had cornered the landlord in the snug. Bull was, perhaps, not at his most eloquent best, but he made it up in persistence. “The Pit... good name, that. No nonsense. Not like some others... er, ‘Frog & Firkin’ in Camberwell Street, for instance. Evers seen a frog with a firkin? Or ‘Firkin & Phoenix,’ that’s near the Elephant... no, closer to the Castle. Wrong neighbourhood, do you see? You get a firebird down there, you have another confal... conflagera... one hell of a fire burning! Sixteen-sixtysix and all that...” Mary Lamb tugged impatiently at his sleeve, but Bull droned on in this vein for another fifteen minutes before the landlord manage to break free, and then he turned to

other occupant in the snug corner. “S’ a good name, The Pit. One of the best...”

Shaun O’Leary was lost in his private musing and didn’t hear him. Because the Irishman suddenly had a dream. Whiskey and beer came into it; Pork pies and ploughman’s lunches, too; And I’m pretty sure there was filk singing mentioned somewhere (a major felony even before the French Revolution). But the most important part of the dream was the sign outside each of the pubs, a huge shamrock and under it the legend: “The Irish Pub.”



Improvements

The Naval Academy offered instruction in crew management in the first week of April, which was attended by Lieutenant Childers and Able Seaman Pratingly. The second week continued on this theme, covering the lesser-known duties of the Carpenter, Purser and Gunmaster, taught to Lieutenant Darkwing and again Seaman Pratingly. The third week’s instruction continued regarding the gunroom and storage of powder and shot for Lieutenants Childers and Darkwing. Only Sailor Mulligan of the Nemesi had the benefit of the fourth week’s lessons in speed of firing and reloading.

Many gentlemen trained with their weapons and performed ship duty. There was some disappointment among the Command that they needed to retrieve some lower-ranked crew from “other plans” in order that they might serve their assigned ship duties. This writer hopes the men can plan their time more efficiently next month.



A Private Wedding Party at Lloyds

Lieutenant Horatio D'Ascoyne was smartly turned-out in his uniform when he wed Nancy Hall in a small ceremony in the fourth week of April. The bride was lovely in her best gown, attended by her younger sisters. The weather was lovely too, despite the early hour, and nobody commented on the fact that the bride seemed a bit green around the gills... "morning sickness," one of the younger sisters was heard to whisper, but this was amended to "wedding nerves" by her mother.

The couple received their guests at Lloyds. Lieutenant Sylvester McMonkey McBean, serving as Best Man, made sure glasses were charged frequently for toasts and good wishes.

Of Mr. D'Ascoyne's numerous friends, only Lt. Codrington did not attend since he was at sea, but he sent a gift of a cream ware bowl to the happy couple. Several gentlemen attending were escorting a lady themselves and thus gave rise to some speculation (mostly on the part of the ladies) who might be next down the aisle. There was Lieutenant Childers escorting Octavia Marvell, Able Seaman Pratingly had brought Sophia Williams, and Mr. Stevens showed up with Alice Wunderlich on his arm.

Lieutenant O'Leary also attended but he had brought only an extra-large tankard for his attempt to drink his host under the table. However, Mr. D'Ascoyne refused to compete, and when Mr. O'Leary finally slipped under the table himself he only had an old Irish setter for companionship.



ELSEWHERE AT THE CLUBS, Lieutenant Digby was seen at the Dolphin with Flora de Bries for four weeks. Obviously, both Mr. Digby and Miss de Bries are blessed with a landlady of the old-fashioned kind, who wouldn't allow any "hanky-panky" going on in their respective apartments. Or maybe an apartment is simply not large enough to accommodate the two lovebirds plus four of Miss de Bries' brothers, all of whom share the landlady's opinion!

At Lloyds, Lieutenant Darkwing entertained Janet Carter for a week, and did it in style. Janet later told her best friend that she was off oysters — permanently!

The Pit was well-subscribed as usual. Able Seaman Bracegirdle of the Berwickshire and Beatrice Chippendale were there for two weeks, one of those weeks running into Able Seaman Roberts of the Dreadnought, but he was still healing from his injuries of the previous month and thus honourably declined any swordplay with Roberts.

Midshipman Oglby was at the Pit with Rebecca Dorrit in weeks one and four, and saw Private Steptoe there in the first week. In weeks three and four, Mr. Square was the life and soul of the club, but Mr. Ottershaw (his cautious companion) managed to curb his more exotic flights of fancy, limiting himself to singing the "Hedgehog Song" with a lamp shade on his head.

| Abbr | Name | Title | Wealth | SL | SP | Club | Housing | NA | Rank | Ship/Sqd | Appoint |
|------|-------------------------------|-------|--------|----|------|----------|-------------|----|-------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| CAD | Charles Algernon Digby | | Poor | 10 | 23 | Dolphin | Apt Camden | 2 | Lieutenant | Nemesis | |
| RED | Robert Erasmus Douglas | | OK | 10 | Asea | - | FH Camden | 5 | Lieutenant | Royal Oak | Aide to Admiral |
| HDA | Horatio D'Ascoyne | | OK | 8 | 20 | Lloyds | Apt Hackney | 5 | Lieutenant | Fiddler's Green | |
| SMM | Sylvester McMonkey McBean | | Poor | 7+ | 23 | Lloyds | Gar Southwk | 5 | Lieutenant | Dreadnought | |
| RD | Royston Darkwing | | Poor | 7 | 19 | Lloyds | TH Hackney | 5 | Lieutenant | Berwickshire | |
| WC | Wisdom Codrington | | OK | 7 | Asea | Lloyds | Gar Southwk | 3 | Able Seaman | Royal Oak | |
| HMS | Horatio Matthew Stevens | | OK | 6+ | 24 | Pit | TH Southwk | 6 | - | - | |
| SB | Sebastian Bracegirdle | | OK | 6+ | 21 | Pit | TH Southwk | 4 | Able Seaman | Berwickshire | |
| MAP | Matthew Alistair Pratingly | | Poor | 6+ | 19 | Pit | Gar Southwk | 4 | Midshipman | Dreadnought | |
| SOL | Shaun O'Leary | | Poor | 6+ | 18 | Pit | TH Hackney | 5 | Lieutenant | Halcyon | |
| ABC | Abrey Bertrim Childers | | Poor | 6 | 17 | Lloyds | TH Hackney | 5 | Lieutenant | Achilles | |
| WHO | William Hornchurch Oglby | | Poor | 5+ | 19 | Pit | TH Southwk | 4 | Midshipman | Alexander | |
| NQ | Norwich Quilliam | | Poor | 5+ | 16 | Red Coat | Gar Southwk | 3 | Private | RM Van | |
| SAM | Samuel Adam Mulligan | | OK | 5 | 15 | Pit | TH Hackney | 1 | Sailor | Nemesis | |
| GAB | Gabriel Ambrose Bathurst | | OK | 5 | 13 | Pit | TH Hackney | 5 | Able Seaman | Fiddler's Green | |
| FJR | Frederick Jackston Rostenburg | | Poor | 5 | 9 | Pit | Gar Southwk | 3 | Sailor | Fiddler's Green | |
| RAT | Richard Antony Timmons | | Poor | 5 | Asea | Pit | Gar Southwk | 1 | Midshipman | Berwickshire | |
| PCR | Philip Cecile Roberts | | Poor | 4+ | 15 | Pit | TH Southwk | 5 | Able Seaman | Dreadnought | |
| BS | Berkeley Square | | Poor | 4 | 11 | Pit | Gar Southwk | 3 | - | - | |
| HT | Harold Taylor | | Poor | 4 | 9 | Pit | Gar Southwk | 5 | - | - | |
| AC | Arthur Chance | | Poor | 4 | 8 | Pit | Gar Southwk | 6 | - | - | |
| IK | Isaac Kellett | | Poor | 4 | 7 | - | Gar Southwk | 5 | - | - | |
| PS | Patrick Stern | | Poor | 4 | Asea | Red Coat | Gar Southwk | 3 | Subaltern | RM FG | |
| WFL | William Fredrick Lawford | | Poor | 4 | Asea | Pit | Gar Southwk | 5 | Able Seaman | Berwickshire | |
| PH | Peter Heywood | | Comfy | 4 | Asea | Red Coat | TH Southwk | 2 | Lieutenant | RM Mer | |
| DLC | Dai Llwydium-Crystal | | Comfy | 4 | Asea | - | Gar Southwk | 6 | Captain | Mercury | |
| BB | Bill Bull | | OK | 3+ | 14 | - | Gar Southwk | 2 | Subaltern | RM Tic | |
| HKS | Hercules Kimberley Steptoe | | Poor | 3 | 8 | Red Coat | TH Southwk | 2 | Private | RM Nem | |
| GO | Gordon Ottershaw | | Poor | 3 | 7 | Pit | Gar Southwk | 3 | - | - | |
| SAD | Simon Asscroft-Dipper | | Poor | 3- | 2 | Pit | Apt Southwk | 3 | Able Seaman | Glenmorangie | |
| JB | James Blonde | | Poor | 3 | Asea | Pit | Gar Southwk | 3 | Sailor | (Blockade) | |
| HW | Horatio Whistleblower | | OK | 3 | Asea | Pit | Gar Southwk | 6 | Midshipman | Hornet | |
| AB | Andy Boddy | | Comfy | 3 | Asea | - | Gar Southwk | 3 | Midshipman | (Blockade) | |
| YOY | Yastak Oharraah Yalesford | | OK | 3 | Asea | - | Gar Southwk | 1 | Lieutenant | Mercury | |
| SH | Stephen Hills | NMR 1 | Poor | 3- | -4 | - | Gar Southwk | 4 | - | - | |
| WDL | Wolff du Lac | | Poor | 2 | 2 | - | Gar Southwk | 6 | - | - | |
| DX | Dick X | NMR 1 | Poor | 2- | -2 | - | Gar Southwk | 1 | - | - | |

Wealth Level: poor= 0-250 GC, ok up to 1,000, comfy up to 5,000, wealthy up to 10,000, rich up to 25,000 and filthy is 25,000+

SP = social points earned, NMR = No Move (orders) Received, RIP = Dead!



| | | | |
|----------------------|----------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| First Sea Lord | | Baron Lucius Hawke (N6) | |
| Admiral | Ogle (N6) | Goodman (N6) | O'Groats (N6) |
| Aide to Admiral | RED | Jackson (N5) | Gai (N6) |
| Vice Admiral | Sandwich (N6) | Marlowe (N6) | Awkwright (N6) |
| Aide to Vice Admiral | Warwick (N6) | | |
| Rear Admiral | Pipovitch (N6) | Jorgens (N6) | Miller (N6) |
| Aide to Rear Admiral | | | Scarlett (N2) |
| | White Squadron | Red Squadron | Blue Squadron |

| | Royal Oak | Indomitable | Berwickshire | Halcyon | Ferocious | Fiddler's Green | Dreadnought | Achilles | Nemesis | Vanguard |
|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|
| | SoL 1 st Class | SoL 2 nd Class | SoL 4 th Class | SoL 5 th Class | SoL 2nd Class | SoL 3rd Class | SoL 4th Class | SoL 5th Class | SoL 2nd Class | SoL 3rd Class |
| Captain/M&C | <i>Bn. Marvell(N6)</i> | <i>Coal(N5)</i> | <i>Armstrong(N5)</i> | <i>Bracegirdle(N4)</i> | <i>Trower (N2)</i> | <i>Vis. O'Mally(N6)</i> | <i>Tulkinghorn(N6)</i> | <i>Dover(N6)</i> | <i>Smythe(N3)</i> | <i>Bn. Colingwd(N6)</i> |
| LT 1 | <i>Ames(N2)</i> | <i>Warwick(N6)</i> | <i>Cornwall(N2)</i> | <i>Tooker(N7)</i> | <i>Hackett(N2)</i> | <i>Smith(N6)</i> | <i>Keynes(N6)</i> | <i>Teague(N3)</i> | <i>Povey(N4)</i> | <i>Coote(N6)</i> |
| LT 2 | RED | <i>Jackson(N5)</i> | RD | SOL | <i>Marshall(N4)</i> | <i>Mountjoy(N6)</i> | <i>Nolan(N3)</i> | ABC | <i>Blowhard(N3)</i> | <i>Drake(N4)</i> |
| LT 3 | <i>Oates(N2)</i> | <i>Moule(N5)</i> | | *** | <i>Dixon(N2)</i> | HDA | SMM | *** | <i>James(N2)</i> | <i>Lake(N1)</i> |
| LT 4 | <i>Clarke(N4)</i> | | *** | *** | | | *** | *** | CAD | |
| LT 5 | | | *** | *** | | | *** | *** | | *** |
| Midshipman | <i>Gaines(N2)</i> | <i>Wellinboro(N5)</i> | <i>Gates(N3)</i> | <i>Allard(N4)</i> | <i>Parker(N3)</i> | <i>Ivy(N5)</i> | | <i>Westcott(N4)</i> | <i>Adams(N6)</i> | |
| Midshipman | | <i>Hall(N4)</i> | RAT | | <i>Carthew(N3)</i> | | | | | |
| Midshipman | | | | *** | | | | *** | | |
| Midshipman | | | *** | *** | | | *** | *** | | |
| Midshipman | | | *** | *** | | | *** | *** | | *** |
| Able Seaman | WC | | SB | | | GAB | MAP | | | |
| Able Seaman | | | | | | | PCR | | | |
| Able Seaman | | | | *** | | | | *** | | |
| Able Seaman | | | *** | *** | | *** | *** | *** | | *** |
| Able Seaman | | | *** | *** | | *** | *** | *** | | *** |
| Sailor | | | WFL | | | FJR | | | SAM | |

| | Vanguard | Glenmorangie | Alexander | Mercury | Hornet | Enterprise | Caligula | Tickler | Royal Marines | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|---------------------|
| | SoL 3rd Class | SoL 4th Class | SoL 5th Class | SoL 5th Class | Sloop | Sloop | SoL 4th Class | SoL 5th Class | | |
| Captain/M&C | <i>Bn. Colingwd(N6)</i> | <i>King(N5)</i> | <i>Farrell(N5)</i> | DLC | <i>Robust(N6)</i> | <i>Sir Gai (N6)</i> | <i>Ames(N4)</i> | <i>Bradley (N3)</i> | <i>Wolfe(N8)</i> | General |
| LT 1 | <i>Coote(N6)</i> | <i>Pratt(N1)</i> | <i>Spratt(N5)</i> | YOY | <i>MacRory(N3)</i> | | <i>Tull(N3)</i> | <i>Potts(N1)</i> | <i>Trollope(N5)</i> | Lt General |
| LT 2 | | | <i>Edwards(N1)</i> | <i>Fitzgerald(N6)</i> | | | | | <i>Sir Hollowhead(N10)</i> | Bgde General |
| LT 3 | <i>Lake(N1)</i> | | *** | *** | *** | *** | | *** | <i>Albytross(N4)</i> | Colonel RO |
| LT 4 | | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | <i>Vis. Davis(N10)</i> | Lt Col Fer |
| LT 5 | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | <i>Adams(N9)</i> | Major 1 Nem |
| Midshipman | | <i>Wick(N6)</i> | <i>Marsh (N3)</i> | | HW | | | AB | <i>Cunning(N6)</i> | Major 2 Ind |
| Midshipman | | <i>Hunter(N6)</i> | WHO | | | | | | <i>Scarlett(N3)</i> | Major 3 FG |
| Midshipman | | | *** | *** | *** | *** | | *** | | Major 4 Van |
| Midshipman | | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | | Capt 1 Ber |
| Midshipman | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | | Capt 2 Dre |
| Able Seaman | | SAD | | | | | <i>Brooks(N5)</i> | | | Capt 3 Gle |
| Able Seaman | | | *** | *** | *** | *** | | *** | <i>Carter(N6)</i> | Capt 4 Hal |
| Able Seaman | | | *** | *** | *** | *** | | *** | | Capt 5 Alx |
| Able Seaman | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | <i>Starbuck(N6)</i> | Capt 6 Ach |
| Able Seaman | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | *** | | Lt 1 Cal |
| Sailor | | | | | | | | | PH (Mer) | Lt 2 Mer |
| Sailor | | | | | | | | | | Lt 3 Tic |
| Sailor | | | | | | | | | | Lt 4 Hor |
| Sailor | | | | | | | | | | Lt 5 Ent |
| Sailor | | | | | | | | | BB (Dre) | Subaltern |
| Sailor | | | | | | | | | PS (FG) | Subaltern |
| Sailor | | | | | | | | | | Subaltern |
| Sailor | | | | | | | | | | Private |
| Sailor | | | | | | | | | NQ (Van) | Private |
| | | | | | | | | | HKS (Nem) | Private |
| | | | | | | | | | | Private |



Coordinator pancakes (you were expecting a waffle?)

Thanks to Red for writing, and as always to Terry for the website!

We can still use writers, particularly for the front. We've had some great write-ups the past two months, and if anyone wants to do something for the summer campaign please let me know.

Please look over your character sheet and let me know ASAP any errors. Send to (aquazoo@patriot.net).

Deadlines for May, 1795 • Announcements: Monday, Oct. 10th • Orders: Friday, Oct. 14th.