

# ***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 is always referred to as she because it costs so much to keep one in paint and powder”*

*~Chester W. Nimitz*



### ***News from the Pit***

By Angus Brewster

**AS SO MANY ARE OCCUPIED** with the launching of the fleet for the summer season, and due to my proximity to the docks, I am able to supply answers to the queries on the whereabouts of gentlemen this month. Many have stopped into the Pit for a last drink and a bit of gossip before boarding their ships.

Captain Dai Llwydium-Crystal of the Mercury could be heard outside making generous offers to potential crew members, but it was Sir Robert Erasmus Douglas who recruited Horatio Whistleblower as a Lieutenant on the Enterprise. Isaac Kellett became a new Sailor on the Vanguard, Tobias Hoggett is now an Able Seaman on the Alexander and Andy Boddy a Midshipman on the Achilles.

Lucius Yeo was accepted to the Berwickshire, but as that ship is not slated for the Summer campaign the brave man volunteered and was assigned to the Tickler.

With brilliance to match his bravery, Yeo also paid his dues to join the Pit. Berwickshire Midshipman and Pit regular Richard Antony Timmons also volunteered, he on the Caligula.

Others on Blockade are Edward Teach and Pit member James Blonde on the Caligula, and Dick X on the Tickler.

Gabriel Ambrose Bathurst bought a Midshipman rank on his ship, the Fiddlers Green and Samuel Adam Mulligan bought Able Seaman on the Nemesis. Apparently they decided such upgrades to their careers meant deserting the Pit for memberships at Lloyds, no accounting for taste.

Failing this month were Horatio Matthew Stevens's attempt at the Royal Oak, and John Bernard Burke was refused by the Alexander. Burke also joined the Pit and was heard making some big plans for the month in London, including an apartment with a view. He conversed with John 'Bootstrap' Dukelow, another new

member of the Pit, who seemed quite pleased with the affordability.

They were breathlessly joined by newcomer Lucas Ashton Moyle who had just secured a loan and anxious to join a quality club. Dressed the same as any sailor and proudly showing off his saber, Moyle spoke of his desire to join the Achilles. He told how his uncle served

on the Achilles and that he wanted to follow in the Midshipman's footsteps. The story he told was dramatic regarding how his uncle had been terribly wronged, and yet none of the Pit's old-timers could recall the man.

One of them offered some sage advice, "You'll have plenty of your own adventures to worry about. No sense looking for trouble."

## *And so it Begins!*

"**ARISE, SIR ROBERT!**" the King intones, lifting the sword; And Robert Erasmus Douglas, the new Laird of Cairnloch, dutifully rises. In a more normal voice, the King remarks: "Knighting is thirsty work. Will you join me in a glass of champagne, Sir Robert? You call it 'wetting one's swabber' in the Navy, I believe...!"

"Your Majesty is too gracious. And remarkably well informed." Sir Robert replies with a smile. But the king isn't listening. His eyes are straying towards the entrance, where some commotion takes place.

Out of the fray, the figure of a black-clad officer emerges and hastens towards the gathered gentlemen. "The French are coming out!" he shouts.

"And who might you be?" is His Majesty's aide's measured reply.

"Captain O'Grady, Aide to General Spade, Sire. The French are preparing to embark troops at Boulogne. They are supposed to go north, Sire."

"And no doubt that's why the Scots have been acting quite frisky lately." The king rubs his hands, then he smiles. "Very well, young man. Please convey my best wishes to the First Sea Lord at the Admiralty. Please don't let me detain you...!"

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Two weeks later and several thousand nautical miles to the west, Lord Sandwich, Vice Admiral of the White, is not smiling at all. The arrival of *The Enterprise* has robbed the head of the West Indies station of his last excuse to avoid a very onerous duty indeed; to wit, the convening of a court martial to sit in judgement over a young officer. The fact that the young officer in question is not only the son of an extremely wealthy (and therefore extremely influential) local trader but also his



own ADC does nothing in the admiral's opinion to make things better and he takes pains to point this out to Captain Douglas and Lieutenant Whistleblower.

"You see, I've known the lad since he came here with his parents. A bit wild and very much spoiled, of course. But a good lad at heart, I've always thought. And he always kept his word. Set great store by it, and you wouldn't believe the amount of trouble he went to in order to keep a promise, however lightly given. And he has steadfastly protested his innocence.

"No sir, I haven't taken the money or the jewels, upon my honour!' Always the same answer. You can't help but believe he's telling the truth."

"I don't doubt that's what he wants us to believe" replies Lieutenant Whistleblower, looking steadily at his captain. "But did anybody ask the young man whether he had perchance taken the money and the jewels...?"

The crestfallen look on the Admiral's face is enough to confirm his visitors' suspicions. And when the young man is found guilty and hanged from the yardarm a week later, neither Captain Douglas nor Lieutenant Whistleblower find great solace in the admiral's glowing letter of recommendation, even though it means promotion for both of them: Captain Douglas, the admiral has written, is wasted in a sloop and should be given command of a frigate instead, while Lt. Whistleblower is obviously ready to command *The Enterprise*, which remains on the West Indies station.

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News of the court-martial does reach London in due course, but is overshadowed by tabloid reports about *The Hornet*, which has managed to rescue the *Alvin Theodore* (carrying a valuable cargo of tea and spices) off the Lizard. As indicated by the paper's headline **CHIPWRECKED!** the merchantman's anchor cables

were gnawed through by some chipmunks, brought aboard by a member of a troupe of artists returning to our former colonies. Although the report is mainly intended as a tribute to Captain Robust (who suffered a heart attack halfway through the manoeuvre) it causes anti-American sentiments to run high for several days. "Perhaps not this year, but the time is coming..."

Meanwhile, the Channel Fleet is finally putting to sea. Strong easterly winds have delayed them for several days (much to His Majesty's chagrin) but they have also made the French lose their escorts, and one after the other the troop-ships are snapped up by the ships of the Channel Fleet. The *Fiddler's Green* (with Admiral Goodman on board) pounces upon the *Deux Escargots* and for once those who do the actual work are duly rewarded: Third Lieutenant Horatio D'Ascoyne is prominently mentioned in the admiral's despatches and gains 300 guineas (as well as some valuable experience). Midshipman Gabriel Ambrose Bathurst has to make do without the mention and the money but is content that his French is much improved, as well as his ability to read charts. Able seaman Frederick Jackston Rostenburg is promoted to midshipman and receives 150 guineas. Only the Marines manage to come away empty-handed, although Subaltern Patrick Stern gets a friendly nod from the French captain.



**MUCH THE SAME HAPPENS** when The *Dreadnought* catches up with the *Fille de Provence*: Vice Admiral Marlowe evidently likes the way third Lieutenant Sylvester McMonkey McBean has everything under control and does not only mention him prominently in despatches but promotes him to command of The *Hornet* as well. Better find a tailor for that new uniform. Midshipman Matthew Alistair Pratingly was also promoted to fill a gap in the gunroom, and Able Seaman Philip Cecil Roberts to fill the one in the midshipmen's mess. Last but not least, the work of the ship's Marines is finally recognized and Bill Bull joins McBean on the *Hornet* as a newly promoted Lieutenant. Both are pleased to throw their snapsacks on a cutter headed to the Blockade.

**IT'S A VERY DIFFERENT KETTLE OF FROGS** aboard The *Halcyon* (on harbour duty off Dover), where Rear Admiral Jorgens has decided to put his new Dollard achromatic telescope through its paces. Under the admiral's watchful eyes, Lieutenant Shaun O'Leary unwraps the instrument while the captain and

the lieutenant hover around him like seagulls, if you can imagine a seagull in fancy gold-braided dress.

"This is amazing!" enthuses O'Leary. "I can see the coast, and quite a stretch of France!"

"May I have a look, Lieutenant?" asks Captain Bracegirdle.

"Wait. I can also see some mountains, and more land behind them!"

"May I have a look, too?" from Lieutenant Tooker.

"And that's not all. There is still more land behind that, and then lots of water."

"And may I have a look now, Lieutenant?" Captain Bracegirdle repeats his question, but it falls on deaf ears.

"Old Dollard has really surpassed himself. Behind all that water there's another bit of land and then more water (quite a lot of it), and then some more land with a city and a harbour at the other end"

"And I want a look, too!" chips in Lt. Tooker, but O'Leary affects not to hear them.

"And there's a ship in the middle of that harbour."

"What kind of ship, lieutenant?"

"A ship of the line. And there are several officers on her quarterdeck."

"And what are they doing?"

"Well, one of them is wearing an admiral's uniform and doing nothing. Another is wearing epaulets, he must be an Aide or something. He keeps looking through a telescope, and the other two keep nagging to have a go...!"

Whereupon, the ship's logbook states (albeit in much more restrained language) that Admiral Jorgens nearly falls off his deck chair, he's laughing that hard, and he later rewards O'Leary 1000 guineas, to buy a telescope for himself, we presume, and mentions the incident in his despatches as well. Not bad for five minutes stand-up comedy! The true fact of the matter, however, is that the *Halcyon* managed to sink a French sloop trying to skulk into the harbor at night, and for that O'Leary is rewarded with a knighthood.

**AS A MERE 5TH RATE** The *Achilles* doesn't carry a third lieutenant (generally in charge of the ship's cargo) but second lieutenant Abrey Bertrim Childers nevertheless endeavours to cram all the French captives into her holds regardless. In so doing, he is greatly

hindered by his complete lack of language skills and the determined efforts by Midshipman Andy Boddy to assist him. Ironically, it is Boddy who receives a MiD and 400 guineas in recognition of his work, enunciating in loud tones and using many gestures, while Childres has to be content with 300 guineas liberated from the French captain's purse.

**ABOARD THE NEMESIS**, Admiral O'Groats is not at all enamoured to give chase to the French ship ahead of him, and on the Sabbath too; When the order arrives he ignores it and orders the ship's chaplain to proceed with his sermon. It falls to her 4th lieutenant Charles Algernon Digby, returning in the captain's gig with mail for the ship's company (and some choice morsels for those who can afford them) to cross the Frenchman's wake and demand her surrender; and to carve his name (Digby Was Here) when she sails past, while the Frogs look down from the rails and jeer. His report on the state of repairs (or lack of them) in French ships subsequently falls into the hands of a junior member of the Admiralty who is sufficiently impressed to recommend Digby for the second knighthood of the new season, and 450 guineas in expenses; while Sailor Samuel Adam "Spike" Mulligan who has held the gig steady to make the carving more easy receives 500 guineas for his troubles.

**NO SUCH ANTICS** take place when The *Vanguard* corners her prey. She just runs out her guns and the French surrender, as meek as mice... or nearly so, because one lonely shot does ring out from her forecastle, and it kills third Lieutenant Lake who has jumped aboard the Frenchman bearing a white sash. Despite this, Admiral Arkwright doesn't think it necessary to submit a full report... but he does notice that sailors Isaac Kellet and Berkeley Square go back aboard the *Jeunesse Doree* to rescue their fallen comrade, and they are promoted on the spot.

**NOT VERY FAR AWAY**, in the dramatic capture of an enemy ship, single shot puts an end to the life of Midshipman Marsh aboard The *Alexander*. With his dying breath he makes his messmates William Hornchurch Oglby and Tobias Hoggett swear to tell his family that he hasn't died in vain (or was that "in pain?") and to divide his few belongings between them.

Off Brest, The *Mercury* mourns the loss of her popular first lieutenant Yastak Oharra Yalesford, who was attacked by a shark while teaching second lieutenant

Fitzgerald how to swim; and robbed of his teacher, the pupil sinks in the briny deep as well. Lieutenant Peter Heywood of the RM jumps in with a rope between his teeth, but comes too late. Captain Dai Llwydium-Crystal's report doesn't arouse much interest at the Admiralty, but caused quite a stir at the Royal Society's monthly meeting, because the presence of sharks that far north might herald a major change on a global scale. Lifeguards on Brighton beach might have need of all those well-rounded pebbles after all ("To kill a shark: First, find your slingshot. Then find a pebble. Now take aim..."). Captain Llwydium-Crystal asks Midshipman Gordon Ottershaw to step into the dead man's shoes, and the latter agrees. This is, after all, the chance he has been waiting for. But he quietly promises to himself never to go swimming. To take their minds off the gruesome incident, Captain Llwydium-Crystal then proceeds to snap up a number of small trabacalos which were lurking round the corner of the next cliff; and succeeds so well that he is twice mentioned in despatches.



**SOME LEAGUES AWAY**, The *Caligula* does pretty much the same, but is a bit more lucky in what she snaps up. To cut a long story short, she catches a French Indiaman napping in a sheltered bay and Midshipman Richard Antony Timmons has the tricolor off her flagstaff before the surprised lookouts can open their mouth to shout "Qui va-la?" No dead man's shoes to fill, but Captain Ames promotes Timmons to second lieutenant on the spot. Meanwhile, sailors Edward Teach and James Blonde have "liberated" 500 and 200 guineas from the French captain's writing desk; They plan to kick up some serious fun next time they're ashore, and who can fault them?

**"YOU WILL OBSERVE"** remarks the First Sea Lord to his visitor, "that the French nearly always surrender when they are badly outnumbered. But they insist upon firing at least one shot "pour l'honneur du pavillon" as they call it. But there is always an exception to the rule, and this month's example is the fight shown by *La Strada*, an Italian merchantman hired by the French and carrying two platoons of French Guards. They managed to thwart four attempts to board them, they shot Captain Bradley with their first volley and killed Lieutenant Potts with the next, and when asked to surrender they shouted back: "The Guard dies, but it doesn't surrender!"

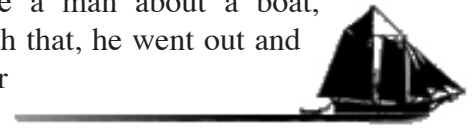
“And why are you telling me all this?” asked the Earl of Morton.

“Well, I’m sending your brother to take command of her. Her gunroom needs some beefing up, but she has a decent ship’s company. One of her scallywags has earned himself a mention in despatches this month.”

“And who might that be, pray?” His Earlship’s eyebrows slowly rose to the quarter-high mark. “His mother must have christened him Richard, but nowadays that’s always shortened to Dick; And he doesn’t have a surname, apparently. Signs with an X. But like many others aboard he took the bounty. Never remits a bit of his pay and has repeatedly been reprimanded for being uncommonly drunk... even by Navy standards. But he

has some gutter French, and when the Frogs refused to surrender he and fellow sailor Lucius Yeo jumped on the gunwale and let them have it... both barrels and primed extra. They truly showed the spirit of the *Tickler*. After which they saw the light (those who were not rolling on the deck with laughter) and started to behave like civilized beings.”

“Ah well, I must ask Robert to present this paragon of naval etiquette when I visit him aboard his new command.” grinned the Earl. “And now I must leave you. Have to see a man about a boat, you know...!” With that, he went out and closed the door behind him.



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## *Party at Lloyds*

Wisdom Codrington hosted the social event of the summer, well June at least, at Lloyds in the second week of June. Harriet Hilfinger was at his side in a fashionable pastel gown to greet the guests.

When Harold Taylor arrived, Harriett remembered to

ask after his lady, Leta Blair. Taylor looked a bit sheepish and mumbled something about a headache. Whether it was his or Leta’s is unknown, but the gentleman had nothing but praise for the quality of the rum.

Royston Darkwing also arrived stag, grateful to socialize in relative peace and calm. Was it the lack of Janet Carter that week, or the fact that the members of his rival ship were out to sea? Darkwing shared some dark humor as he played several hands of whist.

Horatio Matthew Stevens arrived with Alice Wunderlich, which allowed the two ladies to gossip and sip wine together. The term “sausage fest” was overheard, no doubt regarding the tasty offerings from the kitchen.

Aside from the games of cards, the host entertained with stories of his service with the Royal Oak. Stevens offered a toast to the health and success of all those at sea.

“Especially those on the *Achilles*!” exclaimed newcomer Lucas Ashton Moyle. Lucas introduced himself around, asking for stories of the *Achilles* crew. He had plenty of his own tales of life in the countryside. As all looked wistfully out at the water, they wished him luck in his endeavors.



***FINE HOUSE in CAMDEN*** available to let. Write to Sir Douglas of the *Tickler* to enquire regarding costs and conditions.

## Matters of the Heart

John Bernard Burke had a cup of tea at the millinery shop, with the staff fluttering about him as he selected a beautiful gown of the latest fashion. All silk and ribbons, with tassels and a sash of the Turkish style, he had it sent to Sara Pati. Little did Burke know that the color did not suit her — Sara refused him when he came calling.

Emily Westmoor anxiously awaited the return of Wisdom Codrington, and in fact spent many days of the previous month at the coffeehouse waiting for news of the Royal Oak. When she answered the door on the first of the month in her best gown and new perfume, it was not her beau but instead Harold Taylor with a bouquet of flowers. Emily slammed the door in embarrassment and then whinged to her maid, keeping the girl too busy to go out and gossip. Word never reached Taylor's lady, Leta Blair.

Wisdom was too busy for gossip himself as he was courting Harriett Hilfinger with emerald earrings and a matching necklace. The lady was pleased and flattered and exclaimed the gems to be her favorite. The two of them spent a pleasant week together and Wisdom had no longer any concerns regarding Emily or anyone she might choose to see.

In the second week, John 'Bootstrap' Dukelow spent an embarrassingly large amount of money on a sterling silver tea set for Eugenie Windsor. She was thrilled with the gift and invited him in for tea and tiffin. Offering plenty of milk and sugar, Miss Windsor spoke intelligently and at length regarding the production on pinhead gunpowder. That would be the tea variety, not the actual ammunition. Dukelow was back again for a visit in the third week. That must have been some phenomenal tiffin!

Weeks three and four found Harold Taylor back at the doorstep of Emily Westmoor, again with the bouquets. He offered a small bunch of roses then a

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	WC
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	GAB
Beatrice Chippendale			10.0	SB
Eugenie Windsor			10.0	JBD
Emily Westmoor		W	10.0	
Sophia (Williams) Pratingly		B	9.0	MAP
Nancy (Hall) D'Ascoyne		I	9.0	HDA
Leta Blair		B	9.0	HT
Pippa Middleton		I	8.0	
Anne Bonny		W	8.0	
Rebecca Dorrit			8.0	WHO
Samantha Stevens		B I	7.0	BS
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

large collection of violets. Both times again she refused him, looking past him to the street almost as if he did not exist. This was in Taylor's favor, as Emily did not bother to say anything to Leta when they met and chatted outside the feather shop in High Street. Leta complained that her beau did not bring her along to the party at Lloyds in week two, and yet still had no suspicions regarding whatever was keeping him busy. How long do you expect this to last, Mr. Taylor? Better keep this newspaper away from the Blair household!



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

**ELSEWHERE AT THE CLUBS**, with so many men out at sea things were fairly quiet. Lloyds was visited in the first week by Horatio Matthew Stevens and Alice Wunderlich, carousing with Lieutenant Royston Darkwing and Janet Carter. Able Seaman Wisdom Codrington was there with Harriet Hilfinger in the third week. The club lived up to its reputation for fine

food and drink, and the patrons were entertained by musicians recently arrived from Scotland.

John Bernard Burke was at The Pit twice that month. In the second week, he preferred it rather than attending the party at Lloyds. In the fourth week, Burke decided to try his luck with gambling and lost. Perhaps next time.

## *A Night with Venus*

(Adapted from Tobias Smollet's *Peregrine Pickle* saga)

**IN THE FIRST WEEK**, young Lucas Ashton Moyle enjoyed the attention from the otherwise bored staff at Madame Fifi's.

Lucas, thus cautioned, proceeded with his charge, and being naturally taciturn, opened not his lips until he had performed the best half of his journey. But Lucas, notwithstanding his irony appearance, was in reality composed of flesh and blood. His desire being titillated by the contact of a buxom wench, whose right arm embraced his middle as he rode, his thoughts began to mutiny against his master, and he found it almost impossible to withstand the temptation of making love. Nevertheless, he wrestled with these rebellious suggestions with all the reason that Heaven had enabled him to exert; and that being totally overcome, his victorious passion suddenly broke out in this address:

"Sblood! I believe master thinks I have no more stuff in my body than a dried haddock, to turn me adrift in the dark with such a spanker. D'ye think he don't, my dear?"

To this question his fellow-traveller replied, "Swanker, anan!"

And the lover resumed his suit, saying, "Oons! How you tickle my timber! Something shoots from your arm, through my stowage, to the very keel-stone. Han't you got quicksilver in your hand?"

"Quicksilver!" said the lady, "damn the silver that has crossed my hand this month; d'ye think, if I had silver, I shouldn't buy me a smock?"

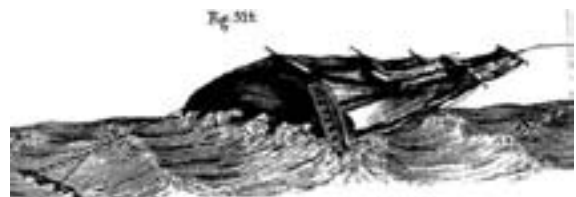
"Adsooks! You baggage," cried the lover, "you shouldn't want a smock nor a petticoat neither, if you could have a kindness for a true-hearted sailor, as sound and strong as a nine-inch cable, that would keep all clear above board, and everything snug under the hatches."

"Curse your gum," said the charmer: "what's your gay balls and your hatchets to me?"

"Do but let us bring to a little," answered the wooer, whose appetite was by this time whetted to a most ravenous degree, "and I'll teach you to box the compass, my dear. Ah! You strapper, what a jolly bitch you are!"

"Bitch!" exclaimed this modern dulcinea, incensed at the opprobrious term, "such a bitch as your mother, you dog! Damn you, I've a good mind to box your jaws instead of your come-piss. I'll let you know as how I am meat for your master, you saucy blackguard. You are worse than a dog, you old flinty-faced, flea-bitten scrub: a dog wears his own coat, but you wear your master's."

Such a torrent of disgraceful epithets from a person who had no clothes at all, converted the gallant's love into choler, and he threatened to dismount and bind her to a tree, when she should have a taste of his cat-o'-nine-tails athwart her quarters; but instead of being intimidated by his menaces, she set him at defiance, and held forth with such a flow of eloquence, as would have entitled her to a considerable share of reputation, even among the nymphs of Billingsgate: for this young lady, over and above a natural genius for altercation, had her talents cultivated among the venerable society of weeders, podders, and hoppers, with whom she had associated from her tender years. No wonder, then, that she soon obtained a complete victory over Moyle, who, as the reader may have observed, was very little addicted to the exercise of speech: indeed, he was utterly disconcerted by her volubility of tongue; and, being altogether unfurnished with answers to the distinct periods of her discourse, very wisely chose to save himself the expense of breath and argument, by giving her a full swing of cable, so that she might bring herself up; while he rode onwards in silent composure, without taking any more notice of his fair fellow traveller than if she had been his master's cloak bag.



Abbr	Name	Title	Wealth	SL	SP	Club	Housing	NA	Rank	Ship/Sqd	Appoint
CAD	Charles Algernon Digby	Knight	OK	10	Asea	Dolphin	Apt Camden	2	Lieutenant	Nemesis	
SOL	Shaun O'Leary	Knight	Comfy	10	Asea	Pit	TH Hackney	5	Lieutenant	Halcyon	Aide to Admiral
RED	Sir Robert Erasmus Douglas	Knight	OK	10	Asea	-	FH Camden	5	Captain	Tickler	
WC	Wisdom Codrington		OK	8+	28	Lloyds	Gar Southwk	3	Able Seaman	Royal Oak	
SMM	Sylvester McMonkey McBean		Poor	8	Asea	Lloyds	TH Hackney	5	M&C	Hornet	
HDA	Horatio D'Ascoyne		Comfy	8	Asea	Lloyds	Apt Hackney	6	Lieutenant	Fiddler's Green	
RD	Royston Darkwing		Poor	7	19	Lloyds	TH Hackney	5	Lieutenant	Berwickshire	
HMS	Horatio Matthew Stevens		Poor	7	13	Lloyds	TH Southwk	6	-	-	
SB	Sebastian Bracegirdle	NMR 1	Poor	6	12	Pit	TH Southwk	4	Lieutenant	Berwickshire	
GAB	Gabriel Ambrose Bathurst		OK	6	Asea	Lloyds	TH Hackney	6	Midshipman	Fiddler's Green	
SAM	Samuel Adam Mulligan		OK	6	Asea	Lloyds	TH Hackney	1	Able Seaman	Nemesis	
WHO	William Hornchurch Oglby	NMR 1	Poor	6	Asea	Pit	TH Southwk	4	Midshipman	Alexander	
MAP	Matthew Alistair Pratingly		OK	6	Asea	Lloyds	TH Southwk	4	Lieutenant	Dreadnought	
ABC	Abrey Bertrim Childers	NMR 2	OK	6	Asea	Lloyds	TH Hackney	5	Lieutenant	Achilles	
HT	Harold Taylor		Poor	5	9	Pit	Gar Southwk	5	-	-	
BS	Berkeley Square		Poor	5	Asea	Pit	Gar Southwk	4	Able Seaman	Vanguard	
FJR	Frederick Jackston Rostenburg		OK	5	Asea	Pit	Gar Southwk	3	Midshipman	Fiddler's Green	
RAT	Richard Antony Timmons		Poor	5	Asea	Pit	Gar Southwk	1	Lieutenant	Berwickshire	
JBD	John 'Bootstrap' Dukelow		OK	4	11	Pit	TH Southwk	5	-	-	
BB	Bill Bull		OK	4	Asea	-	Gar Southwk	2	Lieutenant	RM Hornet	
PCR	Philip Cecile Roberts		Poor	4	Asea	Pit	TH Southwk	5	Midshipman	Dreadnought	
IK	Isaac Kellett		OK	4	Asea	-	Gar Southwk	5	Able Seaman	Vanguard	
PS	Patrick Stern		Poor	4	Asea	Red Coat	Gar Southwk	3	Subaltern	RM FG	
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	
LAM	Lucas Ashton Moyle		Poor	3	7	Pit	Gar Southwk	6	-	-	
JBB	John Bernard Burke		Poor	3	3	Pit	Apt Southwk	5	-	-	
GO	Gordon Ottershaw		Poor	3	Asea	Pit	Gar Southwk	3	Lieutenant	Mercury	
JB	James Blonde		OK	3	Asea	Pit	Gar Southwk	3	Sailor	(Blockade)	
HW	Horatio Whistleblower		OK	3	Asea	Pit	Apt Southwk	7	M&C	Enterprise	
AB	Andy Boddy		Comfy	3	Asea	-	Gar Southwk	3	Midshipman	Achilles	
YOY	Yastak Oharrah Yalesford				RIP						
LY	Lucius Yeo		OK	3	Asea	Pit	Gar Southwk	7	Sailor	Berwickshire	
DX	Dick X		Poor	2	Asea	-	Gar Southwk	1	-	-	
TH	Tobias Hoggett		Poor	2	Asea	-	Gar Southwk	5	Able Seaman	Alexander	
AC	Arthur Chance	NMR 2	Poor	2-	-1	Pit	Gar Southwk	6	-	-	
SAD	Simon Asscroft-Dipper	NMR 2	Poor	2-	-3	Pit	Apt Southwk	3	Able Seaman	Glenmorangie	
ET	Edward Teach		OK	1	Asea	-	Gar Southwk	7	-	-	
WDL	Wolff du Lac	NMR 1	Poor	1-	0	-	Gar Southwk	6	-	-	
SH	Stephen Hills	NMR 1	Poor	1-	-2	-	Gar Southwk	4	-	-	

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		Jackson (N5)	
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		SOL	Scarlett (N2)
	White Squadron	Red Squadron	Blue Squadron

	Royal Oak	Indomitable	Berwickshire	Halcyon	Ferocious	Fiddler's Green	Dreadnought	Achilles	Royal Marines	
	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		
<b>Captain/M&amp;C</b>	<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>Wolfe(N8)</i>	<b>General</b>
<b>LT 1</b>	<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(N7)</i>	<i>Teague(N4)</i>	<i>Trollope(N5)</i>	<b>Lt General</b>
<b>LT 2</b>	<i>Oates(N2)</i>	<i>Jackson(N5)</i>	<b>RD</b>	<b>SOL</b>	<i>Marshall(N4)</i>	<i>Mountjoy(N6)</i>	<i>Nolan(N3)</i>	<b>ABC</b>	<i>Sir Hollowhead(N10)</i>	<b>Bgde Gener</b>
<b>LT 3</b>	<i>Clarke(N4)</i>	<i>Moule(N5)</i>		***	<i>Dixon(N2)</i>	<b>HDA</b>	<b>MAP</b>	***	<i>Albytross(N4)</i>	<b>Colonel RO</b>
<b>LT 4</b>			***	***			***	***	<i>Vis. Davis(N10)</i>	<b>Lt Col Fer</b>
<b>LT 5</b>			***	***		***	***	***	<i>Madsen(N9)</i>	<b>Major 1 Nen</b>
<b>Midshipman</b>	<i>Gaines(N2)</i>	<i>Wellinboro(N5)</i>	<i>Gates(N3)</i>	<i>Allard(N4)</i>	<i>Parker(N3)</i>	<i>Ivy(N5)</i>	<b>PCR</b>	<i>Westcott(N4)</i>	<i>Cunning(N6)</i>	<b>Major 2 Ind</b>
<b>Midshipman</b>		<i>Hall(N4)</i>	<b>RAT</b>		<i>Carthew(N3)</i>	<b>GAB</b>		<b>AB</b>	<i>Scarlett(N3)</i>	<b>Major 3 FG</b>
<b>Midshipman</b>			<b>SB</b>	***		<b>FJR</b>		***		<b>Major 4 Var</b>
<b>Midshipman</b>			***	***			***	***		<b>Capt 1 Ber</b>
<b>Midshipman</b>			***	***		***	***	***		<b>Capt 2 Dre</b>
<b>Able Seaman</b>	<b>WC</b>									<b>Capt 3 Gle</b>
<b>Able Seaman</b>									<i>Carter(N6)</i>	<b>Capt 4 Hal</b>
<b>Able Seaman</b>				***				***		<b>Capt 5 Alx</b>
<b>Able Seaman</b>			***	***		***	***	***	<i>Starbuck(N6)</i>	<b>Capt 6 Ach</b>
<b>Able Seaman</b>			***	***		***	***	***		<b>Lt 1 Cal</b>
<b>Sailor</b>			<b>WFL</b>						<b>PH</b>	<b>Lt 2 Mer</b>
<b>Sailor</b>			<b>LY</b>							<b>Lt 3 Tic</b>
<b>Sailor</b>									<b>BB</b>	<b>Lt 4 Hor</b>
<b>Sailor</b>										<b>Lt 5 Ent</b>
<b>Sailor</b>										<b>Subaltern</b>
<b>Sailor</b>									<b>PS (FG)</b>	<b>Subaltern</b>
<b>Sailor</b>										<b>Subaltern</b>
<b>Sailor</b>										<b>Private</b>

	Nemesis	Vanguard	Glenmorangie	Alexander	Mercury	Hornet	Enterprise	Caligula	Tickler
	SoL 2nd Class	SoL 3rd Class	SoL 4th Class	SoL 5th Class	SoL 5th Class	Sloop	Sloop	SoL 4 th Class	SoL 5 th Class
<b>Captain/M&amp;C</b>	<i>Smythe(N3)</i>	<i>Bn. Colingwd(N6)</i>	<i>King(N5)</i>	<i>Farrell(N5)</i>	<b>DLC</b>	<b>SMM</b>	<b>HW</b>	<i>Ames(N4)</i>	<b>RED</b>
<b>LT 1</b>	<i>Povey(N4)</i>	<i>Coote(N6)</i>	<i>Pratt(N1)</i>	<i>Spratt(N6)</i>	<b>GO</b>	<i>MacRory(N3)</i>		<i>Tull(N3)</i>	
<b>LT 2</b>	<i>Blowhard(N3)</i>	<i>Drake(N4)</i>		<i>Edwards(N1)</i>				<b>RAT</b>	
<b>LT 3</b>	<i>James(N3)</i>			***	***	***	***		***
<b>LT 4</b>	<b>CAD</b>		***	***	***	***	***	***	***
<b>LT 5</b>		***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***
<b>Midshipman</b>	<i>Adams(N7)</i>		<i>Wick(N6)</i>						
<b>Midshipman</b>			<i>Hunter(N6)</i>	<b>WHO</b>					
<b>Midshipman</b>				***	***	***	***		***
<b>Midshipman</b>			***	***	***	***	***	***	***
<b>Midshipman</b>		***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***
<b>Able Seaman</b>	<b>SAM</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>SAD</b>	<b>TH</b>					
<b>Able Seaman</b>		<b>IK</b>		***	***	***	***		***
<b>Able Seaman</b>				***	***	***	***		***
<b>Able Seaman</b>		***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***
<b>Able Seaman</b>		***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***
<b>Sailor</b>								<b>ET</b>	<b>DX</b>
<b>Sailor</b>								<b>JB</b>	<b>LY</b>
<b>Sailor</b>									



*Coordinator pancakes (you were expecting a waffle?)*

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

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

**Deadlines for July, 1795**  
**Announcements: Monday, March 5th**  
**Orders: Friday, March 9th**