

# *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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## *Issue 39 — April 1794*

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**"Come all ye bold Seamen, wherever you're bound..."**

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The Captain had been leant against the main mast for the better part of an hour staring at the pitch black of the westerly horizon. He had not said a word nor asked for anything but the silence that surrounded him was almost tangible and it was as if the Droits de L'Homme held its collective breath as it waited for his decision.

Finally he nodded his head and returned to the helm.

"Mr. King, sound the call to extinguish all lights," Captain Miller instructed him, "and remind the men that I want silence. The first man to speak above a whisper will feel the cat come the end of the night should he scare away our prey."

"Aye aye Sir" replied the sailor and he was soon to be seen moving around the ship's complement detailing the Captain's orders.

"Lieutenant Ruffles, send word to Captain Marvell that the Belle Poule should head west by southwest for three hours before turning west by northwest under full sail. He is to meet me twenty miles south of the Scilly Isles where he will catch the prey unawares that we will be driving towards him."

"Yes Sir," came the prompt reply and the officer departed while Miller continued to relay his orders.



"Colonel Albytross, please gather your marines onto you and prepare them for a boarding. You have, if my estimations are correct, about seven hours before you will be needed to end the coming battle."

"Yes Captain Miller," replied the Marine Colonel and with swift steps he gathered his officers and men to him and departed below to begin their preparations.

"Midshipman Greene, set a course due West under full sail and maintain it until you receive my counter order."

"Aye, Aye Sir" replied the helmsman, and with that the crew erupted into action.

"Gentlemen," Baron Miller explained, "we are either about to go chasing shadows or some Frenchman, trying to sneak past England, has carelessly shown me his whereabouts. I do hope it is the latter or I will emerge from this with egg on my face."

“Orders from the Droits, Sir Marvell. Baron Miller asks that you head WSW for three hours and then turn to the Scillies and rendezvous with him 20 miles south of Tresco at full battle stations.”

"Thank you Lieutenant Partridge" replied the new Captain, "please set the appropriate course and maximise the sails, for if we are to be there on schedule we

had better make the most of the time we have available. Mr. Biscuit, please inform Major Cunning that we have an engagement with the French in a few hours and he should prepare his men."

"Yes Sir," the sailor replied, "anything else Sir?"

"No thank you Mr. Biscuit," the captain confirmed, "I have everything I need at this time."

Making his way to the forecabin, Samuel examined the westerly horizon for a several minutes before smiling and turning away. "Good spot my old friend," he murmured to himself, "I'll see you south of Tresco."

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"Three points to starboard" shouted Captain Fregate, "Major Adams?"

"Yes Captain?" the seasoned Marine enquired.

"Please inform Admiral Marlowe," Fregate replied, "that this French man seems set on reaching the far south, and ask him if he has any ideas why."

"Yes Commander, I will."

It was nice to step out of the driving rain, and the warmth of the main cabin was a relief after the bitter chill of the Atlantic Ocean. Admiral Marlowe was studying the cartographers' maps and tracking the Enterprises' course.

"Sir!" the Major saluted, "Captain Fregate asked me to inform you that the French Sloop seems set on reaching the south and he taking a lot of risks to get past us. He asks for any advice that you may have to offer."

"He's probably heading for Toulon or somewhere else in the Mediterranean, maybe running cannon to La Fère artillery regiment as they try to fortify the port" mused the Admiral. "Stopping him won't benefit the British Navy overly but I am loath to help the French in any way," Marlowe looked up at his aide, "Please ask the Captain to chase hard but he is not to take any overt risks as we have our own borders to protect."

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"Anything to report Lieutenant?" asked the Captain of the EIC Shangri-La as he emerged from his cabin. He made his way to the helm, stepping over the debris that still lay about the deck as he did so.

"No Captain Walker," replied his first officer, "we seem to have shaken off the pursuit of the privateers thanks to that broadside you gave them, but the damage done by our aggressors is bad enough that we may have to make

port for a few days to make good on our repairs."

"Very well," replied Walker, "I am loath to lose the time but it would appear that your assessment is valid. Have you seen Mr. Carthew anywhere this morning?"

"No Sir he seems to be keeping very much to himself of late," replied the first officer, "shall I send for him?"

"No leave him be," mused the Captain, "perhaps he will come out of himself as the voyage continues."

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"Sir?"

"Yes Major Cunning."

"We have just past Menawethen and are now heading south to the inception point." replied the Major. He paused for a second as if contemplating his next question, sensing this Captain Marvell sought to settle any apprehensions that he may have.

"Have no fear to speak your mind here," he assured the marine officer, "you can say nothing that will offend."

"Thank you sir," replied the Major, "Do you have any idea why Baron Miller has sent us here? Isn't it unlikely that the French would attack this principality?"

Samuel smiled and then tried to rationalise the movements of the Droits de L'Homme, "If I have it right I believe that we will see a French Cutter or maybe a far larger vessel appear on the horizon with the Navy Flagship hounding her stern. Our job will then be to hold her here so that between us we can batter her into submission. We are fleet of foot and that is why we have been sent ahead to block the enemy's escape."

"I see sir," replied the major, "I do hope you are right as I had hoped for more than a sight-seeing trip of the Baron's lands."

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"Steady as she goes Mr. Trelawney, We need her to think that we are gaining a little but that her escape still lies south of the Scillies."

"Yes Captain" replied the helmsman, "err... Sir?"

"Yes Mr. Trelawney?" replied Andrew Miller as he checked every aspect of their course.

"Err... Sir..." continues Robert, "I am still confused and I must say a little baffled how you knew that our enemy was even here... I mean there... to our west my Lord."

"A careless Frenchman or three gave me a few hints."



explained the Baron, “firstly one must have urinated over the side as he attracted the attention of a school of fish. However, that may have been the end of his supertime baguette that floated towards us on the prevailing wind. And finally someone aboard is a heavy pipe smoker for the flare of his tinderbox could be seen for miles and the smell of pipe smoke was still noticeable on the wind. Further to that the wind direction, the sea conditions and the location of his home suggested that we could follow him undetected until dawn and which point we could drive him towards the Scillies and Captain Marvell through a set of careful manoeuvres.”

“I see my Lord,” replied Mr. Trelawney, trying to remember everything that the Captain had just told him, “and what do we do now?”

“We keep him ahead of us with the merest hint of an escape still tangible in his mouth, and then we crush him between us and the Belle Poule!”

Moving away, Captain Miller approached one of the new men they took on board. “Mr. Starbuck?”

“Yes Sir,” replied the newcomer, delighted that the Captain knew his name.

“When the fighting starts I want you to head for the port side of the French Vessel,” instructed the captain, “and take an axe, and three good men to watch your back, and set to work on the thickest ropes you can find. These will be supporting the mast and if they are severed then the ship will be all but ours.”

“PORT SIDE BATTERY.... FIRE!” screamed Admiral Marlowe, “six points to port and prepare the starboard cannon, let us see if we can’t give the French another ship to replace. Major Adams, Get you men on the starboard side and offer the first man to score their captain a bottle of my finest rum.”

“Yes Sir,” replied the Major and with that he ordered every marine, save for the admiral’s guard, to take up a rifle and prepare for some sharp shooting.

Suddenly the wind began to shift and Captain Fregate was forced to intervene. “Three to starboard, brace the main sail and grab a rope gentlemen—it would seem that Neptune is helping our enemy at this point.”

“Sorry Sir,” Fregate apologised to the Admiral as the French sloop pulled away, “but if this shift in fortune persists then I am afraid we will not be able to catch our enemy before he reaches the safety of French waters

and the Enterprise is not permitted to engage in independent actions.”

“Damn it,” exclaimed Marlowe, “I wanted that prize. Oh well, the campaign season will be on us soon and there is always next month. Major Adams be so kind as to put a bullet that Frenchman who has decided to show me his backside.”

“Consider it done Sir,” promised the Major as his rifle shot ensured that the man would not sit down comfortably for a long while.

Colonel Albycross addressed his men below decks, “We will be meeting the French head to head within the hour and I want this boarding action to go as smoothly as possible. Major Champion, you will lead the stern party. I want the helm neutralised within minutes of the start of the attack and the vessel pointing into the wind within five. I will lead the attack on the lower decks, and ensure that their Captain is Lord Miller’s guest as quickly as is humanly possible.”

“Yes Sir,” replied the seconded Major, “Scarlet, you have helmed a ship before... good... you take care of her direction and we will take care of you.”

“Mr. King,” ordered Captain Miller, “please inform Colonel Albycross that we will be engaging the enemy as soon as he is on deck.”

“Yes Sir.” replied Paul King, and he quickly about his next assignment

“Here they are Major Cunning,” confirmed Marvell, “bring her about Mr. Biscuit on to an inception course, sound the call to arms and let’s ensure we taste victory.”

“BATTLE STATIONS!” Ordered Captain Miller, “bring the starboard guns to bear on the masts. Fire on my mark... 3... 2... 1... FIRE!”

The explosion that occurred below was monstrous as three decks of cannon that number fifty in total, fired on the rigging of the French Man-o-War. The Belle Poule was pushing her with some effect towards the Cannon of the Droits de L’Homme but the wind and turbulent water was not help her newly promoted Captain.

“The mast is hit Sir,” a gleeful Mr. King informed him, “and it would appear that the dead may outnumber the living.”





“Very good, Mr. King.” Miller replied before turning to his helmsman, “Mr. Trelawney bring her alongside... but make it the Port Side lest she still has a few tricks up her sleeve. Signal the Belle Poule to hold fast but to be ready for a counter attack.”

“Colonel Albytross” said the Baron to his erstwhile companion, “the rest, as they say, is up to you. My Tops Captain has men in the riggings to help but I am sure that you will not need any help, my friend.”

“I wouldn’t have thought so Andrew,” Jonah replied, “but is always nice to know that support is on hand if you need it.”

Samuel Marvell had been watching with interest and a little frustration. The waters and winds had not been kind to his new command and his experience of the vessel was yet to be honed, but that had been the purpose of the trip to get to know the Poule and all who sailed on her. He watched as his friend brought his guns to bear on the rigging, thus ensuring that the ship was still intact for salvage yet the ship was barely manoeuvrable and that the crew were scared to be on deck. He read the signals from his Flagship and his orders were in place before his Lieutenant relayed the message. He knew that his was nearly done. He would have only have a solitary letter of condolence to write and while he was greatly saddened by the loss of Paul Reefer, he was equally glad that no one else had been killed.

The marines crossed the short space between the vessels and charged into the debris on the deck of the man-o-war. The carnage of war, both in terms of the ship and the crew, lay all around them but the but there would be time for that latter. For now they had two objectives: secure the helm and capture the captain and his crew without a major loss of life.

Major Champion cut down the first Frenchman to come his way and then lead his party to the helm. The fight had gone out of the enemy and most sailors were happier to surrender than to die needlessly in a battle they had clearly lost. However, there are always a few exceptions and both the Major and marines Scarlett and Starbuck were forced to defend their fellows with serious risk to life and limb.

The Colonel’s path was harder but the close confines of the spaces below decks meant that only a handful of

men could attack at once. The marines hurried onwards with men suffering a range of injuries along the way. The Captain’s cabin was quickly found and the futile defence overcome without loss of life.

“HOLD YOUR FIRE,” shouted Captain Jacque Passarat of the *Cassoulet*, “we surrender. Please take me to your Captain so I may offer him my sword.”

A number of men sat in the great cabin aboard the *Droits de L’Homme*: Baron Miller, Colonel Albytross, Major Champion, Captain Marvell, and Lieutenant Templeton-Smythe. Baron Miller was talking, “This gold was meant for something, Hugo, and we must find out what.”

“Yes Baron Miller” replied the lieutenant to his commanding officer. The ship’s adjutant, Lieutenant Rooke, entered the Captain’s office carrying the dispatches from the Admiralty. “The French captain” he continued once he had acknowledged his friend, “is under guard in my quarters. I felt it highly inappropriate to put him with his men, and he can be questioned at your leisure.”

“That’s Viscount Miller of Falmouth now,” interjected Rooke with a smile, “we have just received news from the Admiralty that the King has further ennobled our Captain and that you, Captain Templeton-Smythe, have been given command of the *Ferret*.”

He passed the letter to the kingdom’s newest Viscount who spent a few moments reading the news.

“It seems” Miller informed them after he read the messages, “that in addition to my peerage and your promotion, Hugo, that Lieutenant Ruffles has been handed command of the *Sauve Qui Peut* and Mr. King is raised to Lieutenant. In addition the admiralty has followed my recommendations regarding mentionable service for Jonah, Hugo, Harry Champion and Nathaniel Starbuck. Elsewhere it seems that Rear Admiral Lord Marlowe, Major Adams and Captain Fregate have also been mentioned in dispatches.”

Pausing, he opened a bottle of Port and poured the requisite number of glasses. “Now shall we drink a toast before returning to our respective duties?”

All agreed and once the toast was raised to the King and his Navy, the gathering of men broke up in order to complete their respective tasks.





# The London Gazette

## EXTRAORDINARY.

Issue 39

Your Reporter, Miss Edith e'Deadline.

I'm back! Seems they like my previous work enough to give me a second chance... so on with the London News.

At the White's Club The Prime Minister Admiral Marquis Goodman and his Dear Marchioness spent the evening in the company of the Lord Keeper Earl O'Groats and his wife Diana and Aide to the First Lord of the Sea Captain Sir Pipovitch and his wife Prudy. The evening was amiable and while the finest of wines and food were consumed there was no talk of politics (only of the long season that seemed to be upon them).

Lieutenant John Jackson spent the week carousing alone in the Dolphin Club enjoy its fine fare and quiet surroundings.

The Pit had three visitors in the first week. Lieutenant Tiberius Smith, Mr. Joseph Parker and Mr. Christopher Pike all attended, made merry and avoided talk of politics. Mr. Pike caroused with Miss Flanders again and reversed his fortunes of last month by winning 10 guineas by gambling on the roll of a dice.

The popularity of the Opera seemed to be on the decline at the start of the month playing to small audiences and all but one empty boxes while the notable of London Society found their entertainment elsewhere. The exceptions were Lieutenant Sum Yun Gai and his beloved Octavia who enjoyed an evening together in good lodge free from knife and fire juggling.

In matters of love the erstwhile speaker of the house Captain Ian Steel, MP married his fiancée Emma in a tiny family wedding before spending a quiet and sober evening at a modest reception hosted by Red Coats.

Meanwhile Southside Mr. Alfred Allard spent a quiet evening in the company of a "fine" lady before spending the night nursing a bruise to the back of his head and a serious lightening of his purse.

Over at the Academy Lieutenant Anthony Dewhurst Delaford spend another the week studying to raise his ability as a sailor and commander.



A cold and overcast April week, replete with the expected showers, scared away many potential suitors. Miss Sara Patti acknowledged the stalwart attempts of the Surgeon Edward Lake in the face of such adversity by inviting him to shelter in her house from a particularly bad shower (a place he stayed for a good while longer).

The only two subscribers who have gone unmentioned to date where the Director of the East India Company Viscount Captain Tyler Brock and his accuser the Attorney General Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Miles Attenborough-Davis, RM, MP. The two MP's spent their time in two very old buildings close by one another but where the Marine was at the Houses of Parliament his wife's former lover spent his time in the Tower of London (although some might say that they both had rats for company.)

Week 2 had Admiral Goodman and Marchioness Rosemary back at Whites with the same entourage of sycophants. The O'Groats and the Pipovitch's spent the week at the expense of their hosts and enjoyed a repast like few have seen outside of the walls of the ancient establishment.

At Button's Lieutenant Sum Yun Gai and his beau Miss Octavia Marvell spent a quiet evening carousing lost in each other's company.

Meanwhile at the Dolphin Lieutenant John Jackson spent a second week alone in the club with only his succession of drinks for company.

At the Pit it was like *deja vu*. Lieutenant Tiberius Smith, Mr. Joseph Parker and Mr. Christopher Pike all attended, made merry and avoided talk of politics. Mr. Pike caroused with Miss Flanders again and won another 10 guineas by gambling on the roll of a dice.

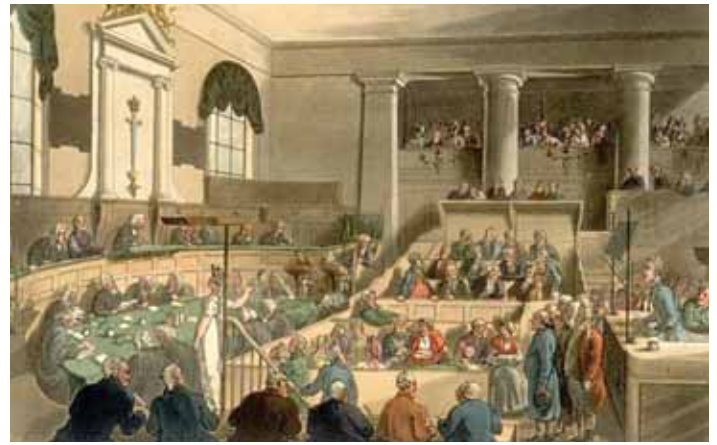
The Opera was quiet this week. Well, quiet may be a bit of an exaggeration as no one turned up to see the show.



The Red Coats had but one visitor when Captain Ian Steel MP attended after the Parliamentary debates in the house to carouse and continue discussing politics.

Southside saw Vice Admiral the Earl Sandwich, Mr. W.S. Baker and Mr. Allard all enjoying the ladies' attentions. Unfortunately for Mr. Allard the Press Gangs barred his progress home and he joined His Majesty's Blockade Fleet!

The remaining members of society were either locked up (Captain Viscount Tyler Brock), working late (Attorney General Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Miles Attenborough-Davis RM, MP), practicing sword play (Dr. Edward Lake and Mr. Alfred Allard) or at the books of the Academy (Lieutenant Anthony Dewhurst Delaford).



Week 3 saw the fate of Captain Viscount Tyler Brock decided. Residing was Prime Minister, Brock defended himself, as tradition suggested that he should, and the Attorney-General brought the charges.

The viewing gallery was filled to bursting point and a few of our notable readers were present. Lieutenant Sum Yun Gai, accompanied by Miss Marvell, arrived early and having seen to the comfort of his beau (settling her into a seat with a good view) he left to see to the needs of Earl O'Groats. Fresh quills, blotter and sealing wax were all made available and his proximity to Viscount Brock's servant Wang Wei allowed him an opportunity to converse in Chinese (which was not seen to be the least bit suspicious.)

Lieutenant John Jackson of the HMS Ferocious gave evidence for Captain Tyler Brock and Dr. Edward Lake attended on behalf of Captain Sir Huw Jorgens (although since he played no part in the trial it must have been purely for a first hand look at the proceedings).

The first man who spoke in defence of the colourful Captain was none other than the Lord Keeper Vice-Admiral Earl O'Groats:

*Gentlemen, I believe Lord Brock guilty of many things, bad taste in fashion and things foreign. However I do not believe him to be a spy! In my time I have found him to be quite an honourable man and person as a whole. My personal thought is that this trial is a mistake, but not knowing all the details that is only my opinion. If he is guilty then the punishment is as per the law, if he is simply guilty of carelessness then a few months at sea on the blockade sqn. and a reduction in rank should suffice. I would hope that this case is brought by a sense of duty and defence of the realm rather than by a jealous lover as has been suggested by certain members of differing parties and groups. Thank you*



The Attorney-General moved to calm his friend by producing reams of evidence to convict the maverick defendant and he ended his speech with the request that the court find Viscount Brock guilty on all counts. The Post-Captain looked calm throughout, although he was overheard asking Wang Wei where the \*&^% everyone was who promised to stand for the defence!

With all the evidence presented Marquis Goodman moved to give his verdict:

*Guilty but not of treason. Viscount Tyler Brock is stripped of all property and public office.*

Sir Tyler had expected this but he fought hard to keep hold of his Directorship of the East India Company. Eventually the Prime Minister had to rule that this was a public office and it was stripped from the Viscount along with his rank. This made Sir Tyler a civilian and a penniless one at that.

Poverty lasted the length of the walk to the shylocks where he borrowed a little spending money and then the Singapore Sling club where he joined as a civilian member.

At the Almanack Captain Pavel Pipovitch and Prudy were talking politics over a bottle of France's finest. Captain Steel was at Red Coats to carouse and talk politics while the scene at the Pit was nearly identical except that Lieutenant Delaford had replaced Mr. Parker as Lieutenant Smith's and Mr. Pike's guests and Mr. Pike's luck finally ran out on the tables.

Southside, had a solitary visitor in the form of Mr. Parker while Alfred Allard tried to practice with his sabre at Thames Water. Unfortunately his run in with the cutthroats left him too poor to pay for his training.

Week 4 sees at return to home for both Admiral Goodman and Lieutenant Colonel Miles Attenbor-

ough-Davis and their respective wives—their own homes that is. Marquis Goodman invites Sir Pipovitch to enjoy the delights of his country estates and while the ladies talk of high society the men settle down for a quiet brandy and absolutely no talk of politics. Baron and Baroness Attenborough-Davis were preparing for a grand ball next moth (see announcement) and put all their efforts into the decorations.

So the civilian Viscount Brock had lost rank and station and his access to Parliament. He opted to retire to the Singapore Sling to carouse and entertain any of the witnesses who tried to save his bacon—but Lieutenant Jackson had plans to seek female companionship Southside along with Dr. Lake (both traveled separately by coach) and the only people to show up were Lieutenant Sum Yun Gai and his beloved Octavia who caroused and made merry with the solitary host.

The week continued with the visits of several men to The Pit. Lieutenant Delaford and Mr. Pike were returnees and while the Lieutenant only drank Mr. Pike made it three wins out of four on the tables.

Matters military were improved by Joseph Parker who practiced Cutlass, Lt. Smith who swung his ship's weapon for a week, and Vice Admiral Earl O'Groats and Speaker Ian Steel who trained at the Briny Max. Yet once again Mr. Allard was denied the chance to train (this time at boxing) through lack of funds.



### TO THE SOCIETY OF LONDON:

Rosemary and I want to invite  
all members of the British Navy  
and the Royal Marines to a  
Farewell Ball in the fourth week in May  
at our Mansion.

Of course no political discussion allowed!

*Admiral the Marquis Andrew Goodman, Prime Minister*

### INVITATION TO A THEME BALL!

Baron Miles Attenborough-Davis and Baroness Isabella  
Invite all denizens and their ladies of the suburbs  
from Tower Hamlets to City of London (SL 16 and better)  
of the London society to a theme ball  
in the first week of May in our mansion. Theme is  
***"Around the world in eighty dishes!"***

All costs paid and no political discussions allowed, naturally.

*Miles and Isabella Attenborough-Davis*

## *Colonel Gallop's Political Editorial*

First let me introduce myself I am Colonel Horace Gallop of the 17th Lancers and the Royal Society. I have been kept on to write the few political notes that make it to this fine editorial.

Well the first week of the month saw Marquis Andrew Goodman and Baron Miles Attenborough-Davis in Parliament, although Attenborough-Davis seemed content to sit on the back benches and look bored, some one even said he was asleep at one stage!!

Meanwhile Goodman raised a debate on some matters of interest to his constituents and received some general approval and gained a supporter to his cause for it.

Week 2 saw the same gentlemen again in attendance but this time they both sat it out with Attenborough-Davis looking even more bored than before, what the Tory members will think of his attitude I am not quite sure, but they did not elect him to sleep in the House did they? Meanwhile Captain Ian Steel did do a speech in the House and

a rip roaring one it was too! Many of his fellow MP's on both sides of the house applauded him and he managed to get two fellow Whigs to support his ideas!

Week 3 saw Sir Pavel Pipovich hold attentions at his club Buttons, where he held a small debate and got a supporter to his cause. I was not there as I was covering Parliament so cannot say what his debate was about. However I did see Steel in action again and once more he produced a splendid debate in the house that held every ones attention, good show by Captain Steel, well done, Sir.

Week 4, nothing happened seems every one took the week off to go to their clubs and party from all accounts.

So nothing too exciting in politics I presume that now they have their feet under the table so to speak they are going to sit back and take the money and sleep. I do hope we get some decent debates and speeches soon otherwise I am getting paid for nothing!

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## *The London Gazette Sports Supplement*



### *In the Blink of an Eye*

Lieutenant Smith and Seaman Parker met to “discuss” a matter of honour with regards to the affections of a certain Lady. Tiberius Smith was first to arrive, and although he was alone, the sabre clutched in his hand seemed like the only company that he needed. Joseph Parker was equally alone, and his while his rapier paled in comparison with his opponent's sword, its speed should at least ensure that this is an even match up.

Neither man regarded the other as friend or even neutral acquaintance, and as such the barest nod of acknowledgement started the proceedings. The lieutenant was the more skilled, but this advantage was lost through

the weight of the cutlass and many would consider the Seaman's choice the wiser in a contest to first blood. Smith swung wildly, over balanced and nearly slashed himself in his enthusiasm to hit his opponent. Parker's attempt was not much better, and while his stumbling foe might have had some bearing on his compass neither man looked competent in the first exchange.

Recovering themselves, they tried again with much better results. Lieutenant Smith tempered his furious slash for the deadlier but more difficult cut, and scored a nasty cut across the chest of his foe. Almost simultaneously Seaman Parker's lunge pierced Smith's leg and both men yielded. The timing and extent of Tiberius cut marked him as the winner, but only by a tiny margin.



Name	Title	Att	SL	Gent
Rosemary Goodman	Countess	W (M)	24	AG
Isabella Attenborough-Davis	Baroness	B I (M)	21	MAD
Diana O'Groats	Countess	B (M)	21	JOG
Prudence Pipovitch	Lady	(M)	18	PP
Ophelia Miller	Viscountess	B (M)	17	AM
Elizabeth Doolittle	Lady	B I	16	HJ
Jennifer Marlowe	Baroness	I (M)	16	RTM
Muriel Merryweather			15	
Caroline Cadger		W	15	TOM
<b>Victoria Warwick</b>		(M)	15	<b>RBW</b>
Flora de Bries		B W	13	
<b>Harriet Hilfinger</b>			13	<b>S B</b>
Emma Woodhouse		B (M)	12	IS
Pamela Huntingdown-Jones		W I	12	SAM
Miss Octavia Marvell		B I	11	SYG
<b>Rebecca Morrison</b>			11	<b>J F</b>
Alice Wonderland			11	ADD
Joan Fullins		B	10	HC
<b>Doris Open</b>			10	<b>DD</b>
Betty Templeton-Smythe		(M)	10	HTS
Sophia Williams		B	9	PEK
Anne Bonny		W	8	PTW
Rebecca Dorrit			8	J A
Moll Flanders			7	CP
<b>Sue Briquette</b>			7	<b>KT</b>
<b>Gwendolyn Hotspur</b>			5	<b>RB</b>
<b>Mary Lamb</b>			5	<b>JO</b>
Sara Pati			4	EL
<b>Agnes Nutter</b>			3	<b>J C</b>



Gentlemen in red are those for which I have no character sheet.

A	B	C	D	E
	Droits de l'Homme Sol. 1 st Class	Indomitable Sol. 2 nd Class	Berwickshire Sol. 4 th Class	Halcyon Sol. 5 th Class
<b>Post/Capt/M&amp;C</b>	<b>A M</b>	Sir Roger Gallant (N10)	Armstrong (N5)	Viscount Hardboard (N7)
<b>LT 1</b>	Rooke (N10)	Coal (N5)	Gaunt (N4)	<b>KT</b>
<b>LT 2</b>	Sir Hugh de Ville (N7)		<b>T S *</b>	
<b>LT 3</b>	<b>(SYG)</b>			***
<b>LT 4</b>	<b>PEK</b>		***	***
<b>LT 5</b>			***	***
<b>Midshipman</b>	<b>RAT</b>			<b>HS</b>
<b>Master's Mate</b>			<b>(JC)</b>	
<b>Master's Mate</b>			<b>PTW</b>	
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Crew</b>				
<b>Crew</b>				
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<b>Crew</b>				
<b>Crew</b>				

A	J	K	L	M
	Sheik Yassouf Sol. 2 nd Class	Waakzaamheit Sol. 3 rd Class	Glenmoranie Sol. 4 th Class	Alexander Sol. 5 th Class
<b>Post/Capt/M&amp;C</b>	<b>(PP)</b>	<b>H J</b>	<b>TOM</b>	Baron Collingwood (N8)
<b>LT 1</b>	Povey (N3)	Coote (N6)	<b>(JF)</b>	Spratt (N5)
<b>LT 2</b>	Shadwell (N1)	Drake (N2)		Ussher (N5)
<b>LT 3</b>	<b>S B *</b>			***
<b>LT 4</b>	Tulkinghorn (N6)		***	***
<b>LT 5</b>	<b>(ADD)</b>	***	***	***
<b>Midshipman</b>	<b>DD</b>	<b>J O</b>		
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Crew</b>		EL		
<b>Crew</b>		BD		
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A	F	G	H	I
	Ferocious Sol. 1 st Class	Fiddler's Green Sol. 3 rd Class	Bellerophone Sol. 4 th Class	Belle Poule Sol. 5 th Class
<b>Post/Capt/M&amp;C</b>			Hooke (N3)	<b>SAM</b>
<b>LT 1</b>	Spong (N2)	Clotworthy (N2)	Bracegirdle (N4)	Partridge (N3)
<b>LT 2</b>	Jaggard (N1)		Proudfoot (N5)	
<b>LT 3</b>	Hackett (N2)		Tooker (N6)	***
<b>LT 4</b>	<b>(RBW)</b>		***	***
<b>LT 5</b>	<b>(JJ)</b>	***	***	***
<b>Midshipman</b>				
<b>Master's Mate</b>				<b>AW</b>
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Crew</b>	J P			<b>WSB</b>
<b>Crew</b>				
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N	O	P	Q	R
Sauve Qui Peut Sloop	Ferret Sloop	Enterprise Sloop	Royal Marines	
Ruffles (N5)	<b>HTS</b>	<b>J F</b>	Wolfe (N8)	<b>General</b>
Merryweather (N6)			Trollope (N5)	<b>Lt General</b>
			Sir J Hollowhead (N10)	<b>Bgde General</b>
			<b>JA (dh)</b>	<b>Colonel</b>
			<b>(MAD) (fe)</b>	<b>Lt Col</b>
			(fg)	<b>Major 1</b>
			Allcock (N6) (be)	<b>Capt 1</b>
			(bp)	<b>Capt 2</b>
			Strudwick (N6) (sqp)	<b>Lt 1</b>
			<b>(BA) (sy)</b>	<b>Major 2</b>
			<b>(PC) (wa)</b>	<b>Major 3</b>
			<b>HC (gl)</b>	<b>Capt 3</b>
			Crispe (N4) (al)	<b>Capt 4</b>
			Banter (N4) (en)	<b>Lt 2</b>
			(in)	<b>Major 4</b>
			<b>IS* (bs)</b>	<b>Capt 5</b>
			Carter (N6) (ha)	<b>Capt 6</b>
				<b>Lt 3</b>
			<b>PS (dh)</b>	<b>Subaltern</b>
				<b>Subaltern</b>
				<b>Subaltern</b>
			<b>NS (dh)</b>	<b>Private</b>
				<b>Private</b>

Abb	Name	Title	Wealth	SL	SP	Club	Housing	NA	Rank	Ship/Sqd	Appt
AG	Andrew Goodman	Marquis	Comfy	25+	100	White's	Mansion	10	Admiral	Red	Prime Minister/MP
JOG	John O'Groats	Earl	Comfy	21	59	White's	House	7	Vice Admiral	Red	Lord Keeper
JS	Jack Sandwich	Earl	Comfy	20	NS	White's	-	8	Vice Admiral	White	Vic.Bd Sup
MAD	Miles Attenborough-Davis	Baron	Ok	19	49	White's	Mansion	10	Lt Col RM	Ferocious	Att Gen / MP
TB	Tyler Brock	-	Poor	18-	10	Singapore	-	9	-	-	-
PP	Pavel Pipovitch	Sir	Ok	18+	56	Almanack	House	7	Post Captain	Sheik Yassouf	Aide to FLOTs
AM	Andrew Miller	Viscount	Comfy	17	Asea	Almanack	House	8	Post Captain	Droits de L'Homme	C. M. T. P. F
RTM	Robin Timothy Marlowe	Baron	Comfy	16	Asea	-	House	6	Rear Admiral	Blue	D of EIC
SYG	Sum Yun Gai	-	Comfy	14	31	Button's	-	5	Lieutenant	Droits de L'Homme	JOG Aide
HJ	Huw Jorgens	Sir	Wealthy	14	Asea	Dolphin	-	6	Captain	Waakzamheit	-
RBW	Richard Bigsby Warwick	-	Ok	14	NS	Button's	-	6	Lieutenant	Ferocious	JS Aide
TOM	Thomas O'Malley	Viscount	Wealthy	14	24	Button's	-	10	Captain	Glenmoranie	-
MW	Matthew Walker	Sir	Comfy	12	E	-	-	6	Captain	Shangri-La	-
SAM	Samuel Augustus Marvell	Sir	Comfy	12	Asea	Singapore	House	10	Mast&Comm	Sauve Qui Peut	-
IS	Ian Steel	-	Poor	12	34	Red Coat	-	6	Captain RM	Berwickshire	Speaker / MP
HC	Harry Champion	-	Comfy	12	Asea	Red Coat	-	6	Captain RM	Glenmoranie	-
BD	Ben Dover	Sir	Comfy	11	Asea	Pit	-	7	Captain	Belle Poule	-
JA	Jonah Albytross	-	Wealthy	11	Asea	Red Coat	Villa	10	Colonel RM	Droits de L'Homme	-
DD	Duncan Dizzodly	-	Comfy	10	NS	Dolphin	-	5	Midshipman	Sheik Yassouf	Cap Scty
SB	Sidney Blowhard	-	Comfy	10	NS	Pit	-	3	Lieutenant	Sheik Yassouf	Ship Adj
JJ	John Jackson	-	Comfy	10	24	Dolphin	-	5	Lieutenant	Ferocious	Aide to White R/Ad
HTS	Hugo Templeton-Smythe	-	Comfy	10	Asea	Dolphin	House	3	Mast&Comm	Droits de L'Homme	Press Gang Officer
JF	Jervis Fregate	-	Comfy	9	NS	Dolphin	-	10	Mast&Comm	Enterprise	-
PEK	Paul Edward King	-	Comfy	9	Asea	Lloyd's	-	5	Lieutenant	Droits de L'Homme	Cap Secretary
BA	Brian Adams	-	Poor	8	Asea	Red Coat	-	8	Major RM	Sheik Yassouf	RTM Aide
ADD	Anthony Dewhurst Delaford	-	Poor	9+	27	Dolphin	-	5	Lieutenant	Sheik Yassouf	AG Aide
RAT	Robert Augustus Trelawney	-	Comfy	8	Asea	Pit	-	4	Sailor	Droits de L'Homme	Cap Stew
TS	Tiberius Smith	-	Ok	7	18	Pit	-	7	Lieutenant	Berwickshire	Ship Adj
JO	John Oates	-	Poor	7	NS	Lloyd's	-	2	Midshipman	Waakzamheit	MP
EL	Edward Lake	-	Poor	6-	6	Pit	-	6	Surgeon	Waakzamheit	-
RB	Redmond Barry	-	Comfy	6	NS	-	-	7	Bt Mast&Comm	On half pay	-
JP	Joseph Parker	-	Ok	6	9	Pit	-	4	Sailor	Ferocious	-
NS	Nathaniel Startbuck	-	Comfy	6	Asea	Lloyd's	-	6	Private RM	Droits de L'Homme	-
PC	Pete Cuning	-	Comfy	5	NS	Red Coat	-	10	Major RM	Waakzamheit	-
KT	Kyle Trelane	-	Ok	5	NS	Pit	-	5	Lieutenant	Halcyon	-
HS	Harry Sharp	-	Poor	5	NS	-	-	3	Midshipman	Halcyon	-
PTW	Peter Timothy Westcott	-	Poor	5	7	-	-	4	Master's Mate	Berwickshire	-
AIM	Archibald Iain Macdonald	-	Poor	5	NS	Pit	-	1	-	-	MP
CP	Christopher Pike	-	Poor	5	11	Pit	-	4	-	-	-
AW	Andrew Wellingborough	-	Poor	4	NS	-	-	5	Master's Mate	Belle Poule	-
PS	Paul Scarlett	-	Comfy	4	Asea	Red Coat	-	2.5	Subaltern RM	Droits de L'Homme	-
AA	Alfred Allard	-	Poor	4	4	Pit	-	6	-	-	-
WSB	Warren Strudel Baker	-	Poor	3	NS	Pit	-	4	Sailor	Belle Poule	-
JC	John Cornwall	-	Comfy	3	NS	Pit	-	2	Master's Mate	Berwickshire	-
PR	Paul Reefer	RIP									
VC	Valentine Carthew	-	Poor	3	E	-	-	2	Midshipman	Shangri-La	-
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, S = at sea, E = East India ship, F = floated, H = Hospitalised, RIP = Dead! N = New											

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



Thanks to Ashley for doing the bulk of the writing this turn! Hopefully now that the holidays are over, we can share the tasks a bit more and keep things flowing.

Those marked **NS** above: I have no character sheet. Unless I hear something by the errata deadline, I will change them to NPC.

I'm sure there are errors and omissions, so please look over your character sheet and let me know ASAP. And please be gentle! I'm setting a deadline for corrections; please send them now and not with your orders. Send orders in the body of an e-mail. Do not send attachments for orders—I probably can't open them.

**Next Deadlines: January 7 for errata, January 21 for orders.**