

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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Issue 06 – Mai 1791

" ... she'll be right, guv!"Fred Fourecks, sailor in HMS Okee Corral

There is a law among storytellers, originally passed by editors at the cries (they say) of their constituency, which states that stories of the Sea must have ships in them. Wooden ships by preference, but anything smelling faintly of brine will do at a pinch; even a big whale, or a white shark. This story is no exception; indeed, I'm very much afraid I might have overdone it, since my narrative also includes soldiers, sailors, spys and a great many other things of a more or less nautical nature, including the *Herr Geheimrat* Clementius von Clausewitz, Pilot-in-Chief of the Pappenburg Navy, at present on a confidential mission to the Court of St. James. Just now, we can see him on the quarterdeck of HMS *Swiftsure*, talking agitatedly to her captain "I've been Pilot-in-Chief for thirty years, and never did a drop of salt water wet the silver buckles of my shoes. And I've never been good at reading maps. This is actually my first attempt, but if I'd ever tried it before, I don't suppose I would have made much of a fist of it then!". A cogent argument, but not very much help in getting HMS *Swiftsure* off the sandbank where she had run aground during the last quarter of the low tide, right under the guns of the batteries guarding the entrance to Copenhagen harbour. In return, the captain grumbles something about "half-assed bloody civilian capers", orders the gunner to fill more powder for the salute (thirteen guns, and on a Friday too) and resumes his solitary walking on the holy windward side of the quarterdeck, leaving GS to explain to their distinguished guest that "her timbers were quite sound – could take the strain with props to shore her up – no damage at all – have her afloat again as soon as the high tide sets in!". This she does in due course, and the cry of "all hands make sail" cuts short GS's attempt to point out Elsinore castle (and Hamlet's grave) after a somewhat hesitant rendering of the opening lines of the prince's famous soliloquy.

The *Herr Geheimrat* is very much impressed; and half an hour later GS is called into the captain's cabin to receive an acting order and to assume the rank of Brevet Lieutenant. The same cry of "all hands make sail" also recalls her 2nd Lieutenant and a party who had set out in boats after a flock of eider geese. They had bagged three score and six birds, and in Copenhagen the 2nd Lieutenant ells the feathers to a pillow merchant for 600 Guineas plus a flattering letter from the Copenhagen Chamber of Commerce (NA+1).

Meanwhile, London is in an uproar – or at least that part of London that makes up Whitehall, the Horse Guards and Downing Street (with the House of Parliament thrown in for good measure). Tales of the presence of no less than four spies (one in the pay of the French, two employed by the Dutch and one freelance Irishman) hush many an official gathering and a few unofficial ones (even in Covent Garden the revellers are more quiet than usual). Rumours of a Spanish / Dutch squadron sailing up the Bay of Biscay cause several important sphincters to tighten involuntarily until their owners give order to recall HMS *Droits de L'Homme* and HMS *Sheik Yassouf* to London. Unfortunately, this leaves only the Blockade squadron to confront *La Paloma*, a Spanish 1st rate of 102 guns, as well as *Waterzooi* and *Het Zoorge*, two Dutch 74s. Despite the disparity of strength the British ships acquit themselves nobly. HMS *Salisbury* (whose captain was the most senior) throws out a signal to let the enemy keep the weather gage, thus preventing them to run out their heaviest guns. At the beginning of the engagement a lucky shot from HMS *Surprise* hits *La Paloma*'s stern below the water line, breaking one of her rudder pintles. The Spanish ship immediately begins to steer wild and drift to leewards. The British ships keep peppering the Dutch from a distance (luckily all of them are equipped with 12-pounder guns rather than 24-pounder carronades), firing in the French manner. All British ships except HMS *Surprise*, whose captain sees at once that the Spaniard's drift must bring her to the lee of the British squadron, catching it between two fires (and with *La Paloma* able to run out the 36 lb. guns in her lower tier). Accordingly HMS

Surprise signals her intention to tack, to lay herself in front of the Spanish ship and to concentrate her fire on the foremast. With consummate seamanship (aided by the Spaniard's inability to steer properly) HMS *Surprise* stays out of the way of the enemy's guns whenever *La Paloma* yawed, always coming back to cross the Spaniard's bow and to fire at the foremast. At close quarters even a twelve pound ball does considerable harm to a mast, however strong, and finally it breaks, taking *La Paloma* out of action (no spares). This brilliant display of seamanship is handsomely rewarded: The Dutch break off the engagement and turn back to aid their comrade-in-arms. When the news of the fight reached London, fireworks are let off, and the people dance in the streets. Issues of The Gazette sell like hot cakes – the captain of HMS *Surprise* gets promoted and mentioned on the front page (as well as in dispatches), her 1st Lieutenant gets promoted as well (but no mention), and even JWK (who slept through the whole engagement curled up in one of the big cables) is mentioned on page six (below the "help wanted" section). The same issue of the Gazette also announces the promotion of the captain of HMS *Salisbury* on page 2, and on page 3 it prints a passenger's letter to the editor, taking particularly notice of the 1st Lieutenant of HMS *Sauve Qui Peut*.

Off Zeebrugge, the wind continues to freshen during the forenoon watch, promising squalls later in the day. At the wheel, PDA has his work cut out conning HMS *Mars* through the shoals and is mentioned in dispatches for his seamanship. AG spends most of his time closeted with a Dutch gent who has come aboard during the night (three bells in the middle watch) with a bulging briefcase. Noon came, and no dinner; No grog either. At two bells in the first dogwatch HMS *Mars* lets fall her anchor in the middle of nowhere and AG (with the Dutch gent) takes a party to the shore, where a tree stump breaks the regular outline of the sand dunes. The men start to dig and - lo and behold - the stump turns out to be the mast of a ship! It is the French sloop *Gloire*, presumed lost after a brief engagement off Desmouils in '83. The mysterious Dutchman and AG go down into her hold, where they find a consignment of '78 Chateaux Margaux (with the long cork) wonderfully preserved and perfectly drinkable. When the Dutch gent insists on remaining anonymous, AG reluctantly steps forth to accept a purse of 1,200 Guineas and a congratulatory letter from the Bordeaux Wine Merchants Organisation.

From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues ... and HMS *Belle Poule* plies them up and down, up and down. Not a sail on the horizon, no merchantman, no Brittany smuggler, no Deal boat. FF has been unable to lay in stores at the beginning of the journey and he as well as the gunroom are down to regular Navy fare, hard tack and beef, when the Admiralty cutter catches up with them. No stores either, but two sacks of mail. FF has a double-franked letter from Pamela and another from Ireland, both of them good news: Pam sends her undying love, and the other letter informs him that he has won 1,800 Guineas in the Irish Sweepstakes!!

The London Gazette

Issue 3 by J.C.

Double Happiness!

"Chinese Weeks" it said in big copperplate over the entrance to Lloyd's this month, followed by a set of delicate, exotic characters hardly anyone in London could read - curiously written from top to bottom. Always attracted to the exotic, as well as free G & G (grog and grub), flocks of London's brave seamen went to Lloyds to investigate - greeted by Tyler Brock, dressed in a fine blue Shantung silk jacket with many small buttons, black silken pantaloons and his long black pigtail - to the surprise and disgust of many a seaman - freshly washed! At his side, as always, the radiant Diana Villiers - also dressed in strange garb: a long, high-collar silken dress in red, tailored to sit close to her perfect figure and embroidered with little golden serpent-like dragons. The dress was floor-long yet high sliced, so Wayne Kin-Madley caught a long look at Diana's well-shaped legs as she walked them in, before catching a meaningful dig from Emma.

The inside of the club was decorated in red and gold, which big golden characters Tyler translated as "double happiness" decorating the walls. The smell of incense and tobacco, as well as other substances, hung in the air and two young girls with black hair, golden skin and black, slanted eyes wearing dresses similar to Diana's (yet it would seem deliberately less sophisticated, and unavoidably less filled) handed the visitors a strange liquor called "Maotai", as well as "Tsingtao Beer" and lots of exotic little dishes and seafood. Wayne took a sip of the Maotai and stared at the food, aghast. Chicken feet? Duck tongue? Chicken hearts and liver, and a soup made up of seaweed and chicken throats? Surely Tyler was out of his mind... but then again, he is always keen for new cultural experiences and after all, it was free. He waved for another bottle of "Tsingtao" and cheered the host. John Doe (who on arrival presented his host with an exquisite watch as a token of gratitude for the party) was glad he had his knife available, as Tyler seemed to have forgotten to prepare cutlery for the food. The exotic girls, called "Li Lin" and "Wang Wei", only put a pair of wooden sticks next to the rice and duck, which Tyler seemed to use for eating - showing a skill that few others were able to grasp. Jonah Albytross on the other hand found them quite handy to clean the wax out of his ears.

Tyler seemed to be in a generous mood, as he stretched out the party to last the whole month, and has proven to London society to be an excellent host who certainly knows how to entertain. The guests came and went (some more than once), only he stayed, and Diana had a different dress every evening. Your *Gazette* reporter, pleasantly smoking an Opium pipe, couldn't help but ask Tyler how he was able to arrange all this, especially the two Chinese girls, but Tyler only smiled and said "Brock and Sons, China traders since 1770..."

Elsewhere this month, Wayne Kin-Madley is single-handedly attempting to raise the cultural levels of his fellow City Dwellers as he was seen collecting Jonah Albytross, accompanied by Agnes Nutter, in his coach and whisking them away for a night at the Opera where he had arranged a private box for Emma and his guests. Agnes was enthralled, but Jonah emerged from the Opera House with a slightly puzzled expression. When asked how he found the experience he told us "Well it's not very realistic, is it. I mean some bloke gets stabbed, and instead of dying, he sings! Doesn't make sense to me."

Business south of the river is still brisk, with regular visitors John Doe and "Madam's favourite" John O'Groats both paying visits this week. The word in Southwark at the moment is that John O has recently been

asking for reduced rates for regular customers – what will he think of next. Unfortunately for both Johns their frequent visits seem to have been noted by the less salubrious members of the community as both were robbed before they reached the bridges returning north. As this has happened to John D before he took the wise precaution of spending all his money before hand and therefore had nothing to loose. John O on the other hand had so far managed to avoid such confrontations and, not having the experience of John D, lost all that he had on him.

The Club membership books are still filling up with John Doe joining Red Coats and Jonah Albytross signing on at the Pit. But it was John O’Groats who made the boldest move this month by signing on at the East India Company and requesting a 6-month berth! Exotic climes await. News spread fast and Jonah felt that he would quite like a slice of the action too and raced around to the offices only to find that they had closed up for the day. He was last seen sleeping on the doorstep so as to get his application in early as the next ship leaves at the beginning of next month.

On a more serious note it is with great sorrow that we have been asked to pass on news of the death of the father of Wayne Kin-Madley, Barr. Barr Kin-Madley was a well-respected and successful merchant – he will be missed. He leaves behind a widow, Pore, and second son, Farr. Our thoughts are with the family at this difficult time. Funeral arrangements are yet to be made.

The Guilty Parties

ID	Name		SL	NA	SP	
012	Jack Sandwich	JS	10	4	F	Master and Commander HMS <i>Swordfish</i>
008	Fernando Feghoot	FF	9	6	F	Captain HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
009	Tyler Brock	TB	7	3	21	
001	Wayne Kin-Madley	WKM	5	2		
000	Guy Sandolls	GS	5	5	F	Brevet Lieutenant HMS <i>Swiftsure</i>
005	John Doe	JD	5+	2	18	Subaltern RM, Sheik Yassouf
006	Puisee D’Assinute	PDA	3	4	F	Sailor HMS <i>Mars</i>
013	Josiah W. Kerr	JWK	3	6+	F	Sailor HMS <i>Surprise</i>
010	Jonah Albytross	JA 3	4	10		Subaltern RM, HMS <i>Droits de L’Homme</i>
002	Andrew Goodmann	AG	2	6+	F	Lieutenant HMS <i>Mars</i>
011	John O’Groats	JOG	2	3	6	

The Ladies

	SL	Attributes	Current Suitor
<i>Lady</i> Isabella de Courcy	18	B I	
Rosemary Stilton-Major	17	W	
Prudence Petterson	16		
<i>Lady</i> Elizabeth Doolittle	16	B I	
Muriel Merryweather	15		
Caroline Cadger	15	W	
Jennifer Usher	14	I	
Victoria Watson-Holmes	14		
Flora de Bries	13	B W	
Harriet Hilfinger	13		
Ophelia Goolies	12	B	
Pamela Huntingdown-Jones	12	W I	FF
Rebecca Morrison	11		
Alice Wonderland	11		
Joan Fullins	10	B	
Doris Open	10		
Sophia Williams	9	B	
Diana Villiers	9	B	TB
Rebecca Dorrit	8		
Betty Grapples	8		
Moll Flanders	7		
Sue Briquette	7		
Emma Woodhouse	6	B	WKM
Gwendolyn Hotspur	5		
Mary Lamb	5		
Sara Pati	4		
Agnes Nutter	3		JA

Government

The King	Albert George III. of Hannover-Pumpnickel	
The Queen	Victoria Zephyra	
The Crown Prince	Charles William	
Prime Minister	Sir Havelock Brindle, Earl of Doomsday, KCB	NA 7
Chancellor of the Exchequer	---	
Minister of Justice	---	
Minister of War	---	
Commissioner of Public Safety	Sir Julian Parselmouth, KCB NA 1	

The Admiralty

The First Sea Lord
N6

1st Lord of the Admiralty	
2nd Lord of the Admiralty	
N2	N6

Admiral		Admiral	
White Squadron	Red Squadron	Blue Squadron	Yellow Squadron
N2	N6	N6	N4
Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral
Sir Rodney Battersea, Marquis of Mayfair, NA 5	Sir Louis Beanpole, Baron of Whitefriars, NA 3	N6	N5
Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral
N3	N3	N5	
N1			

The Ships

White Squadron

	Droits de l'Homme SoL 1 st Class	Ferocious SoL 1 st Class	Richard Lionheart	SoL 1 st Class	Sheik Yassouf	SoL 2 nd Class
Post Captain	N6	N4	N2	N6		
1st Lieutenant	N6 N6*	N5	N3			
2nd Lieutenant	N3 N5	N1	N4			
3rd Lieutenant						
4th Lieutenant						
5th Lieutenant						
Midshipman						
Master's Mate						
Crew						

Red Squadron					
	Indomitable	SoL 2 nd Class Jupiter SoL 2 nd Class	Fiddler's Green	SoL 2 nd Class	Swiftsure SoL 3 rd Class
(Post) Captain	N4	N4	N3	N2	
1 st Lieutenant	N1		N1	N2	
2 nd Lieutenant	N4	N3	N5*	N7	
3 rd Lieutenant	N3				
4 th Lieutenant					
5 th Lieutenant				GS	
Midshipman					
Midshipman					
Master's Mate					
Crew					

Blue Squadron

	Waakzaamheit SoL 3 rd Class Berwickshire SoL 4 th Class	Bellerophone SoL 4 th Class Mars SoL 5 th Class		
Captain	N1	N6	N2	N2
1 st Lieutenant	N2	N6	N2	N3
2 nd Lieutenant	N4*	N2	N3	AG*
3 rd Lieutenant				
4 th Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				PDA

Yellow Squadron

	Glenmorani e	SoL 5 th Class	Halycon SoL 5 th Class	Belle Poule SoL 5 th Class	Alexander	SoL 5 th Class
Captain	N3	N6	FF	N5		
1 st Lieutenant		N5	N4			
2 nd Lieutenant	N3					N1
Midshipman						
Master's Mate						
Crew						

Blockade Squadron

	Salisbury Sloop	Sauve Qui Peut Sloop Surprise	Sloop	Swordfish Sloop
Captain	N5	N5	N2	JS

1st Lieutenant	N5* N4 N5*	N2		
2nd Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Midshipman				
Crew		JWK		

*=Ship's Adj.

The Royal Marines

General	N2
Lt-General	N5
Brigade General	N4

Colonel : N2		
Lieutenant-Colonel : N4	Lieutenant-Colonel : N2	Major : N3
Major : N5	Major : N4	Major :
Captain : N2 Captain : N2	Captain : N4	
Captain: N7 Lieutenant : N5	Lieutenant : N2	
Lieutenant : N2 Lieutenant :	Lieutenant :	
Subalterns : JA (DH), JD (SY)		
Privates :		

*= Reg.Adj.

The Honorable Company

Chairman East India Company	Sir William Weatherwax	
Directors East India Company	Sir Guthrie Featherstone Mr. Peshawar Cannings Mr. John Mortimer	

Ship going out June 1st 1791	La Poubelle (LP) Captain N6	
		1st Lt.: N3
	2nd Lt.: N6	
		3rd Lt.: N6
		Mids
	Crew: JOG	

The Patriotic Fund

Chairman Patriotic Fund	The Right Honourable Sir Ezram Blazentoe		
Committee Mem. Patriotic Fund	---		

The Politicoes

Naval Estimates Spokesman	---		
Chairman Impress Service	---		
Naval Yards Supervisor	---		
Ordnance Board Supervisor	---		
Victualling Board Supervisor	---		
Port Admiral London	---		
Port Admiral Portsmouth	---		

The Blue Peter

February 1791	May 1791	Summer campaign
ALL SHIPS HMS <i>Swiftsure</i> ALL SHIPS		
HMS <i>Mars</i>		
HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>		

Who's Who

ID	Name	E-Mail	
013	Toby Whitty	yaledor@yahoo.com JWK	Josiah W. Kerr

012

	Greg F.	onasilverwind@yahoo.com JS	Jack Sandwich	
011	Terry Crook	toppers@claraco.uk	JOG	John O'Groats
010	John Cosgrave	JACKAL@jcosgrave.freeukJA	Jonah Albytross	
009	Christian Schotmann	Christian@Schotmann.de	TB	Tyler Brock
008	Wayne Rutledge	Wayne100@emirates.net.ae FF	Fernando Feeghoot	
006	Neil Kendrick	HuwJorgens@aol.com PDA	Puisee D'Assinunte	
005	James Campbell	greyarea@apexmail.com JD	John Doe	
002	Matthias Nitz	Mattias.nitz@helimail.de	AG	Andrew Goodman
001	Tony Brooks	tony@brookst2.fsnet.co.uk	WKM	Wayne Kin-Madley
000	"Red"HaJo Schlosser	redhajo@aol.com GS	Guy Sandolls	

Announcements

An Invitation.....

Ladies and Gentlemen of London, I was musing the other day that London does not seem to be a swinging city at present. Where, I thought, are the parties, the Grand Galas and the 'Events to be seen at' ? Then I thought further. 'Wayne', I said to myself, (for that is in fact my name,) but I digress. 'Wayne, you are as guilty as anyone and more guilty than most; you have the funds to throw a party but you have not done so.' I now intend to set this right.....! You are all cordially invited to join myself and the lovely Emma at a party to be held at my club (The Pit) on the second week of next month. Food and drink will be provided and there is no excuse not to attend – unless you are out fighting to defend King and Country in which case 'God Bless and protect you sir and I will happily buy you a drink on your return'. Emma and I will endeavour to greet each of you as you arrive and will be circulating in order to try to make new friends and renew old friendships. There will be entertainment – if such can be arranged at short notice – and I hope that you will all put aside any inter-ship rivalry and join us for a celebration of life, love and not being French.

Wayne Kin Madley

GM Waffle (Part One):

All went well , nobody died at sea... Next month the summer campaign starts and nearly all characters will be ashore...(but some will go to India). Let's see what will happen

GM Waffle (Part Two):

Men overboard ...! We seem to have lost Paul O'Connor (JT) and Craig Spence (X014), who have resigned from the game. Maybe the garbled account of JT's activities in the last report had something to do with it, or maybe they just didn't enjoy the game, despite the fact that both their characters got off to a good start – who knows? I'm sorry to see them go, but there's some good news too: more room for the rest of you! By the time you read this Terry will have updated the rules, with some loose ends regarding the RM and the East India Company fixed; Make sure to stow the changes securely in your mental ground tier (it's all ballast, anyway) before you write your orders!

DEADLINE for ISSUE 007 : August 29th, 2003