

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 07 – June 1791

"... but there ain't no cure for the summer hols blues!!" Midshipman Eddie Cochran in HMS Chartbreaker Summer had finally arrived in Britain – and London was near as deserted, with the Royal Family, several Lords of the Admiralty and most of the E.I.C. bigwigs away to Brighton for their summer hols (where do you think the Americans and the French got the idea? Bloody copycats, the lot of them!). The only social event of note was the funeral of Barr Kin-Madley, hardly a topic for a serious paper. However, I expect that my esteemed rival Mr. C. of the London Gazette will have all the information at his fingertips, down to the names of the horses that drew the hearse.

WKM's letter did in fact reach the admiralty, but the street urchin employed by "Baker Street Extremely Irregulars Ltd." just wrapped it around a stone and chucked it through the window! Well, what did you expect? In my humble opinion, this is what you get if the post office is allowed to be run by private subcontractors. Last I heard, they want to fiddle with the name again, but the owners can't make up their minds whether to call it "The Penny Post" or "Consignia Britannica" ... but I digress. No doubt WKM's letter will be retrieved in due course, and brought to their Lordships attention (together with other miscellaneous missives) and eventually it will be filed under the letter "K" (as in "kindling paper"). And that will be all. If WKM is really waiting for a reply, he'd probably do better watching for the Tooth Fairy!

Meanwhile, the remaining clerks of the Admiralty had a busy month up in the pigeon loft, scribbling coded messages to their agents abroad. All was not well on the Continent. In Denmark, King Hamlet XXIV. had died on Friday the 13th of May, 38 years old and weighting twenty-one stone. He died from natural causes, the bulletin said, but most doctors will call terminal constipation a natural cause in a patient who regularly has six helpings<of everything put on his table! In Paris, Monsieur Robbesspierre had made a speech before the Revolutionary Committee, ridiculing the idea to put 200,000 men and 15,000 horses aboard ships at Calais or Dieppe, only to take them off again at Dover. Far better, he had suggested, to dig a tunnel and send them across dry-footed and in perfect order. The Spanish government was rumoured to have declared bankruptcy again, but King Carlos IX. nevertheless ordered his Minister of naval affairs to send all ships to the Channel in support of the invasion. "The English have no cojones. Our allies threatred to invade them. The English will stay at home and tremble. Therefore, our Treasure Fleet will be safe."

He would have been surprised to learn that the famous Treasure Fleet had been very much in the mind of the First Sea Lord recently. In fact, the thought of how his share from a captured Silver Galleon or two would not only cover his heavy losses at the gaming tables at White's but also his wife's dressmaker's and milliner's bills was all that had stood between him and cleaning a pistol at his desk. But when he had broached the subject of an expeditionary force at the monthly meeting of the Lords of the Admiralty, Sir Rodney (V.A. of the White) had flatly refused to sail halfway around the world on a wild goose chase just when the Royal Family had sent out invitations for the Brighton Pavilion fund-raising dinner; and Lord Beanpole (V.A. of the Red) had added that the Frogs seemed more ready than ever to pay us a visit and surely nobody in this room wanted another battle of Hastings? In the end, the two senior squadrons had been allowed to station themselves off Ramsgate to watch the Frogs (a cushy job, with plenty of opportunity to put a jobbing captain aboard in order to have a bit of fun ashore) while the rest of the fleet had received orders to sail to Gibraltar and to protect British shipping in the Mediterranean. The First Sea Lord's timid suggestion to send some ships back patrolling the Northern approaches had been brushed aside with a hearty laugh and a joke about Prince ... no, King Hamlet's ghost. And there the matter had rested.

Nine days later, the combined fleet of the Dutch and Danes sailed up the Thames and began to bombard London. The first shell, no doubt guided by the ghost of King Hamlet himself, landed right in the lap of the 1st Lord of the Admiralty (who was dozing in a deckchair on the balcony outside his office) and exploded before that gentleman had a chance to ring the bell for the porter to fetch a pail of water (best way to put out the fuse).

His office, including a fine oriental carpet, a dog of indeterminate pedigree dozing upon it, and a hatstand carved like a tree stump with a vulture sitting on it was claimed immediately by the NPC Admiral of the Red, who moved in quietly under cover of the general confusion. Another shell landed in the office of Lord Battersea (V.A. of the White) but instead of ringing the bell in the approved manner that gentleman was out of his chair and through the door in less than three seconds, and down the steps and out of the building in another ten. Unfortunately, he ran into a file of Marines in the courtyard and was promptly arrested for desertion. Sir Rodney will face a court martial next month.

Off Ramsgate, HMS *Droits de L'Homme*, HMS *Ferocious*, HMS *Richard Lionheart*, HMS *Sheik Yassouf*, HMS *Indomitable*, HMS *Jupiter*, HMS *Fiddler's Green* and HMS *Swiftsure* had sheltered from the increasingly strong north winds under the lee of the castle hill. Their captains did hear about a large number of ships going upriver past Sheerness, but took no steps to verify the rumours. Instead, they accepted Sir Rufus' invitation to hunt - a bit early in the year, it was true, but Sir Rufus (of Treffry Hall, Aldington, Kent) was the uncle of Lord Ramage and not a man accustomed to have his invitation ignored. They had a good time, too - until the first of several admiralty messengers thundered through the gates of Treffry Hall, followed by a veritable Vice Admiral of the Blue. All ships were ordered to disembark their heaviest guns along with a good number of men to serve them and to send them towards Sheerness, where the guns would be lined up in several batteries along the edge of the river. Teams of mules and oxen to pull the guns as well as carts for powder and ammunition were to be requisitioned locally at once. Meanwhile, the ships would stand out to sea and patrol the southern approaches, in case the French (who must have known about this) took it into their heads to try something. It was a good plan (and earned him a MiD) but by now the wind, still from the northwest, had reached nearly gale strength. As soon as the ships left the shelter of Ramsgate Bay they were relentlessly driven south under bare poles (topgallant masts secured on deck). By consummate seamanship all but HMS *Droits de L'Homme* scraped past the rocks off South Foreland and continued south until they had Cape Griz Nez on their larboard side. A day and a night of heavy weather, but early in the morning watch the wind began to slacken and veer into the east, even the southeast. The lookout had just hailed the dawn with the traditional cry of "I see a grey goose at a mile!" when a second shout told them that *La Poubelle*, the East India merchant who had left London a week earlier (but had apparently dawdled on the way) came pelting up from the southwest ... and she brought company: They had stumbled upon five Spanish capital ships (among them the *Maria Santissima da Trinidad*) which had been unable to continue their northbound voyage. Aboard *La Poubelle*, JOG had confidently predicted that they would meet British warships before the Spaniards caught up with them and he won several bets - 1200 Guineas in all. He did not take a wager for the outcome of the battle, however, saying that it might be a close-run thing. And so it was. Holding the weather gage is generally thought of as advantageous, but in this case it meant that the British had little choice but to make straight for the Spanish line of battle, while the Spaniards (ably commanded by Don Castillo de Dolores y Anabella) received them with withering fire (being on the leeward side, they could open their lower gun ports) to which our ships could make no reply. The ensuing battle was fought at close quarters and the butcher's bill was very long. The captain of HMS *Sheik Yassouf* had a bet with his 1st Lieutenant that he would personally shoot Don Castillo's hat off. He did and won 900 Guineas, but lost his 1st Lieutenant. Too bad TB missed all the fun, but he was chained to the bilge pump in punishment (for being drunk and disorderly the previous day). JD was fast asleep when the battle began in earnest, and had just gotten round to shaving himself when it reached its climax (and I will not comment on the state of affairs on the Sheik's quarterdeck if the ranking Marine can go unmissed at such a time), but he led his Marines in the final charge towards the quarterdeck of the Spanish ship, armed with only his toothbrush!! Such bravery!! Such courage!! He was mentioned in dispatches and will soon exchange into HMS *Glenmoranie*, to take up command of her Marines detachment. The captain of HMS *Indomitable* was also mentioned in dispatches, his 1st Lieutenant was both mentioned and promoted (and sent home to take command of the bomb ketch HMS *Thunder*). HMS *Jupiter* managed to ram the *Santissima Maria da Trinidad* (vulgarly known as "Santy Trinidad") and her 2nd Lieutenant won a promotion for that feat. Her 3rd Lieutenant coolly stepped over the gunwale and into the Spanish captain's cabin, where he secured 1100 Guineas in jewels. Not to be outdone, HMS *Fiddler's Green* also made for the *Santissima* and caught her just as she turned to deliver a full broadside into the *Jupiter's* stem. Her 1st Lieutenant earned a promotion as well (captain of the sloop ship HMS *Vulture*) and her 2nd Lieutenant was mentioned in dispatches. HMS *Swiftsure* was really too small to play in that league, but GS asked permission to proceed in the blue cutter with four dozen men. Dodging cannon balls and musketry fire, his reckless bravery won him a promotion - his rank of lieutenant was made permanent. As for the unlucky HMS *Droits de L'Homme*, both her lieutenants earned kudos for their skill in getting the ship afloat again, and so did JA (who has since exchanged into HMS *Sheik Yassouf*), but her captain must face a court martial next month.

Meanwhile, the ships destined for Gibraltar had rounded Cape Ferrol and run down the Portuguese coast, but the southeast winds now prevailing did not allow them to be turn east for Gibraltar. Several times they had tried to beat up against the wind, but in vain. All hopes of a rapid journey were long gone, and their water was getting scarce, when the lookout hailed "Ships ahead!" Two fat-bellied Silver galleons, nearly as big as the *Santissima Maria da Trinidad*. And no easy prey either - what they lacked in the article of guns they more than made up

by the number of soldiers aboard. And you didn't fire on a Silver galleon in any case (unless you wanted to kill off the circling sharks by showering them with pieces of eight).

How to describe the battle? The Spanish ships (named *Don Esteban* and *La Cucaracha*) were like big, lumbering beasts making a last stand amid a large pack of hunting dogs. Smaller but nimbler; the British ships would come up hand over fist, fire a broadside of grapeshot into the soldiers waiting on deck of the Spaniards (in order to repel a boarding attack), spin around and race away again. Time and again, until they had cut down the odds. Then HMS *Waakzaamheit* made the signal "Engage the enemy more closely" and ships came racing in for the kill from every point of the compass. A good many men were killed, but the rewards were of a truly lavish scale – here's an excerpt from the official list: Captain HMS *Berwickshire*: 1200 Guineas. 2nd Lieutenant HMS *Bellerophone*: 700 Guineas. 3rd Lieutenant HMS *Mars* (AG): 1800 Guineas. Captain HMS *Halycon*: 1600 Guineas. 1st Lieutenant HMS *Halycon*: 1300 Guineas. Captain HMS *Belle Poule* (FF) 1100 Guineas. 1st Lieutenant HMS *Belle Poule* 500 Guineas. Captain HMS *Alexander*: 1300 Guineas. Captain HMS *Salisbury* 1800 Guineas. 1st Lieutenant HMS *Surprise* 1200 Guineas.

When the news reached London, the crowds went wild – there was dancing in the street, and bonfires, and many transparencies showing (or at least purporting to show) the highlights of the encounter, such as the moment when the foremast of the *Don Esteban* went overboard, or when the mortally wounded captain of *La Cucaracha* surrendered his sword. But nothing will ever substitute the real thing in the hearts and minds of those who were present, and did what they did, and won the admiration of their country thereby!

The London Gazette

Issue 4 by J.C. **I**t is a sad event that opens my regular epistle this month – the funeral of Barr Kin-Madley. A very popular man and a merchant of good standing, the magnificent church of St Sepulchre Without was packed to the rafters with gentlemen and ladies wishing to pay their last respects, and to pass their condolences on to Pore, his widow, and his two sons, Wayne and Farr. Wayne spoke with clarity, a eulogy that touched the hearts of all present, and I will not dilute the moment by reprinting his words here. Pore sat silently by, comforted by Farr, gratefully accepting the best wishes of the mourners. With so many gentlemen of note currently at sea it was gratifying to see that many of their mistresses were there to pass on kind words in their stead. I noted Agnes Nutter and Diana Villiers passing on messages of condolence from Jonah Albytross and Tyler Brock respectively.

It is in a slightly different vein we also bid a fond farewell (for the time being at least) to another colourful character from the city – John O’Groats has sailed on *La Poubelle* with the East India Company. It would seem to the casual observer that almost all of the working girls from south of the river had turned up at St Katherine’s Dock to wave him off and bid him “Bon Voyage”. The girls, in various states of dress, stood tearfully by the quayside waving what I originally thought to be handkerchiefs, but later discovered were in fact various items of underwear, calling “come back to us soon” and “try not to catch anything nasty”. I am rather hoping that John will be able to forward notes from his diary to *The Gazette* so that we can keep all his friends updated as to his exploits in foreign waters. All the staff here wish him well.

As we are on the subject of the East India Company you may be wondering as to why there is no mention of Jonah Albytross on the crew list of *La Poubelle* as he was last seen asleep on the front step of the Company office. Well, word I hear is that while he was there a group of Marines from his own ship, *The Droits de l’Homme* happened upon him and assuming that he was still sleeping off the hospitality of Tyler Brocks’ Chinese party promptly commandeered a barrow from a local grocer headed for market and, without waking him, transported Jonah back to the dock. He awoke to find himself on the *Sheik Yassouf* headed out to sea. Better luck next time Jonah. It does seem that fate can play cruel tricks when it decides to, and the party at the Pit did not go according to the original plan of Wayne Kin-Madley. Due to the start of the Campaign season, unfortunately no members of society were available to attend the party and it

looked for a time as if all the plans of Wayne and Emma would be wasted - indeed Emma looked close to tears. Wayne was however determined that the arrangements and food should not go to waste and invited all the staff of The Pit to join him in toasting the memory of his father who passed away last month and then entertained all the staff and visitors of the club for the rest of the evening.

Wayne did make a short speech, and dedicated the evening to his father: “*Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you all for attending my little get together. Some of you may think it inappropriate for me to be partying so soon after the death of my father, but let me assure you that Barr Kin-Madley was not a man who would want a wailing and gnashing of teeth to mark his passing. The family have limited themselves to one week of mourning and are now celebrating the life of Barr. I therefore dedicate tonight to my father and simply regret that he is not here to enjoy it with us. Please raise your glasses in a toast to Barr Kin-Madley*”. A rousing “Hear, Hear” from all present made it clear that Barr was a well thought of man and Wayne an excellent host.

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

1 st Lord of the Admiralty	
2 nd Lord of the Admiralty	
N7	N7

Admiral		Admiral	
White Squadron	Red Squadron	Blue Squadron	Yellow Squadron
N3	Sir Rodney Battersea, Marquis of Mayfair (NA 5) N6 N4		
Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral

-----	N7	
Sir Louis Beanpole, Baron of Whitefriars (NA 3)	N6	
Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral
N4	N5	
N1		
N3		

The Ships

White Squadron

	Droits de l'Homme SoL 1 st Class Being back repaired in September	Ferocious SoL 1 st Class	Richard Lionheart SoL 1 st Class	Sheik Yassouf SoL 2 nd Class
Post Captain	-----	N4 N2 N6		
1 st Lieutenant	N5			
2 nd Lieutenant	N6 N1 N4			
3 rd Lieutenant				
4 th Lieutenant				
5 th Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				TB

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	N5 N5	N4	N3	
1 st Lieutenant			N2	
2 nd Lieutenant	N5 N3 N5* N8*			
3 rd Lieutenant				
4 th Lieutenant				GS
5 th Lieutenant				***

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	N2	N7	N3	N3
1st Lieutenant	N3	N6 N2	AG*	
2nd Lieutenant	N4*	N2	N4	
3rd Lieutenant				***
4th Lieutenant		***	***	***
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				PDA
Crew				

Yellow Squadron

	Glenmoranie SoL 5 th Class	AGHalycon SoL 5 th Class	Belle Poule SoL 5 th Class	Alexander SoL 5 th Class
Captain	N3 N7	FF	N5	
1st Lieutenant		N5	N4	
2nd Lieutenant			N1	
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Blockade Squadron

	Salisbury Sloop	Sauve Qui Peut Sloop	Surprise Sloop	Swordfish Sloop
Captain	N6	N6	N3 JS	
1st Lieutenant	N5* N4 N6* N2			
2nd Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Midshipman				
Crew		JWK		

*=Ship's Adj.

The Royal Marines

General	N3
Lt-General	N5
Brigade General	N4

Colonel (DH) : N3	
Lieutenant-Colonel (FE) : Lieutenant-Colonel (RL): N2 Major (SY): N3 Major (IN): N6 Major (JU): N4 Major (FG): N2 Captain (SW): N2 Captain (WA): N3 Captain (BS): N4 Captain (BE) : N5 Lieutenant (MA): N5 Lieutenant (GL): JD Lieutenant (HA): N4 Lieutenant (BP): N5 Lieutenant (AL): N5	
Subalterns : JA (SY)	
Privates :	

*= Reg.Adj.

The Honourable Company

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

La Poubelle (LP) Captain N6	
(sailed June 1 st 1791)	
1st Lt.: N3	
2nd Lt.: N7	
	3rd Lt.: N6
	Mids: N6
Crew: JOG	

Shangri-La	Sails on September 1 st .

The Patriotic Fund

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

June	July	August
ALL SHIPS ALL SHIPS ALL SHIPS		

Who's Who

ID	Name	E-Mail		
016	Jürgen Hossfeld	J.Hossfeld@t-online.de X16	X16	
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	JACK AL@j cosgr ave.fr eeserv e.co.u k JA	Jonah Albytross	
009 Chris tian Schot mann Chris tian @Sch otma nn.de	TB	Tyler Brock		
008 Way ne Rutle dge Way ne100 @emi rates. net.ae FF	Fernando Feeghoot			
006 Neil Kend rick Huw Jorge ns@a ol.co m PDA	Puisee D'Assinunte			
005	James Campbell	<a href="mailto:greya
rea@
apex
mail.
com
JD">greya rea@ apex mail. com JD	John Doe	
002	Matthias Nitz	<a href="mailto:Matt
hias.
nitz@
helim
ail.de">Matt hias. nitz@ helim ail.de	AG	Andrew Goodman
001	Tony Brooks	<a href="mailto:tony
@bro
okst2
5.fsne
t.co.u
k">tony @bro okst2 5.fsne t.co.u k	WKM	Wayne Kin-Madley
000	"Red"HaJo Schlosser	<a href="mailto:redha
jo@a
ol.co
m
GS">redha jo@a ol.co m GS	Guy Sandolls	

Announcements

Sir Rodney, Vice admiral of the White, will face court martial in September, upon the charge of deserting his post of duty while under attack.

Captain N6 of HMS *Droits de L'Homme* will face court martial in September, upon the charge of neglecting his duty by loitering ashore.

First call for E.I.C. *Shangri-La* to the Far East, sailing date 1st of September 1791. Applications for the position of captain welcome.

Letters

(this was published in the *TIMES*. The original letter was delivered by hand to the Admiralty the morning after Wayne's party)

Sirs,

What has gone wrong at The Admiralty? 'A strong question', I hear you cry, 'what is this chap talking about?' Well let me explain....

When I arrived in London the first thing I did, before even finding lodgings, was to sign up to fight for King and Country. An offer you were only too keen to accept, and I set off the following month on the ship BELLE POULE. When this fine ship was captured and I was returned to London with my shipmates I knew that it might take some time to get back to sea. No matter, I thought, I will see some of the sights and then be back at sea soon. Has this happened? NO.

Every other gentleman in London worthy of the name has been reassigned to His Majesties Fleet except me. WHY?

Is my valour or character in question? I hope not. Believe me, in my hometown most of the men would like to be Wayne Kin-Madley. I believe that the children have been known to pretend to be me, as I have heard more than one mother of a fine young lad saying 'I caught young Kevin the other day, he was Wayne Kin-Madley again. (What a fine young chap he must be!).

You sirs, by leaving me in London have brought my courage and patriotism into doubt. I expect a full explanation and public apology at once and I suggest a promotion to recompense me for this embarrassment.

I await your response.

Wayne Kin-Madeley

GM Waffle (Part One):

All went well , nobody died at sea...

Just a short reminder for all of you: sometimes there are some hints/comments in the character's file, not just the actual data of your character.

GM Waffle (Part Two):

11.38 p.m. and I'm still tidying up the last bits and pieces. No, I haven't been able to put in all I wanted (notably in the part dealing with the capture of the Silver Galleon) but I dare not take another week or two. Apologies for all the split infinitives and wrong tenses I managed to overlook. And thank you for waiting patiently until I've done my bit – more or less, that is!

DEADLINE for ISSUE 008 : October 23th, 2003