

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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"... with Homer's might I would deplore / the horrors of the leeward shore!" Any sailor, any ship, any coast

Standing ramrod-straight in front of the admiral's writing desk, GS kept his eyes fixed on a spot on the wall and the rest of his face as impassive as he could. The admiral's face, on the other hand, was anything but impassive – a study in anger was more like it. "Look here, Sandolls" he rumbled, "The squadron has done rather well last month. HMS *Salisbury* found another Deal smuggler and her captain made 1,200 guineas in prize money, HMS *Sauve Qui Peut* ran into that Portugese cod fisher and her captain got 1,300 guineas out of that, and HMS *Surprise* picked up a wooden chest containing the secret papers of a French 74 and the Admiralty gave her captain 1,400 guineas for it ...! In short, all my captains did their best and amply repaid my trust in them – except you! Only you failed to contribute anything at all and I tell you again, Sandolls, it simply won't do!" The Admiral paused to sip at his coffee, ignoring the furious looks the commander gave him. "With respect, Sir" GS finally managed to say, "But none of your other captains has had orders to be employed as the port admiral's personal ... " – "I do not recall giving you permission to speak, commander. The matter is closed. Dismissed!" And GS had no choice but to salute, turn about and close the door behind him, a sadly disappointed and unhappy young man.

HMS *Droits de l'Homme*, on the other hand, was only to happy to leave England (and that Colonel RM awaiting trial) behind her in search of more temperate climes – and the odd Spaniard or two, because she was bound for the Spanish Main. Twenty-five days out she fell in with the *Donna Quichotta* who had badly suffered in yesterday's gale and who carried aboard a young lady both pretty and rich – and as stubborn as the proverbial mule! The captain and the officers, gallant to a fault, soon rued the day they had offered Donna Estebaña the run of their ship, because run it she

did. Happiness returned a fortnight later when life aboard became more warlike again. The first clear sweep revealed a golden ring worth 300 guineas stuck between two floor boards in the 1st lieutenant's cabin, while the pockets of her 3rd suddenly contained a lone pearl worth 100 guineas and a strange-smelling handkerchief.

Much closer to home, HMS *Berwickshire* and HMS *Belle Poule* were in hot pursuit of a Frenchman, the wind WSW and the weather not promising – low clouds, heavy with rain. A running engagement, in fact, with the Frenchman in the middle, firing both sides. On HMS *Berwickshire* the captain of her Royal Marines was killed by a salvo of grape shot aimed at the main top at about the same time HMS *Belle Poule* lost her 1st lieutenant to a freak ricochet off her best bow anchor. JWK had in fact implored the man not to go to the starboard head while the Frenchman was still firing but in vain – he had been ordered to help man the ship's pumps in return. The strong wind and heavy seas meant that all ships were scussing along under a minimum of sail, and when dusk fell the Frenchman made his move, extinguishing his lights and turning east for one of the many inlets along the Galway estuary.

EIC *La Poubelle* on the last leg of her homeward journey, just stopping at Jersey to replace a sprung fore-topgallant mast. JOG had the devil of a time to sharpen the nub of his pencil so he could make a few final observations in his diary.. His last entries read:

Day 120. Land ahoy was shouted from the top sail this morning. It looks like we have reached the Channel Islands, or should have by night fall any way. Can't wait to get ashore and have a well deserved rest. Jock's

running round shouting "we're there I tell ya, we're there"....

Day 121. Arrived late last night and spent all morning unloading part of the cargo. Capt'n let us go ashore later on in the afternoon. Place is damm hot but the inns were very welcome and cool as well. Local grog is nice and the local girlies are very nice, but not as nice as my Southside ones ...! Got talking to another sailor who is on a clipper, bound for London, seems it is looking for crew and will be sailing in the next day or so. Me and Jock are going to sign on and get back home as soon as we can.

Day 123. Signed on board and have left the harbour of St. Helier and at some speed I can tell ya. These clippers don't hang about....! The Master says we should be home soon and with god willing no trouble. Me and Jock are counting the days till we get home then it's a party all round we think, AFTER we have visited Southside of course ...! Well this is the last entry for now, Jock thinks I should turn it into a book for the rich folk to buy, dunno, I will see when I get home.

Alas, when JOG did get home he was in no condition to party. Less than a day out, he succumbed to a nasty bout of pneumonia (dancing on the forecastle without a flannel nightshirt is dangerous if you're newly returned from the Tropics and unaccustomed to the more chilly climate prevalent in the Channel) and had to be detained in the ship's sickbay while the 2nd lieutenant went ashore, sold the diary to a major newspaper, and pocketed JOG's share of 1,200 guineas!

More than ten thousand miles away, HMS *Shangri-La* struck soundings in 19'30" North and 76'15" East, not a bad landfall for a ship bound for Bombay. TOM already had a good plan how to spend his time ashore: First he would ask the 1st lieutenant for permission to visit the Bazaar and chat with the merchants in order to find out the current price of tea. Next he would borrow a few pack horses from the Company's stables and hire a native guide to lead him to the nearest plantations, where he would buy up as much tea as the horses could carry. Finally, he would return to Bombay and sell at the tea - at a tidy profit to himself. It was a really good plan and the 1st lieutenant not only approved of it but demanded to come along as well. It would have worked, too, but for the tiger who stalked them for three nights and did for the lieutenant on the fourth day out, despite fact that they had abandoned the horses in order to distract the beast and had stayed awake all night with guns across their knees. The tiger nearly did for TOM as well (a nasty slash across the rib cage), but the native guide managed to carry him back to Bombay and the safety of HMS *Shangri La*, where he handed him over to the midshipman of the watch. The midshipman immediately sent a message to the Company's offices and was rewarded with a purse of 400 guineas. TOM, on the other hand, was not only reprimanded for losing valuable Company property but had to take over the deceased lieutenant's duties on top of his own as well.

Meanwhile, PC had come up with a plan of his own. Aided and abetted by HMS *Shangri La*'s 3rd lieutenant and the carpenter's mate, he had produced a number of wooden boxes lined with wax cloth, particularly designed to withstand tropical heat and humidity to an astonishing degree. Just the thing, PC thought, the Company would purchase to pack spices in. The Company did indeed like the boxes and bought the whole lot for 900 guineas. Only when PC went to see the 3rd lieutenant in order to claim his share, that individual turned on him and replied that since PC had taken the wood and the wax cloth out of ship's stores and had done most of the work while technically on duty, PC should consider himself lucky not to be clapped into irons on a charge of dereliction!

The London Gazette

Issue 8 by J.C.The *Gazette* Guide to self-improvement.

As the year nears its end and the bad weather is closing in upon the city it becomes the time for all good men and true to reflect upon what they have accomplished over the past 12 months. They can take the time to take stock, to mull over their position in life's great tapestry and wonder how they can improve themselves from their already pristine state. The true gentlemen will seldom rest upon his laurels, and will always be making plans for the future – to decide where they would like to be this time next year; their rank, their social standing, their position amongst their peers. And it seems to me that taking that time to reflect has already benefited several of our city gents this month, as they strive to increase their profiles.

It was only last month that I commented upon the shining wit and presence of Tyler Brock being particularly subdued as he was only seen fleetingly travelling to and from his club, but cometh the hour, cometh the man and he has returned to the forefront of social events at the heart of the City. This time choosing the Dolphin instead of Lloyds he once again managed to turn a London club into an Eastern den of delights, with exotic fare to be enjoyed by all and some new attractions for his guests to sample – and sample them they certainly did. Andrew Goodman accompanied by Rebecca arrived to gasps from the other revellers dressed in Chinese silk – perfectly in tune with the theme of the party, and much to the delight of Tyler who loudly applauded his guests and made them very welcome. Tyler immediately called some of his Chinese serving girls over to attend to Andrew and Rebecca, and to ensure that they sampled all that was on offer. The next to arrive were Wayne Kin-Madly and Emma, bearing a large bouquet of flowers for Ophelia, who was delighted with the gesture. In his usual way Wayne then proceeded to launch himself into everything and made sure that he tried everything at least once. If the truth be told he certainly sampled some of the attractions more than once as I frequently saw him slipping away from Emma to return to the massage girls with a rather furtive expression on his face. I do hope that I haven't ruined things for him here by reporting this – I am sure that Emma will realise that Wayne is of the ilk that likes to make his host feel that his efforts have been appreciated completely by his guests. Miles Attenborough-Davis on the other hand made a rather more sedate entrance to the proceedings but still certainly seemed to enjoy his host's hospitality, as I saw him talking late into the night with Tyler and Andrew about the fare that was stretched before them. This was until Andrew was pulled up to dance once again by Rebecca, who had developed rather a liking for the music of "The Bugs" – a four-piece outfit that Tyler had discovered when on a recent trip to Liverpool and thought would go down well at the party. Again in this he proved himself to be the kind of host who knows what his guests will enjoy. I personally can't say that I saw what the attraction was with "The Bugs" and I don't think that their kind of music will catch on - only time will tell I suppose. Away from The Dolphin life was proceeding in its usual manner – Dae Dastardly and Jonah Albytross spending time with their training masters and Jack Sandwich making preparations for the party that he was going to be hosting the following week.

I suppose it was a shame that Jack decided to hold his party at a time that meant it would overlap with that of Tyler, as several of the guests downstairs at the Dolphin found that they were unable to tear themselves away from the feast of wonders there to visit the room upstairs that Jack had booked for his affair. In fact only Dae Dastardly made the point of visiting Jack – maybe the excesses of the Far East were starting to take their toll and he felt that he needed a rather more subtle atmosphere for a while. Unfortunately that atmosphere was to be shattered the following week – but more of that later. Miles Attenborough-Davis and Wayne Kin-Madly elected

to stay on with Tyler downstairs – Miles just in case he had missed one of the 88 different types of beer on offer and Wayne “just for one more massage – my back is starting to feel a lot better now, honest”. Never one to neglect both his social duties or his military ones Andrew Goodman promptly took up where Jonah and Dae left off last week at the Naval training schools to ensure that when HMS Mars sets sail again he will not be found wanting.

Halfway through the month already – where does the time go? Miles Attenborough-Davis decided that maybe being held up by ruffians south of the river was probably just bad luck and a one-off so decided to visit the various establishments in Southwark again, only to find that being robbed in that part of London is not that rare an occurrence after all. But the most notable of encounters this week was when Dae Dastardly went to collect Sophia Williams to take her to Jack Sandwich’s second week as host at The Dolphin only to find that she already had a visitor! Tyler Brock had called around to deliver a small gift of a Chinese dagger and suffice it to say that Dae was not best pleased to find him there. Harsh words were spoken by both parties and I do rather hope that a civilized, gentlemanly settlement can be agreed between them – as I am sure I do not need to remind both of these gentlemen that taking matters into your own hands is not acceptable in this country. Just because the French have certain ways of dealing with disputes of this kind it does not follow that we should stoop to their levels. After all – we have wars with them so I see no need to adopt their policies. I have had my say and will leave the matter there. Apart from this the rest of the week passed without incident; Jack’s party went well and I am sure that Dae and Sophia had a pleasant time after the incident mentioned above.

As the month drew to a close and the City prepares to celebrate the festive season there were only a few faces to be seen out and about – Jonah and Dae were once again back at the training schools, and Jack Sandwich spent the week in quiet contemplation at his club. A private function was arranged by Miles at the Red Coat for himself and Andrew Goodman but it would seem that word had reached Wayne Kin-Madly that there was another party on the go, so he promptly arrived ready and eager as usual. Unfortunately for him he found that as his name was not down on the guest list he would not be permitted on the premises. I am sure that Wayne is not the sort of chap who takes things like that to heart, and will be looking forward to the multitude of parties that will no doubt be arranged for the Christmas period. As I said though, a few faces were seen out and about – most notably Tyler Brock was seen outside the abode of Jennifer Usher with yet another Chinese gift. If there was ever a way to develop a reputation – this man has it down to a fine art.

Any further developments on the London social scene will, of course, be reported in *The Gazette*.

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	JS
Muriel Merryweather	15		
Caroline Cadger	15	W	
Jennifer Usher	14	I	TB
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	DD
Diana Villiers	9	B	
Rebecca Dorrit	8		AG
Betty Grapples	8		
Moll Flanders	7		
Sue Briquette	7		
Emma Woodhouse	6	B	WKM
Gwendolyn Hotspur	5		JWK
Mary Lamb	5		
Sara Pati	4		
Agnes Nutter	3		JA

The Guilty Parties

ID	Name	Abb.	Weal. SL	NA	SP	Club	App.	Rank
008 <i>Sir</i> Ferna ndo Fegho ot	FF comfy	11	7	S	Dolph	-		Captain HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
012	Jack Sandwich	JS	ok	11	5	35	Dolph	- Captain HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
009	Tyler Brock	TB	ok	10+	6	36	Dolph	C.o.t.T. Lieutenant HMS <i>Richard Lionheart</i>
001	Wayne Kin-Madley	WK M	comf y	6	4	13	Pit	-
016	Miles Attenborough-Davis	MAD	ok	6+	6	19	Red C. -	Subaltern RM, HMS <i>Mars</i>
006	Dae Dastardly	DD	poor	6+	5	24	Pit	-
000	Guy Sandolls	GS	comf y	5	5	S	Pit	- Brevet Master & Commander HMS <i>Swordfish</i>

002	Andrew Goodman	AG	comfy y 5+	9	39	-	Ship's Adj.	Lieutenant HMS <i>Mars</i>	
013	Josiah W. Kerr	JWK	comfy y	4	9+	S	Pit	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
010	Jonah Albytross	JA	comfy	4	5	10	Red C. -	Lieutenant RM, HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>	
018	Thomas O'Malley	TOM	poor	3	8	E	-	-	Sailor EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>
011	John O'Groats	JOG	comfy y	2	5	E	-	-	Sailor EIC <i>La Poubelle</i>
017	Pete Cuning	PC	ok	1	7	E	-	-	Sailor EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>

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: S = at sea, E = east India ship, F = floated,

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	N8		
Admiral		Admiral	
White Squadron	Red Squadron	Blue Squadron	Yellow Squadron
N3		N7 N4	
Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral
N3	Sir Louis Beanpole,	Baron of Whitefriars (NA 3)	N8 N7
Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral
N5 N7 N3	N6		

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	N4	N6 N3 N7		

1 st Lieutenant	N6		
		N6	
2 nd Lieutenant	N3 N7 * TB ¹ N5		
3 rd Lieutenant	N1		
4 th Lieutenant			
5 th Lieutenant			
Midshipman			
Master's Mate			
Crew			

Red Squadron

Indomitable SoL 2nd Class Jupiter SoL 2nd Class	Fiddler's Green SoL 2 nd Class	Swiftsure SoL 3 rd Class	
(Post) Captain	N6	N5	N4 N4
1 st Lieutenant	N2 N3	N5*	N2
2 nd Lieutenant	N5		
		N8*	
3 rd Lieutenant	N5		GS
4 th Lieutenant			
5 th Lieutenant			
Midshipman			
Master's Mate			
Crew			

Blue Squadron

	Waakzaamheit SoL 3 rd Class Berwickshire SoL 4th Class	Bellerophone SoL 4 th Class	Mars SoL 5 th Class	
Captain	JS	N9	N3	N4
1 st Lieutenant		N2 N3	AG*	
2 nd Lieutenant	N5*			
3 rd Lieutenant			***	
4 th Lieutenant	*** ***	***		
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				

Crew

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Yellow Squadron

	Glenmoranie SoL 5 th Class	Halcyon SoL 5 th Class	Belle Poule SoL 5 th Class	Alexander SoL 5 th Class
Captain	N4 N8	FF	N5	
1 st Lieutenant		N5	JWK N1	
2 nd Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Blockade Squadron

	Salisbury Sloop	Sauve Qui Peut Sloop	Surprise Sloop	Swordfish Sloop
Master&Commander	N8	N6 N3 GS		
1 st Lieutenant			N3	
2 nd Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

*=Ship's Adj., ¹=Captain of the Top

Character in *italic* have a commission on another ship.

Bold = at sea.

The Royal Marines

General	N7
Lt-General	N4
Brigade General N4	

Colonel (DH) : N2 (court material pending)		
Lieutenant-Colonel (FE) : N6	Lieutenant-Colonel (RL): N4	Major (SY): N2
Major (IN): N7 Major (JU): N4 Major (FG): N2 Captain (SW): Captain (WA): N4 Captain (BS): Captain (BE) : N5 Lieutenant (MA): N6 Lieutenant (GL): JA Lieutenant (HA): Lieutenant (BP): N5 Lieutenant (AL):		

Subalterns : MAD (MA)

Privates :

*= Reg.Adj.

Bold = at sea.

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.: --	
(expected back November 30 th 1791) 2nd Lt.: N10	
	3rd Lt.: N7
Mids: N6	
	Crew: JOG

Shangri-La	Captain N6
(sailed September 1 st 1791) 1 st Lt.:	
(expected back February 29 th 1792) 2 nd Lt.: N3	
3 rd Lt.: N5	
	Mids: N2
Crew: TOM, PC	

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		---		
<div>The Blue Peter</div>				
November				
December				
HMS Droits de L'Homme				
HMS Indomitable				
HMS Berwickshire				
HMS Belle Poule				
HMS Alexander				
<div>Who's Who</div>				
ID	Name	E-Mail		
018	Undine Johnke	<a href="mailto:cineU
nni@t-
onlin
e.de">cineU nni@t- onlin e.de TOM	Thomas O'Malley	
017	Thomas Johnke	<a href="mailto:Torfk
oppT
J@we
b.de">Torfk oppT J@we b.de	PC	Pete Cunning
016	Jürgen Hossfeld	<a href="mailto:J.Hos
sfeld
@t-
onlin
e.de">J.Hos sfeld @t- onlin e.de MAD	Miles Attenborough-Davis	
013	Toby Whitty	<a href="mailto:yaled
or@y
ahoo.
com">yaled or@y ahoo. com JWK	Josiah W. Kerr	
012	Greg F.	<a href="mailto:onasi
lverw
ind@.
yaho
o.com">onasi lverw ind@. yaho o.com JS	Jack Sandwich	
011	Terry Crook	<a href="mailto:webm
aster
@bri
nyen
garde
.co.u
k">webm aster @bri nyen garde .co.u k	JOG	John O'Groats

010	John Cosgrave	JACKAL@jcosgrave.freemove.co.uk JA	Jonah Albytross	
009	Christian Schotmann	Christian@Schotmann.de	TB	Tyler Brock
008	Wayne Rutledge	Wayne100@emirates.net.ae FF	Fernando Feeghoot	
006	Neil Kendrick	HuwJorge@adolco.com DD	Dae Dastardly	
005	James Campbell	grevera@apexmail.com		
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@adolco.com GS	Guy Sandolls	

Court martial

Colonel N2, Colonel of the Royal Marines will face court martial in December, upon the charge of the 23rd Article of War.

Duels

DD vs. TB (for trying to mislead Sophia Williams in week 3)

Announcements

None

Letters

Gentlemen, I intend to spend the rest of the year in town and having heard so much about you I would like to get to know you better. What better way than to have a party? Your place or mine, I don't really care as long as I don't have to pay for the drinks!

To the London society:

I want to invite all to my Santa Claus Party at December 6th. No social exclusion and all drinks will be paid.

Andrew Goodman with Rebecca

Ladies and Gentlemen of London,

What can I say? After all the work put into arranging parties last month I am sure you were disappointed that I was unable to attend. I can only apologise and say that there was no favouritism, I did not get to any social events all month.

I was summoned home by my mother who was distraught due to a family crisis and needed the steady presence and advice of her first born to help resolve things. What dutiful son could do less than immediately head off to resolve the catastrophe and return normality to a troubled household. I hope you understand.

I am, as ever,

Wayne Kin-Madley

GM Waffle (Part One):

Hi again! There are some changes in the turn sheets. I think that the sheets now include much more information for you. Now it should be clear which order had which result. I hope that all will be content with the sheet now. Acclamation! All orders reached me Saturday.

GM Waffle (Part Two):

DEADLINE for ISSUE 013 : June 4th, 2004