

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

GM "Red"HaJo Schlosser, eMail: horseguards@brinyengarde.co.uk

GM Matthias Nitz, eMail: Matthias.Nitz@helimail.de

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"... A little bit of Monica, that's nice!" Storm Nr. 5, somewhere above HMS *Ferocious*

The storm was back! Twelve months ago, his first solo performance in these waters had nearly wrecked HMS *Sheik Yassouf*, sent HMS *Belle Poule* into French captivity, and done a good deal of general mischief until The Lady had clapped a stopper over his capers for reasons of her own – if you could call them reasons. Never forget that her second name might well be "Inscrutability", although many would probably plunge for "Inconsistency" given half a chance. Which just happened to be The Lady's stock in trade. A little later the storm had received an invitation from YCHA (Young Caribbean Hurricanes Association). A very generous offer – all the sun he could soak up and no stinting in the infrared or ultraviolet range - in return for very light duties, consisting mostly of teaching a number of young hurricanes (and hurricanettes, since the board of YCHA had very modern and coeducational views) the rudiments of their profession. The engagement had been a success all round – in addition to a fat cheque and a glowing letter of recommendation the storm had taken away very fond memories of some of his pupils, particularly Monica. Now there was a little hurricanette worth looking at. A bit precocious but already extremely curvaceous (well-rounded to you slobs) and such an eye ...! The storm had no doubt that she would break weathermen's hearts all over the world in about two hundred years time, but all that was behind him now (including the temper tantrum Monica had thrown when he told her that he was going away). It had been fun, but a man can get tired of endless sand beaches and coral reefs. The Northern latitudes were where he belonged. And there was work to do ...!

Somewhere below, HMS *Ferocious* was not having a good time. The ship was riding at anchor – orders had come from the Admiralty to wait for two more ships. Never one to put himself forward, her captain

was content to stay in his cabin, drinking hot toddy and waiting for the storm to subside. In the gunroom, the officers off duty did much the same, except for DD and the Lt. Colonel of Marines, who each asserted that his men could hit a bottle swinging from the mainsail yardarm at thirty paces even in this weather. A little later small parties of seamen and soldiers assembled on deck and the matter was soon settled, with DD himself scoring the winning hit! This feat of marksmanship had earned him a promotion and 700 Guineas, which the Lt. Colonel of Marines immediately handed over in a very gentlemanly manner and with many a handsome compliment. But no good deed ever goes unpunished and when a report of the incident reached the Horse Guards he was immediately promoted to Colonel (in recognition of his gallant behaviour above and beyond what one could reasonably expect from a Marine). A little later an Admiralty cutter arrived and took him off, bound for the shore and his shiny new desk. The same cutter brought TB, who had failed to come aboard in London because his landlord (whom TB had snubbed most cruelly in the matter of his rent) had taken his revenge by "accidentally" mislaying the letter confirming TB's appointment as 2nd Lieutenant on HMS *Ferocious* and ordering him to join his ship at once. TB thus missed all of the fun and spent an otherwise uneventful month thinking happy thoughts involving a large cauldron of boiling tar, a heap of freshly plucked feathers ... and his landlord.

Several miles to the East, HMS *Waakzaamheit* and HMS *Mars* had been toiling mightily to make headway against the storm. The former had received orders that cut short her stay at the Orkneys and Shetlands and sent her pelting down to meet HMS *Ferocious* somewhere off the Isle of Wight. With Dover on her starboard beam she had fallen in with the latter (who had received a similar set of orders) and they had proceeded down the Channel to their rendezvous until the weather had turned ugly and the wind had shifted West, dead foul for their purpose. Forced to abandon any hope of reaching Portsmouth, they had turned back and put into Brighton harbour instead. JS was still vexed that he had had to leave MW behind (who had slipped on a patch of ice and

broke his leg) and in no mood to do something spectacular but aboard HMS *Mars* newcomer JF timidly suggested to his captain that a man on horseback might ride ahead to Portsmouth and inform HMS *Ferocious* of their whereabouts. "Off you go, then!" was the curt reply and that's precisely what JF did. In Portsmouth he made his way to the port admiral's office, where his attention to duty was duly noted and in time rewarded with a promotion to brevet lieutenant. All in all, a very promising start!

Meanwhile, the blockade squadron had received orders to harry the French shipping in the Mediterranean Off Toulon, HMS *Halcyon* was in hot pursuit of a deeply laden snow but her captain failed to notice the gun boats hidden behind a rocky outcrop. RIP. His lieutenant was below at the time (seeing to her guns) and the opening shot of the leading gun boat's 32-pounder killed both HMS *Halcyon*'s midshipmen. Thus it fell to MAD as the sole remaining officer to give the order to break off the chase. He had to repeat his order until it was obeyed - the helmsman very much disliked being ordered around by a mere Marine, but the second ball passing just inches from his head did the trick. We trust he may find some consolation in the fact that the officer in question has since been removed from the ship, albeit at the cost of a purse of 150 Guineas and a promotion. Nelson had been heard to say that "a decent helmsman was worth his weight in gold" but we can't help thinking that this time the Navy has gone too far!

Near Cape Rosas, HMS *Salisbury* and HMS *Sauve Qui Peut* were engaged in similar activities, pursuing a Spanish Xebec. The Spaniard didn't relish the prospect of having to fight two ships and had fled immediately. The wind standing awkwardly, he had just managed to scrape past the headland, but then he flashed out every sail he possessed. Poor HMS *Salisbury* - AG did everything he could do, but he drew the line at starting her water and throwing her guns overboard, and his ship had never been what you'd call a flyer. Helplessly, he watched the other ships forge ahead and vanish from his ken. When he received the captain of HMS *Sauve Qui Peut* several hours later and congratulated him on his splendid victory, AG's face was a perfect study in civility - but who can fathom what thoughts might rage in his breast? If only he had been there, hull up over the horizon, he would at least have shared in the prize money!

And that beautiful letter, requiring and directing the recipient to proceed on board the *Halcyon* and to take upon himself the charge and command of Captain of her, might now rest inside his own uniform jacket instead!

Wheels within wheels, AG sighted, and now the 1st Lieutenant of HMS *Surprise* has gotten his step and thus another opening for his own followers was now blocked. Still, there was HMS *Swordfish* ... but he'd be damned if he would send his men aboard her. A decent captain and a good crew, but somehow nothing seemed to break right for her since the death of GS. A jinxed ship! AG shuddered and turned his attention back to his guest, who had begun a rambling account about his cousin (twice removed on the maternal side) who had a brother-in-law who was a director of the East India Company and whose niece was aboard EIC *La Poubelle*, now completing the first leg of her journey ...

... to be more precise, just approaching Funchal harbour. A good ship and a decent crew (this was her second voyage) but a new captain and a new set of officers (among them RTM as 1st Lieutenant). And what a lot of boobies they had turned out to be! Just like in the Navy, the captain of an EIC ship can do pretty much as he pleases as long as he doesn't upset the passengers but that's just what he had done - pressuring them to play piquet for high stakes and pocketing 300 Guineas in the process! On top of that, the purser had forgotten to lay in some Hock (to go with the fish) and the master had contrived to mislay half his maps, and during yesterday's Happy Hour RTM had absolutely disgraced himself trying to sing a comic song ...! Half the passengers had already announced that they would stop at Funchal and wait for the next ship to take them to India. It meant a three month wait for them, but it also meant a very big black mark in the captain's book!

The London Gazette

1st Anniversary issue

Issue 13

Your Reporter - J.C.

One Year On

It's difficult to believe really – the *London Gazette* is one year old this month. It only seems like yesterday that our first edition with the sparkling headline “Lock up your Daughters!” went on sale and within the space of a few months it became the news sheet of choice for the great and the good of our fair capital. It is the best selling paper in 23 of the city's 25 wards - only in the districts of Bridge and Dowgate is it not number 1, but then again I'm not sure if too many people in those areas can actually read anyway. They probably prefer looking at the etchings on page three of *The Advisor* – and they use shorter words too. But that is neither here nor there and I think that it is fair to say that those who matter know where to look for the most insightful reports of the goings on in London today.

The first week of the month turned out to be a bit of a mixed bag with everyone going about their own business rather than all coming together on an event of note. With Tyler Brock having sailed aboard *HMS Ferocious* the way was left open for everyone else to spend time with their mistresses or find themselves new ones without having to worry about bumping into him on the doorstep. Josiah Kerr called upon Sophia Williams bearing a gift of a rather stunning necklace and Jonah Albytross paid a visit to Rebecca Dorrit bearing a beautiful guilt cage containing a pair of lovebirds. Bearing at arms' length that is so as not to get his dress uniform covered in the sort of things that you usually find at the bottom of guilt birdcages. Pavel Pipovitch and Alice were also to be seen out walking in the gardens at Finsbury where he marvelled at the plants there and compared them to those in his homeland. I do think though that Wesley Silver could possibly be starting a new trend when he arranged for his club to prepare a hamper and deliver it to the embankment at Temple where he and Sue enjoyed a very romantic picnic. I am sure others will soon be following his example. If Wesley and Sue had been slightly further east then they may have been able to see Tom O'Malley and Pete Cunning attempting to evade being robbed as they made their way back from visiting the houses of ill repute in Southwark – one of them with more success than the other. As they were heading for London Bridge they were both set upon – Tom being grabbed first as he happened to be closest. This did, however, give Pete time to make good his escape and hide in one of the arches in Tooley Street until the coast was clear and he could sneak back north of the river relatively unscathed and with the contents of his purse intact.

The event of the month though – the one it would seem that everyone was waiting for was to be held in week 2. All gentlemen of note who were in London (with the exception of Sir Fernando) made their way to the Pit where John O'Groats had been advertising that he would be putting on a special presentation of one of the more notorious of his adventures when he was a crew member of *EIC La Poubelle*. The sawdust had been swept from the floor and replaced with sand, the area that was to be the stage was surrounded with some very authentic looking palm trees and Diana Villiers had a place of honour reserved right at the front - as John explained “so she can see me in action”. So with the scene set, and a low smog winding its way around the audience's feet (many commented on this rather special effect and wondered how John had managed it before it was discovered to be coming from Pavel's cigarettes) the show began. A Quartet of musicians, cunningly hidden behind the palm trees struck up a mysterious tune as John and Jock appeared and related their tale. A troupe of actors had been drafted in from Covent Garden and played the rest of the crew. John narrated his tale with the skill of one who has now found his true vocation in life as a master storyteller and he brilliantly built up the suspense before (and with loud dramatic music from behind the trees) the cannibals attacked. More hired players with lamp black covering their faces leaped out from behind the bar and with loud screams attacked the crew. So shocking was the attack that their screams were matched by those of the various mistresses present – I noted Emma Woodhouse hiding behind Wayne Kin-Madley and Jonah Albytross attempting to stifle a scream of his own as Rebecca squeezed his arm just a bit too tightly. In fact it was only Tom O'Malley and Pete Cunning who didn't have a lady clinging on to them – I think that they rather felt a bit left out. “We're all doomed!” shouted Jock above the din as John heroically led the counter attack and rescued several of the crew before finishing off the cannibal leader one handed while carrying the injured Jock back to the ship. The scene was then changed by the bar staff to represent the tribal temple that the crew discovered when exploring the island. John and Jock approached the seemingly deserted spot and entered through the (rather convincing) stone doorway where they were confronted by numerous traps designed to kill unwary intruders. Through skill and cunning they dodged the spikes, leaped over the pits (Jock at one point pulling John up from the brink after he mistimed his jump

over the cellar hatch (apparently intentional)) and even sprinted away from large rolling boulders (or in this case ale barrels) before reaching the inner chamber where they were confronted by another great tribal warrior armed with the largest sword I have ever seen. He masterfully swung the sword around drawing gasps from the onlookers with his skill before John very calmly drew his pistol and shot him dead – eliciting great cheers from the audience. The duo grabbed the statues from the altar (table covered with a cloth) and dashed for the door as the walls began to shake (being pushed from behind by the rest of the cast). As the door to the temple began to close it looked as if all hope of escape was lost for our heroes, and I even heard several members of the audience call out “They’re doomed!” in various attempts at Scottish accents, but at the last second both John and Jock slid under the opening – John quickly thrusting his hand back under the gap to retrieve his cap before the door closed completely with a resounding thud. John and Jock then called upon the rest of the cast to take their bows to a standing ovation from everyone present. I feel that it was probably one of the most entertaining evenings that I have ever witnessed in my time reporting for *The Gazette*.

Anything else happening this month was going to be a bit of an anticlimax after “Cannibals” so I don’t think that anyone really tried to make their mark on the London scene. Sir Fernando continued with his rigorous weapon training regime (as did Josiah) and Wayne Kin-Madley returned to his usual haunt – the opera house, taking the box next to where Jonah Albycross was doing his best to convince Rebecca that he had a certain degree of culture after all. Having moved from the Pit to Lloyds, Pavel played host to Wesley and introduced him to a new drinking game entitled “drinking with the ladies”, where drawing cards decides upon how a drink is to be mixed and who will end up having to drink it. The pit, however, seemed positively deserted after the previous week when it was packed to the rafters – Pete Cunning and Tom O’Malley were there at a private table, possibly wondering if it might be worth dramatising some of their own EIC exploits. John O’Groats was also there with Diana - Jock it would seem had been given the week off and was rather conspicuous by his absence. Rumour has it that he was south of the river playing on his new found celebrity status, but that is unconfirmed. John was rather hoping to have a quiet romantic evening with Diana, having retained the services of a violinist to provide ambiance (as I believe the fashionable phrase has it) but was constantly interrupted by patrons commenting on how much they enjoyed his performance. I wonder how long it will take before he begins to tire of the attention.

Final week of the month and the popular rumour about town was that Josiah Kerr was holding a party at the Pit, so after a quiet week it would seem that London society was once again ready to paint the town red. Jonah Albycross, Wayne Kin-Madley and Tom O’Malley promptly arrived at the establishment ready and eager as usual only to find that Josiah had neglected to put their names down on the guest list – in fact only Pete Cunning and John O’Groats gained entrance. “Oh well – early night then” said Wayne as the trio headed homewards. I feel that this should serve as an example to all – if you are going to invite people to parties it might be worth making sure that they are going to be allowed to enjoy your hospitality inside the building rather than outside in the street. Unless that is your intention all along, of course.

---*Breaking News*---

It has come to *The Gazette’s* attention that in the run up to “Cannibals” a rather nasty exchange took place between John O’Groats and Tyler Brock. Harsh words were exchanged and it was only the intervention of Jonah Albycross that stopped the fracas escalating out of control. The last I heard was that Jonah had suggested a drinking contest to settle their differences which seemed to be acceptable to both parties. Any further details will, of course, be published in *The Gazette*.

The London Gazette Sports Supplement

Welcome back to the London Gazette Sports Supplement pages. Once again we are able to bring you reports of more sporting contests taking place in our fair capital and environs.

I would just like to take this opportunity to reiterate the points stated in our first issue, and for the benefit of our new readers I have taken the liberty of reprinting our official statement:

As you all know, the taking of matters into one's own hands is something that is frowned upon in this country – and so well it should be, but that is not to say that two gentlemen of good standing cannot settle their differences in the manner of a sporting contest, and it is with that in mind that we at The Gazette have decided to publish reports of such events for the information of our readers.

Disclaimer – The report contained within these pages was viewed by our reporter as a sporting contest and *The Gazette* accepts no responsibility if it was actually a duel. We will not be held accountable for encouraging such illegal activities, and we strongly endorse the work of the Admiralty in discouraging such events.

Enough of the legal obligations – on with the sports.

Having two appointments at Hampstead Heath this month, Tyler Brock was given the choice of which opponent he wanted to face first. He decided to give the first contest to Dae Dastardly – I think he quite relished the idea of a rematch, a sentiment echoed by Dae.

Contest 1

Weapons of choice:

Dae – Rapier
Tyler – Cutlass

It would seem that the extra training that Dae had been putting in since his last meeting with Tyler has paid off, either that or Tyler was particularly over-confident of his own abilities, as first blood went to the Welshman. Both Dae and Tyler lunged forward immediately as they had on their previous encounter, but Dae, remembering Tyler's favoured side was able to avoid the blow while still managing to land his own. Tyler immediately reassessed his situation – this contest was not going to be quite as easy as the last one and he had received his wake-up call i.e. a cut to his right side. He began to circle, forcing his opponent to do the same and give himself a moment's breathing space, but Dae was having none of it and lunged once again – scoring another hit an inch from the first. I think it was in annoyance that Tyler swung wildly as Dae was moving back from his second strike but either by luck or judgement the blow hit home, catching Dae on his left forearm. A deep cut it was but having hit on both of his offensive moves Dae decided to press on while he had the upper hand, lunging forward again and landing his third blow; Tyler however was starting to see the pattern in Dae's technique and again landed a slash as his opponent retreated. Two deep cuts now and Tyler began to see his chance – immediately following his forehand slash with a backhand one attempting to catch Dae a second time while he was still on the back foot paid off and he landed his third blow. Dae, however, is now showing that he can learn from his opponents as well as his training masters and ignoring the obvious discomfort of taking a third heavy hit caught Tyler as he retreated – mimicking his own technique! Dae's moment of triumph was briefly lived though as it was obvious from the look on his face that the three blows he had sustained were taking a heavy toll. He knew that if he was to emerge as the victor in this bout then he would have to continue landing every blow as he had so far but avoid taking any in return. Never being a man to back away from anything or take the safe option he pushed forward again – securing his fifth blow, but once again Tyler was there catching him as he attempted to pull back out of reach. The fourth hit was to prove too much for Dae and he offered his surrender, which Tyler once again honourably accepted and complimented his opponent on a well fought bout and obvious improvement in his abilities.

Contest 2

Weapons of choice:

Andrew – Cutlass

Tyler – Cutlass

After the deftness and speed of the rapier it was obvious from the outset that this contest was going to be a lot less refined, with both protagonists taking the cutlass. As soon as the bout began Andrew literally charged forward with an almighty overhead slash, hoping to land a heavy early blow and take the fight out of Tyler as quickly as he could. Tyler, still with the fresh wounds sustained in his meeting with Dae (but having changed his shirt) was obviously on the defensive as he quickly back stepped, successfully avoiding Andrew's blow and only half-heartedly threw his counter slash which Andrew didn't need to avoid as it was wide of the mark. Andrew turned, throwing another wild slash as he did so which Tyler easily avoided but in doing so moved himself out of striking range so his counter attack was never going to reach its target. Both men squared up to each other again – Andrew realising that wild attacks were never going to catch Tyler and there was going to be no quick way of finishing this: it was certainly going to go the distance. Tyler suddenly lunged forward taking Andrew completely by surprise and catching him high on the chest. Andrew threw up his sword in a reactionary attempt at defence and although he wasn't able to parry the blow he did actually catch Tyler on his sword arm. Andrew back stepped hoping for a brief reprieve but Tyler, probably annoyed at himself for being caught out like that, threw himself forward once again and caught Andrew a hefty blow on his sword arm again leaving him unable to defend or counter attack.

Andrew paused for a second, marking the obvious pain on Tyler's face and asked his opponent if he wished to continue, as he was obviously in some discomfort. "Lay on" replied Tyler, "My surrender is mine to give, not yours to ask" and saluting his opponent stepped forward and landed a cross body blow that his training master would have been proud of. Andrew again was not able to throw up his reactionary block or to catch Tyler on the off hand. Andrew stepped back and Tyler decided to press home his advantage landing another telling strike. Andrew stepped back further, but as he did so Tyler rushed once more – scoring his fifth hit, but Andrew was ready for it this time and deftly scored his third blow which essentially finished the contest; Tyler's strength had deserted him after taking a total of seven blows in two contests. Tyler offered his surrender which Andrew gracefully accepted.

So there you have it for another month. Rest assured that you can read the best of the sporting events only in the *London Gazette Sports Supplement*.

The Ladies

	SL	Attributes	Current Suitor
Lady Isabella de Courcy	18	B I	
Rosemary Stilton-Major	17	W	
Prudence Petterson	16		
Lady 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		PP
Joan Fullins	10	B	

Doris Open

10			
Sophia Williams	9	B	JWK
Diana Villiers	9	B	JOG
Rebecca Dorrit	8		JA
Betty Grapples	8		
Moll Flanders	7		RTM
Sue Briquette	7		WS
Emma Woodhouse	6	B	WKM
Gwendolyn Hotspur	5		
Mary Lamb	5		
Sara Pati	4		
Agnes Nutter	3		

The Guilty Parties

ID	Name	Abb.	Weal.	SL	NA	SP	Club	App.	Rank
008 <i>Sir Fernando Feghot</i>	FF wealthy	11	7	32		Dolph	-		Captain HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
012	Jack Sandwich	JS	ok	11	5	S	Dolph	-	Captain HMS <i>Waakzamheit</i>
009	Tyler Brock	TB	ok	11	6	S	Lloyd's	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Ferocious</i>
006	Dae Dastardly	DD	ok	7	6+	S	Lloyd's	-	Master's Mate HMS <i>Ferocious</i>
002	Andrew Goodman	AG	comfy	7	10	S	Lloyd's	-	Master & Commander HMS <i>Salisbury</i>
021	Pavel Pipovitch	PP	poor	7+	6	24	Lloyd's	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>
001	Wayne Kin-Madley	WK M	comfy	6	5	12	Pit	-	Midshipman HMS <i>Jupiter</i>
016	Miles Attenborough-Davis	MAD	poor	6	7	S	-	-	Captain RM, HMS <i>Waakzamheit</i>
020	Robin Timothy Marlowe	RTM	poor	6	3	E	Pit	-	Lieutenant EIC <i>La Poubelle</i>
011	John O'Groats	JOG	comfy	6+	5	26	Pit	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Glenmoranie</i>
000	Matthew Walker	MW	comfy	5	5	F	-	-	Brevet Lieutenant HMS <i>Waakzamheit</i>
013	Josiah W. Kerr	JWK	comfy	5+	9	28	Pit	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
010	Jonah Albytross	JA	comfy	5+	6	20	Red C.	-	Lieutenant RM, HMS <i>Alexander</i>
022	Wesley Silver	WS	ok	5+	5	17	Pit	-	---
018	Thomas O'Malley	TOM	poor	3	10	6	Pit	-	---
019 <i>Jervis Fregate</i>	JF poor	3	6	S		Pit	-		Brevet Lieutenant HMS <i>Mars</i>
017	Pete Cuning	PC	comfy	2+	9	12	-	-	---

Wealth Level: poor= 0-250 Guineas, 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 1st Class Richard Lionheart SoL 1 st Class Being back repaired in May	Sheik Yassouf SoL 2 nd Class
Post Captain	N4	N6 -- N7	
1 st Lieutenant	N6	N8 * --	
2 nd Lieutenant	N3 TB -- N5		
3 rd Lieutenant	N1		
4 th Lieutenant			
5 th Lieutenant			
Midshipman	DD		

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	N6	N5	N4 N4	
1 st Lieutenant	N2	N3	N5*	N2
2 nd Lieutenant	N5			N8*
3 rd Lieutenant	N5			
4 th Lieutenant				
5 th Lieutenant				
Midshipman		WKM		
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	JS	N9	N3	N4
1 st Lieutenant		N2 N3	JF	
2 nd Lieutenant	MW	PP		
3 rd Lieutenant		RTM	***	
4 th Lieutenant	***	***	***	
Midshipman	MW			
Master's Mate				
Crew				

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	N6	FF	Sir N8
1 st Lieutenant	JOG 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	AG	N6	N4 N5	
1st Lieutenant			N3	
2nd Lieutenant			N4	
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

*=Ship's Adj.

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

*= Reg.Adj.

Bold = at sea.

The Honourable Company

Chairman East India Company	Sir William Weatherwax	
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Directors East India Company	Sir Guthrie Featherstone Mr. Peshawar Cannings Mr. John Mortimer	
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La Poubelle (LP)	Captain: N4
(sailed March 1 st 1792)	
1st Lt.: RTM	
(expected back August 31 st 1792)	2nd Lt.: N1
	3rd Lt.: N2
	Mids: N5
	Crew:

Shangri-La	Captain:
(will sail June 1 st 1792)	
1st Lt.:	
2nd Lt.:	
3rd Lt.:	
	Mids:
Crew:	

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

March	April	May
<i>HMS Ferocious</i>		
<i>HMS Ferocious</i>		
<i>HMS Ferocious</i>		
<i>HMS Mars</i>		
<i>HMS Mars</i>		
<i>HMS Mars</i>		

<i>HMS Halcyon</i>	<i>HMS Halcyon</i>	
<i>HMS Halcyon</i>		
<i>HMS Waakzaamheit</i>	<i>HMS Waakzaamheit</i>	<i>HMS Waakzaamheit</i>

Who's Who

ID	Name	E-Mail		
022	Thomas Rösler	belrain@lycos.de	WS	Wesley Silver
021	Michael Struck	faithnightwish@web.de	PP	Pavel Pipovitch
020	Stefan Rösler	churasis@t-online.de	RTM	Robin Timothy Marlowe
019	Mark Robinson	mark@portwaygames.co.uk JF Jervis Fregate		
018	Undine Johnke	eineUnni@t-online.de	TOM	Thomas O'Malley
017	Thomas Johnke	TorfkoppTJ@web.de	PC	Pete Cunning
016	Jürgen Hossfeld	J.Hossfeld@t-online.de	MAD	Miles Attenborough-Davis
013	Toby Whitty	yaledor@yahoo.com	JWK	Josiah W. Kerr
012	Greg F.	onasilverwind@yahoo.com	JS	Jack Sandwich
011	Terry Crook	webmaster@brinyengarde.co.uk	JOG	John O'Groats

010	John Cosgrave	JACKAL@jcosgrave.freeserve.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.ns@aol.com	DD	Dae Dastardly	
005	James Campbell	greya_rea@apexmail.com			
002	Matthias Nitz	Matt.hias.nitz@helimail.de	AG	Andrew Goodman	
001	Tony Brooks	tony@brookst25.fsnet.co.uk	WKM	Wayne Kin-Madley	
000	"Red"HaJo Schlosser	redhajoa@aol.com	MW	Matthew Walker	

Court martial

Duels

Announcements

Applications for Post Captain of *HMS* Richard Lionheart are welcome.
Applications for Captain of *EIC* Shangri La are welcome.
TB applies for Press Gang Officer *HMS* Ferocious.

Letters

Gentlemen,

I ask you all to pray visit The Pitt as I will be putting on a special show entitled "*Cannibals*" in week 2. I will pay all costs and hope that those that are available will attend.

J O'Groats

1st Lt *HMS* Glenmorie

Mr. O'Groats,

As long as you make your parties in a shithole like "The Pit" you could show the whole "Abduction from the Serail" and I would not come. How can a gentleman even have the nerve to take a lady there, not to mention expect of her to use the rat-infested, stinking holes they show off as latrines? How can one stand the smell of vomit hanging in mid-air and the watered down wine grown on the north side of Headache Hill in the Scottish Highlands?

How can I put my horse in the clubs stable when I already know that the stable-boys will pry off all the horseshoes and blame it on polish immigrant dockhands?

No way, mate!!

Tyler Brock

Sir,

Whilst you are entitled to your opinion, I am entitled to hold my "show" were ever I please. However I notice that you are a "civilian Johnny" and carry no rank what so ever, so how do I respond to your slurs and attacks on my Club?

Why I ignore you Cur...sorry I meant Sir. If you were a man of the Navy I would arrange to give you a bloody good thrashing and damm well enjoy it as well. However as you are a civilian there is no honour to be gained beating a, shall I say, press gang dodger?

No sir, your words do you down for they are not worthy of your supposed level in society. To quote some one I know "Choice has always been a privilege of those who could afford to pay for it." I see from your accounts that you do not have much choice. However it matters not one fig to me whether you attend or do not attend, for your vulgar words and cruel tongue are more suited to the Singapore Sling where I am sure where such coarse comments are rife.....

Yours

J O'Groats

1st Lt *HMS* Glenmorie

If recent reports in that most excellent of publications "The London Gazette" are to be believed (and I see no reason as to why they should not be) I can only assume that Mr Brock is using this bravado as a way of excusing himself from appearing in public - maybe he is feeling despondent that Mr O'Groats is the current toast of the City and that all who will be attending will more than likely be taking their mistresses with them and keeping them out of his clutches!

Gentlemen - look to your ladies and keep them well - we have a predator in our midst!!

To Mr O'Groats,

John - good to have you back. So sorry I missed your recent appearance at the Pit due to HMS Alexander being abroad (news reports say that it was something to behold and it sounds as if Jock has become a bit of a celebrity). I shall be in London this month and shall be attending your presentation, which I am looking forward to immensely. I am fairly sure that certain elements of London society will not be missed by their absence.

Jonah Albytross
Lieutenant RM, *HMS Alexander*

My Dear Jonah,

long is it since we have seen each other I have not forgot your kindness whence I first came to London. I thank you for your kind words and stout defence of me. Perhaps we will meet and share a bottle together and talk of our adventures whilst certain other men have remained abed in London avoiding their duty to King and Country,

Yours

John O'Groats
1st Lt *HMS Glenmorie*

Lieutenant O'Groats,

He who can read has the benefit of knowledge. Calling me a civilian after you just joined the Navy one month ago? I was already fighting the French when you were still sailing on your drug-smuggling stinkpot of the East India Company, holding hands with your merchant boyfriends and writing your sissy little diary.

It's not my fault the Captain of HMS Richard Lionheart nearly sank our vessel after I hauled his lazy *ss out to sea, check out Gazette of December if you please. So now he gets grounded for good and I need a new ship, and if there is one reason to dodge a press-gang then because I have high standards adhering to everything: Clubs, ladies, acquaintances and ships.

If one far day you manage to sneak yourself onto the docks of the White Squadron or maybe get a cleaning job there, you may realize what "Ship of the Line 1st Class" really means.

And if you want to have a duel, then challenge me. Threatening with Duels is somewhat girlish behaviour.

Tyler Brock
late off *HMS Richard Lionheart*

Gentlemen, Please! I see no reason why this should be so aggressive.

Mr Brock, you know that duelling is against the law in this country - I am only assuming that you have spent so much time abroad that the types of behaviour acceptable in other countries may have started to blur in your mind. An easy mistake to make for one so well travelled. But as it is settling ones' differences with a duel is NOT acceptable here - I therefore see only two courses of action if both yourself and Mr O'Groats are to bring this affair to a conclusion:

1) Go to France and do it there.

Or

2) A contest of a different kind - to wit, a Drinking Duel. I suggest neutral ground - Mr Brock, You have no intention of going to the Pit, and I feel that it would be unfair for Mr O'Groats in turn to go to your club. Therefore if you both decide to heed my suggestion I will make arrangements at Red Coats AND be willing to foot the bill - as a toast to John's safe return and also to thank you for the hospitality that you have shown me at your various Chinese parties previously.

One final point - Maybe Mr O'Groats was ill-informed in not realising that you have previously held commission in the Navy, but I must inform you that Mr O'Groats was a member of the Royal Marines before his voyage with the East India Company, and has therefore been in service longer than the one month that you have credited him with.

Gentlemen, I await both of your replies.

Jonah Albytross

Mr Brock,

I would remind you I was aboard HMS Belle Poule in the early days and was actually commended to the Admiralty for my actions aboard said ship. So I was in action whilst you were no doubt sinking a few gins and attempting to seduce a few more honest ladies of their maidenhoods!

I also see you admit to "dodging the press gang" why not volunteer for the navy rather than hide amongst the petty coats in London or do I misjudge you and you are in fact a "Lady Boy" as they are known in certain circles (of which I am sure you know far more than me!).

I may also remind you that duelling is illegal and to suggest such a course is a punishable offence. If you want satisfaction I suggest a drinking duel last man standing, this way the navy will not lose an officer and the ladies will not miss one of their own? If I lose I will pay your costs for a whole month at your club, if you lose you join an EIM and sail the "merchant way" and see how easy that is!

Yours,

John O'Groats

1st Lt *HMS* Glenmorie

My Dear Jonah,

just read you message at my club, I am agreeable see the comments I wrote back to Mr Brock, I am sure they are agreeable are they not?

Yours

J O'Groats

1st Lt *HMS* Glenmorie

I've be having a party next month , 4th week at my club

Sir Fernando Feghood

Dear Mr. Albytross,

I agree fully to your suggestion of a drinking duel. It is, however, too late to make arrangements for the coming month. I suggest we do this as soon as possible, which can be a little while because I am intending to go to sea soon.

You did a good job bringing this fight down to a civilized level. I hope we can have a drink together soon!

After I am back there will definitely be another one of my Chinese parties. I have just contacted my fathers Hong Kong office to send a couple of, well, party accessories over.

Keep it up, mate,

Tyler Brock

Agreed,

J O'Groats

1st Lt *HMS* Glenmorie

GM Waffle (Part One):

We have a change in the character printouts: All influences are also printed there too.
Have a nice time with this the Briny Gazette!

GM Waffle (Part Two):

DEADLINE : October 22nd, 2004