

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 17 – April 1792

"... the turn of a friendly card!" Master's Mate Alan Parson, HMS *Fortuna*

T'was a dark and stormy night "Ahhh ...!" The First Lord sat up in his bed. Sweat covered his face, and his eyes roamed wildly about the room. Yes, this was his own bedroom, with his great-grandfather's mahogany wardrobe on the left side of the door and the full-length mirror next to it. It had all been a dream ...!

But in his bones he still felt the chill of that dark and dimly glimpsed place, like the great hall of an ancient feudal mansion. There had been a massive chimney place and a fire in the grate, but neither the fire nor the small pool of brilliant light surrounding the gaming table had done much to illuminate the rest of the room that stretched away in every direction in somber silence. He seemed to recall some weapons and a huge picture on the wall nearest the table, a suit of armour or two, and shadowy banners hanging from the raftered ceiling far overhead. But he had to admit that his attention had been all taken up by The Lady – and the game of Écarté they had played. Only one game. She had dealt the cards, of course, with swift, practised movements, turning up a small diamond. His hand included the queen and knave of trumps, king, queen and ace of spades. A hand good enough to play at any time without proposing. He had led with the king of spades ...

... And the wind had veered NE to allow HMS *Ferocious*, HMS *Waakzaamheit*, HMS *Mars* and HMS *Halcyon* to leave Portsmouth, cramming on sail in order not to miss the appointed rendezvous: 54°North 5°West, no later than April 10th. Their destination turned out to be a small island just off the French coast and well suited as a place to watch foe ships steeling foe Brest harbour. The squadron had anchored close to the island's west coast in reverse order of precedence – HMS *Mars* to leeward, HMS *Waakzaamheit* in the middle, and HMS *Ferocious* to windward. Her 2nd lieutenant TB had remarked earlier that a good man with a powerful looking glass perched on top of the island's hillside would be able to see any ships in time for the squadron to get ready and this eminently valuable suggestion duly earned him his step (promotion to Master & Commander) and a ride in the Admiralty cutter to his new command, HMS *Salisbury* as well as a purse of 300 Guineas. Nor was a ship long in coming – two days later, the cry of "Sail ho!" reported a French frigate, *La Reine Charlotte* of 74 guns, accompanied by several smaller crafts. She immediately abandoned her companions and made

straight for HMS *Ferocious*, obviously intent to tackle the biggest obstacle to her safe homecoming first. But she was unlucky in that the first broadside badly damaged her rudder, which forced her to put before the wind and thus present her vulnerable stern to the pursuing ship. Three more broadsides in swift succession (HMS *Ferocious* having an unusually well-trained crew) smashed through her cabin windows and ripped along her gun decks, spreading death and destruction wherever they went. Realizing she could not run, *La Reine Charlotte* threw out a makeshift anchor and tried to turn and fight, but before she could fire her second round HMS *Ferocious* was upon her. DD himself hauled down her flag and was rewarded with a stunning purse of 1,000 Guineas, while her captain had to be content with half that sum (and being mentioned in the Gazette).

The First Sea Lord blindly groped for the water carafe on his bedside table and gulped down half its content. His king had captured a small spade, and since his opponent had not marked the king of trumps he had led his queen ... only to see it fall to the masked king! How he could have fallen into such an elementary trap, the Sea Lord wondered, while The Lady led a small club, which forced his knave of trumps ...

... And HMS *Waakzaamheit* and HMS *Mars* swooped down on the lesser craft and secured them without much trouble. Poor JS – when he heard about the opportunity he had missed he would probably curse every second he had spent during the previous month peppering the Admiralty with missives (taken ashore by obliging fishermen while contrary winds prevented HMS *Waakzaamheit* to reach Portsmouth) demanding a new command – a bigger ship, a better crew, and orders more suited to his temperament. Their Lordship had been reluctant to fall in with his ideas until he had emitted a small stream of gold (the sinews of war) and thus gotten his wish. An Admiralty cutter had taken him off HMS *Waakzaamheit* and back to London, where he would take charge of HMS *Richard Lionheart*. With JS gone command had devolved upon the shoulders of MW but he handled the situation well enough and earned himself a glowing letter of recommendation as well as a purse of 450 Guineas. MAD didn't do badly either, filling his pocket with some 200 Guineas. However, this unaccustomed weight caused him to list noticeably to one side and the purser had to issue him with another 200 guineas to restore his equilibrium! Meanwhile, a mutiny had broken out aboard HMS *Mars* and her Captain of Marines got killed trying to arrest the ringleaders (a purse of 400 guineas to his widow). This bloody deed seemed to have reminded some of the more level-headed members of the ship's company that the only reward a mutineer can look forward to is a dance with the hangman's daughter ... and when JF quietly suggested that the Captain's death would be entered in the ship's log as an unlucky accident if they would return to their duty they agreed at once. However, this interlude had taken up enough time to prevent HMS *Mars* taking an active role in the proceedings. Her place was taken by HMS *Halcyon*, whose captain espied a craft far off (her mast tops just nicking the horizon) and immediately set off in pursuit. She turned out to be another victim of *La Reine Charlotte*, a Far East merchant captured two months ago. The East India Company did send a handsome purse of 700 guineas, to which a grateful monarch added a patent of nobility, because the Guineaman had carried a set of forty matched diamonds destined for the Queen's new tiara. "Arise, Sir Ennsix ...!"

The First Sea Lord shuddered. The loss of the ship (and the diamonds) had been observed by a friendly Arab prince cruising in the Indian ocean, who had made for the next harbour with commendable if completely un-oriental dispatch. From there, a messenger on a thoroughbred

racing camel had carried the news overland to Cairo, where the CinC of the Mediterranean fleet just happened to pay a visit to Oman Pasha ... but it had been a close-run thing nevertheless! So much might have gone wrong - as it had in the game, where his queen of spades had been roughed by a small trump ...

... And the captain of the Royal yacht HMS *Britannia* rashly challenged the ships of the blockade squadron to a race. The ships would assemble at the starting point marked by HMS *Droits de l'Homme*, and Queen Victoria Zephyra herself would light the rocket giving the starting signal! The distance was nearly ninety sea miles - Ushant to Scilly (where the chairman of the East India Company aboard his own yacht would note down the arrivals) and back!

The ships duly met at the appointed time and place, and the wind, for once, stood fair. Queen Victoria Zephyra was observed to chat gaily with her entourage, obviously not afflicted by seasickness (unlike some of her ladies). The rocket went off without a hitch and the race was on! As one would expect from so fine a vessel, HMS *Britannia* cracked on and sail after sail appeared on her masts. The last glimpse through a powerful glass showed her well in the lead, followed by HMS *Swordfish* and HMS *Sauve Qui Peut*. But "...there's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip" and the old adage had never proved more true. First to bring news was HMS *Sheik Yassouf* and the news was not good – the captain of HMS *Britannia* had rashly decided to shift his starboard guns to larboard in order to balance her trim, but a sudden squall had laid her over and two of her 24-pounders (for she carried her full armament despite the fact that she was a craft designed for pleasant outings) had plunged down a hatch and clear through her bottom! Although her people had tried everything, she had been on the point of sinking when HMS *Sauve Qui Peut* had voluntarily dropped out of the race in order to render what help she might (never was a ship more aptly named). Like everybody else, Queen Victoria Zephyra was stunned by the loss of her yacht, but she immediately agreed that such a noble deed should be rewarded by a patent of nobility ... "Arise, Sir N6!". The captain of HMS *Sheik Yassouf* also remarked that if he were a betting man his money would be on HMS *Salisbury* – and he was proved right. Apparently, AG had husbanded his ship's strength and had taken the precaution of rigging preventer stays (disgraceful, ugly things to the nautical mind, but oh so useful when it is blowing a bit) and she fairly ate the wind out of HMS *Swordfish* when she crammed on all her auxiliary sails during the final dash towards the finish line. AG received 1,000 guineas but the queen was clearly still upset by the race's outcome and paid no heed to the clamour from her entourage that such a gallant officer should be ennobled. Thus AG for the second time missed having his secret ambition full filled. Nor was he the only one. The Lady dealt harshly with: The master of HMS *Swordfish*, who had displayed uncommon good seamanship throughout the race (apart from the fatal error that a ship had to look good as well as sail fast, which had prevented him from following AG's example) was neither mentioned nor rewarded for his efforts – unlike his 1st lieutenant, who had spent most of the time with his girl in the cable tiers, doing things that elicited giggles, squeals and little moaning sounds in turn ... and who received a glowing mention in the Gazette.

"There's a jinxed ship!" The First Sea Lord thought, and shuddered again. He felt just like he had felt when The Lady had played her last card – a small club, which was naturally good. This gave her the trick and since he had not proposed she scored doubly ...

... And aboard EIC *La Poubelle*, at anchor in the Bay of Natal, a midshipman missed his footing on the main topgallants yard and plunged straight into the sea – right on top of a big, ugly

shark! The accident was duly reported to RTM (who kept the ship's log) and to her captain when they returned from "a little business trip" just before dinner. They had been successful in selling coloured beads to the natives in exchange for gold dust, ivory, and other things much in demand in the London shops. The captain of EIC La Poubelle was confident he could clear an even 1,000 guineas from this venture alone and assured RTM that he was likely to make 900 guineas for himself, but it was noted throughout the ship that both men showed a marked lack of appetite during dinner. The next morning, the captain of EIC La Poubelle conferred at length with her purser and the sum of 400 guineas was set aside for the unlucky midshipman's relatives.

The London Gazette

1st Anniversary issue

Issue 13

Your Reporter – T.

London was again a hive of social activity with many parties also a gambling night at Red Coats. However I digress on with the news...

The first week of the month saw all available men not busy doing their duty to His Majesty's Forces making their way to Red Coats to a gambling night, organised by Jonah Albytross. All the gamblers duly turned up and made their way to bar where they ordered drinks and cigars for those who smoked them. Those attending were Wayne Kin-Madely, Josiah W. Kerr and Gwendolyn, Pavel Pipovitch and Alice, John O'Groats, Wesley Silver, Tom O'Malley and Pete Cunning.

After JA was sure every one was there who wanted to be there he announced the gambling would be begin. Pausing only to remove his coat and place what can only be described as a peaked cap, but with no hat part on his head and add some sort of silver straps around his arms (he later told me these where to keep his sleeves up!!). The gambling began and they all placed

their bets, some placing larger wagers than others (hoping no doubt to make a massive killing on the tables)

The first bet (of four) saw WKM, PP, JOG, and JWK all win while TOM, PC, WS and JWK lost. This was enough for TOM and PC who contented them selves to stand and watch, while PP decided it was better to quit while ahead and retired to the bar with Alice only returning for the last throw of the dice to watch.

The second bet saw JOG, WS win while JWK and WKM lost. JOG appeared to be on a roll and put another bet down smiling confidently. WS decided it was time to cut and run and joined PP, PC and TOM in watching.

The third bet saw JWK win and WKM and JOG lose. JOG having had the smile wiped off his face collected all his winnings and went to get a drink.

This left JWK and WKM against the house (JA) the dice was rolled and.....both, WKM and JWK lost. Thus the end of a good nights gambling (for some any way) ended and all retired to the bar and talked the rest of the night away. Some of the talk centred on next weeks social event *"An Audience with Jock"* and possible questions.

The second week of the month saw The Pitt once again the centre of attention as all converged on this now famous (but slightly run down) establishment. Those in attendance where : Wayne Kin-Madley , Josiah W. Kerr and Gwendolyn , Wesley Silver, Pavel Popovitch and Alice, Jonah Albytross and Agnes, Thomas O'Malley and Pete Cuning

John O'Groats and Diana where at the door to meet every one, Diana presenting all the men with a complementary drink, while John, ever dashing presented the Ladies with a rose. The Pitt was arranged with Jock sat a table and all the chairs in rows facing him, on his table was a pitcher with (what I am assured was water) and a tankard. Every one filed in and took a seat, Pavel sitting near the back so as to not bother the Ladies present with his smoking. Once every one was ready JOG asked for the first question which came from WKM who asked Jock *"so how many times a week, on average, do you feel doomed?"* Jock thought for a while and said: *"well in London possibly 2 or 3 times a week, but when at sea more like once a day till we reach port, more if John is with me"* this answer raised a little laughter from those present. Next was JA who asked *"What do the folks back in Scotland think of your new celebrity status and how do you think you will be treated when you return?"* Jock looked a little uncomfortable at this question and answered *"I don't think I would want them to know, I left under difficult circumstances, however I am sure my family would be proud as punch to know I was mixing with the rich and famous of London"* More laughter from the crowd and a few whispers as people asked each other what could have been the circumstance of Jocks leaving Scotland? Next was Pavels question from the back of the Pitt: *"Jock, sadly I did not read the older Gazettes so I am not able to form a question regarding to your glorious journey, but there is one question: "Have you seen the famous Sadus, who are relying upon contributions, steadily sweeping their way to prevent to offend little animals like ants, who are naked and treated like saints. And additionally have you seen female Sadus?"* (The second question with a smile) Jock looked baffled and looked around seeing a few smiles from the audience. *"I dunno what yea are on about but if that is English taking the Michael I'll be avin yea outside smartish! And then we'll see whose doomed"* he replied with an angry look. Pavel replied that he meant no

offence and would explain later over a drink, at which Jock looked happier. That being the only questions being asked JOG quickly ordered another round of free drinks for every one and asked for some music to be played. Some time later PP was seen to talking to Jock and then both of them shook hands, which appeared to resolve the matter of the supposed insult! At the end of the night JOG announced the winner of the best question, surprisingly it went to Pavel, because *"I for one would also like to know what the question was about and that's worth a 100 guineas of my money"* to which the rest of the Pitt agreed, unfortunately Pavel did not enlighten us any further.....

Again the social scene centred on the Pitt in week three and this time it was a fancy dress ball, with the theme being animals. Once again it was John O'Groats who was picking up the tab. JOG and Diana were ready and waiting at the door with drinks for all as they entered. Diana was resplendent as a beautiful white swan, whilst John was a magnificent falcon, John had already said himself and Diana would not be in the competition for the best dressed animal. First to arrive was Wayne Kin-Madely with Emma, who both turned up as elves, John pointed out it was animals but said they could come in any way because their costumes were so beautiful. WKM explained to JOG that *"I wanted to start with a little Goblin, but this is as far as she would go!"* at which Emma went bright red and kicked him on the shin, they both walked off to the bar, well limped in WKM's case! Next was Josiah W. Kerr in a magnificent Unicorns costume who said to John in private *"he always had the horn!"* Sophie his Lady was dressed as a beautiful panther, in a deep black velvet costume, John and Diana both thought she looked stunning. Next was Wesley Silver and Sue both wearing complimentary costumes, him as a Cockerel and she as a beautiful Chicken, John made some Joke about her being called Chicken Sue, (Chicken Stew) but it fell on deaf ears as Sue looked at him blankly. Moving along, next was Pavel and Alice, Pavel was dressed as a Green frog and Alice as a Elfin Princess John muttered something about not knowing if Elf's or Elves were actually animals? Next came 3 all at once on their own, Jonah Albytross, Thomas O'Malley and Pete Cunning. Jonah as a Turtle, Tom as a large old elephant, whilst Pete came as a Tiger. All three were thanked for turning up and adding to the atmosphere. John was just about to join the rest of the party when a strange creature appeared at the door and muttered some thing. It spoke again and still John could not understand it. Eventually all was revealed when the *"thing"* pulled off its head (?) and there was Jock. He said *"I said I am a Haggis"* John replied *"I did not think it was an animal, merely a meal?"* Jock replied *"of course it's an animal where do you think the meat comes from?"* At which point John gave up and Jock put its head back on and entered the Pitt. The night went swimmingly and every one seemed to have a really good time. Just as John was about to announce the winner of the best costume a bizarre thing happened. Alice kissed Pavel and a few whispers of smoke appeared in front of Pavel, then to every ones shocked amazement he started to undress! He carried on as though no one could see him, until John stepped in and spread his wings (John being a Falcon) to save the ladies embarrassment. From behind the wings stepped Pavel dressed as an Elf! Alice looked suitably impressed the rest of the party looked suitably confused! John then in a loud voice to distract every one announced that the winner of the best dressed person was.....Josiah with his beautiful Lady Panther. Every one applauded and congratulated them, except Jock who had now discovered that his costumes head was stuck and could not get it off!

The last week was a quiet week by the looks of it. Both JOG and JWK take to the stalls to practice their swordsmanship skills. TOM and PC both visited South side to see the ladies,

each with different results! TOM on his way home he was caught by the Press Gang of the HMS Waakzaamheit, ah life in the navy I am sure TOM will enjoy it! Meanwhile PC was innocently walking home a pleasant smile on his lips when he was jumped by footpads, unluckily for them, but luckily for PC he did not have any money on him, having spent it all on the “*Ladies*” of Southside! JA went to the Dolphin to attend a party supposedly being thrown by FF. It seems FF had forgot to organise it or even tell any one about it. JA was left standing at the entrance looking decidedly unhappy by this turn of events! Over at Lloyds PP was entertaining WS to drinks and the pleasure of his company, WS was in turn telling him what a wonderful chap he was! JA was seen at a notable stable in the city purchasing a nice looking horse for some reason? Jock was still seen in his outfit as he was still stuck, he was last seen heading for the smithy to get it removed!

Finally the event of the week saw a bemused Rebecca Morrison opening her window to hear better a string Quartet serenade her whilst WKM stood to once side waiting for them to finish, whence he launched into a beautiful poem to the lady. Rebecca could contain her self no more and rushed down to her front door and confessed her undying love to WKM.

One further thing I heard JOG mention that this may be the last time he throws a party in the Pitt, some thing about moving on to pastures anew?

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		WKM
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		
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 Fernan do Feghoot</i>	FF	Wealthy	11	7	28	Dolph -	Captain HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>		
012	Jack Sandwich	JS	Ok	11	5	S	Dolph	-	Post Captain HMS <i>Richard Lionheart</i>
009	Tyler Brock	TB	Ok	11	6	S	-	-	Master & Commander HMS <i>Salisbury</i>
021	Pavel Pipovitch	PP	Poor	8+	6	26	Lloyd's	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>
006	Dae Dastardly	DD	Comfy	7	7+	S	Lloyd's	-	Master's Mate HMS <i>Ferocious</i>
002	Andrew Goodman	AG	Wealth y	7	10	S	Lloyd's	-	Brevet Captain HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
001	Wayne Kin-Madley	WK M	Comfy	7+	5	23	Pit	-	Midshipman HMS <i>Jupiter</i>
011	John O'Groats	JOG	Comfy	7+	5	35	Pit	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Glenmoranie</i>
016	Miles Attenborough-Davis	MAD	Ok	6	8+	S	-	-	Captain RM, HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
020	Robin Timothy Marlowe	RTM	Comfy	6	3	E	Pit	-	Lieutenant EIC <i>La Poubelle</i>
013	Josiah W. Kerr	JWK	Comfy	6+	9	28	Pit -	Lieutenant HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>	
010	Jonah Albytross	JA	Comfy	6+	6	32	Red C. -	Lieutenant RM, HMS <i>Alexander</i>	
022	Wesley Silver	WS	Ok	6+	5	20	Pit	-	---
000	Matthew Walker	MW	Comfy	5	5	S	-	-	Brevet Lieutenant HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
018	Thomas O'Malley	TOM	Poor	4+	10	13	Pit	-	---
023	X23	X23	Poor	4	5	new	-	-	---
019	Jervis Fregate	JF	Poor	3	6	S	Pit	-	Brevet Lieutenant HMS <i>Mars</i>
017	Pete Cuning	PC	Comfy	3+	9	15	-	-	---

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 JS N7	
1 st Lieutenant	N6	N8 * --	
2 nd Lieutenant	N3 -- 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	AG	N9	N3	N4
1 st Lieutenant		N2 N3	JF	
2 nd Lieutenant	MW	PP		
3 rd Lieutenant		RTM	***	
4 th Lieutenant	***	***	***	
Midshipman	MW		JF	
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	Sir N6	FF	Sir N8
1 st Lieutenant	JOG N5 (BR=4) JWK N1			
2 nd Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Blockade Squadron

	Salisbury Sloop	Sauve Qui Peut Sloop	Surprise Sloop	Swordfish Sloop
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Master&Commander	TB	Sir N6 N4 N5		
1st Lieutenant				N4
2nd Lieutenant				N4
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew	JS (BR=4)			

*=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 (BS):		
Captain (BE) : N5		
Captain (WA): MAD		
Captain (BS):		
Captain (BE) : N5		
Lieutenant (MA): N6		
Lieutenant (GL):		
Lieutenant (HA):		
Lieutenant (BP):		
Subalterns :		
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: N4
(sailed March 1 st 1792) 1st Lt.: RTM

(expected back August 31 st 1792) 2nd Lt.: N1	
	3rd Lt.: N2
	Mids:
Crew:	

Shangri-La	Captain: N5
(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			
023	David Olliver	david.olliver@bntinternet.com	X23	X23	
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+	cineUnni@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@adolco.com DD	Dae Dastardly	
005	James Campbell	grevera@apexmail.com		
002	Matthias Nitz+	Matthias.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 MW	Matthew Walker	

Court martial

Duels

Announcements

Applications for Officers and crew of *EIC* Shangri La are welcome.

Letters

To Lieutenant Tyler Brock: Sir - you may be a slight cad in staeling that floozy who chose to call herself my personal assistant ... but I do not hold grudges ... perhaps we could meet on return to London for a drink ... at your club? I would of course be happy to meet the expenses? Your Servant Midshipman Dastardly

Dear Master & Commander Andrew Goodman,

I want to join your ship as a Lieutenant. I am an expert with a sextant, also at cloudy conditions.

Yours

Thomas O'Malley

Gentlemen

It has come to my attention that London society has been sadly lacking recently in one particular area - Gambling.

It is with this in mind that I have decided to do all that I can to rectify this shortcoming - so: Party Week 1 at Red Coats. Gambling compulsory - I will act as croupier. Hope to see you all there.

Jonah Albytross

My Dear Jonah,

I intend to attend and spread some bets so mark me down. I may also be having a little do of my own again on a different theme from last month, watch the press for details,

John O'Groats

Dear Mr. Thomas O'Malley,

Since your letter obviously was written in remarkable rashness and I am employed within the blockade squadron – here nobody is allowed to buy a Lieutenancy – I have to decline your application. If you are still willing to join my ship next month you are welcome!

Andrew Goodman
Master & Commander
HMS Salisbury

Gentlemen,

I offer you 2 chances to earn cash and enjoy your selves at the same time:

Week 2.
The Pitt
An Audience with Jock, brought to you by JOG productions.....

Jock will be answering questions about his time on the EIM and his travels plus any other questions you can think of. (I suggest reading back copies of my diary for those who have missed it!) There will be a prize of 100 guineas for the most original question of the night to be judged by the London Gazette reporter JC himself! All costs will be paid by JOG productions so please turn up.

Week 3.

A fancy dress party: Theme is animals. At the Pitt

The best costume of the night will also win 100 Guinea judged by my Dear Diana. I will pay all costs for the night Ladies included. To be fair neither I or Diana will be entered in the competition, so come what have you to lose?

J O'Groats
1st Lt
HMS Glenmorie

GM Waffle (Part One):

As announced in the Briny forums we, the GMs, will use the forums to publish actual announcements etc. between the issues. It will be of some interest for all of you to join and visit the forum regularly.

As announced in the Briny forums I am writing on the new rules and we will have them at the beginning of the summer campaign. If anyone has suggestions please let me know (via mail or better via the forum!).

Many thanks to Terry! He filled the gap caused by work overload of our correspondent J.C. ("I always think that when you see light at the end of the tunnel its just some bastard with a torch bringing me more work.....")

The best wishes to Stefan and his family! Sadly he is seriously ill....

GM Waffle (Part Two):

Things I'm NOT doing: That trip to Spain I mentioned a few issues earlier got cancelled. Work on the rules has become a pie-in-the-sky thing and I've unloaded it on Matthias. Visiting our forum and taking an active part in the discussions will probably be another thing I'm not going to do – not so much because I don't like the idea but because I simply do not have the time! So if there's anything you want me to know (or your character wants my character to know) that's been posted in the Briny forum, I'd appreciate it if you could copy it to my eMail address. This way you'll keep me in the loop!

On a happier note, my various characters all seem to be doing well. In *Les Petites Bêtes Soyeuses* Fernand Louis Adelmo de Gaulles (FLAG) was recently accepted into the King's Musketeers and put in charge of the regimental mascot – a piglet named Josie. As a peasant's son Fernand knows all about rearing pigs but even he doesn't have an explanation why Josie wouldn't touch the officers' mess slop buckets. This leads to some puzzling thoughts – such as: what will people think of a regiment whose officers thrive on stuff a pig won't touch – but Fernand has taken the big leap and reported the matter to his Colonel, who will no doubt put things right. In *Vatican En Garde* Donatio Octavio Nero d'Alba (DONA) is now a Captain in the prestigious Swiss Guards as well as a member of the Farnese faction. He hopes to make Major, but he has a serious rival – Antonio de Carnevale (Matthias' character, of all things). In *Dangerous Liaisons* Philippe Antoine de Cléray (PAC) leads the Dragoon Guards in battle (he's been Lt.Colonel for a long time now but somehow never got around to have that doddering old fool of a NPC colonel retired) and the Huguenot faction in Parliament, while he and Dorette conduct one of the longest-lasting affairs Paris has ever seen – going steady since the day Philippe entered the game nearly four years ago (that's forty-eight months, folks!). In *Épée d'Honneur*, Gaston Robert Antoine de la Foutaise (GRAF) has just received a letter from the former Minister of State, praising his sterling work as regimental adjutant in the RFG and asking him to apply for Captain of the King's Escort! In *El Conquistador*, Ramón Estéban Donovan y Maturin has just made it into the Navy (the “Lobos de Lagos” squadron, a pun since in German “See” means both “lake” and “sea”, but who ever heard of the “Lake Wolves”?). Finally, in *Briny En Garde* MW is slowly replacing the late (and lamented) GS and if he hasn't got a broad Scots accent he does have a lot more on the balls than poor Guy. With the summer campaign ahead, he may need it, too!

DEADLINE: December 17th, 2004