

# *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 (Wordsmith): "Red" HaJo Schlosser, e-mail: horseguards@brinyengarde.co.uk

GM (Webmaster): Terry Crook, e-mail: webmaster@brinyengarde.co.uk

Writer: Ashley Casey, e-mail: ashkc@btinternet.com

Coordinator: Carol Kocian, e-mail: aquazoo@patriot.net

## *Issue 40 — May 1794*

---

**"Well I spent all my tin on the lassies drinking gin, now across the Western Ocean I must wander"**

Concerning the EIC Shangri La.

Report submitted jointly by First Lieutenant and Consular Official at Badagry, West Africa to the Chairman of the East India Company. Dated 12th May 1794.

My Lord,

It grieves me to tell you that the Captain of the Shangri La has been killed while repelling boarders off this coast two days ago. Eyewitnesses among the surviving crew attest to Captain Walker's brave and heroic performance in rallying his crew after they were overrun by coastal privateers (of which there are many along this coast). He organised the successful repulsion of this numerous band, killing many of them so that they could not muster the strength to return to the fray but sadly at the cost of his own life.

The First Lieutenant has taken control of the ship and will continue the voyage to Cathay after essential stores and crew are taken on board.

It's an odious task but I'm sure your Lordships will inform his family of these events. I attach a more nautical report with extracts from the logbook for your detailed perusal.

Sincerely and with sorrow,

Sir Herbert Coomb-Nightly, Foreign Office.

Concerning HMS Glenmoranie.

Extract from the Ships Log;

**13th May**

4 bells: Spotted ship low on the eastern horizon. Gave chase.

8 bells: Gaining slowly. Heading ENE 9 knots.

Evening: Lights visible 2 miles. Pursuit continues.

**14th May**

4 bells: No appreciable gain. Seems to be fleeing to Amak Island.

8 bells: Vessel reached protection of heavy shore batteries; end pursuit.

Concerning the Blockade Squadron.

Newspaper report in the Times of London. Filed by reporter G. Hastley-Oyk post marked Plymouth, 21<sup>st</sup> May 1794.

Storms batter Blockade Squadron; privateer captured.

Crowds lined the dock side and cheered heartily as Admiral Marlowe, clearly visible aboard the *Enterprise* and enjoying the attention enormously, brought the French privateer *L'Amoureuse*, into Plymouth yesterday after a daring thrust while on blockade duty in the Channel.

The privateer had taken the risky decision to scour the Dorset and Wiltshire coast as the spring gales bade fit to keep the home fleet at anchor. It proved to be a fateful decision for the lean, hard men from St. Malo who made up her crew as they were roped in long lines and led off the overcrowded ship to the county gaol by a resplendent Major Adams.

Admiral Marlowe graciously acknowledged the applause and over a hasty meal in the dockside inn, this humble reporter was privy to the Barons recounting of the deeds of the day before.

It transpired that the gales that swept in from the west early in the day caused the three stout sloops on duty to be separated just as the lookout on board the *Enterprise* shouted out that he had spotted a sail well in with the coast to the west. Although Captain Fregates' ship was sore pressed by the weather the Admiral seized the initiative and ordered a pursuit through the rough seas, made even more dangerous by the proximity of the coastline.

The sloop was shipping water badly and many of the crew were plainly worried but the forceful Admiral made them hold their nerve and when a lucky shot from the bow chaser severed the main-lines, the privateer was ripe for the capture. However, a sad pall was cast over the celebrations when it became clear that the French sloop was responsible for the untimely death of Captain Fregate.

It was no easy job to come close to her and before she surrendered a ball from her aft cannon struck the gallant Captain square in the chest, killing him instantly. Captain Fregate had been directing the forward cannon and will be sadly missed.

As regrettable as this death is, it should not detract from the skill and pluck that was evidenced in this encounter; surely clapping a stopper over the dreadful antics of this privateer should earn the Admiral some further recognition? This reporter would cheer huzzay to that.

**P**ostscript; dated 22nd May, Plymouth.

The *Ferret* returned to port late last night and reported that they chased away another likely marauder on the twentieth instant. Captain Templeton-Smythe looked haggard as he brought his ship and crew safely through the treacherous weather but was happy to acknowledge the sterling work by Sailor B.P. McCrory who is promot-

ed to Brevet Masters Mate. McCrory is a volunteer and his good work reflects well on the standards of the Navy as we look towards the Summer Campaign season.

---

On a sadder note, the *Sauve Qui Peut*, the last sloop of the blockade squadron, limped into port on the morning tide. Lieutenant Merryweather had performed admirably and in his report to the Admiral he recounted the horrific two days that the brave crew had endured.

In a sudden squall the sloop had been dismasted; sweeping seas had claimed three lives immediately, including the new Captain, Ruffles. The sloop had not been able to contact the rest of the squadron so had rolled-out their stomachs for thirty-six hours until a jury-rigged mast could bear them towards home.

---

HMS *Droits de L'Homme*, HMS *Fiddler's Green*, HMS *Belle Poule*.

May/June 1794; The French admiral, Rear-Admiral Louis-Thomas Villaret-Joyeuse, had sailed from Brest to intercept a valuable grain fleet from America, vitally needed in famine-stricken France. The English disabled the three-decker '*Révolutionnaire*', 110, sank the '*Vengeur du Peuple*', 74 guns, sank escort *Brutus* 50. <http://orbat.com/site/history/historical/uk/ushant3.html>

The First Sea Lord undid the tapes wrapped around the loose-filed folder and began to read Captain Millers despatch:

*'I beg to acquaint your Lordships ...'* How many times had he read these stock phrases? All official reports were the same; stilted and clichéd. Nothing for it but to plough on and fill-in the gaps with his imagination of what really happened.

*'... at noon on the 25<sup>th</sup>, twenty leagues WSW of Ushant, wearing fore and main courses, we spied a squadron on the horizon bearing southwest, later to be identified as an ambush for an expected American grain convoy. Luckily we also saw the Fiddler's Green appear to our east not two miles away.'* Yes, it wouldn't bloody well surprise me if you, Jorgens and Marvell cooked this up between you beforehand but be that as it may.

*'As we had the weather gage and Captain Jorgens made good time in responding to my signal ( 'Make haste to close; enemy SW; come within hail.' ) we agreed a simple plan by the late afternoon.'* Hawkes' eyes closed as he pieced together the action described by the report he had before him with the unofficial reports already



doing the rounds of naval hearsay. Miller had bellowed across the heaving sea at Jorgens as they met;

“Huw, it’s three Frenchmen. Two miles to our southwest. A three-decker, a 74 and a bruising escort frigate of 50 guns. The wind lies in our favour so I mean to bring them to action. The key is that the escort lies ahead of the others and it will take him more than an hour to beat back into the wind to help out. I mean to place myself between the two of them and lay about me with a will as soon as possible. If you would be so good as to lay alongside the 74 we can put her out of action and then dispose of the flagship before ever the escort can get back to help. Are you game?” ‘Ready and willing, milord!’ came the reply. ‘Good man; I’ll stand you a supper on their flag when it’s over.’

*‘All preparations were swiftly and professionally accomplished. I should particularly like to commend the actions of Lieutenants Rooke, King and Delaford both in this period as well as the ensuing battle itself.’* Duly noted thought Hawke and made a comment in the margin to promote Rooke to the *Sauve Qui Peut* as the vacancy had been pointed out to him the day before. He then returned to his reverie; he could see it clearly in his minds’ eye. The crouched gun teams behind their weapons; the Marines scrambling into the fighting tops, laden with cartridges; the tension in the junior officers, constantly flicking their eyes to the Captains to gauge their mood and anticipate orders; the waft of slow-match smoke; the thumps below as a clean sweep throughout the lower decks was swiftly ensured; the damp sand spread out on the naked deck; swift sail trimming to coax the last knot out of the mounting wind as the two ships bore down on the French.

*‘The speed of our assault did not allow the French to manoeuvre into a solid position and I placed the Droits de L’Homme between the 74 gun Vengeur du Peuple and the 110 gun Révolutionnaire with no difficulty while the Fiddler’s Green stationed herself on the south side of the Vengeur.’* The French were trying to rejoin the frigate in the hope that their three ships would present too forceful a barrier to the two English vessels so they did no real damage from their stern chasers as the English bore down on them. But as the ships engaged, the French heaved to and presented their broadsides.

*‘For the best part of an hour our broadsides played upon the two Frenchmen and I’m pleased to report that in this time the crews of both ships stuck to their duty*

*and plied the guns most manfully. I respectfully draw your Lordships attention to the exemplary conduct of Colonel Albytross, Major Champion and Subaltern Scarlet in the ensuing action. Midshipman Trelawney, Private Starbuck and Seaman AA performed admirable individual acts of bravery of which I would be remiss in not making a particular point.* Good God! The ear-shattering explosion of the first double broadside from the Droits in that confined space must have numbed the senses. She of course had taken some damage from the French as she approached but no major spars or masts went by the board so Hawke could just imagine the glee of the gunners and officers as they were finally given the order to return fire.

‘Fire!’ The mighty crash of the guns, thumps of ball on wood, the tearing of huge splinters from the heavy sides of the ships, clouds of acrid smoke that choked all on deck and the burst and crackle of small arms fire from the tops as the Marines sought out the opposing officers. A bedlam of noise, smoke, wood splinters, hissing ramrods, sweat-soaked bodies and the growing, abattoir-reek of spilled blood crowded the senses for attention. Then the adrenaline-filled, fear-driven, mechanical monotony of feeding the guns; no time for the crew to think of anything else, feed the guns; pour hot, gunpowder-fuelled iron into the wall of wood in front of you until either you or they are forced to stop. ‘More wads!’ ‘Shot! Damn your f\*cking eyes!’ ‘Powder! Powder!’

The destruction on board the Vengeur was terrible; the first shots from the two English ships had ripped her lower decks to shreds so that she struggled to man and provision her guns. Half of the officers died in that first, dreadful ten seconds and she never recovered. But she did not give up. The remaining men bravely kept up a limping rate of fire that forced the Fiddler’s Green to remain on her south side for a further twenty minutes, pouring shot into her flanks.

A rending crash after a ragged broadside from the Droits signalled that a ball had penetrated the fear nought screens protecting the magazine. A hushed lull swept over the attackers as all aboard watched; the Vengeur tilted markedly and that was the catalyst for a renewed bout of frenzied activity aboard the Green. Not to the guns but to the sails to take her away from the stricken Frenchman lest she be dragged under with her. For the gallant French 74 was listing fast, water flooding her holds. Spars and rigging rained downwards.





The respite gave the Droits renewed energy; fighting both sides had taxed her manpower to the limit but she had stolidly shouldered the burden and now her exhausted and soot-stained crew dashed to starboard. Port gun-crews merged with their brothers on the other side, filling holes in the gangs, urging new effort and shouting exhortations to 'one more push, boys'. Captain Miller had already seen the devastating effect his Marines had wrought on the Révolutionnaires quarterdeck, sweeping it virtually clean over the first part of the battle and now it paid dividends.

No organising voices could pull the battered Frenchmen together and despite keeping up a good rate of fire they inexorably felt that the engagement was slipping away from them. As the Green shifted to a station on her far side to trap the flagship in a vicelike grip, Miller leaped to the bowsprit to shout as she passed;

'Board her on the far side; too much wreckage for us to do it from here.'

A frantic twenty minutes followed in which the boarding crew and Marines from the Green leaped aboard the stricken and trapped Frenchman and, aided by the continued thumping from the Droits, scoured her decks of resistance. A ragged cheer went up when the Union flag was jerkily raised over their heads.

Miller was elated but looked west to check on the position of the escort that was presumably still beating up. He saw nothing. Looking across at his sailing Master he enquired;

'Did the wind shift in this last hour?' 'Yes, sir; four points. She blows from the nor-nor-west now.'

He looked wildly around him; that might mean that the escort had received more help than he had allowed for and might even now have swept northwards and be tacking on his final leg to come at him from behind. He peered grimly northwards; not a mile away, the black front of a squall was forging unstoppably westwards, the sheets of rain hiding everything from view. Then, outlined against the murk, as though on vast wings of sail, a bulky and pugnacious vessel sailed into view heading straight for them.

'She looks like the *Brutus*, sir, of 50 guns. Eighteen pounders.' said Lieutenant Rooke as he lowered his telescope. 'Oh my God,' escaped from the lips of the helmsman nearby. Miller looked grim; his brows furrowed, his frown deepened as he quickly calculated

the time he had to disentangle himself from the three-decker and rig to receive the onslaught. Not enough. He and the Green, whose crews were still aboard the prize, could not disengage; they were sitting ducks to be raked and raked again by the powerful arsenal bearing down fast upon them.

Hawke turned to the next report in the folder, flipped a page and continued reading;

*'Upon hearing the exchanges of gunfire to the south, I ordered all sail to close upon it. Our vision being obscured by a squall, we ran out in full battle readiness to perceive a heavily-armed frigate directly in front of us and not two hundred yards away, advancing upon the Droits de L'Homme and the Fiddler's Green who seemed to be engaged with a 74 and a triple-decker. We judged it seemly to take advantage of our position directly behind it to render assistance and remove this threat.'* Ho ho ho! A master of understatement are we,

Captain Marvell? Thought Baron Hawke. One of his aides had this morning recounted for him the next few minutes as told to him by the Captains Secretary

aboard the *Belle Poule*. Sam had immediately grasped the situation, knew his ship was rigged for battle so stood up on the Taff rail and shouted;

'Men, we are going to destroy this bruiser in front of us in the next two minutes. When I give the order to yaw I want all gun crews to make every shot count; and I mean every one. Aim for their guts gentlemen and shove it hard. Mr. Yardley, we will yaw to starboard upon my order.'

The *Belle Poule* fired three broadsides each side, yawing each time, over the next seven minutes. The shot shredded along the length of the *Brutus*, ripping her guns from their mounts, her people from the decks and the masts from their fids. The destruction was swift and merciless. Shattered beyond redemption, the *Brutus* sank slowly not five hundred yards from the scenes of wild jubilation that were apparent on board the three ships that Sam looked keenly at. He ordered his cutter to be launched and crews to make ready to help the victorious ships begin the tedious but now oh so happy job of reaving rigging and replacing spars and beams.

'Never was an appearance more timely, my friend. I thought we should take a fearful beating from that rogue but you jumped up behind him and served him out in fine fashion.' said Captain Miller, shaking Sam's hand enthusiastically as he doffed his hat to the quarterdeck.



‘Come, we shall have supper with Huw on the prize.’

Returning to Millers report, Hawke got to the end.

*‘Whilst some repairs have been made at sea, Captain Jorgens returned to port with the captured Frenchman and I brought the Droits de L’Homme home with the*

*Belle Poule in company.’* Yes, he had the estimates here; the yards would have to work double-tides to ensure all was ready for June but it would be done. Well, well, well; the completest thing. And a fine overture for the main drama to come over the summertime.



Issue 40

Your Reporter, Miss Edith e'Deadline.

What! Again? This was flattering at first but at my age perhaps someone new should be having a go at this...any volunteers? Oh well...in the absence of someone else...here goes.

Before I begin I have a little fact, rumour and gossip to share with you all before I report the happenings in London this month. As should be known to all men of the sea, and as the *Marquis Andrew Goodman* reminds you all, the men of London that all ships are ordered to sea for the summer campaign. So I hope you enjoyed your carousing, toadying and womanising for the real business of war is upon us again next month

What! Again? It seems that *Baron Miles Attenborough-Davis* is cavorting with the lower classes in the Pit of all places. How can this be right? A member of parliament, a member of his majesty's cabinet and a celebrating war hero associating himself with those who barely have standing in society? Now while I certainly would not want to hear any jeering about a man of such standing rubbing elbows with the rabble I will applaud the first man who asks him about it. *Baron Miles Attenborough-Davis* has also maintained the interest of a civilian called *Brook*. Seems that this *Brook* fellow believes he has cause with the Baron over matters of honour. Do you think he does? Or is he barking up the wrong tree? Let me your opinion...should you have one of course.

On other matters *Tom Jones*, a newcomer to London, seeks to join the Pit – perhaps he heard that he had a chance to rub shoulders with the “Great?”. He is seen around London spending a good deal of cash: ordering of a Naval Lieutenant's uniform from a tailor on Queen Street in Portsmouth, and battle sword, non-regulation, basket-hilt model, Farara blade, from a cutler in Glasgow. Luckily the Berwickshire accepts him as a Lieutenant. A shame he could only afford Master's Mate rank, and not even yet the uniform for that rank.

*Lieutenant Tiberius Smith* successfully applied for one of the vacant press gang officer posts. With three highly placed gentlemen applying their influence to his application he is successful and appointed to the port of



London. The first thing he receives, apart from a new office, is a note from *Andrew Miller* encouraging the Press Gangs to find him some new and experienced crew.

Enough with the preamble, let's get on with the month in hand!

Despite his willingness to rub shoulders with the common man while he is at his London Club *Baron Miles Attenborough-Davis* does not want them in his house. In fact his ball is a tiny affair with only the cream of society invited, although none of the invited dignitaries attend with the exception of:

**Earl Jack Sandwich  
Sir and Lady Pipovitch**

Alas the ball is not well received by society and is deemed a disaster! I am afraid that each of the guests and the host will suffer the temporary scorn of London for being involved in such an affair.

In the **White's Club** The Lord Keeper *Earl John O'Groats* and his wife Diana spent a quiet evening together in salubrious surroundings. They are joined later by the *Marquis and Marchioness Goodman* who stop by for a late supper following the Prime Minister's day at Parliament. The Admiral's are happy to discuss politics but they ensure that their ladies are not forsaken for a moment and they soon drift apart to resume the company of their beloved wives.

*Lieutenant John Jackson* spent the week carousing in the **Dolphin Club** with *Lieutenant Sum Yun Gai* and Octavia for company.

With so many men at sea London is quiet apart from a little cutlass practice at the **Tiger's Nest** for Tyler Brock and a little l'amour for a couple of gentlemen. *Lieutenant Tiberius Smith*, armed with a set of sapphire earrings, seeks to court Sue Briquett. So taken is she with the gesture and the new press gang officer (who obviously has friends in high places) that she quickly opens her door and bundles him in. *Mr. Joseph Parker* is equally successful with the former beau of *Peter Timothy Westcott*, Miss Anne Bonney. The disappearance of her former lover and the loneliness involved weighed in Mr. Parker's favour and he soon enters her hallway and wasn't seen again for a week.

Meanwhile **Southside** had a solitary visitor in the form of *Mr. Tom Jones* who spent a quiet evening in

the company of a woman of dubious morals...still he had fun.

Week 2 had *Admiral Goodman* and Marchioness Rosemary back at **Whites** following a speech before parliament on the bravery of our navy boys. He was joined at the house by *Miles Attenborough-Davis* but the marine did not follow him to a club.

At **Button's** *Lieutenant Sum Yun Gai* and Miss Octavia Marvell took their customary seats and spent a quiet evening in each other's company.

At the **Pit**. *Lieutenant Tiberius Smith* threw a party for...well for himself as he forgot (or neglected) to bring Sue. *Joseph Parker*, in comparison did bring his new lover but they chose each other's company leaving the *Lieutenant* to his the fun of his own company.

The Earl and Diana O'Groats are at the Opera for an uneventful week while Tyler Brock continues his cutlass practice at the **Tiger's Nest** and *Lieutenant John Jackson* practice Sabre. Meanwhile **Southside** has a return visitor in the form of *Mr. Tom Jones* who some say has developed a fancy for a young working girl.



Week 3 saw the fates (or a number of gentlemen) conspire to send the former Captain of the *Ferocious* back to sea as a sailor aboard the *Droits de L'homme*. *Tyler Brock* decided to leave his Cutlass training for a week and headed for the *Drunken Monkey* where he proceeded to get drunk. By chance the press gang officer *Lieutenant Tiberius Smith* happened by with his new colleagues, pressed the erstwhile and very drunk Brock and, remembering *Andrew Miller's* request, sent him to serve on the *Droits*. It is said that *Tyler* was so drunk that it took him two days to realise that the floor



was still moving because it was now on water heading for the fleet.

*L*ieutenant John Jackson of the HMS Ferocious continued his work with the sabre while Joseph Parker continued his with Anne at **the Pit**. Marquis and Marchioness Goodman spent the week at home making preparations for their ball while Baron Miles Attenborough-Davis spent another quiet week at Parliament.

*A*t the **opera** the *O'Groats* spend another eventless week in a perfect loge at the Opera. This time *Lieutenant Sum Yun Gai* and Miss Octavia Marvell joined them in a good loge of their own.

*S*outhside lost the company of *Tom Jones* who was on board the Berwickshire for duty.

---

*T*he farewell ball of Admiral Goodman dominated week 4. Three Lieutenants prevailed upon the Marquis hospitality:

**Lieutenant Sum Yun Gai and Miss Octavia Marvell**  
**Lieutenant John Jackson**  
**Lieutenant Tiberius Smith**

*T*he rest of society was either at sea or elsewhere. *Sir*

---

*Pipovitch and his wife* spent a restful week at the **Almanack**. **The Pit** saw the continued stay of *Joseph Parker* and Anne and the arrival of *Tom Jones*.

*M*atters military were improved by *Baron Miles Attenborough-Davis* at the marine barracks and *Vice Admiral Earl O'Groats* who trained at the **Briny Max**.



---

## *Colonel Gallop's Political Editorial*

---

*F*irst let me introduce myself I am Colonel Horace Gallop, and I have been kept on to write the few political notes that make it to this fine editorial.

---

*A*G visited Parliament in the first week, unfortunately it seems he was the only MP to do so and even then he just sat in a corner and made no contribution to the weeks proceedings!

---

*T*he second week saw AG and MAD attend Parliament. AG made a particularly rousing speech about the bravery not only of the Officers but the ordinary rank and file seamen of His Majesty's Navy. He also found time to mention the French who seems to find a very inferior seaman. Unfortunately JP slept all the way through the speech and in fact all of the day only being woken when it was time to secure the House for the night!

Meanwhile JP seemed to be holding a political debate with him self in The Pit well it was rumoured he had sunk a few before hand, alas only the barman and door keeper was there to hear and observe him!

---

*W*eek three saw MAD in Parliament again and once again he sleep through all the days proceedings. I am beginning to think he is a) spending too much time carousing on a night or b) he is using the heating and comfort of Parliament to save money on rent!

JP attended the Pit, this time with Anne Bonney who he bored the whole night with a political discussion that was definitely one sided and of more interest to him than the dear lady!

---

*W*eek four saw JP once again give Ann the Political work over, whilst she valiantly smiles all the way through it and made cooing noises in the right place. Her maid reported to my footman afterwards that any more of this and she is off, sharpish!

---

*S*o apart from AG's speech in week two it still seems as if some MP's are taking the money and doing nothing! Why I even heard that some of them were employing their own family members using Parliament funding so they could earn a living, what ever next, Parliament paying for their town houses!

Name	Title	Att	SL	Gent
Isabella Attenborough-Davis	Baroness	B I (M)	22.5	MAD
Rosemary Goodman	Countess	W (M)	22.5	AG
Prudence Pipovitch	Lady	(M)	18.5	PP
Diana O'Groats	Countess	B (M)	18	JOG
Elizabeth Doolittle	Lady	B I	16	HJ
Jennifer Marlowe	Baroness	I (M)	16	RTM
Muriel Merrywea ther			15	
Caroline Cadger		W	15	TOM
Flora de Bries		B W	13	
Harriet Hilfinger			13	
Ophelia Miller	Viscountess	B (M)	12.5	AM
Pamela Huntingdown-Jones		W I	12	SAM
Miss Octavia Marvell		B I	11	SYG
Rebecca Morrison			11	JF
Alice Wonderland			11	ADD
Joan Fullins		B	10	HC
Doris Open			10	
Betty Templeton-Smythe		(M)	9.5	HTS
Sophia Williams		B	9	PEK
Anne Bonny		W	8	J P
Rebecca Dorrit			8	J A
Moll Flanders			7	CP
Sue Briquette			7	TS
Emma Woodhouse		B (M)	6.5	IS
Gwendolyn Hotspur			5	RB
Mary Lamb			5	
Sara Pati			4	EL
Agnes Nutter			3	



A	B	C	D	E
	Droits de l'Homme	Indomitable	Berwickshire	Halcyon
	Sol. 1 st Class	Sol. 2 nd Class	Sol. 4 th Class	Sol. 5 th Class
Post/Capt/M&C	AM	Sir Roger Gallant (N10)	Armstrong (N5)	Viscount Hardboard (N7)
LT 1	Sir Hugh de Ville (N7)	Coal (N5)	Gaunt (N4)	Trelane (N5)
LT 2	(SYG)		TS*	
LT 3	PEK		TJ	***
LT 4	ADD		***	***
LT 5	RAT (brevet)		***	***
Midshipman				Sharp (N3)
Master's Mate			Cornwall (N2)	
Master's Mate			PTW	
Master's Mate				
Master's Mate				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				

A	J	K	L	M
	Sheik Yassouf	Waakzaamheit	Glenmoranie	Alexander
	Sol. 2 nd Class	Sol. 3 rd Class	Sol. 4 th Class	Sol. 5 th Class
Post/Capt/M&C	(PP)	BD	TOM	Baron Collingwood (N8)
LT 1	Povey (N3)	Coote (N6)	(JF)	Spratt (N5)
LT 2	Shadwell (N1)	Drake (N2)		Ussher (N5)
LT 3	Blowhard (N3)			***
LT 4	Tulkinghorn (N6)		***	***
LT 5		***	***	***
Midshipman	Dizzodly (N5)	Oates (N2)		
Master's Mate				
Master's Mate				
Master's Mate				
Master's Mate				
Crew		EL		
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				

A	F	G	H	I
	Ferocious	Fiddler's Green	Bellerophone	Belle Poule
	Sol. 1 st Class	Sol. 3 rd Class	Sol. 4 th Class	Sol. 5 th Class
Post/Capt/M&C	HJ	SAM	Hooke (N3)	
LT 1	Spong (N2)	Clotworthy (N2)	Bracegirdle (N4)	Partridge (N3)
LT 2	Jaggard (N1)		Proudfoot (N5)	JT
LT 3	Hackett (N2)		Tooker (N6)	***
LT 4	Warwick (N6)		***	***
LT 5	(JJ)	***	***	***
Midshipman				RF
Master's Mate		AA		Wellingborough (N5)
Master's Mate				
Master's Mate				
Master's Mate				
Crew	JP			Strudel Baker (N4)
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				

N	O	P	Q	R
Sauve Qui Peut Sloop	Ferret Sloop	Enterprise Sloop	Royal Marines	
Rooke (N10)	HTS	JF	Wolfe (N8)	General
Merryweather (N6)			Trollope (N5)	Lt. General
			Sir J Hollowhead (N10)	Bgde General
			JA (dh)	Colonel
			(MAD) (fe)	Lt Col
			(fg)	Major 1
			Allcock (N6) (be)	Capt 1
			PS (bp)	Capt 2
			Strudwick (N6) (sqp)	Lt 1
			(BA) (sy)	Major 2
			(PC) (wa)	Major 3
			HC (gl)	Capt 3
			Crispe (N4) (al)	Capt 4
			Banter (N4) (en)	Lt 2
			(in)	Major 4
			IS* (be)	Capt 5
			Carter (N6) (ha)	Capt 6
			-	Lt 3
			PS (bp)	Subaltern
				Subaltern
				Subaltern
			NS (dh)	Private
				Private



Abb	Name	Title	Wealth	SL	SP	Club	Housing	NA	Rank	Ship/Sqd	Appt
AG	Andrew Goodman	Marquis	Comfy	26+	93	White's	Mansion	10	Admiral	Red	Prime Minister/MP
JOG	John O'Groats	Earl	Comfy	22+	59	White's	House	7	Vice Admiral	Red	Lord Keeper
MAD	Miles Attenborough-Davis	Baron	Ok	20	56	White's	Mansion	10	Lt Col RM	Ferocious	Att Gen / MP
TB	Tyler Brock	Viscount	Poor	18	19	Singapore	-	9	-	-	-
PP	Pavel Pipovitch	Sir	Ok	18	37	Almanack	House	7	Post Captain	Sheik Yassouf	Aide to FLOTs
AM	Andrew Miller	Earl	Comfy	17	Asea	Almanack	House	8	Post Captain	Droits de L'Homme	C. M. T. P. F
RTM	Robin Timothy Marlowe	Viscount	Comfy	16	Asea	-	House	6	Rear Admiral	Blue	D of EIC
SYG	Sum Yun Gai	-	Comfy	14	39	Button's	-	5	Lieutenant	Droits de L'Homme	JOG Aide
HJ	Huw Jorgens	Sir	Wealthy	14	Asea	Dolphin	-	6	Captain	Ferocious	-
TOM	Thomas O'Malley	Viscount	Wealthy	14	Asea	Button's	-	10	Captain	Glenmoranie	-
MW	Matthew Walker		RIP								
SAM	Samuel Augustus Marvell	Sir	Comfy	12	Asea	Singapore	House	10	Captain	Fiddler's Green	-
IS	Ian Steel	-	Poor	12	NMR	Red Coat	-	6	Captain RM	Berwickshire	Speaker / MP
HC	Harry Champion	-	Comfy	12	Asea	Red Coat	-	6	Captain RM	Glenmoranie	-
BD	Ben Dover	Sir	Comfy	11	Asea	Pit	-	7	Captain	Waakzamheit	-
JA	Jonah Albytross	-	Wealthy	11	Asea	Red Coat	Villa	10	Colonel RM	Droits de L'Homme	-
JJ	John Jackson	-	Comfy	11+	33	Dolphin	-	5	Lieutenant	Ferocious	Aide to White R/Ad
HTS	Hugo Templeton-Smythe	-	Comfy	10	Asea	Dolphin	House	3	Mast&Comm	Ferret	Press Gang Officer
JF	Jervis Fregate		RIP								
PEK	Paul Edward King	-	Comfy	9	Asea	Lloyd's	-	5	Lieutenant	Droits de L'Homme	Cap Secretary
BA	Brian Adams	-	Ok	8	Asea	Red Coat	-	8	Major RM	Sheik Yassouf	RTM Aide
ADD	Anthony Dewhurst Delaford	-	Comfy	9+	Asea	Dolphin	-	5	Lieutenant	Sheik Yassouf	AG Aide
RAT	Robert Augustus Trelawney	-	Comfy	8	Asea	Pit	-	4	Brev lieut	Droits de L'Homme	Cap Stew
TS	Tiberius Smith	-	Ok	8+	25	Pit	-	7	Lieutenant	Berwickshire	Ship Adj
EL	Edward Lake	-	Poor	6	NMR	Pit	-	6	Surgeon	Waakzamheit	-
RB	Redmond Barry	-	Comfy	7	NMR	Lloyd's	Fine House	7	Bt Mast&Comm	On half pay	-
JP	Joseph Parker	-	Ok	6	11	Pit	-	4	Sailor	Ferocious	-
NS	Nathaniel Starbuck	-	Comfy	6	Asea	Lloyd's	-	6	Private RM	Droits de L'Homme	-
PC	Pete Cuning	-	Comfy	5	Asea	Red Coat	-	10	Major RM	Waakzamheit	-
PTW	Peter Timothy Westcott	-	Poor	5	NMR	-	-	4	Master's Mate	Berwickshire	-
CP	Christopher Pike	-	Poor	5	NMR	Pit	-	4	-	-	-
TJ	Tom Jones	-	Poor	5	9	-	-	6	-	-	-
JT	Jack Teague	-	Comfy	5	Asea	-	-	2	Lieut	Belle poule	-
OH	Oliver Harkness	-	Poor	5	New	-	-	4	-	-	-
PS	Paul Scarlett	-	Comfy	4	Asea	Red Coat	-	2.5	Captain RM	Belle poule	-
AA	Alfred Allard	-	Poor	4	Asea	Pit	-	6	Masters Mate	Fiddler's Green	-
PM	Paul Mountjoy	-	Poor	4	New	-	-	5	-	-	-
VC	Valentine Carthew	-	Poor	3	EIC	-	-	2	Midshipman	Shangri-La	-
BPM	Brendan Patrick MacRory	-	Poor	3	Asea	-	-	2	Brev Mast Mate	Ferret	-
RF	Ryan Farrell	-	Poor	3	Asea	-	-	4	Masters Mate	Belle Poole	-
NE	Nicholas Elson	-	Poor	3	New	-	-	2	-	-	-
	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 = social points, S = at sea, E = East India ship, F = floated, H = Hospitalised, RIP = Dead! N = New										

*Most of you have heard by now that Gary Gygax passed away. And you probably know that he is responsible for Dungeons & Dragons. I appreciate not only the game, but especially the people brought together with it and the many games that came along since then using these odd multi-sided dice. That includes us here at Briny. So thank you Gary, and may you roll in peace!*



### *Coordinator pancakes (you were expecting a waffle?)*

Thanks to Ashley and Allan for writing this turn, and thanks to everyone for their patience. Hard drive crashes (at work) are no fun. Back up early, back up often.

Check on the Yahooogroup for the Poll regarding Tyler Brock's cause.

Please look over your character sheet and let me know ASAP any errors. For any questions, PLEASE include your character name so I can match it up to the sheet. That really helps. :-)) Send orders in the body of an e-mail. Do not send attachments for orders — I probably can't open them. If sending orders for a friend, please make it a separate e-mail message. And please put the character name in the subject line!

***Deadlines: Errata March 21, Announcements March 31, Orders April 7.***