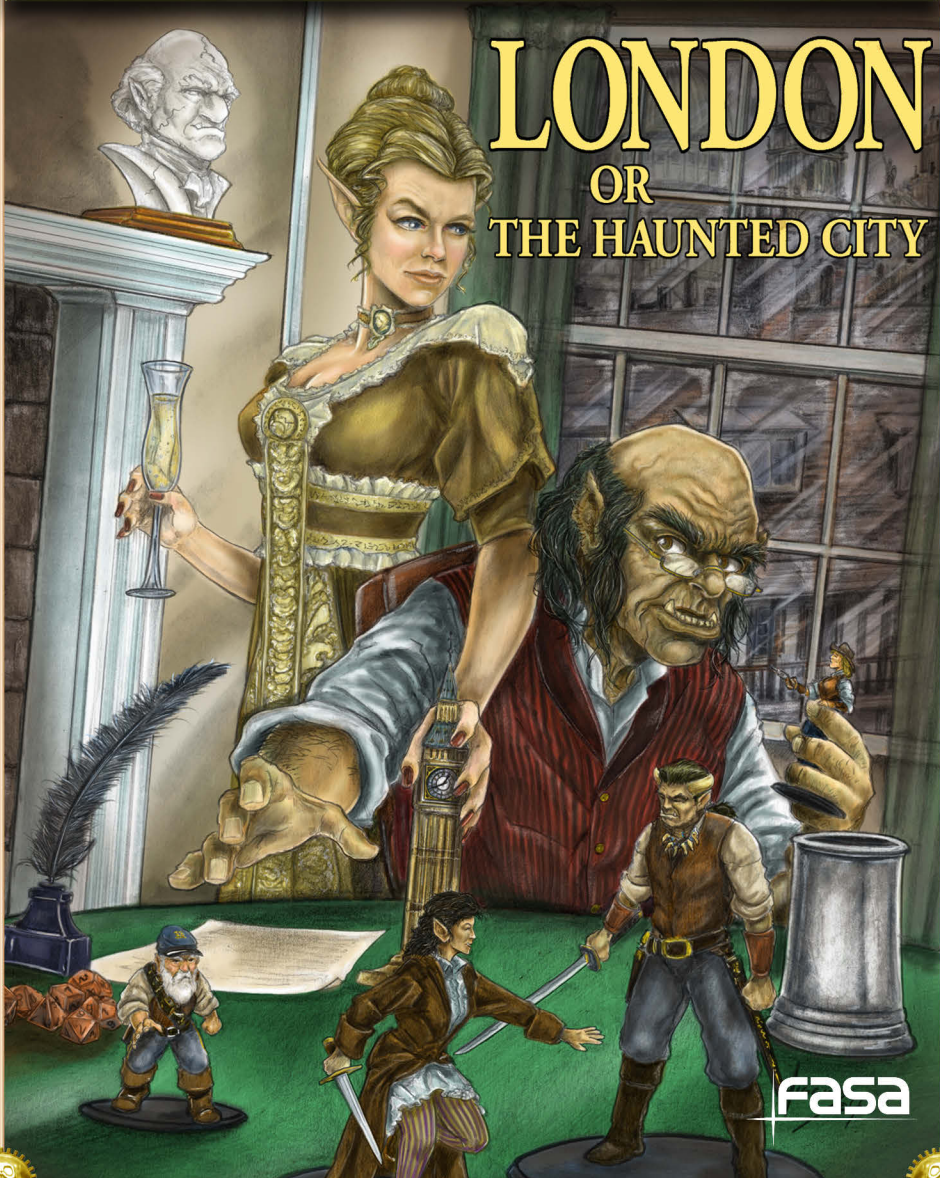


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1879

LONDON OR THE HAUNTED CITY



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1 8 7 9 ROLEPLAYING **GAME**

LONDON,
OR THE HAUNTED CITY



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To Ruth Goodman, Judith Flanders, Tom Standage, Jerrold M. Packard, and all the other historians without whose published research this book would not exist.

Playtesters

The fine people at the Steampunk Symposium, Cincinnati, Ohio, May 2017,
and the attendees of GenCon 2016.

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LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Introduction

When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.

— Samuel Johnson

Excerpted from Hamdecker's Guide to London and Points Beyond, Gideon Hamdecker and Sons, London, 1880:

The train clicked over the miles from Bristol to London, through Brunel's endless tunnels and the countryside that fringed the great city round, and I saw the yellow fog creep across the windows, blurring the view so that buildings loomed from nowhere and vanished again. For a song of welcome I had only the rattle of wheels and the train's whistle each time it paused at one of the stations along the way, each bigger than the last, until eventually it pulled under the arch of Paddington Station.

I alighted from the train and opened my mouth to call a porter for my luggage, but the fog crawled over my tongue, filling my mouth with a foul taste, and I coughed instead. When I finally regained my breath and left the station, the fog, if anything, thickened so that the streets were paved with golden smog. The porter summoned me a hansom cab and loaded in my luggage. I instructed the cabby to take me to Bertram's and I was off, rattling through the yellowed streets.

London at last!

Extract from the diaries of Miss Jane Bartlett

INTRODUCTION

Of all of the cities of Europe, London stands out as the most haunted, in multiple senses of the term. Not Paris with its ossuaries, nor Roskilde with its hundreds of years of royal interments, nor Moscow where the streets have run red with the blood of revolutionaries, have more ghosts per square mile. Munich and Berlin have set aside their pasts and modernised, Toledo remains a seat of learning but progresses in its subject matter. London still enforces laws written before the War of the Roses. Both the Great Smoke's past and its past inhabitants continue to visit themselves upon the present day, like relatives that drink all your wine and take up the spare bedroom for weeks on end but cannot be sent on their way without offending the rest of the family.

London sprawls along the banks of the River Thames, the great city's influence creeping into everything from commerce to culture, like its smoke and smog creeps round every building and through each crack and open window or door. It is a place of collisions of past and future, class and culture, at once a dream and a nightmare, bustling and broken, a city of filth and pollution whose streets, they say, are paved with gold. Here are found the central offices of Empire, Queen Victoria's Palace, the Foreign and Home Offices, the entire Whitehall governmental district. Across the Thames from the Palace of Westminster, home of Parliament, the Archbishop of Canterbury resides in Lambeth Palace, secular and ecclesiastical leadership separated only by a stretch of water, and certainly not by any legal barrier. Other faiths and beliefs are represented – Judaism, Hinduism, Islam, the Spiritualist Movement, the Theosophical Society – but none have as solid a presence as the State Church, even though officially Canterbury Cathedral in Kent is the home of the Anglican Communion. Here too are the economic engines, Lloyd's, the London Stock Exchange, the home offices of the great trading firms. Amid the grand offices, though, and in the alleys behind the manors, squalid rookeries cluster, the poor living ten to a room or on the stair landings or in the streets themselves. Dodgers flit through the shadows from tradesmen's entrances to rival manufactories, and Byrons tap the telegraph wires that web the capital together and connect it to the rest of the world in real time, reading the private messages of the great and small alike as they pass by. Day and night, London hums with activity, trade and governance, crime and scandal.

For administration purposes, London consists of twenty-nine areas, that of the City of London proper, also known as the Square Mile, and the twenty-eight boroughs that surround it. More boroughs encircle London but have not yet been absorbed by it, remaining under the control of the surrounding counties. For the purpose of postal delivery, London consists of eight postal districts, organized by quarters of the compass. The borders of the boroughs and the postal districts rarely, if ever, match up, due to rivalry between the borough councils and the Post Office.

A loss of money or status sends one sliding from the riches of the West Side towards the poverty of the East End, and the poorer one is, the further east one may drift. However, with skill and luck and hard work, it is possible to climb from the poor to the middle classes. Only an extraordinary shift in fortune can send

Newcomers to London generally find it easier to navigate by postal district than by borough. At least with the postal code you know which direction to head in - North West for NW district, East Central for EC and so on. Unless you know the boroughs already, they could be anywhere, anywhere. That, and it don't cost a thing to ask a postman or telegraph boy directions. Cabbies'll charge you, like as not.

*— Christopher Armstrong,
Postmaster*

Chapter 1

one up into the rarified atmosphere of the aristocratic class, and that does not always end well. A person elevated through achievements of honour or wealth may or may not find acceptance, stranded socially between the class they've left and the class that regards them as an upstart and invader.

Such shifts of place and rank and luck are a part of everyday life in London. The popular music-hall songs reflect this, shining a light on shared experience. Male pedestrians and cabbies whistle the tunes as they travel the streets. Drunks sing them in the public houses. Ladies may hum them but *not* whistle. A common saying goes, "A whistling woman and a crowing hen are neither good for God nor men".

The music-halls feature comic songs and acts alongside tragedies, and often comedies played with a straight tragic face. Irony, understatement, word-play, and insinuation dance across the stage and set audiences roaring with laughter. The same sense of humour twines through everyday life, where two business men can look out of the window at a torrential downpour of rain, and one remarks to the other, "Bit damp out there, don't you think, old chap?"

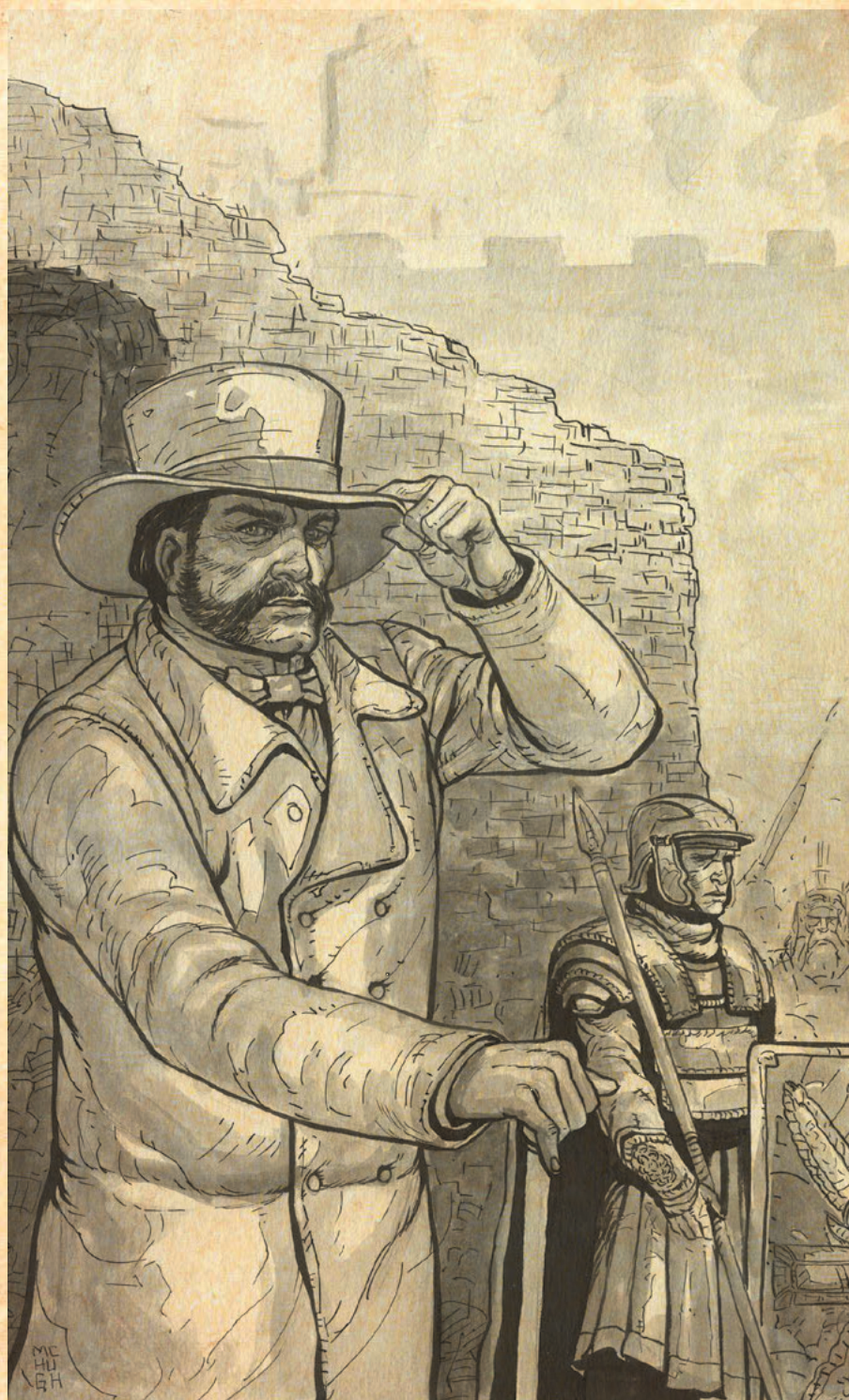
This tendency to understatement carries across to emotions, producing the infamously British stiff upper lip, and a tendency to dig deep and carry on no matter what. To whistle and sing in all difficulties and ride the depths of disaster, yet come out fighting to the last man, epitomises the spirit that built the Empire, and the soldiers and diplomats that run it.

This volume will cover London in all of its glory and shame, from the heights of royalty to the lowest crime-ridden tenement. We'll have a stroll through history, as London's is still very much with it, and shapes everyday life. We'll talk about commerce and industry, giving mention to a few of the more notable (or notorious) firms and tradesmen. A look at London's underpinnings is in order, as the Great Smoke wouldn't survive without dustmen, water and sewage services, gas lines, hydraulic pipes, telegraph lines, and the constant flow of lorries and carts and women with baskets bringing in food, fuel, and all the impedimenta of daily life, deliverable to one's doorstep if one has the means. Once we've explored the boroughs, we'll move on to politics and governance, from the Crown on down to the borough councils. Music halls, dance halls, the opera, and other entertainments will be discussed, again with a few noteworthy establishments mentioned to visit or avoid. Finally, we'll cover how Londoners get about, both coming into and leaving the city, and travelling across the great metropolis.

London may be a patchwork quilt of centuries, cultures, and classes stitched together by the Thames, but even though every patch is different from the next, somehow they make a whole. Fog may cloak it. Rain may drench it. Its spirit stubbornly shines on over everyone, just as the street lamps stubbornly shine through the fog and rain. London endures, just as Londoners endure, as it has always been and always will be.

Yes, we're very good at enduring things in London, particularly the ladies. Anyone who can't endure this place, and the happenings within it, gets out fast, or falls faster, and I cannot blame them either way.

— "Ivy", a streetwalker



LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



History

*It is not adversity that kills, but the impatience with which we bear adversity.
Words carved in the wall of a Tower of London prison cell by an unknown prisoner*

Part One: Roman London (1st - 5th Century)

When the Romans invaded Britain in AD 43, the legions pushed the British tribes back as far as the Thames. After locating a good crossing-point on the river, they set up a supply camp. According to the medieval historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth, they named the camp Londinium. The precise meaning of the name is lost to time, although a popular theory claims it means “the place by the fast flowing river”. As the invasion continued and the territory became safer, merchants and crafters set up homes, shops, and workshops around the supply camp. The army in turn built an administrative garrison to manage the supplies and suppliers as Londinium grew into a permanent town.

The tide turned in AD 60, when the Romans pushed the matriarchal Iceni tribe too far and the tribe’s chieftain Boudicca led her tribe and its allies in rebellion against the Romans. The army decided that defending Londinium was not practical or possible, evacuated everyone who would come, and abandoned the town. The remaining residents took up spears to defend their home, but the Iceni swept through, defeating the defenders, looting, and then burning Londinium to the

HISTORY

ground. After the Roman general Gaius Suetonius Paulinus defeated Boudicca at the Battle of Watling Street, out somewhere between modern London and the village of Wroxeter in Shropshire, the evacuees and the army returned to Londinium and rebuilt. This time they laid out a grid of wide, paved roads and built a more substantial town with a basilica for trade, an amphitheatre, and a full sized fort.. By AD 90, they built the first permanent bridge across the river. By the 3rd century AD, Londinium was strong and prosperous enough to have its own city wall, two miles long and 18 feet high.

Adventure Hook: It's Still Burning

The Stars and Garters, a pub built atop the ruins of an older tavern, which in turn was built on the site of a Roman-era ale house, has been bursting into flames lately. Well, not really; the first time it happened, everyone ran out to a cry of "Fire!" only to discover that the flames were only visible from inside the building. A local mage was nearly lynched when the crowd blamed him for the illusion. Three days later, though, with the mage having fled to his cousin's home in Shropshire, flames erupted again. This time, two of the patrons noticed that the plaster and beam ceiling faded into thatch right before they smelled smoke. Since then, about twice a week, at apparently random moments, the pub is suddenly engulfed in what appears to be an echo of the destruction of a much earlier building. The Anglican Church has refused assistance, as there is no lost soul involved to be helped on their spiritual journey. Scotland Yard's arcane division raised an eyebrow and asked what crime had been committed. The pub hasn't the funds to bring in a professional, but is offering named tankards and a lifetime of free beer to anyone, individual or group, who can put an end to the manifestations. While the visions themselves have not caused harm, there've been some minor injuries among those fleeing the scene, and nobody really wants to drink in a pub that might explode into flames at any moment, real or not.

Londinium continued to grow, reaching a peak population of 90,000, and becoming the largest settlement in Britain. In the 4th century, Londinium was renamed Augusta in hopes it would revive the flagging city, but it continued to wane along with the rest of the Roman Empire. In AD 410, Rome withdrew its last two Legions from Britain.

Part Two: Early Medieval London (5th - 12th Century)

With the legions gone, the Romano-British turned to Germanic mercenaries to defend the country against the northern Picts. Most of these mercenaries came from the Angle, Jute, and Saxon clans. Once in Britain, they decided they liked it there, and sent home for their wives, children, families, and friends to come and join them. At first, they were content to settle along the east coast on land they persuaded the Romano-British leaders to sell to them. However, as the number of Saxons migrating to Britain swelled, they took more and more land, with or without British permission. When the British resisted, the Saxons fought back, and in AD 457 they defeated the British in a battle at Crayford, in Kent. Survivors of that battle fell back to London, but within a hundred years, London had passed into Saxon control, and Roman Britain broke apart. To the

Chapter 2

north, the Picts held Scotland. To the west, the Welsh held Wales. The central part of Britain became Angleland, or, as we know it now, England.

The Saxons believed the stone ruins of Roman Londinium were the work of giants and avoided living there. Instead, they built their own settlement outside the ruins and called it Lundunwic, meaning the market near London. In the early 7th century, the Saxon king Ethelbert converted to Christianity, built a church in Lundunwic and dedicated it to St. Paul. His three sons refused to be converted, and when they inherited the kingdom in AD 616, they drove the Christian priests out. Bishop Mellitus, the most senior of the London clergy, tried to return, but Londoners stubbornly refused to receive him or follow him. He retired to Canterbury, which eventually became the centre of British Christianity as the seat of the Archbishop of the Anglican Communion. It wasn't until AD 675 that Christianity finally returned to St. Paul's church.

Lundunwic grew rich and prosperous over the next hundred and fifty years, attracting merchants and traders from many nations. In AD 842, it also attracted Norse raiders from Scandinavia, who preferred to loot London rather than engaging in trade. In AD 851, three hundred and fifty longships stormed up the Thames, burned and destroyed Lundunwic, and drove out King Brihtwulf. The Norse raiders, often called Vikings by those who didn't understand the word was a verb, returned again in AD 867 and this time stayed, occupying the ruins, rebuilding remnants of the town, and making it once more a garrison and a launching point for raids further up the Thames. The Norse leader Halfdere even had coins minted there to pay his troops.

Ah, the backward days of Anglo-Saxon glory, when women held property and ran businesses in their own right, had a voice in government, fought and defended castles alongside men, and had to cover their hair. The true foundations of England, which so many wish to return to, away from a world where women hold property, run businesses, have a voice in government, and fight alongside men.

— "Ivy"

Adventure Hook: Coin of the Realm

A rare silver Halfdere coin is to be auctioned next week to much anticipation in the numismatic world. Unfortunately, a street gang raided the auction storehouse yesterday, taking anything small and portable they deemed valuable. The auction house begs the adventurers to track down and retrieve the coin before it is melted down, and return it in time for the auction to take place.

The Saxons, especially those Londoners who escaped the occupation, refused to give up their town. Finally, in AD 883, King Alfred the Great of Wessex and Mercia laid siege to London, and after three years, succeeded in driving out the Vikings. Alfred moved London back inside the Roman borders and used the foundations of the Roman walls to build his own stone wall and defences. He also organised citizens into a trained and armed militia under his son-in-law, and gave land grants to the families, guilds, and churches that helped him retake London. The militia grew stronger as time passed, driving off major attacks in AD 994 and 1009. In AD 1013, the Danish King Sweyn conquered London briefly, only to be driven out again by King Ethelred and his allies, who used boats to pull down London Bridge. Ethelred in turn was defeated by the Danish King Cnut in AD 1016, and although London stubbornly held out, was finally forced to surrender.

As punishment, Cnut made London both pay a heavy tax and support the presence of his ruling court, so London became the de facto capital of Cnut's England. When Cnut's ruling line ended, the people of London rose up and chose themselves (and England) a new king, Edward the

Confessor, pious and Saxon, from the same land as King Alfred. Edward moved his court to the west of London, near the old St. Paul's church, where he commissioned and built a new church. The area around it became known as the West Minster, the church to the west of London. Westminster Abbey was consecrated at Christmas AD 1065. King Edward died in January AD 1066 and was buried there. Edward's successor, Harold Godwinson, lasted a scant nine months, killed by William of Normandy (also known as William of Orange, William the Bastard, and William the Conqueror) at the Battle of Hastings in October AD 1066.

London and its militia stood confident behind Alfred's walls, sure that William couldn't get past. Indeed, the first time he tried to enter London, he failed. Unfortunately, even the strongest walls are not proof against traitors inside them. The second time William approached, he had a small group inside to open the gate for him. Even then, he had to fight his way through the streets and militia before London finally submitted. William crowned himself at Westminster and moved to Barking, to the east of London, while he had a tower keep built by London's wall so that London could never shut him out again. Built of white stone, the keep became the centre (and for a long time the main part) of the Tower of London.

London and William resented each other: London for the conquest and invasion of their walls and their will to choose their own king, William because even with control of London, he couldn't find a way to break the people's spirit nor remove the land grants and privileges Londoners possessed. This in turn meant he couldn't give the land away to his own followers as he had with most of England. These privileges were finally formalised, Norman-style, by William's youngest son, King Henry I, in a charter which also formalised London into a city rather than a town.

Henry's only legitimate son died in a shipwreck, so when Henry died, his possible heirs were his nephew Stephen and his daughter Matilda. Henry favoured his daughter, but the English barons had other ideas. They crowned Stephen before Matilda could get back to England from her estates in France. Matilda refused to give up easily, and the country plunged into civil war between the supporters of Stephen and those of Matilda, a time later known as The Anarchy. At first Stephen had

Sovereigns of England: A Mnemonic Skipping Rhyme

First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John;
Next Henry the third,
Edwards, one, two, and three,
And again after Richard
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles too.
Next James the second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Till, Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent Queen Victoria:
May she long be the last!

— Author unknown, anthologised by John O'London in his *Little Book of Treasure Trove*

the advantage, but he had a tendency to dither over decisions and give up after a few days. Matilda took the upper hand, and London as well. She intended to have herself crowned at Westminster, but behaved so arrogantly towards Londoners that they expelled her from their city. The war ground on, first this way, then that. Finally, a compromise was formed. Stephen would rule for his lifetime, in part because London still refused to accept Matilda, but Stephen's heir would be Matilda's son, also called Henry.

Part Three: Late Medieval London (12th - 17th Century)

When the younger Henry finally inherited the kingdom and took the name Henry II, he took care to show he listened to advice and behaved civilly to all, unlike his mother. He also spent most of his reign on the road with his court. He reforged the unity and law that had shattered during the war, re-conquering Wales and invading Ireland in an attempt to bring it under his rule as well. He placed Ireland under the rule of his youngest son, John. Unfortunately, John inherited grandmother Matilda's tendency to annoy and upset populations, and eventually had to leave Ireland.

Henry II was succeeded by his son, Richard, commonly known as Richard the Lionheart. Richard also spent very little time in London, travelling on Crusade to Jerusalem and the Holy Land rather than circulating through his own lands. Richard left three trusted men (Bishop Hugh de Puiset, William Mandeville, and Chancellor William Longchamp) to run the kingdom for him. Mandeville promptly died, and although the other two took on his work as well as their own, the strain between them slowly turned to strife and they refused to work together.

John, who had learned some lessons from Ireland, used the strife as an opportunity to set up an alternative regent's court of his own. Within a few years, he persuaded London to back him and jailed Longchamp in the Tower of London. John ruled from London, with regular travels throughout the country to hear cases and create new law, initially as regent and later, after Richard's death, as king. The barons hated John's new laws and revolted against him. London thought about it, then swung their power behind the barons, eventually forcing John to join them in signing the Great Charter of Law, commonly called the Magna Carta. The only commoner to sign was the Mayor of London, representing his city.

Magna Carta gave the barons a permanent voice in council to the monarch as well as laying out a new foundation for law. Courts now had to be stationary and permanent, and a man had to be tried by his peers, unless a commoner. No one could be executed on a whim or fined beyond his means - as long as he was a baron. The barons came off well from Magna Carta, the common people much less so, but the barons didn't care about the common people as long as they were well cared for themselves. Once Magna Carta was signed, the barons set up a place to discuss matters and called it Parliament, from the French *parler*, meaning to talk. Both they and the king continued to ignore the charter whenever it suited them, and baronial revolts and uprisings continued intermittently for the next several decades. Edward I Longshanks, Malleus Scotorum, finally crushed them in the late 13th century, conquered Wales, started a war with Scotland that would rage into his son's reign, and sealed his rule by building royal castles wherever there was unrest. Edward also solidified court rule from London that John had begun. London became the capital of England, Wales, and Ireland, and the country began once more to resemble the old Roman Britain.

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Fires frequently swept London during this period, and after the main bridge burned down yet again in AD 1209, it was replaced by a stone bridge. Parliament passed stricter building regulations. All roofs and walls made with reed, rushes, or straw had to be heavily covered in plaster, and ale-shops were not permitted unless their owners rebuilt the entire building in stone and slate. Any building not of stone could be pulled down by fire fighters without recompense to the owner, and the only fuel permitted to use at night was wood. In addition, every house had to maintain an outside tub full of water so when fire did break out, there was always water available to douse it. Meanwhile, tiny ramshackle stalls and shops popped up, lining the new stone bridge almost as soon as it was built, as Londoners raced to get the best and most profitable spots.

More laws appeared as Parliament eased power away from the king and the mayor into itself. A hit and run accident led to a speed restriction on carts. The shops along the bridge led to formalised taxes and tolls. They even tried to control disease with rules exiling or isolating anyone judged to be infectious. When the Black Death arrived in London in November AD 1348, the plague ignored laws and took whoever it wanted, killing forty thousand Londoners (half the city's population) over the course of the following six months and continuing northward across Britain.

Adventure Hook: Ring Around The Rosy

A number of people in the upper middle class have recently been struck gravely ill, their symptoms resembling bubonic plague but not responding to customary treatment. Homes have been quarantined, entire families locked away from public contact, but thus far the disease does not seem to spread by contact, staying with the one originally infected. The only common denominator seems to be their superstitions. All those affected had, within the past few days before their sickness, bought a talisman from a street vendor to guard against robbery and theft. They each describe the vendor quite differently, and the police have nearly given up trying to find the person due to their obvious expertise with disguise. The talismans themselves are carved bone. Could someone have gone so far as to dig up one of the old charnel pits from the Black Death and make disease amulets from ancient human remains?

When Richard II died in AD 1399 without direct heirs, a new civil war broke out between the supporters of the two families with the best claim to the throne - the House of York (emblem a white rose), and the House of Lancaster (emblem a red rose). Barons and nobles took up arms over control of the country. Labelled the War of the Roses by Sir Walter Scott in the 19th Century, the conflict continued intermittently until AD 1487, with the throne taken by one family and then the other depending which way the last battle went.

Meanwhile, members of Parliament quietly took up pen and paper and fought over control of the country's finances. London remained relatively unscathed by the War of the Roses, but Parliament grew and strengthened as the only stable source of government. Employing a bureaucracy of clerks, lawyers, and tax-collectors, Parliament took over the making and hearing of law, as well as the tax system, and became a force to be reckoned with. When Henry VI of the House of Lancaster finally and comprehensively defeated the Yorkists, he found he now had to share power and rulership with Parliament's lords. This incited another, more subtle struggle, between the monarch and the lords of Parliament, each trying to grasp more power. Parliament clawed some their way in payment for backing Henry VIII's break from the Catholic Church. In retaliation, Henry's daughter Mary, known as Bloody Mary for the tortures and executions of her reign, almost completely ignored Parliament when she took the throne and restored the Catholic Church to its former position.

Parliament later picked the successor to the heirless Elizabeth I, seeing James I (also James VI of Scotland, bringing Scotland into Britain for the first time) as someone they could control, and almost got blown up by Guy Fawkes as a result. The power struggle in London whiplashed between the factions, and finally came to a head in AD 1642 when Charles I tried to arrest several members of Parliament for not handing over as much tax money as he wanted and needed. The result was war once more, this time called the English Civil War, and fought between the supporters of the king and the supporters of Parliament.

Parliament won.

They captured Charles I alive, put him through a mock trial, and executed him.

Part Four: Recent History (17th Century - Present)

For a time after King Charles I's execution, the head of the Parliamentarians, Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell, ruled from London. When he died in 1660, London exerted its power again. The people looked at Cromwell's son, and at King Charles' son, and decided they'd rather have a king again than follow the younger Cromwell. After all, Cromwell, a dour Puritan, had banned Christmas, entertainment, and drinking. They invited the young royal back, restored the monarchy and crowned him King Charles II, but Parliament kept most of the power it won in the English Civil War.

The country enjoyed its new king, but nature and fate seemed to conspire against him. In 1664, the Black Death returned to London, killing seventy thousand Londoners over the next two years. Only the Great Fire of London in 1666 finally ended the outbreak, partly by burning almost the entire medieval part of London, including St. Paul's church. The bishop of St. Paul's announced the fire had been a punishment for gluttony and greed, citing its start and finish points (Pudding Lane and Pie Corner) as proof, and took over organising relief work for the city. After the Great Fire, several architects competed to create a new rebuilt London. Christopher Wren won the contract with a design of orderly grids and roads, a plan promptly thwarted by the ordinary people of London. They weren't content with waiting several years for a grand design. They wanted homes and workshops back at once. Stubbornly, they rebuilt their homes and workplaces on the land they owned, along the roads that had always been there. Christopher Wren had to settle for building magnificent churches, guildhalls, hospitals, and St. Paul's itself, rising from the ash as a cathedral. Just as London began to recover, the Dutch, afraid London would overtake Amsterdam as Europe's centre of trade, sailed up the Thames in 1667 and attacked. London roused its militia and its veteran army (who had not lost the skills learned in the Civil War) and drove the Dutch away.

The Dutch returned after Charles II's death. This time they were invited, as their King William of Orange was the closest acceptable heir Charles had (William was both related to Charles and had married Charles' niece). The countries did not merge as England and Scotland had, but William and his wife Mary ruled Holland and Britain jointly, while leaving much of the day to day running to Parliament. The skills the Dutch brought boosted London's already flourishing trade, and brought the Navy headquarters into London in order to more easily co-ordinate the protection of trade convoys.

London flourished and spread, absorbing hamlets and villages as it went. The villages clung to their old identities, and street gangs and mobs began to prowl them as territories. From the

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Hawkubites (a rough gang who accosted late night travellers, robbed them, and slit their noses) to the Mohocks (a group of well-heeled young men who fought, raped, and bullied for kicks and laughter, but didn't bother to steal), the Mims, the Hectors, the Muns, the Scourers, the Nickers, the Brummie Boys, the Elephant and Castle, it was ongoing war between districts and gangs, each

The Vicar of Bray

1. In good King Charles' golden time, when loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high churchman was I, and so I gained preferment.
To teach my flock, I never missed: Kings are by God appointed
And damned are those who dare resist or touch the Lord's anointed.

Chorus:

And this be law, that I'll maintain until my dying day, sir
That whatsoever king may reign, Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

2. When royal James possessed the crown, and popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down, and read the Declaration
The Church of Rome, I found, did fit full well my constitution
And I had been a Jesuit, but for the Revolution. (Chorus)

3. When William was our King declared, to ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered, and swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke; Set conscience at a distance,
Passive obedience was a joke, a jest was non-resistance. (Chorus)

4. When Royal Anne became our queen, the Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen, and I became a Tory.
Occasional conformists base; I blamed their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was from such prevarication. (Chorus)

5. When George in pudding time came o'er, and moderate men looked big, sir
My principles I changed once more, and I became a Whig, sir.
And thus preferment I procured From our new Faith's Defender,
And almost every day abjured the Pope and the Pretender. (Chorus)

6. The illustrious house of Hanover and Protestant succession
To these I do allegiance swear – while they can hold possession.
For in my faith and loyalty I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be – until the times do alter. (Chorus)

identified with a marker rather than a flag. For example, the Brummie Boys controlled most of the dog-racing and dog-fighting south of the river, and identified themselves by the snarling dog buckle on their belts, while the Mohocks tattooed a crescent on their face in mockery of a beauty-spot. The Forty Elephants gang, whose all-female membership bore grey ribbons, terrorised the West End of London. Highly skilled shoplifters, they sometimes raided choice shops en masse and by force. The goods gained in raids went through the Elephant and Castle gang, identified by a pin in the shape of a star, who ran roughshod over the Central London fences and pawnbrokers.

Increasing crime and gang warfare inspired magistrate and author Henry Fielding to found London's first policing force in 1749. The Bow Street Police (more commonly called the Bow Street Runners, although members themselves refused to use such an undignified name) earned a proper wage and wore a blue uniform to mark them out of the crowd. Initially just six thief-takers authorised by the Bow Street Magistrate's Court, the Runners swelled in number as their name grew and their reputation for tracking down and arresting convicted criminals and gang leaders at large increased. Along with numbers, they expanded from

foot-police to include mounted officers. The mounted section became known as the Bow Street Horse Patrol, or the Robin Redbreasts, sometimes Bobby-redbreasts, from the red vest riders wore under their uniform blue greatcoats. Unlike their thief-taker origins where a man earned a bounty on captives, the wage made the Runners and Redbreasts initially harder to bribe. This resistance to bribery didn't last. Repeated riots over taxes, the price of bread, the price of theatre tickets, unpopular laws, religious discrimination or the removal of it - there was a fear the country would return to the days of Bloody Mary if the Catholics were not kept down - stretched the Magistrate's Court's budget until it screamed, and Runners' pay fell even as

I hear the Forty Elephants and the Brummie Boys are planning a joint raid on Harrods, using each other's reputations as cover. Nobody expects a group of men who prefer other men to saunter in with lassies on their arms, and nobody looking for an all women group will look twice at a woman with her man.

— "Ivy"

prices rose. They began to take bribes and pay-outs just to keep a roof over their heads and food on the table. Eventually they became so infamously corrupt that most of London saw them as one more gang among many. They disbanded in 1839, replaced by the Metropolitan Police of Sir Robert Peel.

The Metropolitan Police inherited the Bobby nickname, which rumour promptly attached to a shortening of Sir Robert's name, and added others, such as Peeler. Despite Queen Victoria's distaste for Peel, his new police force rose in her eyes when it successfully captured a series of would-be royal assassins (John Francis and John William Bean in 1842, William Hamilton in 1849, Robert Pate in 1850). Although she continued to support laws and policies he opposed, she ceased directly hindering his police. Peel resigned as Prime Minister in 1846, replaced by Lord John Russell of the Whig Party.

Russell was still in charge of Parliament when the first Great Exhibition opened in the Crystal Palace in 1851. The demonstration of arc-lights gave the Palace the appearance of blazing, living diamond, as bright as the minds from which the inventions, science, and machinery of the Exhibition sprang. In 1853, Queen Victoria brought the modern medicine of the Exhibition into the everyday world, when she used chloroform in the birth of her eighth child. Medicine grew in leaps and bounds from there. The queen's physician Dr. John Snow and the Rev. Henry Whitehead, in 1854, together pinpointed the source of a cholera epidemic. In 1855, Florence Nightingale created new hygiene standards and persuaded the great engineer Isambard Kingdom Brunel to create a portable, prefabricated hospital with everything necessary included. Parliament also passed

the Metropolis Management Act, the first modern attempt to consolidate London's vestries and parishes into a governable whole, which among other effects created the Metropolitan Board of Works, an appointed rather than elected body that swiftly succumbed to corruption.

In 1858, Parliament passed the Medical Act, which established a register of qualified physicians. Two years later, Prince Albert was badly injured. He survived thanks to recent advances, and medicine received an important backer. Training schools were established to ensure that knowledge gained was not lost. To encourage new science to flourish, in 1862 the first Victoria Prize, an annual award for notable scientific or technological advancement, was awarded, and scientists all over the Empire continue to compete for it each year.

Also in 1860, Brunel's grand but unlucky ship, the *Great Eastern*, set sail on her maiden voyage from London to New York - and promptly had to stop for repairs when her main boiler exploded. She finally steamed into New York in June 1860, travelled up and down the coast as a moving exhibition for two months and returned home. By the time she was ready to cross the Atlantic again, the American Civil War had broken out. In June and July 1861, the *Great Eastern* delivered troops to Quebec in support of Canada. In September, she headed for New York again, but ended up first disabled by a storm, then struck an uncharted rock in New York harbour, sending her into drydock for more repairs and her owners deeper into debt. By 1863, the *Great Eastern* was laid up and unused. Sold at auction in 1864, the *Great Eastern* finally found her niche laying trans-Atlantic cables, a capacity she still serves in today, though bad luck continues to follow her. The first cable snapped in mid-Atlantic and the end was lost for nearly a year.

Back on land, steam trains now ran underground (and so obviously called the Underground in a smashing display of lack of imagination) as well as above ground. In 1863, tired of the scandals, Parliament abolished the Metropolitan Board of Works with the passage of the Local Government Act, creating the London County Council (along with county and borough councils across the rest of England and Wales). This reorganized London a bit further but still left a good deal to be desired. While politics lagged, science continued at full pace, with the London Times proudly installing a set of electric lights. After some spectacular accidents, the Explosives Act of 1875 was passed requiring all fireworks to be made only in licensed workshops, taking the trade away from the high street chemists. Politics finally caught up the same year, with the passage of the London Government Act, which created the twenty-eight boroughs that today wrap around the City of London to create the Great Smoke.

The Great Stink of 1858 convinced Parliament to allocate substantial funds toward cleaning up the Thames, most of which went to Joseph Bazalgette to improve sewage routing. Work on Victoria Embankment began in 1865, with its primary goal being the installation of a transverse sewer to collect outflow from the sewers previously emptying directly into the Thames. After the



Embankment was completed in 1870, sewage traveled downstream to a pumping station past Barking. Here, the wastes of London are pumped out to sea at high tide, so that the receding tide sweeps the sewage out to the open ocean. Running from Westminster Palace to Blackfriars Bridge, the Victoria Embankment, often referred to simply as The Embankment, also includes the tunnel for the District Railway, two public gardens, and traffic routing to take some of the pressure off The Strand and Fleet Street. Chelsea Embankment, completed in 1874, extended the transverse sewer upriver all the way to Battersea Bridge.

Adventure Hook: To Quote a Man's Words

The south transept of Westminster Abbey is known as "Poet's Corner" because so many poets, playwrights, and other writers have burials or memorials there. In the last year, apt quotes from these writers keep appearing scrawled on other parts of the abbey overnight, even when it is locked, watched or guarded. "Earth hath not anything to show more fair" appeared written like a halo round a blonde madonna. "How do I love thee, let me count the ways" framed a wall mounted crucifix one morning. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" was found below a floral wreath. No one has been seen or caught at it, and rumour claims the Rabbit Hole woke the abbey's ghosts. Exorcism has been attempted, but had no obvious effect. The curates have asked the party to investigate, as they are tired of scrubbing the quotes away. The quotes actually result from a series of dares among a group of university students to get in, write a quote, and escape without being caught.

In 1866, work began on the Albert Embankment on the south side of the Thames. This project, completed in 1869, like the two north-shore Embankments reclaimed land from the river, creating traffic routes around some of the more congested streets. It also provided protection from flooding to some of Lambeth's more low-lying areas. It did not, however, include transverse sewers. The East End, downstream of Blackfriars, and all of South London still pours raw sewage directly into the Thames, which is part of why the great dragon Hyrdofeay has taken lodgings in Westminster Palace.

Finally, to celebrate the wealth of innovation and invention since the first Great Exhibition, a second was planned - the Great Silver Exhibition - and one of the exhibitors would be Professor Oswald Grosvenor.



LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Business and Commerce

*"Here's the rule for bargains. 'Do other men, for they would do you.'
That's the true business precept."*

– Charles Dickens, Martin Chuzzlewit

Many of the attitudes and approaches in Victorian business can be traced back to the feudal system. Not for nothing are great lords of commerce referred to in such terms, and given unofficial titles of robber barons and merchant princes. Like medieval trading houses, the great firms take care of their own problems, not caring to risk their reputation by having it noised abroad they cannot defend themselves. They keep their own troops, albeit less openly than two hundred years ago, and will not hesitate to deploy them to hunt down miscreants, recover what was taken, and make an example of the offenders. Depending upon the Social Level of the target, this may range from a body found in the Thames to a reputation so thoroughly ruined that suicide remains one of the few options available.

The average shopkeeper has no such resources, but also has less exposure, being a smaller target. Most of London's business consists of honest tradesfolk and crafters, making what they sell in their shop or buying fresh stock regularly from large markets, and providing daily necessities to the general populace. This is not to say there is no peril to being a shopkeeper in the high street or down the lane. Far from it, there are enough gangs roaming London and engaging in the criminal enterprise known as the "protection racket" to require occasionally banding together and hiring someone to put paid to the local villainy.

Down below shopkeepers, at the very bottom rung of the commercial ladder, are costermongers, barrow-merchants, strolling coffee-sellers, those individuals who put in fifteen hour days and think themselves lucky to turn £30 per annum. While being a pedlar is synonymous with poverty, it's a decent and respectable poverty, in which people are working hard to support themselves and just not making much headway. The increase in bus and underground traffic, the rise in office buildings and shops nearby, and increasing urbanization have all made street selling harder as the century has worn on. In the modern era, street sellers are no longer so itinerant, and there's far less of them than there were scarcely a dozen years previous. Without these hard working souls, however, London would grind to a halt in less than a day, its labourers deprived of their walking breakfast, its clerks unable to obtain a pasty for lunch on their way to the office, and housewives across the great metropolis having to go down the market themselves for supper's fish instead of having it brought round on a cart by a sturdy fishwife.

Mercantile

Mercantile business covers establishments that sell tangible goods to their customers, although food and fuel are addressed in later sections. Types of businesses tend to cluster together, in an attempt to attract each other's customers while the customer is in the area. In some cases, the cluster's main road becomes synonymous with the type of business, used as a shorthand for it. For example, it is rarely the case to look at a wealthy man and say "he wears an expensive suit." Instead, people say "he wears Savile Row." In the same way, journalists or printers are Fleet Street, and specialist doctors are Harley Street.

The major markets also specialise in different types of produce, from the fruit and vegetables of Covent Garden to Billingsgate fish and Smithfield's live cattle, and it's in the marketplace that lower layers of mercantile trade mingle visibly. At the bottom of the heap, young boys and girls sell bunches of watercress, bootlaces, and matches from small trays supported by a string or strap around the neck. Just above them are the pedlars with wheelbarrows or small carts, selling shellfish, assorted chandlery goods, or food, or collecting goods from others to sort and sell, such as the rag and bone men. Next come the costermongers with larger, full-sized barrows, selling anything small and portable, but often only a single kind of item. A permanent stall is a step higher again, and the owners are often middle-men for others, buying supplies from the producer and selling them on to the costermongers and pedlars - for example, the Billingsgate marketfolk who buy from fishermen and sell to pedlars, costermongers, and restaurant chefs. Beyond the market, merchants take a further step into permanency, owning shops and stores from the tiniest, shabbiest pawnbroker to the grandeur of Harrods.

Where a person shops, or says that she shops, is as much a declaration of class and status as the clothes or jewellery she wears, or the place she lives. Shopping up to one level above present status is generally seen as social climbing. Although it is tolerated, it is not approved of, and often leads to the shopper being subtly shunned or tacitly rebuked by her social equals. Shopping below present status is seen as slumming it, barely tolerated from rash young adults, considered too immature to know better, even less tolerated from older people. It's also condemned as letting the side down, taking goods from those who should rightfully be shopping at that level.

Firms, Markets, and Department Stores

Harrods

Founded in 1834, and taking up a large part of a city block on the Brompton Road (Chelsea, SW3), Harrods grew from a grocery into a multi-story department store, currently employing approximately 100 people. Under their motto *Omnia Omnibus Ubique* (All Things for All People Everywhere), Harrods strives to maintain the most diverse stock of any similar business in the city. Their food halls are large, noisy, provide a broad variety of meats, veg, packaged foodstuffs, and ready to eat meals, and are an excellent place to meet someone to pass on information or to maintain a dead drop. Harrods' delivery services have achieved renown for being on time and briskly polite, such that their delivery wagons do not attract so much as a second glance in proper neighbourhoods. Of course, the store would take a very dim view of someone impersonating one of their drivers, but then they're not the sort of firm to order a thumping delivered to the transgressor. Only shabby backstreet shops have a bell on the door. Prosperous shops have an open door with a tout, and several staff members to provide goods and/or services. Harrods has a squad of doormen, at least two shopgirls at every counter, and a cadre of floorwalkers to assist wherever they might be needed, all under the watchful eye of the floor manager. They have made a great deal of the latest technological invention installed at the store, an *escalator*. Made of over two hundred plates of boiled leather, this endless belt folds up into a moving stairway as it emerges from the floor, then unfolds down to flat again at the top to loop back down. A microsteam engine in the basement provides the motive power. Concerned that customers may feel a bit giddy after their first ride, shop assistants at the top have brandy and smelling salts at the ready.

Covent Garden

The largest wholesale food market on the West End, Covent Garden (Holborn, WC2) has been in business as an open air fruit and veg market (and a red light district) since the mid 1600s. The current Neoclassical building that shelters and helps organize the stalls and traffic lanes within the market went up in 1830, replacing the old hodge-podge with neatly laid out rows under a roof. Behind Covent Garden lies Drury Lane, one of the filthiest and most poverty-racked rookeries in the city. A few hundred yards the other side, the exclusive shops of Lowther Arcade provide luxury goods to the rich.

Covent Garden's central wrought-iron structure houses the fruit and vegetable sellers, with potatoes and other coarser produce to one side, the more delicate fruits and veg in their own section, and a space for potted plants. Where the old Piazza Hotel stood, the Floral Hall, constructed in the style of the Crystal Palace, provides space for blooming and cut flowers. Stalls for marketers' supplies line the edges, with ribbons, paper, and tissue for decorative displays, horse-chestnut leaves for putting under fruit, and a dizzying array of baskets. Each fruit, each flower, each vegetable, requires its own style, from the conical strawberry-pottles that resemble an inverted witches' hat, to sturdy wicker carriers for root veg.

Business begins here around 1:30 in the morning, with carts and barrows lining up to be loaded, vans full of produce from outlying market gardens arriving to unload, and a growing stream of men and women carrying baskets of fruit pouring in from Piccadilly and Green Park, some having walked all the way from the market gardens on the edge of Fulham. Steam vehicles and any cart requiring more than two horses are not allowed at Covent Garden due to their size and

the comparative narrowness of the streets. Swarms of entrepreneurs who feed off the traffic (coffee sellers, pasty and roll girls, newsboys) add to the din, and by dawn Covent Garden contributes noticeably to the roar of the city. With so much legitimate business going on, the occasional bit of dodginess goes unnoticed – even if someone did take notice, as long as nothing untoward is being exchanged right out in public, and the market itself isn't threatened, a shilling in the right palm makes the notice go away. By afternoon, the butchers and fish-mongers are hosing down their stalls and work areas, washing away whatever bits of offal weren't sold to the cat's meat man or scavenged by the desperate or opportunistic (there's not always much difference between the two). Flower merchants send out their last bundles to be sold on the streets to men (and the occasional woman) picking up a posy on the way home from work to take to their love. Street sweepers move in, and by midnight the whole cycle is ready to start over.

R. Twining and Company Ltd.

R. Twining and Company Ltd. has grown from the tea shop of Thomas Twining (opened in 1706 and still in business on The Strand) and the mercantile efforts of Richard Twining (d.1824, and gave his name to the firm) to one of the largest importers of tea in the British Empire. The Twinings brand may be found in every cupboard in London, and is much sought after in the colonies as a taste of home. The firm employs thousands in Bengal at its tea plantations, and pays the contracts of dozens of ship captains to keep its product moving from the Far East to the home isle. Those thinking to slip a packet into a cargo should note that Twining and Company is famous for its quality control, meaning that someone pokes into every barrel of leaves to check it for acceptability, and is highly likely to find any foreign material. The ships themselves, now, that's another story.

Manufacture

Manufacturing covers all businesses that create tangible goods of any kind, from the lowliest seamstress working alone in her home to the largest of factories. These businesses also create some of the biggest divides in society, with workers on one side and consumers and business owners on the other. The same divide created and attracted the Levellers, a secret society fighting for a restructured world along loosely Marxist lines, where all are equal (see the *Secret Societies* chapter in the *1879 Gamemaster's Guide* for detailed information).

The food industry relies on trust, often broken in search of profit. Other than forbidding obvious poisons like arsenic, there is no regulation on what can be used in foodstuffs. Contamination and adulteration are commonplace, both in where and when foods are made and sold. Bakers add plaster of Paris both to give the loaf a crisper crust, and to make it hold more water and thus use less flour to reach legal weight. Chalk and alum give similar results and make bread whiter and thus more desirable to customers. Green tea, reviled as a cause of hysteria and insomnia, is more to be feared from the verdigris, Prussian blue, Dutch pink, ferrous sulfate, and copper carbonate added as colorants, or the hawthorn and sheep's dung added for bulk and weight. Buying food from someone not known as a personal friend put one's health at risk.

Assembly lines came into use in 1852, the first being at the Long Shop in Leiston, Suffolk, which made steam tractors. The idea spread rapidly, along with hydraulic and steam power for

driving industrial equipment such as lathes and drills, and in the current day, factories run day and night to produce the goods demanded by the Empire. Jacquard created the punchcard-driven loom, Babbage and Countess Lovelace the Engine, and automation has replaced thousands of semi-skilled workers across the nation. Men, women, and children are still needed in great numbers, though, to tend the machines, to feed them raw materials, to keep them running, and to carry away the finished goods. While Manchester, Ironbridge, Leiston, and Newcastle remain major centres of manufacturing in England, London has its share of textile mills, shipyards, and foundries churning out road-rails, pig-lead, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

There's been a good deal of discussion as to whether the new cardware companies, which make programs for Analytical Engines, count as manufacturing or service. Some argue they fall into the finance industry, since most of their programs are created for business use. Where, then, do firms such as Clockwork Computing Ltd. land, when they add specific hardware to their Engine to provide physical as well as logical security with their Iron Knight package? For now, Lloyd's places these firms in Manufacturing in their Business Registry, arguing they produce marketable goods, and puts them next to printing and publishing firms based on the commonality of marketing written ideas.

Firms, Factories, and Noteworthy Tradesfolk

House and Thomas Co. Ltd

Makers of Back Office Sales Support, Front Office Customer Relationship Management, and Green Shade Financials and Forecasting, House and Thomas have objected strenuously to their cardware firm being considered simply a publisher. Full-page advertisements in the Times and the Gazette trumpet the wonders of their programs, and extol the intellect of the creative minds behind them. Sadly, there is no familial relationship between Thomas of House and Thomas, and Thomas of the Thomas Register, which could reduce resolving the issue down to a word over tea – or in the manner of some families, complicate it beyond any possible resolution. None of this has affected their sales one whit, the larger percentage of Britain's mercantile firms using House and Thomas cardware to run their own businesses. There has been the occasional inebriated Lovelace who denigrated their products in the pub, saying that Hopp und Tschira have better cardware for the same purpose, but London firms insist on buying British instead of Prussian no matter the quality of the product. After all, everyone in the Industry knows about the flaws in House and Thomas' validation routines, which is why Clockwork Computing Ltd sells so many Iron Knight security packages to firms running House and Thomas.

Welham, Garrett and Company, Ltd

Founded a scant ten years ago, Welham Garrett makes celluloid. Alexander Parkes' discovery in 1862, and John Wesley Hyatt's work in 1869 making the material commercially viable, resulted in items previously made of much more expensive materials, such as ivory or tortoiseshell, to be produced cheaply, flooding the market with inexpensive brooches, hair combs, corset frames, bow ties, and other adornments for men and women. Clarks at the lower end of the office ladder, who are not provided with scratch paper for their calculations, have discovered they can do their sums on their detachable celluloid cuffs, the ink rinsing off easily with water and giving them spotless white cuffs and collars the very next day. Unfortunately, as celluloid ages, it becomes highly flammable,

and can self-ignite or explode on impact. Thus, Welham Garrett no longer makes billiard balls, having had to pay the cost of replacing one too many snooker tables.

Adventure Hook: Unsafe At Any Speed

A woman's decorative comb caught fire from passing too near a gaslight. Her husband is furious. He paid for tortoiseshell, and got celluloid. Now his wife is injured. He'd like someone to go have a word with those responsible.

The Golden Purity Ice Cream Company

Golden Purity started out in the 1850s, churning ice cream and selling it in a soda parlour across the street from the factory. As their brand became more popular, other soda parlours began to carry it, and the firm looked into ways to preserve their ice cream for shipping across the city and into the surrounding region. A second manufacturing facility using the Belgian method of Mareska and Donny was built to produce Thilorier's Ice, a solid form of carbonic acid with a sublimation point of -109.3 F, thus supplying the requisite cooling capability. Thin panels of Thilorier's Ice tucked into the side walls and lid of the packing crate keep the ice cream within hard frozen for long enough to get it all the way to Scotland if it's put on the express train. Sufficient interest has arisen in the industrial applications of Thilorier's Ice that the firm is expanding its carbonic operations, with ice cream in danger of becoming a sideline. Ephraim Painter, a senior partner in the firm, has made an offer for the ice cream part of the business with the intent of separating it under the Golden Purity name. Hensley Cope, the other senior partner, has already announced the name of Cope Carbonic for the Thilorier's Ice business, obviously expecting the separation to occur soon.

Adventure Hook: Like A Soul On Ice

In his haste to expand the carbonic operation, Mr. Cope borrowed a rather large sum from individuals with less than savoury reputations. As part of the deal, Mr. Cope had to construct a freezer unit at the back of the factory that's not accessible to the general staff. If one knows the right person to speak with, and the proper phrasing, and has the ready coin, items as large as a coffin can be put into cold storage until they are safe to dispose of. The firm can also pack items in Thilorier's Ice so they can be transported considerable distances for disposal without hazard of inconvenient odours. Someone would like one of these items to be retrieved and put in the way of law enforcement, in order to cause considerable inconvenience for a rival. They're offering a tidy sum for the effort and the inevitable displeasure of the inconvenienced party.

Any Old Iron

(Tune: Any Old Iron)

Just a week or two ago my dear old Uncle Bill,
He went and kicked the bucket and he left me in his will.
So I went around the road to see my Auntie Jane.
She said, "your Uncle Bill has left you a watch and chain."
So I put it on right across my derby kell.
The sun was shining on it and it made me look a swell.
I went out, strolling round about.
A crowd of kiddies followed me and they began to shout,

Chorus:

"Any old iron? Any old iron?
Any, any, any old iron?
You look neat. Talk about a treat!
You look dapper from your napper to your feet.
Dressed in style, brand-new tile,
And your father's old green tie on.
But I wouldn't give you tuppence for your old watch and chain,
Old iron, old iron."

I won't forget the day I went to London on the spree.
I saw the mayor of London there. That's who I went to see.
He came along in a carriage and a pair.
I shouted, "Come on, boys! All throw your hats up in the air."
Just then the mayor, he began to smile,
Pointed to my face and said, "Lor Lummy, what a dial!"
Started Lord-a-mayoring, and then to my dismay,
He pointed to my watch and chain and shouted to me, "Hey,
Any old iron? ..."

I shan't forget the day I married Miss Elisa Brown.
The way the people laughed at me, it made me feel a clown.
I arrived in a carriage called a hack,
When I suddenly discovered I'd my trousers front to back.
So I walked down the aisle, dressed in style,
The vicar took a look at me and then began to smile.
The organ started playing. The bells began to ring.
The people started laughing and the choir began to sing.
"Any old iron? ..."

Service

Finance

Most banks have their headquarters in the City of London, such that working in the finance industry is known as 'being in the City' or 'working in the City'. Banks primarily serve the wealthy and upper-classes (the two are not synonymous). For the lower classes, the only finance business they ever see as a customer is the pawnbroker, securing a loan until payday with the coat off their back, or redeeming the coat (or suit, or jewellery, et cetera) in time to wear it to church on Sunday.

Fire

Fire insurance works differently from maritime insurance, in that each house or household pays a fee to one of the local private fire insurance brigades, who then provide a plaque, also called a firemark, to display on an exterior wall. No visible firemark? No service. Some of the richer business owners have taken to paying several brigades and displaying the firemarks on different walls, so that there is always a firemark visible no matter which road the firemen approach. Sometimes this works against the business, as the fire spreads while the brigades argue over jurisdiction. Distilleries maintain their own private fire brigades. Other manufacturers who deal with flammable goods, such as candle-makers, may also. Prising the firemark off a building lends itself to two scurrilous activities, one being mounting it on another building to effectively steal someone's fire insurance, the other being to drop it down the sewer prior to committing arson.

The individual public brigades rolled into one in 1833, forming the London Fire Engine Establishment (LFEE), but in practice, each local fire station was a law of its own, working as it desired as long as it didn't come to the attention of the Chief Officer. That lasted until James Braidwood took over. Braidwood, through sheer force of personality and leading from the front, reformed the LFEE and forged it into a strong, disciplined, and unified fire department. His death in the 1861 Tooley Street Fire left a gap that could never quite be filled. The current Chief Officer, Captain Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, does his best to maintain Braidwood's legacy of strength, discipline, and continuous modernization. He prefers to hire sailors to work as firemen, believing their time at sea instills them with discipline and makes them strong, hardy, and accustomed to responding quickly when called to

House fires, from chimneys that needed cleaning (50% of all residential fires), a knocked-over candle, a gas flare, happen on the average of twice a day somewhere in the metropolis. Some are quickly extinguished, with the loss of one room. Others take down an entire block before they can be controlled. Half of these fires will claim at least one victim. So many children die from their clothes catching fire that the numbers aren't even reported. Theatre fires get a lot of press, due to the number of casualties, but they're not as common as the yellow press would have you believe. For example, between 1841 and 1867, only nine major theatres burned, and the rate has gone down since due partly to improved technology, partly to better architecture, partly to the London Fire Department's service. The advent of magic is too new to predict what effect it might have on the actuarial tables and casualty reports in the long run.
 – Tom Shaughnessy, Fire Lieutenant, LFEE

Chapter 3

work at any time of day or night. Under Captain Shaw, the LFEE moved under the Metropolitan Board of Works, becoming the Metropolitan Fire Brigade (MFB). Alarms have shifted from human messengers to manned telegraph stations reporting to the fire stations, and has upgraded many of its fire engines from horse-powered to steam-powered, preventing those occasions when the horses take fright at the fire and run off with the engine. As long as the boiler is kept hot, the steam-powered engines can roll out immediately, and pump water themselves - a substantial improvement over the old manual pumps. About two-thirds of London's fire stations have been upgraded thus far. The MFB had 44 stations, 3 floating engines, and 314 men in 1869. By 1880, this has tripled.

As a result of the Westminster Parliament fire of 1834, plans for all civic buildings must be kept on file at the Metropolitan Board of Works. These plans are copied and sent out to fire stations within range of each building.

As part of their charter, every water company must provide free access to their main pipes by the Fire Brigade. Engines that have manual pumps hire extra pump crew on the spot. Metal tokens are given out so that a pay office doesn't have to be opened at the site. The pay is 1s for the first hour and 6d for every hour thereafter, working in 5-minute shifts throughout. Tickets may be handed out that can be traded at nearby pubs for beer. If the fire goes on long enough, bread and cheese are brought round and handed out to the Fire Brigade and all citizens with pump tokens. The tokens can be traded in for coin at any fire station in the city.

Long gone are the days of runners carrying the cry of fire. Nowadays, most fires are reported by the neighbourhood police patrolmen, who still get a bonus of 10s for every confirmed fire alarm they raise. And yes, this has led to one arson conviction.

- Djehuty Jones

The elder boys recently got hold of Prince Albert's fire brigade regalia, and started going out to the scenes of fires like their father used to. The tradition has been passed down, although Her Majesty harumphs at it a bit, both for the royal family acting like a lot of gadabouts and needlessly endangering themselves, and for their getting underfoot and in the way of the actual Fire Brigade.

- Djehuty Jones

Public Health

London hospitals tend to specialize by population or disease, some catering to only women, such as the Lying-In hospitals in Lambeth, St Marylebone, and St Giles, or only children, such as Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. The Fever Hospitals in Islington and the East End, and the Cancer Hospital in Kensington, focus on specific medical issues. The types of hospitals present in an area reveal which diseases are common. The Fever Hospitals, for example, in the poorer end of London, primarily handle typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and diphtheria, diseases that spread through the crowded and unsanitary conditions that poverty inflicts.

Many of London's workhouses also functioned as daughter-wards of nearby hospitals, and some still do. Since many of the residents were relocated to the Gruv, most of the workhouses stand empty, gradually becoming dilapidated, the haunt of smugglers and illegal markets. Those closest to Greenwich act as holding pens for convicts waiting for the train to the Gruv.

Most of London dines on the street or in pubs, having no kitchen facilities in their apartments or, if they do, no way to store food in large quantities or long term. Mice and rats make keeping even a crust of bread difficult and potentially dangerous for those dwelling in tenements and rookeries. The new refrigeration technology presents considerable risks of ammonia leaks and

potential explosion. Only families with a wife or gran at home will take the time in the morning to build a fire in the stove. Otherwise, they'd have to put it right back out so as not to waste coal or leave a fire hazard behind. Labourers and clerks generally have a cup and two thin for breakfast, a cup of coffee and two thin slices of bread with butter for a ha'penny, picked up from a bakery or coffee-stall as they walk past on their way to work. In the evening, they have a similar strolling dinner bought from a pushcart or stall, fried fish wrapped in a bit of newspaper perhaps, and eaten on the walk home. Businesses that serve food that is ready to eat fall into the Service category, according to Lloyd's Business Registry, ranging all the way from strolling coffee-sellers with a pot slung from each end of a wooden yoke and an apron full of wooden cups to the finest restaurants of the Strand.

Financial Firms and Service Organisations

Lloyd's

Lloyd's has grown from humble beginnings as maritime insurers, information gatherers, and owners of Lloyd's coffee house to quarters in the Royal Exchange (Cornhill Street, City of London, EC3), where the majority of its businesses intersect. Anybody involved in extensive mercantile business in London is either a member or subscriber to Lloyd's and one or more of its various Registries. The need to know where ships were and if they arrived safely expanded over the years into both a news-sheet of shipping movements all over the world and the Lloyd's Register of ships, their types, cargo capacity, crew size, and ship's value. The latter is constantly in flux as captains and owners try to push the worth up, and underwriters try to push the worth down. Additional Registries have been created in recent years, among them the Business Registry that lists mercantile and manufacturing firms and what they trade in, and the Financial Registry that lists banks and insurers along with their credit worthiness. Lloyd's was also one of the first businesses to purchase an Analytical Engine, and now have three: one in London, one in New York, and one in India. At the docks, their inspectors can be distinguished from those of smaller firms by the metal slate and punch they carry for hand-coding Engine cards.

Adventure Hook: Profit Margin

Lloyd's has its own proprietary cardware, which is jealously guarded. There's a very high bounty offered in Byron circles for anyone who can get a copy of a complete Lloyd's module. The highest price is offered for their cargo valuation predictor, the module that forecasts trading prices in multiple markets and allows Lloyd's to write cargo policies based on the expected sale value of the cargo.

Pugin and Sons

Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin, now nearly 70 but still keeping office as seniormost architect of his family firm, was warned by a close friend shortly before his first marriage that his indiscretions during his earlier career as a ship's officer could impair his fertility and that of his bride. He took a course of "white mercury" pills as a precaution, thus curing the syphilis he had unwittingly picked up. He went on to become one of London's pre-eminent architects, getting his first large break from Sir Charles Barry in 1846 and designing the interiors for the rebuilt Palace of Westminster. In 1851, when John Ruskin viciously attacked him in his book, *The Stones of Venice*, Pugin's defamation lawsuit sent Ruskin off in ruin, financially and socially.

Pugin went on to considerable fame as designer of Big Ben's tower (officially the Elizabeth Tower), among his other accomplishments. He was also instrumental in placing the symbology of the Order of St. Crispin in the Houses of Parliament. A confirmed Catholic, Pugin rebuffed the overtures of the Herons (not yet a Weird Science School in the 1850s, but already an order dedicated to machinery) after his design for the clock tower made him famous. Instead, he joined the Order of St. Crispin, a secret society within the Catholic Church dedicated to preserving the glorification of God through Creation, and opposing mechanistic views of the universe. Pugin and Sons maintains its head offices in Westminster, currently headed up by Cuthbert Welby Pugin, Augustus' second son, his elder son Edward Welby Pugin having recently been taken so badly ill that it's worried the father may outlive the son. The younger brother, Peter Paul Pugin, oversees the fieldwork, currently being onsite at St. Joseph's in Dorking, the Pugin Gothic design having beaten out Frederick Walters' less ornate, almost Puritanly spare proposal.

The General Lying-In Hospital

One of a handful of specialised maternity institutions in London, the former Westminster New Lying-In Hospital reopened in 1828 on York Road (Lambeth, SE1). No longer located in Westminster, the institution re-incorporated by royal charter in 1830 as "The General Lying-In Hospital". This past year, thanks to generous donations by a consortium of former patients, the buildings have been thoroughly renovated, with new drainage, a new ward, a training school for midwives and midwifery nurses, and a new story added to each wing to house the increased student body. At the same time, Joseph Lister, a pioneer in antiseptic medicine, joined the hospital as a consulting surgeon, and John Williams and Francis Champneys as Physicians Accoucheurs. The Hospital has since become the first to practise antiseptic midwifery in the United Kingdom, resulting in a substantially lower rate of childbed fever and other complications, and a much higher survival rate for both mother and infant. The Nightingale Sisterhood has offered a substantial donation to the Hospital in return for a presence among its staff. No decision has yet been made by the predominantly male faculty.

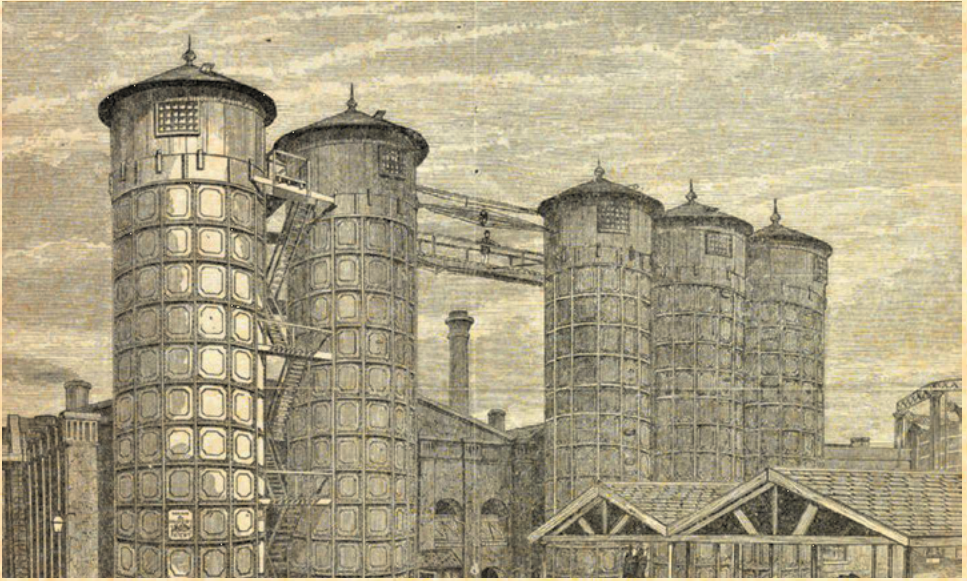
Public Utility

Public utility businesses handle the unglamorous, but essential, services that keep homes and businesses running smoothly, such as fuel, water, and sewage. They provide the motive power that keeps London moving, from coal to town gas to the newer modes of hydraulic pressure and electricity.

Coal and Gas

The primary cooking and heating fuel in London is coal, brought in along the river and canals on barges, and carried from door to door by horse and cart. Coal is sorted off the barges and sold by type, from the cheap "nuts" (a firm packed mix of coke and coal dust) through everyday coal, to the expensive "best coal" used in drawing rooms as it burns clear and bright with little smoke. A few places use the new gas stoves, but these are rare, as much for display as for actual cooking. Most households prefer to keep gas just for lighting, as it is more expensive than coal, even if

automatic delivery to the house via pipes and a gas meter make it more convenient. Gaining access to a building under the pretence of reading a meter is clichéd precisely because it works, leading to it being done so often.



Town gas, originally a by-product of coke manufacture, comes a close second to its solid predecessor. Piped in from gasification plants across the metropolis, town gas provides light, heat, and illuminated signage to the Great Smoke, in the process contributing to the city's nickname. Gas lamps provide most of the light in the streets, the dull yellow glow illuminating the London Particular, while the occasional electric light shines out of windows in a brighter, lighter gold. In the poorest areas, rushlights and candles flicker. Linkmen, professional torch-bearers who make their living by lighting the way for pedestrians, are a dying breed, but still found in some areas. Gasification plants are easily spotted by their gasometers, great cylinders of steel sections that rise and fall within a latticework of steel girders with the volume and pressure of gas currently stored. Only rarely is there a problem with these, but when they fail, they do so spectacularly. When the Washwood Heath primary gasometer exploded in 1872, taking the secondary cylinder and the rest of the plant up with it, the flare could be seen across the county line in Oxfordshire.

The cost of gas is a great expense in many a house. A bright light is a luxury, and is appreciated by every one, but it cannot be enjoyed without being paid for. Waste of gas makes the gas-bills mount up, and the careful housekeeper may effect a considerable saving by preventing this. The gas-meter should be turned off during the day, so that if there are any places where the pipes are defective, escape of gas may be prevented. Flaring-burners also should be well looked after, for with gas a flare is always the sign of waste, for it shows that more gas is given out than can be consumed by the flame. The condition of the burners has almost as much to do with the amount of a gas-bill as the cost of gas per thousand feet. Old worn-out burners are the best friends which the gas companies have. A smell of gas should never be disregarded. It is a sign that there is an escape somewhere, and steps should be immediately taken to discover where it is and to put a stop to it. Wet gas-meters also, when fixed in a house, need to be strictly looked to, or they will do their part to swell the amount of the gas-bill, and so add to the trials of the householder. If these meters are over-filled with water up to a certain point the supply of gas will cease, but if over-filled rather below this point, the gas will come into the pipe, but the revolutions of the apparatus will be accelerated - and the consumer will appear to have consumed more gas than he has had the benefit of. Last, but not least gas when not in use should be turned out or left very low. A careless person who leaves the gas "full on," in an unused room, is throwing money away as much as if he cast it into the street.

- Cassell's Household Guide, New and Revised Edition, circa 1880

Water

Only the upper class has water piped to the house. Even then, the pumps that drive water through the pipes are only turned on a few hours a week, so every house must maintain water storage in some form. At the poorest end, water is collected from a public standpipe in a bucket and stored in that same bucket until used. Slightly above that are poorly maintained water butts in the house's back yard, left open on the edge of the eaves to catch rain that runs off the roof. Buckets from the standpipe supplement the rain, made filthy by the surface skin of damp soot that drifts out of the air, and the droppings of birds that fly overhead. Middle-class houses keep their better maintained water butts inside, though they still gain a skin of soot from house-fires and the fog that creeps in through open doors. Upper-class houses have fully enclosed cisterns lined with lead to make them waterproof. This works well as long as only cold water is involved. As soon as hot water is piped through the house, the lead begins to leach into the water supply. In addition, if the indoor water closet is connected to the supply, water is as likely to flow from the sewer drainage to the supply as it is from the supply to the drainage.

London's manufacturers and hotels also use water, but in high-pressure hydraulic systems, some for luxury, such as the Savoy's hydraulic elevator, and others more practical, such as factories that use hydraulic machinery for rolling steel, and banks that use water pressure to open and close their vault doors. Companies by the Thames pressurise their water-lines with massive pumps the size of a ship's engine, and supply their customers via heavy cast-iron pipes running under the streets.

Three-fifths of London's water comes directly from the Thames, with the rest coming from wells and tributary rivers. As most sewers empty into the Thames eventually, contamination causes a lot of problems. This is one reason why tea is so popular. Boiling the water for it means cleaner water and less sickness. The problems aren't as bad as they were back in the days of

the Great Stink, but they aren't good either. Engineers and politicians are working frantically to improve things, spurred on partly by public health laws enacted after mid century cholera epidemics, and partly by the extremely displeased dragon Hyrdofeay who, after being awakened by the Rabbit Hole, looked at the river and promptly went to express his displeasure to Parliament.

Many shops offer home delivery, at least for the middle class and higher. Food, drink, and parcelled goods are transported by horse and cart, and rarely see more of a house than the external cellar or the back door. Most shops selling perishable goods, like butchers, bakers, grocers, and chandlers, perform a silent assessment based the customer's perceived class, how much wealth they display, and their home address and delivery address (if these differ), before the shop will offer or decline delivery.

Utilities

London Hydraulic Power Company

In 1878, Parliament established the London Hydraulic Power Company (Falcon Wharf, Bankside, Lambeth, SE1), merging the Steam Wharf and Warehouse Company and the Wharves and Warehouses Hydraulic Pressure Company, to set up a network of hydraulic power pipes under London. Since these pipes include returns, as the customers use the power generated by moving water rather than the water itself, the LHPC has had to install pairs to each business subscribing to their service. This doubles their rates for new hookups from the drinking-water companies. Their power rates, however, are lower than the price of potable water by the gallon, as the water recirculates, and does not have to be safe for consumption. Thus the company does not have to spend so much on filtering and purifying, as well as having a substantially lower intake from the Thames per day. Of course the firm has also had to lay pipe throughout the metropolis to connect their pumping stations to the parishes where their service is desired (and can be afforded), adding one more set of work crews to the roving gangs tearing up and rebuilding the streets. The company has a second pumping station at Kensington Court and Milbank (Kensington, W8) and a third at Wapping (Shadwell Basin, Stepney, E1).

The Waterworks Clauses Act of 1846 only required water mains to pass by all dwellings in London. Individuals were left to pay the cost of connecting to the mains, with the predictable result that poor areas had no running water in their homes. While the Act required constant piped water, constant was a matter of some interpretation. The Act provided no mechanism for enforcing the requirement, so the waterworks companies turned the water on and off as they pleased. In 1874, in Chelsea, 0.3% of homes had running water 24 hours a day. The average across the city was 10.3%.

In affluent areas, standpipes are placed every three or four houses apart, with taps, so when the water is on, it can be controlled. In poor areas, standpipes are anywhere from ten to thirty houses apart, and have no taps. When the water company turns on the pressure, water pours out, making a muddy mess of the street. The East London Water Company, for example, turns on the water for two hours three times a week. This washes the paved roads but turns any unpaved area into a bog. As well, someone has to be present to collect water for the household. This has given rise to water-catchers, people who make a few pennies a week filling containers for households where everyone is at work during water hours. Water companies are obliged by law to turn on the water supply if a fire alarm goes up. This of course results in occasional incidents of arson in neighbourhoods desperate for water.
- Djehuty Jones

Masquerading as a delivery person is a good way to pass unnoticed in a wide variety of districts, but for best results, requires the ability to pass as a boy apprentice, as they make most of the food deliveries. There are adult delivery men, but they deliver heavy sacks of coal, wood, flour, potatoes, or kegs of beer more often than small packages. A better way to pass unnoticed for older men, if interior access is not required, is to dress as a lamp tender complete with ladder for trimming and lighting the street gas lamps - or reaching an open window, or a chimney sweep. For women, domestic livery makes one quite invisible, except to the help, who know everyone in a position on the street. Better to apply a bit of paint and pass for either a late-blooming boy or an elderly man.

– *Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street*

target to those who would disrupt manufacturing for political ends, such as the Fenians and the more violent factions of the Levellers. For more daunting tasks, contracts and temporary agreements have been made with some of London's more daunting individuals.

The Brunswick Hotel (Hanover Square, Mayfair, Westminster, W1), a decidedly posh hotel, has had a water pressure operated lift installed, the first hotel to do so (although not the first business, as they were preceded by Harrods). The Piazza (Covent Garden, Holborn, WC2) put in a microsteam powered winch system. The two have fought a war of advertisements since. The Piazza extols the modernity of its power system, and the catchment, based on the Elisha Otis design, that protects the lift car if the cable snaps. The Brunswick notes that water power is quiet and does not produce noisome smoke.

As well, the hydraulic piston that raises the lift does not require complex clockworks to protect the occupants from a sudden fall, as the piston can only drop as swiftly as water can flow out of the reservoir. The Colonnade Hotel (Charles Street, St. James, Westminster, W1) has let it be known that they are contracting with a Prussian engineer to install an electric lift. While these hotels present arguments to the aristocracy as to what the best power option is, the manufacturers depend upon water. Whether they drive their factories with straight hydraulic pressure from LHPC or one of its competitors, or by stationary engine, with a boiler requiring daily topping-off, water remains the lifeblood of London industry as surely as it supports the lives of all the city's inhabitants. The LHPC has had to increase their

private security forces of late, as they present far too tempting a

Obviously, neither their advertising writers nor their guests have ever been to a pumping station.

– *Davalin Cutteridge, Womens' Steamlifters Union of Westminster, Kensington and Chelsea*

Adventure Hook: Old School Rules

When a line break occurs, pavement stones are flung aside with considerable vigour – windows have been broken – and a geyser soars nearly a hundred feet aloft. There's no question as to where the problem is, and nine times out of ten it's due to a weak spot in a pipe or an accident by a street crew not being careful where they dig. This time, though, the line has suffered a pressure drop, but it's intermittent, and there's no unplanned-for fountain to mark its location. More, it's rhythmic, the pressure dropping and re-establishing at predictable intervals and hours. Someone has put on an illicit tap, and is running their business or other operation without paying for service. The hydraulic firm needs a few hardy souls willing to go down into the maintenance tunnels and sewers and trace the tap, knowing it may be guarded by unruly sorts, never mind what's moved in since the opening of the Rabbit Hole. You thought London sewer rats were vicious?

Lambeth and Wandsworth Vulcanic Power Ltd.

Michael Faraday had just finished demonstrating an electrical experiment. "That's all very impressive, sir," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "But tell me, sir, of what use is it?"

"Well, sir," replied Faraday, "there is every possibility that you will soon be able to tax it."

Behind the grandiose name lies a company established a scant four years ago, its first line going into service nine months after Waterloo Station turned on their electric lights. Residents of Lambeth, seeing the station lit so brilliantly, began to demand a similar amenity for their homes and businesses. Mrs. Gertrude Ellings, the forward-looking widow of McTavish Ellings, the pickle magnate, provided the investment capital. Steinhope Rafferty and Deacon Orr, two young men who fancied themselves the next Baron Johnstone and Earl Annandale, brought the technical know-how, and what they lacked in that (which was quite a lot actually) they made up in enthusiasm. Thus far, while their reports to Mrs. Ellings are glowing, their customers' bulbs barely emit a flicker. Only three main lines have been put in, one along Belvedere Road running either direction from the generating station at Sufference Wharf (Lambeth, SE1), one along York Road, and a third crossing the first two and going along Waterloo Road from Waterloo Wharf just past Belvedere on the Thames side and ending at Sandell Street. This puts them a long way out from Vauxhall Bridge and the border between Lambeth and Wandsworth where Rafferty and Orr had promised to be two years back. As well, their generators tend to be laid by for repairs more often than not, with never enough current being pushed into the lines to light more than a single bulb in each of their subscriber households.

Ordway and Blunden Equine Waste Removal

When Mssrs. Ordway and Blunden built their central yard (Quaker Street, Finsbury, EC2), they put it hard by the Bishopsgate Goods Depot so their carts could unload straight into hopper cars destined for the countryside. Once relieved of their noisome burden, the carts could then be sluiced down in the middle of the street before being brought into the yard for the night, leaving the remaining mess for the dustmen to deal with. Ordway and Blunden's carts may be found in eastern Finsbury, southern Shoreditch, and western Bethnal Green, scooping up the twenty or so pounds of manure each cab, hackney coach, omnibus, and cart horse produces in a day. It's a thankless job, but it's steady work at city pay. The fact that nobody wants to get that close to a horse-waste remover has given rise to the rumour that half of them are wanted criminals hiding in plain sight. Certainly nobody looks twice

It'd help if they didn't smoke all of their income at the opium dens. Three road crews we've had quit from lack of pay just this past six months. One real engineer and one decent businessman taking the reins and Lambeth Vulcanic could really be something.

— "Harvey", electrical power worker, speaking to a reporter on condition of an assumed name

One of the cart drivers ran a terrifically successful pickpocket ring for over a year, with his dippers circulating through the crowd, bringing him wallets and purses and such, and him able to dispose of the evidence with a simple toss into the cart if a Peeler got too close. Nobody wanted to search the cart, and so while suspicions rose, he went free, until a particularly industrious sergeant borrowed a hose from a fire department truck and washed the contents of the cart, revealing a trove that put the driver away for a long stretch.

— Djehuty Jones

Chapter 3

at a mucker, rendering them socially invisible, which can be nearly as useful as being physically invisible.





LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Communications

*But one morning he made him a slender wire,
As an artist's vision took life and form,
While he drew from heaven the strange, fierce fire
That reddens the edge of the midnight storm;
And he carried it over the Mountain's crest,
And dropped it into the Ocean's breast;
And Science proclaimed, from shore to shore,
That Time and Space ruled man no more.
– Rossiter Johnson, The Victory*

By 1880, London has a dizzying array of communications options, some connecting it to other cities and nations in real time, others distributing the news at a slower pace but much wider dispersal. At the heart of the modern age lies that wonder of long distance communications, the telegraph. Messages flash from continent to continent in a matter of minutes. Soon, they say, voices will cross the ocean at the same speed, once cables are laid capable of carrying the traffic of Mr. Bell's telephone. In the meantime, the Royal Mail runs at nearly telephonic speed, carrying messages across London and the Empire. The newspapers distribute information on breakfast tables, in pubs and coffeehouses, and on the walls of their own buildings when dire events occur. The new fields of radio and arcane transmission promise to open up vast new vistas, bringing news and sending

messages without the hindrance of wires. This chapter explores all of these, and shows how they interlock, for no information system is ever completely independent.

Telegraphy

Thanks to advertising, when the public thinks of the telegraph, the image that springs to mind is of an attractive young woman seated at a telegraph key, industrially tapping out messages as they are handed to her, and taking down the incoming signals. While telegraph women still staff the offices, the relays are mostly automatic now. Outgoing messages are punched to tape directly from the customer's handwritten original and fed to sending machines that click out Morse code at a dozen times the speed a person could achieve. Incoming messages are punched to paper tape, cross matched for destination and the relays are fed into the senders. Messages destined for the local region get fed into printers that transcribe them to telegram flimsies, then handed off to a legion of telegram boys (they've resisted gender integration thus far) to be run out to the destination. Only those messages requiring special handling, or being taken into or passed out of the telegraph office, ever pass through human hands.

The British Empire actually has two telegraph networks, one for the public that runs through other countries using local providers, and one exclusively British with direct links to outlying territories used for government business (and the business of those close to the government). The Royal Telegraph Office, a division of the Royal Post Office, has run the public network since 1868. The Home and Foreign Offices argue as to who maintains the government network, with

Mechanics:

The government network has a Software Rating of 19, with variance down only by -1 and up to +11 at locations such as Sandhurst. Their maintenance schedules are tight, and they regularly perform active monitoring and security rechecks.

generally the Home Office taking care of those bits inside the boundaries of the Empire and the Foreign Office seeing to the bits outside the boundaries. The fiercest arguments erupt over the handover points at the borders. The government network has secure interconnects with private networks at key points. These allow messages to be taken off the backbone and routed on to secure destinations, such as Buckingham Palace.

*The Byron who can tap the lines
and filter for useful information
can make a large fortune, and
larger enemies.*
- 8675309, Cornwall

Telegrams are routinely used to send money, rendering the old Letter of Credit system obsolete. Banks verify the credit of customers, send exchange rates, and balance their books. Business deals are brokered. Lloyd's has its own telegraph office to monitor shipping, settle claims, and so on.

Trying to run telegraphic cables through a metropolis can itself be a challenge. Alfred Rosling Bennett, who worked on the first Indian government telegraph, came back to England when he was done and established the overhead telegraph line, so he's at fault for the spiderwebs of copper above the streets. More recently, cables are being run through the Tube tunnels, and added to steam tunnels and other utility access paths as opportunities present themselves. Underground lines take very little wear and tear from the weather, and can be

secured physically much more readily than bare lines hanging overhead on a pole.

Sending a telegram can be done at any telegraph company office, post office, rail station, decent hotel, large shared office building, or by messenger. In those areas where telephones have been installed, telegrams may be sent by calling the local telegraph office. The standard charge in the British Empire is a penny per fifty characters per hundred miles, with a surcharge if the message is to be hand delivered on the far end. Yes, this competes with the Royal Post Office's letter delivery, but then both services are owned by the same Crown monopoly, so what does it matter? They serve two different purposes, really. Telegrams, even at that low a cost, are not economical for family letters. They also lack the cachet of a handwritten missive in a proper envelope. They're for business, and governance, and emergencies.

Telegraph Addresses

The simplest address for a telegram is the same as one would use for a letter. The message is then taken to the physical address by a messenger. Telegram messengers are everywhere, and most people don't notice them unless they're expecting a telegram. This of course makes messengers of interest to a wide variety of people, from the security department of the firm to the Byron.

One can also address a telegram to a box, or will-call. This requires some form of name or identifying tag. The Royal Telegraph Office allows up to fifteen characters, letters or numbers, case insensitive, followed by a city name (for the central office), or borough, town, or village name. Of course, nothing untoward will be allowed as a box name. As an example, Moser's, a detective agency formed solely of women who specialize in female clients, may be reached telegraphically at Shadows, London (or contacted directly at 2 Southampton Street, Strand, WC2). The box may be a pigeonhole behind the counter, or a lockbox accessible from the public side. How often the box is checked is up to the owner. The aforementioned detective agency checks theirs four times a day, more often if sensitive information is expected.

Had this one building lost their ticker connection every Tuesday and Thursday at one like clockwork. After two weeks getting called out from my lunch I got tired of it. Them pies won't eat themselves, you know. Went on out to the building at noon, ate me pie leaning up against a lamp-post across the street where I could see down t'alley where the wire ran. One sharp, just as the bells tolled, here comes this bloody great lorry backing up from t'other end of the alley, and its stack sticks up just high enough it snags the telegraph wire, yanks the bloody thing loose at one end, the end I repaired just this Thursday past. Had a word with the driver, alerted him to the necessity of watching his overhead a mite more closely, acquainted him with the smell of me spanner, you know, how you do. Once he were loaded up and away, I went up and moved the wire up another eight feet on each end. Haven't been called out there since.

– Janice Tanner, Royal Telegraph Office, Field Repair Department

Telegraphy and the Rabbit Hole

Telegraphy is simply not possible through the Rabbit Hole. The time dilation and variable environment, along with shifting physical laws, preclude sending coherent signals. Heliographs were a bust as well, flashes of light not being the most reliable means to begin with. The proposal to put semaphore stations at regular intervals in the Iron Tunnel was laughed out of council. Thus, there is a telegraph office at either end, and teams of runners. Messages are brought to the conductor or

mail officer up until the train enters the safe zone close to the portal. Packets are flung off the moving train to the runners as the train emerges. Messages are sent with their original handwritten timestamps to keep them in order, as they may not arrive in the same sequence in which they were sent.

Newspapers

From the daily to the monthly, from a neighbourhood journal in Yiddish to the Empire-spanning Daily Telegraph, and right there on every street corner, newspapers are the backbone of information in the modern age. In 1829, London had seven morning papers and six evening ones. By mid

Forget intercepting the messages between train and telegraph, the runners are well known to the soldiers guarding the Rabbit Hole. No, what you've got to do is read the messages while aboard the train, copy down the more interesting bits, and let the originals pass on. If you've got to alter or disappear a message, be sure to forge a new manifest for the packet, as it will list the messages in the packet, their origin, destination, timestamp, and character length. The Royal Telegraph Office don't half take security seriously, let me tell you. And it's just going to get heavier. They've already put in repeaters and printers at Fort Alice. Once they get the kit put in further down the line, they'll quit sending through packets and start sending through reels of punchtape. Forget forging a manifest there, you'd have to make a whole new tape reel.

– *Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street*

century, there were fifty-two newspapers in London. Now, the number has levelled off in the low eighties. Everyone reads a newspaper. Those that can afford delivery to their home or office constitute only a quarter of the circulation. A larger portion goes to public establishments, coffee houses, pubs, chophouses, slap-bangs, anywhere someone might stand or sit idle long enough to read a page. Some of these places offset the cost of the delivery by charging a direct rent. The previous day's paper can generally be rented for half the price of the current day's paper. Renting the current day's paper varies in price according to the number of hours it is kept, and the popularity of those hours. Some establishments just absorb the cost in the price of doing business. People stay a little longer, order another pint more often, when they've something to read and start a conversation over.

The most important news gets put up on the wall of the newspaper building itself. While the broadsheet format isn't

What telegraph people won't tell you about are the unidentified messages. Every telegraph message has to have a header, with the source, destination, any special routing information, number of characters in the message body, and billing or financial information, such as who's paying and whether there's money being sent. For years now, there's been messages with either a restricted header or no header at all going through the system. Most clerks assume that the restricted headers are for government business, as the body is usually in some kind of code or other, and sometimes those messages get picked up by the secure-room staff. The ghost numbers don't have headers at all. They show up in lulls between transmissions, echoing down the line with no apparent source and no identified destination. Sometimes they're just a few digits. Other times they're strings of fifty or a hundred numbers. There's plenty of rumours, but nothing solid as to what these numbers are, what they mean, where they come from, and who's meant to be the recipient. If anybody.

– “Prudence”, telegraph operator

found much on the street any more, it's still used to summarize events that everyone must be told of. For example, The *London Gazette* puts up lists of Army promotions and retirements every morning, hence the saying that a soldier has been gazetted. During wartime, casualty lists are posted. Those lost in the Samsut War are currently listed on the London Gazette building in St. Martin's Lane.

Every major ethnic neighbourhood has at least one local ethnic-language paper. This may just be a single sheet, front and back, with only items of interest to neighbourhood residents, or may go up to eight pages, with news stories translated or reprinted from a wire service. Often these papers carry information that simply doesn't make it into an English-language paper.

Big papers with national distribution, like the *Manchester Guardian*, subscribe to a wire service for national and international news, or maintain their own reporters in the field if they want an advantage over the competition. Wire services are networks of journalists who put their articles on the wire, that is, sent out by telegraph to other offices. Subscribing to a wire service gets a paper access to a steady flow of news from other areas. The most well known in London, Reuter's News Agency, has field correspondents all across Europe, and is expanding into North America, Australia, and the Gruv.

The Crimean was the first war to be reported by telegraph, bringing the dreadful events into greater immediacy for British subjects. With daily postings of casualties, battle results, and general observations, Britain's public came closer to the front than they ever had before. Public outcry drove Parliament to interfere in the course of the war, because of course they could, their orders at the front as fast as an operator could send, another receive, and a runner carry the paper to the field officers. Whether this advanced or delayed the course of the war, prevented or caused more casualties, is for historians to decide. Whatever the effect on the war, the effect on Britain was electric. Suddenly, here were all the stories of war that their family members had never told them previously.

Not all reporters are in the direct employ of a paper or a wire service. These independents, called stringers, generally write articles on spec, or without a direct commission, then try to sell their work to the service or paper. Some smaller papers operate entirely on stringers, with the only full-time staff being editors, typesetters, and pressmen.

A newspaper's sales are only as strong as its reputation. This does not equate to truthfulness. Nobody believes more than half the stories in any issue of a tabloid. The lurid tales,

Mechanics:

The Gamemaster should adjust the Target Number of a Research Test based on the appropriateness of the materials available. If the information being sought is the funeral home handling the service for someone of low SL, the Target Number will be lower if neighbourhood papers are consulted. Seeking foreign news requires a major paper, so the Target Number will be substantially higher if the neighbourhood one is all that is available. Trying to get the *Guardian* away from that old man who always hogs the paper at the pub can be an adventure in and of itself.

Knowing what other people are experiencing and caring about it are two very different things. Just as a miser may ignore, or even revile, beggars at his gate, so too can London ignore or revile the suffering of thousands in remote Africa. The community of man may be more aware of itself because of the telegraph, but the heart of mankind is rendered no less hard by news of distant misery.

- Lord Peter Tydewater, *D.Div* (Oxon.)

screaming headlines, and frequently violent (although black and white) artwork amuse the easily titillated. Tabloids make a tidy profit being entertaining, but they'll never influence national policy. For reliable news, information you can run your business by and make bank on, papers with a reputation for unflinching honesty grace the breakfast tables of the well-to-do.

The table below lists a few example newspapers, from the reliable (*The Guardian*) to the tabloid (*The Illustrated London News*). Other papers are described in the **Geography** chapter and elsewhere in this volume.

Example Newspapers

Paper Name	Founded	Comments
<i>The Courier</i>	1801	Published by D. C. Thomson & Co. in Dundee, Scotland, <i>The Courier</i> (properly the <i>Dundee Courier & Argus</i>) has five daily editions for Dundee, Fife, Perth and Angus. The entire front page is devoted to classified advertisements.
<i>The Daily Telegraph</i>	1855	Founded by Arthur Sleight, transferred to Joseph Levy in 1856, who ran it as the first penny newspaper in London. His son, Edward Lawson, is the current editor. The organ of the middle class, the <i>Daily Telegraph</i> claims the largest circulation in the world. The paper was decidedly Liberal until opposing Gladstone's foreign policy over the Suez Canal in 1875, when the paper turned Unionist.
<i>The Guardian</i>	1821	Founded in Manchester in 1821 by a group of non-conformist businessmen as a weekly, published on Saturdays and costing 7d. When the stamp duty on newspapers (4d. per sheet) was cut in 1836, the <i>Guardian</i> added a Wednesday edition. With the abolition of the tax in 1855, it became a daily paper costing 2d, went national, and dropped "Manchester" from the masthead. Staunchly conservative, widely read. Stacks of the <i>Guardian</i> go onto trains departing Manchester every night, and by morning can be found as far as Paris.
<i>The Illustrated London News</i>	1842	The world's first illustrated weekly newspaper, the <i>Illustrated</i> maintains a solid lead as the most profitable and widely read of the tabloids.

Paper Name	Founded	Comments
<i>The Scotsman</i>	1817	Founded as a liberal weekly newspaper by lawyer William Ritchie and customs official Charles Maclaren in response to the "unblushing subservience" of competing newspapers to the Edinburgh establishment. The paper is pledged to "impartiality, firmness and independence". In 1855, <i>The Scotsman</i> was relaunched as a daily newspaper priced at 1d and a circulation of 6,000 copies, which has grown substantially since.
<i>The Western Mail</i>	1869	Founded in Cardiff by John Crichton-Stuart, 3rd Marquess of Bute as a penny daily paper, the <i>Western Mail</i> describes itself as "the national newspaper of Wales and Monmouthshire", although it actually has only a very limited circulation in North Wales.

The Postal Service

The Royal Post Office has the science of moving letters and small parcels down to five decimal places, and is working on the sixth. In London, twelve deliveries go out each day except Sunday, and then it's only down to ten to avoid church hours. One could post off an invitation to dinner at breakfast and get back the RSVPs in time to send cook to market (assuming one lived in the West End). Delivery to the suburbs goes out six times a day. Bethnal Green has a morning post. Across the Empire, the Royal Mail delivers approximately one billion letters per year (according to 1875 figures). Mail order began back in 1861, with a Welsh flannel catalogue sent out by Pryce Pryce-Jones. The parcel count nowadays is easily half that of the letters.

For a penny, one can send up to one ounce (which equates to about three pages handwritten, plus envelope) anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, or the Gruv. Yes, the mail goes out to Fort Alice four times a day. Heavier packages require more postage, priced by the ounce. If your parcel is over two pounds, you really should consider a freight service. Once past the immediate reach of the British railways, the post goes up in price according to distance and any carriage fees required. As an example, mail bound for Petropavlosk must carry a postal coupon on the back for Russian postage, which is priced according to the reliability of service one is asking for. If you really want to make sure the letter is actually delivered, and not used for kindling in the office stove, you'd better include at least five rubles, six if the mail is coming from London or any other seat of British governmental, fiscal, or military power. For more important letters and parcels, courier service is available, with that post going out on the very next train, but the price is commensurate with the service.

Sending and Receiving Post

The simplest way is to put your properly stamped and addressed letter in your home or office mailbox. The postman will take any mail with uncanceled stamps to be delivered when they drop

off the incoming mail. Putting up the flag on the box alerts the postman of a pickup in case they didn't have anything to drop off. Pillar boxes may be found conveniently located on the corner in the better neighbourhoods of the City and the West End. Mail deposited in a pillar box gets picked up at regular hours, posted on the pillar box. The Royal Mail has found putting pillar boxes in the East End to be uneconomical, given the smaller flow of mail among people for whom a penny makes the difference between eating dinner or not, and the vandalism and general mayhem wreaked upon the boxes. Mail has value, and desperate people will steal pretty much anything that they can sell for food, clothing, or shelter.

Not everyone has mail delivery to their home, office, or other place of work or repose. Some don't want certain mail coming round to the house. Coffee houses and taverns often operate as postal drops. Hotels will rent out postal boxes as readily as rooms. Some of these even allow their address to be used in newspaper classified ads as a *poste restante*. The recipient lists their name and "Poste Restante", or "To Be Called For", above the address of the establishment.

The day's last post leaves the central office at St Martin's-le-Grand at six, with a rush of newsboys at the last minute to send off the day's London papers for national and international distribution. More experienced newsboys wait until the clock begins to strike, then make a big show of dashing up to the post office and in through the gate on the fifth stroke. The police keep the way clear for this, and it's a bit of a tourist attraction.

Livery of the Service

Since the appointment of Henry Fawcett as Postmaster General in 1878, "postman" has come to mean "postwoman" in some cases, but society is a bit reluctant to change, so the position title shouldn't be treated as indicative of the sex of the individual. Both sexes wear a similar uniform, with a white shirt, bright red waistcoat, and billed pillbox hat. The women have a choice between a long skirt or Fawcetts, the approved women's trousers, of a fuller and less contoured cut than men's.

Fawcett's wife Millicent, for whom the trousers are named, founded the Fawcett Society in 1866 as a women's rights and equality campaigning charity, and is on the board of directors of the Nightingale Society.
– Djehty Jones

Because of the red waistcoat, with the colour going all the way back to scarlet tailcoats worn by drivers during the mail coach days of the last century, postmen are sometimes referred to as robins. As a result, robins appear on Christmas cards because "robins" deliver them.

Railways and the Royal Mail

In 1830, the Royal Post Office reached an agreement with the Liverpool and Manchester Railway for carriage of the post. Since then, the Royal Mail has expanded to every freight and passenger railway in the Empire. The TPO wagon, or Travelling Post Office, can be found on any express service or long-distance route. This is not a public postal agent's window, but rather a rolling sorting room. Mail brought aboard the train gets sorted for dropoff further down the line. Railway mail sorters are the elite of the Royal Mail, with the ability to sort one letter per second and maintain three thousand items per hour for eight to ten hours straight. They travel up the line by passenger train in the morning, and work back down the line the same night. The following night, they work up another line, sleep over at the destination, and work the next night back down again.

Parcels come aboard at stops, generally being too large and sometimes too fragile for a rolling pickup. If there is no TPO wagon, parcels go into the guard van for safekeeping. Letters don't require the train to stop. The London-Birmingham Railway instituted rolling dropoff and pickup in 1838. The standardized system now in use across the Empire uses quick-release hooks to hang up mail bags by the side of the track, with a rope net below to catch bags coming off the train. The TPO wagon likewise has a rope net to scoop up the incoming bags, with those to be dropped off hung below the net. Bags from the train and bags from the station end up in the nets at the station and on board the train respectively. As a side effect, the need for hand stitched heavy leather bags brought new work to people who had previously made saddle bags, revitalizing the leatherworking industry.

A standard mail bag holds a thousand letters, between fifty and sixty pounds of post, so between that and the bag, you're actually looking at scooping up seventy-five pounds at a dead run. Bit tricky. If the train crew stick their head out at the wrong moment, they'll have it taken off by impact with the mailbags hanging out for pickup.

To extend the net, grab the safety handle to unlock the mechanism, then put the main lever all the way down. "Board" is the ready call, given by the spotter, that signals the net operator to put out the net. Putting it out too soon runs the risk of collision. Bringing in a tree instead of the mail is rather harshly frowned upon. When the bag comes in, and comes to a halt somewhere in the compartment, the operator calls "Net" and pulls it in. Be aware that a seventy-five pound bag being yanked into a moving train at anywhere from ten to thirty miles per hour can knock a grown man flat and possibly do serious injury. Don't be in the way of the bag.

– Brian Hallett, TPO Training Officer, Royal Post Office

Pneumatics

The Post Office looked into moving the mail about the Great Smoke through tubes driven by air pressure, but the cost of expanding the system out to Holborn was just a few thousand quid too much. By that point, in 1856, its pneumatic tube system had reached across 34 miles and connected 42 stations. At the limits of the budget, the Royal Mail could build no further.

Enter Thomas Webster Rammell and J. Latimer Clark, the former an engineer and a man with a knack for knowing who among the wealthy might be willing to invest, the latter the very engineer who implemented the Murdoch system for the Royal Mail. They formed the London Pneumatic Despatch Company, put in the line that the Post Office balked at, and leased it to the Crown for a tidy sum. Their system used a stationary steam engine to pump air through a tunnel three feet across, with wheeled trolleys plunging through them, hauled along by the vacuum on one side of a rubber gasket and wind from the other end of the trolley. With the addition of Richard Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Grenville, 3rd Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, a close friend of Benjamin Disraeli; William Henry Smith, whose firm, WH Smith's, put a book kiosk in every railway station in the Empire; and Thomas Brassey, an engineer prominent in the railway industry, the firm expanded to Manchester, Birmingham, Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Newcastle. Tubes have been built to the railway stations on the perimeter of the city, so that mailbags can be readily

switched between the pneumatic lines within the cities and the railway lines that run between them. Similar networks run through Paris, Berlin, and New York City, in the first two cases being services put in by the government, and in the last the work of Edison Pneumatics, Inc.

Many office buildings have small private pneumatic networks within, sometimes connected to the nearby telegraph office or postal agent. These carry confidential messages more often than telegraph lines, as they're much harder to intercept. Similarly, the Crown network runs throughout Whitehall, not replacing the red box that goes to Buckingham Palace, but moving a considerable amount of bureaucratic traffic. Plans to connect Whitehall to the Royal Mint, the Tower of

The Edison system used in New York is soon to be installed in Chicago, Boston, and Washington, D.C., but is not available outside of the Union. Some issue with the patents not having been properly licensed, I think. The Confederacy bought the LPDC system, keeping up their tradition of bringing in other people's inventions to turn their own profits.
– Djuka Mandic

Maintaining the tunnels was the biggest cost for a long time. We was in and out of the tunnels at all hours, fixing air leaks, dealing with shifted tunnel segments, fetching out the dead moles and such. Then the Rabbit Hole opened, and the firm hired the first magician what proved he could fix up the tunnels so they didn't leak. Now they've got bindings and air spirits and Johnny only knows what conjured into those tunnels, and we only get called in when summat serious happens and the finger-wiggie can't handle it.

– Clotworthy Skeffington, LPDC Maintenance and Repair

London, and the Bank of England are being studied, but the cost will be considerable, the nuisance to the public of the dedicated line running through the city will be pestilential, and maintaining security could require an entirely new police force.

Small-bore tubes, used within office buildings and for high-traffic, small batch environments, are standardized at six inches across, with a cylindrical carrier a foot and a half in length, made of brass with gutta-percha ring gaskets at either end. Large-bore tubes, commonly referred to as pneumatic tunnels, measure two feet nine inches across, and run cars eight feet long and weighing three tons through in pairs. Each car can hold thirty-five mailbags or one fully grown human or elf. Dwarves may find the width insufficient for their shoulders. Snarks may not quite fit at all, and trolls should know better. The cars have India-rubber flanges at either end to hold air pressure. Depending on the length of the run, any curves or gradients, and the power of the turbine or fan, the cars may reach speeds of up to fifty miles per hour.

Telephony

Transmission of sound over wire requires considerably more advanced equipment than sending a simple on/off condition, such as telegraphy uses. Only in the last ten years has this finally become not only possible, but at a low enough cost to make it affordable. Even at current prices, though, only the very wealthy, both individuals and governments, have that sort of funds available.

The story of Alexander Graham Bell is still being published in the newspapers, so there's no need to go over that. The commercial existence of the telephone is what we're concerned with, and that begins in 1872, when the first telephone exchange in the world was built in Boston. This system allowed for telephony based on dialling a preassigned number to reach a subscriber, and included

Mechanics:

Access to a telephone requires serious connections, considerable wealth, a title, or a government office. Very few people of a Social Level lower than 4 will even see one of these instruments in the next five years, much less have opportunity and need to use one. The Gamemaster is advised to set the Target Numbers above 20 for access by SL3 and lower characters, and for attempting to place a call outside of the current city. Price is suggested to start at £1 for each border crossed, with an extra £5 for crossing into unfriendly nations such as Russia or Poland, and then run at £2 per minute, with that cost tripling for calls to Asia and northern Africa.

operators who could make the connection for those who did not have the number available, or needed to call to another city, or who found the system confusing. Based on design work by Tivadar Puskas, from Hungary, an employee of Thomas Edison, the exchange of course ended up with Edison's name on it. Two years later, the first telephone exchange in London opened under the Bell patent.

In six years, London Bell has spread through parts of the City and the West End, with long distance connections available to Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Paris, and Berlin. Further connections are possible, but take prearrangement with a London Bell operator. These are known as toll calls for a very good reason, and it tends to be a pricey one. Putting through a call from Buckingham

Palace to the Kremlin takes a quarter hour's notice and makes enough of an impact on the Crown budget that it has to be signed for. Imagine what the wait and cost might be for a partner at a small bank trying to connect through to Madrid. Calls are only possible across the Channel, and then only to most of Europe and a few parts of Asia and northern Africa. The transcontinental cables cannot yet provide sufficient bandwidth to carry voice calls, and likely won't for another ten years, unless the rate at which new cable is laid increases substantially.

Radio

People have been attempting to build a wireless telegraph for some time now, with varying degrees of success. Dr. Hertz's invention of the dipole antenna just three years ago advanced the science considerably, but thus far, no one has built a transmitter and receiver pair of sufficient power and sensitivity to relay a clear signal for more than a few miles, giving radio essentially the same range as a telegraph. It may be another generation before the technology advances enough to be commercially feasible. Even the boffins at Sandhurst haven't taken a serious interest in military aspects of the technology as of yet.

Oddly, those who have built receivers occasionally report a phenomenon similar to telegraphic ghost numbers. These have been detected at great distances, indicative of considerable original signal strength. Some of these use the Morse Code, but at least one has been heard reciting strings of numbers in a female voice. Use of directional antennae at multiple locations appears to put the origin of the signals in deep Siberia, a terrifically remote area where no one could reasonably expect a research lab or transmission station to be sited. Thus far, no explanation of these numbers transmissions has been found, including how they are able to propagate the signal at such vast distances when the best inventors of the British Empire can barely get a clear signal across the Channel.



Magic

Like telephony, this is largely restricted to those with connections and ready coin. On the other hand, the apparently democratic nature of magical talent, appearing as it does across the strata of society, and the vagaries of its appearance, means that someone living in the depths of Whitechapel might have more ready access to a conjurer who can whisk a message across the aether than a respectable business owner living in Chelsea. The methods remain as arcane as the medium, and this volume shan't spend time poring over them.

The most commonly used method, although not the most reliable, is to engage a spirit to carry the message. Problems arise when the spirit can't remember the message quite right, or isn't as trustworthy as one would like and recites it a bit differently for a lark. Physical messages can be lost or waylaid when carried by a spirit just as readily as by a mortal courier. Remote writing is more reliable, but puts a considerable strain on the magician, driving a quill held in a pantograph at a distance. There are other ways of relaying symbolic information across space, but none really worth discussing as the cost generally outweighs the benefits. The most reliable means is telepathic transmission, but that requires a terrific amount of trust from both parties, as they must open their minds to each other to make it work. Further discussion may be found in Means and Effort Involved in Magical Relay of Information, paper presented by Prof. Eve Bernard of the University of Lyons at the First Galvanic Congress in Vienna, 1879.

– Carlton Thornhill, London Academy of Practical Spiritualism



LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Transport

Dogs, undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foot-hold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if the day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

Charles Dickens

Modern London has left the era of Dickens well behind, with its mail-coaches and overnight stages and carriage-inns, but has not yet escaped the horses and the crowding. Getting from one side of the Smoke to the other can be a challenge on the best of days. Moving hundreds of thousands of people, the food and goods necessary to sustain them, and the wastes they produce, into, out of, and through the city poses logistical problems that even the best engineers of the age have yet to conquer. This chapter discusses these challenges, and the methods that have evolved to deal with them.

Land

Road Conditions

Road surfaces vary throughout the metropolis. Horses are the primary determinant, with a surface needed that they can get good traction on, that will not hurt their legs at a trot, and that is easily cleaned of the results of horse traffic.

In the 1840s, Regent and Oxford Street were paved with wooden blocks, which gave the horses good traction and muffled the traffic noise, reducing the Roar to where shopkeepers could leave their windows open. The blocks only lasted about three years before they wore out, and the horses began falling. Frost made the road impassable. Wood could not be used on hills. By 1846, all the wooden streets in London had been repaved, an expensive experiment having failed miserably. Only a very few wooden streets remain, where noise abatement is critical – around the Central Criminal Court, the Old Bailey, and a few churches.

Granite setts, or cobblestones, were a favourite of Thomas Telford, who specified paving stones between eleven and thirteen inches long, half as wide, and 9 inches deep, set over a bed of crushed gravel. This sort of precision was expensive, and competition for paving contracts led to cheaper work and resulted in poor roads. Contractors who used larger setts built roads more cheaply, but the stones worked loose over time. Laying grit over the road created an initially smoother surface, but after a few rains, resulted in mud sloshing everywhere. If the road wasn't tamped properly, traffic created ruts. Beyond that, granite holds up well, but provides poor traction for horses. Spreading grit to improve traction just results in more muck.

Cobblestone streets fell into disfavour during the Chartist Riots when the rabble found that the streets would yield a plentiful supply of large stones, just the right size for heaving in the direction of the nearest authority figure or window, that could be pried up with bare fingers on any road more than three years old, two if the builder had cut corners.
– *The Lady of Seville*

The term "navvy", that we use for pretty much any builder or heavy labourer, is short for "navigator", originally referencing the men who dug the canals that were Britain's first post-Roman highways. But more about canals later.

– *Percival Squallow, Esq.*

The most common surface in London proper is macadam, or pounded gravel, a layer of two inch or smaller stones, usually granite, laid over a prepared roadbed, and then rammed with massive iron or stone cylinders requiring ten big navvies to reach side by side all the way across the road. Snarks and trolls find civilian employment readily in the road crews, partly because it takes fewer of them to stand shoulder to shoulder and fill the width of the road.

Macadam roads are built with a camber from the centre to allow run-off into the gutters at the edges, rather than having a single gutter down the centre like cobblestone venues.

This in turn required the creation of footpaths on the far side of the gutters, by the buildings. Pedestrian areas are often bounded by rows of stone posts to stop carriages from intruding, especially in busy intersections. The flow of traffic around these areas gave rise to the name of traffic islands. Unfortunately, with the gutters right the other side of the posts, pedestrians are more likely to be splashed by a passing cart-wheel than previously.

London has traffic signals at the busier intersections, driven by telegraphically linked differential engines. They're modelled on railway signals, with swinging arms that display red or green to oncoming traffic, with a white X on the red arm and a pair of white parallel lines on the green one for the colour-blind. The differential engines are synchronized by an Analytical Engine at the Traffic Control Office (34-35 Eastcastle, Cavendish, St Marylebone W1) to regulate the speed and flow of traffic across the city, in an attempt to keep London moving at a reasonable speed and without the gridlock that characterised previous decades. Failure to obey the signals carries a stiff penalty, although there are exemptions for government service and such that get horribly abused. Rumours that Byrons have been able to nobble the Engine and turn all the signals green in a particular direction on a particular stretch may have arisen from the city government sending out an order to the differential engines to clear the way for fire wagons.

Once past the inner boroughs, the most common road surface is crushed gravel, usually with ruts that go down to mud, and then dirt once one passes the (rather vague) border into the countryside. The old coaching roads are still maintained, as the steam lorries use them, but for any real distance, say London to Birmingham, only the very poor or the very wealthy travel by the road, walking or riding respectively. Most people, and all the freight, travel by rail, or by canal if money is in shorter supply than time. Airships are a special case and will be discussed later.

The Knowledge

Distance is more a matter of traffic than horsepower or steam. Going the long way round to avoid traffic congestion is often the faster route. Efficient travel in London requires specialized knowledge not only of routes but of traffic patterns, where construction and demolition is happening that day, and what areas to avoid based on the hour (only the mad or desperate attempt to pass Covent Garden in the morning). The best method might be the Tube, bypassing the surface congestion entirely, or it could be by hansom cab, relying on the driver to have The Knowledge. There are times when conveyances are more trouble than they are worth, and the clever go on foot.

London has twenty-five Streets named for Her Majesty and another twenty-five for her Prince Consort. The positions of nobility do just as well, with thirty-seven named King and twenty-seven Queen, Prince twenty-two and Duke seventeen. The noble houses maintain their own tally, with York having thirty-four to Gloucester's twenty-three. This does not include Roads, Boulevards, Places, Squares, Courts, Alleys, or Mews in the more respectable parts of town, and the

Mechanics:

A Knowledge (London) Test may improve speed of travel, reducing the time required proportionately to the number of successes, or may make it more difficult (failure) or nigh onto impossible (Rule of One). For determining Target Numbers for travel, Knowledge (London) counts as a Related Skill. The Knowledge (London Geography) Skill can be used not only to locate a place, and know where it is, but to find the optimum route to that place, based on street conditions, traffic, time of day, available omnibus routes, and so on. It also allows knowing where specific places are, such as the nearest fire-house or the only Indian slap-bang in the borough. When determining Target Numbers for locating a destination or optimizing travel, treat Knowledge (London Geography) as a To-the-point Skill.

TRANSPORT

slum-associated Rents, Rows, Gardens, Buildings, Lanes, Yards, and Walks. Being able to find the right Number 7 Yeardeley Mews requires an encyclopedic knowledge of the streets of London. Among the cabbies, this is called, simply, The Knowledge. Would-be cabbies spend weeks studying maps, memorising whole boroughs, and walking the streets to gain The Knowledge. Every day, as they drive their passengers, or tarry along with an empty cab looking for the next fare, they watch for new construction beginning or old construction finishing, with streets being blocked off or opening. Maintaining The Knowledge requires nearly as much effort as acquiring it in the first place.

Pedestrian Traffic

Far more people walk to work than take the omnibus, the Tube, the train, a cab, or their own personal conveyance, all combined. The working poor of London, who constitute over half the workforce, do not earn enough in a week to afford Tube fare. They must live within walking distance of their place of employment. Mind you, three to five miles is considered ready walking distance to people accustomed to getting about on foot on a daily basis. This still explains why there are so many low-rent properties and outright rookeries so close to the well-to-do. If one doesn't pay one's employees enough to ride the omnibus to work, one must accept slums in fair proximity.

Crossing the Thames adds a complication, especially for the poor. While the average mid-level clerk can spare a ha'penny each way to cross Southwark Bridge, a labourer cannot spend the cost of their mid day meal on a bridge toll, and must hike several blocks west to Blackfriars or a shorter distance east to London Bridge. The table below shows the toll rates as set by the Metropolitan Board of Works, which owns and operates all public bridges under the Metropolis Toll Bridges Act of 1877.

Toll Rates

Type	Cost
Pedestrian	1/2d
Pushcart or Barrow	1d
Horse-drawn Conveyance	2d per axle plus 1d per animal (applies to ox-carts as well, under a law passed in 1649)
Steam-driven Conveyance	5d per axle plus 3d flagman fee (the flagman is not legally required as the Red Flag Act died in committee, but the flagman's fee got left in the Act by error)



The following table shows the bridges of London, when they opened, and whether or not they've got a toll.

The Bridges of London

Bridge	Opened	Toll?
Blackfriars Bridge	1769	No
Westminster Bridge	1750	No
Vauxhall Bridge	1816	No
Waterloo Bridge	1817	Yes
Southwark Bridge	1819	Yes
Hammersmith Bridge	1827, the first suspension bridge in London	Yes
New London Bridge	1831, sixty yards upriver from the old location	No
Hungerford Bridge	1845	Yes
Chelsea Bridge	1858	No
Lambeth Bridge	1862	No
Albert Bridge	1873	No
Wandsworth Bridge	1873	Yes
Tower Bridge	in planning, projected to be completed 1894	

The waves of pedestrian traffic throughout the day, as the overnight shift goes home, the morning shift goes in, deliveries are made, and so forth, drive much of the business of the streets. Strolling coffee-sellers would not exist without customers able to stop on a moment's notice and resume their journey at their own convenience. See the **Business** chapter for further commentary.

Equestrian Traffic

Horses remain the primary motive power despite advances in steam, partly due to cost and partly due to cachet. While a steam omnibus is cheaper to operate in the long run than a horse-drawn one, the initial investment is substantially higher, putting it out of reach of the larger portion of the omnibus companies. The steam coach has simply not overcome the tradition of the coach and pair (or coach and four) of the upper class.

Riding horses are often fitted with round-headed nails driven into their hooves for better

traction, which of course increases the wear on the streets and adds to the Roar. Wagon and carriage horses have their hooves caulked at heel and toe, with similar results.

The standard horse drawn railway van, delivering cargo from the rail depot into the city, weighs two tons, plus horses, and routinely carries up to thirteen tons of cargo. These can have a team of six, sometimes in pairs,

Mechanics:

For a horse with a rider, pulling a cab or a carriage, or in any paired harness, use the Riding Horse stats. For any horse pulling a freight wagon, or harnessed in multiple pairs or a string, use the Draft Horse stats.

This past May, the Metropolitan Board of Works discontinued the toll on Albert, Chelsea, Vauxhall, and Lambeth bridges, opening the way in the West End for free traffic across the Thames. Of course, the East End still has toll bridges, because those what can't pay have to be made to pay, while those what are well off should be spared the expense.

– Ivy

TRANSPORT

sometimes in line, taking up a considerable amount of space. Brewers' carts carry up to twenty-five barrels of beer at a time, for a load of five tons. They typically use three draft horses, harnessed abreast, creating a wide lane requirement. The watering-carts that spray the streets and keep down dust carry a two-ton water tank. All of this weight passing over the street crushes the gravel into dust, requiring watering-carts and creating a cycle of destruction.

Extra horses are usually available at the bottom of any hill with a gradient over 2.5%. At the foot of particularly steep hills, entire teams stand ready in harness and for hire. Many omnibus and haulage companies keep extra horses at trouble spots, like the base of Ludgate Hill. These horses are generally available for hire, and not just reserved for the company's vehicles. Carters seeing a wagon in distress will often stop, unhitch their team, yoke them to the problematic vehicle, and help out, but this leaves a horseless wagon blocking traffic until assistance is rendered and the team returns.

Cabs

The Hansom safety cab, or hansom, was designed by Joseph Hansom, an architect who never quite seemed to make any of his ideas pay properly. Hansoms have larger wheels than hackneys, with the axle and body closer to the ground. This gives them a lower centre of gravity, less likely to tip over, and also makes it easier for the passengers to board and depart. The driver sits behind the cab, on a perch looking over the roof, giving him a clear view of the street in all directions. The passengers sit facing forwards, with half doors to protect their legs from splashes and wind, and a small window that lets them see out the back. Hansoms, sadly, are not as safe as they could be, because their manoeuvrability leads the drivers to run them faster and take chances that hackneys simply could not attempt. While hansoms don't turn over nearly as often as the hackneys, they have a lot of horse-falls.

Cab stands tend to be frightful places, what with up to fifteen cabs parked there at a time, a constant accumulation of manure mixed with spilled feed and straw used for insulation around the pump and scattered on the ground under the horses, and the leavings of the drivers themselves, who can't always be arsed to visit the necessary to relieve themselves. In the suburbs, the waterman usually keeps a few chickens, just to add to the noise and mess. The cab stands outside theatres, those south of the river, and the ones in Westminster consistently rate low in terms of cleanliness and obtrusiveness, while those at the railway stations, where the drivers are fined if the passengers complain, and can be banned outright on repeated offences, are generally considered the best.

The waterman at a cab stand performs a variety of functions. He provides water to wash down the cab, and also for the horses, his original duty. He keeps order at the driver's shelter and the stand, keeps the fire going in cold weather, and tidies up in general. He acts as a porter to help passengers and their luggage into and out of cabs. He monitors the horses to be certain they are not ill-used, and reports any problems to the cab company. Each driver pays him 1d on arrival, and another ha'penny when departing with a fare.

The average shift for a cab is twelve hours, with some drivers working sixteen or more. The horses have to be switched out every four hours or so, as they do most of the work and tire sooner than the drivers. Steam-driven cabs have been introduced by one company, but with the small, light

Hansom cabbies of a sporting bent wear bowlers instead of top hats, and bright checked coats in the summer. Check the cabbie's hat to see what sort of driver he might be. The more raffish the driver, the quicker the cab but the greater the danger of a spill.

— Yokel's Preceptor, or More Sprees In London!

cab unable to carry a full boiler, they've had to be fitted with microsteam engines, which are more expensive and fiddlier to maintain. As well, the cabs cannot haul a large water supply, and so have to pull up for watering frequently enough that they lose the advantage of not having to change horses. It's unlikely that these steam hacks will remain in service for much longer – they're just not economically feasible.

Officially, hansom, hackney, and carriage drivers are all tested and licensed. In reality, some of the licensed drivers sublet their cabs and carriages during the less popular night hours, normally on condition that the lessee provides their own horse, because the horse is the cabbie's livelihood, much more so than the carriage. The drivers that pay to sublet tend to be disqualified drivers, completely unqualified drivers, or drunkards.

The Omnibus

Until 1832, only hackney carriages were allowed to pick up and set down passengers within the boundaries of central London. The first omnibuses plied routes in the suburbs, too costly for anyone but the middle classes and higher to afford. Everyone else had to live within walking distance of their workplace, leading to tightly packed slums around factories and mills. When the hackney monopoly finally broke, omnibuses entered central London, but it wasn't until a young inventor came up with the now commonplace two decker, two horse bus that cheap transport within London really became available. At tuppence a mile for an inside seat, or three-ha'pence a mile for an open air seat on the knifeboard, a single long bench down the centre of the bus roof, reached by an iron ladder bolted to the bus's side, the working classes joined the daily commuters in and through London, allowing the slums to spread out and London itself to begin to sprawl.

Today there are fifteen omnibus companies, of which the three largest are the London General Omnibus Company (LGOC), Thomas Tilling, and the London Road Car Company (LRCC). Between them, the omnibus companies run about twelve hundred buses on a hundred and fifty different routes, with the gap between buses on any one route varying from a few minutes to an hour, depending how far from the centre of London the bus runs and the demand. Each company has its own ideas of how an omnibus service should run and where the profits should go, which leads to fierce competition between them when the owners get together to try and standardise the rules. As yet, no agreements have been reached.

To keep a single horse-drawn bus on the road for twelve hours each day, a team of twelve horses is required, sixteen if the route includes a hill, each one harnessed for three to four hours and travelling about fifteen miles. The horses must be fed, watered, stabled, and groomed, and tended by blacksmiths and vets. Caring for the horses represents slightly over half of operating costs, or more if there is a poor harvest and the price of feed goes up. The omnibuses also have to compete with

A hansom runs about £50, and the cab license £5 a year. Duty runs 10s a week and the driver's license 5s per year. The horses can only work half a shift before they tire, so two horses are required for each cab, another outlay. If the cab is leased from the company, that's another 15s per day, or 9s for a night cab. Many cabbies sublet their hansoms to bucks, or drivers who have lost their license for one reason or another, in order to squeeze out some extra cash. The only protection the passenger has is the required table of rates, thanks to a law passed in 1853 that requires the legal distances between specific points and the table of fares to be posted in the cab. In bad weather, though, additional fees are tacked on, at the discretion of the driver.
– Percival Squallow, Esq.

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the trolleys of London which, while also being pulled by two horses with all the resulting costs, are able to go half again as fast along their tracks and charge less, only a penny a mile.

Horse-drawn omnibuses have twelve seats inside, facing each other, and two box seats by the coachman, reserved for favoured regular passengers who keep that favour by tipping. The knifeboard, up on top, can handle another twelve, facing outward. As with the stages, inside tickets are more expensive, and more or less keep the weather off, but the floor is likely to be an inch deep in mucky straw, and the air foetid from poor ventilation. Outside tickets are cheaper, but provide no shelter, and are simply not available to women in dresses, due to the need to climb up to the top on iron rungs. Trolls are not allowed on horse-drawn omnibuses due to their size and weight. The driver handles the coach. The cad handles the fares, tickets, and passengers.

Steam omnibuses have a considerable advantage in terms of operating costs, as they can carry a proper boiler and a generous water supply, and remain in service for twice as long as a horse-drawn omnibus before needing fuel and water. This offsets the much higher initial investment sufficiently that the LRCC has gone entirely to steam, with Tilling and three of the smaller companies soon to follow suit. Steam omnibuses can also handle trolls and women in skirts and pretty much anyone else, having more motive power and more interior space. There's still a driver and a cad, but there's also a fireman to tend to the boiler and the firebox.

Steam or horse-drawn makes no difference to the drivers and conductors, in terms of their working hours. The average shift remains fifteen hours, with only a seven minute break for a meal in the middle. Some companies work their drivers as long as twenty hours at a stretch. This wasn't such a problem when all the omnibuses were horse-drawn, as the horses are generally smart enough to not walk straight into obvious trouble. Steam engines do not have minds of their own, though, and the rate of accidents due to drivers dozing off at the tiller has risen to the point where Parliament may have to regulate shift length as a matter of public safety.

Bus stops generally are at hostelrys and pubs, inheriting this from the stages. Indeed, some bus companies refer to their buses as moving between fare stages rather than bus stops. The omnibus always has a name, like the old mail coaches and stages. Some are known by their destination, like the *Baywater*. Others have names of historic or political significance, like the *Waterloo* and the *Atlas*. Some are known by their owner, such as the *Times*, owned by the newspaper, and the *Bardell*, both operated by the Bardell Omnibus Company.

Fares increase in bad weather, when more horses are required, or extra coal. A hard frost stops the horse-drawn buses entirely. Only those steam buses outfitted with sand-pipes, like locomotives, can still run under such conditions, and they charge up to 9d per passenger at such times.

Then there's the signs on some omnibus doors: No Trolls Inside. They say it's just because the trolls are too tall for the inside ceiling, but if that's so, why do they make them pay inside price for a seat on the roof?

– Ivy

The driver traditionally wears a white top hat, and a flower in his lapel. Women drivers wear shirt and trousers, weskit and coat, just like the men, a source of scandal to some. Describing a woman as an omnibus driver can be a way of saying that she prefers the company of other women to that of men, but in a derogatory way.

– Ivy

Steam Carriages and Lorries

While the design of steam coaches varies from that of carriages out of necessity, the positions aboard the private coach of a wealthy businessman or aristocrat only do so in one case. The driver still takes charge of guidance, operating a steam engine instead of clucking to the horses. The footman still rides on the back, although more likely on the footplate with the fireman than on a footrest bolted to the side by the door. The aforementioned fireman replaces the groom, acting as a mechanic to do minor repairs and maintenance on the coach as well as stoking the engine when it's in operation. Appearances vary wildly, even this many decades after the advent of the road engine, as many private coaches are built for those wealthy enough to have a bespoke conveyance. For

A few years back, a group of Kashmiri immigrants pooled their money and bought a lorry, and started doing independent work for hire. There's always someone that needs something large moved by a one-off engagement. The men decorated their lorry in bright colours, with religious pictures and sayings from their homeland, and put their telegraphic address down the side. Soon they had so much business that another group started up to deal with the overflow. A friendly rivalry grew, and the second team did their lorry up one better, adding a small electrical generator run off the steam engine, and stringing electric lights down the side of the cargo bed. A third team added a moving sign mounted to the top of the cab. Apparently just painting Horn Okay Please across the back wasn't enough. One wonders where it will all stop.

– Djehuty Jones

example, Guan Hong Quan, the director of Eng Aun Tong's London office, goes about in a coach built to look like a tiger, with a great ferocious face of sheet-metal at the front and a tail rising high at the back like a naval pennon mast, painted an eye-searing shade of orange with black stripes, and featuring an air-driven horn that sounds like a tiger roaring.

Lorries on the other hand do not vary much in basic design and appearance. Most are owned by cartage firms, who paint the lorries in their livery and do not allow the drivers to add their own touches. As well, form follows function, which requires a small cab, a great deal of engine, and as much cargo area as can be reasonably accommodated and still navigate the section of London for which the cargo is destined. Narrow, short lorries with microsteam engines putter about in the alleys, moving perishable goods to market and running small, expensive deliveries. Massive beasts with three or four axles, the width of a beer wagon, rumble into the city from market gardens and factories on the outskirts, or across the Isle of Dogs, between the warehouses and the docks. The wear and tear these produce on the streets has left the Metropolitan Board of Works putting out requests for new paving and road construction ideas.

Ways to shake your tail in London.

1. *Sneak a ride on a passing hansom.*
2. *Catch a full omnibus, wait until it draws up next to another at the street signals and leap across. Try to get off before the conductor catches you.*
3. *Take to the roofs. They're so close they almost touch and if you know them, you can drop any chaser through a weakened patch, or into an alley they don't see until too late. If you're working with someone, have them wait in the alley. Most chasers'll have a half-decent pocket haul. Then they're paying your bus fare.*

"Danny", a Brummie Boy's runner

TRANSPORT

Rail

The first shock of a great earthquake had, just at that period, rent the whole neighbourhood to its centre. Traces of its course were visible on every side. Houses were knocked down; streets broken through and stopped; deep pits and trenches dug in the ground; enormous heaps of earth and clay thrown up; buildings that were undermined and shaking, propped by great beams of wood. Here, a chaos of carts, overthrown and jumbled together, lay topsy-turvy at the bottom of a steep unnatural hill; there, confused treasures of iron soaked and rusted in something that had accidentally become a pond. Everywhere were bridges that led nowhere; thoroughfares that were wholly impassable; Babel towers of chimneys, wanting half their height; temporary wooden houses and enclosures, in the most unlikely situations; carcases of ragged tenements, and fragments of unfinished walls and arches, and piles of scaffolding, and wildernesses of bricks, and giant forms of cranes, and tripods straddling above nothing. There were a hundred thousand shapes and substances of incompleteness, wildly mingled out of their places, upside down, burrowing in the earth, aspiring in the air, mouldering in the water, and unintelligible as any dream. Hot springs and fiery eruptions, the usual attendants upon earthquakes, lent their contributions of confusion to the scene. Boiling water hissed and heaved within dilapidated walls; whence, also, the glare and roar of flames came issuing forth; and mounds of ashes blocked up rights of way, and wholly changed the law and custom of the neighbourhood.

In short, the yet unfinished and unopened Railroad was in progress; and, from the very core of all this dire disorder, trailed smoothly away, upon its mighty course of civilisation and improvement.

– Charles Dickens, Dombey and Son

Rails Into and Out of the City

There are no trains into the inner part of London, for a variety of considerations, not the least of which is the clearance of buildings hundreds of years old that would have to be done. The Railway Circle was drawn up in 1848, by the Royal Commission on Metropolitan Termini. The boundaries beyond which rail lines were not to cross were defined as Euston Road, City Road, Borough Road, Kensington Lane, Vauxhall Bridge Road, and Park Lane up to Euston Road. The Nine Elms Line at Battersea to York Road immediately breached this, but that was south of the Thames and didn't count. The Charing Cross station, in 1864, and Liverpool Street Station, in 1874, also breached the Circle, but again were regarded as honouring it in the breach rather than setting a precedent.

The arrival of the railways at first increased congestion, then decreased it, as goods shifted to rail carriage from wagons. The last of the mail coaches ran before mid century, clearing the streets a bit. Distribution of goods within the city, however, remains a problem. The advent of the steam lorry has only partly alleviated the problem, as all they've really done is replace horse-drawn conveyances on the streets.

Important traveller's tip: Trains travelling to London are Up, trains travelling from London are Down, except for trains connecting to Fort Alice. One goes Out to the Gruv and comes Back to London. So, the train down from Greenwich Station might get one to Edinburgh, but the train back to Greenwich only comes from one place.

– Percival Squallow, Esq.

Surface Rail

Corridor cars are a very new invention, being tested on a few lines. Most train cars open onto the platforms, with no connection from one carriage to the next. All trains thus halt somewhere along the route for the conductor to walk the train and check tickets. Trains coming into Waterloo pause on the high viaduct over the Westminster Bridge Road. In Euston, they stop at the Camden Roundhouse. Outside of London Bridge, trains stop at the Bermondsey viaduct, where small gangs of ragged children occasionally gather to shout "throw down your mouldy copper!".

Rail fares are out of reach of the lower class as far as the daily commute goes. By law, the parliamentary trains, or working-men's trains, may charge no more than 1d per mile, but the law doesn't say when they have to run. The companies generally run the cheap trains as early or late as possible, and shunt it to the side to make way for pretty much any other traffic.

Railway stations may consist of just a platform, a ticket-office, and a WH Smith's kiosk, such as one finds in rural areas, or may be small towns in and of themselves, like St. Pancras. The staff, who refer to themselves as servants of the railway, are often liveried, in the uniform of the railway (or the Royal Mail). At a large station, one might reasonably find the following positions.

- Stationmaster – the big important person with the big important watch, who's in charge of the entire facility. Often retired from the military.
- Tea ladies – the ones who serve you the day-old scone and the cup of scalding acid for five pence, that you down in two minutes so that you can still visit the lavatory before the boarding call comes. Some railway stations have licenses for alcohol and tobacco, and thus have pubs as well as (or instead of) tea rooms. This puts them in direct competition with the area's pubs and hotels.
- Baggage handlers / porters – watch for the station or railway livery, as there's always a handful of independent sorts about and not all of them will deliver your luggage to your cab or coach.
- Track maintenance crew
- Mail handlers – usually seen moving bags into and out of the TPO wagon at the end of the train, or snoozing in the third-class car on their way to their next assignment.
- Switching operators – not normally encountered by the public, these women (usually) tend to keep to the switch box, the little glass-walled hut up on stilts or the glass-walled room up at the top of the shed.
- Telegraph operators – again not normally visible.
- Telegraph clerks and telegram boys
- Ticket agents / clerks
- Cleaning crew – A thankless and continuous job.
- Signal men – the fellows (usually) out on the tracks working the manual signage and putting out the red lanterns.
- Shunters – big burly sorts that move wagons from one train to another.
- Yard drivers
- Wheel tappers – yes, the old man with the hammer ringing each wheel like a bell is actually performing a critical job, listening for cracked wheels, flat spots, and other potential threats.
- Engineers – only in the larger stations that have full-on maintenance yards, as smaller facilities don't merit a boffin.
- Carpenters
- The fellow that stocks the WH Smith's kiosk

The Tube, or The London Underground Railway System

Travel by underground is still a bit rugged. Ventilation remains a problem, with stacks and blowers to remove smoke from the tunnels never quite keeping up. The underground trains have specially designed engines that condense and reuse most of the water to reduce the amount of steam leaked into the tunnels. The Tube's first class compartments each sit ten, with luxurious fittings, and six compartments per car, with a fare of 5d. Normally, only one first class car is provisioned per train. Second class cars sit thirty in a single large compartment, with a fare of 3d. Third class cars are standing only, with a fare of 1d. The cars are lit with gas kept in boxes atop the carriages. Some people say the trains are an explosion waiting to happen, but none have occurred, and the passengers seem happy enough. Some of those insisting that an explosion will occur are well known to have a vested interest, as they also have the notion they can build a train to run on electricity.

Getting the Farringdon and Paddington Line of the Metropolitan Railway, the very first line of what would become The Tube, done, took herculean effort. It opened 10 January 1863, with six stops in between Paddington Station and Farringdon Street Station. The work had been under way since 1848, since the Clerkenwell slum had been cleared and the Fleet market and prison demolished. Construction didn't actually begin until after the Crimean War, partly due to financing issues, with actual work starting in 1859. In November of 1860, a locomotive exploded at the construction site. In 1862, the Fleet, the Black River of London, broke out of the Fleet Ditch and flooded as far as King's Cross and Paddington. A temporary mortuary, housing the remains removed from the churchyards of Farringdon Road that had been destroyed to make way for the Tube, had its contents washed out into the excavation site. Engineers finally regained control ten days later.

The Hammersmith and City Line began construction in 1864, starting from Green Line and running to Porto Bello, Notting Barn, and Hammersmith Broadway. The Circle Line began work in 1868, and the District Line in 1869. In the current year, the Metropolitan Line alone carries 48 million passengers annually.

The Black River still grumbles in its bed, and tests the strength of the walls, and from time to time finds a crack. Then the street is blocked off for a few days, and fresh masonry brought in, and nowadays sometimes a magician who can speak with the Fleet and convince it to relent.

– Carlton Thornhill, *London Academy of Practical Spiritualism*

The Alice and Gruv

Passenger cars, especially lower-class accommodations, going back to London from the Gruv are generally half loaded with small parcel freight, so as to offset the cost of moving the cars, which are full of people coming from London but go wanting for passengers leaving the Gruv, with back carriage. As a result, it is generally cheaper to send a package to London from the Gruv than to the Gruv from London, as back carriage rates are low to encourage more of it, while space for freight on London-Gruv trains goes at a premium. Freight cars have removable, foldable benches, so that they can be outfitted as bottom-end passenger cars for the London-Gruv trip, then the benches stowed in overhead racks and the cars loaded with bulk cargo for the Gruv-London run. This creates a nightmare for the customs and excise inspectors, as there are so many opportunities for the smuggling of small items.

OH ! MISTER PORTER

Lately I just spent a week with my old Aunt Brown,
Came up to see wond'rous sights of famous London Town.
Just a week I had of it, all round the place we'd roam
Wasn't I sorry on the day I had to go back home?
Worried about with packing, I arrived late at the station,
Dropped my hat box in the mud, the things all fell about,
Got my ticket, said 'good - bye' "Right away." the guard did cry,
But I found the train was wrong and shouted out:

Chorus:

Oh! Mister Porter, what shall I do?
I want to go to Birmingham
And they're taking me on to Crewe,
Send me back to London as quickly as you can,
Oh! Mister Porter, what a silly girl I am!

The porter would not stop the train, But I laughed and said "You must
Keep your hair on, Mary Ann, and mind that you don't bust'."
Some old gentleman inside declared that it was hard,
Said "Look out of the window, Miss, and try and call the guard."
Didn't I, too, with all my might I nearly balanced over,
But my old friend grasp'd my leg, and pulled me back again,
Nearly fainting with the fright, I sank into his arms a sight,
Went into hysterics but I cried in vain:
(Chorus)

On his clean old shirt-front then I laid my trembling head,
"Do take it easy, rest awhile" the dear old chappie said.
If you make a fuss of me and on me do not frown,
You shall have my mansion, dear, away in London Town.
Wouldn't you think me silly if I said I could not like him?
Really he seemed a nice old boy, so I replied this way;
I will be your own for life, Your imay doodle um little wife,
If you'll never tease me any more I say.
(Chorus)

Water

Canals and Narrowboats

Britain has been using canals for moving cargo and people since before the Industrial Revolution. London's canals may not be as widely used now that trains move most of the cargo, but there's still narrowboats plying the ways. There's even been talk about setting up a barge as a water-borne omnibus. Given the popularity of the penny steamers on the Thames, and the lower costs of running an omnibus on water where no horses are required, just a bit of human muscle power and maybe a dash of steam, the likelihood of this succeeding as a commercial venture seems high.

Running canals through a metropolis sometimes requires tunneling, just as it does out in the countryside. Some of the tunnels have side passages, or alcoves, that one wouldn't know about unless one went through looking for them. Smugglers and other people involved in illicit traffic use these lay-bys to make exchanges of various sorts. Passengers or cargo could easily go into the tunnel aboard one narrowboat, then come right back out the same way on a different boat.

Cargo Shipping

Cargoes originating inland of London generally arrive down the canals on a barge, while those originating overseas arrive on one of the low-hulled coasters that constantly steam up, down, and across the English and Irish Channels. The primary difference is the pier at which the cargo is unloaded. Canal-borne cargo generally lands at a private pier right by the destination. Factories and warehouses were built along the canals for just this purpose. Cargo brought in by coastal steamer lands at a pier along the Thames. While there are private piers on the Thames, they're few and far between these days, with most of the traffic centred around the commercial piers at the Isle of Dogs and the surrounding south-bank region. Prices can vary wildly according to what is being shipped (weight, volume, and perishability are top considerations), the speed with which it needs to arrive, and any special handling required. Firms requiring regular shipping have contracts with shipping agents to lock in the price. For a one-off shipment, it's best to get three bids and take the middle one.

Passenger Lines

Penny Steamers

These are passenger boats plying the Thames, moving people in large numbers along the river. They get their name, rather obviously, from the fare. The penny steamers divide into above-bridge and below-bridge, based on the tidal bores created by the old London Bridge. Its piers created a difficulty to passage, forming rapids during the tide turns, and ships would routinely run up to the bridge, but not past it, to avoid chancing the current and the narrows. Even though that bridge is long gone and a new one built that does not create such a risk to passing traffic, London Bridge remains the demarcation point between above-bridge and below-bridge ships.

Steamers run between London and Westminster every four minutes from 8am until 9pm, with a dizzying array of companies vying for slip space. Penny steamers are the rule, and fares can be had

for further destinations as low as 2d due to competition. Passengers at the London Bridge piers walk through a narrow passageway lined with advertisements to reach the ticket agent, and then that challenge passed must deal with the confusion of the dock, with cries of "Hungerford", "Lambeth or Chelsea", and "Westminster" vying with "Paris! All for Paris!" and "Those what's for Belgium!".

The penny steamers have had a considerable impact on London's traffic, moving thousands of pedestrians to the river from the streets and bridges. They've even had an effect on the diet of Londoners, and on the success of the seafood industry of the eastern boroughs and outlying areas. Cheap fares made excursions to Greenwich for fish dinners, a popular social gathering among the reasonably well off, much easier, and accessible to those of slightly lower income. Popular venues are the Trafalgar Tavern in Greenwich, the Star and Garter in Richmond, and inns at Hampton Court, Mortlake, Staines, Ouseley, Chertsey, and Gravesend.

The river steamers require considerable coordination between the skipper, the engineer, and the lookout, thus the signs demanding "Do not speak to the man at the wheel!". The skipper traditionally wears a top hat and stands on the bridge or paddle-box. The boats have hinged funnels so they can pass under the lower bridges without hazard.

Above Bridge:

- London and Westminster Steamboat Company, with *Azalea*, *Bluebell*, *Rose*, *Camellia*, and *Lotus*, among other floral names
- The Iron Boat, with *Fishmonger*, *Haberdasher*, and *Spectacle-Maker*
- The Citizen Company, with *Citizen A*, *Citizen B*, and so on

Below Bridge:

- The Diamond Funnel, with the large ships *Sea Swallow*, *Gannet*, and *Petrel*, the medium ships *Elfin* and *Metis*, and the small boats *Nymph*, *Fairy*, *Sylph*, and *Sybil*
- The Waterman, with *Penguin*, *Falcon*, *Swift*, and *Teal*
- The General Steam Navigation Company, its most famous being *Eagle*, known as the husbands' boat, as it runs to Margate and Ramsgate on Fridays, carrying husbands to the resorts at the end of the work week to meet their wives and children.

In August 1847, New Cricket, a half-penny steamer belonging to the Adelphi Pier Company, exploded, the engineer having tied down the safety valves on the high pressure engine to gain more speed, then gone for an unauthorized break. Seventeen people died, sixty were put in hospital, and pieces of the boiler were found three hundred yards away. The engineer was convicted of manslaughter. Twice in the past year, a bang followed by screams and splashes have been heard at Adelphi Pier, but those on the scene have seen nothing, no phantasms, no visions, and no disturbance of the river.

– Percival Squallow, Esq.

Pleasure Boats

Small pleasure boats exist, but are usually temporary hires from one of the small docks up and down the Thames, as are the wherries and waterboats that serve as tiny individual ferries across or along the Thames. There are no fixed route ferries, but there are plenty of places and boats to buy a crossing from, all of which also need crew (two at the oars, one at the tiller) and sometimes hire on the spot if a crew member is missing and the boat needs to answer a hiring call. In the same way, watermen with their own waterboats will sometimes offer a discount to travellers willing to help row. Larger cruise steamers provide organised runs, with meals served aboard, and a schedule of departures and destinations published in the newspapers.

On 3 September 1878, the *Princess Alice* set out on a Moonlight Trip, or evening cruise, to Gravesend and back, at two shillings per passenger, which included a moderate dinner and a round of tea and shrimps later. At 7:40pm, within sight of the North Woolwich pier, where many of the passengers would have disembarked, *Princess Alice* collided with the collier *Bywell Castle*. The pleasure steamer split in two and sank in four minutes, killing six hundred and fifty of the passengers and crew, with somewhere between seventy and a hundred and fifty rescued (accounts differ). Many pulled from the Thames died from exposure to the river, which had just received 75 million imperial gallons of raw sewage from the outfalls at Barking and Crossness an hour before. Fault was laid with the captain of *Princess Alice*, who, instead of following laws published in 1872 based on ocean-going practice and setting course to pass to starboard, followed river practice and sought the slack water to port, violating the port-to-port rule and putting his ship directly across the bow of the collier. In addition, the Board of Trade found that "the *Princess Alice* was not properly and efficiently manned; also, that the numbers of persons aboard were more than was prudent and that the means of saving life on board the paddle steamer was inadequate for a vessel of her class". One hundred and twenty of the victims were buried in a mass grave at Woolwich Old Cemetery, with a memorial paid for by public sixpenny subscription.

– Djehuty Jones

Air

Hot Air Balloons

While airships are much preferred and more comfortable for travel, being larger and more controllable, hot air balloons make better observation posts. Although visible, they are silent, allowing observers to hear as well as see what is below them. They are also safer, since they don't explode even when the balloon is pierced by bullets, a carronade's shrapnel, or chainshot, unlike airships, which will catch fire and possibly explode if shot from close enough that the bullets are still hot from the gun. Indeed, one of the reliable methods used by ground cannon to bring down airships is to heat old-fashioned solid shot in the same fashion as that used by Nelson's navy to try and set the enemy's wooden ships ablaze. Hitting the gondola can set it afire. Hitting the hydrogen-filled gasbag can detonate the ship.

Hot air balloons simply drift downwards as air leaks out through the holes, and it's possible for the crew to pull themselves up the metal framework enough that the basket takes the brunt of the forced landing. Balloons also pack down smaller for road or rail transport, allowing them to be easily taken through the Rabbit Hole. Working in a balloon also serves as good practice for emerging mages, as they can magically reheat the air, either directly, or by setting something flammable alight.

Airships

As a considerable amount has already been said about Giffard travel, this section will confine itself to concerns about fire and explosion. Smoking is strictly forbidden aboard airships due to fire risk, but tobacco snuff is permitted as it requires no flame, as is the new creation airbaccy, a substitute for pipe tobacco which requires a drop of something acidic to release the fumes rather than a flame (vinegar, for example, or lime juice).

An idea the airships took from Nelson's navy is felt slippers, worn by crewmen working in the powder magazine to prevent sparks. The lines catering to the wealthy issue these to their passengers. While the slippers began as strictly functional items, they have become fashionable and collectable, with each airship company producing slippers in its own colours, design, and monogram. A varied collection of slippers has become definitive identification of well-travelled, well-heeled young folk. The ladies especially adore them, praising their warmth and comfort.

Mechanics:

In actual fact, airbaccy is a highly addictive compound created by the Sons of Thoth, made by mixing ground, dried, splithee sap into tobacco and other leaves. The fumes are slightly heavier than air and tend to drift downward when they overflow the pipe bowl, sharply reducing the passive smoking around the airbaccy user. However, unlike snuff, airbaccy retains the splithee's withdrawal symptoms, and dependency from inhaling sets in faster than from consuming the sap itself. In contrast, second-hand smoke is much weaker, dependency is slow to set in, and although withdrawal is painful, it is not fatal.

Adventure Hook: Shoe Lift

One of the young bucks has discovered which factory is making the newest design of slippers and wants to hire someone to steal him a pair before they are officially on sale. He needs them before a fancy party next week, so he can outshine all the others wearing *their* newest slippers.



LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Geography

If coming events are said to cast their shadows before, past events cannot fail to leave their impress behind them.

– Helena Blavatsky

The sprawling patchwork evolution of London leads to its residents designating places by both borough and postcode. For example: 'I work in the City, in WCI', or 'We live in Kensington, SW7.' The overlapping lines of the boroughs and postcodes allow people to narrow down where they live and how prestigious the postcode is without giving long lists of directions or explanations. It also opens up an entire line of music hall comedy about businesses in the WC area. This chapter walks through the Smoke by borough, and provides addresses for specific locations in the format of Street, Ward, Postal Code, to make them easier to find.

Sights, Sounds, Smells

London varies intensely as to appearance. In the City and along Whitehall, public squares have fountains and statuary. In Stepney, public squares have a lever-action water pump and a dead horse that the knacker hasn't come for yet. In the West End, homes are built of brick and stone. They may take up an entire block, and rise three or four stories, with a garret at the top for the

house staff and the nursery. In the East End, they're wooden and ramshackle, only staying up because the termites are holding hands. No more than two rooms wide, although sometimes three or four rooms long, and three stories high at a maximum, they lean against each other like old drunks leaving the gin palace.

The Roar

The one great commonality of the metropolis, the Roar, comes from its size. When over four and a half million people live in a single city, just their voices create a constant hubbub that can be heard as a murmur throughout the metropolis. Add in the noise of fifty thousand horses traversing cobblestones, at least two pair of iron-shod wooden wheels per vehicle, steam trains, factory whistles, church bells, and ships on the Thames, and the Roar becomes a presence that simply cannot be ignored. Anyone wishing to have a quiet conversation ducks into a pub, or tea room, or coffee house. Having the windows open cools the home in the summer, but lets in the noise to the point where the inhabitants may choose to swelter rather than go deaf. In the quietest hours, past three when the pubs are closed and the grocers' wagons are just starting to roll, the Roar drops down to a growly rumble, but the city is never silent.

The Pong

Coal, the primary fuel, produces an acrid scent even from "best", a nearly pure anthracite which burns with little smoke. Add to that the aforementioned horses and their output, the population and their output and the fact that two thirds of them have no bathing facilities regularly available, and the smell becomes eye watering. Cooking, cleaning, manufacturing, all add odours to the wind, some pleasant (baking bread) and some not so much (tannery effluent). The Embankment runs from Chelsea to Blackfriars, and thus its transverse sewer does likewise. The lower end of the Thames, that goes past the East End, the Isle of Dogs, Greenwich, and Woolwich still has sewers emptying directly into it. Newcomers to the city may find themselves beset by the stench. Rest assured, the average Londoner may notice it if the pong rises above normal levels, but these are people who endured the Great Stink of 1858. Their sense of smell has been numbed from the constant barrage.

The company that invented the first successful mechanical cesspool cleaning pump went bankrupt, the idea being good but the implementation far too expensive. The second company built a more economical machine, but then lost its wagons to Luddite attacks. The third sought the patronage of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and received a contract to clean cesspools in the areas of Westminster not yet served by Bazalgette's sanitary sewer system. The company, Stelzer Sanitary Removals, has thrived, expanding into Kensington and Paddington, and spawning a few imitators. Only one, the Stepney Cesspool Cleaning Service, as yet sees to the East End as far as any official capacity goes, the Board not being willing to send government workers to clean up the lower-rent boroughs. A few private concerns have also gotten going, the Luddites having given up on attacking the cesspool wagons after an incident where the wagon workers reversed the pump

House collapses are far too common. Degeneration of structures happens in the fancier neighbourhoods as well. In 1854, the Excise Office in Old Broad Street collapsed, killing two people. In 1865, the meter house of the London Gasworks Company at Nine Elms, Battersea, exploded, setting off two gasometers, with a dozen dead and many more wounded.
- Percival Squallow, Esq.

and counter attacked. The difference between nightsoil men and muck-suckers is largely a matter of equipment, but also a matter of technical expertise, the pump being maintained in the field by the wagon crew. Some of the newer wagons use steam engines instead of two-man balance beam pumps. The West End smells better as a result of both this and the transverse sewers of the Embankment. The East End, as in so many other ways, has a long way to go.

The Fog

While fog season actually runs from autumn to late spring, London can be blanketed in the stuff on any day. The nature of the fog, laden with coal smut and smoke, industrial effluent, noxious vapours rising from the cesspools and middens and the Thames itself, contributes to the image of the city and its nickname, The Smoke. The very worst are the London Particulars, a dense smog of pollutants suspended in mist, so thick that vision drops to less than arm's length. Like snow, the particular muffles sound, and so the streets become even more difficult to navigate. Charles Dickens described the particular as "a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snowflakes", while Nathaniel Hawthorne said it was "very black indeed, more like a distillation of mud than anything else; the ghost of mud – the spiritualized medium of departed mud, through which the dead citizens of London probably tread".

For three whole days have I had full blaze of gas burning over my writing desk, and this, the fourth day of the fog is not very much improvement upon its immediate predecessors. The dense, muddy, sooty fog of Tuesday and Wednesday has changed into a pale blue frosty mist through which some of the light of day can pass; but the visitation is still upon us. What must be the opinion of our metropolis formed by those numerous bucolic strangers who have favoured as with their company this week by reason of the cattle show? I wonder a week like this does not partially depopulate the town. Life is hardly worth holding on by under such conditions. The mere inconvenience at darkness and partial darkness are as nothing to the actual physical suffering and misery inflicted upon us. The mid-day fog of Tuesday and Wednesday was absolutely intensely painful to the strongest lungs. The air we breathed scarified where it went, and set up a temporary inflammation. There was not a fresh inhalation to be had for life's sake. Here were three or four millions of people struggling against conditions which, if they were permanent instead of temporary, would clear us all off this particular spot of earth, and leave the place untenanted. Human life must succumb after a while in such a place. I have no doubt that the fog has already driven some hundreds of the weakest and meet susceptible into their graves, or a long way in that direction; and after a time the strongest would have to succumb. A few poor creatures, indeed, have taken the shorter cut, and in the blinding, muffled air, have gone under cab or dray wheels, or plunged headlong into canals, and given up the attempt breathe such insufficient and poisonous stuff. You could not compel the mist to remain abroad. You might imagine that it could be escaped at night by shutting all your doors, drawing close your curtains, and making things comfortable for the evening by firelight and gas; but on looking up you would find your room filled as with a light cloud, and your children moving about semi-phantomorgue in appearance. There was no room in the house that was not partly filled with fog. Some of the scenes in the street by night rise up before me now as I write. People ran against one another and shouted. Cabmen called out aloud on the suspicion that something was coming the other

way. You could not identity the familiar locality in which you found yourself. You came upon the end of a street suddenly, and lost your bearings. On Tuesday night I dodged a cab-horse at my shoulder in crossing a road, reached the base of the gas-standard at the centre of the way; presently took the remainder of the crossing — it was in a locality which I pass through more than once every day— and ten minutes later, suspecting something was wrong, I discovered with great difficulty that I had turned my back upon my intended destination. and had gone half a mile in the opposite direction. Outside the Metropolitan Railway station at Gower street, stood a boy with a lantern, offering to accompany passengers on their way for a consideration of coppers and other boys with little red torches were prepared to pioneer the path to Euston station for twopence. The lights all burnt red in the busier streets, where the fog was most densely mixed with smoke, and in many cases those lurid flickering specks were all that you could see. . . The asphyxiation of so many of the prize oxen at the Islington Show by the fog is a calamity of the season which seems somewhat to spoil the first aspects of Christmas; but the event will form an addition to our stock of knowledge respecting the conditions under which highly fattened creatures can exist. It is remarkable that no similar incident has occurred before. The meetings have always been held in December, and London fogs in December are the rule rather than the exception. It has been, I suppose, only a question of degree. I have known fogs equal in intensity to the worst we have seen this week— the difference is that I never knew one to last so long. Two or three hours will generally clear off one of these heavy brown clouds which in the city cover all men and women and things with a thin coating of soot, and no doubt even the fattest of these cattle would have recovered from the effects of only two or three bouts of the infliction. There will, no doubt, be some very fine Christmas beef in the London markets, but I am afraid a tendency will exhibit itself on the part of the consumer to avoid prize beef.

– ‘Our London Letter’ *The Sheffield & Rotherham Independent*, December 13, 1873

The noxious nature of the particular kept the miasma theory alive for decades, people believing that diseases were carried by air that smelled bad. There’s no doubt that the particular is unhealthy. The buildings themselves have turned black from the smut settling on them. Anyone who can afford it sends their laundry out of the city to be done, or to a laundry that dries clothing indoors, so that white shirts not speckled with black become an indicator of social standing and income level. The particulate count gives London a rate of lung disease nearly comparable to that found in mining towns. When a particular settles over the city, the weaker among the population stay indoors with their windows sealed if they can, or die in the streets, gasping like fish pulled from the water.

Smaller boats, such as the penny steamers, stop running when a fog rises. Passengers have

Mechanics:

A London Particular depletes the oxygen content of the air. All Tests for fatigue and endurance are at -2 Steps. On a Rule of One result, the particulates and low oxygen inflict Step 6 damage. All visual PER Tests are at -2 Steps, and all hearing-based Tests are at -1 Step. Flame-based illumination is reduced by half due to the fire burning low. Electrical illumination still works properly, but does not overcome distance limitations. Plants and buildings exposed to the acidic rain that follows will take progressive damage. This gives all buildings in London a slightly lower Physical Armor and Barrier Rating than might be expected.

been known to mistake the steps at the foot of a bridge for the bridge itself, or miss their footing entirely, and go headlong into the Thames. A particular stops river traffic entirely, no captain of a commercial or naval vessel being willing to risk his ship to a collision when the navigation lights at bow and stern can't even be seen from the ship's own bridge. The fog season of 1879 to 1880 has been especially bad, with a continuous fog from November to March, varying only in thickness and particulate content. The worst part of it, from 26 January to 28 January of this year, not only brought the city to a standstill, but claimed over eleven thousand human souls, never mind the horses and pigs and chickens and such it killed. This has wrought havoc on the city's economy, sending up food prices due to everything having to be trucked in by wagon and steam lorry, and slowing factory production due to finished goods having to be trucked out to where the ships can safely tie up. Jobs at the factories have dried up, and casual labour at the docks likewise, resulting in desperate times for the East End. The Metropolitan Board of Works and the Crown have both allocated funds for spirit-workers, whose elementals can at least keep the docks relatively usable for short times, but these are costly and their efforts cannot extend the length of the Thames. A few shipping companies have done likewise, putting spirit-workers and other sorcerers aboard their ships, but again the offset required against the cargo has driven prices up beyond profitability.

Eccentricities

The British do love their odd ducks, and the Great Smoke is often regarded with the same bemused fondness as one's dotty aunt, the one who always has the overly-bright flowers in her hat. This section details some of the peculiarities of the city.

Sanctuaries and Extraterritoriality

Due to legal concerns, some secular and some canonical, and all dating from at least three hundred years ago, there are a few bits of London that are not under the direct aegis of the Crown. These are Alsatias, extraterritorial enclaves in the middle of London where Crown law is in abeyance.

The area south of the Strand to the Thames, from Buckingham Street (just east of Charing Cross Station) over to Essex Street (east of Temple Station) constitutes the Savoy Estate, part of the Duchy of Lancaster. Here the word of the Duke of Lancaster holds sway. Sadly, the House of Lancaster hasn't really the wherewithal to provide for police and other municipal services. It's created a pocket of very shady characters in the midst of Westminster, and has become something of an embarrassment. However, those pursued by the Metropolitan Police who leave Waterloo Bridge for Lancaster Place and think they are safe find that the Duke has given blanket permission for the Metropolitan Police to continue pursuit as long as they have direct sight of their quarry. Beyond concerns of law and order, it's interfering with the modernisation of London. The Embankment project had to get permission from the Duke for construction, and the Crown had to petition the Duke to put Cleopatra's Needle at the Charing Cross Gardens.

Ely Place, a short dead-end opening off Holborn Circus, and bounded by Hatton Garden, Charles Street, Farringdon Road, and Charterhouse Street, in Clerkenwell (EC1), belongs to the Bishop of Ely, and the land is technically governed by Cambridgeshire. Theoretically, this would normally constitute a sanctuary, an area under ecclesiastical law where refuge from the civil law might

be found, but the Cambridgeshire council ceded legal administration to the Crown in 1818, with the approval of the Bishop. Thus, no protection of or by the Church may be found here, although every once in a while, some daft git tries to claim sanctuary, usually after having done something decidedly illegal or at the very least immoral right out in plain sight. The Metropolitan Police are always happy to disabuse such individuals of their irrational notions.

The space between Hanging Sword Alley (running parallel to and south of Fleet Street) and Salisbury Square, from Whitefriars Street on the west to New Bridge Street on the east, was once owned by the Carmelites, and was therefore a religious sanctuary. Thieves have felt secure in this area ever since, even now that the Carmelite order no longer holds sway. In the last two years, anyone entering who formally claimed sanctuary has gained the spiritual protection of the Catholic Church, preventing that person from being removed against their will by any Crown authority or delegate thereof. The Catholic Church looked into the matter and discovered that the Carmelites never gave up ecclesiastical privilege over the land, and technically are owed quite a number of centuries of back rent. At the request of the Archbishop of Westminster, a Catholic priest has been installed in the Carmelite jurisdiction, so that sanctuary can be revoked from those obviously abusing it. Installing an office of Vatican jurisprudence is quite another matter, and being fought out in Parliament, but such will have to be made available one way or another to hear those cases where canon law is found to apply and decisions must be made about what to do with the claimants.

Inner London

Starting from roughly north-east of the City and working clockwise, one finds people's means increasing as one traverses the compass rose. From the poorest rookeries of the East End to the estates of the West End, London's fortunes can be laid out on a map with relative ease.

We'll explore each region of the Smoke in turn, starting from East and working our way round. For the purposes of

Providing, of course, that one overlooks spots like Drury Lane behind Covent Garden, and Seven Dials, and so forth. There's rot in the middle of the rich end just as there's splendour in the midst of Shoreditch.

– Djehuty Jones

Inevitably, the two are connected. A poor man from Battersea or Paddington will be looked on much more kindly than one from Stepney or Bethnal Green, in that he's from the right side of Charing Cross, but at the same time will be found to be much more an inconvenience, being right under foot in the fashionable district and not out of sight well away.

– Djehuty Jones

this travelogue, we're grouping some areas perhaps a bit more vaguely than they'd prefer, but we're talking about geography here, not social ranking.

City of London

The City of London, also called the City or the Square Mile, consists of the area inside the old Roman walls, hard by the Thames in the heart of the Great Smoke. The oldest part of London, it's populated mainly by businesses, most of which work in some part of the finance sector. Very little government presence may be found here, the seat of governance long since moved to Westminster both in terms of Parliament and the royal family.

The City bustles during business hours, and even more so in the rush hours just before opening and after closing, as the workers arrive and depart by omnibus, hansom and foot. The fog glows in the streetlamps and brightens the wide, well paved streets. Anyone not dressed in the regulation black suit and crisp white shirt stands out in the crowd, be they a titled Lady in her finery or a beggar in his rags.

Here may be found the last of London's once-mighty legions of bootblacks, the shoeshine boys who take the mud of the streets off the shoes of the clarks before they enter their offices for the day. Crossing-sweepers, on the other hand, are rare in the City, with the advent of the new steam-driven street cleaning machines, too expensive to operate anywhere outside the financial and Crown districts, and the removal services that see to the leavings of the horses. At night, the City lies cold and empty, abandoned to the rats and the rain until morning. Even the chimneys and roofs are too cold to attract street dwellers, a fridity that some mutter is shared by the hearts of the business owners.



All follow the financial year, which runs from the sixth of April to the fifth of April. Though an odd date, it is enforced by Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs (HMRC) which is also in charge of taxes. A business can make its personal books up to any date it pleases, but HMRC wants the information between those two dates, if you please. Most businesses use the official dates just to make life easier.

– Esmeralda Lapenti, Revenue Inspector, HMRC

GEOGRAPHY

A Selection of Square Mile Businesses

Firm Name	Type of Business
Alliance, British, and Foreign Life and Fire Assurance Company	Sellers of fire, life, and marine insurance
Anglo Thai Corporation	General merchants and agents in Thailand and India
Antony Gibbs And Sons	Merchants and foreign bankers.
Arthur Brown and Company Ltd.	Traders in naval stores, turpentine, tallow, petroleum, etc.
Association of English Country Bankers	Banking guild
Bagshaw & Company	Chartered accountants
Baltic Coffee House, also known as Baltic Exchange	A meeting place for merchants in the Baltic trade
Bouverie Street Society	A dining and debating society for master pawnbrokers
British Mercantile Agency	Debt collectors
Brown, Shipley and Company Ltd.	Merchant bankers
P. Cazenove and Company	Stockbrokers
Charles Barker and Sons Ltd.	Advertising agents
Chubb and Son Ltd.	Locksmiths and safe manufacturers
City Offices Company Ltd.	Acquirers of land and property for investment purposes
Coal Factors' Society	A place for "friendly intercourse and mutual protection" of persons engaged in the wholesale coal trade in London
Drewman and Faring	Analytical Engine maintenance and rebalancing
Drury, Thurgood and Company	Chartered accountants
E D Sassoon and Company Ltd.	A trading house in London and Hong Kong
Eagle Insurance Company	Annuities, fire, and life assurance
Exchange Telegraph Company Ltd.	News agency
Farebrother, Ellis and Company	Land and estate agents, surveyors, and auctioneers
Francis Nicholls White and Company	Insolvency accountants
Gerrard and National Limited	Discount bankers
Heckscher and Pearson	Commission merchants and underwriters
Institute of Accountants	Accountancy guild
J. J. Lane Ltd.	Manufacturers of microsteam and miniature steam engines and boilers
J. Carter and Company (Lime Street) Ltd.	Office furnishers, fitters, removers, and decorators
Lloyd's of London	Underwriters
London Stock Exchange	Stocktrading
Metropolitan Railway Provident Savings Bank	Bankers

Chapter 6

Firm Name	Type of Business
Ottoman Bank, the London branch of the state bank of Turkey	Bankers
Parkinson and Frodsham	Chronometer, watch, and clock makers
Pawsons and Leafs Ltd.	Ladies clothing wholesale warehousemen
Ring and Brymer Ltd.	Caterers and confectioners (especially for City of London ceremonial events)
Searle & Company	Jewellers and silversmiths
Skelton Brothers	Corn factors (grain traders)
W. H. Tindall and Company	Tea and coffee importers, London office for plantations in Ceylon and Sri Lanka
Whitbread and Company	Brewers

Adventure Hook: Design Flaw

The less than scrupulous small manufacturer Angel's Engines is looking for a team to slip into J. J. Lane, steal the plans for the new microsteam engine, and tweak the program in Lane's Analytical Engine so that the firm manufactures their new model just a bit wrong.

On the western side of Farringdon Without, the intersection of the Strand and Fleet Street has been under construction for the last two years. For a century, Temple Bar, a traffic menace designed by Christopher Wren, narrowed the main thoroughfares to a single lane each way, marking the boundary between the City and the West End. Two years ago, a brewer from Enfield bought the chokepoint and began the process of disassembly and relocation. When done, the intersection will be widened out and the brewer will have a historical entrance to his estate. Nobody really knows when that will happen though, as the work proceeds in fits and starts as all of London's construction tends to do.

Paternoster Row, which runs from Ludgate Hill to Cheapside past Temple Bar, restricts traffic to moving west to east on the next to last day of the month. On Magazine Day, the various booksellers, news agents, and publishers all release their periodicals for the next month, and the wagons passing through to pick up the bundles would make the street impassable if even one were to travel against the prevailing traffic. The one-way regulation began in the 1840s as a matter of etiquette, formalised into law with a 6s fine in 1852 by request of the Metropolitan Police, to give them a means of dealing with offenders besides a stern lecture.

The Church of St. Andrew Undershaft

In Aldgate Ward stands one of the oldest churches in London, St. Andrew Undershaft, taking its name from the maypole that was formerly set up across the street, burned by a mob rioting against pagan symbolism in 1547. Records indicate that the church was originally erected in 1147, being rebuilt in 1532 to produce the structure that stands today. One of London's more noteworthy historians, John Stow, was interred in the church's crypt in 1605, with a monument that includes an alabaster statue of the historian seated at his desk and holding an actual quill pen. Up until recently, the quill was replaced annually by the Lord Mayor of London, in a ceremony marking Stow's importance to documenting the city's past.

GEOGRAPHY

At the quill replacement ceremony a year ago, a pot of ink and several sheets of parchment were brought along as decoration, and accidentally left behind. The next morning, the rector of St. Andrew Undershaft found the parchments to contain the opening pages of Stow's *History of Britain*, commissioned by Archbishop Parker but never published, the manuscript having gone missing in 1560. Since then, each night, an ink pot and twelve sheets of parchment have been left by the statue. Paper is ignored. No more than twelve pages will be produced in a night, regardless of how many sheets are left. No work is done if the statue is under observation. Those entering the crypt at night have had the ink pot thrown at them, apparently directly from the statue's desk, and no further work occurs on those nights. No one has seen the statue move, and so it is unknown whether Stow's ghost animates his memorial, or simply borrows the quill, or if someone living has found a way into the crypt and is producing the pages. The replacement ceremony has had to be increased in frequency to every other month due to the quill wearing out. The work does not proceed unless the full ceremony is enacted by the appropriate people. The Lord Mayor has pronounced it a lot of bother, but probably worth while.

The Bank of England

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street opened her doors in 1734. Acting as private banker to the British Government, it's one of the few banks authorized to issue banknotes. While branches of the Bank of England may be found across London and across the British Empire, the temple-like structure across the street from the Royal Exchange still houses the central offices. Each day, a considerable portion of London's capital passes through this building, some in currency, some in negotiable paper and deeds of trust, and some as punchcards or telegraphic signals processed by the Bank's Engines. How many Engines the Bank has, and how they are protected from interference, is a secret more closely guarded than whether or not Prince Albert actually has a particular item of jewellery.

Every weekday morning just after the bells toll nine, a faintly translucent old woman climbs the front steps of the Bank of England central branch on Threadneedle Street. She passes through the doors whether they're open or not, ignoring the arcane protections on the building but not setting off any alarms. She goes up to the nearest bank official and inquires after her brother. If given a plausible reason why he's not available, she quietly vanishes. If not, she stands there, sobbing quietly, until reassured that her brother is fine, just not present, at which point she fades away. The ghost is that of Sarah Whitehead, whose brother committed suicide in 1835 after being charged with embezzlement. Her mind snapped when she was told the news, and she visited the bank every business morning for the rest of her life, inquiring for her brother, unable to accept that he was gone. Now the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has returned, the woman who lent her nickname to the institution she visits, and forms part of the morning duties of the floor manager.

Markets of The City

Billingsgate Fish Market

(Thames Street, Tower, EC3) Taking up the embankment between London Bridge and the Customs House, the market moved indoors in 1849, had a new facility constructed that was opened in 1877, and is now a wet market, with proper tiling and sluices, and pressure hoses to wash down the pavement at regular intervals. The fish sold here arrives in wagons and steam lorries hurrying from Cannon Station and Fenchurch Street Station, bringing mackerel from the early morning mail

trains, eels from Dutch clippers, turbot, plaice, sole, haddock, skate, cod, ling, and maids. Nearby, the Darkhouse tavern provides coffee, or milk with a shot of gin, to the auctioneers and buyers as they discuss quality and pricing for the day's catch. No Peeler wants to dig through a basket of fresh scrod, and there's always a crowd, so there's always some business being done on the sly, messages and small items passed with the fish.

Hatton Garden

(Hatton Garden Lane, Farringdon Without, EC4) The centre of London's gem and jewellery trade for the last few centuries, Hatton Garden's businesses have close ties to the nascent diamond trade. A pity Cecil Rhodes died so young – the industry he founded in South Africa has reached the heart of London, bringing stones and wealth from the furthest reaches of the Empire on Earth. Hiram Maxim's factory is at 57 Hatton Garden, so there's automatic weapons readily available to defend the accumulated treasures, and of course for sale to reputable sorts with ready coin. Nearby, St. Etheldreda's Church (Ely Place) is one of the oldest Catholic churches in England.

Maxim's keeps its back-door trade exclusive by only accepting payment in guineas. There's a lot of those still out, being passed among the upper classes, with the Revenue Office never hearing a whisper.

– Djehuty Jones

Leadenhall Market

(Leadenhall Street at Lime Street, Tower, EC3) Just down the road from the Royal Exchange, and thus a good place to maintain a dead drop with financial clarks, Leadenhall specializes in poultry, both live and dead, herbs and green-market goods.

West Smithfield Market

(Charterhouse Street, Farringdon Without, EC1) Between Farringdon & High Holborn Station and Aldersgate Station, this market sells dead meat, in a modern iron-roofed and gaslit facility with wooden stalls. Below, an underground station provides unloading for the day's butchering, done well off site. Those who can still remember the horrors of the old Smithfield market, before the 1852 Smithfield Removal Bill was passed in Parliament, consider this a terrific improvement. The live meat market now operates at Copenhagen Fields in Islington.

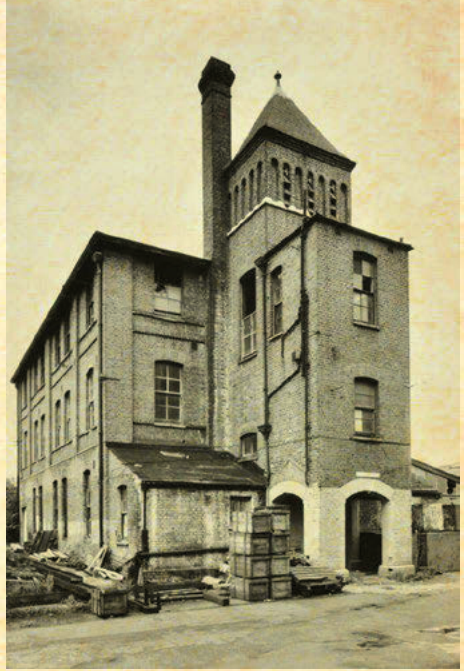
East End

Shoreditch

Comprised of eight electoral wards (Acton, Church, Haggerston, Hoxton, Kingsland, Moorfields, Wenlock and Whitmore), the borough of Shoreditch has never really been given a proper chance. It doesn't even have its own arms, having to make do with those of John of Northampton, second lord of Shoreditch manor. Like most of the East End, Shoreditch's districts are overpopulated, an estimated 126,000 people crammed into a scant 650 acres as of the 1880 census. Most live in first-floor walkups above a shop (sometimes their own) or in two or three floor wooden tenements, separated by narrow, fetid alleys full of refuse that nobody can afford to have hauled away. The unlucky poorest cram themselves into rookeries sometimes of four or five floors, the higher stories occasionally built of whatever the inhabitants could scrounge to make a bit of room for themselves. Its Town Hall, formerly the Vestry Hall, was declared one of the grandest in all of London when it was built in 1866, but fourteen years of scant revenue from the borough's poor residents have taken their toll. What of the decorative statuary isn't crumbling is encrusted with bird droppings, and the cornices have taken up the alarming habit of dropping bricks at random. When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch, the children's rhyme says, but when that might be is unknown, the great bell of Bow replies, and so Shoreditch muddles through, hoping for better fortune ahead.

St Leonard's

Burial site of a number of actors from the Elizabethan era, this somewhat grandiose church at Shoreditch High Street and Hackney Road, E2, also still has the original parish stocks and whipping post out front by the parish water pump. Built in imitation of Christopher Wren's (much better) work, St. Leonard's calls the Anglican faithful to services with a set of bells immortalized in a children's rhyme that ends with a chopper to chop off your head. Its other claims to fame include the crypt of James Parkinson, for whom Parkinson's Disease was named, an unmarked plot containing the mortal remains of a noted nonconformist minister, Rev. Samuel Annesley, and an annual Whitsun sermon on the virtues of gardening. Recently, an upwelling of interest in mortsafes, grave torpedoes and cemetery guns has given a surge of business to the blacksmiths and gunsmiths



The nearby workhouse, built in 1774, has been officially shut down, but there's a thriving little market going on in there, dealing in all sorts of delightful oddments, the sort of things that you can't sell in a pukka shop, if you know what I mean. Things the mudlarks can't publicly acknowledge having found, items that fell off a cart somewhere, bits and bobs that are just too distinctive for the pawn shops. Best business is on Sundays, when the faithful make a lot of traffic going past that can hide those what nip inside.

– "Freddie", local ragscillion

in the ward. No one wants to talk about it, but everyone knows about those dreadful Prometheans and what they were up to, and why they're now in a military prison in the Gruv.

Tresham's Coffee-House

(7 Myrtle Street, Hoxton, N1) Just a few streets north of Shoreditch Station, Tresham's has long made bank on its name, with its shingle picturing Francis Tresham, who was arrested for the Gunpowder Plot at his home at the corner of Myrtle and Hoxton Street. While the coffee is no better (or worse) than that of any other such establishment in the ward, it's not what draws those in the know to the place. In the back one-up may be found a small office with a telegraph, an unlicensed hookup routed through the Technical School at Hoxton Square and into the main line at the railway station. On the walls are chalkboards tracking a handful of stocks and commodities. Here, those wishing to invest in the Exchange, but not having sufficient funds to buy a share of stock or a lot of a commodity, may pool their moneys and route them through a broker at the other end of the telegraph, who then invests the fund under the name of a client ostensibly in Spain but actually lost at sea two years ago. Partial ownership of a share of stock is, of course, illegal, as is investing under a false account, but the profit made off these investments is simply not sufficient for the Exchange to incur the cost of an investigation, or really even enough to attract the attention required to trigger such. The returns have made a difference in the neighbourhood, though, as what would be beer money to someone wealthy enough to invest legitimately will pay the greengrocer for a week's worth of veg for a family in Stepney.

Imperial Gas Works

(Whiston Street, Haggerston, E2) One of two storage and distribution facilities that the Imperial Town Gas Corporation maintains in the ward, Whiston Street supplies town gas to homes and businesses as far west as Kingsland Road, from Hackney Road in the south to Richmond Road in the next postal code down, with the east border merging into the territory of Emma Street's distribution centre. In the past two years, the facility has suffered a poor record, partly due to the high rate of turnover among the maintenance workers, and partly due to errors by those on shift. The rate is much worse on the evening and early morning shifts. The company has thus far not provided a clear explanation to their customers as to what the problem might be, and has aggressively discouraged the press from investigating.

Aggressively, me auntie's petunias! They beat me within an inch o' me life, they did, left me in an alley in the rubbish-heap, would have been reportin' from the desk behind Saint Peter if that angel hadn't found me. I'll tell you what's on then but you'll not believe me, wouldn't believe it meself if I hadn't been there. The gasworks and the streets and all just faded away, replaced with a forest like I've never seen before. Looked it up, went to Kew, talked with a boffin there, he told me it were called a climax forest. Ain't been such in southern England since Robin o' Loxley's time. And this angel, all pale glowing green she was, she knelt down next to me, and laid a hand on me forehead, and then I woke up in hospital, half better already the next morning. Only I can't stop thinking about her, and about the forest, and I got this ache in me heart like a song from before the Clearances when you've been in the pochim. Blokes from the Gas Works I stood a pint said the same thing, said they got lost in it and dropped a spanner and were sacked for it, or just had to get away before they got so lost in the forest they never saw the pipes and tanks and brick come back again. Doesn't happen with every sunset or sunrise, but when it does, it lasts about five minutes, and then it sods off and takes your soul with it.

– Sean Michael McTavish, Daily Telegraph

Bethnal Green

An eclectic mix of Tory-voting dockworkers, lower-class Jews, new arrivals from Europe and points further, junior clerks who can't afford better lodgings yet, honest tradesmen and dishonest politicians, Bethnal Green has taken its role as linchpin of the East End in stride, absorbing that the way it's absorbed waves of immigration and the ups and downs of life on the wrong side of Charing Cross. Some of the nastier gangs of London call Bethnal Green home, some of them having originally formed as neighbourhood protection and having slid into the protection racket over the generations. They may not treat their neighbours all that well, but Heaven help the trespasser who causes a problem. Peelers are never seen in less than pairs, and sometimes travel in platoons if they expect rough business. Less poor than Stepney, not as well off as Finsbury, Bethnal Green has a paving and lighting commission and a workhouse, neither of which are really doing their job. The electoral wards have to make do with compass directions (North, South, East, and West) instead of being given proper names. The pubs are generally in reasonable order, proper establishments and not a board across two barrels in a spare room like down in Stepney. Fishmongers do well here, beef sellers not so much, the family budget not generally extending



to red meat. But then what can be expected of a borough whose seal features a blind beggar who was actually a fallen noble living in anonymity?

Adventure Hook: Bedbugs and Brothers Too

Mary Ann Cotton, at large serial killer of at least 21 people (five husbands, a lover, a friend, her mother and 13 children), lives in this district. She buys bedbug soap (soap mixed with arsenic), then washes the soap away, leaving her with the pure arsenic she uses in her murders. She moves frequently, and so far, all her kills have been attributed to bad luck and wasting sicknesses. A woman is searching for someone to take a curse off her newly-married brother before he wastes away to nothing. In actual fact, her brother is Mary Ann's latest target.

Heti Posta és Elküldése

The weekly Hungarian-language newspaper has its offices in a set of rooms upstairs from a veg seller on Eglinton Road, E3, which might explain why the paper always smells faintly of cabbage. Other, more racially charged reasons have been proposed, which usually end in brawls when expressed to the readers or staff, giving the paper its nickname, the *Weekly Donnybrook*. Among the birth, marriage, and death announcements, recipes, and untranslatable jokes may be found the occasional story of true merit. The *Donnybrook* broke the story of Mr. Cheevers' looting of the workhouse budget back in 1869, resulting in an arrest, a minor riot, and the loss to fire damage of a barrow belonging to the downstairs vegetable market. Nobody pays attention to immigrant reporters who are assumed to have a poor command of English, and the reporters know better than to clear up this misapprehension and lose their partial invisibility. Rumour has it that Whitehall's central European intelligence ministry reads the *Donnybrook*, and may even place the occasional advertisement, taking advantage of the obscurity of a neighbourhood ethnic newspaper.

Imperial Gas Works

Marian Place, North, E2. The massive cast-iron frames of the gas holders at the original facility on Marian Place and the new gas farm at Whiston Street three blocks away dominate the sites, holding enough town gas to light the ward for months at full expansion. The bunkers with the King Edward Mining Company name and livery painted across them tell a larger story. Trains unloading at Cambridge Heath station just round the corner at Hackney Road and Cambridge Road have picked up cars at Greenwich Station, bringing in best coal and coke from the Darlington Mountains of the Gruv.



Bethnal Green Infirmary

Cambridge Road, Bethnal Green East E2. Just opened this year, on the site of the old Episcopal Jews' Chapel formerly known as Palestine Place, the Bethnal Green Infirmary is a fever and charitable hospital that cares primarily for chronic and long-term patients. Despite being right across Patriot Square from the Bethnal Green town hall, it's also gained a reputation for a casualty ward that treats so many stab wounds and gunshots that the Army is considering rotating its field medics and battle surgeons there, to gain experience in combat trauma. While the Infirmary does take in indigent patients, any requiring long-term care are normally transferred to the Almshouse across Dammiter Street to the north, charity in the Infirmary's case being restricted to critical care.

Stepney

The poorest of the residential areas in the East End, Stepney sees entire families living in a single room as normal, and doesn't raise an eyebrow at the lodger who's renting the stairway landing. Most will do whatever they must to stay out of the workhouse and away from deportation orders. Casual labour, street selling, the lowest factory jobs, prostitution, and theft comprise the main sources of income. Midnight flits are

The staff here aren't too friendly with the coppers, not since they had a couple blues march into the casualty ward a month after the place opened and drag out a suspect who was still bleeding and hadn't been stitched up yet. They get a lot of fighting injuries, true, enough that they don't always log'em all properly, and some gets lost in the shuffle. And afterwards, who can remember what the patient looked like, the doctors were focused on getting them sewed up so they could move on to the next. Just remember to drop some extra coin in the donation box on the way out to preserve your anonymity.

– Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street

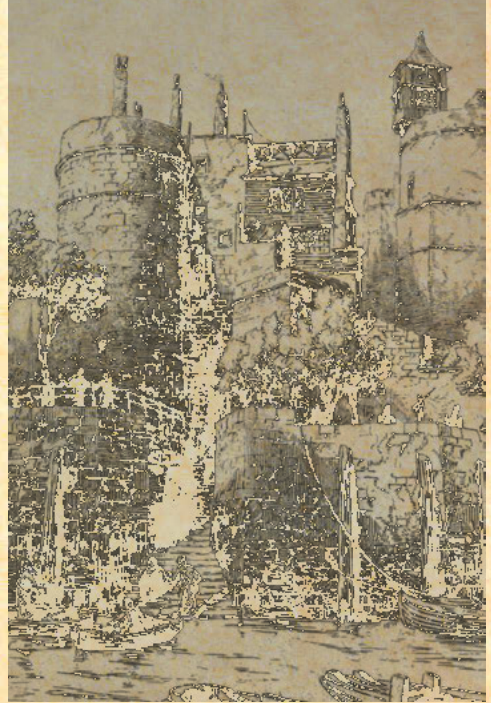
commonplace to avoid rent arrears. There are few costermongers with barrows, but plenty of people selling from trays, or from pockets and aprons. The rag and bone men prowl the streets, paying a few farthings for scraps of cloth or boiled-out bones, for ash from the fires or salvage from the river. Every spare patch of land is plowed and planted with vegetables to supplement purchased food, or used to support a couple of chickens, or a rabbit hutch. Four roads over from the Royal Mint in Tower Ward stands a street lined with pawnbrokers. To its north lies Spitalfields, synonymous with thievery since it lost its weaving industry to lowered tariffs and the Jacquard loom, and Whitechapel, with prostitution, and to the east Limehouse, home of docks and warehouses and unsavoury sorts.

The Tower of London

Cheerfully tended by the Beefeater Guards, retired enlisted soldiers from Her Majesty's Army with a Good Conduct Medal (which any of them will explain means twenty years of undetected crime), the Tower of London is part tourist attraction, part armoury and treasury, and part one of the bloodier chunks of history still hanging about. The Beefeaters escort parties of a dozen or so tourists through the public areas throughout the day, telling the same well rehearsed shaggy-dog stories each time, knowing exactly how long it will take the audience to cringe before they can move on. The Crown Jewels of England, Scotland, and Ireland are all kept here. Whether the crowns, sceptres, orbs, and other bejeweled symbols of authority that are on display behind tempered glass are the actual items or clever fakes remains the subject of considerable debate.

While part of the Royal Armoury is on the tour, a walkthrough of a magnificent collection of medieval arms and armour, the collection is a bit smaller nowadays. Some of the maille and plate was signed out to the Knights of the Grail, being the source of the fancy kit they wear. There's also part of the Armoury that the public isn't allowed to see. For example, there's an arms locker for the Beefeater Guards loaded with the latest in fully automatic rifles and pistols. They may be retired, but they keep in practice.

The Tower has so many ghosts there's an entire guidebook dedicated to them. Contrary to popular opinion, Anne Boleyn does not walk here, with or without her head tucked underneath her arm.



*The Grail ginned up wards over the Crown Jewels to keep anyone from swapping them out for faerie gold or similar tricks quicker than the Flying Scotsman. They've already got one would-be cleverboots magician in custody. Poor fellow thought he was a step ahead, when he was two behind...
– Djehuty Jones*

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Adventure Hook: Tortured Screams

In the Tower of London, Guy Fawkes' screams are getting louder and beginning to interrupt council meetings at strangely convenient points. A poltergeist woken by the Rabbit Hole is working with one of the council members and imitating the screams to push the agenda and meetings in favourable directions.

The Royal Mint

(Royal Mint Street, Tower Ward, Stepney, E1) A long sunk-in trench marks the hydraulic pipes for the Royal Mint. Poorly buried when installed, the covering soon wore thin, and most of the way the road dips in the centre, collecting even more filth and mud than before. Without the direct feed of water, though, The Mint's hydraulic elevator wouldn't be able to haul the heavy bags of coin and bales of notes up and down from the vault in the basement. The vault itself is sealed with a heavy hydraulically-operated door and enspelled to prevent access without the right token. The duties of protecting and accessing the vault fall to Capt. Edmund McLoughlin, retired from active military service with the OBV due to injury when he lost control of a fireball and badly burned himself as well as his target. The Mint also runs a steam-powered coin press and a room full of printing machinery. Without water, and regular coal deliveries, the creation of legal tender would grind to an abrupt halt.

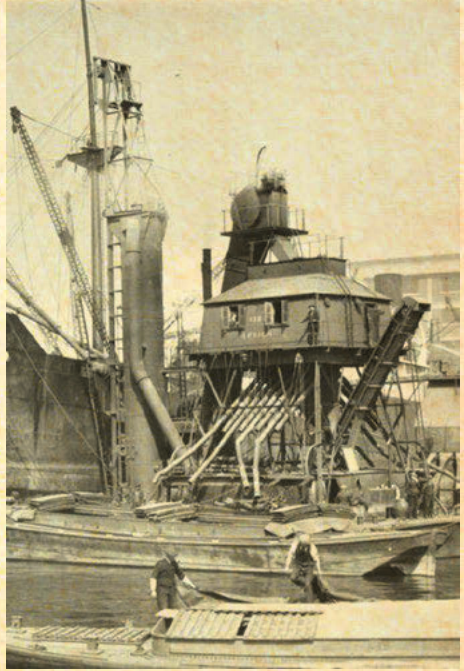
London Docks

At the south end of Stepney lies Wapping, with Shadwell next inland, and between them the Docks of London. Four great basins, dug out by muscle power long before the advent of steam, provide tie-ups and cargo transfer out of the Thames, away from the wharves and the stink of the river. East lies St. Katherine Docks, the oldest part, technically three basins all of its own, the entry with its canal passing under the drawbridge at St. Katherine's Way, and then the West and East Basins each with their rows of warehouses and other facilities. In the center and reaching to the west are the London Docks proper, with Wapping Basin as the roundabout at the head of the canal that cuts Wapping High Street in half. Due north, the Western Dock provides the largest and deepest anchorage, and North Quay's access directly from Pennington Street to the ships. Here the warehouses were built sturdy, and the ones still in business are well guarded and have refrigeration and wine cellaring available. Coffee, cocoa, spices, and other expensive goods pass through on their way into the city or onto another ship bound for points further on, cargoes with a high price to their volume being all that really is economically feasible here any more. A short canal, home of the Tobacco Dock, links to Eastern Docks, with their refit facilities and dry dock. Another canal ties to Shadwell Basin, the newest part having opened in 1832, which in turn links back out to the Thames. Not as much trade passes through the London Docks as it once did, sadly, and some of the facilities are falling into disrepair. Steam vessels just don't fit into the basins, built for smaller, wooden-hulled sailing ships, meaning the steamships must lie off in the Thames and send their goods ashore via lighter barges. The inefficiency eats into the profit, and soon the London Docks must be modernised, at great expense, or abandoned for a new facility entirely. Already the India Docks of the Isle of Dogs take up more of the trade, with their substantially larger basins and straighter access to the Thames. The trade in Wapping has become less reputable, and the captains more likely to seek cargo off the books, as the smaller ships and their docks are squeezed out by the larger steam freighters.

Aldgate Station / Aldgate East Station

(Whitechapel High Street, Whitechapel, Stepney, E1) It's important to remember the difference between these two. While both are rail stations, Aldgate is on the west side of Middlesex Street and is the easternmost stop on the Tube, being the endpoint for both the Circle and Metropolitan lines, while Aldgate East is (rather obviously) on the east side, and handles surface trains, both passenger and cargo. One is large, echoing, smoky, full of shouting porters and wheedling prostitutes, and the other is underground. What's more, the line passing through Aldgate East doesn't even go in a useful direction for cross-city commuting. To get from Farringdon and High Holborn to Whitechapel Station, the traveler must leave the Tube at Bishopsgate Tube Station (which is not next to Bishopsgate Railway Station), climb the stairs to the street, make the crossing at Eldon without being pickpocketed or run down by a beer wagon, enter the maze of Liverpool Street Station, then deal with an intransigent ticket agent who won't

honour the agreement between the two lines and will require the purchase of a new ticket to travel two stops down the line. The clever traveler will cross the street from Aldgate to the Lazy Drover, purchase a small beer, hop aboard the Whitechapel High Street omnibus when it halts at the pub, and end up paying thruppence for a refreshment and a short ride to the London Hospital College stop.



Poplar

Poplar enjoys even less honour than Shoreditch, having no arms at all, just a seal depicting the West India Docks, as if they were the sole reason for the borough to exist. Formerly the home of the Bow China Works, where bone china was first made in Britain, northern Poplar now has only the Bell and Black match factory, and its rival Bryant and May, which makes safety matches as well as the cheaper lucifers.

Central lies the old parish of Bromley St Leonard, now just Bromley, divided up into five wards for poor tax and electoral roll purposes. The fate of Bromley Old Palace (St Leonard's Street at Limehouse Cut, E14) symbolizes Bromley as a whole. Once a twenty-four-room residence for James I, it was rebuilt into two merchant houses in the 1700s, then became a dye works and a boarding school. Now, run down and mistreated, the remains are about to be torn down by the London School Board to make way for a new boarding school.

Bow is also notable for its incidence of phossy jaw, which disfigures its victims horribly. Most of them are young women working at the match factories, giving up not only their youth but their health and often their lives to earn a pay packet. Mark my words, there's going to be a riot at one of these match factories, and soon.

– The Lady of Seville

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The West India Docks dominate southern Poplar. There's smaller basins for the Millwall and East India Docks, but the Import and Export Docks for West India and the equally large South Dock take up the northern third of the Isle of Dogs. The canals connecting the Docks with the Thames sever the Isle of Dogs from London straight across, turning it into an island in fact as well as name. If the bridges collapse, the only way to Millwall and Cubitt Town would be by boat. The stories that one could walk across the Thames at this point aren't quite true.

The London Proletariat

4 Ordell Road, Bow, E3. Across from the Tredegar Road Iron Works, and back behind Saint Anthony in the Fields, the offices of the London Proletariat have once again found a home. A muckraking tabloid newspaper with overt Socialist leanings and lurid headlines, the *Proletariat* has an annoying tendency to uncover embarrassing foibles among the upper classes. They're in their third set of offices, having had to take the whole building this time as nobody would share lodgings with them, and has paid a ruinous price for their firemark and property insurance. They no longer own their own presses, having lost those in the last fire, and for right now are running their plates to several different printing firms, using dummy plates and a small horde of children to ensure that the plates get past those who have already tried twice to put the paper out of business in a rather final way. (The boys and girls have formed teams by gender and compete for bragging rights. There's Fastest Run, Best Story, and Most Times Arrested.) The printed pages get shuffled around from place to place, ending up in whatever loft or warehouse space that's been rented this week for collation into the current edition and distribution. The *Proletariat's* paperboys are a rough lot, but they're paid twice the going rate and will put up a considerable fight to get their jobs done. One wouldn't think that such a paper would be popular beyond the Chartists and the Levellers, but the *Proletariat* has yet to come up short on the rent, the pay packets, or day to day business costs. Only the managing editor and the paperboys really know how many copies are printed and where they go.

Adventure Hook: Finding the Needle

While goods from India are still unloaded at the Import Dock, much of the textile and finished-goods trade died with the West India Company. Most of what arrives now are raw materials to feed the industries that in turn feed the British effort in the Gruv. Colonisation is a ravenous beast, never sated, and that means there's not really time to properly inspect every cargo. The usual person was struck ill, and a package that should have been extracted from a bulk hold got poured out with the grain. There's a tidy sum for a group that can get the package out of the grain before the lorries leave for the mill, especially if they've got a quick way to sort out which of five lorries the package is actually in. Best hurry, though. A lorry sitting idle earns no profit, and these will roll the instant the agricultural inspector's lab boffin tells her there's no lurking smuts or rust that might infect British crops.

Bow Bridge

"After due consideration, Her Majesty's Army will not be providing troll soldiers if your dockworkers go on strike. That would be paying the Danegeld."

"Excuse me, but the what?"

"Norway had a situation very much like this just a few weeks ago. I'm surprised you hadn't heard about it, it was all over the international business wires. Labor Minister Moonwulf Starkaaderson compared sending soldiers to break the strike to the medieval practice of paying the Danes to go away. Once you start paying the Danegeld, you will never be rid of the Dane. Do you see what I am driving at?"

"I really don't give a fig about Danes, Brigadier. I would think that you would care very much about your Army's supplies being unloaded."

"Oh, I do, I do, very much so. And I hold you, by reason of the contract between your firm and Her Majesty's Army, and thus with the Crown, responsible for such. If I send you a few platoons of trolls from my infantry to temporarily replace your dockworker trolls, and break the strike, I'll just have to do it again in a few weeks. I might as well sign my soldiers over to your command, as we'll never be out of the cycle of strike and break, strike and break. No, I expect you to resolve this yourself. If your margins take a drubbing from having to pay the trolls more, well, they are doing more work than anyone else, seems only fair now doesn't it?"

"I shall of course appeal to the Prime Minister."

"Be my guest. You should be aware that he and Minister Starkaaderson have a regular correspondence. Seems they both have an interest in American dime novels."

- conversation recorded between a senior officer of the British Army and the owner of a prominent import firm, names withheld to avoid identifying the reporter

Connecting Bow Road to Stratford Road, across the River Lea, and thus London proper with its outer regions, the Bow Bridge was rebuilt in 1834, replacing Matilda's bridge whose distinct architecture gave Bow its name with a more modern structure, albeit much less ornate due to Essex and Middlesex not having nearly the funds to contribute as the wife of Henry I. The Metropolitan Board of Works took over the bridge in 1866, and continue to operate it as a toll crossing. This past November 25, the bridge was blocked at dawn by a massive, slowly rotating spiked wheel, burning with ethereal fire. St. Mary's Church (Bow Road) was quickly contacted, and once the appropriate prayers were said by a group of nuns, the wheel dissipated. Plans have been discussed to put a chapel to St. Katherine back on the bridge, but with the Abbey that was responsible for the original chapel having been dissolved in 1538 by Henry VIII, the ecclesiastical responsibility has been left unclear.

The amount of gin that goes out the back to the canal, and ends up in Hackney Marsh for redistribution in the unlicensed market, is of considerable interest to the Revenue Office. They just can't ever seem to catch anyone rolling barrels down the towpath, the narrowboats vanish the day before the revenue inspectors show up for their ambush. It's like the marsh-men know what's being planned in the Revenue Office. Funny that.

- Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street

Three Mills

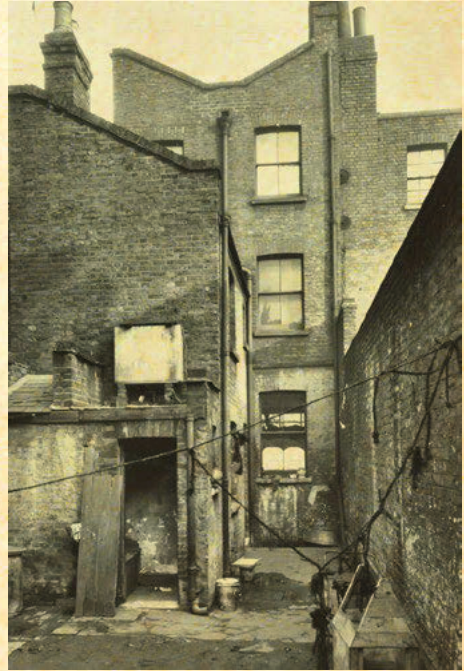
Limehouse Cut, Bromley E3. Confusingly, while the bridge connecting St Leonard Street and Brunswick Road over Limehouse Cut is called Four Mills Bridge, and the area itself is known as Three Mills, there's actually only two mills still standing and in operation, the House Mill and the Clock Mill. Between them, these tidal mills have seven waterwheels, and grind about 125 tons of grain per week, most of which goes into distilled spirit. J&W Nicholson & Co, Clerkwel, bought the mills in 1872, and produces Lamplighter Gin, yet another instance where facilities have been

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given over from bread to alcohol. Behind the Three Mills area is a towpath that gives access to the Lee Navigation channel, which leads south to the Thames and north to Duckett's Cut, Victoria Park, and Regent's Canal (and eventually Hackney Marshes).

Hackney

By rights, Hackney should be considered separately, as only the southern bit is really considered to be East End, but we'll lump it in here in its entirety rather than try to pick it apart by neighbourhood. An industrial area dominated by factories and the residences of the labourers and their families, Hackney also serves as home for a good number of London's Boojums, in the sprawling ghetto formerly known as Homerton the press now calls Boojum Town. Best known for production of the eponymous four-wheeled hackney coaches, seen throughout London as vehicles for hire, Hackney produces goods and foodstuffs of all sorts. The resultant coal smoke produces vicious particulars when the fog sets in. Sometimes entire streets work in the same factory, and the roads fill with people at shift change. Men with large families are always pointed at the confectionery factory first. It doesn't pay as well as the carriage works or the flour mill, but workers are allowed to take a packet of mismade or broken sweets home if they choose to. Some would rather not as they're sick of sweets by the end of the day, but food is food and very welcome



Money to spend: 1 shilling

Item	Cost
Coal	1d
Wood	1/4d
Bread	1 1/2d
Dripping	1d
Tea (quarter ounce)	3/4d
Soap	1/2d
Sugar	1/2d
Meat and bone pieces	3d
Extras*	3d
Total spent	11 1/2d

*Extras include onions, apples, welks, watercress, and cheese

From the section 'Economies of the One-Room Household', *London Police Court Mission, Annual Report (1878)*

on a tight budget. Some wives just share out the sweets as they are. More experienced ones go through the packets first and pick out all the nuts and bits of fruit to add to soups and savoury puddings.

The Hackney Marshes are ostensibly under the authority of the Metropolitan Board of Works, under an Act of Parliament that preserved and consolidated common and Lammas lands in the greater London area. While the flood relief sewer has stopped the Marshes from intruding periodically on surrounding territory, the Lea still renders the Marshes themselves boggy and treacherous. That, coupled with enough lead dumped into the Marshes by the Templar mills last century to kill a sheep, have put paid to the Lammas grazing rights. Nobody wants to use toxic land for recreation, so the Marshes have been by and large abandoned, and now sprawl overgrown and untended between the East London Waterworks canal and the River Lea.

Cardware Hill

Hackney also houses several Engine cardware firms and manufacturers, in the Stamford Hill ward, also known for its large Hasidic Jewish population. Morin Huber and Sons, Belfast Road, N16, right across from Stoke Newington Station, makes the Modern Wonder Production Line Control and the Human Touch Machinery Supervision packages. At 9 Fairholt Road, backing up onto the New River Reservoirs, may be found the British offices of the Prussian firm Hopp und Tschira GmbH, whose products include Plattner Materials and Manufacturing Management (known in the trade as Triple M) and Wellenreuther Resource Planning. Just down from Stamford Hill Station may be found House and Thomas Co. Ltd., 27 East Bank, makers of Back Office Sales Support, Front Office Customer Relationship Management, and Green Shade Financials and Forecasting. This concentration of Engine-related business has given the area the new nickname of Cardware Hill.

The House of Rentezes

Taking up four households thus far on Shepherd's Lane (Homerton, E9) and putting in papers on a fifth, the House of Rentezes started out with a few Boojum soldiers staying together after their enlistment ran out and their families wouldn't take them back. The Rentezes take in Boojums who have no family for whatever reason, with their membership consisting primarily of snarks and trolls for tolerably obvious reasons. Members drop their old family name and take the surname of Renteze (pronounced rin teasy), creating what is in effect a family line. They provide support for each other, and run a private agency to help Boojums find work. Sometimes they have to invent their own, such as Diba Renteze, who converts houses to fit dwarves and trolls, or Alex Renteze, who makes jewellery, specialising in decorations for horns and tusks. Several Renteze snarks have found employment as orderlies at the Hackney Fever Hospital three blocks away, taking advantage of their resistance to disease. This in turn has taught the patients that a fierce exterior

Not quite as abandoned as the official stance has it. The Marshes are a prime meeting and trading spot for the watermen, and the site of a floating market that really is afloat. Exactly where in the Marshes shifts from week to week, partly due to the vagaries of the Marshes themselves and what areas are navigable, and partly to keep the coppers from being able to swoop in and put an end to the free trade of the lower classes. No, the Marshes aren't all that big, but there's trees there now, and mud holes that'll take your boot right off if you put a foot down wrong. Forget crossing the Marshes if you're not a waterman born and bred.

- Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street

GEOGRAPHY

may hide a kind and caring person. The Rentezes also field a mercenary infantry unit, currently just two platoons, but their membership is growing.

The Turkish Market

Chatsworth Road, in Lower Clapton, has one of the larger open-air markets in London. Six days a week, over two hundred stalls, shops, and barrows do a brisk business, with a smaller number operated on Sundays by those whose Sabbath does not coincide with that of Christendom. What many people do not realize, not being technologically inclined sufficiently to require the knowledge, is that another market thrives immediately adjacent. Behind the rowhouses that extend along Elderfield and Lockhurst from Chatsworth over to Glyn Street lies the Turkish Market, not a secret but still a hidden trove for the engineering boffin to discover. In what used to be the gardens of the rowhouses, narrow paths wind among a clutter of workshops, stalls, and tiny foundries. Here can be found virtually any tool or mechanical part that has ever been thought of, or a craftsman who will make it in just a day or two. Importers (but don't ask where they're importing from, that would be rude) can make you a deal on case lots of anything related to machinery. Have you a need for a hundred shutoff valves with left handed threading, in brass? This fellow's got them for eight pence each if you take the lot, no, he won't sell just one. Do you need lenses? Here's a woman who will grind them to your specifications for half the price you'd pay elsewhere, turning out precision optics in a stall the size of your bedroom closet. Just past her, someone's turned the back room of a rowhouse into a bookshop, offering operating manuals for equipment whose manufacturers would be quite surprised to find documented here. Not all of the craftsfolk here are Turkish. Some are Kurds, a few are Egyptian, and there's a handful of Jews. The aroma of Middle Eastern spices competes with grease and hot metal, and the shouts of children playing mingle with the ringing of dozens of small hammers. The wise Byron, the savvy Engineer, the clever Brassman all come here for those bits and bobs that are just too tedious to make themselves, or that they need in quantity on the cheap, or can't buy on the high street without attracting attention. Routine collections of a percentage of the Market's profits ensure that sales here will never be ledgered with the inland revenue or tracked by the Peelers. Best know what you're about, though, as the Turkish Market does not respect the casual shopper.

The Docks

Woolwich

Woolwich has been a centre of military technology for hundreds of years. The functions have evolved, along with the technology, from sail to steam and from sea to land. Along with this, the civilian population has adapted, moving from carpenters to steamfitters, creating a cooperative for groceries, and putting together a football team with considerable promise.

By 1833, the Woolwich Dockyard was already having problems with the Thames silting up, and a steam-powered dredger was brought in to keep the channel clear. That same year, Charles Babbage ordered Joseph Clements, his lead engineer, to relocate his (Clements') workshop closer to Babbage's home, but at Clements' expense. When Clements refused, and downed tools, the Office of Scientific Advancement stepped in, took over the Engine project citing national and pecuniary interests, and relocated Clements' workshop to the Dockyard. The George Street Engine, used in tabulating the 1841 national census, was built at Woolwich, as was the first Babbage-Clement (or V2) Engine, which went into production the same year. In 1844, when Mad Chuck sold the plans to

the Analytical Engine to Baron Johnston and the Earl of Annandale and Hartfell, the OSA in turn sold the Woolwich Engine facility to International Calculating Engines, Ltd., (ICE), with Joseph Whitworth, Clements' successor, as chief engineer. ICE's facility continues to produce Analytic and Differential Engines both for Crown and private customers, with the Army providing security as part of the Woolwich Dockyard complex.

The Dockyard had refitted for steam, but built its last ship in 1856 and did its last refit in 1861, its basins no longer deep and long enough to hold the steamships of the era. In 1869, naval operations ceased entirely, and the Dockyard spent a year in retooling. On March 1, 1870, the first kettle, a Gordon-class light assault vehicle, rolled off the assembly line. To date, over three-quarters of all the mechanized armour in Her Majesty's Army has been produced at Woolwich.

Her Majesty's Regiment of Artillery is headquartered at the Royal Arsenal, which also houses the cannon works and the explosives laboratories. New soldiers for the Artillery regiments (yes, the Regiment has more than one regiment) and newly commissioned officers do their induction training at the Arsenal, which includes doing the quality control firing of new-made cannon. While accidents are actually quite scarce, the training officers use the opportunity to instil a healthy respect for ordnance into the new arrivals, marching them through a hall decorated with the remains of blast shields and failed guns each morning on the way to the Gun Yard.

Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society

Starting out in 1868 with twenty workers from the Royal Arsenal, running a greengrocers from a single room in a house in Plumstead, the RACS has become the primary source of cheap, unadulterated food for Woolwich, and has plans to expand into neighbouring boroughs. The Society operates three grocery stores, owns a bakery (12 Conway Road, SE18), has its own stables and delivery wagons, and has acquired two food processing factories. Two years ago, the RACS Education Department started supporting a cricket club, a Womens' Guild, and a youth club. This January past, the RACS Department Store opened its doors on Eton Road, across from Arsenal Station, followed a week later by a library in Woolwich proper (49 Raglan Road, SE18). With its motto of "Each for All and All for Each", the RACS has aligned itself decidedly with Socialist elements, resulting in the occasional clash between the increasingly powerful Society and members of the upper class who own rival businesses.

There's no truth to the rumour that the RACS is a front for the Levellers. None at all. Never mind that the union local meets at the Raglan Road library. Wednesday nights. 8pm.

– Djehuty Jones

Royal Military Academy

Founded in 1741 to provide training for the new Regiment of Artillery and Corps of Engineers, the RMA has opened, lost funding, been Warranted by the Crown, remodelled, relocated to a new facility (Woolwich Commons, Lion Lane, SE18), partly burned down, and been reformed. Throughout all of that, it has taken cadets and trained them up in mathematics, surveying and mapmaking, engineering, building and destruction of fortifications, and personal combat for when all else fails. The fields of study have been expanded to include long distance communication (semaphore, telegraph, etc.), steam power, ground and air vehicles, and the Analytical Engine, resulting in the nickname "The Shop", and a reputation for churning out boffins. While the Shop's graduates do well in their fields, generally serving as artillery and mechanised armour officers and Engine programmers, they suffer in comparison to graduates of the Staff College at Sandhurst, with

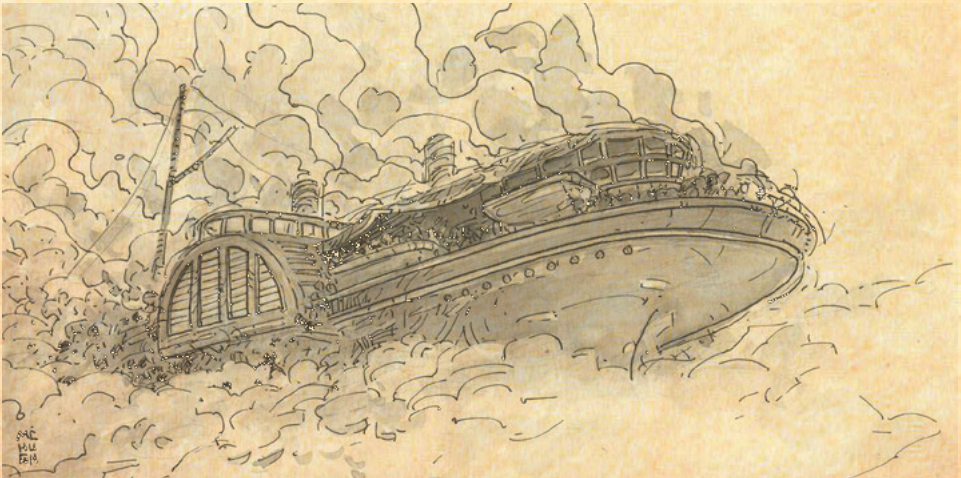
their more traditional officers' training focused on strategy, logistics, and military history. Considerable competition has arisen between the Engine department at Woolwich and the intelligence analysis section at Sandhurst. Eventually, the two functions must be combined, but it's going to take another generation of officers before enough who know how to synthesize the departments into a harmonious whole will rise to a level where they can implement such a feat. In the meantime, Woolwich officers understand the technology, and Sandhurst officers understand classical tactics and strategy, which is one of the reasons kettles are still being deployed as steam-powered artillery on the high ground, instead of forcing holes in the front lines to let the infantry through.

North Woolwich Pier

Woolwich High Street, SE18. Last 3 September, the wreck of the *Princess Alice* replayed out on the river, within sight of the pier. The ship rose up out of the fog, blew its whistle, then burst into flinders, the collier that had run the actual ship down a year before not visible. Some say that as the *Princess Alice* was the only ship that went down, the *Bywell Castle* still being afloat, that of course there's only one ghost ship appearing. The screams and the explosion of steam when the *Princess Alice*'s boiler hit the water brought the Humane Society and the police at a dead run, but all that remained within five minutes were the last remnants of the vision, trailing off into the fog. This year, the Pier Authority is considering closing off North Woolwich Pier for the night, as there's likely to be a crowd gathering if they don't, to see if the disastrous vision returns.

Bloody well forget about getting into the Arsenal, the Academy, or the Dockyard, unless you've got a top-notch Fiddler to forge the paperwork and pass themselves off as having pukka business, and a Byron who can get into the military's Engines and create the back end records for the security checks and to make the passcards work. There's some terrifically interesting stuff in the Woolwich compounds, but the military won't hesitate to shoot someone who's poking their nose in where it doesn't belong.

- Simon, not my real name and none of your business what it is



Greenwich

Dominated by the Rabbit Hole and the defences around it, as well as the naval college and clock tower, Greenwich has a newly military feel dominating the old country houses and businesses.

The time fluctuations in the Rabbit Hole mean that trains from the Gruv may appear at any time of day or night. After much complaining from the nearby residents, the homes immediately flanking the Alice and Gruv line were bought by the Crown and made over into barracks for guards and soldiers. Imports and exports are inspected and their crates stamped before they leave the Greenwich Station storage facility (Straights Street, SE10) in an attempt to assess them correctly for taxes (and to watch for smuggling, although the volume of trade means things get missed).

The occasional gremlin that gets past the Tunnel Patrol and the Army has left toothmarks on the Greenwich Meridian Line, the metal bar inlaid in the ground to mark zero longitude, the Prime Meridian. The constant murmur throughout the district underlying the Roar comes from the inflowing magic waking up old spirits, ghosts, and dormant magics.



Portal District (formerly Greenwich Park)

At the base of the hill atop which stands the Royal Observatory, where the long rolling green that leads to the Museum begins, stands not the only monument to Professor Oswald Grosvenor, but certainly the most impressive and unique: The Rabbit Hole. Its dangerously-sharp edges now shrouded in steel plating, scaffolding, ductwork, and maintenance shacks, the Grosvenor Portal rises sixty yards, the height of a fifteen story building, the lower edge of the disc being below ground. The grey side of the disk can be readily seen from Grooms Hill Road despite the barricades and military impedimenta in the way of the view. The other side of the disk may or may not be visible, depending upon whether the Gruv is in synch with London time or not. The Gruv's day being slightly shorter, the Iron Tunnel's side of the disk passes from dark to light and back to dark over a cycle measurable in months.

Leading up to the Rabbit Hole, the twin tracks that pass through the Iron Tunnel trace lines of steel and gravel across the former green, cutting across The Avenue and Groom's Hill, passing

Adventure Hook: What Got Loose?

Archie Ganning uses his underground contacts on both sides of the Rabbit Hole to run a smuggling operation. There are always people who want to get through but can't pass the official checks, and also a demand for raw gems and strange things. The last major shipment contained, to quote the Fort Alice side, "something interesting", but the crate arrived as a pile of broken, empty pieces. He'd like to know what happened, and what the contents were, and where they went.

GEOGRAPHY

north of Gloucester Circle and going over Burney Street and under London Street to join up with the tracks leading into Greenwich Station. Each crossing has automated gates and a military guard. Any traffic not moving quickly enough when the gates come down may be moved along by force. The tracks inside the Portal District are kept well clear on both sides, so as to not provide cover for anything undesirable that might emerge from the Portal unexpectedly. A double row of cannon cover the tracks and the mouth of the Iron Tunnel on each side, enough firepower to reduce a Dreadnought-class locomotive to scrap in a single volley.

Flamsteed House, the former home of the Royal Astronomer before the Admiralty took over the Observatory in 1818, was taken over as a command post in the early days of the Portal. Now, it serves as the home of the Tunnel Patrol, the brave souls who deal with problems inside the Rabbit Hole and anything that the cannons either aren't appropriate for or cannot handle. The ground floor has their armoury, refectory, and pub. (They cannot drink in a civilian public house for tolerably obvious reasons.) The Octagon Room on the first floor has been converted into their barracks and ready room.

On the far side of the Portal, the former Royal Hospital School is now the Grosvenor Memorial Military Hospital, the first stop for wounded soldiers coming home from the Gruv and the closest medical facility for the Portal District forces and staff. The hospital has specialized facilities for treating Boojums, taking into account not only the obvious issues of size and body weight, but of diet, body chemistry, and other variations from human base stock. As such, it receives Boojum patients (infrequently, based on their importance) from other hospitals. On the north side of Rommey Road, the Royal Naval College continues its function, and the Seamen's Hospital to its west still receives patients from the Navy and the merchant marine.

Surrounding the Rabbit Hole and stretching away across the District nearly to Maze Hill and Park Place, a military base has grown, rather in the manner of mushrooms after a rain. Barracks, a mess hall, storage buildings, ammunition bunkers, vehicle garages, cavalry stables, and all the facilities required of a permanent military presence may be found, albeit on a small scale due to the constraints of space in the former park. Woolwich handles overflow and rotation. Supplies are offloaded at Greenwich Pier and brought down King William Street, which is a bit of a production due to the civilian market on the west side.

Oh, yes, if you're a Boojum, but you've got a hereditary title or enough wealth that you'd be inconvenient to misplace, you can find welcoming staff and doctors trained in how to treat a horn injury or how to feed someone whose dietary tract can't handle animal products of any sort. If all you've got is your status as a living soul and a subject of Her Majesty, try the fever hospitals, I hear they're willing to take in Boojum patients.

– Rosalynd Renteze

Any facility staffed by the Nightingale Sisterhood will treat Boojums as readily as humans. We are all created by the same God, after all, and one should feel pity for the victims of a malforming disease, not revulsion.

– Sister Anne, Nightingale Sisterhood

Greenwich Station

Greenwich Road, North West SE10. Enough picture postcards have been sold of Greenwich Station to paper Buckingham Palace thrice over. George Smith's original town-manor influenced building, opened in 1840 and thus one of the oldest train stations in the world, has been augmented by two wings and a third story, turning what was once a conservative structure that wouldn't

have been out of place in Chelsea into a grandiose temple to rail travel that rivals St Pancras for extravagance and the number of homes and businesses displaced to make room for it. Every schoolchild can draw the station from memory, having seen it in their classrooms and in the illustrated papers every day for the last two years. Yes, there are military guards. Yes, they carry live ammunition. No, you can't just go to see the station, you've got to have pukka business there or you won't get within a city block. Beyond the obvious differences such as the military checkpoints, Greenwich Station hasn't a lot to distinguish it from any other in London. As Fort Alice is part of the British Empire, no passport or permit is required for a British subject to travel there or back, but there's only so many trains per day, and there's not a lot of allowance for the tourist trade. Fort Alice is still under military control, and the only route through for the colonisation effort, and so the number of people allowed through who are just there for a day's gawping stays low. That said, the three girls with neck-strap trays allowed to vend on the arrivals platform do a brisk business in home-again pins and other souvenirs of having successfully traversed the Rabbit Hole not once, but twice. The ones that announce the wearer to have made the trip from Earth are sold by merchants in Fort Alice. Having the two side by side on one's lapel, collar, or hat has become something of a mark of distinction.

Lewisham

Lewisham consists of two interdependent sides. The northern part holds mostly commuter families, working in the City or in factory management, doctors at the University hospital, solicitors, and shop management. The southern part holds mostly the support staff, businesses, and servants' families that allow the northern families to commute. The rest work on the railway that runs through the northern part.

Blackheath

SE3, SE10, SE13. The village of Blackheath, at the far north end of Lewisham, just south of Greenwich Park, has done its best to maintain its charmingly last-century, coach-roads identity through all the upheaval and the new military zone to its immediate north. This has been badly disrupted ever since 1877, when a burglar and murderer moved into the area, and now the village can't seem to be quit of him even after his death. Charles Peace, the antithesis of his name, started killing in Manchester with PC Nicholas Cock, shot by Charles during a failed attempt at burglary. Fleeing back to his native Sheffield, he killed another man to try and take the man's wife, committed a series of burglaries in the Blackheath area, and was finally caught in a gun battle in Blackheath where he seriously wounded a constable. Convicted of multiple capital crimes, Peace was sent back north, past Sheffield and up to Armley Prison, where he was hanged. When Peace was executed, his ghost rose up from his body and



swore to wreak havoc on all responsible. The spirit fled south, starting two fires and assaulting a woman in Sheffield, and was next spotted back in Blackheath, re-enacting the gunfight in which he had been captured. Scotland Yard's Arcane Crimes Section has been chasing him since, stubbornly refusing to involve the Knights due to jurisdictional disputes. Blackheath's village council is taking up a subscription to hire an independent professional.

Adventure Hook: Unpopular Anatomy

Dr. Simon Anderson at the University Hospital is fascinated by Looking Glass Fever and Boojums, and is hunting down (and paying for) every scrap of information about them. Sometimes literally, in which case the Boojums are none too happy about having others of their kind dissected.

Flammistead's Victoria Rhubarb Farm

Marseia Road, Ladywell SE13. While the rest of London tremendously enjoys the gigantic Victoria cultivar, and the farms of Ladywell and Brockley grow quite a lot of it and bring in a respectable amount of coin in the process, the rest of the borough truly wishes they'd find a different fertilizer. Each day, a substantial amount of London's nightsoil floats in barges down the Ravensbourne River from Deptford Creek and the Thames, as the railway flatly refuses to allow Ladywell Station to be used for the purpose. On days when the wind shifts and blows east to west, the Hilly Fields recreation grounds are unusable. Interfering with the wind currents is possible, but hideously expensive, and nobody is quite certain whether bringing that much magic into the borough might not be a worse problem than the stink. Until the argument is resolved, and the underlying problem as well, residents of Ladywell always know which way the wind is blowing.

Mountsfield

Stainton Road, Catford SE6. A mansion and 6-acre park belonging to Henry Tibbats Stainton, the noted entomologist, Mountsfield has served as de facto home of the Entomological Society of London and its private collections for the past twenty-five years. Mr. Stainton began holding open evenings in 1856, that grew quickly into regular weekly conferences not only for the members of the Entomological Society, but anyone with an interest in entomology over the age of 14. Within the last year, some of these meetings have been attended by members of the military, and some of those have been closed to the public. Wagons with very large packing crates have arrived, and empty wagons have departed. Everyone knows what's going on. The only real question is, when will the rest of us get a look at the Gruv specimens that have been carted in?

Deptford



The parish of Deptford St Paul was separated from Deptford St Nicholas to its north in 1730, due to St Paul consisting mostly of farmland and St Nicholas being more urban. Over the next century or so, the farms were built over, but when the Metropolitan Borough was created, politics and economics were served better by uniting St Nicholas with Greenwich to the east. This left St Paul as the only remaining Deptford, which is why the borough's parishes have compass directions instead of proper names. By the modern era, Deptford has become a large industrial town. The Royal Docks and Victualling Yard, which provisions the Navy, and the various private dockyards, have brought prosperity to an increasingly cosmopolitan town.

Royal Victualling Yard

Grove Street, North SE8. Taking up nearly the entirety of the borough's Thames frontage, the Royal Victualling Yard, with the Foreign Cattle Market and Butchers Row, comprise the business of bringing in meat,

processing it, and getting it aboard Her Majesty's naval vessels. Long ago, Deptford Dockyard built warships, and did the refits for dozens whose names ring down through history, HMS *Endeavour*, HMS *Discovery*, HMS *Bounty*. Ships that fought under Nelson at Trafalgar were built here. Now, the yard takes cattle apart and turns them into barrels of salt beef and stows them on cargo barges, the only vessels that can still navigate the badly silted-up channels. The Wet Dock hasn't seen anything larger than a steam tug in a decade. Nevertheless, there's a lot of business to be done here. Each day, lorries line up at the gates at Winghill Lane to be searched, their documentation checked, then routed on to the warehouses or straight to the docks, each with six tonnes or more of grain, beans, tea, flour, and veg brought in from Deptford Station or the Surrey Commercial Docks. Deptford may not have the cachet of Woolwich, but it's just as important when it comes to maintaining British superiority at sea.

Folkestone Gardens

Blackhorse Road, North SE8. Conveniently located where the Chatham Southern Rail and the line from New Cross intersect, and pass over the Surrey Canal, Folkestone Gardens grows veg for the local greengrocers, supplying the workers who then supply the Navy with its own veg.

The smuggling opportunities presented by such a location should be obvious enough to not need pointing out.

– Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street

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McKenna's

140-142 Evelyn Street, North SE8. Sometimes mistaken for a gin palace, McKenna's is the grandest tavern in Deptford and possibly on the south side of the Thames. A fifty-foot mahogany bar graces the main taproom, with crystal chandeliers above. The second-floor gallery railing is ornate enough to have been bought second-hand from Versailles. The private rooms have green baize tabletops, brass chair rails, and velvet cushions on the chairs. The owner, Jack McKenna, built the establishment with a windfall. His wife had left him two decades previously, his daughter died of influenza, and he was relegated to the Deptford Workhouse, too ill to be shipped off to the Gruv. Then his wife turned back up. The ex best friend she'd run off with had died in California, leaving her a very rich widow after selling his gold claims. In a cruel twist of fate, he recovered, but she died of influenza she caught while nursing him, and left him over sixty thousand pounds. McKenna, saying that the people of Deptford were all the family he had left, decided to open the best establishment he could afford, and open his home to the borough (he lives in a small walk-up at the back).

Bermondsey

Taking up the entirety of the Thames embankment across the river from the London Docks, Bermondsey's inhabitants give thanks for the separation from Stepney. The borough commands a substantial segment of the southern Thames embankment, from London Bridge at the western end, and the Thames and Rotherhite Tunnels at the eastern. The western part of the borough, including the town of Bermondsey proper, concerns itself with land transport, with London Bridge Station at the end of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and Bricklayers Arms Station with its goods terminal. The eastern end, Rotherhite, is half taken up with the Surrey Commercial Docks, constituting the entirety of No.3 Rotherhite district. Bermondsey's passenger wharves stay busy night and day with below-the-bridge penny steamers.

Eng Aun Tong (London office)

15 Spa Road, #2, Bermondsey SE1. With additional offices in Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Bombay, and Singapore, and centrally officed in Rangoon, Burma, Eng Aun Tong is one of the true multinational firms of the modern world. Founded by Aw Chu Kin, son of a Chinese herbalist and a brilliant entrepreneur and marketer, just ten scant years ago, Eng Aun Tong has risen to prominence through the marketing of Ban Kim Ewe, an ointment adopted by the British Army in Burma. Word of the miraculous "Bankum" spread to the civilian world, the Army started buying the ointment by the shipload to distribute to its troops, and Mr. Aw became one of the wealthiest men in the Far East. The firm makes and distributes many other products beside their signature salve,

BAN KIM EWE
TEN THOUSAND GOLDEN OILS
GOOD FOR ALL INJURIES
AND MUSCLE STRAINS!
*I wouldn't dream of
taking the field
without a jar of
"Bankum"
in my pocket*
RELIEVES HEADACHE, NEURITIS, AND NEURALGIA!
LOOK FOR THE BRIGHT RED DISPLAY ON THE COUNTER
IN YOUR FAVORITE SHOP. IF THEY DON'T HAVE IT, ASK
THE SHOP KEEPER, "PLEASE, CAN YOU STOCK BANKUM!"
ENG AUN TONG, THE HALL OF ETERNAL PEACE
SUPPLIERS OF OINTMENTS AND SALVES TO
HER MAJESTY'S ARMY
15 SPA ROAD, BERMONDSEY, SOUTHWARK, LONDON
WITH OFFICES IN PARIS, BERLIN, MADRID, BOMBAY,
SINGAPORE, CENTRALLY OFFICED IN RANGOON, BURMA
FOUND WHEREVER QUALITY REMEDIES ARE SOLD!
Ban Kim Ewe, "Bankum"
WEIGHT 6 OZ.
REGULAR JAR UNUSAL, £2
VERY RARE GOLDEN JAR, £20

requiring a small army of factory workers, chemists, herb farmers and gatherers, botanists, sales representatives, lorry drivers, cargo handlers, and airship crews. Eng Aun Tong thus is one of the very few firms chartered outside of the British Isles to have its own private pier at the India Docks and its own pylon at the Kings Cross Aerodrome. While the building on Spa Road is primarily administrative offices, there's a lab at the back where the golden jar salve is made, under some of the heaviest arcane and mundane security outside of government offices to protect the trade secret.

Adventure Hook: Paint Pot Poison

The Levellers have recently been infiltrating the paint factory at Powder Wharf, across from Wapping, to force better conditions, partly funded by Hyrdofeay. The dragon wants the factory to cease dumping waste testepots of paint into the river and poisoning the water, and will take what allies he can find. Rumour on the street says there's a Fagin offering serious coinage for anyone willing to help out the Levellers, say by retrieving evidence of wrongdoing on the part of factory management that can then be turned over to the authorities.

Tooley Street Firemens' Memorial

Tooley Street at Braidwood Street, St Olave SE1. Sir Joseph Edgar Boehm's bronze puts three London firemen on eternal watch, one with an axe, one with a hose, and the third with a pole hook, and above them the vigilant figure of James Braidwood, once chief of the London Fire Engine Establishment, now spoken of by firemen in the same reverent tones as Nelson is by sailors. In June of 1861, the counting house of Scovell's Warehouse went up, setting the tallow warehouse next door ablaze. Spectators thronged the riverbanks, the bridges, and the river itself. Vendors selling beer, ginger-beer, coffee, cakes, and fruit worked the crowd, as did pickpockets and prostitutes. Every vantage point was crowded for the night and well into the next day. The police had to call in army regiments for crowd control. New outbreaks continued for the next ten days. Twenty days after the fire started, it was finally declared out, although some areas were still smouldering. Everything from Battle Bridge Stairs to St Olave's Church, and from Tooley Street to the Thames, was lost, eleven acres gone to ash. Worse, though, was the loss of Braidwood. At 7:30 pm the night of the fire, the great organizer and reformer was at the front lines, sheltering with some of his men behind a warehouse, working out their strategy and passing round a flask of brandy to ward off the exhaustion, when a saltpetre cache the other side of the wall exploded. It took searchers after the fire three full days to locate the remains. Fire Engineer Tozer, in charge of Tooley Street station, took the epaulettes and buttons from Braidwood's uniform greatcoat, and handed them out to the foremen of the fire service. These relics are displayed in the fire stations of the district, given only slightly less honour than the portrait of the Queen. Braidwood was buried at Abney Park with honours and a procession worthy of a duke, next to the remains of his stepson, who had died on duty as a fireman six years earlier. Each year, on the 22nd of June, the fire houses of Bermondsey turn out, and pass the monument at the slow march, trooping their own colours. Deptford, Camberwell, and Southwark follow, as they too lost brave men in the conflagration. This next year, the twentieth anniversary of the largest fire London had experienced since 1666, the Mayor of London will lay a wreath at the monument.

Every now and then, a fireman or crew attending a significant blaze in the Tooley Road area will see James Braidwood, epaulettes missing from his greatcoat, encouraging them on or providing direction. No one doubts their word, for no fireman would ever sully the memory of the great man by falsely claiming such a sighting.

GEOGRAPHY

Camberwell

The original parish of Camberwell St Giles had three divisions: the Liberty of Peckham to the east, the Hamlet of Dulwich to the southwest, and the central division of Camberwell proper. The Liberty of Peckham stretched from north of Old Kent Road to Honor Oak, taking in Peckham and Nunhead. Camberwell itself extended from Burgess Park in the north to the Horniman Museum in the south, taking in the central area around Camberwell Green, the eastern part of Herne Hill and East Dulwich. The hamlet of Dulwich stretched from Champion Hill in the north to what is now Crystal Palace in the south, taking in Dulwich Village, West Dulwich and Sydenham Hill. All this to say that Camberwell, with its placid motto of "All's Well", is perhaps a slightly dull hodgepodge of older places that still have much of their identity remaining.



Kings College Hospital

Denmark Hill Road, Denmark Hill SE5. Having come a very long way from its origins as the St Clement Danes Workhouse, Kings College Hospital offers modern medical care at sharply reduced rates, and in charitable cases free of charge, in order to provide training opportunities for the medical students of Kings College London. Maudsley Hospital, just the other side of Denmark Hill Road, sees to those afflicted in mind rather than body, with a trade of both patients and staff between the two. Two years ago, the great surgeon Joseph Lister accepted a position at Kings College Hospital, and is now teaching aseptic technique and developing advances in orthopedic surgery.

Not a bad option if you don't mind sharing a bed. They've usually got two patients in each. Staff's been dealing with the overcrowding since the place opened so they've got the drill down.

– Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street

Bessemer Grange

Green Lane, Denmark Hill SE5. The estate of Sir Henry Bessemer, inventor of the steel manufacturing process that bears his name, has the usual trappings of wealth and privilege – sweeping lawns, stone stairs up the hill to the manse from the pond, a private woods – but also the laboratory where Sir Henry still pursues research into a number of subjects. With its own dynamo and boilers, the laboratory building can power furnaces capable of handling glass, iron, or

steel, albeit not in industrial quantities. The working models of the Bessemer Saloon, including the full-scale rendition now used as a guest cabin for the adventurous visitor, still take up the lower end of the garden behind the house. Lately, Hiram Maxim has been seen at Bessemer Grange, and the faculty at Pelican House College down the road have complained about the dreadful row. Whatever Maxim and Bessemer are working on will have to be moved to Woolwich soonish or the constable will be round, knighthood or no.

Crystal Palace Station

Farquhar Road, The College SE19. There's been a bit of an argument going on as to whether Crystal Palace Station is actually in Camberwell, or just outside the city limits. Crystal Palace Park, at Sydenham, lies outside of London by a few strides. The rail station links to the Crystal Palace by a long glass corridor with flowers and potted climbing vines, which has led to the argument that it's all one great building and therefore the station is outside of the border. There's rather a lot of tax money at stake, so the argument has turned into something of a Jarndyce. In the meantime, the Crystal Palace line, run by the London and Brighton Railway, sends express trains from Kensington for afternoon concerts, the train making what would have been a remote and scarcely visited site somewhere the average clark can pop out to for a day's entertainment.

South London

Southwark

While the hail of stones in Bermondly was a one-off and hasn't repeated, the repairs left the cobblestones looser in the ground. Now each time a cart rolls over them, they shift and rattle. This only gets noticed and reported when the cobbles do it for no apparent reason, such as when a cart enspelled for protection and invisibility travels that way late at night, headed for one of the Merlins' secret Weird Science research facilities.

– Percival Squallow, Esq.

While the impediments to the Thames current posed by the wide piers and narrow arches of the old bridge are gone, the steamers and other local vessels still regard London Bridge as the demarcation line, and don't always sail past it. As a result, the piers and wharves under the bridge remain nearly as congested as before.

While Lambeth is mostly going up the gentrification ladder, Southwark is slowly slipping down it. Originally the rougher end of the lower middle class, it now houses some of the richer criminals. Many of Fulham's top card sharps live here, as do some of the casino owners. A few Mumpers drifted in a while back, as Lambeth is rich enough to earn coppers on the street, but poor enough they blend in. The politicians haven't yet noticed how seedy Southwark is getting and continue to wander across the bridge. The new residents are happy to keep the politicians in the dark, because the politicians make easy (and profitable) targets for pickpockets.

The current London Bridge, connecting Southwark to the City, opened in 1834, a hundred feet upstream of the old bridge, that had been standing for some six hundred years.

If the old stones of London Bridge reappear, do not cross; or, if crossing, hurry along. The Bridge is selective about who may pass, and who will not, and who might not reappear on the far side.

– Carlton Thornhill, London Academy of Practical Spiritualism

Borough Market

Stoney Street, Christchurch SE1. Arguably the oldest market in London, if one includes the south side of the Thames, Borough claims to have opened in 1014, although first documented in 1276. There was a 600th anniversary celebration in 1876, but there's already talk of a 900th in 1914. Shut down by Parliament in 1754 for causing a traffic nuisance, the market, formerly at the south end of London Bridge, reopened in 1756 in its current location in Rochester Yard. A century later, new buildings were erected. Most of the meat and veg consumed in Southwark, as well as parts of Lambeth, Camberwell, and Bermondsey passes through Borough Market. The rail lines that link London Bridge Station with Cannon Street, Blackfriars, and Charing Cross Stations pass overhead, on viaducts technically owned by the Market and let to the railway on a flying leasehold, due to a vagary in the 1756 Borough Market Act. Occasionally, visions from the old market appear at the foot of London Bridge, causing confusion and the occasional traffic accident as people and horses try to avoid market stalls and pedestrians that aren't physically there.



East Street Chemist

18 East Street, St John's Walworth SE17. One wouldn't expect to see a well dressed sporting gentleman paying a call on a small chemist's shop in such a low-rent area, and if one were watching the front entrance, only the custom of the neighbourhood residents would be observed. Pay attention to the alley, though, and quite a collection of young rakes might be seen to come and go, especially in the later hours of the evening. Mr. Molly, who dresses like a man but makes no secret of being a woman, bought the shop twelve years ago. A little bit of scandal went round when she first hung up her shingle, being not only fond of trousers and other women but also one of the first women to pass the examination under the Pharmacy Regulation Act of 1868. A decade on, and her shop can't be told from any other high street chemist, busy with coughs and ague and sprains. After dark, with the front entrance locked and the blinds down, the trade moves to the rear of the shop, white mercury pills, prophylactics, copies of *Fruits of Philosophy*, and the apparatus and medications necessary for implementing the practices of the book. Inquiries as to Mr. Molly's true name and origin have thus far failed, the only identity she will admit to being specified on her Chemist's License, Sebastien Molly. And yes, she will answer to both ma'am and sir.

Like most big markets, it offers ample opportunity for the exchange of small items. The opportunities for anonymous drops occasioned by the rail lines passing above should be obvious to even the most naive tyro.

– Whitehall Charlie

Public Park Construction Site

Brook Street, St Jude's SE1. The area bordered by Brook Street to the south, Lambeth Road and Georges Road on the north, Kennington Road to the west and West Square to the east, was cleared off eight years ago in preparation for creating a new public park, a bit of green space in an area heavily paved over and built up. Unfortunately, the city planners didn't consult the Elephant and Castle gang, or their rivals from Lambeth, the Butcher's Bully Boys. The plot crosses the territorial boundaries the two had established, and the clearance removed the markers. Construction came to a halt a week into the effort, when a savage brawl erupted, both gangs attacking not only each other but the demolition workers who had, without knowing it, torn down the gangs' signage. The costs incurred from the battle, and the necessity of police investigation, shut down the demolition effort. The private backers mostly withdrew from the project, leaving the borough well short of the funds needed. Since then, the half torn-down buildings on the site crumble quietly on their own, and what would have been a park remains a no man's land where the Lambeth and Southwark gangs occasionally meet to hash things out, usually with knives but occasionally with gunfire.

Adventure Hook: The Dead Body's Story

One of the top independent criminals recently turned up dead, with Elephant and Castle and the Bully Boys both claiming innocence and blaming the other. They would both like to find, acquire, or convincingly fabricate information that backs up their side of the story. Anyone providing such, of course, will gain enmity from the other faction.

Lambeth

The houses in northern Lambeth are rented to middle and upper middle class families. They move frequently as each part of the district shifts up or down the gentrification ladder. Each family clings on as high as they can afford to for as long as they can and moves only when they must.

The leafy suburbs down at the southern end house working class people who take in laundry, washing and drying it in cleaner air than the middle of London. The laundry doesn't get as clean or as smut-free as that done in Haringey, but it's cheaper done in Lambeth, so the middle classes and impoverished aristocrats make use of the service.

There have been claims of a lone washerwoman cleaning bloodstained clothes in a stream, but no solid or provable sightings. Rumour insists she is a banshee come from Ireland to declare someone dead. Those more practical suggest that cold water is good for getting blood out, and some woman got caught unawares by the moon. It's also possible there have been blood-stained clothes delivered to the usual laundry services by the servants of wealthy criminals.

Adventure Hook: An Act Off The Cuff

One of the laundry families runs a side business scrubbing celluloid cuffs and a related business copying the information off them first and selling it on. It rarely makes much sense, but two weeks ago one cuff had important notes for a new Parliamentary Act that could affect them. They spread the word quietly, but would like someone to find out if it's true and if the Act passed.



The Oval cricket ground is enspelled for protection, such that the model of Old Father Time on the ground's weathervane comes to life if the grounds are invaded, and removes all those responsible, living or ghost alike.

Saint Drogo's Hospital

Brockwell Hall, Lambeth SE24.

Brockwell Hall and the surrounding park were bought by the London City Council in 1878, within a month of the first appearance of Booiums in the city. Saint Drogo's specializes in victims of Looking Glass Fever. Not all metamorphose properly into one of the four variations, with some being more successful than others. In some cases, all that can be done is to make the patient comfortable and await the inevitable. The British Army has a standing agreement with Saint Drogo's to pay for the exorbitant food bills of troll patients, in return for the right to attempt to recruit any new snark or troll patient and a recruitment office on-site. For those patients who complete

Funny how they found a wagonload of dosh right quick-like when the Fever started hitting the Families, but still can't find a few pence to improve the lot of those in the East End. We're both snarks, the rich and the poor, you'd think you might find a shred of charity in your heart for those who've suffered just as bad as you.

— Hamish, surname withheld, at the Four Oaks Pub, Whitechapel

a metamorphosis, rehabilitation facilities help them adjust to their new forms, get their documents into order, and prepare to face the world with their new face. Private endowments from a number of prominent families, some from Booiums themselves, some in the name of Booium family members, and some in memory, cover most of the expenses. A team from the Galvanic Order under Dr. Arthur König provide not only support but staffing and equipment in the research wing. Doctor König, himself a dwarf, brought an endowment from the Ordnung Galvanische central lodge in Berlin, and is now director of research at St. Drogo's in a substantially expanded facility.

Gordon and Company

Saddlers Way, South Lambeth SW8. One of the more prestigious saddle and tack firms in London, Gordon & Co. makes the saddles used by Her Majesty and Prince Albert, along with the rest of the royal household. Taking up most of the west side of the street from where it starts at Lansdowne Way up to Portland Place South, the firm's main offices are down at the south end, with the showroom, the manufacturing facilities, and the storage areas in the buildings leading north. Besides the Royal family, the firm outfits several regiments of cavalry, including those currently serving in the Grosvenor Land. The firm has recently hired on another entire shift and purchased the next block for expansion. Beside saddles and saddle-bags, Gordon & Co. also makes railway

mail bags, great sturdy black leather bags with reinforced strapping able to hold two and a half stone of letters, parcels, and whatever else is travelling in the mail that can survive being snatched up at thirty miles per hour. The Grosvenor contract alone justified the facilities expansion, but recently a third railway company expressed interest in sourcing its mailbags from Gordon.

Recently, Gordon has had some trouble with a neighbour. Just across Lansdowne Way and half a block west, the other side of Lambeth Road, lies the garage of the Stockwell Omnibus Company. The mechanics, a rough lot mostly hired from Birmingham, have taken to taunting the saddlery workers over their firm being dependent on the railways for business nowadays, what with the horse being on the way out, and offering to teach the saddlers how to make seat covers for the bus, with an implication of making prophylactics. This has started a few small fights in the street, which interfere with deliveries and the smooth turnover of the working shift, as well as reducing headcount in the factory from injuries and arrests. If someone were to be of a mind to explain to the mechanics that their behaviour is not acceptable, in such a way as to put an end to this nonsense, they might find it well worth their while to pursue this.

*Be a shame if summat happened to pooch the deal, wouldn't it. Interested parties should send fees or Danegeld offers by telegraph to Lambeth's Own Fagin, London.
– Found written on a blank calling card handed about in a certain pub*

Lambeth Palace

Lambeth Palace Road, Bishop's SE1. The residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury in London stands just the other side of the Thames from Westminster. The fact that the seat of religious power lies only four hundred yards from the seat of political power says much about the British Empire. However, the current Archbishop, the Most Reverend Archibald Campbell Tait, has done very little since his last child and wife died in 1878 other than sponsor a bill in Parliament demanding quiet and reverence at funerals (the Burial Laws Amendment Act of 1880). The ecclesiastical library, on the other hand, has become critical to the Anglican effort to master the arcane. Founded in 1610, it contains a trove of manuscripts dating back to the 9th Century, and many that cannot be dated with any accuracy. Among these are folio volumes seized from heretics and kept for study instead of being used as kindling in the heretics' execution pyres, which have turned out to hold more useful information about the workings of magic than the entirety of Scripture.

Wandsworth

Wandsworth's late absorption into London's boundaries gives it much more of a country feel. Market gardens still fringe its edges. Shops, restaurants, and hotels buy most of the produce, with the rest going to costermongers. Wandsworth's population consists primarily of the upper working class and lower middle class, employed in the gardens and the shops and businesses that support them. Buyers come here from across London, bringing gossip with them and making the borough the best place to pick up rumours.

GEOGRAPHY

Adventure Hook; Vampiric Marrows

The crops in one of the gardens have been turning vicious lately, becoming mobile, sprouting teeth, and developing carnivorous appetites. The head gardener in charge of that garden would like to know why and how, and if it can be stopped. He needs the space for normal production without risking blood fertiliser from wounds.

Wandsworth Bridge Market

Wample Way at York Road, Southfield SE18. Doomed from the start, Wandsworth Bridge Market has never lived up to the promise its founders saw. The bridge itself, a private affair built seven years ago in the expectation that the Hammersmith and City Railway would be extended out to Fulham, charges too much of a toll to see much traffic, and isn't sturdy enough to support a steam lorry. The market has the advantage of being right across the way from Wandsworth Town Station, but the disadvantage of being downwind of the distillery the other side of Bridgend Road. The gas works two blocks the other way, on Fairfield Road, on the banks of the River Wandle, turns loose gas flares from their stacks at irregular intervals whenever the company over-pressurises a gasometer. The resulting flash and boom at odd hours has led to some of the neighbours moving away, and considerable nervousness about sending children to the school next to the market for fear of an explosion. The produce that shows up at the market is as dispirited as the veg sellers.

Vint's Calculator Repairs

9 Tooting High Street, Tooting Graveney SW17. A quiet, efficiently cluttered shop on a respectable high street just up the block from Tooting Broadway Tube Station, Vint, in business since 1868, does maintenance and repair on hand-held and desktop calculating machines, Differential Engines, cash registers, and the like. He makes the occasional call to the town hall under contract to the Borough to maintain the traffic signal Engine, and to the Neurological Hospital on Church Lane to see to its patient record systems. His shop stays busy from early morning to late at night, his two journeymen seeing to business when he's out on a call.

It ain't just pukka custom what keeps old Vint in business. There's a lot of kit sold under the counter, if you know what I mean. And then there's the telegraph equipment, and the hydraulic tools, which you wouldn't need for a desktop ten-key, now, wouldjer? – overheard in a pub near the Turkish Market

Windmill Inn

Windmill Drive, Clapham Common SW4. Built as a coaching inn, the Windmill has stood since the mid 1700s, and still retains much the same look as it had in 1836 when immortalised in oils by James Pollard. Young's Brewery obtained the freehold in 1848, and makes rather a large fuss about their beer still being delivered by horse-drawn wagon. Some of their advertisements claim that steam lorries shake the bubbles out of the beer. An attempt at a demonstration ended in rather a scandal when the lorry driver revealed that he'd been ordered to let his load of beer go flat overnight. The inn proper still maintains rooms for travellers, and does rather a nice business in newlyweds and golf enthusiasts, as staying at the Windmill guarantees one a tee time at the golf course on the north side of the common.

Adventure Hook: A Plague of Urchins

A gang of children with greenish skin and woollen caps have been raiding the market, stealing food, tools, and all sorts of other items. They're never seen more than two or three at a time, and always have a distraction of some sort planned. Nobody knows where they come from or where they go. They appear seemingly out of nowhere and vanish again once they've got their quarry. Anywhere else, something as odd as this would attract the attention of the Peelers, or even the Arcane Crimes Division, but in Wandsworth, considered a backwater and not worthy of serious investment, the Metropolitan Police don't have the resources to investigate. The market vendors can't offer much in the way of a reward, but if someone could see to this, they'd try to make it worth their while.



Battersea

Heavy industry dominates the northern end of Battersea, sometimes resulting in complaints from Fulham and Chelsea, across the Thames, as the effluents of manufacture drift across the river and downstream. Further south, the posh residences of Bolingbroke and Broomwood offer comfortable homes to those whose noses do not turn up at the smell of profit. While Battersea Park offers the spectacle of Rotten Row and the occasional royal perambulation, cricket and croquet grounds and a boating lake for the amusement of those well off enough to afford such pursuits, just the other side of Battersea Park Road lie the rails of the London and Southwestern and the Great Western Railroad, carrying cargo to and from the South Lambeth Goods Depot and through the great interchange at Clapham Junction. Gas works flank the park to either side. Here is London in microcosm: an elegant park surrounded by factories and railyards, with slums wedged in between and posh housing the other side of the tracks.

Clapham Junction Railway Station

Falcon Road at Johns Hill Road, St John SW11. The busiest interchange in all of London, by the number of trains and wagons passing through, Clapham Junction handles not only the L&SW and the GWR, but the Tube as well. Just the other side of Falcon Road lies the LMSR Goods Depot, resulting in a terrific amount of traffic across Falcon Road. The Battersea Post Office round the corner on Lavender Hill

Given the rail traffic here, you'd expect there to be trainspotters all up and down the line, but the railway police don't take kindly to them. Stand about with a notebook and a spyglass and you'll be answering some hard questions, and maybe from the Peelers or the military instead of just the railway coppers. Something about national security, or so I hear. I dunno, I keep my boys out of the area, just too much attention from the law, you know?

– Benny the Beetle

Road has a pneumatic tube to the station, so the post at least doesn't clutter up the surface routes going between the railway and the local delivery.

Southern Railway Works

Silverthorne Road, Nine Elms SW8. The primary London railyard of the Southern Rail / London and South Western Railroad, the Southern Works takes up the western half of the space south of Queens Road Station, the other half being the Southern Goods Depot. Here, rail wagons and locomotives are maintained and repaired. The surrounding area generally consists of shops that supply the railyard, and the homes of the yard workers, all of whom have become accustomed to living in perpetual noise, smoke, and steam.

The Eagle

104 Chatham Road, Broomwood SW11. With two open fireplaces, this pub provides a good deal of both warmth and cheer to the neighbourhood. The proprietor has installed eight dispensing engines, seven for beer and one for cider, and does a brisk business in pies from a pastry-shop down the block as well.



Adventure Hook: An Overly Generous Pint

Someone has been fiddling the Eagle's beer engines, resulting in them recording around five percent more beer being poured than is actually being served and paid for by the customers. This has resulted in an ongoing argy-bargy between the publican and the brewery. Whoever's doing it, they're subtle in their machinations, never tampering with more than one engine at a time and managing to get it done without anyone noticing a stranger in a small neighbourhood boozer. The publican would really like to run an honest house, and not have it out with the brewery rep every Thursday when the accounting comes due. Anyone willing to lend a hand can count on a warm spot by the fire and a mug with their name on it. Their dog will be welcome, too.

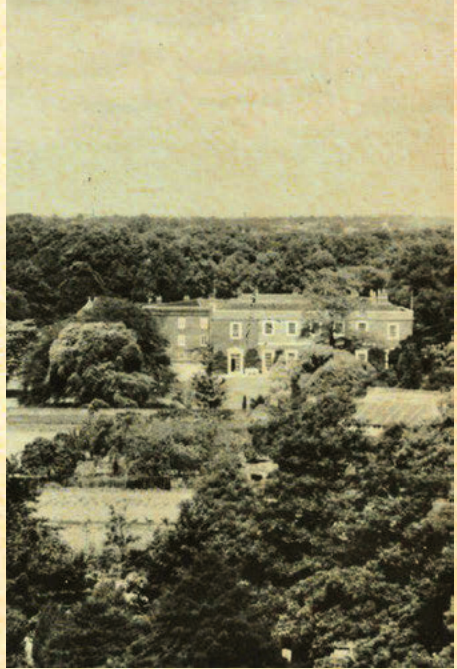
West London

Fulham

A borough possibly described as remarkably unremarkable, Fulham isn't as fashionable as Chelsea, not as attractively disreputable as Hammersmith, and nowhere close to as industrial as Battersea. It does have enough green space to accommodate a polo grounds and a few parks. It's been the country residence of the Bishop of London since the eleventh century, and has seen pottery, weaving, paper-making, and brewing industries launched, only the last of which still survives. The largest employers now are the London Underground, with its maintenance depot up by Earls Court, and Macfarlane Lang at the Imperial Biscuit Works at Sands End, by Britannia Wharf.

Fulham Palace

Bishop's Park, Hurlingham SW6. Of late, Fulham Palace has become a hotbed of investigation both arcane and historical. Visions of Romans and Picts and who knows what all have disturbed the residents day and night, shouting and fighting and occasionally killing each other in spectacularly gory fashions. Cautious excavations by a team from the British Museum have revealed that the palace is built atop the remains of several large structures from the Roman settlement era, and turned up a Gladius quite possibly from the first century after Christ. Still older evidence apparently lies beneath the Roman detritus, but getting into those layers could destabilize the foundations of the currently extant buildings. The Bishop is reportedly quite put out that his attempts at exorcising the spirits have not been effective, although experts from Cambridge and Canterbury have all reassured him that his faith is not in question, and that these are visions, not true hauntings. Until it's all sorted, the Bishop has moved into Lambeth Palace and left Fulham to its ghosts.



Putney Bridge

Fulham High Street, Hurlingham SW6. Noteworthy for its being the only surviving wooden toll bridge in London, and for being the only bridge in southern Britain to have a church at either end (All Saints Church on the Fulham bank and St Mary's on the Putney shore), Putney Bridge traces its construction back to Sir Robert Walpole and his annoyance at a non-responsive ferryman. Perhaps the ferryman cursed the bridge, though, as it's had problems ever since. Mary Wollstonecraft had to be talked down from its railing in 1795 after coming back from Sweden to surprise her current lover, only to be surprised to find her lover in the arms of an actress. The annual Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge uses Putney Bridge as its starting point, but has had problems with sudden uncharted eddies and objects being dropped off the bridge by spectators the last eight

years running. (It's understood that nobody would drop a £75 bottle of wine intentionally.) An overloaded barge crashed into the bridge in 1870, badly damaging a pier and requiring eight months of repair work. The local MPs have been petitioned to seek funding to replace the bridge entirely, with iron trusswork if the budget for it can be found, or stone if they have to settle for it. Until that's approved and a new bridge built, those planning to cross the Thames at Putney are advised to be wary. And to treat the watermen and ferry operators with courtesy.

Max Keblowszkij, Veterinarian

1-3 Parsons Green Road, Parson's Green SW6. Max, a jovial, stocky Jew from Debrecen, relocated to London from his native Hungary twenty years ago and opened a practice expecting to spend the rest of his life seeing to the health of the cats and dogs of the moderately well off. His practice is one block south of Parsons Green Station. This has resulted in him spending more time on the train than in his office, as Max has an uncanny knack with the stranger of God's creations, and an encyclopedic knowledge of European animal myths. One day he's off to Manchester to see to a griffin that crashed into a church's clock tower, the next he's down to Cornwall to pull a fire-breathing turtle from a farmer's pond. (It takes two oxen that have not been castrated or bred.) His daughter Molly, born just after Max and his wife Erma arrived in London, deals with the pet trade these days.

Hammersmith

As a partially residential borough, Hammersmith doesn't have quite the contrast of the City, and what it has is somewhat reversed, being quiet during the day and much busier in the evenings and nights, as its gambling-houses open after the bells ring for Vespers. Many gamblers take advantage of the darker streets to travel unrecognised. The hours of darkness also bring out higher class pickpockets hoping to catch someone who just had a good win. Some pickpockets have contact with the staff of the gambling houses, who tip them off to good 'clients' and split the takings. Other staffs and gambling houses prefer to rely on rigged systems to provide a better income, some more reliable than others.

The only gambling house in the borough with a reputation for honesty is the Lapin D'Rouge, better known on the street as the Crimson Coney (110 King Street, W6). While the Coney guarantees that the equipment is honest, they make no such claims about individuals who hire the card tables for personal games.

A more typical example is the Queen of Hearts (5 Netherwood Road, Brook Green W14). The tables here are subtly rigged to favour the house, but not so much that a win is impossible, just rare. Some cards are marked. Some dice are fulhams. Some of both are not, and the dealers



are extremely good at sleight of hand switching between them. A side bribe to the dealer will usually get the player a pack of whichever type of card is preferred, and the house gets its cut of the bribe too.

Adventure Hook: Pockets Redux

One of the local pickpockets has an embarrassing problem. She was on her way to deliver a heavy purse when someone picked *her* pocket. She is discreetly looking for the person or a way to make the money back before she gets into trouble for non-delivery.

The Hammersmith Ghost

The actual Hammersmith Ghost is two hauntings, one being James Milward, a plasterer who was shot to death by an excise officer after being mistaken for a ghost while walking through the churchyard at night in the white clothing of his profession. The legal minds are still arguing over whether Francis Smith, the customs officer, was truly guilty of murder, operating as he was from a mistaken perception. It didn't help Smith's case that he was on a self appointed vigilante patrol after an evening of drinking at the Black Lion. The earlier ghost, that had inspired Smith's hunt, was that of an unnamed suicide buried in the churchyard and unable to rest. To complicate matters, John Graham, a shoemaker, admitted at Smith's trial that he had dressed up in a bedsheet in order to frighten his apprentice, who had in turn been frightening Graham's children with ghost stories. Milward tends to haunt the pub, while the suicide haunts the churchyard and nearby bridge. Graham was tried and convicted for manslaughter, as a woman he frightened so badly she fainted later died of the shock. While the suicide and fake ghosts were in the vicinity of St. Paul's and Hammersmith Bridge, the shooting happened in Black Lion Lane, half a mile from the foot of the bridge.

Some winning patrons meet the Hammersmith Ghost on their way home, but here it's more likely to be a robber dressed up in white, and not an actual haunting. The Hammersmith Ghost name also serves as cover for Dodgers grabbing people for information, or for undercover Dodgers changing identity.

Spring-Heeled Jack

Spring-Heeled Jack has been assaulting pedestrians, especially lone women, in the far western end of the city for generations. His exploits can be readily found in editions of London papers from the 1830s to the present. Tall, gaunt, with glowing red eyes, sometimes he has a cape and a helmet, other times bat-like wings, and always bestial claws. He's forcibly shorn domestic servants and run off with their hair, left claw-marks across the faces of men and women alike, and vanished as suddenly as he appears, moving with great leaps covering ten to fifty yards at a go and easily vaulting fences and walls in a single bound.

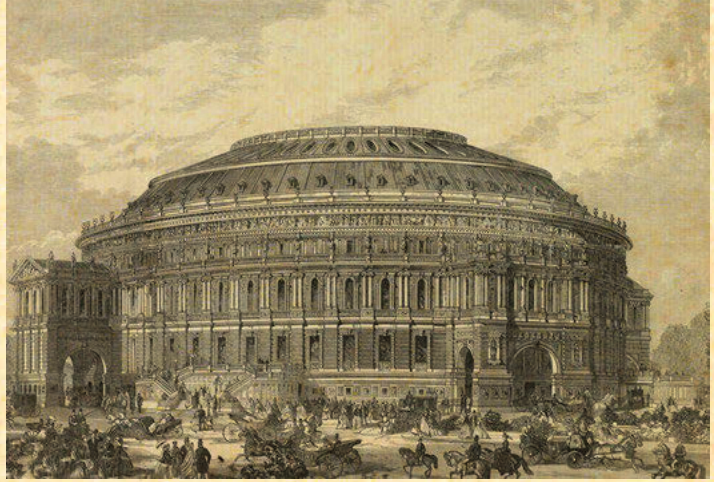
Willesden Junction

Station Road, Kensal Green W12. Wrapping about the back of Wormwood Scrubs, and with St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cemetery to the east, Willesden Junction is where the Great Western, the West London, and the London, Midland, and Scottish Railways all come together and link across to each other. The neighbors in Harlesden, on the north side of Kensal Green Street, have gotten accustomed to living hard by a critical switch yard, with its constant traffic and shunting. Old Oak Lane, that runs across the warehouses and spur lines of the goods depot, has had turnpike gates installed, and every lorry, wagon, and barrow passing through gets checked against the day's

list. Most of the rail freight destined for the West End of London passes through Willesden, along with considerable passenger traffic, and three of the five western rail lines.

Kensington

Royal Albert Hall. The Royal College of Music. Kensington Gardens. The homes of most of the foreign ambassadors residing in London. A new Italianate town hall designed by Robert Walker, just inaugurated this past February. Affluence piled atop of privilege and finished with political cachet. If any borough could look down its nose at Westminster, it would be Kensington. As the Danes say, they have to shovel out the rain gutters every evening because the horses are so high-arsed.



The old towns of Kensington, South Kensington, Earls Court, Notting Hill, Brompton, and part of Kensal Green have been divvied up across nine wards, some bearing the same name just to confuse the outsiders and reveal them to the natives.

St Mary's Roman Catholic Cemetery

Scrubs Road, Kensal Green W10. Established only twenty years ago, St. Mary's has yet to see a large number of interments, although it already has its share of famous names. Here rest the remains of William Pitt Byrne, owner of *The Morning Post*, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster Nicholas Wiseman, and the painter Clarkson Frederick Stanfield. Visitors are advised to check in with the rector, as the cemetery's guard can be quite formidable. After two instances of grave robbery, during the Promethean scandal, Monsignor Eduard de Bello came down from St. Mark's and summoned the spirit of a sinner from Purgatory, binding the soul to the cemetery until its burden shall be judged by Almighty God to have been cleared. Jolly Jack (only the Monsignor knows the true name of the spirit, for obvious reasons) was a mate on a slaving ship a hundred years ago. With such a burden, he may be patrolling the cemetery for generations to come. Don't be fooled by his being a ghost. He can and will lay on a right thrashing to anyone trespassing in the kirkyard.

Finborough Theatre

118 Finborough Road, Brompton SW10. Currently closed for renovation after the riot that shut down the most recent production, the Finborough offers fifty seats in a converted pub. (Yes, pubs in London sometimes do go out of business.) The intimate (some would say tiny) theatre offers a chance to try out new productions on the cheap, see what a test audience thinks, be a little

experimental without a lot of investment. It also offers a chance for the more daring (some would say scurrilous) productions to put on a few nights. The most recent run, the notorious production mocking the Prometheans after their scandal, *The Electrical Anatomist, or Mary Shelley's Book Was Not Meant As An Instruction Manual*, was shut down on its fourth night by a mob of rampaging bluenoses, confused temperance folk, and the sort of lunatic that moral outrage always attracts when it turns violent. Seven of them are in dock now for breach of the Crown's peace, and will face Chancery over the damages to the theatre. If the barrister doesn't make a complete Jarndyce of it, the outcome of that case could keep the theatre running for generations. As for the play, the broad, leering farce, with Grand Guignol-level blood and makeup effects, has never completed a run in its lifetime. Given the standing-room crowds it draws, even a few nights are worth it for the travelling company that puts it on. They've gotten quite adept at going out the back, trunks already packed, as the authorities (or Highly Offended Civic Minded Sorts) storm in the front.

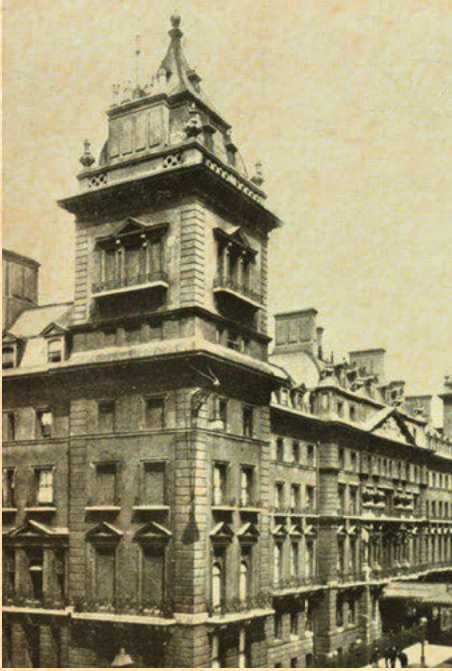
The Standard

Kensington High Street at Young Street, Queen's Gate W8. Offices of both the *Standard* and the *Evening Standard*, the morning and evening papers respectively, have been operating here since 1827, the evening edition having begun in 1859. Maintaining their own reporters in the field as well as stringers and subscribing to multiple wire services, the *Standard* has gained renown for its reporting during wartime, from the American Civil War to the present hostilities. One of the *Standard's* more adventurous journalists, a Swedish dwarf named Faltin Palander, has made quite a splash with his reporting from Fort Wellington, on the front lines of the Samsut War. His last visit to London saw him featuring not only in the paper's lead stories but on the society page as well, as Mr. Palander cut quite the swath through the parlours and ballrooms of the borough.

Rumours that he was asked to take photographs of some of the ladies, and perhaps a gentleman or two, in a state of déshabille, are totally true. I know. I was one of them. Best of luck guessing which was me.
– *The Lady of Seville*

Paddington

An area consisting mostly of stucco terraces and red-brick mansion blocks inhabited by those not quite wealthy or influential enough to move closer to Whitehall, Paddington serves as a primary residential community to greater London. Communal gardens, wide avenues lined with trees, and a Town Hall built in the Classical style and designed by James Lockyer dominate much of the borough. The Maida Vale ward is noteworthy not only for Little Venice, but for a predominantly Sephardic Jewish population. All the way up in Kilburn, at the border of London proper, Kilburn Wells still dispenses medicinal waters, but all that is left of the spa is a shop with the once-famous chalybeate well in the back garden, wedged in between the Kilburn High Road Tube station and an insurance firm.



Paddington Station

Praed Street, Church W2. Designed by Isambard Kingdom Brunel, Paddington Station opened in 1854 to serve as the London terminus of the Great Western Railway. A statue of Brunel stands on Platform 1, by the exit to the taxi stand. It's been known to make acerbic comments on those it finds inefficient. In 1863, Paddington became the western terminus of the Metropolitan Railway, the first underground railroad, thus becoming the first station in London to serve both the surface railway and the Tube. The station is noteworthy for having had no fatal accidents thus far in its history. In front of the station stands the Great Western Royal Hotel, opened by HRH Prince Albert in 1854 a month after the railway station went into service. Across the street stands St Mary's Hospital, where, in 1874, C.R. Alder Wright boiled anhydrous morphine alkaloid with acetic anhydride, and created diacetylmorphine, also known as morphine diacetate or heroin.

The possibilities of a luxury hotel forming the main façade of a railway station ought to be blindingly obvious to those in the Game.

– *Whitehall Charlie*

Tyburnia

Cockerell and Sons, a land speculator and architectural firm founded by Samuel Pepys Cockerell, has been attempting since 1824 to redevelop the old Tyburn Estate into an affluent residential area, with the idea of competing with Belgravia.

The plan incorporates the area between Edgware Road, Westbourne Terrace, Gloucester Terrace, Craven Hill, and Bayswater Road into Tyburnia, a name not officially recognized by the borough. Development in the borough has gone south toward Hyde Park, despite the efforts of Charles Robert Cockerell, Samuel's son, and Frederick Pepys Cockerell, Charles' son. With Frederick's sudden death in Paris two years ago, the entire project has been tied up in probate. As none of Frederick's six children have gone into the family business, it's likely the Cockerell firm's interests will be sold off, partly to pay the legal costs of the probate case in Chancery and partly to distribute the value among the heirs. In the meantime, odd bits of construction, vacant lots, and unsold mansions falling genteelly into decay can still be found in what is supposed to be a wealthy residential area.

Little Venice

Maida Vale W2. At the junction of Paddington Basin with Regent's Canal, a triangular lagoon with a bit of island in the middle serves as a place for mooring houseboats. Narrowboats join and leave the flotilla on a daily basis, transient dockings that rarely last more than a night. The nature of the area not being conducive to foot patrols, or to police response in general, Little Venice has gained a somewhat dubious reputation, although the rate of violent crime is actually quite low. The rate of tax evasion, smuggling, and other nonviolent crime is estimated to be quite high, but again,

the ability of the community, or members thereof, to simply pull up anchor and vanish down a canal precludes the efforts of the police to assess, much less resolve, the crime rate. Given that the name was coined by Lord Byron, the association of the lagoon with disreputable sorts is perhaps unavoidable.

West End

Chelsea

Primarily residential, Chelsea would be much more popular with the West End set if it wasn't so low-lying and thus prone to flooding. Elegant façades and columns mark the buildings, as do high-water lines. The carvings offer plenty of hand- and foot-holds for a climber, sometimes to escape rising waters and others to gain access to the sky-light. The wealth of the upmarket inhabitants also attracts street-folk. Street sweepers and their brooms vie for pennies. Chimney sweeps call their service. Delivery boys trot up and down with food, delivered to the tradesman's door round the back. Buyers of used goods, like candle stubs, ends of firewood, scraps of cloth, and leftovers such as food scraps and broken meats scurry through the alleys. The buyers then take the goods and leftovers to a poorer district and sell them on at a profit.

Over a third of the street-folk here come from cramped poverty blocks like Notting Hill, hidden from the sight of the rich. They come to the nearby upmarket streets to supplement their income as they always have, but now it's more urgent, because the pigs have done badly since the Rabbit Hole opened. Contrary to the rumours spreading in the area, the pigs are not actually being fae-ridden, but neither are the recent poor years a coincidence. When Boudicca sacked London, a handful of Roman recruits broke away from the supply fort and fled across the land that became Notting Hill. The fort commander, who fell trying to hold the position, cursed them with his dying breath, wishing them ill luck for abandoning their fellows. His blood took the curse down into the rocks of London. Not strong enough to be a ghost or focused enough to find the long-dead recruits, the magic seeping from the Rabbit Hole still awakened the ancient memories and the curse, which came down on those now on Notting Hill.

Adventure Hook: Not Maid To Order

The ghost of a serving maid has taken up residence in one of the biggest and richest houses. Glimpsed often in passing, she vanishes whenever someone mistakes her for a living servant and gives her a task or an order. As a result, the tasks and orders sometimes go undone, causing chaos until they are given a second time to someone living.

Chelsea Physic Garden

Royal Hospital Road, Cheyne SW3. The second oldest botanical garden in Britain, Chelsea Physic Garden was created in 1673 by the Worshipful Society of Apothecaries as a preserve of medicinal plants. During the 1700s, the Garden established a seed exchange program with botanists across Europe, introduced cotton to the colony of Georgia, and grew to exceed any other in the count of species represented. Since then, the Physic Garden has been surpassed by the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, and has lost the area along the river bank to the Chelsea Embankment project. The Apothecaries still maintain it as a study garden, and a source of medicinal plant

seeds and cuttings, as well as providing plants to the Royal Society in return for the land of the former Manor of Chelsea (leased to the Apothecaries in 1722). While a number of arcane societies have expressed considerable interest, the Apothecaries maintain tight control over access to the Physic Garden. Gaining entrance requires being a member of the Apothecaries, or the guest of a member, or convincing the research board of the Worshipful Society that one knows botany and garden procedure well enough to not cause loss of potentially irreplaceable specimens.



Miss Crimson's

1 Netherton Grove, Stanley SW10. A three-story Georgian typical of the block, white facings on the ground floor (itself a half flight up from the front garden), brick on the upper story and top half story where the servants' quarters are, the only point of difference between No.1 and its neighbours is the discreet brass plaque next to the door, L. Crimson, Parfumeure. Inside, the front parlour features glass shelves where elegant perfume bottles share space with African violets in blown-glass pots. A single counter separates the room from a stylishly-dressed young woman and a red beaded curtain that leads, not to the back room, but up a flight of stairs to where Miss Lily Crimson handles the more serious part of the business. One of London's few Newtonians, and one of the few women in the School at all, Miss Crimson, a woman of perhaps Alsatian extraction, provides alchemical services to the women, and occasional man, whom she deems worthy of knowing what's behind the curtain. A Warden of the School, Miss Crimson creates potions and oils and unguents of subtle power, with a delicate, precise touch. While she's perfectly capable of rendering a phial of phlogiston capable of levelling a city block, Miss Crimson much prefers a more graceful approach to her work. Do have a cup of tea, and take the time to share a bit about the issue that has brought you here.

- "Ivy"

SW Polytechnic School

6 Manresa Road, Church SW3. Founded in 1844, SW Polytechnic focuses tightly on mathematics, engineering, and drafting. These are workmanlike skills, not really part of a classical education, so there won't be any of the lower nobility among the students. These are for the most part young men, although a few women and older men are found amongst them, from the middle class, who have managed to gain a sponsorship, or worked hard to save up the tuition, or gone shockingly into debt in the hopes of a prosperous future. The dean won't take anyone younger than sixteen, and then they'd better already have their sums in order and be at least familiar with algebra and the basics of calculus. The graduates do tend to go on to staff the many architectural firms in the city, or to the naval shipyards, or off to the Gruv for any of the dozens of projects started up there.

What's interesting here isn't the student body but the faculty. Take the time to get to know Professor Skeffington. He was a friend of the two Johns back in the day. Still keeps his hand in as it were. Loves a good puzzle, so if you bring him a bit of encrypted cardware, he couldn't possibly refuse the challenge. And yes, the Analytical Engine in the basement does actually whistle "God Save The Queen".

– *The Artful Cardpuncher*

Westminster

When most non-Londoners think of London, they think of Westminster, and its famous landmarks such as Big Ben, Parliament, and Buckingham Palace that get displayed all over the world. What the pictures don't capture are the sounds, the smells, and the action. There's enough going on in one city block to inspire a dozen pages from Mr. Dickens' pen. A steam-powered omnibus huffs its way up the road. A horse pulling a hansom lays back its ears at the sound and the cabbie struggles to keep the beast from bolting before the passenger is fully aboard. Wisps of brownish smog trail a running courier in army-red, like old blood running back towards the Rabbit Hole. A painter applies a new coat of limewash to Parliament's shutters, adding a cleaner smell to the churning river stink. The neighbourhoods of Soho, Mayfair, St. James's, The Strand, Westminster, Pimlico, Belgravia, and Hyde Park, familiar from so many stories and sketches, provide the fashionable and well to do with homes suitable to their station.

Tea shops, cookshops, and food sellers pack the roads in a ten minute radius of the Houses of Parliament, serving the tourists and workers there. The MPs have their own little private restaurant inside, but the clerks and other support staff aren't allowed in, being of a lower class.

Radiating out from Parliament are more modest, middle-class homes. Here live those who work for a living and earn a good salary. Some are clerks, lawyers, or bankers. Others manage or oversee the shops, businesses, and factories. Still others are MPs with little to no income above what Parliament pays them, living as close to their workplace as they can. Almost all deal mainly in paperwork, procedure, and protocol.

So many picture postcards of Trafalgar Square and its supposedly iconic sculptures have been printed that you could toss them into the Channel and walk to France. Trafalgar Square began construction in 1826 with demolition of the southern end of St Martin's Lane, whose numbering to this day begins with 29. In 1837, the government decided to put the Nelson Memorial in the incipient square, but then it took longer to agree on the shape of the memorial, which nobody really liked. Artesian wells were drilled in Hemmings Row behind the National Gallery in the 1840s to provide for the planned fountains, as well as the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, St. James' Palace, and Whitehall in general. The statue of Nelson was unveiled and installed in 1843,

but the reliefs on the base of the column were not completed for over ten years. The first of the lions finally went in and were unveiled in January of 1867. By that time, everyone was thoroughly tired of the construction work and hardly anybody went to the unveiling.

Adventure Hook: The River Takes Its Toll

A wealthy politician lost one of his rings crossing the river. Three days later, a mudlark found it embedded in the riverbank and took it to sell. When the pawnbroker recognised the ring from the politician's description, he sent for the police. They threw the mudlark into jail for suspected theft. When they went back the next day, the mudlark had vanished from the cell without trace, just a puddle of stinking water left for a clue. Last night, the pawnbroker was found dead in his shop, drowned, drenched in Thames water. The Metropolitan Police, the pawnbroker's family, and the mudlarks are all looking for assistance in getting this resolved before the Thames comes calling again.

Once a year, on St. Stephen's Day, a statue at Queen Anne's gate animates. Popular wisdom holds that the walking statue is of Bloody Mary, but it's actually Queen Anne. It climbs down from its plinth, stalks around the square in a slow-motion huff, then climbs back up on the plinth, to remain unmoving for another year. The first year, people were terrified. The second year, the local children formed an impromptu parade behind it, mimicking the statue's actions.

Sadly, even Westminster has its slums and rookeries. The area behind Covent Garden along Drury Lane houses countless poor, in tenements and crumbling medieval buildings. The maze of narrow streets between Drury Lane and Bow Street hide a prosperous pornography industry, churning out lewd pamphlets and postal cards printed on small presses hidden in back rooms. The science of photography has already been corrupted in this pursuit, with the collodion process having been invented nearly thirty years ago. If word of Mr. Eastman's work in New York is true, the camera will soon be separated from the developer's laboratory, ensuring a rise of explicit images made outside of the studio by the daring. Given the poverty of the area, there's never a shortage of models.

Leicester Square has for most of the century been a byword for raffishness, for slightly dodgy goings-on, or just for disrepair. In 1865, a gas explosion destroyed all the buildings along one side of the square. Instead of being an opportunity for a fresh start, the decaying ruins and rubble were simply left.

I fear I must have appeared a gawp-mouthed bumpkin as I took in the famous sights of London. The Thames required the application of a handkerchief to the nose in order to avoid the worst of the smell as I crossed it. On the far side, however, I found myself gazing at the Palace of Westminster. I have seen this view painted so often in my studies, and now I saw it with my own eyes. It was shabbier than I had been led to expect. Yellow ribbons of fog twined around the grubby spires and carvings and I saw two politicians in top hats and tails strolling along the street outside, talking.

A courier in army uniform slowed and swerved around the politicians. I saw her vanish inside just as Big Ben began to strike the quarter.

I gathered up my belongings and hurried along the Mall, reaching Buckingham Palace just in time to see the changing of the guard. The military manoeuvres were so smart, so slick, so precise that an awed part of me wanted to sign up for the army there and then.

I am very glad that Bertram cannot read my unladylike thoughts!

Extract from the diaries of Miss (now Lt.) Jane Bartlett

The Victoria Street Society

20 Victoria Street, St Margaret SW1. The aptly named Victoria Street Society, organized by Frances Power Cobbe, dedicated to the prevention of unnecessary cruelty to animals, was instrumental in the exposure and expulsion of the Prometheans from London. The Society remains staunchly opposed to the experiments of the Prometheans, and continues to hunt them throughout the UK. VSS demonstrations outside military HQ are commonplace, as it's well known the Prometheans relocated to the Gruv under the auspices of Her Majesty's Army. Cobbe and her wife Mary Lloyd were also suffragists, with Lloyd able to sign as a landed proprietor due to her inheritance in Wales. Both remain deeply involved in women's rights issues.

Chatham House

10 St James's Square, Pall Mall SW1. Home of the Drake Society, the Navy's equivalent of the Order of Britannia Victorious, Chatham House has arcane protections nearly equal to those of Seaford House, and a contingent of combat-proven Royal Marines for physical defence. Rumour has it they've also got an Analytical Engine doing some sort of symbolic-logic work, but if so, it's got no direct telegraphic connection with the outside world, and the input and output reports are quite probably hand-delivered by armed officers. Most of what actually goes on inside consists of the clerical work required to command an arcane squadron of Her Majesty's Navy. Training of naval magicians and experimental work all happens very far from London indeed. When one is learning to calm a storm, or raise one up against one's foe, best to be well at sea and off the shipping lanes.

The Temple of Health and Hymen

Schomberg House, 82 Pall Mall, Pall Mall SW1. Founded by James Graham (1745-1794), the Temple sees to the reproductive health and fertility of women. One of the senior Vestals in the early part of the 19th Century was a young woman named Emy Lyon, later to become Emma Hart and then Lady Hamilton, the mistress of Admiral Horatio Nelson. She provided Nelson with a daughter, christened Horatia with Vice-Admiral Charles Thompson named as the father. When Nelson died at Trafalgar, Horatia received a benefice of £200 per annum on the provision that she take her true father's name. Horatia Nelson went on to marry Rev. Philip Ward, and her

daughter, another Horatia, married a solicitor named William Johnson from Lincoln's Inn. William passed on in 1869, and then Dr. Joseph Graham, owner of Schomberg House and the Temple, in 1871. Graham, childless despite strenuous application of his own principles, left his entire estate to Horatia Johnson with a will that specified his estate to go to any descendant of Lady Hamilton who would take up residence in the Temple and continue its operation. Thus the story comes full circle and a priestess of fertility once again resides in Schomberg House. Currently, Mrs. Johnson is engaged in a legal battle, the Temple standing accused of being a women's brothel and not a medical establishment. Given the strict vegetarian diet required of its patients, and the exercise regimen, and the electrical bed involved in ensuring conception, it seems just a matter of trotting all this out in court, but the newspapers are having a field day.

Adventure Hook: The Baron of Botheration

A confidence trickster passing himself off as, or at the very least signing himself as, the Baron of Huntsbridge, has sent letters to certain people in the exclusive enclave of Belgravia thanking them for their hospitality, followed by large bills for comestibles and luxuries ostensibly delivered to the people's homes or estates, but never actually arriving. The goods were delivered, but where? The drivers and delivery runners all swear they went to the right place. Find this scalawag!

Holborn

Home of the four Inns of Court (Lincoln's Inn, Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Gray's Inn), to which anyone wishing to be Called to the Bar and to practise law within the environs of London must belong, Holborn lies to the west and north of the City. The Royal Courts of Justice may be found here, as well as the Royal Patent Office, the upscale homes and businesses of Russell Square, and the shockingly squalid rookery of Saffron Hill.

Subsidiary to the Inns of Court are the Inns of Chancery, for those practising financial law. These are:

- Clement's Inn, Lyon's Inn, Clifford's Inn, attached to the Inner Temple
- Strand Inn, New Inn, attached to the Middle Temple
- Furnival's Inn, Thavie's Inn, attached to Lincoln's Inn
- Staple Inn, Barnard's Inn, attached to Gray's Inn

Saffron Hill, between Farringdon Road and Hatton Garden, down in the southeastern corner by Finsbury, stands as proof that even the most determinedly solvent boroughs have their impoverished bits. The haunt of thieves, especially



dippers and mug-hunters, and those too poor to move eastward, Saffron Hill's narrow, muddy street and alleys provide far too many vanishing points for the criminal underclass for the comfort of the more upright citizenry. Attempts to raise funds for purchasing and demolishing the squalid slum have met with unnerving opposition – shops going up in flames in the middle of the night, homes burgled and ransacked, and two of the more vocal proponents meeting with untimely ends at dark street corners that should have been gaslit.

The British Museum

Great Russell Street, South Bloomsbury WC1. Opening in 1759 in Montagu House, one street over from Russell Square, the British Museum has been at sixes and sevens ever since, for its first twenty-five years the largest construction site in all of Europe, and currently a site of perpetual reconstruction and reorganisation. The principal librarian at the British Museum, Sir Edward Augustus Bond, CB, holds charge of a library that is supposed to receive a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom, for purposes of copyright. He's had to relocate the entirety of the scientific collections to departmental libraries just to make room, with the result that nobody can find anything without a day or so of searching, or the Museum equivalent of the Knowledge.

Parcel Post Office

180 Farringdon Road, North St Andrew EC1. The borders of the EC1 postal district reach into the WC1 in order to wrap round this critical postal facility, a matter of budgetary allocation and internal politics in the Royal Mail. Everything larger than a letter going into or out of the combined EC and WC region passes through the Parcel Post Office, to be weighed, inspected, assessed, and routed. The facility also holds an Analytical Engine and a series of large Differential Engines, used in the automating of mail processing and routing not only for London north of the Thames, but also for the northern railway mail travelling into and out of the Great Smoke. Rumours that the Parcel Post Office has hired a magician or two to check for arcane content have been circulating ever since some wag sent a scroll three months ago that turned Lord Preston into a spaniel when he opened it. (He got better.)

Holborn Viaduct

South East St Andrew EC1. Connecting Holborn Circus with Newgate Street and passing above Farringdon Street and Holborn Viaduct Station, the Viaduct, built 1869, allows traffic to bypass the Fleet Valley, reducing the number of horses kept in the Fleet Valley as augmentation teams, and also reducing the traffic going through. This had some initial impact on the area, with a few shops and public houses closing from the lack of through traffic, but easing congestion allowed the local traffic to thrive, and some businesses, such as greengrocers, have actually done better. High fencing has had to be put in all along the Viaduct, however, to prevent trash (or parcels) being flung off the bridge to the street and tracks below.

Horror at British Museum! Flower of Maidenhood Brutally Cut Down!

Excerpted from the Illustrated London News, 2nd May 1880:

Twelve young girls, their teacher, and two chaperones perished in a truly hideous manner yesterday during a classroom tour at the British Museum. A creature of unknown origin, possibly arcane, tore the poor maidens limb from limb, in one case partially devouring the remains. A thirteenth girl, Miss Rachel Katherine Milholland, survived in a manner most astounding, slaying the dread beast with an artefact from the Museum's collection. The docent of Middle Eastern History, Professor Rupert Chisholm, described the horrific scene thusly:

"We'd put up velvet ropes around the exhibit, of course, and the girls had been warned not to touch anything, and their teacher – oh, may God have mercy on her soul, such a patient and caring woman – did her best to keep the girls in line, but they were excited at the Museum, and kept wandering off, and then one tripped and fell. Poor thing, she cut her hand rather badly, and left a bloody handprint on the sarcophagus trying to get up, and then the lid flew open and, well, do your readers really need to know what it did to her? Thirteen, it kept roaring, oh not in English, don't be daft, in Sumerian, and it chased the girls down one by one and, well, again, the police photographs will have to do, I can't speak of it. Rachel was the last, by then the Museum guards were dead, their guns were useless, they fired right through the beastly thing. And I saw her, standing there in the middle of the floor with an old knife and a bit of chalk, and I shouted to her to run, and I thought the beast would turn at my voice but it didn't. It stalked up to her, and then it recoiled, and there was a hiss and a dreadful stink like burnt hair. It spoke to her in Sumerian, but she replied in English, and how she understood – I'm getting to that, be patient, man, this tale is hard enough to tell. Have you ever been surrounded by the gutted bodies of a dozen young girls and sprayed with their blood? It's a wonder I'm not being carted off to the mental hospital after this. She pointed down with the chalk and said she'd seen it on the curator's desk, and I suppose she meant the diagram we found on the floor afterwards. Doctor Argyle had been called away suddenly the day before, and left a bit of clutter behind as he tended to do when in a hurry. And she pulled out the knife from its sheath and held it up for the creature to see, and told it she'd seen that too. I don't know what it said to her, something about spirit and bravery and cracking her bones, but she took a fighting stance – how did a girl learn such a thing? And it charged, and when it hit the diagram and its head was flung up by the impact, she grabbed its tunic and leapt up and cut its throat. And that's why she was all drenched in blood, you see, it wasn't hers, it was from that thing, that horrible thing we didn't know it would come to life how could we?" (At this point, the Professor broke down in sobs, and he and your obedient servant were both escorted away from the Museum and each other.)

From the testimony of DCI Penhelligan at the coroner's inquest:

PC Todd put the knife in a bag and sealed it for evidence, and carried it away. I was witness to this. I stayed with the survivor. When one of the nurses tried to give her an injection, she raised her hands defensively and cried out against the needle, and the knife appeared in her hand. I heard a startled yelp from the next block, and PC Todd came running back holding an obviously empty bag. The girl was calmed, and induced to surrender the knife. We kept it nearby in plain sight, and the nurse tried again to give her the shot. Again she cried out against it, and I saw the knife vanish from its resting place and appear in her hand. I leave it to the magic boffins to figure out why the knife keeps going back to her, but taking it away from her again was obviously pointless, so I ordered the sheath to be given her that she might secure the blade in it.

Hampstead

Far to the north and west, out past St. Pancras, Hampstead isn't quite the Left Bank of Paris, a bit more respectable than Bohemian, but nevertheless provides home to a large number of artists, poets, musicians, writers, and other intellectual and creative sorts. Hampstead Heath, which takes up more than half of Town ward, provides forested hills for the adventurous town-dweller to wander through, although of late the Heath isn't quite as sedate an urban parkland as it used to be. Rumours of a massive golden cat abound, with the tabloids of Central and Adelaide wards running headlines and artist's depictions every other week.

The golden cat stalking Hampstead Heath, a cousin to the Cornish Beast of Bodmin Moor, can change its size at will, though not its shape. It vanishes by going small and hiding in a convenient patch of cover. Recently, it was chased down by the queen's collie Noble, and fought the dog until Noble turned and fled.

– Carlton Thornhill, London Academy of Practical Spiritualism

The Illuminated Public Indicator Company

64-68 Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead NW3. Having expanded from number 64 into the next two buildings in order to house its Analytical Engine and workshops, the IPIC just recently made an offer for the freehold of the rest of the block. The owners, Prakash and Madhavi Murugesan, started out with cash register repair back when the Autotill was a wonderful new device. They introduced a new feature, as an after market add on, that would display the name of the item rung up and its price to the customer, using tiny circles of metal painted white on one side and black on the other and spun round to build letters and numbers. The idea swiftly expanded to animated signage in the shop windows, and from there to marquees and kiosks in the public squares. The Murugesans now control hundreds of public displays from Hampstead all the way down to the Thames. The larger ones, such as the scrolling news marquee in Piccadilly Circus, can be reprogrammed remotely, orders sent to its Differential Engine from the Analytical Engine in Hampstead by encrypted telegraphy. Several dozen of the Murugesan's family, extended family, and friends have immigrated to help run the business, some as installers and maintenance crews, others as programmers and clerks in the central offices. The Indian slap-bang next door does a thriving business both with the IPIC's staff and with the public in general, serving up curry and biryani by the kettleful.



Gorsedd Beirdd Ynys Prydain

22 Chalcot Road, Adelaide NW1. Founded in 1792 by Iolo Morganwg (nee Edward Williams), a Welsh historian, antiques collector, and in later life literary forger, the organization started as an attempt to revive pre-Christian Welsh traditions. It evolved into what was known in the Queen's English as the Order of Ovates, Bards, and Druids. Over the decades it drifted from its original religious purpose, its rites becoming heavily Christianised, and functioning more as an academic society and social club. In the past two years, however, some of its members have had results from their rites, in one occasion a rather spectacular one as an entity the group later described as a Welsh deity possessed one of the celebrants, and forged a pen nib that guarantees successful delivery of any contract signed with it by all parties, but at a price of grievous weakness and migraine for a week afterwards. The Gorsedd Druids have further discovered that their rites are more effective if they discard the Christian influence, leading to a considerable investment in antique books on the part of what may be a faith returning to its religious origins.

Her Majesty's Chancery Court currently holds the nib, as it deliberates whether a magically signed contract possibly violates a few precepts of British law. Miss Penelope Fitch, of Strand Inn, has put forth the argument that the legends of fairy contracts in British folklore should be admitted as precedent. Given what has been learnt of the validity of ancient legend since the return of magic, the court is somewhat dubious, but is entertaining the motion.

– Djehuty Jones

Midland Rail Locomotive Works

60 Highgate Road, Kentish Town NW5. Taking up most of the western side of Highgate Road, the Locomotive Works lie at the conjunction of five rail lines, three from the LMSR and two from Metropolitan Rail, one of those underground. The LMSR constructed the facility in 1868, replacing a previous goods depot on the site, since which a few new streets have been laid in the area and cottages built along them to house the workers. Kentish Town has had a substantial rise in population, what with the Midland Rail management wanting to move in closer to the facility, and all the chophouse cooks, pub delivery boys, greengrocers, and domestic staff needed to care for and feed the labourers, clerks, and engineers who live hard by the factory. The furnaces are slacked at night, but sparks still rise from the building stacks in the wee hours. During the day, the roar of the furnaces and the clang and creak and scream of massive amounts of metal being poured, pounded, rolled, lathed, drilled, and assembled can be heard at Parliament Hill Fields. The smoke and the tang of hot metal rolls through the area, mostly across the cottages, as the prevailing winds were noted before the streets were marked as to the anticipated social class of the residents.



St. Pancras

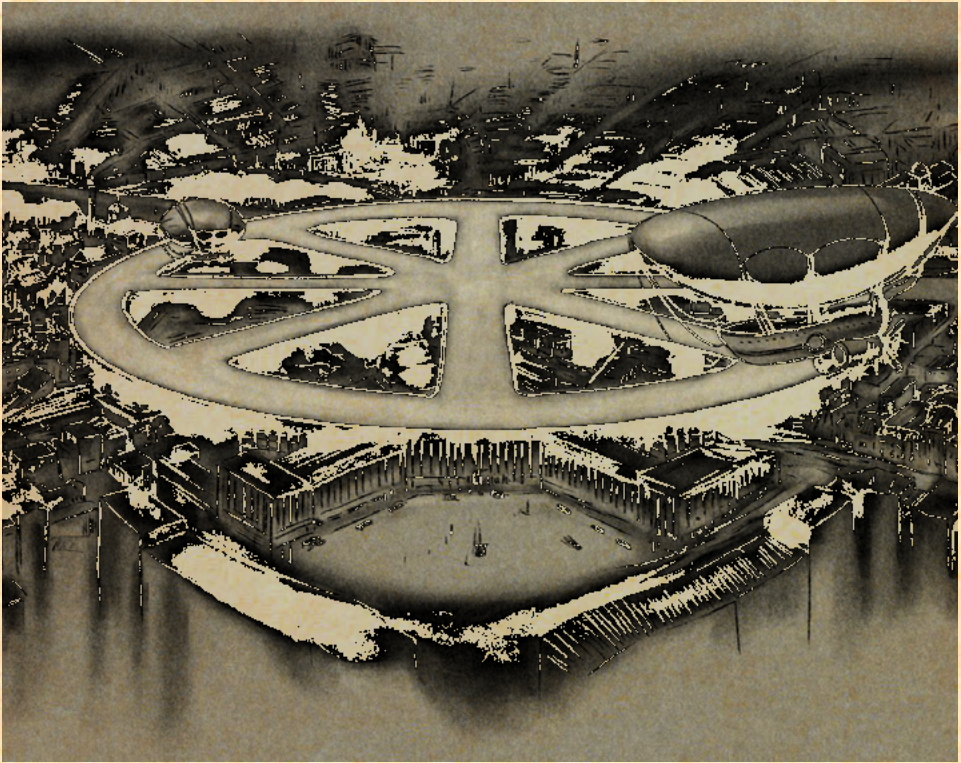
St. Pancras is solidly lower middle class and upper working class, clerks and factory foremen, with small shops for the locals and a warehouse district to offload the barge deliveries. Costermongers come here to buy, less often to sell, as St. Pancras in general earns enough to use the shops, but not enough to have much to spare. Omnibuses are abundant, taking people east to the factories, south to the City, and west to serve as daily servants to the middle classes of Westminster. Most of these are of the older horse drawn type, the steam omnibuses being too expensive a fare for the average St. Pancras dweller to afford. The borough also serves as a central location for middle class relaxation, with the zoo being the primary destination for days out.

Kings Cross Aerodrome

York Road, N1. Centred over the L.N.E. Rail Goods Depot, the Aerodrome represents the boldest work of urban architecture in the late era. A massive platform in the shape of an eight spoked wheel, the Aerodrome hovers a hundred yards above the north end of Kings Cross. It extends from Kings Road and Regents Canal in the east to Pembroke Street in the west, and the St. Pauls Road coal depot in the north to Battle Bridge Road in the south. A covered walkway extends from the air passenger station under Spoke 7 to Kings Cross Station, with a resident mob of porters to handle the luggage from train to airship and back again. Built in the span of eight years for a cost of over £5 million, the project required first the building of four warehouses that support the odd-numbered spokes over the top of the existing railyard. Much of the ground floor of each warehouse actually consists of two-story-high tunnels and archways to let the trains through, with a massive freight lift at the outer end capable of hoisting a fully loaded cargo wagon. The warehouses offer a total of 75 acres of floorspace. With space for one large Giffard per spoke, and one smaller per wheel segment, a total of sixteen airships can be in port at any given time. The gas works at Battle Bridge Road were bought as part of the development project, and converted into a hydrogen farm. The gasometers still rise and fall in their massive cast-iron frames, but they're full of hydrogen now. The five Kipp apparati stand three stories tall each, and take a week to maintenance, thus having one out of service at any given time. Much of the zinc comes from the Gruv, but the acid comes from a dozen coke plants around the city. Much of the aerodrome's operating expenses are covered by the British Army's long term lease on Spokes 4 and 5 alone.

Adventure Hook: Not to London Post Standards

The zoo serves as a drop point for coded mail, retrieved by Jumbo the elephant in his trips along the elephant-ride path. Recently, the letters have shown up late, torn, or not at all. Jumbo's keeper is looking for someone to find out why, before he gets into trouble with both the spies and their spymasters.



St. Pancras Station

Euston Road NW1. One of the more ambitious, certainly one of the more successful, efforts in bringing the railways to London, St. Pancras has been described as both a temple to the gods of travel and a sodding monstrosity that should never have been approved, much less built. Putting it in brought back memories of the Clearances, as some four thousand houses were demolished to make way. The train shed, designed by William Henry Barlow, did Paddington one better, as the largest single-span roof in the world. Built by the Midland Railway and opened in 1868 as the southern terminus of the LMSR main line, the design separates freight and passengers vertically. The layout of the undercroft, supported by cast-iron columns and girders, came under sufficient influence from the Burton brewers' consortium, a powerful trade guild, that it replicated that of a beer warehouse, and with the basic unit of length being the width of a beer barrel. The upper platforms, raised seventeen feet above street level, put the departure platform on the west side of the rails, with the parcel office, booking hall, first class lounges (gentlemen's and ladies'), and general seating area between the platform and Midland Road. The arrivals platform lies to the east, with cab ranks between it and the service platform and station offices. Again similarly to Paddington, the Midland Grand Hotel opened in 1873 at the Euston Street end, providing five-star accommodations to travellers. While there are a few ghosts left from the former residents of the area, thus far the most trouble they've caused has been by appearing on the tracks in front of moving trains, causing several fits of nervous hysteria and one resignation among the train drivers.



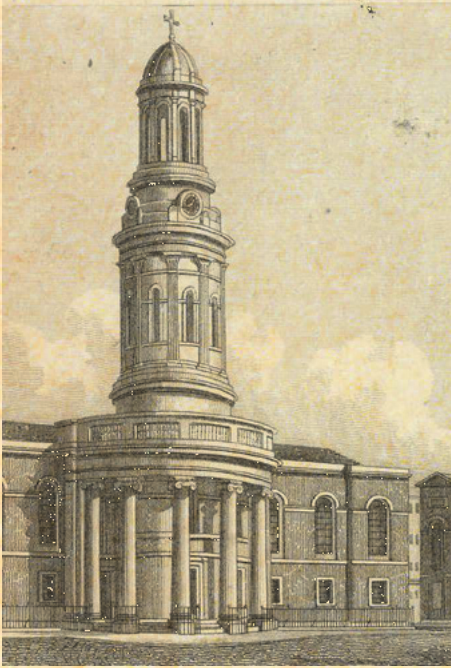
Holloway Prison

Camden Road at Parkhurst Road, Lower Holloway N7. A women's prison opened in 1852, Holloway Prison has incarcerated a number of suffragists and other women's rights activists, in addition to prostitutes, pickpockets, a mass murderer, and two serial killers. A

turreted castle with a very definite sense of which side of the wall is the right one to be on, Holloway takes up a bit over eleven acres between Camden and Carleton Roads, and between Dalmeny Avenue and Crayford Road. While a few of the guards are women, most are men, giving rise to a constant stream of complaints of abuses, none of which are filed from inside the prison. Thus, by the time the complaint is received, evidence can no longer be obtained.

North London

St. Marylebone



Taking its name from the parish church of St. Mary-le-Bourne, built in the 14th Century to escape the rising crime rate in the area, which had seen the church of St. John of Tyburn broken into repeatedly, St Marylebone has risen considerably in status since. While Marylebone Gardens may have hosted a number of raffish entertainments during the last century, including bear-baiting and prize-fighting for both sexes, the area has since been built over with elegant homes for the well to do. A number of renowned writers and composers have also been residents of the borough, including Charles Dickens, Edward Gibbon, and Friedrich Chopin. Oxford Street (W1) serves as a prime example of neighbourhood markets, with Carnaby selling provisions, Oxford at Portland Street selling vegetables and meat, Portman selling hay, butter, poultry, and meat, St. George's with meat and veg, and Shepherd's for general provisions.

The Theosophical Society

50 Gloucester Street, Portman W1. Opened just last year, the headquarters of the British branch occupy a four-story brick building with white granite facing on the ground floor, from the street no different than its neighbours to either side. Only the gold lettering on the fanlight above the door shows its true purpose. Up close, the discerning visitor might notice the symbols anchoring the wards over the doors and windows, perhaps a little more complex than such usually are. Passing the wards into the receiving room, however, simply requires a complete lack of hostile intent, which has kept out not only those attempting to carry out physical violence, but a number of solicitors, a building inspector, and two members of the Society who had come to argue over the organizational finances. The ground floor also holds the public library, where anyone seeking spiritual truth is welcome to study, and the kitchen. Upstairs, the first floor has meeting rooms and the offices of the Society, the second the teaching and meditation rooms and private library, and the top floor the apartments of Annie Besant, current chapter head and instructor in Theosophical magic, and Melody Fitzgerald Harris, chapter secretary and meditation instructor. While Mrs. Besant is a leader not only in the Theosophical Society but the National Secular Society and the South Place Ethical Society, and a staunch atheist, she maintains close ties with the Quakers and the Unitarians. Rumours that 50 Gloucester Place is a stop on a nonconformist / secularist / women's underground railroad have not been confirmed, but the building's potential as a sanctuary cannot be disputed.

Regent's Park

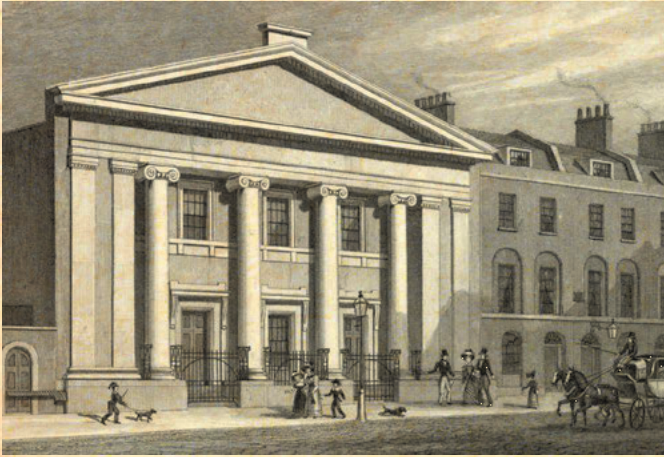
Dorset Square & Regent's Park NW1. While Regent's Park has been open to the public since 1835, it's important to remember that, like most parks in London, the land belongs to the Crown, and access may be withdrawn at any time for any reason. In practice, this hasn't been used since 1867, when the Crown closed the park for the remainder of the winter after the ice collapse at the lake killed forty men and boys, including three that were just ten years old, who had been skating despite warnings from the Humane Society and park employees breaking up the ice by the Long Island. Two weeks were needed just to recover the last of the bodies, and then months for draining the lake down to four feet deep at maximum to prevent future disasters. The ghostly vision of the disaster that was seen this past winter was even the more disturbing for appearing above the current surface level, so that the ghostly skaters tumbling from the shattering ice fell down among the living, putting the long-dead drowning victims face to face with holidayers in the present. It's doubtful that Regent's Park Lake will ever be used for skating again.

Grotto Passage Ragged School

Grotto Passage, Portman W1. Established in 1845, the Ragged School, one of many such institutions attempting to impart some degree of learning and civilisation to the children of the street, at present hosts some 240 boys, girls, and infants. Some of these are the children of thieves and fallen women; others are the offspring of Irish Romanists. Not many years after the boys' day and night schools were established, it was found that many attended, who if they had parents had far better been without such relatives; for, as the force of example is ever the most potent, so by their profligate habits they undid every lesson taught at school. Nor were these home-evils merely of a negative character; for many cases were discovered of fathers who did not hesitate to teach their sons to pilfer, that they might pass their days in idleness and their nights in the gin-palace. Again, many homeless or orphan lads attended, whose wan complexion and miserable attire did not require speech to tell of the destitution they endured. Others, too, had been imprisoned for petty theft; and friendless and characterless as they were, waged war with that society which had left them scarcely any alternative but either to thief or starve. Many, alas! when the inquiry was made, "Have you any relations?" replied, "None, as I knows of!" Now, these lads find schooling, and the lessons of faith, and many go on to gainful employment as powder-monkeys and sailors in service to Crown in the Royal Navy, and aboard the merchant ships of Britain.

Finsbury

A hodge-podge of precision industry, non-conformist enclaves, and liberties both industrial and ecclesiastical, Finsbury hasn't quite decided on its identity, having been effectively slapped together out of tag ends when the Metropolitan Boroughs were created. St Sepulchre has the northern half of Smithfield Market, the other half being held by St Sepulchre-without-Newgate in the City. Clerkenwell has the largest private Analytic and Differential Engine works in London, one of the larger printing companies (Witherbys), a number of small craft workshops, and the largest Italian immigrant neighbourhood outside of the East End. St Luke's has the St Luke's Hospital for Lunatics, but that's not really a selling point.



South Place Chapel

12 South Place, East Finsbury EC2. The struggle for female equality in the UK has many participants. Universal suffrage has not yet been achieved, only property owners allowed the vote (which affects some men as well as women). The Navy has yet to board its first female sailor, much less commission its first female officer. The former

meeting hall of the South Place Ethical Society (since moved to Conway Hall, 37 Red Lion Square, Bloomsbury) has become a Unitarian chapel, and subsequently become known as a radical gathering place due to Unitarian support for female equality. Rumours of involvement with the Theosophical Society have been bolstered by the recent appearances of Theosophists at Unitarian services of a Sunday, and the surprising effectiveness of the building's wards.

The Aerated Bread Company

2-10 Lever Street, Finsbury EC1. The bakery here, where the company was founded, doesn't

The Aerated Bread Company created a machine that mixes carbonated water with flour under pressure, to bypass the need for the time for yeast to rise, and avoiding the sweat and other contaminants of hand made bread. While sanitary, the resulting bread is flat, cloying, and not terribly pleasant. The lack of yeast severely affects the taste and texture. Nevertheless, ABC Bread is cheap, and that has made it very popular. Which means that the ABC delivery lorries and wagons are all over the city, moving large trolleys in and out of buildings, and nobody pays a bit of attention to the daily bread delivery, especially not the cheap stuff.

– Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street

do nearly as much baking as it used to, turning out enough for the neighbourhood to keep the place running for symbolic value. Most of the complex, four narrow old shops with the walls between knocked out here and there, has been given over to the firm's central offices and the industrial laboratory, where they develop the next generation of instant bread. Larger, more modern bakeries elsewhere in Finsbury, and in Holborn, St. Marylebone, and Shoreditch turn out thousands of loaves a day, feeding the city with fast-risen bread at half the cost of traditional bakeries.

Jaurab, Currell and Associates, Ltd

111-116 St John Street, Clerkenwell EC1. Second only to the Woolwich Engine works, Jaurab & Currell produces Analytical and Differential Engines under licence from ICE, as well as a wide array of handheld and desktop calculators, cash registers, and special-purpose Engines for moving signage. The four-story brick buildings don't look like much from the outside, wooden facings at the street level and the distinctive muddy yellow of London-made brick above, but inside lies a maze of workshops, machinery, and assembly lines all of the latest technology. Here the components are precisely machined, and compared to a master component both by inspectors with

micrometers and by magical similarity analysis, Jaurab & Currell being one of the first manufacturers to implement the new comparison technique. Smaller devices are built entire on the premises and packed for shipment. Larger systems are built in modules and shipped to the customer, with final assembly on-premises by Jaurab & Currell Lovelaces.

Islington

Islington holds a lot of small, tight-knit communities, often centred around the inhabitants of one building. It also houses so many new arrivals to London that a strange face is much less remarkable here than in any other part of the city. This makes it an ideal place for Dodgers to root new personas, or for people on the run to hide, or indeed for actual new arrivals to get an idea of London without being treated too badly.

The population here is largely lower class, entry-level clerks and dockworkers, with a dusting of lower-middle class here and there, and the occasional person in mid-drift down from the wealthier areas. It isn't quite as crowded as it was a couple of years back as many have taken the opportunity to emigrate to the Gruv. Enough people have emigrated that the

The firm's design Engines have no direct connection to the outside world, to prevent any corruption of their cardware or information. Only the sales and inventory systems, which have no manufacturing functions, are allowed telegraphic links. Punchtapes and card decks brought in are run through a Differential Engine for analysis, looking for Byron signatures such as privileged access to the Store. London's Byrons have been chipping in to a fund that will be awarded to the first Byron to provide proof of a successful intrusion. It currently stands at £4013 (Widger Gilhooley contributed thirteen quid to make it prime). The bounty on J&C's designs, or their Engine-driven lathe control cardware, has reached levels where it'd be worth having to retire to the Continent immediately after.

– The Artful Cardpuncher

If you need to contact someone what knows about the lay-bys in the canal tunnels, go see Ma Gertie. Her narrowboat's hard to miss, it's the bright red one with the purple parrot painted on the deckhouse. She tends to tie up by the tunnel entrance at Muriel Street.

– Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street



two biggest landlords, concerned about the drop in profits since the Rabbit Hole opened, are vying with each other for contracts to build and run workhouse or prison towns in the Gruv.

Adventure Hook: Half a Barge Down

One of the smuggler barges coming into Islington sank, and now partially blocks the canal. The owner is looking for a discreet crew to retrieve the cargo, raise the barge, find out whether it sank from sabotage or accident, and deliver it to the dockyards for repair.

Ramis and McKinnon, Spiritual Counseling

"Yes, your house is haunted. It's just your great-great-grandfather. Once he's come back to himself, he'll probably return here when we release him. No, we can't keep him indefinitely. You're going to have to learn to get along with the disembodied members of your family. The law is clear – property rights terminate with death. Great-great-grandfather doesn't actually have a right to the house. However, having your direct ancestor exorcised would be a faux pas of terrible impact. You don't throw your relatives out of the house and stay on the invitation lists."

– Tobias Binn, field spiritual advisor, Ramis and McKinnon

80-82 White Lion Street, Barnesbury N1. Founded only a year ago by two Weird Scientists from a School that wasn't large enough to have a name yet, Ramis and McKinnon have expanded to three field teams and the headquarters research unit in jig time. While some see them as a pest control service, removing unwanted spirits from homes and businesses, others (including the founders) see themselves more as lay counsellors, helping families work out their issues with their recently (and sometimes not so recently) departed relatives. The older the spirit, Dr. McKinnon says, the more likely it is to have gone somewhat mad from being unable to contact the living, and from the slow drain of a low-mana environment. Among other tasks, the firm manages a sanatorium for spirits. Whatever their purpose, Ramis and McKinnon's field teams are well, if oddly, equipped, and fully capable of capturing and removing poltergeists and hauntings, as well as mediating so that the current and previous members of a family can find solace in each other, and perhaps (in the case of the spirits) move on to their eternal reward.

Eden Grove Electrical Services Ltd.

60 Eden Grove, Lower Holloway N7. Built right up against the London and North Eastern Railway tracks, for ready access to coal deliveries on the large scale, the Eden Grove electrical plant opened just this year. Thus far, the streets have been lit electrically from the rails south four blocks to St James Road, and from Caledonian Road on the west to Holloway Road on the east. Construction remains under way for the primary purpose of the electrical station – to power an experimental Tube line between Holloway Road Station and Kings Cross Station, using an electric locomotive. Siemens, the Prussian company that developed the electric trolley, has been brought in to design the locomotive, causing a great deal of hard feeling over a British engineering project hiring Prussians. The plant has been besieged three times already by crowds consisting of trade unions, Communists, raving nationalists and isolationists, and bemused members of the general public. The firm has sought the advice of the Crown, appealing to HRH Prince Albert as a champion of technology, and as a Prussian who came to England with the best of purposes.

Islington Green

Essex Road and Upper Street, N1. Originally open pasturage, manor land where the tenants had grazing rights, this small triangle of green is all that remains, a park where those who live within walking distance would come for a picnic on a gentle summer's day. Until the Rabbit Hole opened. From 1664 to 1666, the Great Plague swept over London, killing a quarter of the city's population. Pits were dug in unconsecrated ground and the bodies piled in, there being just too many for any sort of proper arrangements. With the magic of the world reawakened, the unmourned dead have been making themselves known to current generations. First, one or two hauntings frightened off late-night strollers, or young people looking for a trysting spot. Swarms soon formed, wandering the Green in the day as well as at night, some appearing much as they had in life, confused, lost, seeking answers as to what had happened, others most dreadful to perceive, rotting, wrapped in tattered shrouds, the disfigurements of the bubonic plague on full display. While these spectres did not cause anyone direct harm, nobody went to the Green any more. And then the smell began to rise. Petitions have been sent from borough vestries all over London to Parliament for funds to deal with the charnel pits. No action has yet been forthcoming.

Stoke Newington

A village that London swallowed whole and turned into a district, Stoke Newington regained its independence in 1864 after having been shovelled in with Hackney in the Metropolis Management Act of 1855. Thus far, Stoke and its notably independent inhabitants have resisted having part of Middlesex annexed, the idea being to enlarge the borough to bring its population count up closer to that of Islington and Hackney. The town council in Tottenham, the next town up on the Middlesex County side of the London border, has also objected to the potential loss of their own identity, although some would say that the potential loss of local tax revenue in being subsumed into the borough is a larger influence.

Abney Park Cemetery

Stoke Newington Church Street, Manor N16. One of the Magnificent Seven cemeteries of London, Abney Park opened in 1840 as a model of the garden cemetery, and part of the effort to move London's over-accumulated dead



out of the City and into the outer boroughs. The Egyptian Revival entrance has caused many, including the famed architect Augustus Pugin, to question the religious nature of the site, more so in recent light of the Samsut craze sweeping London fashion. Certainly, there does seem to be a good deal of mystical activity in and around Abney Park, not nearly half of it Anglican. Among others famous and infamous, the captain of the first crew of pirates to operate from a Giffard is

If It Wasn't For The 'Ouses In Between

If you saw my little backyard
"Wot a pretty spot", you'd cry
It's a picture on a sunny summer day
Wiv the turnip tops and cabbages
Wot people doesn't buy
I makes it on a Sunday look all gay

The neighbours links I grow 'em,
And you'd fancy you're in Kent
Or at Epsom if you gaze into the mews
It's a wonder as the landlord
Doesn't want to raise the rent
Because we have such nobby distant views

Oh! it really is a wery pretty garden
And Chingford to the Eastward could be
seen
Wiv a ladder and some glasses
You could see to 'Ackney Marshes
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between

supposedly buried here, but there are many who say that the casket was full of bricks and that the body wasn't recovered after the *Ophelia* was shot down.

The Heron Society

72 Walford Road, Church N16.
Just round the corner from Walford Road Synagogue, the three-story yellow brick house on the corner holds the library, offices, and local steward's apartment for the London chapter. More interesting is the workshop round the back, that opens off Gunstore Place. Here, members of the School in good standing may rent workspace, access to tools, and power (steam, electrical, or hydraulic) by the hour or day. Projects that are going to take more than a week (or are larger than will fit atop a standard workbench) must find longer term rental space elsewhere. At the next corner to the north, Kabay Arms and Ammunition has been around long enough the street is named for the trade. While they have their own gunsmith, special work gets jobbed out to the Herons on

a regular basis, for those who want extraordinary capabilities added to their firearms.

New River Waterworks and Reservoirs

265 Green Lanes, Lordship N4. While the Waterworks proper are located on Green Lanes at Lordship Park Manor Road, the two oval reservoirs, set end to end just north of Clissold Park, are in the N16 postal district, which has caused considerable argument as to which district office ought to handle the mail for the waterworks when it sends out its monthly billing. More critically, the eastern reservoir has recently become home to an undine. Three workers have been drowned by the vindictive water spirit thus far, and the waterworks is operating at half capacity. Scotland Yard has said that their Arcane Crimes Task Force cannot assist, as no crime by human agency has been committed. The Knights of the Grail haven't yet gotten round to it, as a private company's reservoir isn't even properly their remit, not being a threat to the royal family, Parliament, or national security. The residents of Highbury Park, Stamford Hill, and Crouch End, all of which are supplied by the New River Waterworks, beg to differ, as their security as subjects of Her Majesty is decidedly threatened.

London Suburbs

These are the towns and areas around London that have not yet been absorbed by urban crawl.

North of the Thames

Hounslow

Named for the burial mound of a Saxon warrior (Hund's lowe), the town of Hounslow lies on the far western edge of the city, beside the Bristol to London train line. Originally a stopping point for travellers to London, it is now a major market town, bringing food and goods in by train from the West Country and selling them on to middle men, or to Dodgers looking for supplies for a good cover.

Hounslow Heath, on the edge of Hounslow itself, is infested by Roman ghosts. A sprawling camp occasionally appears, which unwary newcomers have mistaken for Hounslow market. The Romans do battle with Boudicca's Icenii every full moon. Armies march silently along the road between the heath and the town. A lone Roman auxiliary wanders in through the wall of the town pub once a week or so, and orders wine in Germanic-accented ancient Latin, vanishing when served. The local farmers will not keep cows near the road because they give less milk when spooked by ghosts.

Adventure Hook: Faery Horsemen

The landlord of the Man in the Moon public house at the foot of Brockley Hill keeps a cock-horse for hire to any carts and carriages arriving from the north down the old Roman road known as Watling Street. For some time now, the stable boy has left the cock-horse calm and clean in the evening, and returned in the morning to find it tired and lathered, with no hires taken, no break-ins, and no evidence except a tired horse. Some of the servants are convinced that the horse is fae-riden and want to send for someone to block the fae from entering, but the landlord is having none of that superstitious nonsense. His daughter moonlights as a highwayman, borrowing the horse with her father's blessing and taking advantage of his knowledge of the carriages coming and going, in exchange for a cut of the takings.

Ealing

Also known as the queen of the suburbs, Ealing sits on the north-west edge of Hammersmith and Fulham. This is where the wealthy middle class and the lower end of the upper class make their homes away from home, away from the worst of the smoke and smut of London itself, but within easy travelling distance to work in the city. The high commuter volume draws predators, giving the roads around the town a well-earned reputation for being riddled with highwaymen.

The town is home to Great Ealing School, considered one of the best private schools in the country, just across the road from the town's workhouse. The school focuses on mathematics, geography, bookkeeping, and sport, turning out hard workers and strong thinkers such as the scientist Thomas Huxley and the composer W. S. Gilbert.

GEOGRAPHY

Wembley

Best known for the Welsh Harp reservoir that feeds the Grand Union and Regent's canals, Wembley also serves as a centre for entertainment and sport, hosting greyhound racing (a good spot for pickpocketing and meeting contacts) and Bank Holiday fairs, as well as fishing, sailing, swimming, and rowing. The reservoir takes its name from the Old Welsh Harp Inn on the edge of the water, run by a Crimean veteran called W. P. Warner, and famous in song as "The Most Popular Place That's Out." It has also been described by the Metropolitan Police as a hotbed of criminals and vice. Then there was the time that a bear escaped from the Bank Holiday fair and wreaked havoc on the audience and the food stalls.

In addition, Wembley is home to the company J. J. Griffin & Sons, manufacturers and sellers of scientific apparatus, with particular focus on glassware for alchemical and chemistry work. Since the younger partner caught Looking Glass Fever and emerged as a troll, the company has also run a sideline of troll-sized cups, plates, glasses, and bowls made from tempered glass, advertising that one could drive nails with their plates. The younger partner has performed a few well-received public demonstrations.

Barnet

Also known as High Barnet or Chipping Barnet, the town sits astride Watling Street, the old Roman road going north from London. Unlike Hounslow, Barnet's ghosts are not Roman but medieval, dating from the 15th Century Battle of Barnet, a major conflict in the War of the Roses. It is considered bad luck in the town to pick any of the roses that climb the house walls like ivy. The local children have grown accustomed to chasing each other through patches of mist that ring with battle cries, calling it 'mist tag'.

The medieval ghosts also inspired the name of the main product from Clockwork Computing Ltd, which has its base here. Iron Knight Security comes with an actual iron helm to mount in the Engine room. It's never mounted directly on the Engine because of possible magnetic interference, as well as its weight, which could throw off the Engine's balance.

Once every three months, there is a major horse fair in Barnet. This is where many of the horses working in London itself are bought, or later sold again. Bargains are available, but caveat emptor.

Haringey

Haringey is not so much a town as a collection of large country estates scattered around a network of roads and branch lines. The landscape varies from high wooded hills to a flood plain around the River Lea. The distribution of wealth is just as varied as the landscape, with country houses among the hills and copses owned by some of the richest people in the country, while down by the river live some of the poorest people outside of the London slums. It's the river side of Haringey where London's laundry gets sent by those who can afford to have it done outside the Smoke.

Enfield Town

Enfield Town consists mostly of homes for the servants and staff of the private school and the hothouses, with a handful sheltering those who sell the goods and services needed for them. Although there is a market here, it stutters and stumbles, sometimes open and sometimes not.

Waltham Forest

Waltham Forest is an urban area carved out of the surrounding Epping Forest, and home to the Arts and Crafts Movement led by William Morris.

Ilford

The cluster of workshops includes one run by and for Dodgers, thieves, and fences, where jewellery and other small expensive goods are remade into something more fashionable and less noticeable or identifiable.
– *Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street*

Ilford is a town of small restaurants and shops aimed to serve the lower commuting end of the middle class, providing employment for those of the East End who can afford to travel there. It is also home to a new photographic business run by the elf Alfred Harman, which makes, sells, and uses the newly-invented gelatino-bromide “dry” plates, flat glass plates with a silver-bromide coating, covered in a protective layer of gelatin. These are more portable than the older wet plates, and work with a much shorter exposure, half a minute or less, as opposed to two to three minutes.

Barking

Barking is an industrial town on the eastern end of the Thames. The primary industry is fishing, with fresh catches are delivered to Billingsgate fish market each day. Not every boat delivers every day. Most stay out for as much as a week, preserving the fish in ice, or storing it live in specially built holds. Barking is also known for shipbuilding, market gardens, and fertiliser (fish scraps make very good fertiliser).

South of the Thames

Richmond-upon-Thames

Richmond is largely open green space, gardens, and parks, including the Crown-owned Kew Gardens botanical centre, where the renowned Carlos Magdalena, a Spaniard with a knack for water lilies, grows plants from all over the world. It also holds Richmond Palace and Hampton Court Palace, where the ghost of Anne Boleyn can be seen wandering around looking for Henry. Contrary to popular legend, she neither walks the Tower of London nor has her head tucked underneath her arm.

Kingston-upon-Thames

An old town named for the fact that Saxon kings were crowned here, Kingston boasts the first bridge upstream from London Bridge. Ferries up and down the river commonly run from Kingston to London Bridge, stopping at Hampton Court on the way. Travellers must be careful which boat they try to board, as there is a ghost boat that docks and travels with the rest. More than one person has swung into that boat and gone straight through into the Thames, much to the amusement of the real ferryman.

Merton

Merton, the town by the mere, a small lake or pool, lives up to its aquatic name being a centre for water-powered factories, including a silk mill, a calico factory, flour mills, and a copper-rolling mill. The water comes not from the Thames, but from the river Wandle as it makes its way

GEOGRAPHY

towards Wandsworth. Lord Nelson lived here between voyages, though the estate was sold after his death and broken up into many smaller plots of land.

The Iron Railway, a horse-drawn predecessor of the steam railways, is now gone, but the rails remain, now used by steam engines. Iron Railway blueprints have been requested by some of the Saurid clans for consideration in making beast-drawn railways that lack the steam and smoke they find distasteful. Nobody has heard whether they will actually build these or not.

Croydon

Built on the Roman road south out of London, Croydon began as a staging post for riders and horses, and then a resting place and retreat. At its centre sits a row of almshouses where the very old and the very young receive care, nursing, and basic schooling. Around it stand churches, bishops' palaces, summer retreats for politicians and royalty, and charitable hospices and hospitals. There is also a sizeable population working the tourist trade that comes to see the Crystal Palace.

The one area that harks back to its days as a staging post is the racetrack, second only to Aintree in horse-racing. While the surging crowd is a good place to meet a contact, it isn't a good site for pickpockets, as the crowd also contains plain-clothed ex-military security wandering around. After a dipper received a broken arm and a snark's boot expelling them physically from the course last year, the rest have learned to keep their hands to themselves.

Crystal Palace Park

Crystal Palace Park Road, SE20. The palace proper is served by Crystal Palace High Level Station on the west side, while the park is served by Crystal Palace Station on the south side.

The Palace

After the closure of the Crystal Exhibition in 1851, the building was bought by the Crystal Palace Company and relocated to Sydenham Hill, in the midst of a newly created park open to the public. The facilities include two man-made lakes, ornamental gardens in several styles, and replicas of a number of famous sculptures, much of which reused materials from the Crystal Exhibition. Three years ago, when the Portal formed, the Palace rang like a gong, panicking the staff who thought the glass would all collapse like a wine goblet attacked by an opera singer. Instead, the Palace settled down to a gentle humming, which continues to this day. At times, the sound is barely audible, but at others rises to a chorus almost of voices, ethereal, nearly painful in the exquisite edge of the notes. This gave rise to the Palace becoming known as the Banshee, as its Scots caretaker noted that the building sang only before calamitous events – intrusions by vandals, the death of a window cleaner who fell from the scaffolding, and the garden shed burning down at the cost of two dozen irreplaceable plant specimens. The greenskeeper who was smoking behind the shed has since been sent back to Australia.

The Dinosaurs

Benjamin Waterhouse Hawkins created what he believed were life-like models of dinosaurs, based on the paleontological theories of the 1850s, primarily those of Sir Richard Owen, who had created the term "Dinosauria" and was determined to capitalise on it. Hawkins placed the statues on three islands, one for the Cenozoic era, one for the Mesozoic, and one for the Paleozoic. The Iguanodon still has the chamber used as a dining room in 1853 to inaugurate the models, but the furniture is long gone and the police have to chase the homeless out of it at least once a week.

As an example, even though Waterhouse built only the head and neck of Mosasaurus, known only from a couple of skulls at the time, and anchored the model to the bottom of the lagoon to hide the fact that there wasn't any more of it, he still managed to utterly botch the facial reconstruction so that his model and modern work are barely recognizable as distant cousins.

– Dr. Henry Pembroke,
University of Cardiff

Unfortunately, science has surpassed Sir Richard's ideas and Mr. Hawkins' vision. Current palaeontologists have ridiculed the figures as being hopelessly impossible from an anatomical basis, as well as poorly maintained. Moreover, the smooth skinned and muddy coloured dinosaurs of Crystal Palace lagoon look dreadfully dull and antiquated after seeing the brilliantly hued and beplumed denizens of the Gruv.

Weird Science machinery has been installed in the nearly life-size model dinosaurs that activates if the Crystal Palace's singing reaches a certain pitch and level, causing the dinosaurs to animate and hunt or herd any would-be thieves or vandals. Usually the dinosaurs get back to their correct positions, but once or twice they have not, which has signalled the police to extricate the criminals trapped inside.

Bexley

Bexley is a new town, formed when the workers and owners of the new sewage plant needed somewhere to live near their place of work. It also includes a knot of railway lines, meeting here after coming in towards London from multiple directions, merging at Bexley Station and going on as a single line. The railways bring in fresh food for the small weekly market.

The River Thames

The river Thames, personified as Old Father Thames, rises near Cirencester, in Gloucestershire's Cotswold Hills, and flows steadily east for 215 miles. Almost all of that distance, 192 miles, is navigable by barges, which work their way up and down through over forty locks. While the Thames, unlike the Severn, is not subject to tidal bores, it is tidal as far upriver as Teddington, and at London Bridge the height difference between low tide and high tide can be as much as eight yards. Heavy-laden ocean-going ships sail in on the rising tide, and out on the ebbing high tide, making use of the extra water and the current to pull them along. This also means that the docks tend to be manned around the clock, waiting for the changing tide, loading or unloading as the tide reaches its lowest and the ship's deck is nearest the level of the dock. Not all dock crews run and work to the pulse of the tides, but the best do. The shadier ships and dock crews prefer a quieter time to work, where nobody will notice exactly what or how much they offload.

The tide also poses problems for those trying to clean up the river, for as much as the ebbing tide sweeps the filth out to sea, the rising tide returns it, dumping it in layers on the river banks, where the mudlarks sift it for anything remotely saleable. Those layers add to the filth of the river, stinking as they rot.

Underground

There's just as much of London below ground as there is atop it. The utilities have already been discussed, with their pipes and conduits and such. The Tube gets its turn in the **Transport** chapter. Here, we discuss the areas mostly navigated on foot.

The Warrens of London

A combination of abandoned mining tunnels, sewers (both in use and dry), catacombs, Roman military tunnels, service ways, and new excavation by its inhabitants and travellers, the Warrens extend under the greater part of the Smoke. The tool cabinets were stripped of anything useful decades ago, but the old pneumatic passenger tube's round passageways can still be traversed afoot. Rumour has it there's a barracks, a field clinic, and a kitchen under Westminster, formerly used by the navvies who built the Tube. Those living down here abandoned the surface for any number of reasons – poverty, madness, desperation, or being a fugitive from the law among them. Many emerge during the night to scavenge, barter, or steal their necessities and desirables. That fickle beast rumour again speaks, telling of large chambers with soil brought down from above and a field of vegetables or grain in each. Artificial light is provided round the clock by taps into the electrical power lines above. Whether such a subterranean agrarian village exists or not, speculation about such fuels the occasional article in the yellow press.

The Rivers of London

Multiple rivers, not just the Thames, pass through the city. Most aren't seen except as disjointed bits scattered here and there. Many, though, give their names to the streets that run in their old courses or directly above them. Disguised as sewers, culverts, ditches, canals, and ponds, these rivers still flow through London and in many cases are still navigable for long stretches.

The Fleet

The namesake of Fleet Street, the Fleet originates at the ponds on the west side of Hampstead Heath, and at those on the grounds of Kenwood. The tributaries meet north of Camden, at Kentish Town Road. The Fleet runs under Regent's Canal, past St Pancras Church to Battle Bridge, where it becomes the Fleet sewer and runs down Farringdon Road and along the Fleet Valley, to reach the Embankment transverse sewer at Blackfriars.

Mechanics:

Traversing the Warrens requires a Knowledge (London Warrens) Skill Test, much as a Knowledge (London) Test is made to find the route through the streets. One success brings the character back to the surface within Step 4 blocks of their intended destination, after a delay of Step 8 hours. With two successes, the delay is brought down to the walking time required to cross the distance, however long that would take on the surface. With three or more successes, the character emerges directly within their destination. If the Test fails, the character wanders for Step 4 hours, then emerges two blocks over from where they started. On a Rule of One result, the character meets up with something inimical – a pack of hungry rats, a madman with a rusty fireaxe, a cave-in, whatever will cause the most annoyance at the time.

The Tyburn

The Tyburn starts at Hampstead, at Shepherd's Well, and runs through Swiss Cottage and Regent's Park, to join a tributary coming from Belsize Park and flow into Regent's Canal. After it crosses Oxford Street, it runs under Grosvenor and Berkeley Squares and Piccadilly, eventually trailing out in the marshes past Green Park.

The Westbourne

The Westbourne starts at Hampstead Heath, and runs southwest, joining more tributaries at Kilburn, then running along Bayswater Road into Hyde Park, where it becomes the Serpentine. It leaves the park via Knightsbridge, and passes through Sloane Square Tube station, in a metal culvert above the District and Circle line platforms. It empties into a reservoir for Chelsea Waterworks and ends its life as the Ranelagh Sewer, which empties out into the transverse sewer under the Chelsea Embankment. The old outlet under Chelsea Bridge was blocked off as part of the Embankment construction.

Other Watercourses

The following is not an exhaustive list.

- Aye: Hampstead to Westminster
- Beverley Brook: Wimbledon to Barnes
- Black Ditch: Stepney to Poplar
- Counters Creek: Wormwood Scrubs to Chiswick
- Effra: Norwood to Vauxhall; Effra Road
- Falconbrook: Tooting to Battersea
- Hackney Brook: Hornsey to the River Lea
- Peck: East Dulwich to Bermondsey and Rotherhithe, joined at the Neckinger by Earl's Sluice; Neckinger Street, Peckham
- Ravensbourne: Bromley to Deptford
- Stamford Brook: Wormwood Scrubs to Chiswick
- Walbrook: Islington to Cannon Street
- Wandle: Merton to Wandsworth



LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Culture

From the Continent! From the Country! And from Cowley! Your own, your very own -and you can keep her - Rosie Glow!

Stage manager, presenting a stage star to her music-hall audience.

Class

Social class in the British Empire divides into the upper class, the middle class, and the working class, each with subcategories. The aristocracy forms a class of its own, above the wealthy upper class, with position based not on personal worth or business acumen but on inherited position and granted titles. Down below the working class are the criminals, the so called underclass or underworld, not all of which lives in regions of desperate poverty. Not all inhabitants of the rookeries are criminals, and not all those who dwell in Mayfair keep their activities within the law.

The upper class consists primarily of the business barons who own, or have invested in, large businesses, and receive an income from them, but do not actually run them. Land owners on the squire level and above, who make the larger part of their income in rents, may be found here or in the aristocracy, if their land titles have come down through the centuries.

The middle class comprises mainly professionals such as lawyers, bankers, and clergy, and businessmen who run, manage, or oversee businesses and their workers. In the case of both the

middle and upper classes, those directly involved in business are seen as socially inferior to those not involved. Having dirty hands lowers one's social standing.

The working class divides into skilled labour (trained factory workers, craftsmen, experts, and those who oversee less-skilled and unskilled workers), unskilled labour (common soldiers, casual labourers, dockers, carters), and the aforementioned underclass, which further subdivides into the potentially respectable poor (street children, the working destitute, and the infirm), and the not so respectable (criminals, prostitutes). In the working class, advancement in skill and correspondingly higher pay determine the social pecking order.

Don't Dilly Dally

We had to move away,
'Cos the rent we couldn't pay
The moving van came round just after dark
There was me and my old man
Shoving things inside the van
Which we'd often done before let me remark
We packed all that could be packed
In the van, and that's a fact
And we got inside all we could get inside
Then we packed all we could pack
On the tail board at the back
Till there wasn't any room for me to ride.

Chorus:

My old man said follow the van
And don't dilly-dally on the way
Off went the cart with the home packed in it
I walked behind with me old cock linnet
But I dillied and I dallied
And I dallied and I dillied
Lost the van and don't know where to roam
I stopped on the way to have the old half quarter
And I can't find my way home.

Rising through classes can be accomplished to some extent by hard work and luck. A business baron can never become a true aristocrat, but his children or grandchildren may be aristocrats if he or his progeny marry into the aristocratic class. Marriage is one of the few ways to cross the gap upwards from one class to another, as well as within a class, and as a result, class-climbing parents look to arrange good marriages for their children, so that they can ride their child's coat-tails. This is why it is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

Wealth can buy respect, or at least courtesy that resembles respect, and is usually detected by appraisal of the quality of a person's clothes, a skill instilled from early childhood. Even when cut and style are the same, cheaper cloth is not identical in look or in texture to more expensive varieties. Shopkeepers and business owners know what station their clientele comes from. Anyone below that gets turned away, or at a minimum watched suspiciously. Anyone above it gets fawning apologies and the best the shop or business can offer, for better customers can mean a rise in status for both the shop and its owner. Some shopkeepers also reserve high quality items for their most loyal customers, because they know those customers can be trusted to pay well and promptly. Address can also push a customer up the social ladder, bringing better service and offers when the address is more fashionable.

Class and Clothing

Class and money carry considerable weight, with every person able to tell approximately where everyone else they encounter stands relative to them, and whether they would, or should, be allowed to patronise a business as customers, or even work there. Much of the time the assessment is instinctive and subconscious, resulting from hundreds of barely-noticed details.

Most can take in the details that separate the lady from the maid in the lady's cast-off clothing, allowing the lady into an establishment while barring the maid, though the maid will be permitted to enter to serve her mistress if required. For example, if one observes the shoes, a lady's show wear only on the soles, while a maid's also wear across the top of the toes from kneeling at her work. Clothing is a major factor in these situations, in part because etiquette requires that anyone respectable, or indeed anyone wishing the respect of their peers, dresses according to their station in life.

For women, that involves being covered from the neck down in at least four to five layers of clothing, consisting of drawers, chemise, corset, petticoat, bustle, corset cover, underskirt, skirt, bodice, stockings, shoes, hat, gloves, and either a capelet for the higher classes, or a shawl for the lower. Recently, wrapped skirts and fringed shawls have become fashionable, mimicking Samsut styles without compromising modesty. Young ladies are expected to try for one inch of waist for each year of their lives - so a seventeen year old should have a seventeen inch waist. Older ladies have more leeway. Given recent changes in the opportunities afforded to women, military uniforms offer release from the restrictive layering of proper female dress, as does the business suit worn by professional women such as doctors and chemists, although an ankle length skirt is preferred by custom over trousers.

Men don't wear quite so many layers, making do with drawers, trousers, shirt, waistcoat, tie or bowtie, coat, socks, boots, gloves, and a hat. The fabric and cut of the clothing, and the style of the hat, broadcasts the man's social class to anyone knowing the signs. Coat and trousers of different fabric speak of mid to lower class position, while coat and trousers of matching fabric and of Savile Row cut show a man of considerable means and high position. A flat cap tells of a tradesman or labourer, while a homburg suggests a mid level clerk perhaps with Whitehall associations, and a top hat requires addressing the gentleman as guv'nor or m'lord unless one is a social equal. Those who can afford it wear a pocket watch with the chain across the waistcoat. The higher classes carry a walking stick.

Children of all genders wear the same kind of loose gowns up to four years, or until they are toilet-trained. From then on, they dress in miniature to the adults, but with the leg covering being

shorter. A girl's skirt is knee-length until she is ten, then at mid-calf until she reaches her teens, at which point it becomes full length. A boy's trousers start as short trousers to just above the knee, and grow longer as the boy grows older.

A recent fad among the more dashing gadabouts has caused some degree of concern, which of course just encourages that sort to more extreme behaviour. When drawings and photos of the Samsut began making their way into the London newspapers, someone in the younger set of a particularly challenging nature got the idea to emulate the clothing of the Samsut. All too soon, Samsut-style clothing became the latest London fashion craze, to the delight and chagrin of many. The deliberate provocation of wearing such outré garments patterned after those of a people with whom the Empire is at war appeals to a certain set, and does loudly proclaim the sensibilities and politics of the wearer.

Clothing by Trade

How a person dresses says a great deal about what they do for a living. Some occupations have an unofficial uniform. For example, all clerks in the City wear white shirts with detachable collars and cuffs, celluloid for the lower wages and linen or starched cotton for the seniors, and black suits of sober and plain cut, regardless of gender, the only difference that men wear trousers and women ankle-length skirts of modest proportions.

Street pedlars and delivery boys (there are few delivery girls, partly due to cultural barriers, partly to girls of the age being busy with indoor trades such as millinery) wear not only specific types of clothing according to their trade, but specific colours as well. A male costermonger always wears a silk kingsman neckerchief. To see a coster without one means he's fallen on very hard times indeed. Beyond that, he dons cord trousers, a plain shirt, a patterned waistcoat or smock, sometimes a jacket, and a cloth cap. Women in the coster trade dress similarly, but with a skirt over a petticoat in place of the trousers, and an apron instead of the waistcoat or smock. Girls in the pedlar trade wear cotton dresses, pinned up out of the mud, usually with two aprons, a coloured one with a white one over it, a silk neckerchief if they can afford it, and a bonnet of black velvet or straw, or a folded kerchief if they carry their goods atop their heads. Boys working for the bakery wear white, with aprons, while the butchers' boys wear light blue smocks and dark blue aprons, the colour of the ink butchers write the orders in. The cats'-meat man is resplendent in cord trousers, a shiny black hat and waistcoat, black tied-on sleeves, a blue apron, and a blue and white spotted handkerchief tied round his neck.

Market porters are readily identified by their porters' knots, a length of fabric worn across the forehead and down the nape of the neck, ending in a knot to secure the edge of the basket or crate carried on the back. This helped balance the load and distribute the weight. Some wear fantail hats, with the fantails padded, creating a supporting knot and protection for the neck at the same time.

Where Did You Get That Hat?

Now how I came to get this hat, 'tis very strange and funny
Grandfather died and left to me his property and money
And when the will it was read out, they told me straight and flat
If I would have his money, I must always wear his hat

CHORUS

"Where did you get that hat? Where did you get that tile?
Isn't it a nobby one, and just the proper style?
I should like to have one Just the same as that!"
Where'er I go, they shout "Hello! Where did you get that hat?"

If I go to the op'ra house, in the op'ra season
There's someone sure to shout at me without the slightest reason
If I go to a concert hall to have a jolly spree
There's someone in the party who is sure to shout at me

CHORUS

At twenty-one I thought I would to my sweetheart get married
The people in the neighbourhood had said too long we'd tarried
So off to church we went right quick, determined to get wed
I had not long been in there, when the parson to me said

CHORUS

I once tried hard to be M.P. but failed to get elected
Upon a tub I stood, round which a thousand folks collected
And I had dodged the eggs and bricks (which was no easy task)
When one man cried, "A question I the candidate would ask!"

CHORUS

Clothing by Gender

Much of British clothing is concerned with warmth, in a northern country whose climate has of recent years turned colder and more wet. Cotton and woollen underthings form a readily changeable layer next to the skin, with layers of outer garments worn for several days at a stretch among the lower classes. How often a family can afford to do laundry, a backbreaking chore that requires two days of preparation and a full day of hard labour, has as much to do with how often outer layers are changed as does the ability of the family to afford multiple changes of clothing. Only the very wealthy can afford to dress for dinner, or for court, and thus go through more than one outfit in a day.

Newborns only have differences in their clothing based on social class. Gender is disregarded until the baby is passing out of the toddler stage and becoming identifiably male or female. (Those individuals and subcultures where this is not such a distinction, or where appearance and actuality may be at variance, will of course be exceptions to this process.) Loose smocks over several layers of gown and bindings that imitate the old custom of swaddling and prepare infant girls for later corsets, all in white if the family can afford it, give way to breeches and long gowns. At this point, colour starts to appear, with the warmer colours such as reds and yellows and pinks being reserved for boys, while the cooler, more calm hues of blue and green are given to girls. Once out of breeches, children's clothing closely resembles that of adults, with the exception of trouser length for boys. The knickerbocker suit, with trousers ending at the knees, has retained popularity for small boys for

a considerable length of time. Ready-made sailor suits and other adventuresome togs have gained popularity, especially among the middle and lower classes, partly for their cheap price and labour savings. Girls' frocks and dresses still tend to be hand embroidered, even if the garment itself was bought from a one-size-fits-most rack.

Men's clothing starts with a vest, or undershirt, and drawers, or long underwear. This is enough clothing for a man to be seen by his close family in his home. To go out, he has to add socks or stockings, a shirt, trousers, a waistcoat (known in America as a vest, causing much confusion), shoes or boots, a jacket, and a hat. Brightly coloured shirts and woollen stockings may be found at the lower ends of society, with silk socks and a crisp white shirt at the upper end. The waistcoat is a rule unto itself, being the one item a man of any social class may indulge himself with, and so is found in a wild variety of patterns and colours. Collars and cuffs are normally separate, detachable items, able to be boiled, starched, and pressed (for cotton) or rinsed in cold water (for celluloid) on their own, without the shirt itself being involved. This puts the parts most likely to be stained with grease, hair oil, etc. on their own for cleaning, keeping the shirt proper, less likely to get as dirty, aside. Pockets are built into trousers, waistcoats, and jackets, as men must carry a variety of items directly on their persons. Only the wealthy can afford the latest fashions, where the trousers are too tight to allow for carrying pocket change and a separate handbag must be toted along. Military dress uniforms also do not have pockets in the trousers or coats, so that the wearer cannot spoil the lines. The style of hat tells a good deal of the position of the man, from the flat cap of the labourer to the bowler of the middle class and the top hat, worn by every male from urchins sweeping the streets to Dukes and Earls, varying only in material and workmanship.

For women, clothing starts with the chemise, a cotton shift with short, capped sleeves, a plunging neckline, and ending at mid shin. Drawers or knickers go on next, then stockings, where the first splash of colour appears. Like men's stockings, these are often thick woollens, designed for warmth and long wear. The corset goes on next, left off only under one of three circumstances – the woman is too poor to afford such, she's in a profession (such as the military) that does not allow them, or she wears a Swiss waist instead. Late Victorian ideas about the female body found the idea of free-floating organs still persisting, with resultant concerns over infertility resulting if a woman wasn't given proper support by her undergarments. The fact that the corset also enforces an erect posture whether seated or standing prevents a woman from being assumed to be of poor morals, for only those of weak character slouch.

The front pocket of the corset, where the busk, or primary stiffener, is dropped in, can double as a scabbard.
– "Ivy"

Past the corset are the petticoats, usually only one in the lower classes but possibly several among the aristocracy, to fill out a fancy dress. Crinolines, or concentric rings of steel wire hung on tapes in a birdcage-like arrangement, may substitute for layers of petticoats, producing the stereotypical sway of hips and skirts seen so often at fancy dress occasions. Over the top of all of this goes the dress, which varies too much to even discuss here. A final item, a Swiss waist, could be added if the woman had forgone a corset. The Swiss waist wraps around the waist, extending from just below the bust where it provides support, to the top of the hips. While it may have boning like a corset, it won't be visible, and the front and back both lace up, making it possible for a young woman to put her own support garment on and not need help with the laces. The Army has been experimenting with a female dress uniform that includes a Swiss waist, as some of the women who have taken up commissions have expressed themselves as feeling improper and underdressed without some form of corsetry. Among the more adventuresome sorts, the Swiss waist has gained

popularity because of the freedom of movement it allows in comparison to a corset, although the downside of getting caught in a moment of poor posture and being thought of as slovenly presents a considerable risk.

After 1820, women went back to having hidden pockets under their skirts, some tie-on and some built in. A large woman of the lower classes could carry an arsenal under her skirt.

The Chartists and other such anarchists have occasionally taken advantage of this. Upper class women use chatelaines instead of tie-on pockets because the style is for a more trim figure.

Mechanics:

A woman wearing a corset is at -1 Step to all DEX Tests that require bodily mobility. A woman in a Swiss waist takes no such penalty, but is at -1 Step to all Social interactions due to the probability of being caught slouching.

The Intersection between Class and Crossdressing

The manpower crisis in the Empire brought women into the domestic railways. Women needed to step up and do their bit, and began serving as porters, ticket clarks, signal operators, conductors, and other positions beyond tea ladies. The uniforms gave women authority, but also led to women in trousers in public, which has caused considerable uproar. This conflict has played out in the entertainment industry for many generations.

There is a tradition of crossdressing on stage that goes back at least as far as Shakespeare, and most probably earlier. All the women in Shakespeare's plays were originally played by boys. Even some of Shakespeare's characters crossdress, such as Portia in *A Merchant of Venice*. Yet what was permissible, even enjoyable, then is increasingly frowned upon, especially as it drops down the class ladder.

The breaking point for many people comes when the character played stops becoming clearly a woman character dressing in male clothing, such as the title character in the opera *Fidelio*, or a man character dressing in female clothing, such as Huckleberry Finn, and becomes a man or woman playing a "real" woman or man. Both types spawn risqué jokes, sniggers, and titillation, but the latter also spawns hate. In 1876, two male impersonators at a music-hall were pelted with rotten fruit, vegetables and stones as they performed and ended up with cuts and bruises. In 1878, no less than eleven male impersonators received the same treatment, one of whom had to flee after blood from a head wound blocked her vision. Female impersonators receive even worse treatment, often taken to court, prosecuted, and fined. More biased bobbies even insist on the music-hall also being fined, to the point that very few music-halls and dance-halls dare to employ them.

Outwardly, public opinion is split. Some claim that impersonation is a long and hallowed tradition and should not be interfered with by common rabble. Others blame the entire shift of society towards supporting and enabling women outside the home on these impersonators, from suffrage to the army and from science to exploration. It is, they insist, encouraging respectable women to act like whores and prostitutes, and a symptom of a breakdown in society. Why keep a cock and crow yourself? Women are not men and should not take on roles that they are not fit for, roles that they will surely break down under the strain and endanger the lives of men.

"Some embody change, some create change, some have change thrust upon them."

Women are something to be possessed, protected, and used to perpetuate the family name. Anything that in any way interferes with or shifts the balance of power in these activities brings a strong reaction. For example, when women join the army and fight on the front line, they learn to protect themselves instead of hiding behind men. This in turn threatens men, for if a man's place in life is to protect and provide for his wife and children, and the wife does it for herself, what purpose is left for the man?

Often, those who feel most strongly about women's fragility are also the ones that feel most threatened by women finding their strength, and correspondingly, are those who attack those supposedly fragile women most viciously. As ever, the first insult that such men reach for to cut women down to size involves that woman's reputation, her sexual activities, and/or her sexual cycle. If the woman responds, it cannot possibly be that she is angry at being attacked, as a man would be. No, it is surely a matter of being at the emotional end of her moontimes - mere lunacy, not rational conduct and therefore dismissible. Or otherwise, they must be reacting wrongly, or too strongly, by the very fact of possessing a womb, which makes all womankind nothing but "hysterical" by nature - and therefore dismissible. In short, if a woman says or does something, it is dismissible by the simple fact that she is a woman.

- Ivy, *Observations on the Fairer Side of Society*

Not everyone is happy with the changes in society. There are those who benefited under the old system, who now have to share instead of keeping the whole pie for themselves. Others prefer to stay with what they learned growing up rather than think for themselves. Still others truly believe in the old ways or are convinced that women are not up to serving or working anywhere. Those with the latter conviction tend towards the wealthier classes and conveniently ignore all those useful maids cooking, cleaning and serving in their own households. They prefer to think of England's roses as fragile, delicate flowers, and ignore or forcibly remove the thorns that are also present. Anyone who has been to the Gruv knows that you ignore thorny plants at your peril.

We should return to the values and ideals that built the Empire, before anyone smells this confounded weakness in us and brings the Empire down!

- Mr. Horatio Farrenton-Smythe

Nobody talks about women's obvious weakness and inability to lead too loudly, for fear of being thought treasonous to the Queen and arrested, yet people whisper, the whispers growing more frequent. A common way of testing the waters is to refer to the imperial foundations, or the fundamental values of the Empire, as these phrases have been adopted by those who want to revert the changes. Yet, if overheard by someone not familiar with the phrase or the arguments, the only real accusation such a listener can bring is that the speaker is very patriotic, and supports the Empire.

Times change. We aren't in the 18th century any more, these are modern times, and it's time people realised that and moved on!

- Ivy

Adventure Hook: A Pomolous Warning

Every evening for the last two weeks, when the music-hall comedienne Flora May enters her dressing room, she finds an apple in the precise centre of her dressing table. Each apple looks perfect on the outside. Each apple is rotten at the core. She wants someone to find out who is putting the apples there, what they want, and what message the apples are supposed to send.

Education

Compulsory Schooling

All children are required by law to receive schooling, but the quality is dependent on where they are, and how much money their family has.

At the lowest level, schooling may simply be an older child paid to read to the children as they work. Just above that are Sunday schools, teaching the three Rs (reading, writing, arithmetic) on the one day of the week that children don't have to go to work, run by well meaning widows and retired ladies. The same widows and retired ladies also run the dame schools or ragged schools from Monday to Friday, teaching the same skills to children who are either too young to work, or who come from families where going into work can be delayed for a year or so.

For those children from families wealthy enough to avoid work, and can receive a more extensive education, there are two options: private grammar schools wholly or partially funded by the government, and public schools wholly funded by tuition fees paid by parents/families. Both teach the three Rs, along with more advanced mathematics, Latin, Greek, science, and sport. The classical education model so popular among the aristocracy for generations has largely been pushed aside, the demands of the Industrial Revolution having overcome the upper class's reluctance to learn anything practical as workmanlike and thus beneath their station. Public schools are more sought after. A child who attends the right school will have a major career boost from the school's old-boy network. These old boys are easy to spot to the trained eye, because each school has a distinctive school necktie that only graduates can wear.

Those who wish to go further in their education must seek out one of the colleges, most of which are affiliated with either Oxford or Cambridge for the purpose of exams, certificates, and qualifications, but which run their own courses and areas of study.

Voluntary Opportunities

While the Public Libraries Act of 1850 paved the way for libraries to open that aren't attached to universities, museums, or large institutions, actual adoption has been slow. The Act set aside money for building and running the libraries but not, oddly enough, for stocking them. The British Library and its Reading Room remain the best source for those wanting to research a topic, but there are a handful of other libraries around. Mobile libraries attached to railway bookstalls tend to focus on fiction, while those in buildings of their own focus more on history, biography, and poetry.

For those who want to learn, but don't have a specific topic in mind, the Royal Society gives a series of lectures every year on an area of its choice. The lectures for the year 1879 are on steam power and its uses from the earliest pumps to the newest microsteam invention. At least one lecture per year is aimed at children, usually around Christmas. The lectures cost a shilling each, or a guinea for the series of 22.

Many private art collections hold an open house once or twice a year, because it gives the owners a small tax break if they can declare it displayed to the public. Some prefer to loan out paintings and sculptures to art galleries instead. The biggest art gallery is the Victoria and Albert Museum of Art in Kensington, established in 1852, but other, smaller galleries are scattered across the wealthier side of London. The big auction houses also put on displays of art, usually to increase attention of an acquisition prior to selling it. Other displays can be found in the museums of Albertopolis and in the British Museum, attached to the British Library.

Boojums

The world has adjusted, a bit, to the presence of the Boojum races. That they are races has become clear with the births of their first post-LGF children.

Snark couples have snark babies, and so on. No longer protected socially as victims of a disfiguring ailment, Boojums are starting to face some of the prejudices that other races find all too prevalent in the British Empire and the rest of the world.

**Harumph* Confederacy. No, I didn't say something, just a cough.*

– Rosalynd Renteze

They have also begun grouping together, forming enclaves, getting married, and doing the things that people always do – gravitate towards others like themselves. The House of Rentezes (pg.93) provides an excellent example, where an extended household has formed for mutual support. By taking a common surname, members have formed a tribal unit, like the Jati of India.



When LGF broke out, and it became obvious that turning into a troll was often a death sentence among the lower classes, the recruiting sergeants hit upon a new trick. Of course Her Majesty's Army would see to it that a new recruit was fed properly. They'd roll a wagon up to the home of the incipient troll, and point out that serving Queen and country in uniform was a long sight better than starving. The papers generally got signed double quick. The new recruit was loaded on the Horn Wagon and the recruiting bonus left with the family. Once word got round, families would sometimes send a child running to the recruiting station to summon the Horn Wagon, preferring to send their loved one into the military than watch them starve to death in a matter of days. The practice has since spread to other nations, following the spread of LGF. Even today, two years after the Rabbit Hole opened, a bout of LGF can strike without warning. The Horn Wagon still makes calls in the poor end of town all across the world.

– Djehuty Jones

The fact that Boojums are a race raises a number of questions. Why were they hidden among humanity until the opening of the Rabbit Hole? Where did they come from, and how long ago did they merge in with humanity? Are they the source of our folklore? That the Boojums are somehow magical in nature seems obvious on the face of it. The Galvanic Order has sent one of their leading council to St. Drogo's Hospital (pg.108) in Lambeth to operate a research unit looking into these questions. The Galvanic's combination of magic and technology may just be able to uncover a truth, but one wonders at what cost to society. Already, wandering vendors in the street are hawking Boojum Detection Kits, purported to be able to find the Boojums still hiding among us. These are frauds, of course, but they are also a symptom of a rapidly growing social unease. The fact that there is now a division between us and them, whether we are on the Boojum or human side, has caused considerable worry. The Jews of London have been shaking their heads and telling the Boojums that they've seen this before, and advising them on how to prepare.

Not all of the Empire finds Boojums distasteful or somehow suspect. There are more trolls in the military than in civilian society, because of the food issue. Her Majesty's Army gained quite a few new recruits by agreeing to take in men and women in the throes of the change from families that could not afford to feed them properly. The families generally agreed it was better to enlist than to starve. The military has become a home for these outsized people, a place that will feed and clothe them appropriately in return for the prodigious advantage trolls provide on the battlefield.

Holidays

A discussion of London wouldn't be complete without mention of St. Stephen's, Guy Fawkes, and Trafalgar Day, among other uniquely British traditions.

May

May Day

1 May

On May Day, the chimney sweeps clean up and go on parade. The sweeps themselves dance, and pass the hat among the crowd. The women play tambourines and sing. There's traditionally a Jack-in-the-Green, in a woven wicker frame covered in flowers and green boughs, who dances in the middle of the procession. Jokes are made about getting too close to old Jack and finding yourself with a bun in the oven the next morning. Oh yes, Victorians can be bawdy in public at times. The church officially disapproves of all of this, but Anglicans are smart enough to leave the lower classes their traditions and not interfere with their fun.

Ascension Day

Variable

On Ascension Day, the fortieth day after Easter, the ceremony of beating the Parochial bounds is still enacted in some parishes of London. The parish officials and churchwardens walk the boundary lines tapping each marker along the way with a staff or tree branch, hence beating the bounds. In the City, well-behaved children from the charity schools are chosen to beat the bounds as delegates of the officials. In Holborn, there's an annual pantomime. The Inns of Court ceremonially close their gates against the parish officials, under ancient statutes that give them civic rights over their own land. The parish officials then request permission to beat the bounds of the Inn, and are ceremonially refused.

July

St. James' Day

25 July

Old St. James Day is the start of oyster season. Children collect empty oyster shells and make little piles of them on street corners or in doorways with a reed light inside. Some add bits of coloured glass and what-have-you to make miniature grottoes, then stand next to them, asking for ha'pennies, please to remember the grotto.

October

Trafalgar Day

21 October

The Crown and the current Admiral of the Navy lay a wreath at the monument in Trafalgar Square. There's then a parade at the slow march to Buckingham palace, where the Navy passes in review. Nothing gets done on the West Side the whole day, due to the traffic snarls that result, but street vendors turn a whole week's wage in a single day.

November

Guy Fawkes Day

5 November

Guy Fawkes Night is celebrated with fireworks and the burning of the Guy, who may look suspiciously or blatantly like an unpopular local or political figure, paraded beforehand with considerable merriment. The costermongers' barrows that carry the Guys are generally marked with the names of recent battles, or the names of defeated enemy commanders. This has gotten a bit more complicated with the advent of the Samsut, and started an ongoing row between the folks that paint the names in proper English lettering in the best-approximation spelling the translators at Fort Alice come up with, and those who put on airs and paint the names in Samsut lettering, and just expect people to be able to read that.

December

Christmas

25 December

Christmas has become more important as the reign of Queen Victoria has gone on, as a way of preserving traditions in the face of rapid change. A reinvention of old ways, often more invention than reawakening, came about, with everyone frantic to hold on to some bit of Olde England in an increasingly mechanized age. In 1850, a drawing was published in a newspaper of the Royal Family with a Christmas tree, a German tradition brought over by Prince Albert. After that, everyone wanted a Christmas tree. Ships from Scandinavia and trains from Prussia and Latvia loaded with fresh cut pines roll into London on the 19th like clockwork, with greenery distributed through the city on the 20th in whatever vacant lot can be found in which to sell it.

Christmas also gives people the chance to drink a bit too much and then play snap-dragon. In this peculiarly British attempt at self-immolation, a broad, flat bowl is filled with an inch or so of brandy, a few raisins and currants are set afloat in it, and then it's set ablaze. Players take turns trying to snatch bits of fruit, alight with burning brandy, from the bowl and extinguish them by popping the flaming currant into their mouth. The lights are normally turned low, to play up the blue flames from the bowl. There's a chant that goes with it. Only in the British Empire would we goad each other to consume sweets that are on fire.
– Djehuty Jones

Boxing Day

26 December

Since 1871, all banks close for Boxing Day, which means all the firms that depend on the banks close, and all the services that depend on the firm staff have the day off, which the street vendors have very mixed feelings about. On the other hand, the fancier and larger shops turn out extra staff, as one can make sales without banks being open. Department stores and consolidated markets lay on specials, and may offer a percentage off the tab across the board. They'll certainly make it up in volume.

The Lovelaces don't get Boxing Day off at the banks. Someone has to staff the Engine rooms, to make sure that telegraphic credit inquiries and the like get properly handled, and the Engine doesn't seize up in the middle of the trading day. Keep this in mind if you're scheduling an activity.
- *The Artful Cardpuncher*

St. Stephen's Day

26 December

Nearly replaced in the cities by Boxing Day, in rural areas St Stephen's still holds sway. The story behind it says that all the birds assembled to elect a king, with the one who could fly the highest the winner. The eagle soared above the rest. The wren hid under the eagle's feathers. and when the eagle could go no higher the wren emerged and went on to victory. Because of how he won, the wren has ever since been held in odium by not only his fellow birds but humans as well. He stands accused of betraying Saint Stephen, the first Christian martyr, and ever since has been hunted on Saint Stephen's Day. In olden times a wren would be hunted, killed, and paraded by the wren boys attached to a pole. On the Isle of Man, a possibly older version survives, where the wren is hunted once a year for fear of it being Tehi Tegi, an enchantress who fled the island in bird form long ago. An account of the chase is sung, in which the wren is given as male, and king, but then female, and a beggar or refugee, as the old Celtic traditions have become muddled together. The spelling of wren may be for rhyming, but is more likely a holdover from Irish legend.

The wren the wren the king of all birds
St Stephen's Day was caught in the furze
Her clothes were all torn - her shoes were all worn
Up with the kettle and down with the pan
Give us a penny to bury the wren

Fortunately, a more humane era dawned and no longer is the poor unfortunate wren hunted on Saint Stephen's Day. Instead, the wren boys carry an effigy or commercial replica on their holly branch. They're surrounded by strawmen, dressed in costumes like walking haystacks, and led by a Wren Captain with sash and sword who leads the mock combat against other wren crews. Money collected during the parade goes to a dance, or Wren Ball, with the leftovers given to charity.

Entertainment

Indoor Entertainment

Entertainment crosses class boundaries to some extent, in that each social class is not limited to one type of entertainment and each type of entertainment appeals to more than one class, but it still stratifies. While there are music-halls attended by the middle class as well as the working class, the acts in them tend to differ, as each seeks to reflect the lives of its audience. Working class halls tend to be cheaper, cruder, and lean more towards rough humour. For example, to compare two songs about the singer being lost, the middle class *Oh Mr Porter* deals with a young woman who gets on the wrong train, while the working class *Don't Dilly Dally* deals with a family doing a midnight flit from their rented room because they can't afford the rent. A seat in the music-hall costs between thruppence for a cheap seat up to a shilling for a private box.

One particularly wide spread music-hall chain is Gatti's, founded in 1857 by Carlo Gatti at Hungerford Market. After the railway bought him out, and Gatti's became Charing Cross Station, Carlo bought a restaurant in Westminster Bridge Road and converted it into another music-hall, going into direct competition with The Canterbury across the street. To prevent confusion with the original Gatti's, he called the second one "Gatti's in the Road". In 1867, he acquired The Arches, a public house in Villiers Street, and converted that into a music-hall as well, naming it "Gatti's in the Arches". In early 1878, Carlo successfully bid for the option to provide entertainment for the troops and citizens of Fort Alice. "Gatti's in the Fort" opened in December 1878 and has proven popular. The Gatti family is currently looking for suitable buildings in other Gruv settlements and in England.

Music-halls should not be confused with dance halls, which provide music for attendees to dance to. Dance halls also have a much less savoury reputation as they are commonly used as a place for prostitutes to find, approach, and take customers off into small rooms for "private dancing lessons". However, that reputation does make them an ideal meeting spot for spies and handlers, or Dodgers and Fagins, who can pass as prostitute and customer. Dance halls cost anything from sixpence, up to three or even four shillings at the classiest end (which actually tend to be respectable, with few prostitutes).

Some music-halls call themselves theatres, but actual theatres put on plays rather than individual entertainers, all the way up to light operetta like Gilbert and Sullivan's recent collaborations. A cheap seat at the theatre costs a shilling. A reserved seat in a good spot may cost up to six shillings.

Opera houses used to be the place where politicians met to discuss business off the record, as the aristocracy had such a stronghold on both Parliament and the ownership of opera boxes. Since Parliamentary seats opened to the middle classes thirty years ago, the practice has dwindled and is now nearly extinct, though the House of Lords still uses the opera this way. Opera is priced beyond all but the wealthiest of pockets, as a seat at the opera, if there are even any available to casual purchasers, commonly costs between 10 and 15 shillings.



Outdoor Entertainment

Street entertainment is dominated by music and stage magicians, particularly card magicians as cards are small, portable, and require little set up apart from quick hands. On the music side, street entertainment leans toward instrumental, in contrast to music-halls where vocals dominate. Harps, violins, and flutes are the most common, but if you look widely enough, you will find most kinds of portable instruments played somewhere. Some street magicians are also Mumpers, concealing their talent behind sleight of hand. Other street entertainers work with pickpockets to provide distraction. This can be a difficult prospect, as dipping too early may lead to premature discovery when the victim reaches for a missing wallet or purse with the intent to tip.

Another outdoor amusement is sightseeing, either by the wealthy going to gawk at the poor end of town, or by visitors coming to gawk at cathedrals and famous sites. Wealthy gawkers are always prime pickpocket targets.

Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Josie

(Tune: Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow)

I love my little cat, I do, with soft black,
silky hair;

It comes each day with me to school, and
sits upon the chair;

When teacher says, "Why do you bring that
little pet of yours?"

I tell her that I bring my cat along with
me because-

Chorus.

Daddy wouldn't buy me a josie, josie.

Daddy wouldn't buy me a josie, josie;

I've got a little cat, and I'm very fond or
that,

But I'd rather have a josisaur!

I'll be so fine when I get old, to do just
as I "likes";

I'll keep a parrot and, at least, a half a
dozen tykes;

And when I've got a tiny pet, I'll kiss the
little thing;

Then put it in its little nest, and unto it
I'll sing:

(Chorus)

Music from the Music-halls



LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Politics

Every morning a priest goes into the Palace of Westminster, looks around at the assembled Members of Parliament and prays that God will have mercy upon the nation.

Unknown Comedian

Parliament

The British Empire is a parliamentary monarchy, meaning that power is divided between the Crown, the nobility, and the people. At the top stands the reigning monarch, currently Her Majesty Queen Victoria. (While HRH Prince Albert carries a great deal of power, he lacks final authority.) Below Her Majesty lies Parliament, consisting of an elected house, the Commons, and an inherited house, the Lords. Whichever party wins the majority of seats in the House of Commons in the last election puts up the Prime Minister from among their number. While the Prime Minister, by tradition, defers to the Crown, in practice this individual stands at the helm of the nation, with the Crown providing guidance.

The House of Commons

Parliament's House of Commons contains two sets of parallel benches similar to long church pews down the sides of the room, facing each other; a large seat for the Speaker of the House at one end; a heavy table just in front of the Speaker; and a smaller set of benches, at right angles to

the large sets, at the far end. A single bench sits against the wall behind the Speaker, for observers and non-members.

The Commons contains 652 elected seats, with the party holding the majority of seats (a minimum of 327 by law) forming Her Majesty's Government and the second largest forming the Loyal Opposition, with any other parties being the Crossbenchers. The Government sits on one set of long benches, the Opposition sits on the other, and the Crossbenchers sit on the benches at right angles. Those politicians with important jobs, such as the Prime Minister, party leaders, and heads of the various ministries, sit at the front and are often collectively referred to as 'frontbenchers', with the less important behind, collectively referred to as 'backbenchers'. There are not enough physical seats for all elected Members to be seated at once. Reservations must be made on the day itself, on a first come, first served basis. A backbencher wanting a seat needs to arrive very early, write their name on a small card, and slot it into the reservation holder. As long as the backbencher also attends the 7 a.m. prayers that start Parliament's day of work, the seat is theirs for the day. If the backbencher doesn't reserve before prayers, or attend prayers, then they have no reserved seat and must either hope to find an unreserved seat when they want it, or watch in silence from the balcony.

No direct insults or physical attacks are allowed between Members inside the House of Commons, or during debates. The Speaker will demand apologies from any who overstep, as well as keeping order.

A line is marked on the floor in front of each long set of benches. The lines are set so that a person standing on or behind the line on one side is out of sword reach of any person standing on or behind the other line, so if you toe the line you can be sure of not being attacked. Nobody has actually been physically attacked inside the House of Commons in decades. Nobody has even brought a sword into the chamber since the turn of the century, although each assigned coat and cloak storage also comes with a place to store the Member's sword. Insults and insinuations, though, are an everyday occurrence, as are false or insulting apologies.

The words blackguard, coward, git, guttersnipe, hooligan, liar, rat, swine, stool pigeon, and traitor have long been forbidden as unparliamentary language, as has saying that someone is drunk. Since the Sec. of State for Grosvenor Land returned, the Speaker has also had to ban the words hysterical and prostitute or prostituting, due to excessive use by certain members towards the said Sec. of State.

– Simeon Wreke, records clerk, House of Commons

Examples of Political Apologies

The following examples are apocryphal but typical.

In the first instance, an MP called another a liar and the Speaker ordered him to apologise. The MP said without expression, 'Mr. Speaker. I said that the Honourable Member is a liar it is true and I am sorry for it and the Honourable Member may put the punctuation where he pleases.'

In the second instance, one MP shouted that another MP 'doesn't have the manners of a pig!'. The Speaker ordered the first MP to withdraw that statement. The MP responded with icy politeness, 'Very well, Mr. Speaker, I withdraw the statement. The Honourable Member does have the manners of a pig!'

The respectful form of address for the Speaker is 'Mr. Speaker'. The respectful forms of address for other Members of Parliament are 'The Honourable Member' or 'The [job title]', e.g., 'The Prime Minister' or 'The Home Secretary'. For formality, or to clarify who is being addressed, the person's name may be used, e.g., Mr. X or Lord Y. The dress code is top hat and tails, though the hat must be removed while speaking in Parliament.

Voting within Parliament is done by walking down the centre aisle and then out through one of two doors into one of two lobbies, where the counting is done. To vote Aye, turn right and go through to the Aye Lobby. To vote Nay, turn left and go through to the Nay Lobby. To abstain, stay put. When the Speaker calls for a vote (also known as a division), Parliament's Doorkeepers set a network of bells ringing across the Palace of Westminster. Once the bells start ringing for a division, the MPs have eight minutes to get from wherever they are to the voting chambers. The halls suddenly fill with MPs hurrying from meetings, office work, or half-eaten meals, leaving everything suddenly abandoned in order to vote with their feet. No one is exempt from the call, not even the Prime Minister. Once the eight minutes is up, the Doorkeepers lock the doors to the lobbies until the Whips have counted the vote.

This makes a division the best time to creep into an MP's or Whip's office. Eight minutes can be plenty of time to rifle through the papers, plant something incriminating, or extract the book of dirty secrets that all Whips keep to 'persuade' the MPs of their party to vote as the party desires.

– Whitehall Charlie

At present the seats are split as follows: Conservatives 350, Liberals 242, and Home Rule League 60. Thus the Conservatives, more commonly called the Tories, form the Government. Britain's first-past-the-post system of electing Members has made the Tory Government's hold on things even weaker than usual, for despite the party's modest majority of seats held, more people actually voted for the Liberals (more commonly called the Whigs) than for the Tories. This happened partly because the Whigs didn't contest some of the Tories' stronghold seats in this year's election, and partly because the election in 1874 was the first to have a secret ballot. Previously everyone had to declare their ballot openly to whoever was counting them. For many tenants and tenant farmers, the ballot counter was their landlord, and he had the power to kick them out if he didn't like the way they voted, which meant that previously tenants voted for whoever the landlord told them to. With a secret ballot instituted, the Whig nature of the larger portion of the populace has become obvious in the last two votes.

Disraeli's imperialist leanings and his somewhat jingoistic appeals to British expansionist sentiments granted him an edge over Gladstone, whose pamphleteering against Disraeli over the Afghanistan campaign backfired. Gladstone's preaching against the Turks and the problems of divided loyalty amongst Britain's Catholics also failed to endear him to the voters.

– Djehuty Jones

Looking Glass Fever prompted the Commons to hastily issue a statement that all Members who become Boojums must present proof of identity and fill in extra paperwork before they can return to work. They must also make their new faces known to the Doorkeepers. Clerks and other servants need only make their new faces known. At present there are three elves, two Whig backbenchers and a HRL backbencher; a snark in the House of Commons (Meredith Stamford, Secretary of State for Grosvenor Land, who suffered LGF while returning from an official visit to Fort Alice); and a dwarf bishop (Gloucester, Charles Ellicott) in the House of Lords. The elves were the first to change, and the precedent set by handling their situation could not

be set aside when Meredith returned to work as a female snark, not only her race but her sex having changed, carrying all the paperwork required. She kept the gender neutral name she had been elected under, and still shocks some of the most conservative members by showing up to the chamber in the standard MP's outfit of top hat, tailcoat and trousers. It remains to be seen whether she will retain her seat at the next election. As the only Boojum on the front benches, Sec. Stamford has the uneasy task of balancing the desires of Parliament to get the best return on its Gruv investment with her own desire to see the Gruv and her fellow Boojums used resourcefully and respectfully.

Let us hope that the Honourable Member does not return. Women have no place in the rough and tumble of the political frontline. Their relationship to politics should be that of the Queen to Parliament - to listen, take our advice, and not interfere.
 – Mr Horatio Farrenton-Smythe,
 Tory backbencher

The House of Lords

At the other end of the Palace of Westminster sits the House of Lords, with its own staff of clerks, cooks, Doorkeepers, and so forth. The seating and set up match that of the House of Commons, except the upholstery is red rather than green. While not nearly as prominent or openly involved as the Commons, the Lords, overseen by the Lord Chancellor, still have a say in passing laws. Any proposed law or bill must successfully pass both houses (and be signed by the Crown) before it becomes actual law. Like the Commons, debate often becomes extremely heated, but unlike the Commons, the members do not fall neatly into political parties. Some join the parties, but many others are non-partisan, a-political, or apathetic.

The Lords vote primarily by voice vote, proclaiming that they are 'Content', that is in favour of the motion, or 'Not Content', against the motion. Votes are counted by the Lord Chancellor or their Deputy. Only if a Lord challenges the Lord Chancellor's count does the House of Lords resort to a division like that of the Commons vote. If that happens, the Lord Chancellor takes no part in the division.

Members of the Lords arrive by three routes. Most gain permanent membership simply because they hold hereditary peerages, known as the Lords Temporal. The Monarch has the ability to appoint Life Peers from senior members of the army, navy, and civil service, long-serving Commons members, or as a reward for those who have vastly improved science, art, or literature. Life Peers have the title and the seat for their lifetime, but cannot pass either title or seat to their heirs. At present there are nineteen Life Peers. As recently as 1832, advisors urged the king to use Life Peer creation to overwhelm a stubborn core of Lords blocking a bill. Queen Victoria hasn't yet resorted to following suit, but the option remains present if the rift between those members in favour of social change and those against puts the Lords in a stalemate.

The bishops of the twenty-six oldest dioceses in Britain also hold seats in the Lords, and are collectively referred to as the Lords Spiritual. They hold their seats only as long as they hold the appropriate bishopric.

Four senior judges, chosen from those with at least five years service, preferably longer, hold the posts of Lords of Appeal in Ordinary for as long as they remain judges. They are prime candidates for Life Peerages once they retire. More commonly called the Law Lords, they serve primarily as advisors in legal debates. They are not permitted to join any of the political parties,

in order to maintain a façade of judicial neutrality. They also sit on the Queen's Bench if it is summoned for service.

The Chamber of the House of Lords hosts the State Opening of Parliament each year, with the members of the House of Commons summoned there and crowded into the space between and around the benches. There's rather a grand show of ancient tradition, and an address by the Crown.

Following is a list of the more important officials in Parliament.

Speaker: Elected from among the assembled Members; in practice the next senior member of the Government party to the Prime Minister

Currently: Henry Brand, 1st Viscount Hampden

- Chairs debates between Members of the House of Commons
- Must resign party membership when elected to the post

Commons Deputy Speaker: Elected from among the assembled Members; in practice normally members of the Loyal Opposition

Currently: Lyon Playfair

- Takes the Chair during absence of the Speaker
- Chairman of any committee of the whole House
- Supervises arrangements for sittings in Westminster Hall
- General oversight of matters connected with private bills
- Chair of the Panel of Chairs with general responsibility for the work of general committees.
- Presides over the Committee of Ways and Means, where proposals for raising taxation originate
- Has two deputies, known as the Second and Third Deputy of Ways and Means

Lord Chancellor: Elected from amongst the assembled Lords; must withdraw from party membership

Currently: Hugh Cairns, 1st Earl Cairns, Viscount Garmoye

- Chairs business in the House of Lords debating chamber
- Member of the Cabinet

Chairman of Committees: Elected from amongst the assembled Lords; must withdraw from party membership

Currently: John Thomas Freeman-Mitford, 1st Earl of Redesdale, 2nd Baron Redesdale

- Presides over the House of Lords when it is in committee, either in the Lords Chamber or in Grand Committee
- Deputy to the Lord Chancellor

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod: Appointed by the Crown from retired senior officers of the Royal Navy and the British Army, entitled knight bachelor if not already knighted

Currently: Gen. Sir William Thomas Knollys, KCB

- Heads the Administration and Works Committee; maintains buildings, services, and security of the Palace of Westminster
- Usher and doorkeeper at meetings of the Most Noble Order of the Garter
- Personal attendant of the Sovereign in the Lords
- Secretary to the Lord Great Chamberlain
- Introduces all new Lords Temporal

POLITICS

- Arrests any Lord guilty of breach of privilege or other Parliamentary offence, such as contempt, disorder, or disturbance of the proceedings
- Organizes ceremonial events within the Palace of Westminster
- Deputy: Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod
- Carries a black staff with a gold horse-head finial

Serjeant at Arms (Commons): Awarded to a senior military or law enforcement officer on retirement from active duty

Currently: Sir Ralph Allen Gosset KCB

- In charge of security for the House of Commons
- Carries the House mace during the Speaker's procession
- Required to be present when the House of Commons is in session
- Arrests any Member guilty of breach of privilege or other Parliamentary offence

Serjeant at Arms (Lords): Awarded to a senior military or law enforcement officer on retirement from active duty

Currently: Colonel Sir Wellington Patrick Manvers Chetwynd Talbot

- In charge of security for the House of Lords
- Carries the Lords mace during the Speaker's procession
- In charge of the admission of strangers to the House of Lords
- Required to be present when the House of Lords is in session

The Palace of Westminster

Parliament's home, the Palace of Westminster, is a rabbit warren of twisty passages all alike, stairs that only connect two or three floors instead of all of them, and a few new elevators, none of which stop on the same floors. It can take years before an MP or a Lord stops getting lost here, but there is help available. The Palace Doorkeepers, in addition to their duties during votes, open doors for people, take messages, and direct them through the maze. A Doorkeeper needs to know every passage in the Palace, and every MP's face, so that they know who is allowed where, and who should be where. Dressed like butlers, and appearing like glorified servants, the Doorkeepers mostly go unnoticed. However, their other set of duties, the one nobody talks about, includes that of bouncer and doorguard. They remove troublemakers and people who shouldn't be there. They deal with physical attacks within Parliament's walls, and serve as a line of defence around the MPs and the Lords. These days, some of the Doorkeepers are also Knights of the Grail, either in the Knights or the Wardens, defending Parliament against magic just as surely as against ordinary attacks. The Doorkeepers also have small roles in some of the ceremonial occasions. For example, a Palace Doorkeeper ceremonially shuts the door in Black Rod's face at the State Opening of Parliament. Black Rod (in their capacity as messenger from the Queen to Parliament) must knock on the door and request admittance in order to summon the MPs to hear the Queen officially open Parliament for the coming year. Last year, that Doorkeeper was a Knight, but not one dressed in ceremonial armour.

Politicians are not the only people working in the Palace of Westminster. Clarks record every word said in the House of Commons and House of Lords. The records (known as Hansard, after the business that holds the contract for them) are edited to remove the ums and ers and other hesitations, as well as any attacks or insults that were later withdrawn. The edited, official copy is then printed each day so anyone who wishes to know what was said can easily find out. More

clarks work with every frontbencher, writing speeches and bills, sending letters, taking dictation, and assisting with the deep piles of paperwork that come with the job.

In the back corridors, cleaners, engineers, and maintenance staff do their best to keep the building in good condition, while the cooks and the kitchen staff provide food for the private dining lounges provided for the MPs and the Lords. No dining facilities are provided for the staff, although this is being reconsidered due to the smell of cheap gravy and beer lingering in the halls from the deliveries, the clarks not having time to go out and dine.

Palace Officers

This section covers those critical positions in Her Majesty's Government that are members of the court, part of Crown staff, or otherwise in service to Her Majesty in some direct form or other.

Two important individuals who were not officially part of the Royal Household, Mrs. Lilly, the queen's midwife, and Dr. Sir Charles Locock, 1st Baronet, the Queen's obstetrician, have since passed on. Mrs. Elizabeth Lilly lived in Camberwell. Prince Albert took to sending the royal carriage round for her whenever HM Victoria went into labour. The carriage became an unofficial announcement of yet another royal scion. She died at the age of 92 and was interred in Highgate Cemetery. Dr. Locock became known as the Great Deliverer of His Country, attending all of the Queen's labours. Charles Brodie Locock, 2nd Baronet, carries the family title, but has joined Lincoln's Inn as a barrister rather than following his father into medicine.

Officers of the Court

Following is a list of the most important officers of the court, with their current holder and duties.

Lord Chamberlain: Appointed by the Crown, normally already a peer

Currently: William Edgcumbe, 4th Earl of Mount Edgcumbe

- The senior officer of the Royal Household, a member of the Privy Council, and a Cabinet minister
- In charge of the ceremonial, social, and artistic lives of the Crown, the royal family, and the court: appointments and scheduling, salaries, livery and pensioning, musicians, chapels, physicians, the yeomen of the guard, housekeeping staff, the Office of Works, the Jewel House, and the issue, maintenance, and revocation of royal warrants for tradesmen supplying the court.
- Under the Theatres Act of 1843, can stop or prevent a performance "for the preservation of good manners, decorum or of the public peace".

Lord Steward: Appointed by the Crown

Currently: John Townshend, 1st Earl Sydney

- Second principal officer of the Royal Household

POLITICS

- In charge of the domestic side, including kitchen facilities, staff, and supplies, wood and coal supplies, the electric bill, wages and allowances, and the royal gardens, including Kew. Supervises the Treasurer and the Comptroller of the Household, and appoints the Coroner.
- The senior officers of this department all carry white staves, and can carry privileged communications from the crown to Parliament.

Master of the Horse: Appointed by the Crown

Currently: Hugh Grosvenor, 1st Duke of Westminster (and a distant relation of Oswald Grosvenor)

- Third principal officer of the Royal Household, a peer, and a privy councillor
- Manages all matters involving horses and hounds, stables, coach-houses, mews, kennels, steam conveyances, and all of the drivers, grooms, mechanics, equerries, and other staff required.
- The Crown Equerry, who manages the Royal Stables and keeps the stud books, reports to the Master of Horse. Current Crown Equerry is Lieutenant Colonel Sir George Ashley Maude, KCB.

Gold Stick: Colonel, Life Guards AND Colonel, Blues and Royals (regiments of the Household Cavalry of the Household Division)

- Personal attendant of the Crown, evolved from personal bodyguard to a more ceremonial position; still charged with responsibility for physical well-being of the Crown during State occasions.
- Two people hold this office at all times. The one currently on duty is known as Gold Stick-in-Waiting.
- Travels with the Crown.

Silver Stick: Colonel, Commander of Household Cavalry

- Deputy to Gold Stick
- Handles security and ceremonial duties for visiting Heads of State
- Details regiments and individuals to carry out royal duties

Prisons and Courts

London's earliest prison in Clink Street closed in 1780, but the memory lives on in the phrase "in the clink". The current major jails and prisons are:

Prisons of London

Prison	Nickname	Notes
Clerkenwell	The Wells	Islington, close to the Middlesex Sessions House, a smaller and lower court than the Old Bailey, but more expedient, where prisoners either wait for their trial, or serve out longer jail terms.

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Prison	Nickname	Notes
Coldbath Fields	The Steel	Short for Bastille; located in Mount Pleasant, Clerkenwell, and commonly confused with the Clerkenwell House of Detention; where prisoners serve out hard labor and short jail terms.
King's Bench Prison	(none)	In St. George's Fields, featured in Charles Dickens' <i>David Copperfield</i> , holds London's debtors.
Millbank	The Tench	From "Penitentiary".
Newgate	The Stone Jug	Opposite the Old Bailey Courthouse in Central London; location of any public executions.
Pentonville	The Model	Built to reform rather than punish and ridiculed for the new lines.
Southwark County Jail	The Lane or The Old Horse	Often referred to by its older name of Horsemonger Lane Gaol, hence the nicknames; holds Newgate's execution overflow.
Tothill Fields	The Tea Garden	Not explained.

The Clerkenwell House of Detention, notorious for harshness, including enforced silence, solitary confinement, and forced work on treadmills to power the building's lighting and other electrical needs, achieved infamy following a botched escape attempt in 1867. A pair of Fenians, a group dedicated to achieving an independent Irish republic by force and armed revolt, were awaiting trial in Clerkenwell. On Friday 13th December, a group of their fellow Fenians hid a barrel of gunpowder in a borrowed costermonger's cart and blew a hole in the wall of the prison courtyard. They overestimated how much powder they needed, and ended up with a ninety foot breach in the wall and several nearby houses destroyed. Twenty people died, including two of the Fenians setting the explosion, a prison guard, and five prisoners at exercise in the yard, two of which were the ones they were trying to rescue. The other twelve dead were civilians caught in the blast and the collapsing houses, two of whom were young children. A hundred and thirty people suffered non-fatal injuries. Nobody escaped. The Fenians who survived the explosion were caught and hanged, the last public execution in London. The *Times* described the attempt as "a crime of unexampled atrocity" and christened it the "Clerkenwell Outrage". The name stuck. Hostility against Ireland and the Irish surged, undermining attempts to negotiate home rule for Ireland. Riots still frequently break out against the Irish in England and against the English in Ireland. The courts have cracked down on the recent swelling disorder by deporting rebellious Irish to work camps in the Gruv, where they have no way to return home.

The courts that serve the prisons comprise three types. Magistrates' Courts, such as the Middlesex Sessions House, hold Petty Sessions and Quarterly Sessions and deal with minor offences such as drunkenness, poaching, and vagrancy. A Magistrate's Court requires staffing by at least two magistrates and a recording clerk per courtroom. Petty Sessions happen whenever there are enough cases to be worth hearing. Quarterly Sessions happen four times a year: at Epiphany (winter), Lent (spring), Summer, and Michaelmas (fall).

Assize Courts, or the Assizes, such as the Old Bailey, hold sessions two or three times a year, depending on the level of crime in the area. The Old Bailey usually holds three sessions. The Assizes deal with major offences where the potential punishment includes execution - these are known as capital crimes - or life imprisonment. An Assizes requires staffing by a professional judge, a jury, and a recording clerk per courtroom.

The Queen's Bench is a court of review for magistrates and judges who wish to discuss the law with colleagues, or get a firm ruling on a law's interpretation. Very occasionally, the Queen's Bench hears cases where a fair hearing in the local court is deemed not possible.

There is no way to appeal a sentence or judgement, as there is no Court of Appeals. A convicted criminal's only hope is the Royal Pardon, in practice delegated to the Home Secretary. Coincidentally, the Home Secretary also holds ultimate authority for expeditions to the Gruv, with all the potential for use and abuse implicit in such overlaps of power.

Mechanics:

Legal proceedings tend to be influenced by social connections among the advocates and police. Trials in high profile cases are show pieces with the outcome already decided. The lower classes know they won't get a fair trial, but what can be done about it? A jury of peers consists of nobles, peers of the realm, not those equal to the accused, and has since Magna Carta. All arguments, Skill use, etc., in a court situation are at a penalty of 5 minus the Social Level of the defendant.

Metropolitan Police

The Peelers, known as such after Sir Robert Peel who founded the organization, comprise Scotland Yard and all of its subsidiaries throughout the Empire. This includes the constabulary of London and all other cities and towns in Britain, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, all reporting up to the Home Office. Colonial police forces, such as the constabulary of Hong Kong, fall under the jurisdiction of the Foreign Office.

Operational officers, those from Chief Constable down, wear the traditional blue uniform, although the original design's copper buttons have been replaced with silver (or nickel for the lower ranks). Detective officers, who are members of the Criminal Investigation Division, Special Branch, Arcane Crimes Branch, or other investigatory, non-operational divisions, wear plain clothes on duty, donning the uniform only for ceremonial occasions. A detective officer carries the same authority and responsibility as an operational officer of the same rank, but has investigative duties and skills.

Scotland Yard's Arcane Crimes branch occasionally conflicts with the Knights of the Grail over jurisdictional boundaries. Arcane Crimes deals with breaches of the law committed by magical means. They have no authority over crimes committed by magical entities, such as ghosts or spirits, referring those to the Bishop of London or the Knights of the Grail as appropriate.

Police Ranks (*in ascending order*)

- Constable / Detective Constable
- Sergeant / Detective Sergeant
- Inspector / Detective Inspector
- Chief Inspector / Detective Chief Inspector
- Superintendent / Detective Superintendent

- Divisional Superintendent
- Assistant Chief Constable
- Deputy Chief Constable
- Chief Constable
- Assistant Commissioner
- Commissioner

The Political Parties

Conservatives

Better known as the Tory Party or the Tories, and represented in elections by the colour blue, the Conservative Party forms Her Majesty's Government, and as a result, the party leader, Benjamin Disraeli, is automatically Prime Minister and heads the Cabinet, the collective name for the heads of the assorted Ministries. He also acts as a connection between Parliament and Her Majesty Queen Victoria, meeting her once a week to discuss the issues of the day.

The Tories review and assess any issues and problems brought to their attention, and will change things if they absolutely must, but their primary response is to uphold the status quo and the traditional institutions of the country: the church, the monarch, and the aristocracy, which, not incidentally, benefits them. The party appeals most to the upper and upper-middle classes.

Benjamin Disraeli, a native Londoner of lower middle-class parents, constantly courts controversy within the Tories, as his views often do not match those of many within the party over issues such as who should be allowed to run for election, who should be allowed to vote, and various reforms, most of which he is in favour of and many Tories are against. He is a favourite of the Queen, who claims that he talks just like the novels he writes, and gives her thorough reports on the issues and actions of Parliament. He is also popular with the voters and lower classes, as they see him as a supporter, a man who makes good speeches and as one of their own who rose to the top, though he maintains a fierce dislike of, and rivalry with, William Gladstone.

Bear in mind that while Disraeli leads a Tory government, these are not arch-conservatives without soul or compassion. While they are concerned with the profit margin, they are also determined to maintain the status quo, and allow change only cautiously and after it has been carefully tested and examined. They do not wish to increase the suffering or the numbers of the poor. They have only to look across the Channel to see that down that path lies the fire of revolution, destruction of their prized social order, and loss of their wealth. These are Tories who invest public funds in workhouses of slowly receding brutality, who created the workhouse settlements of the Gruv partly to give the poor a chance to get out of a city where they had no prospects and into the (probably) more healthful air of an admittedly alien countryside. There will be no revolution on their watch. They will not allow the pressure to rise that high in the great Engine of State. One may ease the supply of coal, or release the safety-valve, but by far the most efficient method of decreasing the boiler pressure is to allow the engine to do the work for which it was designed.

Liberals

Better known as the Whig Party or the Whigs, and represented in elections by the colour yellow, the Liberal Party forms the Loyal Opposition, and the party leader William Gladstone heads a Shadow Cabinet of those who would become the heads of the Ministries if the Liberals suddenly became the Government. The Whigs favour social reform to reduce the power of the monarchy and the Church of England, personal liberty, widening the electoral franchise, and a hands-off approach to the country's economics. The party appeals most to the lower-middle and working classes.

William Gladstone, born in Liverpool and an orator and debater as far back as university, is actually naturally more conservative than Disraeli, and began his career in politics as a Tory in the Peelites faction, but now leads the opposing party after he fell out with the Tory leadership over issues of free trade, debt, and borrowing money to cover a deficit. Gladstone believes in a balanced budget based as much on tax (which is reliable) as trade (which is intermittent), although he always claims his method of politics is as destructive as his hobby of felling trees. Just as he makes a point of planting a new sapling for every tree felled, so in politics he cuts away the deadwood and lets new things grow in its place. He is outspoken against the Pope and prostitution, often walking the seedier areas of London at night trying to persuade prostitutes to give up their work and allow him to find them a better job, but he is not popular with the Queen who says that Gladstone addresses her as if she was a public meeting. His many admirers and supporters refer to him affectionately as the G.O.M, meaning Grand Old Man. Disraeli also sometimes refers to Gladstone as the G.O.M. but in his case, he says it is short for God's Only Mistake.

Home Rule League

The Home Rule League only won Parliamentary seats for the first time in the 1874 election, and as such, have not yet received a nickname other than 'that Irish lot'. People who want a short form for them use the initials, HRL, and they are represented in elections by the colour green. They recently changed leaders, and the new leader, Charles Parnell, has taken to the post like duckweed to water. The HRL is in favour of Irish Independence, to the point they back and approve of the Fenian actions at Clerkenwell, although they personally prefer to try words and legal means to achieve the same goal. To this point most of them, including Mr. Parnell, practice obstructionism and filibustering. They set out to block, divert, and obfuscate any votes and debates they believe harmful to their cause. The choice of where to draw the line for obstructionism is a major divide between the old and new leaders. On one occasion, Mr. Parnell memorably blocked an important vote by talking non-stop for over forty hours, until the rest of the House gave up trying and went home to get some sleep.

Parnell, born in County Wicklow, Ireland, of an Irish father and an American mother, has been described by Gladstone as "the most remarkable man I ever met". He took over party leadership in 1878, more radical and controversial than the previous leader Mr. Isaac Butt, and more willing to force Irish issues into the open where the rest of Parliament can't ignore them. He has stated outright he believes there was no murder committed by the Fenians during the Clerkenwell Outrage, despite the deaths there. He also owns and runs a small newspaper, *United Ireland*, in which he points out holes in the present state of affairs, and provides a savage commentary on any political action, motion, or proposed law that affects Ireland. He is also in a discreet (known to many of his fellow Members but not to the general public) affair with Katherine "Kitty" O'Shea,

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wife of Irish army captain William O'Shea. Mrs O'Shea stays at Parnell's house, with her children, while her husband is assigned to duty in the Gruv.

Ministry	Cabinet Member	Shadow Cabinet Member
First Lord of the Treasury	Benjamin Disraeli	William Gladstone
Home Secretary	Richard A. Cross	Robert Lowe
Foreign Secretary	The Marquess of Salisbury	The Earl Granville
Secretary of State for the Colonies	Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Bt	The Earl of Kimberly
Secretary of State for War	Sir Frederick Stanley	Hugh Childers
Secretary of State for India	Viscount Cranbrook	The Duke of Argyll
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Sir Stafford Northcote, Bt	William Gladstone
First Lord of the Admiralty	William Henry Smith	The Earl of Northbrook
President of the Board of Trade	Viscount Sandon	John Bright
Postmaster General	Lord John Manners	(None)
Chief Secretary for Ireland	Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Bt	Marquess of Hartington
Secretary of State for Grosvenor Land	Meredith Stamford	Edward Knatchbull-Hugessen

The Great Game

The Great Game is the general name for covert operations, particularly those of the covert war with Imperial Russia over the Orient. Historians mark it as beginning in 1813 with the Treaty of Gulistan, a peace treaty between the Russian Empire and the Persian Empire, after the Ottomans beat back the Russians to a stalemate. Russia, deprived of the Balkans, turned its attention south to the smaller, weaker states there, picking them off one by one and steadily encroaching towards India. It continues to this day across Afghanistan, Persia, and Central Asia, in small, apparently insignificant ways that allow Britain to manoeuvre for position, from information on troop movements passed quietly from hand to hand, to the creation of the Royal Titles Act in 1876, making the Queen the Empress of India rather than simply its queen, and thereby an equal of the Russian Emperor. The Game erupted in open war once, in the Anglo-Afghan War of 1838-42. The war was a disaster for the British, with troops retreating from Kabul massacred by locally recruited and Russian-armed men, only a scant handful making it as far as the Indian border and safety. Tension is escalating again after Russians forced a diplomatic envoy on Afghanistan, against the previous agreement. However, Britain has so far been kept too busy, and too stretched, by the Gruv to do more than insist they also have a matching envoy there to counter Russian presence.

Organisations

Religions

Christianity

Until Henry VIII split away from Rome, England was mostly Catholic but the handful of other branches were tolerated. Afterwards, and for the next two centuries, Catholics and Catholic priests were persecuted by Anglicans, with occasional short stretches where the Catholics persecuted the Protestants instead. This ongoing persecution led to hidden tunnels and rooms being built into manors and stately homes so that the aristocracy living there could smuggle in a priest of their preferred denomination to hold private services and hide him from random surprise searches. These tiny hidden rooms are known today as priest holes, and may be found anywhere in a house of the right age and type. Common entrances for priest holes include the inside of a chimney, a stair tread that lifts like a trapdoor, and false panels in the wall. Until very recently, Catholics were still prevented from holding any public or state job, even as lowly as a government or courtroom clerk, owning land or houses, or practising law. Easing of the laws led to riots. The situation has been inflamed by the Fenians and the Irish home rule movement, most of whom are Catholic, and who are conflated with all Catholics in the common mind.

Nonconformists, those Protestants who refuse to conform to the set Book of Common Prayer rites and services, such as Puritans, Quakers, Baptists, and Methodists, have also been limited by law, but not persecuted as harshly as Catholics. Nevertheless, they were until recently not allowed to hold any army or government post, nor were they allowed to teach or to run schools, or to attend state university. Some formed and ran private universities to get around the ban. Nonconformist ministers were not permitted to come within five miles of any incorporated town, which has been lifted, or enter any conformist church that they had previously worked in, which has not. Nonconformists are allowed their own churches, as long as they formally take the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, to support, follow, and recognise the monarch as head of England, and formally reject some key tenets of Catholicism. Like the restrictions on Catholics, Nonconformist restrictions were mostly lifted by the Relief Act of 1829, which also permitted Catholics and Nonconformists to take Parliamentary seats. Wales and Scotland are largely Nonconformist.

Judaism

Jews are first recorded as having arrived with William the Conqueror as the new king's tax collectors. They settled and grew over the next century and a half, funding projects and Crusades with loans as they became more independent of the monarch. However, the Crusades also brought a wave of anti-Semitic feeling, and in 1290, the king, Edward I, expelled the Jews from England and confiscated everything they couldn't carry on their backs. He framed it as removing unwanted aliens, but in reality he urgently needed money to fund his wars and his castle building, and he owed so much to Jewish moneylenders that they wouldn't or couldn't lend him any more. He expelled them rather than pay them, and stole their money, land, and goods instead of taking out another loan.

While most Jews went east, across the Channel and into Europe, a few went west, into Wales and Ireland, as the king's arm was not as long as he liked to think. Many of these either stayed in the west, or moved on to North America when that became possible. The European Jews returned

to London in the 17th century as merchants, quietly petitioning Oliver Cromwell in 1650 not to persecute them. He was too busy with the English Civil War to be able to immediately repeal the banishment, but agreed that it would no longer be enforced. The banishment was legally repealed in 1655, and the community began to grow again.

In 1753, against great outcry from the Tories, the Whigs forced through the Jewish Naturalization Act, allowing Jews to naturalise into Britain from other countries. There were still some limitations. For example, Jews could not hold a Parliament seat as those required a Christian oath of office being sworn. This was finally lifted in 1858 in deference to election results, and the first Jewish MP, Lionel de Rothschild, took his seat a few months later.

Other Religions

Islam, Buddhism, Jainism, and Hinduism all became part and parcel of the British Empire with the establishment of the Raj. Followers of these faiths in India form the majority of the population, and while they have severe disagreements with each other, are left pretty much to their own devices to work it out in their native land. Followers of these faiths who come to England, on the other hand, are treated as second class citizens at best, and that under the law. Only Islam is part of the Judeo-Christian mythic construct, and it denies the divinity of Christ, stating that Jesus was a prophet, and not even the most recent. While mosques and temples and shrines of these faiths generally receive no more than token vandalism, they can only survive in their ethnic neighbourhoods and by keeping a relatively low profile. On the other hand, if a Buddhist were to be elected to Parliament, that would force the issue, and with Jewish precedent to rely upon, the rules at least in Westminster would have to change once more. Whether that would have any effect on the beliefs of the majority of the populace in the superiority of Christianity to any other faith is dubious at best.

Secular Institutions

The British Library

Standing in Camden, halfway between St. Pancras Station and Euston Station, the British Library holds three functions: national library, research library, and legal deposit library. As a legal deposit library, one copy of every book, newspaper, and magazine published in Britain must be delivered to the British Library for its records. This increases its use as a research library, where it is possible to pay for access to the Reading Room and study any document the patron can request and provide a plausible reason for studying.

Royal Society

The Royal Society, based in Somerset House in the City of Westminster, claims to be an independent, non-partisan association for the research and accumulation of knowledge, but for the last century and a half, a tradition has grown where the Royal Society acts as advisors to the government on scientific matters. It is also now customary for the Society to appoint members to government committees involved in

Mechanics:

The Library claims to be neutral, attached to the British Museum and interested only in knowledge. Behind the scenes it is largely controlled by the Sons of Thoth, a group interested in extracting knowledge for themselves and using it to control and manipulate the British Empire according to their desires. More on the Sons of Thoth and their connection to the Library may be found in the *1879 Gamemaster's Guide*.

science. Recently, however, science seems to have advanced faster than most members can match. The really cutting edge and/or weird science masters are too busy inventing and researching to go on the committee roster. The Society has tried to amend this by threatening to withhold research monies, as it controls the vast majority of British research grants. It has had little visible success.

Chartists

The Chartists are a working class movement dedicated to universal male suffrage and enabling working class people to stand for election to Parliament. They prefer to operate legally, by petition, and informing people through the newspapers and pamphlets they print, but there is a radical fringe that organises riots and strikes. The movement quieted after they achieved several of their goals. With women coming into the army and the workforce, some of the Chartists want to revise the movement to support everyone who works having the right to vote. A deep rift splits the Chartists on this point, with one side insisting that everyone means all genders, and the other insisting that it means only men. On the first side, the argument sums up as "Fit to serve on the front line of war means fit to serve on the front line of politics! It's only a war of words instead of guns!". On the other, arguments run manifold, but sum up in the traditional saying "We men have many faults, women have but two - there's nothing right they say, there's nothing right they do."

Suffragettes

Women have been fighting for the vote for a considerable time. Even with the Pharmacy Act and its subsequent women of profession, all those who own a home or a rental property and can thus vote as landholders, and those in the military who have gained the franchise through service to Crown and country, the majority of women in the British Empire are not allowed to vote. In an Empire ruled by a Queen, some find this simply not to be tolerated. Suffrage movements and organisations flower all across Britain and into the rest of the Empire, some demanding the vote for all women, some being more equitable and demanding the vote for all adults regardless of sex.

Long ago, the suffrage movement was aligned with the Chartists. Many suffragettes belonged to no other organisation. On 16 August, 1819, though, the Peterloo Massacre changed that for good. A massive Chartist rally and public meeting had been called for in Manchester. Somewhere between thirty and a hundred fifty thousand turned out from across the region, including a large contingent of suffragettes from Royton and a scattering of the same throughout the rest of the crowd. A unit of cavalry from the local Yeomanry was sent to clear the way to allow constables to arrest the speakers, and everything went pear-shaped in a matter of seconds. The savagery did not end until the cavalry had cleared the crowd, then turned round and charged with sabres, driving the panicked crowd up against the foot yeomanry. Of the six hundred and fifty-odd casualties, nearly two-thirds were women, including four of the fifteen killed, in a crowd that was estimated at twelve percent female. The majority of the injuries seen were sabre cuts to the face, breasts, and hands, the last obviously defensive wounds. Reports came from both attendees and the local constabulary of the cavalry deliberately slashing at the women and shouting terrible calumnies against them. What drove the wedge, though, came in the aftermath, when the Chartist leadership failed to list any women in the names of the fallen, only mentioning that there had also been a few casualties of the feminine

The ones that've brought the men aboard are going to do much better, as they've convinced the men it's in their best interest to have women marching alongside them.

- Ivy

gender. The row that arose could be heard in Patagonia, and no suffragette using that name would ever belong to a Chartist organisation again.

Important Persons and Families

The House of Hanover

The following material has been graciously lent to this work by Sir Thomas MacEuen, Assistant to the Garter King of Arms, from his own volumes, *Upon the Royal Lines of Modern Europe*.

Her Majesty Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India

Born 24 May 1819 to Prince Edward, Duke of Kent and Strathearn, and Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, HM Victoria acceded to the throne in 1837 at the age of eighteen on the death of her uncle, William IV, who had no legitimate heirs. One of her first acts was to order her bed moved out of her mother's room and into a private bedroom. She later ordered her mother moved out of the palace. The Queen and the Queen Mother eventually reconciled, but were still very formal with each other when the Queen Mother passed on in March of 1861.

The Queen married HRH Prince Albert on 10 February 1840, with the prince naturalised immediately before the ceremony and given the title Royal Highness. This was not initially a popular decision, but HRH Albert, later given the title Prince Consort by a grateful nation, rose to the challenge and became a vigorous champion of his adopted nation's technological and military progress. Ten children followed, each getting their own entry further on so details shan't be provided here.

What dare I say about Her Majesty? While a great believer in the right of the people to know well those who govern them, I am a loyal subject of the Crown of the United Kingdom, and a great admirer of the work that our Queen has done. And yet...

– Djehuty Jones

Commentary has been added by various wags scrawling in the margins and a particularly mischievous journeyman typesetter, he said, tipping his hat in ownership of the mischief he has successfully perpetrated.
– Y'r ob't, Djehuty Jones

In 1871, HM Victoria was diagnosed with rheumatic gout, and underwent minor surgery for an axillary abscess. Princess Alice served as primary nurse during a long convalescence. Princess Beatrice, newly moved to the schoolroom, assisted with nursing. The Queen made a great show of attending a play in the royal box several months later, with HRH Prince Albert at her side. The obvious reference back to her behaviour after each of the assassination attempts earlier in her reign brought headlines proclaiming *Our Queen Has No Fear* and *Triumph Over Adversity Once More*.

Four years ago, two weeks after Prince Henry's twelfth birthday, the Miracle Prince died in a riding accident at Balmoral. The Queen only emerged from mourning at the end of last year, and still refuses to visit Balmoral. In that time, some unworthy comments were made as to her absence,

with one wag even going so far as to post a sign on the gates of Buckingham Palace announcing the facility to let, former owner out of business. HRH Prince Albert has been the face of the royal family during all this, reminding the nation that a child so wildly celebrated would also be deeply mourned. HM Victoria cleared any remaining doubts in her address to Parliament at the beginning of the current session (made without raising the Queen's Pennon, thanks to the dragon in the belfry), making it clear that the Crown had returned to business as usual.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Saxony, KG, KT, KP, GMB, KSI, GCMG

Born 26 August 1819, son of Ernest I, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, HRH Prince Albert has built his own role in the British Empire, starting at the age of twenty as a consort with no role or responsibilities, and working up to managing the royal household and organizing the Silver Exhibition. He has been responsible for the introduction of the telegraph, typewriter, telephone, and electric lighting in Buckingham Palace, and a champion of progress throughout the Empire. Without him, HM Victoria, having little natural interest in such things, would have been a great Queen, but the British Empire would not have been the great power it has become.

In 1860, it all very nearly came to an end. While driving a coach and four in Coburg, HRH Albert was nearly killed when the horses bolted and ran onto a railway crossing. Jumping from the carriage at the last second, still trying to bring the team under control and save his horses, Albert was critically injured, suffering a spinal injury that paralysed him from the waist down. He arrived back in London on a stretcher, weak, and complaining of stomach pain as well as his injuries. The Queen had Had Enough. Eyes shining with unshed tears, she ordered the coffers to be emptied, the tapestries to be sold off the walls if need be, but somewhere in her Empire was a physician who could heal her husband. By God, she would not lose Albert if she had to beggar the House of Hanover to save him.

Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson rose to the challenge. Her treatment broke the Prince's fever and headed off a bout of typhoid. In the process of treating his spinal injury, she discovered an abdominal tumour that was causing his stomach issues. With Dr. John Snow handling anaesthesia and bringing down Dr. Joseph Lister from Glasgow to manage sterile procedure, the surgical team removed the tumour, and performed a vertebral fusion that, while it did not heal the damage to the spinal nerves, took pressure off them and stabilized the injury. The Prince awakened to a long recuperation but considerably less pain and some return of sensation, although his legs never

Victoria finds herself torn between conservatism, not wanting to take risks with her family or nation, and radical progressivism, wanting to push medical science, engineering, and their associated sciences forward as rapidly as possible. She's had to accept that women moved into careers and got the vote as part of the package. You can't have female doctors without suffrage and serious revision of gender attitudes.

While Victoria was hypocritically opposed to female suffrage in her early days, Albert's close brush with death and his influence thereafter changed her mind. Establishing the Anderson School broke multiple rules and taboos. High society did not ordinarily socialize with physicians. A woman who trained as such was seen to have lost her "purity" and be undesirable as a wife. (This may have led some women to seek out medical training as an escape.) Dr. Anderson saved Albert, and, characteristically, Victoria set out to impose her changed views on the nation.

– Djehuty Jones

regained mobility. Sadly, while Drs. Anderson and Lister were both awarded honours for their work, Dr. Snow died of a stroke in his office three days after the procedure, and could only be recognised posthumously. The rest of the tale, of how engineers created a steam powered walker for the Prince, and he went on to organise the Silver Exhibition in their honour, is so well known as to not need repeating here.

HRH Prince Albert's recovery took months, not only of bed rest but of gruelling physical therapy and a complex and highly specific diet. Dr. Anderson still visits him once a month to check on his progress, working in her duties to the royal family between those as dean of the Anderson School of Medicine for Women and supervising physician at the Euston Road Hospital for Women. When November of 1861 rolled around, and he travelled to Cambridge to confront Bertie over his relationship with the actress Nellie Clifden, he was several days recovering from the trip and the conversation with his son. He was not in London or able to intervene when the Trent Affair broke, resulting in Britain being drawn into the American conflict and eventually becoming an ally of the Confederacy after it outlawed slavery.

Albert dislikes staying up late. It interferes with his preferred schedule. Like most Prussians, he is meticulous about how his time is spent. While he has grown accustomed to the late hours that London aristocratic society keeps, he still detests the necessity of staying up past midnight to keep the nobility happy. He does not flirt, much to the chagrin of the society page reporters. He is, in his Prussian way, dedicated to his wife.

HRH Prince Albert designed the security surrounding his children, with guardrooms, twisting hallways, secret passages, and locks that only Albert himself has the keys to. Later, with the rise of magic, Albert worked directly with Mr. Fairchild to secure the palace, and more importantly his family, from arcane threat. Prince Albert has more knowledge of magic theory than one might guess. Although he does not have the talent for it, he has studied magic with the same fervent determination he has applied to all other subjects that have caught his interest. He's also a passable engineer and a landscape designer of considerable skill.

– Djehuty Jones

Her Imperial and Royal Highness The German Crown Princess, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal, Crown Princess of Prussia

Note: A deeper assay of the Princess Royal, her husband, their family, and their lives together may be found in the Prussia volume of this series.

Born 21 November 1840 after a pregnancy where HM Victoria survived her first assassination attempt, and established the tradition of appearing at the theatre afterwards, Vicky's childhood was marked by both intellectual and social repression and overexposure. Albert and Vicky were favourites of each other, with a stronger parent-child bond than any of the rest of the family. This encouraged Vicky, but also led Albert to demand much more of her than any of his later children.

The Kensington System of education, designed by Baron Stockner of Coburg, Albert's best friend and senior-most advisor, loaded Vicky down with lessons in arithmetic, geography, and history from eight in the morning to six at night. The princess, bright and precocious, learned French at the age of eighteen months and German at four. Vicky also showed great talent for art. Even such a bright and inquisitive mind though began to be crushed under the weight of Stockner's program. At the same time, the praise heaped upon her for her achievements resulted in an egotistical child.

This situation came to an end in Vicky's mid teens, when she was betrothed to Prince Frederick, heir to the Prussian throne. While the match was unpopular among the citizenry, the Crimean War being fresh in everyone's minds, the two were wed on 25 January 1858 in the Chapel

Royal of St James' Palace. When she turned eighteen, Vicky and her new husband moved into the Neue Palais, at one end of Sans Souci park in Potsdam. Some of the rooms had bats roosting in them. Over the next thirty years, Vicky would remodel the Palais, built by Frederick the Great to resemble Versailles, into a proper and sumptuous royal residence. Most of the money came from an allowance of eight thousand pounds a year granted by Parliament, as Frederick's allowance of nine thousand thalers didn't cover his operating expenses as Prince, much less allow for remodelling.

The situation went from bad to worse. Queen Augusta was not going to have the British princess sharing her spotlight. Vicky suffered an increasing number of snubs and slights. Her attempts to forge an intellectual bond with Bismarck over Lassalle's ideas backfired horribly. Vicky was a staunch supporter of gender equality, and argued for women to attend Prussian universities and work in national bureaucracy. When it finally came about, however, the institutions had been subtly remodelled under Bismarck's view of military socialism, and proved a bitter reward.

The Austro-Prussian War of 1866 split the family, with Fritz commanding Prussian troops, and Princess Alice's husband Louis commanding Hessian forces in support of Austria. Louis' death at Koniggratz opened a rift between Alice and Vicky that has yet to heal. Vicky remains isolated from her family, on the far side of a conflict she did not start.

His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, KG, KGCSI, FRS, KGCB, KT, KP, GCMG

Born 9 November 1841, Bertie, as the family called him, won acclaim from Disraeli as a budding politician with his charm and ready social grace, but disappointed his parents with his academic performance under the Kensington System. Bertie's education ran directly against his natural tendencies, emphasizing the intellectual, where he lagged, and ignoring the physical, where he could have excelled. Once he moved on to Oxford, and then to Cambridge, and was able to study in his own way, his performance blossomed.

Bertie had intended to travel to North America in 1860, but rising hostilities of the War of Secession precluded the trip. Instead, he was gazetted as a colonel in the military, and sent to Prussia as a student observer. During this trip, Bertie was introduced to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, whom HM Victoria and HRH Prince Albert had already betrothed him to. It would be two more years before the couple would wed, though, and Bertie's long bachelorhood caused

Vicky was particularly horrid to her first three children – Wilhelm (Willy), Charlotte, and Henry – partly because she thought they were slow, unable to keep up intellectually. Vicky was in many ways worse than her mother, judgemental, sharp-tongued, impatient. She doted on Sigismund, her fourth. Sadly, in 1866, as Vicky was recovering from Moretta's delivery (fifth child, officially Victoria), Sigismund came down with meningitis, right after Fritz had left to take command of the Prussian 2nd Army. Two weeks later, Sigi died. Fritz turned down an offer of compassionate leave to attend Sigi's funeral, knowing that his military duty took precedence. Vicky had to put aside mourning in September, for the triumphal march of the Prussian Army into Berlin. In the six years following Sigi's death, Vicky had three more children: a fourth son, Waldemar, born in 1868, followed by two daughters, Sophie, born in 1870, and Margaret ("Mossy"), born two years later. Last year, Waldemar, who had tremendous promise, came down with diphtheria. Willy sat an all night vigil for his brother at Friedenskirche, but on 27 March 1879, Waldemar died. – Djehuty Jones

Vicky's lady in waiting, Walpurga "Wally" Hohenthal, was the one who first suggested Alexandra of Denmark as a potential bride for Bertie. Controversy over the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, disputed between Germany and Denmark, was exacerbated when HM Victoria chose a Dane over a Prussian for the heir to the British throne.
 – Djehuty Jones

considerable worry, and provided substantial opportunity for the young prince to get himself into trouble.

From Prussia, Bertie went to The Curragh, a military training camp and headquarters of Ireland's County Kildare army district. While there for officer training, attached to the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, Bertie was presented with Nellie Clifden, a local actress, by his fellow officers, and lost his virginity. Not until 12 November did the news reach Prince Albert by way of Baron Stockmar. Albert saw the affair as potentially lethal to Bertie's impending engagement. Still recuperating from

Baron Stockmar had Nellie Clifden removed from Ireland and, under military escort in mufti, sent to Belgium, where she attended a series of spas, ending up in a sanatorium. She died during a fit of insanity, according to hospital records. Of interest, her mental symptoms, which began in November 1861, closely resembled atropine poisoning, which funnily enough had been crystallized by a Prussian pharmacist, Heinrich F. G. Mein, in 1831.

The rift created between Stockmar and Albert when the prince found out that Stockmar had Nellie taken away affected the children's education, as Albert began questioning everything Stockmar said, did, or recommended. The affair ended a long friendship. Stockmar remained at court under close watch, and managed a few petty intrigues, but everyone knew he had lost favour with Albert and had been rendered ineffectual. The Kensington System, already discredited by its failure with Bertie, was abandoned in favour of more traditional British educational methods.

– Djehuty Jones

surgery, Albert left for Cambridge, as Bertie had enrolled in classes after leaving Ireland at the end of his military training. The trip nearly killed him, but Albert and Bertie managed to have a serious discussion of the affair. Chastised, Bertie sorted out his behaviour, caused no more potential scandals, and dutifully wed Alexandra on 10 March 1863 at St George's Chapel in Windsor Castle.

Once wed, and settled in Marlborough House, Bertie and Alexandra became fixtures in British high society. Sadly, Bertie soon reverted to his philandering ways, at least according to the gossip-mongers and more scurrilous journalists. This came to a head with the 1869 lawsuit by Sir Charles Mordaunt, who named Bertie as a co-respondent in his divorce. While the crown prince was cleared of the charge of adultery, the damage to his reputation and that of the royal family was considerable. In 1871, Bertie came down with typhoid. Dr. Anderson was summoned, and once the fever broke and Bertie began to recover, he and Alexandra left for Paris. At last report, Bertie was a regular customer at *Le Chabanaïs*, known as the finest brothel in the city.

Princess Alice Maud Mary, Grand Duchess consort of Hesse and by Rhine

Born 25 April 1843, Princess Alice was a natural diplomat, kind, generous, forgiving, reasonable, and with a good sense of when to press an advantage and when to retreat. HM Victoria gave Alice credit for being the only member of the family able to manage Bertie. With the disposal of the Kensington System, Albert began personally tutoring Alice, shaping a princess into an ideological weapon. Long hours and the strain of ruling in Victoria's name had begun to take a serious toll on his health, however, and in 1861, with Albert

still frail from his paralysis and subsequent surgery, Alice became the family caregiver. She attended the Queen Mother during her decline and death, and then her own mother during the period of her grieving.

The business of dynasties had to continue, and on 30 April 1861, Alice was engaged to Prince Louis of Hesse. They married on 1 July 1862 in St. George's Chapel, in the Lower Ward of Windsor Castle. PM Lord Palmerston had won a dowry of thirty thousand pounds for Alice, not exactly a fortune. The controversy over a palace for Louis and Alice created substantial resentment against Alice on the part of the Hessians. The couple remained in London for several years, allowing the palace issue in Hesse to die down. Alice spent December 1861 through June 1862 acting as Victoria's secretary. Louis did not accede to the throne of Hesse and the Rhine until 1877, by which time HM Victoria and HRH Albert were back to being able to manage on their own.

In April 1863, Alice gave birth to Victoria Alberta Elizabeth Matilda Marie, at Windsor. The court chaplain came over from Darmstadt for the christening. In 1864, a second daughter, Elizabeth, known as Ella, followed. Finally, in 1866, Louis and Alice moved to Darmstadt and took possession of the New Palace, a Piccadilly mansion heavily subsidized by the British crown. Alice, a strong believer in the work of Florence Nightingale and the public health efforts of Dr. John Snow and others, devoted considerable effort to improving the health care of Hesse. She started visiting the locals, with just a single lady in waiting as companion, to see to women in childbirth. She brought over a few of the early graduates of the Anderson Medical School, leading toward England becoming a world leader in medicine. This gave the British Empire an advantage in technology and science, at a time when Prussians were surpassing Britain's steam with electricity. The New Palace became headquarters for Alice's charitable and medical efforts. Sadly, this only lasted a few months.

The 2nd Prussian Unification War of 1866, one of a series of German civil wars, broke out, with Bismarck taking Holstein over the efforts of Austria and Hesse. On their fourth wedding anniversary, Louis took command of Hessian cavalry and left Alice, close to her due date, at Darmstadt. Alice sent Victoria and Ella to London, expecting to travel to the front and oversee the field hospitals as soon after delivery as she could. Alice even forwarded a letter from Florence Nightingale to Louis. Two days later, at Koniggratz, the new Prussian needle gun slaughtered forty-four thousand of Austria and Hesse's forces, including Louis.

Alice gave birth to a son as Prussian troops entered Darmstadt. The grand duke was accidentally killed by Prussian soldiers looting the old palace. With the line of succession down to an infant just days old, Hesse had no choice but to surrender. Berlin took over, leaving Alice as regent to her son, and Hesse impoverished, with its rail, postal, and telegraph revenue taken over by the Prussian imperial government. Hesse never regained its independence, becoming a duchy of Prussia in the unification. Bismarck was said to be sad at the deaths of the royal line, but unapologetic in his correspondence with Victoria in London. Alice's daughters became a point of contention, held in the British Empire but Hessian, and thus Prussian, by birth. The Prussians sacked Darmstadt; it took a generation to recover. The enmity between Queen Victoria and Bismarck, over the treatment of Alice and her children, echoes down to today, with England and Prussia intermarried as European Protestant nations are, but at serious odds with each other, close relatives with old grudges who cannot abide each other's company.

While predisposed to be empathetic, Alice has a sharp tongue, and is often critical of those who do not share her sense of duty and compassion. This had driven a rift between her and her mother that was not resolved by her attendance during the Queen's mourning.

– Djehty Jones

The death of Louis mended the rift between Alice and Victoria. Not content to see her daughter and grandchildren surviving on the pittance afforded them by the Prussians, Victoria obtained a widow's pension for Alice from Parliament. Alice spent the next decades trying to be reunited with her daughters, but unable due to their status as bargaining chips between England and Prussia. She threw herself into her nursing work, eventually becoming an open supporter of the Nightingale Sisters, breaking her friendship with Florence. Alice's work with the Darmstadt Women's Union and the Sisters left barely enough time to see to her son's upbringing. The boy, christened Louis Victor, was taken from her at the age of eight, to be trained up as a Prussian noble.

In 1869, the Prussian treasury began to allocate public money for Alice's causes. In the 1870s, the socialist reforms expanded on that. Alice found a new life as a health care administrator, being appointed Minister of Health for the Hesse-Darmstadt Department. She now oversees both the Princess Alice Society for Women's Training and Industry and the Princess Alice Women's Guild.

Frederick blamed himself. If he had taken the throne, if King William had not appointed Bismarck, the wars of unification would not have occurred, or perhaps would have been later. He sent a number of apologies to Alice, which of course were intercepted and read, causing problems between him and the king. This laid the foundations for Frederick's increasing rebelliousness and ongoing conflict with King William and Bismarck, that ended with the prince and his family being sent to the Gruv to claim a new Prussian land.

– Djehuty Jones

Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh

Born 6 August 1844, Alfred was never destined to hold the throne of England. While he stood second in line behind Bertie, once Alexandra delivered a son, he moved down to third, and then further down as more children arrived. He missed an opportunity to accede to the throne of Greece following the abdication of King Otto when HM Victoria refused to agree to the plan. As a consolation prize, he was created Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Ulster, and Earl of Kent in 1866, and took a seat in the House of Lords. A naval officer, Alfred rose to captain of HMS *Galatea* in 1867. In 1874, Alfred married the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, daughter of Tsar Alexander II, in St. Petersburg. HM Victoria gave Princess Beatrice the Victoria and Albert Order as an apology for not letting her attend. After an abortive attempt to enter London society, complicated by a fearful row over the order of precedence, the couple relocated to Malta, where Alfred rose to rear admiral and took office as admiral superintendent of naval reserves. Admiral Prince Alfred remains on station, with his flag aboard HMS *Penelope*, in the current day.

Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, Princess Christian of House Augenberg of Schleswig-Holstein

Born 25 May 1846, Helena, nicknamed Lenchen by her father, was good at physical pursuits, but tended toward fat when kept sedentary. By the standards of the Kensington System, she was an utter failure; thankfully, the System was discontinued before her mother's scorn had much of an effect. She was good with her hands, and with machinery and clockwork. If she'd been male, none of this would have been a problem. As it was, when she reached her teen years, and was blocked from the things she was good at, she lapsed into apathy. Under the pressure to conform to royal standards, Lenchen fell silent, becoming dull, dutiful, and trying to avoid attention.

Casting about for someone who would have such a daughter, and be willing to live nearby, HM Victoria settled on Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. This immediately caused a row, as Prussia had taken the duchies from both Denmark and Austria in the Schleswig Wars and the Austro-Prussian War. The prince's family, however, still claimed the title of Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. By proposing to betroth her daughter to Prince Christian, HM Victoria would be legitimizing the claim of the Augustenberg family and opposing both Prussia and Denmark. On top of this political awkwardness, Bertie's wife, Alexandra, was the daughter of King Christian IX of Denmark, and confronted the Queen directly over the matter, proclaiming "The Duchies belong to Papa!" in a public argument. Alice stood with Alexandra and Bertie, pointing out that Lenchen marrying Christian would upset the Hohenzollerns. As well, Christian was fifteen years older than Lenchen, and the whole thing was being orchestrated for Victoria's convenience. This forthrightness on Princess Alice's part did not go over well.

Unfortunately, not even HRH Prince Albert could argue Victoria round on the subject. The engagement was proclaimed on 5 December 1863. Three months later, on 6 March 1864, Denmark politically annexed Schleswig. The Augustenberg line was formally set aside, first by Denmark in the annexation, then by Prussia when it sent a declaration of war to Denmark contingent on the status of Schleswig. Denmark backed down and ceded the territory, not wanting to fight for it a third time after two straight losses. This eliminated Christian's claim to the throne and left Lenchen's future husband with an empty title, no property, no income, and no prospects. Just to put a cherry atop the Napoleon, Vicky and Fritz supported the claim of the Augustenbergs, which put them in opposition to Bismarck, Alexandra, Bertie, and Alice.

Nevertheless, Her Majesty's will would not be stayed. On 5 December 1865, two years to the day after the banns had been published, Princess Helena and Prince Christian were wed in St. George's Chapel of Windsor Castle. The family agreed to set aside their differences to make the day a happy occasion, and all attended on best behaviour. Two years went by with the couple touring Europe, doing charity work in London, and having no children. People nodded, and affirmed that they knew the prince had been too old. Then in 1867, Lenchen delivered Prince Christian Victor. Prince Albert John followed two years later, and then Princess Helena Victoria in 1870, officially nicknamed Thora but known to the family as Snipe because of her long face. Princess Marie Louise arrived in 1872, the last of Lenchen's children to survive. While Prince Frederick Harald lived long enough to be christened, he died at the age of eight days. In 1877, Lenchen delivered a stillborn child, and her doctors advised her to avoid further pregnancies.

HM Victoria asked Louise to commission a memorial for Lenchen's children. Louise carved it herself, although Aimee-Jules Dalou was first considered. The princess created an angel paired with two small children. The memorial was installed at Frogmore. Prince Christian and Princess Helena visit it to pay respects on the birthdays of Frederick Harald and the unnamed child. Lenchen continues to immerse herself in charity work and the raising of her four surviving children, among other efforts being one of the founders of the British Red Cross, during the Franco-Prussian War.

There's absolutely no truth to the rumour that Princess Helena and Florence Nightingale are very close friends indeed. None at all.
– Djehuty Jones

Princess Louise Caroline Alberta

Born 18 March, 1848, Princess Louise annoyed HRH Albert by being out of sequence, breaking the chain of girl then boy. She has continued to annoy her parents ever since. A brilliant artist, Louise is never seen without pencil and sketch pad. Her relationship with Edward Corbould, the royal drawing master, reached a level of uncle and favoured niece. HRH Albert has taken considerable interest in her art, and encouraged it, which has been a cause of friction between himself and Victoria. She sees her sons as military and political leaders, and her daughters as marriage tokens, to be spent on political alignments. The royal family is superior, and should never compete with the rest of society in any way. Daughters of high families do not pursue careers, well, other than perhaps medicine. Having a princess who is talented at sculpture Victoria sees as unfortunate. Her Majesty relented when Louise served as backup to Alice after Albert's crash, paralysis, and subsequent illness and surgery, Helena not having the emotional fortitude.

At the age of eighteen, in 1866, Louise went to the Kensington National Art Training School. Her class attendance was somewhat erratic, as she had to take over from Alice, recently departed for Hesse. A bit overworked as a result, Louise divided her time between her duties to the Queen, her time with HRH Albert, and her art classes. Her time at the art school caused a minor scandal as she began spending considerable time at the studio of Joseph Edgar Boehm, the Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen. Boehm had profited considerably from royal patronage, and went on to create the famous statues of Victoria and Albert at Windsor Great Park. A whisper went up that Louise and Boehm were more than just student and master. It died quickly, partly due to HRH Albert's stern disapproval and partly to the fact that Louise was never unescorted. The rumour hurt Louise considerably, though, and while her sculpture went on to achieve considerable proficiency, the sadness in the eyes of her figures was often remarked upon.

HM Victoria attempted to arrange the marriage of Louise to Frederick, crown prince of Denmark, largely because it would upset the Prussians. Alice had just lost Louis, and Hesse had been absorbed into Prussia by Bismarck. Victoria sought to strengthen Britain's allies against the Prussians. However, this time her family was able to argue her round to a less provocative approach.

Vicky tried to set Louise up with Prince Albrecht of Prussia, who was rich and physically imposing. She was savagely rebuked by the Queen for this, both for trying to marry Louise to a Prussian so soon after the Prussians killed Alice's husband, and for trying to set up her sister with a man Louise so obviously disliked.

– Djehuty Jones

Instead, a match was made with John, Marquess of Lorne, heir to the Duke of Argyll. Louise had fallen rather desperately in love with the admittedly dashing and well travelled young nobleman. While Lorne was rather too lowly placed for a proper royal match, he would make a nicely bland choice for a fourth daughter, having made absolutely no impression during his time in the Commons. On 21 March 1871, the couple were wed in St George's Chapel at Windsor.

Over the next few years, Louise founded and underwrote the Ladies' Work Society, which taught craft skills to women of the upper and middle classes who had fallen into poverty, with a shop in Sloane Square, a respectable address. Lorne did his best to not cause scandal, although the facts that the couple had no children, and Lorne was frequently seen in the company of Lord Ronald Gower, Morton Fullerton, and the Count de Mauny, resulted in considerable coverage in the more salacious newspapers.

Two years ago, PM Disraeli appointed Lorne the new Governor-General of Canada. Louise suffers from facial neuralgia exacerbated by cold. The news of her husband's position was not exactly

welcome. The trip and the reception in Ottawa were the stuff of legends – terrible weather during the Atlantic crossing, PM Sir John A. Macdonald too drunk to meet Lorne and Louise on their arrival, and the Canadian press not quite actively hostile to the imposition of royalty on a frontier society. Since then, though, Louise has remodelled Rideau Hall from something that might have been home to a successful wholesale grocer in Wimbledon into a palatial villa, with an art studio, murals painted by Louise herself, and sufficient warmth to keep her comfortable. A cloud of seal fur and white wool envelops her when she goes out sledding or skating, or anywhere else half the year for that matter, fending off the cold. Lorne has not developed the sort of friends he had in London. Whether this means he has changed his ways, or learned to be more discreet, remains to be seen.

Oh, please. He's not going to change his preferred company, that doesn't happen and you know it. He's learned to whistle, that's all.
– Djehuty Jones

Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, Earl of Sussex

Born 1 May 1850, Prince Arthur has been fascinated lifelong by the military, in part because of his being named after one of Britain's greatest military heroes. He enrolled at the Royal Military College, Woolwich, at the age of sixteen, graduating at eighteen with a commission as a lieutenant in the Corps of Royal Engineers. He transferred to the Royal Regiment of Artillery in 1868, and to the Rifle Brigade in 1869. The prince has served in South Africa, Canada, and Ireland, and is currently posted to Egypt.

During his Canadian service, Prince Arthur made a state visit across the border to the Union, meeting with the President. He also attended the opening of the Canadian Parliament in Ottawa, being the first of the royal family to do so, years ahead of the arrival of Princess Louise. He made such an impression on the Iroquois that they granted him a name in the tribe and a title as a chief, allowing him to sit on their councils.

Arthur married Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia on 13 March 1879, in between postings, in St George's Chapel at Windsor. The couple has not yet been blessed with children, but it's only been a year.

Leopold George Duncan Albert, DCL

Born 7 April 1853, Leopold has proven himself the brightest of HM Victoria's children, with only the Princess Royal able to keep up with him. Leopold, born sickly and suffering, so it is rumoured, of the bleeding disease of the royal line, haemophilia, has overcome his physical limitations to become his mother's confidential secretary, handling her most private of correspondence and filing. While this has alleviated some of the burden Prince Albert carries, it has nonetheless annoyed His Royal Highness, who has never quite learned how to delegate.

Prince Leopold studied law at Christ Church, Oxford, earning a doctorate in civil law in 1876. He became a privy councillor in 1874, and privy secretary to Queen Victoria in 1877, given the key to the Foreign Office box. The prince has also served as an emissary of Her Majesty in Europe. Barred

Some have tried to blame Leopold's condition on Her Majesty's use of chloroform in childbirth, administered by Dr. John Snow. These same thick-headed dolts blame the rain this afternoon on the fact that the Prime Minister sneezed during this morning's Parliamentary address.
– Djehuty Jones

from military service because of his frail constitution, he has become a master of chess, and was president of the Oxford University Chess Club during his later years at university.

Thus far, Prince Leopold has not found a suitable wife. After six failed courtships, HM Victoria has stepped in, being released from her promise to HRH Albert that her matchmaking days were over. Princess Helene Friederike has been proposed, but the political ramifications of yet another Prussian marrying into the British royal household may put her aside.

Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore

Born 14 April 1857, Beatrice became the second of Victoria's children to be born with the help of chloroform anaesthesia. A bright, vivacious young woman, she's certainly put paid to the rumours both of weakness in the royal line and the effects of Dr. Snow's medications, at least among those with half a brain. Growing from a role as emotional support, at the age of four, to her mother when the Duchess of Kent died, to social secretary for the Queen, Beatrice has forsworn marriage in favour of the traditional role of the youngest child as their parents' support in old age. A brief flirtation with a possible engagement to Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France, came to an abrupt end when the Prince Imperial died in southern Africa, taking eighteen Zulu spears during a botched military expedition.

Princess Beatrice has made favourable impressions among both the aristocracy and the populace. PM Disraeli gave Beatrice an enamelled bee pin when she was eight, that she still wears when she goes to meet with him.

Henry Albert William

Born 14 May 1864, Prince Henry was proclaimed the Miracle Child by the London press. HM Victoria's tenth pregnancy, against the advice of her doctors, had succeeded. While some ribald jokes were made about Prince Albert obviously still being capable, even after his paralysis, commenting on the prince's virility could be dangerous. A sort of mania gripped the country for weeks, with photographs of the young prince popping up on every newspaper's front page, and Henry memorabilia in shop windows across the Empire.

Sadly, Prince Henry died two weeks after his twelfth birthday in 1876. While riding at Balmoral, Henry's pony was stung by a hornet. His injuries were complicated by a fall down a small cliff and into a rocky stream after the pony threw him. HM Victoria withdrew into mourning for two years, during which time HRH Albert became the effective face of the monarchy. Once the grief of the nation had passed, patience began to be lost with a mother who still had nine other children and an Empire to tend to. Fortunately, the Empire has had HRH Albert to guide it, to create the Silver Exhibition, and to bring our Queen back to herself and back to the wheel of the ship of state.

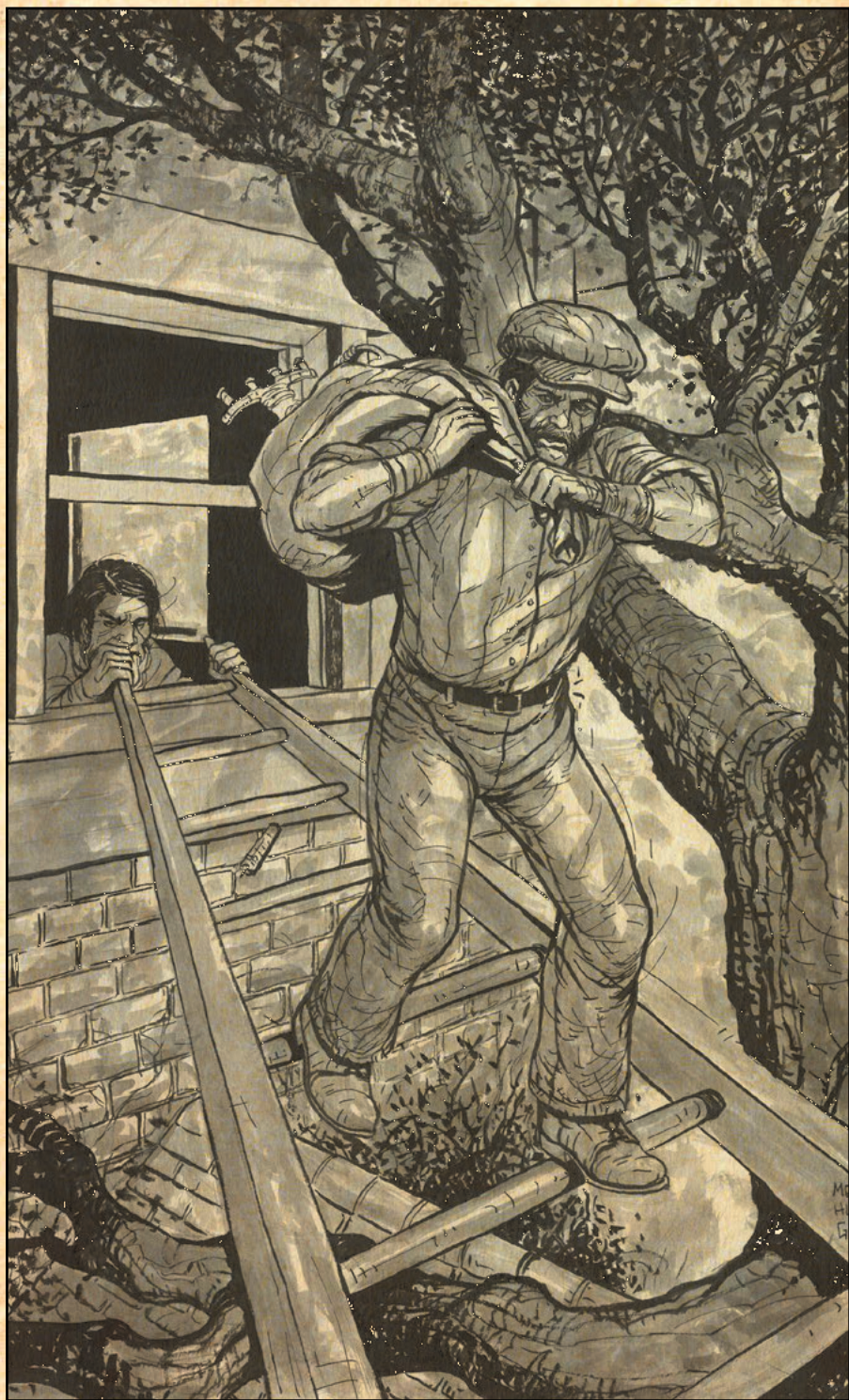
She will still not return to Balmoral. The town had become the focus of a weaving industry operated by the families of the estate's servants. A savings bank, library, and shops were later added. Following Prince Henry's death, and Balmoral being shunned by Victoria, the weaving industry faltered. The recent demands for plaid for military uniforms for units shipping off to the Gruv has helped revive it.



Nobody has yet discovered who Djehuty Jones is. In one of his more scurrilous endeavours, a waggish commentary within the very pages of what was intended as a scholarly commentary on the Royal Family for the edification of the public, Jones claimed to be a journeyman typesetter. Strenuous investigation at the print shops where the book was composed and sent to press turned up no such individual. How the type got into the composition plates, and the page count adjusted, without the proofers noticing, has yet to be determined. Jones has signed his name to various other bits of highly irreverent, some might even say seditious, waggery since. Given the name he uses, and the quality of his writing, some level of scholarship is assumed. The Welsh surname Jones is held by so many in Wales that they have to be known by nickname, hence Jones the Roll who is a baker, and Jones the Dead who is an undertaker. It's not even certain that Jones is male. Who would pay as close attention, even in these enlightened times when we are ruled by a Queen of surpassing brilliance and ability, to a woman working quietly at a composing board? Holdovers of behaviour from just a single generation ago, when women were expected to be subservient, quiet, and hold no opinions of their own, are still in the minds of far too many of Her Majesty's subjects, and provide ample camouflage within which a woman of ability may conceal herself.

– The Lady of Seville





LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Crime and Criminals

Mischief is best enacted in small groups at very close quarters.

– Ferdinand Lisle

The Criminal Underworld

All the way down at the bottom of the social ladder lies the realm of the professional criminal, the person who makes their living by breaching the Queen's peace. Not all of these are hardened street toughs. The average Londoner passes by this sort every day and does not recognise them for what they are. If they were easy to spot, they wouldn't be successful enough to have turned professional, now, would they?

Their society has its own rules, its own measures of fame, its well known and its shunned. Some have acquired nick-names, while others have not, and a few live under assumed names, which may themselves be well known. This chapter delves into the world of the ream flash pull, where not everyone carries a barker, but them what plays the crooked cross gets nobbled one way or another.

From Yokel's Preceptor (LONDON: Printed and Published by H. SMITH, 37, Holywell-street, Strand.):

It was at this place a dinner was given on the escape of the notorious Acland, who was indicted, with others, last January, for keeping a gambling house in the Quadrant. Suppers and wine of the most superior description are to be had here, though at expensive charges. The rooms are frequented by some of the first in the land, as well as well known characters on town, among whom may be seen nightly, the two Bonds, Jerry Hawthorn, Carney, Sweet Lavender, the Leviens, the Flash Tailor, old Burge, Black Smith, Snapper Red Cap, Young, Jockey George, and others; Mistresses Devenish, Edwards, and Buchanan the notorious "female gamblers," of Hereford-street; Fanny King, of Lancaster-street; Hannah Davis, the Frith-street Jewess; Mrs. Nelson, commonly called the Admiral; Mrs. Spencer, alias Gooch (the unfortunate Mr. H. Spencer, who ran through an immense fortune, and is now confined in a mad house, was the victim of this female, whom he first accidentally met at Goodered's Saloon); Mrs. Gale, of 26, Church-street; Miss Wilson, of Church-row, Waterloo-road; the outpourings of Mother Wood's brothels; the two Jewesses; and the "young ladies" of the infamous Mother Sparrow's den. As a warning to the deluded many who frequent this place and bask in the smiles of a Devenish or a Buchanan, we select the following tale of the ruin of a young gentleman, that - be relied upon-it was related by an intimate friend of his:

Gambling and Entertainment

Much of London's criminal underworld is involved in the vice industry. This includes gambling of all sorts, from cards and dice to fighting; prostitution; drugs; and a variety of entertainments that are only mentioned in the most impolite of company.

Fighting

Not every bare-knuckle bout down by the Isle of Dogs is fixed, but enough are to keep the more alert punter wary of risking a shilling. Those in the know move pounds with each brawl. The more reputable pugilists who fight Queensbury in the arenas still have influence worked upon them, but nowhere near so openly or often, and certainly never in a way that would draw attention from a Scotland Yard inspector who lost five quid on a match that didn't line up with the fighters' previous performances. These are men-only events. Not even the most hardened Whitechapel harlot will risk entering a hall full of men whose bloodlust is up from watching two of their own pound each other into cat's-meat.

Animal baiting and fighting still happens, and not always in the rougher areas. Between Parliament and Millbank used to stand a house owned by one William Aberfield, better known as Slender Billy, who staged bear-baiting and dog-fighting. This was torn down during the Embankment project and the northwest corner of Victoria Tower Gardens now occupies the area. Harlequin Billy's bear and badger baiting establishment is still open for business in Whitechapel, with fights at eight o'clock in the evening every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, although effort and contacts are required to find it, as it floats between the cellars of eight different buildings to avoid the Peelers. Considerable sums of money are gambled on the outcome of each bout, resulting in a

tense atmosphere, beyond what the blood-sport and cruelty foster on their own. Attendees to these events should be on their guard, as only the worst sort normally goes to such, and we speak here of character, not of social class. Keep your jacket buttoned tightly and be awake for pick-pockets in the crowd.

Gaming Houses

Gambling-dens are rife throughout London, from dice games in the back rooms of East End pubs to Crockford's in St. James Street, a gentleman's gambling club founded in 1816 and featuring its own chef, invitation-only membership, and a late supper laid on during the parliamentary season. Games here may be cards or dice. The establishment may offer tables, side amenities such as cigars and alcohol, in-house prostitutes, or a full casino experience to rival Monte Carlo.

The More Reputable Gambling Dens

Crockford's, St. James's street
Travellers' Club House, Pall Mall
Stranger's Club House, Regent Street
6 James's Square, Cracraft, Stretch, Aldridge, and others
2 James's Square, Dee and others
5 King Street, St. James's, Jackson, Russells, Pooke, and others
5 Bury Street, Jew Barnett and others
15 Bury Street, Jones, Parry, Smith, Norton and others
24 St. James's Street, Pooke, Russell and others
26 St. James's Street, E. J. and R. Bond
72 St. James's Street, Captain Peyton, Jones and others
4 Park Place, Wheeler and Goodered
12 Park Place, Russell, Da Costa, Cripps and others.
13 Park Place, Mazenghee and others.
60 Jermyn Street, Lisle.
70 Jermyn Street, G. Pope, Chapman and others.
107 Jermyn Street, Wood, Thompson and others.
5 Pickering Place, Croft, Aston, and others.
Saloon, Piccadilly, Goodered.
54 Quadrant, the Bonds and others.
64 Quadrant, Mapham, Cannon and others.
235 Regent Street, James Russell, Oldfield and others.
6 Air Street, Piccadilly, Acland, Morgan, Lavender and others.
Sans Souci Saloon, Leicester Square, Levy and others.

Goodered's

Goodered's Flash Saloon in Piccadilly has gained a reputation as a hotbed of vice. How much so it actually is depends on how long it's been since the last police raid.

From Yokel's Preceptor (London: Printed and Published by H. Smith, 37, Holywell-street, Strand):

This hotbed of vice was kept by the notorious Goodered. The police rarely interfere here, where nightly brawls and debaucheries are carried on openly and with impunity and where, if a stranger chances to enter, not only his property but his life is endangered by contact with ruffians of the most depraved and scandalous character. Goodered was not brought up to any trade by his parents, who were poor people. When about 22 years of age, he was employed as a traveller to carry out a jeweller's box by a Mr. Edwards, who had a large establishment at the Commercial Hall, Skinner-street destroyed by fire).

After being some time in his employ, he left him and commenced master on his own account, which he continued for some time, until he became acquainted with some flash men upon town, and he ultimately opened the Saloon, where he has so often figured before the public. We extract the following from the "Satirist":—

"About six months back, a gardener, in the employ of Goodered, the keeper of the infamous Saloon, in Piccadilly, cut his throat—a few days ago his successor, one Fenton, did the same, and now lies, without hope of recovery, in the Middlesex Hospital. In addition to those suicidal acts, last Sunday, a servant (a man of the name of Lofthouse), employed in taking care of the Doncaster Betting Rooms, of which Goodered is lessee, destroyed himself and was found suspended in one of the rooms on the premises. When it is remembered, too, that Goodered's brother-in-law suffered the penalty of death at the Old Bailey, some years back, what a dreadful train of reflection is engendered ! Here are three suicides, occurring within the short space of six months, of servants in the employ of a man who derives his subsistence from the profligate sources of prostitution and gaming !"

Prostitution

The sex trade permeates London like all other cities, whether they want to admit it or not. For the most part women, prostitutes are not normally the vulgarly dressed and overly made up whores of Punch cartoons. Rather, they dress as well as they can for their station, and use a gentle hand with cosmetics, if they apply such at all. Men of London, and the customers are nearly all men, appear to prefer their illicit companionship to align with the accepted standards of appearance.

The dockyards generally have a large population of prostitutes. Granby Street, beside Waterloo Station, has become notorious. Some of the women in this area are not prostitutes, precisely, but kept women with multiple male partners. Some describe themselves as having six to ten husbands, men who think them their wives when they are ashore.

As to where to find such, it depends partly on the area of the city. Streetwalkers in the East End make themselves known to potential customers through enticing speech. In the West End, the signals that a woman's virtue is negotiable are much more subtle, and men make the initial approach. The area between Leicester Square, already notorious itself, and the Haymarket, north of the Strand around Panton Street, and around Exeter Street off the Strand, have become so disreputable that cab drivers sometimes try to extort their passengers just for going there. Unaccompanied women in the cheap seats of the theatre are generally assumed to be prostitutes, and will certainly be treated as such by the rougher sort. Of late, this has resulted in considerable chagrin, a few injuries, and a full-on donnybrook when female soldiers attended the theatre out of uniform and in the section their pay could cover.

The Cross Keys Inn, Gracechurch Street, has rooms for 4s a night, but they can be had for a brief period just by calling for wine. The markup on the wine includes the cost of the room. However, a short visit means a short visit. These are hot-sheets hotels.
– Constantine Raffishesque

The Empire has no laws governing women's relationships with each other. It's as if the men who wrote the laws either couldn't conceive of such a thing happening, or found the idea of it titillating and quietly allowed it to happen. Men's relationships, on the other hand, have been strictly regulated for hundreds of years. Of late, the laws have gotten more severe. There's going to come a point where men at a cricket match are going to be afraid to thump each other on the shoulder after scoring a six.
– Ivy

Accommodation houses are places to take a woman for a brief time, or overnight. Some are rooms over coffee houses, others resemble private homes but for the door to the street being left open, with a gaslight just inside with a red or blue transparent blind.

The introducing house does not employ resident prostitutes, instead renting out space to women who go there to work. Some pubs operate as introducing houses, with the women using the upstairs rooms.

Molly houses cater to a very particular trade, with men done up as women. Generally, these are only found in the more posh areas. Some of them back up onto a more traditional brothel, so that customers may enter the house of women, then pass through to seek their satisfaction among their own kind. Very rarely do mollies work the streets, the danger there being considerable, not only from the Peelers, but from men who violently disapprove of such doings and the very real possibility of being beaten to death.

Thieves and Robbers

Crimes against person and property have not risen to the alarming levels the tabloids would have their readership believe. One has only to look back a few generations, to the times of the coaching-inn and the highwayman, for an era when a gentleman did not travel unarmed under any circumstances, and a lady did not travel without an armed escort. That said, sales of stiff leather gorgets to protect against strangulation, and the martial art of bartitsu, or self defence using a walking stick, have both made small fortunes for their providers of late.

Mug-Hunters, Dippers, and Bearers-Up

The type of criminal the aristocracy most fears meeting up with, these are the robbers who confront their victim directly, or slip up on them and catch them unawares. What's worse is this happens in public places.

Mug-hunters look for toffs and swells, but also anybody who might seem just a little flush. They threaten violence, or actually perpetrate it, presenting a weapon or straight up attacking their victim to rob them of personal possessions. Some use a noose or garrotte to incapacitate their victim from behind, thus the popularity of the gorget. Every week, the *Illustrated Police Gazette* has a drawing of some gentleman or other fending off a would-be mug-hunter with his walking stick, funnily enough right next to an advertisement for bartitsu lessons.

Pickpockets gained the nickname dippers for tolerably obvious reasons, but this also includes cut-purses, who slit the bottom of a purse and catch what falls out, and purse-snatchers, who grab someone's bag or valise and leg it. Some work alone, relying on manual dexterity and their ability to blend in with the crowd. Others work in teams, with one person to distract the mark, the second to lift their valuables, and a third to collect the take and get it out of the area. Scotland Yard's Arcane Crimes branch recently lent a hand in taking down one of the larger gangs of this sort, with a spell that marked everyone who touched the bait wallets.

Rendering assistance to a woman apparently in distress can be dangerous. Bearers-up stand by and wait for the would-be rescuer to let their guard down. The woman, of course, suffers no actual distress, being an accomplice to the robbers.

Taking advantage of the Gentleman's Code in such a way makes this a particularly heinous crime. Men should not suffer for obeying their better nature and attempting to lend aid. Bearers-up whose victims themselves have allies nearby tend to find themselves in hospital, or the coroner's office, rather than the clink.

– Percival Squallow, Esq.

Cracksmen, Screwsmen, Second-Story Men

Here, the criminal pits themselves not against the victim, but against their security. Can the cracksmen defeat the safe by working out its combination, or drilling out its lock? Can the burglar get into and back out of the building without setting off alarms or being discovered by the watch? The success or failure of their crimes comes down to skill, timing, and a generous dash of luck. Few of these sorts will resort to violence when discovered, and even then, generally only enough to get away. As for the frequency of occurrence, that's rather hard to say. The police tabloids seem to believe there's a wave of burglaries every night. The police are being cagey about statistics of late. Firms that have been burgled tend to make a report to their insurance agency, but may or may not file such with the police, to avoid publicity.

Not all theft requires bracing the victim directly, or breaking through physical security. Some of it occurs in the midst of a well-lit office at noon. Fiddlers got their nickname because they fiddle the books, moving money from their target to their pocket by way of bank draughts, forged invoices, and wire transfers. Byrons don't even have to step into the victim's premises if they can tap the right telegraph line, or swap out a deck of cards or a spool of paper tape while it's in transit. Most office criminals aren't professionals. These tend to be the ones that get caught, though, whether they took a fleeting opportunity on a moment's thought or planned their embezzlement for years. They're just not versed in how to cover their tracks, and not ready to vanish on a moment's notice if the Peelers start sniffing round. In the past two years, with the expansion of the Empire into the Gruv and the opening of fantastic prospects for business concerns, there's been quite the uptick in white-collar crime, some at the celluloid level and a few scandalous cases at the cotton level.

Coiners also don't normally face their victims directly. They create counterfeit money, but often sell it to smashers and snide pinchers at a discount on the face value, leaving it to the purchasers to pass the bad coin for good and take the direct risk. As a rule, coiners stay as mobile as they can, often maintaining a backup set of tools or even a second workshop, so they can abandon the premises and disappear on a moment's notice. Given the efforts of Sir Isaac Newton in the last century to make coinage more difficult to fake, and the ability of the Peelers in the current era to trace a coin back to its maker by spirit or spell, the investment in tools, time, and raw materials just isn't enough to attract many people to the trade these days.

Playing The Ghost

People have been committing crimes, including serious assaults, inspired by fictional or folkloric motifs at least since the early part of the century. Such activities are termed “playing the ghost”, in which someone disguises themselves as a supernatural being in order to terrorize the community. Newspaper reports of these events create short-term panics and then fold back into folklore, and so it goes in a cascading cycle. Such entities as the Hammersmith Ghost and Spring-Heeled Jack, with their iterations over multiple generations, provide ready made disguises for those who would cause mischief of a dangerous or lethal sort, when they’re not the actual hauntings or supernatural entities that people occasionally emulate.

Gangs

Most neighbourhoods have a gang of local toughs. Sometimes these form to protect an ethnic minority against outsiders, such as the Polish gang in Ratcliffe Ward, Stepney, that started because the Peelers weren’t doing much about the street crime rate. The fighting gangs, mostly consisting of younger men and a few women, spend their time picking battles with rival gangs to prove who’s toughest. Then there’s the criminal gangs, ranging from a few local toughs running a protection racket up to organised enterprises like the Mulligan Brothers, which controls much of the vice trade in Shoreditch, and is expanding into neighbouring boroughs.

A Short List of the More Noteworthy Gangs of London

Gang Name	Area	Noteworthy For
Bishopsgate Boys	Bethnal Green	Burglary, Robbery
Bow-commoners	Poplar	Fighting
Dove Row Gang	Hackney	Fighting, Thievery
Gafferney’s Bruisers	Whitechapel	Fighting, Armed Robbery
Brummie Boys	Rotherhite	Dog Fighting
Lambeth Lads	Lambeth	Fighting
Millwallers	Isle of Dogs	Smuggling, Fighting
Tanner’s Devils	Bermondsey	Debt Collection, Protection

The Forty Elephants

An all-female gang of shoplifters and pickpockets, the Forty Elephants use specially tailored garb to hide their stolen goods. Because the norms of the day give women a large amount of privacy, they’re often able to avoid being arrested when a male thief would be caught. The gang has operated for decades and controls much of the territory south of the Thames. The fighting gangs tend to avoid the Forty Elephants, as the women have a fearsome reputation for revenge. They don’t usually kill men who cause them trouble, just remove a few small bits and send them on their way with a slap of boiling pitch for cauterization.

Murderers and Worse

With advances in women's rights, arsenic sales have dropped off a bit, and there's been a dip in the number of suspicious but unprovable poisonings among married men known to be perhaps a bit old fashioned in regard to their wives. These things still happen, of course, along with a wide variety of other poisonings, some deliberate and some accidental. Given the adulterations found in foodstuffs in the marketplace, it's perhaps surprising there aren't more deaths by poison, as it's the dose that makes the toxin, and so many are already teetering on the edge. The makers of antitoxin potions, poison detectors and resistance items, and similar goods won't be going out of business any time soon.

Crimes of passion still lead as the cause of violent murder. Most people die by the hand of someone who was close to them, in the heat of the moment. Close behind are murders done for money, such as to gain an inheritance, or an interest in a firm, or by an overenthusiastic mug-hunter. Those killed by Fenians, or total strangers who did it for pay, or by the criminally insane, or mysteriously strangled with a silken cord and found in a room locked from the inside, show up on the front pages of the tabloids only once in a year or so. Although there does seem to be an uptick in the number of silk cord wielders of late.

After death, further indignities may be visited upon the hapless corpse. Resurrection men and burking have become problems again with the resurgence of magic. Not just the Prometheans want body parts. There's very specific orders being put out, for the left hands of hanged murderers, the eyes of babies, and so forth. Cemetery guns and coffin torpedoes are being used once more.

Adventure Hook: Wasn't Ripe Yet

A pair of resurrection men come round in the wee hours needing a favour. Seems they dug up a live one.

John Casting's Coffee and Tea

Bulls Head Passage #4, Bishopsgate Ward, City of London

Down the street and round the corner from the Royal Exchange, John Casting's has been open since 1812. Brokers no longer actively work in the coffee house, but unofficial, "off book" discussions occur, and everyone wants to know how the market is doing even on their lunch. Three telegraph tickers line up on the bar in the front room, one financial, one news, one "specials".

Hidden among the brokers are the lethal members of Capitol Removals, Ltd. Not a firm hired to relocate a home or office, they instead relocate bodies to untraceable locations after relocating the soul to its punishment or reward. Their business has taken on considerably more in overhead costs in the past few years. What with magicians able to trace the body by a lock of hair, and priests able to sometimes call the soul back to testify as to the circumstances of its release, the efforts required for an untraceable murder have risen considerably in cost and manpower. Those able

A couple of months ago, a prominent department store lost several thousand pounds of merchandise in a single day. The Forty Elephants tidied up and donned their best purloined garments. The Brummie Boys took off their snarling-mastiff belt buckles and put on bowlers and black coats. Together, the two gangs strolled arm in arm into the store, looking like a lot of young middle class couples out for a day of shopping, and left with half the inventory. Nobody thought that such a fiercely women-only gang of shoplifters would team up with men. That mistake won't be made a second time.

— Reginald Forsythe, Illustrated Police Gazette



to afford such services, and of the select clientele allowed to know of their availability, may send a telegram with their membership number and a proposed fee to Jack Ream at Jonathan's. Employees of Capitol Removals working in the telegraph office will see that it gets routed to the Specials ticker at John Casting's. From there, once a specialist has accepted the offer, negotiations are handled through a series of cut-outs and dead drops. The customer and the specialist never meet. The next time you're in a coffee house, or anywhere there's a ticker that's not in an office, look around you and ask, is one of these men or women a cold-blooded killer, waiting for their next assignment?

The coffee house is in Bulls Head Passage, off Lime Street passage behind Leadenhall Market. To get there from the Royal Exchange, go right out of the main entrance onto Threadneedle Street, and cut round to the back of the building on Cornhill. There, go left to follow Cornhill to the east, past the intersection where it becomes Leadenhall Street, and then right on Whittington Avenue. Go through Leadenhall Market to Lime Street Passage, then the second right down Bulls Head Passage, a narrow alley that leads toward Grace Church Street. (Bulls Head Passage is blocked at the Grace Church Street end, thus the roundabout journey.) Look for John Casting's under the shingle of Dick Whittington's Cat.



LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Magical Activity

*For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.
William Shakespeare*

Five days after Mr. Fairchild met with Her Majesty, an emergency session of Parliament was called. In it, many of the laws regarding magic, fortune telling, spiritualism, and the occult were revised or repealed, with the specific exception of a few written in the 1500s that, as is the way of such things, were still on the books. These laws made it a crime to cause the death of a man or his livestock by magic, or “to cause him Harme in Boddie, Mind or Soule, or in Propertie”. This became the basis for modern arcane law. It should be noted that one of the laws, regarding “making Occult signes of a Malevolent Nature toward the Sovereign” is punishable by beheading. By extension, in a concept familiar in the 16th Century and conveyed down to the present day in English common law, the Sovereign includes all authorised representatives of the Crown. This means that casting spells against a constable can result in one’s head being taken off.

Since that session, a good number of bills have been proposed. A few have even passed. Thus, the Fireworks Act was amended to include “detonations of magical nature”, covering alchemical and spellcraft explosions. Essentially, one needs a license to toss a fireball. This of course is one of the reasons Mumpers prefer quiet magic. To forecast, or pretend to forecast, the future, or to tell fortunes or provide guidance with the appearance of it having come from the spirit world, without provable arcane ability readable by a forensic magician, was added to the Fraudulent Showmanship Act, replacing similar language, although without reference to actual magic, in the Fortune Tellers and Mediums Act, which it repealed. If you don’t actually have Great Grandfather Malcolm’s spirit in the room, but represent that you do, you’re committing fraud. Of course, everyone knows about the Anatomy Act Addendum of 1879, that brought the word “burking” back into the vernacular, as sequel to the Revelation of the Promethean School.

London is full of ghosts, spirits, shades, and phantoms. A few of them can be seen by the ordinary person. Those with the Sight often find London as oppressively crowded on the spiritual plane as it is on the physical. At least in Allahabad the dead have the decency to move on.
 – Alfred Percy Sinnett, *private communication, 1880*

Before the Rabbit Hole opened, reports circulated that a ghost in snow-white apparel had been seen walking through the kirkyard at Whitechapel Church, resulting in the surrounding streets being impassable for a week as the curious lined up to perhaps catch a glimpse. Now that ghosts perambulate throughout the Great Smoke on a regular basis, such an apparition is no more than a few minutes’ wonder, and not anything to draw such maddening crowds.

Thus, in modern day London, one may find a solicitor who knows the ins and outs of serving notice for a disturbing haunting, or a barrister who can cite the proper Act to defend their client when Queen’s Counsel seeks to convict them of illicit magic. The changes in the laws of the British Empire have been mirrored in other nations, Prussia legitimizing the work of the Ordnung Galvanische, France impressing those who cried doom in the streets into government service as prognosticators, and so on. The law is like an elderly plough horse, slow and reluctant to alter speed or course, but when stung from behind or given incentive from the fore, able to move with alacrity.

Boojums, Dragons, and Other Magical Beings

While Boojums are still seen as human, legally at least, they are often seen as a step down in class. Shopkeepers politely ask to see a working class Boojum’s money before bringing out goods. Landlords are wary of renting to them, or charge a steeper rent than they would a human. The evidence that snark parents have snark children has caused Parliament to begin debating how to handle the existence of four new races of intelligent life. Just the requirements of revising language in existing law to compensate for people who are not human may take years of committees.

As a result some Boojums are banding together to meet their new needs themselves. For example, snarks and trolls need houses where they won’t hit their heads on the ceiling when they stand up. One organisation that stands out is the House of Renteze (pronounced rin-teasy, and originating from a soldier’s mangled mispronunciation of a foreign word). Started by a handful of Boojum soldiers who decided to stick together after their families refused to take them back, Renteze has grown into a solid, if not large, housing and employment agency. They take in any

Boojums that have no family, whatever the reason, and are willing to drop their old family name and take the surname of Renteze. They also find employment for Boojums both within and without the House, and field a mercenary infantry unit of two trained platoons. They have almost enough members to begin training a third platoon.

There are a handful of Boojums in Parliament, though they needed extra paperwork to prove they were the same person before they could retake their seats. See the Politics chapter for more on that.

Looking Glass Fever does, as a matter of fact, bring the truth to the surface. Those changed by it reflect the essence of their very self, as can be seen by the stratification of the new races. Those of lower classes, coarse and base to begin with, reveal their bestial selves in their new horns and tusks, while those of the upper classes reveal an elvish elegance and grace. Those who are of the middle classes, small-spirited and petty, naturally become dwarves.

– Mr. Horatio Farrenton-Smythe

We are the Very Model of a Modern London Family

We are the very model of a modern London family
With effervescent Fever, which is really not anomaly
We are in number five, and we're very much alive
Where we bustle into trouble with our very different lives
For Father looks a picture in his coat and smart top hat
And he polishes his tusks each day and never eats a rat
And Mother keeps us tidy, for she loves with all her heart
But finding clothes that fit us takes all her elfin art

For while I'm almost normal, my big brother is now small,
And the baby of the family is very very tall!
But following the Fever, we are not an anomaly
We are the very model of a modern London family

When I magic up a rabbit hole and line us up inside
You may note I do not to try to ever line us up in size
For as you may observe there is an element of doubt
Over whether size looks different on the inside or the out
For though my little sister stands a whopping six foot three
My brother's short, but doughty, as wide as wide can be
Dwarf to troll he asks her to spot what's in the way
While troll to dwarf she tells him what the weather is today!

For when we had the Fever we would cough and sneeze and bark
 But now we only laugh, 'cause Father turned into a snark!
 But following the Fever, we are not an anomaly
 We are the very model of a modern London family!
Music from the Musichalls

The rising magic also woke the great dragon Hyrdofeay (pronounced 'here doh fee ä'). Disgruntled at the condition of the Thames, the dragon paid a personal visit to Parliament to express that displeasure. The dragon claimed he had the right to do so, as a resident and citizen of Britain. Some of the backbenchers and chancellor's staff disagreed, pointing out that Hyrdofeay was neither on the electoral rolls, nor had paid taxes. Hyrdofeay heard them out, then moved into the top floor of Victoria Tower, and took down the flagstaff. The Empire's flag and the royal standard cannot fly atop the tower until the dragon allows it. So far he has refused to let anyone raise a flag until things are "properly cleaned up".

Mr. Gladstone insisted the Knights of the Grail be summoned to deal with the dragon. The Speaker agreed, and sent a request. Mr. Fairchild arrived, spoke with Hyrdofeay, then explained to Parliament as a whole that while the Knights and the British military might be able to dislodge him, they'd most likely raze Westminster in the process. It would be simpler and better to accede to the dragon's demands and clean up the river. As a result, in the last few months, Parliament has been frantically enacting and trying to enforce regulations to tidy the Thames. Meanwhile, Joseph Bazalgette's health has improved after Hyrdofeay sent medical and magical assistance, although the man is still working himself to death in his office as chief engineer of London's Metropolitan Board of Works and designer of the London sewage system. A few of the worst polluters have, oddly enough, found themselves in financial or business difficulties, but of course nothing can be proven to link back to the dragon.

The rising magic has also awakened London's ghosts. Some are simply imprints of old events. Others are true spirits. Some can almost pass for living creatures, marked out only by a faint translucency and a tendency to vanish rather than walk away.

Ghosts occur in three forms: echoes, loops, and anchored spirits. An echo has no actual spirit involved. It's just an impression left on the astral plane by a person or an event. Each time it's witnessed, that memory is refreshed, and the echo can play again to someone else. The image of Lord Nelson that paces up and down in front of the Admiralty building is an echo. It repeats a

He's also bought property and a few businesses in and around London, registered as a landowner, paid the requisite taxes, and entered his name on the electoral roll. Considering that he can readily demonstrate that his lair was built before Londinium, no one can dispute his citizenship. Rumour has it Hyrdofeay has his own network of Fagins and Dodgers, but nobody says that where he or his agents might hear. What livery company is he a member of? Has he been given the freedom of the city?

– Djehuty Jones

Adventure Hook: An Unwelcome Addition

A new pollutant has been discovered leaking into the river near a cluster of similar factories. Hyrdofeay's assistants want the factories investigated to find out which is the source of the pollutant. They're offering substantial payment with no questions asked if something untoward happens to the factories.

set of motions, then vanishes, without the possibility of interaction. Loops, also known as shades, are spirits that are locked into a specific circumstance. The woman who shows up at the Bank of England every workday morning is a shade. She's actually there, but cannot deviate from a restricted set of behaviours. The Roman who orders a beer is also a shade, the remains of a spirit still trying to go through a particular action or set of actions. Anchored spirits are the remains of those kept tied to the earthly plane by trauma. The circumstances of their death often form the focus of the anchor, such as a constable who died trying to keep people from leaving a building that exploded. The spirit regrets it chose duty and obedience to authority over the possibility of an actual threat and saving lives. Thus, it turns up at incipient disasters, trying to warn people and evacuate the premises before something bad happens. Once the guilt is sufficiently expiated, the constable's spirit will go free from its anchor. At that point, it may remain in the earthly continuum, or may move on to some other destination.

The spirits of the city itself have returned, in some cases with a vengeance. Many have speculated the fog that settled over London in November of 1879 and did not lift until March of 1880 had unnatural origins. While there were some deaths from respiratory ailments during the worst of it, as there always are, a few have been called out by the tabloids as suspicious. In those cases, the victim was not known to have suffered from lung disease, or been elderly or otherwise infirm and thus susceptible to the London particular. While they all died effectively of asphyxiation, some were comfortably ensconced indoors with the windows stopped with rags, the only source of smoke being a gas-fire or coal-stove in the room for heat, and those judged not at fault after inspection. The placement in society of the victims has also raised suspicion, given the preponderance of mid-level civil servants and their close proximity to Whitehall. While no names have yet been bandied about, which itself is somewhat odd, the tabloids have speculated these deaths may have been the work of person or persons unknown capable of summoning the spirit of a London particular and using it as an assassin. Whitehall has flatly denied such is even possible.

Magic and the Law

In 1736, Parliament passed an Act repealing laws against witchcraft, but imposing fines or imprisonment on people who claimed to be able to use magical powers. When it was introduced in the Commons the Bill caused much laughter among MPs. Its promoter was John Conduit, whose wife was the niece of Sir Isaac Newton, a father of modern science, although keenly interested in the occult.

Those who hate all these changes, for political or religious reasons, have been abusing these laws to persecute magicians, and attempting to extend British law over the Saurids of the Gruv. The magicians have organised to lobby their MPs to evolve the law into something a bit more realistic. Arguments have erupted over whether ghosts should be removed in case anyone talking to them gets taken up for spiritualism.

The fortune teller laws had to be revised. The police, the intelligence community, spies, and criminals all use prognosticators. This results in most of the prophecies getting voided, and the forecasts less reliable, as all sides are looking at the future and adjusting their plans accordingly. You reach a point where it becomes reconnaissance that the enemy knows about, and fortune tellers become no more useful than any other intelligence source.
 – Carlton Thornhill, *London Academy of Practical Spiritualism*

In 1824, Parliament passed the Vagrancy Act, under which fortune-telling, astrology, and spiritualism became punishable offences. The Act was repealed in 1879 by the Fraudulent Showmanship Act, which left room for legitimate mediums and magicians to make a living with their abilities.

As previously noted, it's decidedly illegal to cast harmful magic in the direction of the Sovereign. The word "harmful" was deliberately left in, after furious debate, to allow for those Good Samaritans who might try to help a fallen constable with a healing spell.

As far as the courts are concerned, spectral evidence, long ago discredited in the colonies, lands next to scientific evidence and any other form of testimony that requires experts both to present and refute it. If one side can conjure the spirit to the witness stand, and the other can verify that it's actually the spirit and not some form of trumpery, the court will take into account the evidence as presented, as it has since the testimony of John Smeaton in 1782.

Notorious Gang of Pick-Pockets Caught Green Handed!

Scotland Yard today paraded the miscreants, fifteen ragged boys and girls from the streets and two adults who stood as their masters, before Her Majesty's Court this morning, after an evening well spent laying the trap. So often, juvenile cut-purses and their handlers escape being taken due to quickly handing off their illicit gains, one to another through a crowd and thus to the adult confederate who gathers the stolen goods, and so when apprehended, they have hands as clean as the streets will allow and must be released from lack of evidence. The wizards of Scotland Yard proved their undoing, with a charm applied to a wallet that marks any hand that touches it, other than that of the designated owner, with a glowing green circle on the back. More clever they, though, for if the circle appeared immediately on taking the wallet, only the initial thief and maybe one handoff would be marked and taken up, but the wizards thought of this, and delayed the appearance of the circle by enough time to mark every hand up to the adult spider in the centre of the web. An officer in plain-clothes walked through the crowded square once, twice, thrice with the charmed wallet in a pocket readily accessible to the coat-charmer, and the mark was spread throughout the gang. Three cheers for Her Majesty's wizards of Scotland Yard, and a hearty chop at the trunk of the tree of crime!

– Sally Trotter, journalist, as published in The Illustrated Police Gazette

Magic and Criminal Law

Weird Scientists have a particularly hard time of it. Derided as Ozzies, feared, and generally misunderstood, they often have to practice in secret to avoid running afoul of the law. Given the nature of some of their work, that may be easier in name than in body.

The Explosives Act of 1875 stopped high street chemists from making fireworks, after a series of rather terrific bangs that blew up shops, killed a few people, and generally caused distress. Fireworks and other explosives must now be manufactured in special facilities dedicated to the trade. The law has since been construed by the courts and amended by Parliament to concern itself with explosions of a magical nature as well as the alchemical. This in turn has driven the Newtonians partly underground. Those who operate within the boundaries of a city must remain circumspect, and keep their athanors well hidden, or risk their laboratory being visited by an alarming number of police officers.

The various Acts concerning themselves with anatomisers, the disposal of human remains, and the prevention of burking, all came into use (or were hastily enacted) when the Prometheans were revealed to the public. The resulting scandal drove a number of the School to flee to rival nations, and saw a round dozen in assizes for crimes only the tabloids would publish. Several leaders of the School made a bargain with the War Office, and relocated, with their students, their equipment, and their lives, to the Grosvenor Land. They're now ensconced (or contained) in a brick facility at Camp Burlington, under the watchful eye of the military. Their primary work concerns understanding how the Samsut make the dead walk, and how to put an end to the foul practice. What else they do, only the deans of the School and the military liaisons know, for which one deserves a medal and the other be hanged.

The Home and War Offices

Both civil authorities and the military make the best use of available resources, and those include magicians, priests, spirit workers, and even the occasional Weird Scientist of the more respectable Schools, such as the Herons or the Galvanic Order. Everyone knows about the Order of Britannia Victorious, and the Knights of the Grail. Scotland Yard's Arcane Crimes branch doesn't get nearly so much press, but then they don't get fancy armour or military uniforms. The courts and Parliament are working their way through the laws of the past several centuries, figuring out what might actually be applicable and what was obviously written by someone who hadn't the slightest clue how magic actually worked. Occasionally, things happen that take a bit of puzzling on the part of the constables to figure out what exactly to charge the miscreant with. There's some things that are wrong but aren't exactly illegal, or might not be, or just hadn't been thought of by Parliament as yet.

The Wardens have been quietly putting up small boxes on the telegraph poles throughout London. These contain a charm that detects the use of destructive magic, and sends a steady all-clear as long as no such magic is detected. Don't even think about looking at how the charm manages to operate a telegraph key – that's a state secret on the level of here comes a chopper. The Wardens doing the work are liveried as telegraph workers, and have all their documents in order. As the grid is completed in a borough, the Knights can then pinpoint the use of damaging spells down to the block level. They're of course only looking for the big stuff, threats to Queen and Parliament and such, but you know quite well once the Peelers find out about the grid, they'll want to leverage it for all sorts of other monitoring.
– Yr obt, G. Harrington Looselip, Esq.

Magic and Everyday Life

As with any new development, the first thing people ask is, how can I turn a coin with it? The average person doesn't need to know how magic works any more than they need to understand microsteam demand boilers or electrical turbines. They only need to know who to hire, how much it will cost to have it installed, and what the cost to benefit ratio is. In some cases, magic is the

hard way to do things. In others, magic can accomplish with ease a process that would take a roomful of machinery and several expert technicians. As with any new tool, it's all about figuring out the best use for it.

For example, industrial quality control for machined parts is slow, tedious, and painstaking. Every cog turned out for an Analytical Engine must be measured sixteen different ways with a micrometer. The cog's balance must be checked to ensure it will spin smoothly, without wobble. One out of every batch must be tested destructively, to analyse the metal for proper composition and temper. This takes as much time as casting and polishing the cogs, and requires complex machinery and skilled engineers. One spell replaces all of that. Asphodel Parkerson, an engineer's wife, developed an arcane technique to compare two items, and signal whether or not they are within a percentage of similarity to each other. By enchanting a wand with this spell, and installing a master cog in the handle, anyone speaking the command word and touching a newly finished cog with the wand will hear a bell ring if the new cog matches the master to acceptable tolerances. If the bell isn't heard, the cog gets tossed into the scrap bin to be melted back down. Quality control has been reduced down to one person with a wand sitting at a table and processing a hundred cogs an hour. The cost of the enchantment, which must be renewed once a week, more often if the wand is used for more than one shift per day, remains less than the initial investment and maintenance costs of the balance testing machinery previously used. Mrs. Parkerson, who was well versed enough in how industry works to patent the entire process, has moved from Lambeth to Chelsea on the proceeds.

Magic isn't always the best way to address an issue. Everyone worries about the danger of fire. Even with the Metropolitan Fire Brigade operating at peak efficiency, many firms also subscribe to private fire brigades and maintain their insurance plaques. A reliable method of reducing the risk of fire or preventing it entirely by arcane means has yet to be found. Bertram's Candles, a firm in a line of business perhaps more aware of the danger of fire than most others, found binding a water elemental to a building as fire protection does not end well. The elemental, bound to the site until it put out a fire, called in a favour from a fire elemental, then allowed substantial damage to occur before flooding the building and destroying it utterly.

Adventure Hook: Follow That Bucket

A firm that tried to replicate Bertram's effort with a more complex binding, hoping to prevent a recurrence of the candle factory disaster, has met with something less than success. The company has hired the party to chase down a miscreant water elemental, showing them the flooding damage, and not telling them about the binding or the fire.

The use of magic in crime has also been explored. Interestingly, the Forgery Act of 1861 was worded broadly enough in terms of how forged instruments were produced that most counterfeiting by magical means falls under it. The use of faery gold or other illusionary coinage falls under both the statutes governing fraud and those governing forgery. With the penalty for forgery being hanging, small wonder criminals in the only two cases thus far to come before the bar pled guilty to fraud.

On the other hand, a Spider spell is right handy for getting up to the sky-light. Make friends with the Mumpers if you're in the business.

– Esmerelda, Queen of Thrawl Street

In many cases, magic has turned out to be impractical. For example, using a Shrink spell to get into a building through ventilation ducts wouldn't normally work, as the grids and screens are already fine enough to keep out mice, but even if someone managed it, they'd still have to deal with the cat.

Organisations

One can't turn round in London these days without tripping over a new arcane society. Some, like the Spiritualist movement, have gained new strength and a modicum of respectability with the awakening of magic. Others, like the Theosophical Society, are relatively new, and seemed to have come into existence just in time to take advantage of the arcane renaissance. As examples of the high, middle, and low class approaches, let us consider the Lytton Society, the London Pharmaceutical Association, and the Bollenbane, respectively.

The Lytton Society

Specialists in spiritualism and the occult, with particular focus on communicating with the dead directly, the Lytton Society believe that intelligence exists independently of the body. Their work focuses on finding and communicating with the disembodied. They point to the existence of ghosts as proof, particularly the more interactive ones such as the ghostly Roman legionary who walks into the pub and buys a drink, or the lady reported to have walked the street conversing normally with a man, who reached a corner and vanished.

Origins

When Baron Edward Bulwer-Lytton, already well known as a Rosicrucian and author of a book about a subterranean race that used a mysterious power called "Vril" to master their world, learned of the Samsut walking dead and Saurid ancestral spirits, he was as fascinated as the Prometheans, but his interests lay in the occult side rather than the physical. He began to bring together books and research on spiritualism and occult matters, gathering a group of like-minded people around him. The most notable of these are the three Fox sisters from New York, who have perfected a method where contacted spirits respond in coded knocks. Though they have held successful seances in their native New York, those held in London are longer and the communication clearer, leading them to focus their efforts on this side of the Atlantic.

However, Baron Bulwer-Lytton insists his personal beliefs be kept separate from his persona as the author of *The Power of the Coming Race*, which while it foreshadowed the Samsut, has become something of an embarrassment, what with the Vril-themed costumed balls Dr. Tibbits of the West End Hospital has staged. Because of this, he and his followers set up the Organisation for Research into Occult Activities (OROA) which they claim is a separate organisation for research purposes. The public was fooled for under a day before they renamed the order as the Lytton Society.

Goals and Methods

The OROA intends to learn as much about the spirit world as possible, and to find and support as many true mediums who can aid their communication with the spirits as they can. Mediums are mostly found by word of mouth and then tested by having them contact one of the spirits Bulwer-Lytton's followers already know.

They prefer a mix of scientific investigation and an investigator's interrogation. They replicate what works, and change one variable at a time in an attempt to discover exactly what works and what works best. They summon and interrogate spirits, trying to discover the precise nature of the spirit world and constantly frustrated by the fact it cannot be contained or measured.

Organization

The OROA has no formal structure, but in practice they break into loose groups, each headed by a "true" medium or group of mediums. The groups keep their activities relatively quiet so as not to push any of their enemies into invoking the few laws still on the books that could be construed as making active spiritualism illegal.

The groups base themselves around the place where the medium works. Sometimes they have to move in a hurry. All of them carry a monocle about them as an indicator of a third eye, though not all wear one.

Their hierarchy is unspoken, almost as loose as the groups they form. Lowest are the paying customers that come to contact spirits for personal reasons. Next come the supporters, those who take care of things in this world, then the questioners who grill the spirits the mediums call. The mediums are the most important, as without them, there would be no spirits to contact. Technically, Baron Bulwer-Lytton is a questioner, but they lift him higher as founder.

Resources

At present they own or rent a half-dozen houses in middle-class areas of London. They also have a house in New York owned by the Fox family. They cover their everyday expenses by running paid seances for non-members. Above and beyond that, many of their members are moderately well off, and accustomed to dipping into their own pockets for whatever is needed.

Membership

Edward Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Baron Lytton

Baron Bulwer-Lytton has led a long and prestigious career in politics and in literature, serving in Parliament, turning down the crown of Greece, and publishing numerous best-selling novels, including *Pelham*, *Godolphin*, and *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Baron Lytton has served as Grand Patron of the English chapter of the Rosicrucian Society, and became well known for his works describing the Vril-ya, a race dwelling below the surface of the Earth and wielding considerable power. The Vril books have been seen as prophecies given contact with the Samsut just a few years later. Now, in his late seventies, Baron Lytton lives in Bath, where he has been convalescing for the past six years from surgery to cure his deafness and the infection that followed it. His elder son, Robert Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Early of Lytton, currently serves as Viceroy of India, and his younger son, Victor Bulwer-Lytton, 2nd Earl of Lytton, serves as Governor of Bengal. Given the scandal in the late 1850s over how Baron Lytton treated his wife and family, many assume that taking positions in the Raj gave the sons an excuse to have no contact with their father.

The Fox Sisters

Margaret and Kate Fox serve as mediums, while their older sister Leah Fox does the organizing and administration necessary to hold the whole Spiritualism aspect together. Born in New York state, they grew up in a haunted house and learned to communicate with the ghost there. Margaret also learned to fake contact when the ghost refused to cooperate with investigators. When the trio travelled to London to meet Baron Lytton, they found London thronged with spirits. There is almost always a spirit of some sort here willing to cooperate with scheduled seances. Sometimes it is less of a problem finding one and more of a problem to disentangle the rush of multiple spirits trying to speak at once. On the rare occasions someone has paid for a seance and the spirits refuse to come, Margaret fills in, cracking her toe bones to simulate knocking.

Enemies / Allies

The OROA have a tentative agreement with the Galvanics and the Prometheans to pass on relevant information, but the agreement is honoured more in the breach. Otherwise, they are so new and stay so much *sub rosa* to avoid legal attacks that nobody really loves or hates them. That may change if they succeed in spreading further into the Gruv and the Union or Confederacy. The Reasonable Men are likely to see them as a problem in need of being sorted, given their employment of classic spiritualist methods and their willingness to use fakery. The Theosophical Society may see them as possible allies, although again their fakery will be held against them. Until the Lytton Society cleans up their act, and distances themselves from parlour seances and occasional humbugs, they're not likely to find any strong allies.

Spells

Spell	Tier	Known As	Style	Modifications
Astral Sight	Initiate	Second Sight	The magician marks a red dot on the forehead.	None
Clairvoyance	Initiate	Seeing Beyond	The magician gazes into a crystal ball or glass mirror.	Strain -1
Set Ward	Initiate	Veil of Protection	The magician wafts scent or incense to each corner of the ward.	None
Translate Language	Initiate	Hearing Beyond	The magician marks a red dot on each earlobe.	None
Aetheric Containment	Novice	Pentagram	The magician chalks a pentagram onto a flat surface and compels the spirit to remain inside it.	None
Invisible Hand	Novice	Poltergeist	The magician marks a red dot on each of the fingernails of one hand.	None
Spirit Hold	Novice	Ectoplasmic Binding	The magician marks the binding spot with either a drop of blood or a drop of spittle.	None

MAGIC

Spell	Tier	Known As	Style	Modifications
Spirit Talk	Novice	Interrogate	The magician appears to go into a trance and speaks with both the magician's own voice and the spirit's voice.	None
Summon Spirit	Novice	Medium's Call	The magician appears to go into a trance.	None
Pass Through Barrier	Journeyman	Ghost Steps	The magician marks palms and soles with chalk. Placing chalked hands on the barrier creates a translucent area the magician can travel through.	None

Bollanbane

The name comes from an old word for the rowan tree, or mountain ash, thought to ward against ill-wishing. The Bollanbane believe that luck, both good and bad, is a real, tangible thing. The main rule of Bollanbane is that there is an 'inherent cussedness' of material objects. In some ways, the principles of this order resemble the laws of de Morgan, in that everything tends to negate itself sooner or later.

Origins

Bollanbane, as a belief system and a practice, initially grew among pig-keepers in Notting Hill as they struggled with a seemingly endless streak of bad luck happening to both them and their pigs. It has since spread among the lowest social classes, picking up anything that might help. Gradually, the beliefs of the Bollanbane Lodge have become an amalgam of all luck superstitions.

Goals and Methods

As a group, Bollanbane seeks to keep its members and their animals safe and prosperous, and to prevent bad luck from sticking to them. Some of the methods they use for this include:

- making sure any displayed horseshoes are either on their side or with the open end uppermost because the open end is where the luck flows in and out.
- tossing a pinch of salt over the left shoulder to blind the little devil sitting there, but never the right shoulder, because that's where the guardian angel sits.
- always crossing a threshold right foot first, so good luck follows. The left foot is sinister and brings bad luck with it.
- carrying a scrap of rowan wood or an old iron nail in the pocket, so the fair folk cannot touch them.
- foretelling what will happen to someone by the person's itches.
- wearing a piece of clothing (usually socks) inside-out. This means the fair folk cannot bespell or control them.

Foretelling by Itches

If your right hand itches, you will gain money. If your left hand itches, you will lose money.

If your feet itch, you will soon be walking on strange ground. If it's your right foot, you will be welcomed. If it's your left foot, you will be hated.

If your nose itches, you will soon be kissed, cursed, or vexed. If you sneeze three times without anyone invoking God (e.g., by saying "bless you") then the fair folk can take you away forever.

If your ears itch, someone is talking about you. If it's the right ear, they are saying good things. If it's the left ear, they are saying bad things.

Organization

A rag-tag collection of individuals, the Bollanbane have no real organisation. They do tend to hire and work for each other, because they know that way neither hirer nor hired will bring down too much bad luck on the task. They also come together for major tasks, such as slaughtering day, work until everything is finished, and then disperse to their own homes again.

Outside of that, they watch each other for signs of luck and avoid anyone with bad luck as much as they possibly can. Any contact may transfer the luck to another. While that is good for the one plagued by bad luck, it is bad for the receiver.

Resources

Bollanbane members have very little in the way of resources, and share reluctantly. They believe to give without receiving in return cuts a friendship. Done too often and the friendship dies and bad luck flows into the hole left behind.

Membership

Initially just Notting Hill pig keepers, Bollanbane members are now spreading across the underside of London to anyone else who believes they are unusually unlucky. Most of these are one step above the street, and believe they should have better lives, if only luck didn't drag them down.

Spells

Spell	Tier	Known As	Style	Modifications
Astral Sight	Initiate	Eyes Open	The magician anoints the eyelids with ointment, closes them, then opens them again. Astral sights appear as solid as reality.	Strain +1
Cleanse	Initiate	Washout	The magician spits at the base of the target. This summons a torrent of water just above the target, that vanishes along with the dirt it washes away.	None

MAGIC

Spell	Tier	Known As	Style	Modifications
Detect	Initiate	Detect Curse	The magician points to the area. Bad luck shows as a shadow and good luck as a gleam.	None
Sanctify	Initiate	Remove Curse	The magician traces the edge of the area with salt, herbs, and iron.	None
Bestow Astral Sight	Novice	All Eyes Open	The magician anoints the target's eyelids with ointment, closes them, then opens them again. Astral sights appear as solid as reality.	Strain +1
Control Animal	Novice	Pigstaff	The magician taps the target animal with a rowan twig.	None
Entropy	Novice	Inherent Cussedness	The magician mutters a curse word for each object targeted. The objects do not rot, but come apart and/or fail spectacularly. Straps and buckles come undone, levers fall off, seams split open, welds break, gears stick, etc.	Can be done up to 5 yards away at a cost of +1 TN and +2 Strain
Improve Skill	Novice	Lucky Day	No visible effect.	None
Replicate Food	Novice	Bless the Food	The magician says a grace or blessing over the food. Once the food is blessed, it multiplies.	None
Deny Skill	Journeyman	Unlucky Day	No visible effect.	None

London Pharmaceutical Association

The London Pharmaceutical Association, or LPA, is a guild for small apothecaries, chemists, and pharmacies to support each other, and to assess, teach, and test the necessary skills and licences. Their magic tends towards a mix of healing and fireworks, with self defence for the rougher parts of town.

While the theory of the four humours has been discredited as medicine, the basic theory behind it - of the intersection of the four Greek elements (earth, air, fire, and water) and the four qualities (hot, cold, dry, and wet) determining the behaviour of created things - actually works. Even the human body can be affected this way, but instead of removing the humour in excess, herbs to counterbalance it need to administered. A practice of adding rather than taking away has much better results all round. In doing so, LPA members look to Dr. Nicholas Culpepper and his *Complete Herbal* for guidance. (Those professionals from India, or with experience in that land, will readily see the comparison to Ayurvedic tradition.)

Origins

The LPA began as a licensing organisation when the first licences for firework creation were introduced, spread to include the teaching of apothecary skills, and when magic reappeared, took on magical fireworks and pastilles as well.

Goals and Methods

The LPA's main goal is to share discoveries and regulate medicines and fireworks. They teach and assess apprentices and test them before awarding a licence. They also have senior mages to test fellow Ozzies and make sure there will not be magical fireworks setting fire to any shops.

From Thee all Skill and Science Flow
(official hymn of the London Pharmaceutical Association)

From Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;
O pour them from above.
And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise, like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.
And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace.
When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod;
And man's rude work deface no more
The paradise of God.

Charles Kingsley, 1871

Organization

LPA members organise themselves loosely by district and area, each with a speaker to run their meetings, and a single guild leader for the whole of London, to represent them to other guilds and politicians.

Resources

They have the resources of their individual shops and workshops, and a loose collection of regular customers and street kids willing to run errands for a farthing, or pass news and gossip across the city. They also create recipe books, and as many of their members are too poor to afford pocket watches, they time stages of the recipe to hymns and songs. For example, "Heat gently (Abide With Me, 2 verses), remove from heat and add X. Stir briskly (Any Old Iron, 1 chorus) and return to the heat (Jerusalem, 3 verses)."

Membership

When the Society of Apothecaries first introduced tests for apothecary licences, they forgot to specify only men could take the tests. Therefore, many women tested for and received a licence, allowing them to practice the trade. As a result, the LPA is around half women, the first professional organisation in the United Kingdom to achieve gender equality.

Lilith "Lily" Meadows, a.k.a Curls, Emerald, or Ivy

Now in her late 60s, her curly hair more silver than black, her clothing trim, practical, and yet still somehow elegant, Lily Meadows usually passes as middle class, but has friends and acquaintances in all classes. She limps as she moves, favouring her slightly shorter left leg, but it doesn't slow her down. She began life as a street urchin, answering only to "Curls", and made

a living squeezing through tiny spaces to open doors for larger thieves. Smart enough to realise she wouldn't stay small forever, she scraped up the money to attend a ragged school and learnt all she could, as fast as she could. When she outgrew her door-opening job, she moved from street urchin to street-walker, changing her name to "Emerald". She didn't last long under that name, but managed to catch the eye of David Featherington, a younger aristocratic son. He in turn wished to go into politics without attracting attention, so he established her in a small house under the name "Lily Meadows" and paid for her to be educated until she could pass as a lady of quality. Again, Lily learned fast, taking her education from dresses, perfumes, and rosewater to general herb treatments and medicine. She repaid the education by avoiding public association with the suffrage movement, though she was involved behind the scenes and wrote screeds and leaflets under the pseudonym "Ivy". She also bore him two children, and on his death in a riding accident some 15 years ago, she inherited the deeds of the small house and a trust fund for his children's care.

Never one to sit idle, Lily took the exams for pharmacy as soon as she was able, and now provides for herself and her affianced daughter, her son having already married and left the nest. She did catch LGF, but it left her unchanged except for an uncanny knack of knowing which herbs will help or be needed in any situation. She has also taken up the fight for mages, women, and Boojums once more, writing under her old pseudonym with all the scathing accuracy of one who sees society from both the outside and the inside.

Enemies / Allies

The LPA is more prevalent in the poorer areas of London, and its first senior mages were also Mumpers. The two organisations still have ties, with LPA members often providing individual Mumpers a sheltered or safer place to sleep in poor weather, in exchange for Mumpers serving as a magical overnight guard against addicts, thugs, and thieves trying to break into the shops.

The Newtonians are not happy that a "bunch of worthless commoners" are encroaching on their alchemical turf. Individual Newtonians have been known to drive LPA members out of business. Wise LPA members take precautions against fire and protection rackets, as well as night time magical attacks.

Spells

Spell	Tier	Known As	Style	Modifications
Bind	Initiate	Paralyse	The magician flicks a drop of laudanum towards the target, causing the air around the target to thicken, becoming cold and heavy.	WIL Test to escape
Cleanse (objects only)	Initiate	Sterilize	The magician sprinkles common salt on a cloth and rubs it over the object to be cleansed.	Strain -1
Light	Initiate	Lamp	The magician tosses a pinch of potash into the air. The light shines as a heatless bluish-purple flame.	If cast in thick fog, the duration is halved.

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Spell	Tier	Known As	Style	Modifications
Shield	Initiate	Healer's Protection	The magician holds up a hand, palm towards the danger. A gauzy white wall marked with a red cross encircles the magician.	None
Cut	Novice	Scissors	The magician makes a two-fingered snipping motion against the edge of the material.	None
Explosion	Novice	Firework	The magician mimes lighting a match. A rain of sparks accompanies the explosion.	Strain +1, secondary fire damage
Heal	Novice	Close Wound	The magician dabs all heal on the wound and pinches it shut.	None
Read Memories	Novice	Case History	The magician touches a finger to each of the target's temples and looks into the target's eyes.	None
Seal	Novice	Lockdown	The magician dabs wax on the site of the seal.	None
Grant Skill	Journeyman	Instant Assistant	The magician places a finger on the target's forehead.	None



LONDON, OR THE HAUNTED CITY



Adventures & Campaigns in London

London is a modern Babylon.
– Benjamin Disraeli

London is perhaps best suited to games of intrigue and investigation. Unlike the Gruv, there is less call for physical fighting, though it can happen, especially in rougher parts of town. The city is a hodge-podge of clashing opinions and desires, those who want society back as it used to be, and those who want to advance faster. Some love magic and some hate it. Particularly bad examples of the aristocracy believe the lower classes only exist to cater to upper class desires, even if that's something to hunt, kill, or experiment on. The more trodden-upon members of the lower classes think the upper classes are a waste of space, good only to marry each other and be waited on. Every conflict spawns at least two stories, one for each side. No side has a monopoly on the truth. What's actually going on in London is somewhere in the middle of all this row, and that's where adventurous types are needed to sort out the gold from the rubbish.

Baby Boojum

Turnip? One does not eat turnip! One dines on pheasant, partridge, and grouse! What did you just say? Just you wait, one day I will be bigger than all of you, probably by tomorrow!

– Euan-Lysander Walsingham, Baby Boojum, Growing Troll

When the young heir to the house of Walsingham is laid low by Looking Glass Fever, a mother's love is all that stands in the way of a tyrannical father prepared to go to any lengths to protect his social standing and family name. Hired to stage a simple kidnapping to keep the changeling child safe, the adventurers unexpectedly find themselves the focus of a citywide manhunt, as the unfolding story of the Walsingham kidnapping grips the nation and becomes front page headlines.

As the aftershocks of the kidnapping continue to reverberate, events take on a life of their own, and the adventurers discover that even the darkest shadows of London offer no place to hide. They must either take their chances in the streets of London, or make a bolt for safety down the Rabbit Hole.

Plot Synopsis

Lady Bryony Walsingham, mother to Euan-Lysander Walsingham, heir to the house of Walsingham, is at her wits' end. After her son is diagnosed with Looking Glass Fever, she disobeys her husband's decree and moves him from their country estate to the family's second home in Kensington, London, where he can avail of the latest medical science. The treatment fails. Euan-Lysander is now undergoing a painful transformation.

Coming from old money and good breeding, Lord Lysander Walsingham believes those afflicted by Looking Glass Fever to be abominations polluting the human blood line rather than the more popular view as unfortunate victims of a disfiguring illness, to be pitied. Unable to bear the abomination his son is becoming, he is determined to protect his social standing and preserve the purity of his family line. When his wife travels to London with the stricken child for treatment, he fears people will learn of his son's condition, and decides his heir must vanish, along with anyone else privy to the family's secret.

Lady Walsingham, receiving word of her husband's imminent arrival in London, is concerned for her son's safety. Her husband has a history of violence, and she knows all too well his racist views. Frantic, she uses the dubious connections of her household staff to hire the adventurers to stage the kidnapping of her child and keep him safe. What she does not know is that her husband has also hired a group of miscreants to stage a kidnapping with a different outcome in mind.

With the aid of Lady Walsingham's maid, the adventurers put their plan into action. They arrive at the Walsingham residence to discover the counter kidnapping in progress. After snatching the child from the rival gang, the adventurers lie low until they receive their payment and return the child to his mother.

Lord Walsingham, believing everything has gone according to his carefully laid plan, contacts the police. He offers a large reward as part of the charade, generating tremendous interest from Fleet Street. The story of the Walsingham Kidnapping grips the nation.

As the adventurers struggle with complications and the unexpected demands of a frightened child in the grip of Looking Glass Fever, they discover a letter placed by Lady Walsingham in her son's pocket. It tells them her maid holds important documentation, including details on how to collect their final payment. However, the newspapers are making it impossible for the adventurers to lay low. Before they can collect the documents, they deal with Scotland Yard's finest, alongside every Dodger, Fiddler, and street gang that wants in on the action for their cut of the reward.

The adventurers learn Lord Walsingham has killed his wife in a fit of rage, giving the party the additional burden of explaining to the child that his mother is dead and his father to be executed for the crime. The news, while tragic, does give the adventurers a much needed respite. As word of Lord Walsingham's fate spreads, realization dawns that the reward is unlikely to be paid. All but the adventurers' most dogged pursuers give up the chase, including the police, who now realize the Walsinghams were involved in the kidnapping and believe the missing child to be dead.

Making the most of the cover the unfolding events offer them, the adventurers contact Lady Walsingham's maid, currently under police guard recovering from her injuries. The documents reveal that Lady Walsingham has wired the final payment to a bank in Fort Alice, in the Gruv, and has included prepaid tickets for a one way journey down the Rabbit Hole, as well as documents proving her child's identity.

With the rightful heir to House Walsingham in their care, the adventurers must decide whether to stay in London while trying to keep one step ahead of those still hunting them, and bring the young Lord Walsingham to the authorities to claim his birthright, or make a bolt for the safety of the Rabbit Hole.

Mother Knows Best

Overview

The adventurers meet Lady Walsingham and her maid in a disreputable billiards hall, and are hired to stage the kidnapping.

Setting the Stage

Read the following to the players:

Winter on the streets of London, while never a pleasant experience, suits your purpose tonight. With the extra layers and hat pulled low, it's easier to go unrecognized on the frozen streets. Half the gas lamps are out, and no sign of a lamplighter to put them aright. No surprise that: man's probably in a pub with a hot toddy. Your destination, the Black and Ball, a workingman's club and billiards hall, holds no great significance other than your contact specified it as a suitable meeting place. A flurry of snow whips across your face, and you pause momentarily at the end of the shadowed alley, finding yourself wondering if it's summer in the Gruv. Casting any feelings of foreboding aside, you stride into the billiards hall.

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Only the tables are lit, the rest of the room obscured by a warm haze of tobacco smoke and shadow. Through the crowd you can make out a commotion in one corner, and realize your potential employer has arrived early. She appears to be a lady of high social standing. Nobody likes a toff slumming it. She and her maid appear to be in a spot of bother.

Themes and Images

This encounter is about extremes. Contrast the foreboding of a cold winter's night, the smoky welcoming warmth of the billiards hall, and the desperation of a distraught mother out of place and out of her depth.

Behind the Scenes

As the saying goes, "needs must when the devil drives," and Lady Walsingham's husband drives hard indeed. When their twelve year old son, Euan-Lysander, was struck down with Looking Glass Fever, Lord Walsingham insisted the boy's condition remain a secret while he arranged for specialist treatment. In his absence, Euan-Lysander showed the first symptoms of transformation. Desperate, Lady Walsingham brought her son to the family's second home in Kensington to seek the latest medical treatments available. She had no intention of letting the family secret be known, relying on the Hippocratic Oath of the family physician for confidentiality.

Shortly after her arrival in London, however, the family doctor mysteriously vanished. Suspecting her husband's hand, Lady Walsingham learned of his imminent arrival in London. Her fear of what he might do when he arrived drove her frantic. She came up with a desperate plan. Through her maid Isobel Hanley, who has kept in touch with her less reputable relatives, Lady Walsingham arranged to meet a group of specialists who she hopes to persuade to stage the kidnapping of her son and keep him safe and out of the reach of her husband.

Isobel, trying to be discreet, did not tell her contacts they were dealing with a member of the aristocracy instead of a Fagin. They picked a billiards club for the meet, thinking it would suit most clientele. While women have gained general acceptance in wider society, a toff in a workingman's club is just a step too far for some.

A group of laborers are having sport at her expense. The adventurers arrive just in time to intervene. It should be immediately obvious that Lady Walsingham is their potential employer. She sticks out like a sore thumb.

The Black and Ball

The Black and Ball, a workingman's social club, is notorious among the locals because of the nature of its clientele. Over the years, the club has become a popular venue for private meetings. Not only is it noisy, allowing for private conversations, but only the billiard tables are lit, casting the rest of the irregularly shaped room in semidarkness. With the unusually cold weather, the hall's reasonably priced food and sanctuary from the freezing weather have drawn a larger than usual crowd.

The two doormen spend most of their time in the entrance hall. They check on the crowd sporadically. Any serious commotion swiftly draws their attention and ire.

Fair Game

When the adventurers arrive, the locals are having a rough sort of sport at the expense of Lady Walsingham. They consider her fair game, as her kind keeps them downtrodden while the toffs swan about and live in the lap of luxury. If the adventurers politely intervene, making it clear that they are professionals and these are their clients, the locals back off, perhaps even offering a mumbled apology if pressed. If the adventurers are too demanding, some of the regulars make it their business to become involved and a brawl ensues.

The characters' actions should be noted by the Gamemaster. If they handle things quietly and diplomatically, their presence goes mostly unnoticed. Should they create a fuss and break a few heads, this will come back to haunt them when news of the Walsingham kidnapping breaks. The Gamemaster should make it more difficult to go to ground, or perhaps have a crew from the Black and Ball come looking to collect the reward.

Half Up Front

Once the adventurers have restored Lady Walsingham's honor, they can properly introduce themselves. Lady Walsingham explains that her twelve year old son has succumbed to Looking Glass Fever, and is in the early stages of transformation into a troll. She informs the adventurers that her husband, a terrible racist, has a history of violent outbursts. She fears for the safety of her son. As a man who does not take well to failure, she suspects he holds responsibility for the family doctor's disappearance. Lady Walsingham begs the adventurers to take her son into hiding and keep him safe until the transformation is complete, hoping by some miracle her husband might come to accept the hand fate has dealt them.

Lord Walsingham has a long reach. The adventurers must remain on their guard. Lady Walsingham does not want to know where her son is to be taken, so that her husband cannot force it from her. She instructs her maid, Isobel, to assist the adventurers in their mission in any way she can. This could be as simple, Isobel suggests, as leaving an upper story window open and having a janitor's ladder unsecured on the property grounds. Lady Walsingham wants to know none of this, leaving the details of the plan to her maid and the adventurers.

Under advice from Isobel, Lady Walsingham offers £20 each to the adventurers initially. With the time so short and the client at her wits' end, the adventurers should be able to negotiate a better than average fee for their services. There are limits, of course. While the adventurers are well within their rights to ask for a larger than normal sum for their services given the nature of the job, and could take advantage of Lady Walsingham's current state of mind should they be inclined, she does not control family finances, and doesn't have the funds for more than £35 per person. Half the pay can be handed over immediately, albeit discreetly as no one wants to flash expensive-colored notes in this place. The rest shall be paid when the boy returns safely to his home.

Lord Walsingham is due to arrive in London tomorrow evening. The next night, he and his wife will attend a public charity event. This is the party's chance to take her son from the house. Once they have the boy, they are to lie low until things calm down before contacting Isobel again.

Lady Walsingham

Lady Walsingham will risk anything to protect her son. Her strong maternal instinct is somewhat balanced by a sense of loyalty to a historic family legacy, which is why she has not approached the authorities. With the unexpected arrival of her husband in London, panic has driven her to put the fate of her son in the hands of others.

Attributes:

DEX: (10): 5/D8

STR: (10): 5/D8

TOU: (10): 5/D8

PER: (10): 5/D8

WIL: (12): 5/D8

CHA: (13): 6/D10

Social Level: 5

Quotes:

"Oh my."

"These ruffians?"

"One feels sullied simply being here."

Isobel Hanley

More than just Lady Walsingham's maid, Isobel is her constant companion and confidant. Having risen through the ranks of the serving staff from a lowly position, she knows much about the Walsingham household, and is privy to a number of family secrets. She has no love for Lord Walsingham, who had her beaten several times when she was still a scullery maid, but she is thoroughly loyal to Lady Walsingham. Isobel may not have grown up on the streets, but growing

up in the Walsingham kitchens shaped her into the no-nonsense woman she is today. Despite reservations regarding Lady Walsingham's plans to stage Euan-Lysander's kidnapping, a boy she has come to love as if he were her own, she has done all she could to help, knowing Lord Walsingham's views on Boojums all too well.

Attributes:

DEX: (12): 5/D8

STR: (12): 5/D8

TOU: (15): 6/D10

PER: (10): 5/D8

WIL: (14): 6/D10

CHA: (12): 5/D8

Social Level: 2

Characteristics:

Initiative: 5

Physical Armor: 0

Mystic Armor: 2

Death: 36

Unconsciousness: 30

Physical Defense: 7

Mystic Defense: 2

Social Defense: 7

Recovery Tests: 3

Knockdown: 5/D8



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Wound Threshold: 10 Movement: 6

Skills:

Melee Weapons (2): 7/D12; Streetwise (4): 9/D8+D6; Haggle (4): 9/D8+D6

Armor: None

Weapons: Knife

Equipment: Winter Clothing

Karma: 6 Karma Die: D8

Loot: £0/5/2

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Quotes:

"Yes me Lady, no me Lord."

"Just don't stand there gawping, it won't clean itself."

"And just what the bleedin' 'ell do yer think yer lookin' at!"

Billiard Hall Residents

These guys are out for a bit of fun and blow off some steam after a hard day's work. There's one for every two members of the adventuring party, plus one more.

Attributes:

DEX: (10): 5/D8

STR: (14): 6/D10

TOU: (12): 5/D8

PER: (10): 5/D8

WIL: (10): 5/D8

CHA: (10): 5/D8

Social Level: 2

Characteristics:

Initiative: 5

Physical Defense: 6

Physical Armor: 0

Mystic Defense: 4

Mystic Armor: 2

Social Defense: 6

Death: 29

Recovery Tests: 2

Unconsciousness: 24

Knockdown: 6/D10

Wound Threshold: 2

Movement: 6

Skills:

Melee Weapons (1): 6/D10; Unarmed Combat (2): 8/2D6

Armor: None

Weapons: Billiard ball in a handkerchief or billiard cue (treat either as Club)

Equipment: Cheap Clothing

Karma: 1

Karma Die: D8

Loot: £0/5/8

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Notes: Most of the working men are human. Apply the appropriate racial adjustments for any

Boojums present.

Quotes:

"What we got 'ere then?"

"Fancy a wager?"

"Just 'avin' a bit o'fun, see. No harm done."

Troubleshooting

If the adventurers refuse to take the job, it's a cold walk home with empty pockets. The child vanishes the next day, and Lady Walsingham, distraught, confesses to her husband about the meeting with the adventurers, which becomes another loose end for him to tidy up.

If they are too heavy handed with the clientele of the billiards hall and start unnecessarily smashing up the place, the doormen wade into the fight, intent on ejecting them. The bartender sends a runner for the police and lets them sort it out. This may be a seedy billiards hall, but it's relatively law abiding.

Kidnapped

Overview

The adventurers make their move on the Walsingham residence, only to discover the child is already being kidnapped. Lord Walsingham has played his hand, and the adventurers have only minutes to act before the rival gang gets away with the child.

Setting the Stage

Read the following to the players:

Whatever you had planned has gone out the window, possibly literally. Smashing glass can be heard above a woman's defiant screams. At the top of the stairs, light spills out of an open doorway into the darkened hall. You hear raised voices above the ruckus.

"I couldn't give a horse'n'cart, one of you shut her up, now. Not the barker, are you daft? You'll have the coppers swarmin' all over the place. Bang her over the head with something, yeah, the bed warmer, that'll do. The rest of you give us a hand with the kid, he weighs a bleedin' ton. Not going to need help visiting Old Father Thames this'un."

The adventurers have been beaten to the punch by the Dredger Gang, a notorious bunch of criminals who got their name from their victims turning up in the Thames. The gang has already drugged young Master Walsingham and has him tied to a stretcher. Even after taking a beating, Isobel continues bravely fending them off by throwing crockery and glassware. With their plan unraveling before it can even begin, the adventurers need to act decisively and quickly.

Themes and Images

Surprise, confusion, danger, and swift decisive action should be the main themes in this encounter.

Behind the Scenes

Lord Walsingham's plan is nearly identical to his wife's, with one important difference: he intends for his son to disappear permanently. The Dredger Gang, dressed as workmen, have gained access via a service entrance at the rear of the house. By the time the adventurers arrive, Isobel is badly beaten, but still throwing crockery as the gang attempts to carry young Master Walsingham from the room. If the adventurers intervene at this point they save Isobel from much worse. They may however choose to wait until the gang has done the hard work of carrying the boy from the house before making their move. Neither Lord nor Lady Walsingham are present. They are attending a high society charity event as an alibi, and neither is aware of the other's plan.

The adventurers may be surprised that someone else is about to scarper with their meal ticket. The Dredger Gang are just as surprised as the adventurers. Neither side knows who they are dealing with, but they both recognize dangerous individuals when they see them.

The Dredger Gang

James Mercer and Stuart Collins, gang leaders widely feared in the community, ended up on the wrong side of a crime syndicate after they refused to pay tribute. As an example to others, they were dumped off the nearest bridge into the Thames. Collins was never seen again. James Mercer almost drowned, but survived by clinging onto the branch of a large tree that passed close by. Taken down stream by the current, he was eventually beached at low tide. He later said in the early morning light, the oddly shaped branch he had been clinging to bore a startling resemblance to an old bearded man. Given the legend of Old Man Thames, James attributed his miraculous escape to the river deity. Using what remained of his assets and gathering his more loyal supporters, James began systematically hunting down those that had made an example of Stuart and himself and treating them in the same way. Before long, James was running the Mercer Collins Gang.

Corrupt constables in the pocket of Mercer Collins' prey raided the gang. James Mercer was killed. His gang lived on, becoming a violent criminal enterprise dedicated to making money and expanding its territory. Old Man Thames became the gang's mascot, and they soon earned the name "the Dredger Gang" as their victims' bodies were only discovered when the river was dredged. All members of the gang are competent swimmers. Getting tossed into the Thames and surviving the inevitable dysentery is part of their initiation.

Hogan (Snark)

Hogan is in charge of the gang's kidnapping and ransom operations. A hardened career criminal, he quite literally managed to jump 'The Ship', leaping from the Grosvenor-bound train into the Thames and swimming to shore. The gang counted this as his initiation.

Attributes:

DEX: (12): 5/D8

STR: (17): 7/D12

TOU: (16): 7/D12

PER: (11): 5/D8

WIL: (10): 5/D8

CHA: 11): 5/D8

Social Level: 1

Characteristics:

Initiative: 5

Physical Defense: 7

Physical Armor: 3

Mystic Defense: 7

Mystic Armor: 2

Social Defense: 7

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Death: 39 Recovery Tests: 3

Unconsciousness: 32 Knockdown: 7/D12

Wound Threshold: 10 Movement: 6

Skills:

Swimming (6): 13/D12+D10; Firearms (1): 6/D10; Streetwise (4): 9/D8+D6; Read River

(3): 8/2D6

Armor: Leather Armor

Weapons: Revolver

Equipment: Lock Picks

Karma: 2 Karma Die: D4

Loot: £0/10/12

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Quotes:

"Oi you, nutter. Get over here."

"You is going for a swim, fella."

"Kneecaps or elbows, which would you like to keep?"

The Goons

The goons should make the encounter interesting, but not too difficult, with a recommended count of one for every two adventurers.

Attributes:

DEX: (12): 5/D8

STR: (15): 6/D10

TOU: (14): 6/D10

PER: (13): 6/D10

WIL: (11): 5/D8

CHA: (10): 5/D8

Social Level: 1

Characteristics:

Initiative: 5

Physical Defense: 7

Physical Armor: 0

Mystic Defense: 8

Mystic Armor: 2

Social Defense: 5

Death: 34

Recovery Tests: 3

Unconsciousness: 28

Knockdown: 6/D10

Wound Threshold: 9

Movement: 6

Skills:

Swimming (3): 9/D8+D6; Unarmed Combat (3): 8/2D6; Lock Picking (2): 5/D8; Melee

Weapons (2): 7/D12; Unarmed Combat (3): 8/2D6

Armor: None

Weapons: Knife; Club

Equipment: None

Karma: 1

Karma Die: D8

Loot: £0/5/2

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Notes: The goons are mostly human. Apply the appropriate racial adjustments for Boojums.

Quotes:

"Why do I always get the dirty jobs?"

"Take everything. Okay, well, maybe not that."

"This is the big score, we're quids in this time."

The Dredgers do not fight to the death. They cut their losses, take their fallen, and flee if the battle is obviously going against them. They also leave as quickly as possible if the row attracts attention from outside. Promises of retribution will be made. You don't cut in on another man's action without repercussions.

Regardless of party intervention, such as the use of healing magic, Isobel ends up in hospital from her injuries, Lord Walsingham adding a few more when he discovers she smashed his collection of fine porcelain. She has papers given to her by Lady Walsingham for the adventurers, but with the trauma of the assaults, they end up in hospital with her (see *On The Run*, pg.241).

As part of his murderous plot, Lord Walsingham informs the police of the kidnapping the moment he arrives home. It is only later that it becomes apparent something has gone wrong with his plan and that his wife is somehow involved, something she pays dearly for. This sets the authorities onto the adventurers' trail.

What arrangements the adventurers have made to transport and keep the child safe are up to them. The child has been drugged and will not awaken for several hours. Shortly after the adventurers have taken Master Walsingham, events take on a life of their own.

Troubleshooting

Confrontation and violence in this encounter are inevitable, but gunfire or spellcraft brings swift response from the police, which only serves to further complicate an already confusing situation. Should the police arrive, the adventurers should still be given the opportunity to escape, with an epic chase through London streets. Make a few Tests with appropriate Skills to allow the party to shake the pursuit.

The Dredger Gang are prepared to go hand to hand, but only use firearms as a last resort. If the Dredger Gang gets away with the child, the adventurers will be on the clock to find him before he is dumped unceremoniously into the Thames. Play out another battle with the Dredgers on a dock or bridge, and afford a chance to rescue Master Walsingham. One way or another, the child is taken from the house. He should end up with the adventuring party, but if they botch their second chance, the group should face failure.

The Hunger

Overview

The adventurers deal with a spoiled child who has been snatched from his parents, and has succumbed to the Hunger, a feral state brought on by the demands that LGF has placed upon his body. As if catering to the needs of a ravenous spoiled child were not enough, the adventurers also deal with the many groups now hunting them.

Setting the Stage

Read the following to the players:

Babysitting an aristocrat's brat was not what you had in mind when you opted for a life of adventure. You can't be sure, but he seems to have grown since the last time you checked on him. Certainly his horns and tusks have. A feeble moan tells you he's finally coming round. Pity, you'd hoped the drugs would have lasted longer. His eyes snap open, alert, staring directly at you. There's no intelligence there, just the feral cunning of a predator. With a guttural howl and a snarl that reveals wickedly sharp teeth, the child lunges from his bed and toward you with inhuman speed.

Becoming a troll puts the LGF victim through a period of massively accelerated growth. They require food, and lots of it. Many lower-class trolls do not survive their bout of LGF because their families cannot afford to feed them enough, and they starve during the change. While Euan-Lysander was sedated, his body fed on itself. On waking, the raging hunger and pain seizes control, and he attacks the nearest edible thing like a wild animal. That nearest edible thing is most likely one of the adventurers.

Themes and Images

It's an emotional roller-coaster for all involved as the child's personality switches between that of a feral beast, an obnoxious upper-class brat, and the victim of a disfiguring illness deserving of pity. The fear and trauma of a child who has been snatched from his mother, amplified by the uncertainty of unfamiliar surroundings, sights, and smells, and frustration at rules not of his making, drives Euan-Lysander to extremes of behavior. The beast inside, the Hunger that overrides the pain and trauma of the transformation, provokes terrifying rages and vicious physical attacks, followed by moments of calm, quickly broken by the tantrums of a spoilt child with a privileged upbringing who has picked up one too many of his father's uglier traits.

Behind the Scenes

The real trouble begins when Euan-Lysander wakes up. He has grown several inches since being taken from his home, and he's starving due to his accelerated metabolism, a LGF symptom dubbed "The Hunger" by sensationalist newspapers. Unless there is food close at hand, the first thing Euan-Lysander tries to eat is one of the adventurers, the Hunger overriding his thinking. Euan-Lysander's appetite continues to be insatiable, requiring vast quantities of food daily, especially meat, simply to keep his metabolism ticking over. He may be a child, but he is becoming a troll, and will double in size and strength over the course of the adventure. The adventurers may have to contain him if they are not prepared for this eventuality.

The Hunger

The Hunger can occur before or after each growth spurt, or both. The frequency should be determined by the pacing of the adventure. Once the Hunger takes hold, its victim cannot think of anything but food until exhausted or the Hunger is sated. Succumbing to the Hunger for the

first time cannot be controlled. Normally, the changeling has little memory of the event afterward. Subsequent bouts of the Hunger can initially be resisted by a Willpower (6) Test. For each hour that passes without feeding, another Willpower Test must be made, the Target Number for each Test increasing by +1. Failure indicates the Hunger wins. Ravenous, the changeling enters a feral state, gaining the Frenzy Skill at Rank 3 (or adding 3 Ranks to Frenzy if the Skill is already known), adding +3 Steps to Dexterity and Strength, and inflicting -3 Steps to Perception and Willpower for the duration.

To add to the problem, London is in the grip of one of the coldest winters in living memory. Due to its early onset, much of the harvest failed, causing a hike in food prices. Keeping Euan-Lysander fed will be a real challenge, and is an expense neither the adventurers nor Lady Walsingham took into account. Acquiring such large amounts of food not only requires the adventurers to leave the safe house, but raises eyebrows, inadvertently bringing them to the attention of those hunting for them.

Once Euan-Lysander has been fed and restored to himself, the adventurers discover they are dealing with a spoilt, cantankerous child, one that is growing swiftly. The Gamemaster should play up the young lordling's tantrums and superior attitude, the sudden bouts of the Hunger, and the fact that the adventurers have on their hands a scared youngster undergoing a terrifying transformation in unfamiliar surroundings without his mother.

The Note

Shortly after Euan-Lysander's first meal, the next crisis strikes. His clothes can no longer contain his bulk. His buttons pop, his shirt and breeches rip, and his boots split. At this point, the adventurers discover a letter Lady Walsingham slipped into the boy's jacket pocket. The Gamemaster should let the adventurers discover the letter when it falls out of the damaged jacket, rather than asking for a Test. The letter contains an attempt by Lady Walsingham to explain her actions to her son, but also mentions important papers and payment details Isobel was to give to the adventurers.

Before the characters can attempt to contact Isobel, they have to deal with being hunted. Besides Scotland Yard pouring manpower into a citywide search, Lord Walsingham has hired a team of professional bounty hunters to track them down, after learning all did not go to plan. Lady Walsingham might not have known where the adventurers planned to hide her son, but she knew what they looked like, information Lord Walsingham took great pleasure in extracting. The Dredger Gang are also searching for the people who thwarted their plans, along with anyone who thinks they have a chance at the reward.

Newspapers

Word of the Walsingham kidnapping spreads like the legendary Great Fire across London. Local paper sellers can be heard crying the news in the streets. People stop to hear the headlines, while those that purchase the special edition are hounded for details by those who cannot read. The adventurers should quickly realize the gravity of their situation when they learn Lord Walsingham has offered a substantial reward and Scotland Yard is pouring all their resources into searching for the kidnappers.

The papers allow the Gamemaster to keep the adventurers up to date on the unfolding story, and can be used to instill paranoia when the papers appear to know more than they should. The information in the papers, used creatively, can gently nudge the adventurers into action if gameplay is slowing down.

ADVENTURES & CAMPAIGNS IN LONDON

The public is clamoring for even the slightest tidbit of information, with everyone hanging on the story's every twist and turn. The Walsingham kidnapping becomes the talk of barber shops, back street clubs, and parlors. Soon, everyone is reporting anything out of the ordinary, hoping to claim even just a part of the reward, which is so substantial that even the adventurers' contacts may begin to question their own loyalty. Eventually something raises suspicions, and the adventurers must escape with the child in the middle of a fight between groups looking for their share of the reward or the adventurers' collective hide.

Not So Safe House

There comes a point where the party must take their charge and flee into the night. The adventurers should not simply be ambushed in their hideout, but given the chance to figure out that the net is closing around them and make a dramatic escape. Perhaps the surrounding streets seem unnaturally quiet, or the adventurers notice the same individual each time they go out for food. A dog barking at an unusual hour could tip them off that their hideout has been compromised.

Euan-Lysander

Overly privileged scion of an aristocratic family, Looking Glass Fever victim, orphan in exile – in the space of a few weeks Euan-Lysander's childhood, way of life, mind, and body have been transformed. His resulting mood swings are swift and unpredictable, and his constant griping and lordly airs grating, but these are nothing compared to when the Hunger strikes. Following are three sets of statistics representing different stages of the transformation. The Gamemaster should feel free to assign any basic Skills Euan-Lysander might reasonably be expected to have (such as Cricket or Mathematics), or may have picked up from the adventurers.

Sickly Child

Attributes:

DEX: (10): 5/D8

STR: (5): 3/D4

TOU: (5): 3/D4

PER: (7): 4/D6

WIL: (8): 4/D6

CHA: (7): 4/D6

Social Level: 4

Characteristics:

Initiative: 5/D8

Physical Defense: 6

Physical Armor: 0

Mystic Defense: 5

Mystic Armor: 1

Social Defense: 5

Death: 13

Recovery Tests: 1

Unconsciousness: 10

Knockdown: 3/D4

Wound Threshold: 5

Movement: 3

Skills:

None

Armor: None

Weapons: None

Equipment: Blanket, Expensive Clothing, Fountain Pen

Karma: 1

Karma Die: D8

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Quotes:

Chapter 12

"Who in Hades are you? How dare you touch me!"

"You, Madame, have the manners of a goat. You, Sir, simply look like one."

"I just want to go home. I promise not to become a monster."

Changeling

Attributes:

DEX: (10): 5/D8

STR: (12): 5/D8

TOU: (11): 5/D8

PER: (10): 5/D8

WIL: (11): 5/D8

CHA: (10): 5/D8

Social Level: 1

Characteristics:

Initiative: 5/D8

Physical Defense: 6

Physical Armor: 0

Mystic Defense: 6

Mystic Armor: 2

Social Defense: 6

Death: 27

Recovery Tests: 2

Unconsciousness: 22

Knockdown: 5/D8

Wound Threshold: 8

Movement: 6

Skills:

None

Armor: None

Weapons: None

Equipment: Blanket, Rag Clothing, Fountain Pen

Karma: 2

Karma Die: D6

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Quotes:

"Has someone got a mirror? Argggggh! Mother!"

"Please, what's happening to me?"

"For some reason, you remind me of roast venison."

New Troll

Attributes:

DEX: (10): 5/D8

STR: (14): 6/D10

TOU: (12): 5/D8

PER: (9): 4/D6

WIL: (11): 5/D8

CHA: (10): 5/D8

Social Level: 1

Characteristics:

Initiative: 5/D8

Physical Defense: 6

Physical Armor: 0

Mystic Defense: 6

Mystic Armor: 2

Social Defense: 6

Death: 29

Recovery Tests: 2

Unconsciousness: 24

Knockdown: 6D10

Wound Threshold: 8

Movement: 7

Skills:

None

Armor: None

Weapons: None

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Equipment: Blanket, Rags, Fountain Pen

Karma: 3 Karma Die: D4

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Quotes:

"Can someone get me some clothes?"

"Wow, look what I can do. Let's smash some heads, is that how you say it?"

"Curiously, you chaps all seem to be glowing in the dark."

The Dredger Gang Knee Breakers

Nobody gets one over on the Dredger Gang. Nobody. Kidnapping is child's play compared to when the Dredger Gang want to prove a point. That's where the Knee Breakers come in.

Attributes:

DEX: (15): 6/D10

STR: (16): 7/D12

TOU: (16): 7/D12

PER: (11): 5/D8

WIL: (11): 5/D8

CHA: (8): 4/D6

Social Level: 1

Characteristics:

Initiative: 6

Physical Defense: 9

Physical Armor: 0

Mystic Defense: 7

Mystic Armor: 2

Social Defense: 5

Death: 39

Recovery Tests: 3

Unconsciousness: 32

Knockdown: 7/D12

Wound Threshold: 10

Movement: 6

Skills:

Avoid Blow (2): 8/2D6; Melee Weapons (3): 9/D8+D6; Sprint (2); Streetwise (4): 8/2D6;

Unarmed Combat (3): 9/D8+D6

Armor: None

Weapons: Hammer (Treat as Hand Axe)

Equipment: Rope, Cloth Sacks

Karma: 2

Karma Die: D8

Loot: £0/10/7

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Commentary: These guys are mostly human. Simply apply the appropriate racial adjustments for Boojums.

Quotes:

"I'm going to enjoy this."

"This is really going to hurt."

"Tear it all down!"

Police Detectives

No stone is left unturned when Scotland Yard's finest are on the job. They are determined to get their man (or woman), for the Lord Mayor himself has promised them colonial duties should the Walsingham Kidnapping not be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Chapter 12

Attributes:

DEX: (15): 6/D10

STR: (11): 5/D8

TOU: (12): 5/D8

PER: (16): 7/D12

WIL: (11): 5/D8

CHA: (13): 6/D10

Social Level: 3

Characteristics:

Initiative: 6

Physical Defense: 9

Physical Armor: 0

Mystic Defense: 9

Mystic Armor: 3

Social Defense: 8

Death: 34

Recovery Tests: 2

Unconsciousness: 29

Knockdown: 5/D8

Wound Threshold: 8

Movement: 6

Durability: 1

Skills:

Awareness (3): 10/2D8; Eidetic Memory (2); Evidence Analysis (3): 10/2D8; Firearms (2): 8/2D6; Knowledge (Law) (3): 10/2D8; Streetwise (2): 9/D8+D6

Armor: None

Weapons: Revolver, Truncheon (treat as Club)

Equipment: Double Lock Handcuffs, Notepad, Pencil, Magnifying Glass

Karma: 6

Karma Die: D8

Loot: £-/11/5

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Notes: Killing a police detective is not a good career move. Getting past them is enough to earn any adventure points.

Quotes:

"Do I look like bloody Dupin?"

"Next time, let me do the thinking."

"Did you think you could run forever? It's Dino-Land for you, if they don't stretch your neck first."

Bounty Hunters

These guys are new to the job and trying to impress their bosses. They are still tenacious and skilled.

Attributes:

DEX: (14): 6/D10

STR: (11): 5/D8

TOU: (12): 5/D8

PER: (16): 7/D12

WIL: (12): 5/D8

CHA: (14): 6/D10

Social Level: 2

Characteristics:

Initiative: 6

Physical Defense: 8

Physical Armor: 0

Mystic Defense: 9

Mystic Armor: 2

Social Defense: 8

Death: 29

Recovery Tests: 2

Unconsciousness: 24

Knockdown: 5/D8

Wound Threshold: 8

Movement: 6

Durability: 1

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Skills:

Danger Sense (2): 8/2D6; Evidence Analysis (2): 8/2D6; Firearms (2): 8/2D6; Streetwise (1): 7/D12; Tracking (3): 10/2D8

Armor: None

Weapons: Medium Pistol (revolver)

Equipment: Handcuffs*, Blindfolds

Karma: 6 Karma Die: D8

Loot: £-/5/3

Adventure Award: Novice Tier

Notes: Picking the lock on these handcuffs requires a Lock Picking (7) Test if the character is not restrained by them, otherwise a Lock Picking (11) Test is required. A successful Strength (14) Test is enough break the cuff's connecting chain.

Quotes:

"Do you think that's one of them?"

"You distract him, I'll wallop him."

"We should have brought the bear traps."

Journalist

With news frequently breaking on the kidnapping, the city seem to be swarming with journalists. Some just never stop digging, but it's the vultures that follow in their wake which cause the adventurers problems. For game mechanics, use the Journalist sample character from the Professions chapter of the *1879 Players Guide*.

Troubleshooting

Euan-Lysander as presented should be hard work for the adventurers. He requires constant attention, medication for the pain, and prodigious amounts of food. From time to time, he makes a lot of noise, threats, and empty promises. The adventurers may be well tempted to tie him up or subdue him again. Tying the child up without proper food and medication would be a death sentence. The Gamemaster should make this clear, with dire consequences if Euan-Lysander is neglected. Eventually, the adventurers should understand the child, even if they don't come to like him. The reverse should also be true, and Euan-Lysander should come to respect the adventurers.

Having the safe house discovered will not prove popular with the adventurers. The Gamemaster should work its discovery into the story rather than just having people suddenly gunning for the party as they open the door for a breath of fresh air. Clues should be dropped with little subtlety to make sure the players notice them. Having multiple groups after them could be helpful rather than a hindrance. The criminal elements won't want the police getting their hands on the adventurers and vice versa. The distraction of a multi-party gunfight should provide the adventurers with the opportunity to escape rather than being mown down.

On The Run

Overview

The adventurers stay one step ahead of those hunting them long enough to get to Isobel Hanley and acquire the documentation she is holding. The party learns of the death of Lady Walsingham, and decide how best to break the news to Euan-Lysander.

Setting the Stage

Read this aloud to the adventurers once they have spent some time on the run through the streets of London.

Constantly keeping one step ahead of pursuers has been exhausting. You've only got so many bolt holes, and you would wager your waxed ends that all your usual haunts are being watched. Staying in one place for more than a night is not an option. On top of everything else, the weather has taken a bad turn. The near-whiteout conditions allow you to move unseen through the streets. Most of the market stalls have closed and grocers shut up shop, though, so obtaining supplies has become a chore. Even the hardiest of the newspaper boys have abandoned their posts, their papers left flapping in the stands. As you pass by, the headlines catch your eye and give you a chill even the coldest weather hasn't been able to manage. Lord Walsingham has confessed to his wife's murder.

Themes and Images

Open this scene with paranoia. The party is jumping at shadows and constantly looking over their shoulders. The shocking discovery of their patron's death leaves them feeling adrift in a hostile city. Every cloud has a silver lining, though. The adventurers gain a sense of hope as the reward for their capture is withdrawn, and getting their hands on the documents Isobel holds moves within sight.

Behind the Scenes

Having escaped their first safe house and shaken the initial pursuit, the adventurers find it increasingly difficult to go to ground. The police conduct house to house searches at the slightest report of unusual activity. The bounty hunters hired by Lord Walsingham doggedly pursue them using any means at their disposal, mundane and magical. Local vigilantes, criminal elements, and anyone else convinced they might win the reward patrol their neighborhoods.

Running out of options, cash, and supplies, the adventurers need to get to the hospital, make contact with Isobel, and retrieve the documents she is holding for them. The adventurers get a break when the weather takes a turn for the worse. A snow storm descends on London, driving all but the most dogged of their pursuers indoors. A tragic turn of events provides another break at a terrible cost.

ADVENTURES & CAMPAIGNS IN LONDON

Via newspaper headlines, the adventurers learn Scotland Yard now suspects Lord Walsingham's involvement in the kidnapping, after Lady Walsingham dies at his hands following a particularly brutal beating. Having confessed to his wife's murder, Lord Walsingham is to hang. The adventurers need to choose their moment carefully to break the news to Euan-Lysander. How the boy responds to the news that he is now an orphan will depend partly on the progress of his transformation. Although not as infamously volatile as snarks, trolls have little reputation for self restraint.

Scotland Yard still does not understand why the Walsinghams would have their own son kidnapped. Lord Walsingham refuses to speak on the matter. With the discovery of the doctor's body in the Thames, the investigation focuses on the Dredger Gang and searching for the body of a human child. With the revelation of Lord Walsingham's involvement, no reward is forthcoming. The Dredger gang, now under pressure from Scotland Yard, goes to ground. The reward seekers give up and go home. Only the bounty hunters continue to pursue the adventurers. With the news of Lord Walsingham's involvement, combined with information gathered from their own network of contacts, the hunters believe the heir to the Walsingham Estate has become a Boojum. They wish to snatch the child for their own gain.

The Streets Of London

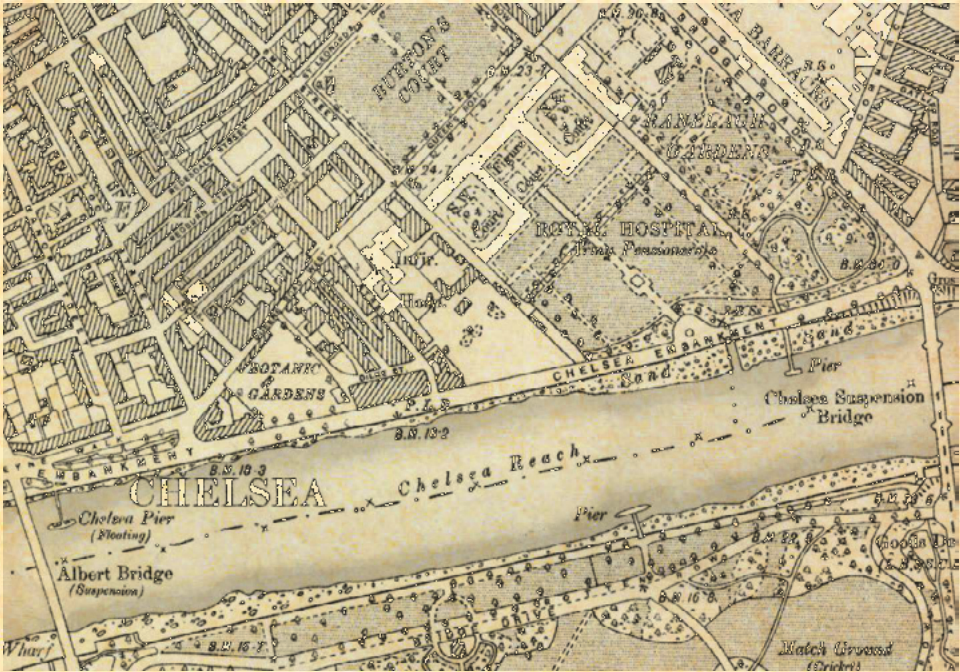
The streets of London have become a hunting ground with the adventurers the prey. Safe houses have a limited lifespan before they become compromised. The freezing weather should make it not just a game of hide and seek, but of survival. When hiding from those hunting them, the adventurers should be aware the longer they stay in one place, the more likely they are to be discovered. Contacts with little loyalty give them up at the mention of the reward. Only those truly loyal, or who owe the adventurers and have a sense of honor, stand by them, and even then at a safe distance.

The Hospital

With a number of deaths now associated with the Walsingham kidnapping, Scotland Yard has beefed up its presence at the hospital and put Isobel under police guard. Getting past the constables assigned to protect Isobel and getting out again, all while keeping Euan-Lysander safe, should take all the resources the adventurers can muster. However, getting their hands on the documents is more than worth the risk.

The administration building is the center of the hospital. The main entrance leads to a grand reception hall. Stairs lead up to various levels that contain staff rooms and offices. At the back of Administration are the kitchens and staff entrances. The reception hall is intersected by a large tiled corridor that cuts through the main administration building traveling the full length of the two infirmary wings. Each wing has two ward blocks, and each ward block has its own ward nurse's desk. The local station of the Metropolitan Police has placed uniformed officers at the main entrance to the administration building to show they have a presence. The constables guarding Isobel are stationed right by the nursing desk on the ward where Isobel is recuperating. There are no guards stationed at the rear of the hospital. The tradesmen's entrance is right by the morgue, both of which are a bit more busy than they'd like to be due to the weather. There is a regular patrol that covers the entire hospital grounds.

The hospital has no private rooms, only open wards, with movable fabric screens to provide privacy as required. Along with the rest of Isobel's personal effects, the packet of documents has been left in a small cabinet by her bed. The package includes Walsingham family photos, Euan-



Lysander's birth certificate, and a few other personal items. Lady Walsingham also included a letter to the adventurers informing them she wired their final payment along with some additional funds to a bank at Fort Alice, and included first class rail tickets to the Gruv. Isobel has been given medication for her pain, and drifts off to sleep easily, but she's alert enough to recognize the adventurers and will readily play along with whatever ruse they have invented.

The Gamemaster should use the GMC statistics already provided for the police officers. Possible openings for approach here are the tradesmens' entrance, the morgue, and passing themselves off as either family or visiting physicians. One of the constables at the ward could take an interest in a nurse, distracting him at a crucial moment. A little reconnaissance before going in would be useful. Feel free to provide whatever opportunities seem appropriate. The party should be able to get to Isobel and back out with the packet without too much trouble. The constables are mainly watching for Lord Walsingham's men and the Dredger Gang, who they believe may try to put an end to Isobel.

Troubleshooting

This scene should be challenging for the adventurers as they move from place to place through the streets of London, but it shouldn't be impossible. If they get cornered, outgunned, or just run out of ideas, the snowstorm worsens, giving them a little breathing space so they can get to the hospital and make contact with Isobel.

Orphan With A Twist

Overview

In this final scene, the adventurers have a decision to make. Do they escape to the safety of the Gruv and collect the money waiting for them, or do they stay in London and try to prove Euan-Lysander heir to the Walsingham estate, taking their chances with the law and the bounty hunters?

Setting the Stage

Read the following to the players.

Lady Walsingham, God rest her soul, was right on the money. She knew her husband was going to do something rash. The kidnapping itself is old news now, but some buffoon journalist has coined the phrase “paternal filicide by proxy”, and suddenly everyone’s spouting nonsense like they even know what it means. You know that it means everyone thinks the child is dead. Well, they’re dead wrong and you now have an orphan on your hands. There’s a twist, though. He’s the rightful heir to the Walsingham estate. Unfortunately, he’s also now a troll and no one is going to recognize him. You’ve got the papers to prove who he is, but the law may call them forgeries, considering who you are. Then there’s the question of how you came to have Euan-Lysander in your company in the first place. Normally, that might seem a terribly complicated situation, but you have tickets down the Rabbit Hole, first class tickets at that, and you need only wave them at the soldiers guarding Greenwich Station and it’s a breeze through. It would be nice to shake those bounty hunters off your trail. There’s also a healthy bank balance waiting for you in Fort Alice. You need to make your decision quickly. The tickets are only valid until tomorrow. London isn’t going anywhere, and it’s summer in the Gruv.

Themes and Images

A choice with an expiry date and a decision with potentially life changing implications present the players with the options of one more bump on the road or a long slog with an unknown outcome, yet one with potentially greater reward. A well-earned rest and possibly light at the end of the tunnel, metaphorically if it goes wrong, quite literally depend on the chosen path. The Rabbit Hole presents its own risks and opportunities.

Behind the Scenes

The main plot assumes the adventurers take the train to the Gruv, deal with the bounty hunters, and collect their hard-earned fee. However, given the fact they have the heir to the Walsingham estate on their hands, they may choose to attempt to prove Euan-Lysander’s identity and their own role as saviors rather than kidnappers. Suggestions on what might be involved are discussed in the **Troubleshooting** and **Aftermath** sections.

Chapter 12

Only the bounty hunters continue to actively pursue the adventurers. After visiting the hospital, the party should get the feeling they are being tailed, maybe even catching a glimpse of their pursuers from time to time. The bounty hunters wait for the adventurers to present an opportunity. They'll be quite surprised to see their quarry produce tickets and waltz past the soldiers guarding Greenwich Station. After they get over their initial shock, they realize if they can corner the adventurers on the train, there will be nowhere for them to escape. The bounty hunters buy tickets to the Gruv, then make their move while in transit through the Rabbit Hole, hoping to catch the adventurers off guard.

First Class

As long as the adventurers don't look like street tramps, they are allowed to pass freely into the station on producing their tickets. If they have never traveled first class before, they should be amazed at the change of attitude. Porters offer to carry their baggage and run errands. Doors are held open for them. Guards doff their caps. They're seated in a reserved section of the station's tea room while they wait. They're shown to a first class compartment on the train, and offered beverages. The opportunity here for a social gaffe might prove amusing, but the Gamemaster should be careful to keep it as only a diversion and not let it become the main event of the trip.

Big Game

The bounty hunters make their move once the train enters the Rabbit Hole. Unlike the adventurers, the bounty hunters are traveling in the cheap seats. They'll have to make their way through the carriages to first class. The bounty hunters overpower the railway guards on board and steal their uniforms. Once disguised, they make their move on the adventurers. The adventurers realize something is up, noticing an ill-fitting uniform or something else out of place that alerts them to the imminent danger. As nervous as the adventurers are likely to be, a Perception Test should only establish which member of the party spotted the clue. Just as the brawl starts, the weird phenomena of the Rabbit Hole play up, and the Gamemaster is encouraged to use this to create a memorable fight scene.

Euan-Lysander has transformed fully into a troll, albeit an adolescent one. Despite his increase in size and strength, and his recent trials, he still has a childlike mind. His bedtime stories often included Alice's Adventures In Wonderland as well as other exciting and equally ridiculous tales from the Gruv itself. As a Boojum, he has a connection to the magic of the Rabbit Hole. This, combined with a vivid imagination and expectations created by tales he believes to be the truth, may allow him to weather the maelstrom of strange phenomena better than anyone else not themselves a Boojum.

Some ideas for Rabbit Hole phenomena are given in the table below. It's advised to roll only every other combat round, and no more than once or twice in the entire fight scene, to avoid the weirdness from taking center stage and detracting from the players' story.

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Roll	Phenomenon	Effect
1	Time Dilation	Time travels faster for some than others. Roll a d6 for each player character and GMC. An odd result grants them an extra combat round's worth of actions. An even result leaves the character moving at normal speed, which will look slower to those being accelerated. Time dilation may switch between combatants at random intervals. Roll again for each character every round this effect occurs.
2	Contra Gravity	Gravity fluctuates, causing "down" to switch from the floor to the walls or ceiling of the carriage. Roll a d6 to determine the new "down". 1-2 Left wall 3-4 Right wall 5-6 Ceiling All characters must make a Dexterity (8) Test to land without injury and still be able to fight. Anyone failing the Test takes Step 4 falling damage. On a Rule of One result, the character takes Step 6 falling damage and loses all actions for the round.
3	Pea Souper	Luminescent fog rises in the carriage, cutting visibility down to arm's reach. All combat Target Numbers are at +2 due to poor visibility. Strange shapes writhe in the mist. Glowing eyes and other distracting visions appear and then vanish. The adventurers hear otherworldly whispers and suggestions, some helpful, some not. The Gamemaster may assign bonuses or penalties for the distractions or following the suggestions as appropriate.
4	Roller Coaster	The tracks appear to buckle and bend. The train doesn't have any problem staying on them, but everyone inside not holding on tight gets tossed about like dice in a cup. All characters must make a Dexterity (10) Test. Anyone failing the Test takes Step 6 falling damage. On a Rule of One result, the character takes Step 8 falling damage, loses all actions for the round, and drops their weapon. This effect should only last one combat round.
5	Outside Looking In	Gravity shifts to one wall or other of the carriage. One group suddenly finds themselves standing on the outside of the carriage, with down being the interior, with the other group standing on the inside of the carriage wall, with down being outside. This effect lasts only a single round, at the end of which everyone finds themselves back on the floor and inside the train.
6	Stretched Thin	Roll two Step 7 initiatives. On the higher one, the train seems to elongate, the combatants suddenly finding themselves effectively spread out over a distance of a hundred yards in the direction of travel. Adjust target numbers and check weapon ranges as appropriate. On the lower initiative, reality snaps back like elastic, hurling the combatants at each other. All characters must make a Dexterity (7) Test to avoid colliding. On a failure, the character loses any remaining actions in the round. On a Rule of One result, the character takes Step 6 damage from collision, with another character if they also had a Rule of One result. An extra success on the Dexterity Test allows the character to take advantage of the situation, adding +3 Steps to their Damage if they make a successful Unarmed or Melee attack Test at the time of the snap.

Bounty Hunters

Emerson and Peel are expert trackers, but are also old school types who shoot first and don't bother with questions, unless they really want you alive. With Lord Walsingham's purse now closed, the only person they want alive is Euan-Lysander. Add one henchman using the bounty hunter stats from *The Hunger* for every player character after the third. Thus, for a party of five adventurers, Emerson and Peel should bring along two henchmen.

Attributes:

DEX: (14): 6/D10

STR: (12): 5/D8

TOU: (12): 5/D8

PER: (15): 6/D10

WIL: (12): 5/D8

CHA: (14): 6/D10

Social Level: 2

Characteristics:

Initiative: 6

Physical Defense: 8

Physical Armor: 5

Mystic Defense: 9

Mystic Armor: 2

Social Defense: 8

Death: 53

Recovery Tests: 2

Unconsciousness: 44

Knockdown: 5/D8

Wound Threshold: 8

Movement: 6

Durability: 4

Skills:

Bribery (2): 8/2D6; Danger Sense (4): 10/2D8; Evidence Analysis (3): 9/D8+D6; Firearms (4): 10/2D8; Research (2): 8/2D6; Street Wise (2): 8/2D6; Tracking (5): 11/D10+D8; True Shot (3): 9/D8+D6

Armor: Ballistic Vest

Weapons: Medium Pistol (revolver), Truncheon (treat as Club)

Equipment: Wound Salve, Blindfold, Double Lock Handcuffs (see Notes)

Karma: 6

Karma Die: D8

Loot: £3/10/12

Adventure Award: Journeyman Tier

Notes: The latest in prisoner restraints, double lock handcuffs are designed to beat lock picking and shimmying. Opening them without the proper key requires a Lock Picking (13) Test, with an extra success required if the character is currently restrained by them. A Strength (16) Test will break the connecting chain.

Quotes:

"Dead or alive, that's our choice, not yours."

"Why do they always run, Emerson?" "Isn't that the eternal question, Peel?"

"Money won't buy your freedom. It's the thrill of the hunt. I wish I could also add 'it's the challenge,' but not in your case."

The Gruv

As the dust settles, the train arrives at Fort Alice. There are some questions to answer, but evidence and eyewitness statements put the adventurers in the clear, as they were attacked by a group of passengers masquerading as railway guards. Because the adventurers were traveling first class, they are entitled to compensation. Based on the railway agent's suspicion level, they may receive anything from a partial refund up to a full refund and open first class return tickets to be used at

a time of their convenience. Once this has been sorted out, collecting their money from the bank is only a formality.

Troubleshooting

Several things could go wrong in this encounter, but the main challenge for the Gamemaster is if the adventurers fail to get the documents from Isobel. A previously unknown beau of Isobel's could deliver the packet to a prearranged drop. Perhaps Isobel saw the adventurers out a window and convinced or bribed a young nursing student to carry the packet to them. The party could get a second chance to reach Isobel and the packet. If enough time passes, Isobel could even be released from hospital and find the party on her own.

If the party decides to stay in London and pursue Euan-Lysander's claim to the family estate, this should be an adventure all of its own. Some of the options for this course of action are discussed in **Aftermath**. There is also no reason why the party can't travel to the Gruv, collect their well-earned pay, heal their wounds, and then return to Earth with a plan to tackle the Walsingham Inheritance.

Aftermath

By the end of the adventure, the adventurers' actions and resulting events have created a ripple effect across London and even reached the Gruv. New enemies now await the adventurers in the shadows of London's streets. They may still be fugitives from the law, wanted in connection with the Walsingham kidnapping. The Dredger Gang now consider the adventurers mortal enemies and will make life difficult for them. Some of the party's contacts may have double crossed them. Depending on the group's adherence to the notion of honor, payback may be in order.

If the adventurers treated Euan-Lysander well, they may have made themselves a lifetime friend, contact, patron, and possibly even a fellow adventurer. The life of every adventurer has an origin, and Euan-Lysander's story is certainly as dramatic as they come. If, however, he has been treated badly, he takes his leave of the adventurers, and one day may revenge himself upon them.

The battle on the train becomes the talk of Fort Alice for a least a week. The adventurers' reputation precedes them. The first class carriages were full of rich merchants, company men, government officials, many on their way to stake their claim in the Gruv. They have uses for people who know how to handle themselves in a tight situation.

If the adventurers decide to pursue the Walsingham inheritance, the Gamemaster should keep a number of factors in mind. With no heir readily apparent, and given the scandalous nature of the Walsingham Kidnapping and subsequent tragic events, the Crown has claimed forfeiture of the Walsingham Estate, with the properties potentially reverting to the government. The extended Walsingham family is contesting this, each laying their own claim, resulting in a huge legal battle that could rumble on for months. Arguments must be heard in Chancery Court, made legendary by Dickens, and possibly even in the House of Lords. With such a huge prize at stake, the sudden emergence of a transformed heir will result in all manner of shenanigans. The adventurers will find themselves caught up in political maneuvering, corruption, investigations, family plots and counterplots, and attempts to simply make them disappear.

The adventurers have physical evidence on their side, and the testimony of Isobel Hanley. To stand any chance of being believed and not sent off to Hornblower's Hill, they must clear their names and prove that they are fit and proper persons acting in the interests of the child. This may be their most difficult battle yet, to prove to a skeptical upper class that they are in fact decent and proper subjects of Her Majesty.

Lady Walsingham's Letter to Her Son

The following may be read aloud, or copied to a separate document as a prop.

Dearest son,

Please find it within yourself to forgive me my actions. What you must be going through, both physically and emotionally, I cannot fathom. I deserve your anger at what can only be felt as the utter betrayal of someone who held you dear. There is little I can offer in the way of an excuse except to say my fear of what might happen to you, should you remain within the family estate, has outweighed any other fate I could imagine. Your father is a man of stern views and proud upbringing, but what you don't know and dare I say it, a history of appalling actions when the madness of hate and anger takes him. I live in hope that your exile from the family should be a brief one and that your father shakes from him this terrible malady your condition has brought down upon him. I have been given assurances that the rogues that hold you will keep you safe and look after your needs, although I am in no doubt your treatment will be inferior to that which you have grown accustomed to.



I have arranged tickets to the Grosvenor Land and for funds to be made available at the bank in Fort Alice including a line of credit to be extended to you at the telegraph office. Once you make it to your destination please contact me. My hope is this whole incident can be put behind us and we can become a family once more.

Your loving mother

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