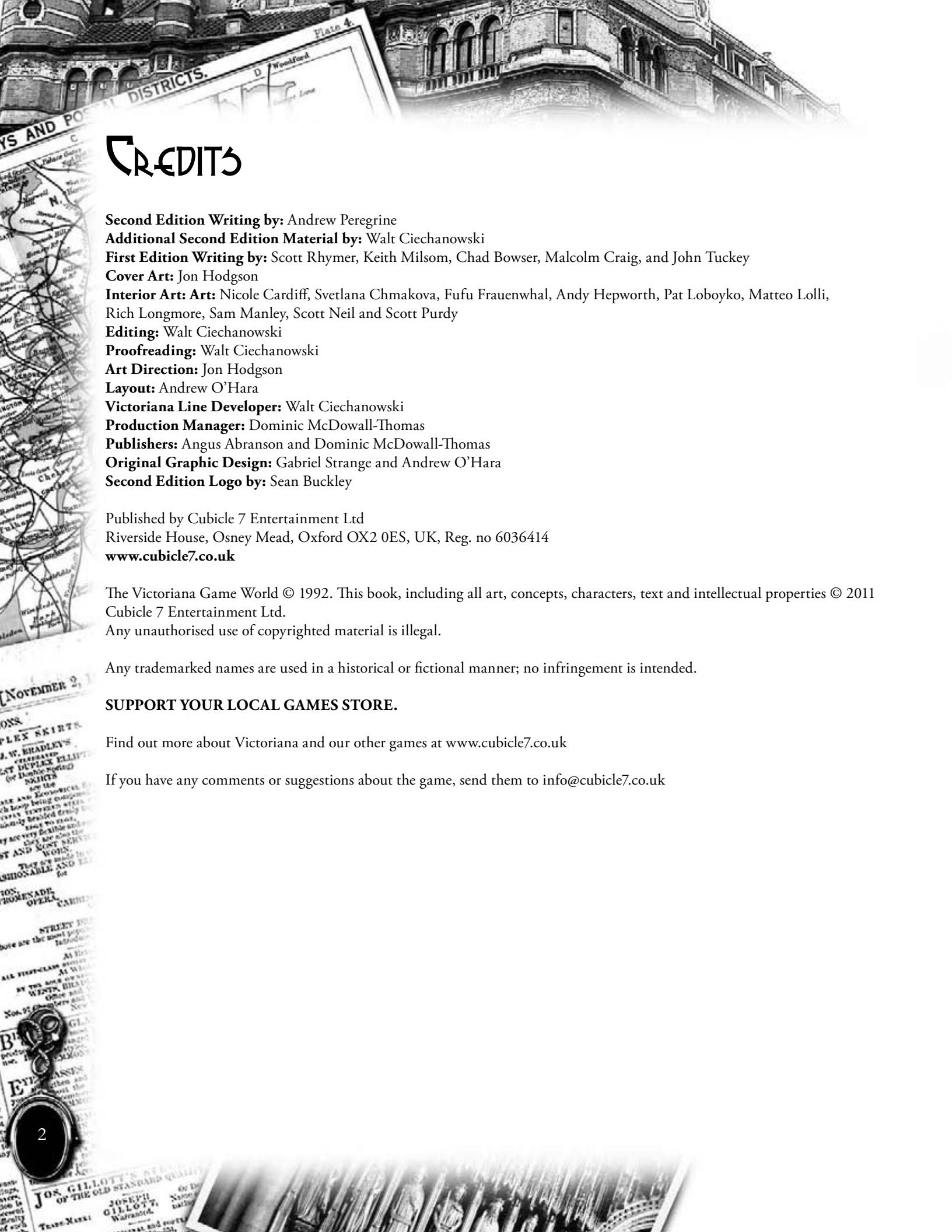


The Smoke

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THE SMOKE

CONTENTS

- 5 CHAPTER 1 –
SMOG AND SHADOW**
- 6 The Smoke, Revisited
 - 7 A Brief History of London
 - 12 The Thames Valley
 - 12 Getting to London
 - 15 The Streets of London
 - 19 Daily Life in London
 - 22 Types of Employment
 - 25 The Victorian Home
- 27 CHAPTER 2 –
A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO LONDON**
- 27 Government
 - 30 Law and the Courts
 - 33 Entertainment in the Great Metropolis
 - 39 The Gentleman's Club
 - 41 Sex in the City
 - 42 Eating and Drinking
 - 43 Getting around the City
 - 44 Communications
 - 48 Medical Assistance
 - 51 City of Death
 - 51 Crime in the City
 - 52 The Metropolitan and City Police Force
 - 56 Urchins
 - 57 A Group of Villages linked by a Common Pollution
- 60 CHAPTER 3 –
THE WEST END**
- 60 Hammersmith & Fulham
 - 62 Notting Hill & Kensal Green
 - 65 Belgravia
- 66 Pimlico
 - 68 Royal Borough of Kensington & Chelsea
 - 72 The London Parks
 - 73 Bayswater
 - 76 Paddington
 - 77 Marylebone
 - 80 St John's Wood
 - 80 St Pancras
 - 82 Bloomsbury
 - 83 Mayfair
 - 87 Soho
 - 87 Westminster
- 93 CHAPTER 4 –
THE CITY**
- 93 Charing Cross & Trafalgar Square
 - 94 Covent Gardens
 - 96 Holborn
 - 98 St Giles
 - 101 The City - "The Square Mile"
 - 104 Bishopsgate
 - 105 Finsbury
- 107 CHAPTER 5 –
THE EAST END**
- 107 Wapping
 - 109 Whitechapel
 - 114 Limehouse
 - 117 Isle of Dogs
 - 118 Poplar & Canning Town
 - 119 Mile End
 - 119 Bromley-by-Bow
 - 120 Spitalfields
 - 121 Bethnal Green
 - 121 Hackney
 - 122 Shoreditch & Hoxton

123 CHAPTER 6 –
SOUTH OF THE RIVER

123 Battersea
124 Lambeth
125 Southwark
127 Bermondsey
127 Rotherhithe
128 Kennington
129 Camberwell
131 Greenwich
132 Woolwich

133 CHAPTER 7 –
THE NORTHERN OUTSKIRTS

133 Hampstead
135 Highgate
136 Holloway
137 Camden Town & Kentish Town
138 Islington
139 Highbury
140 Stoke Newington

141 CHAPTER 8 –
DOWN IN THE DARK

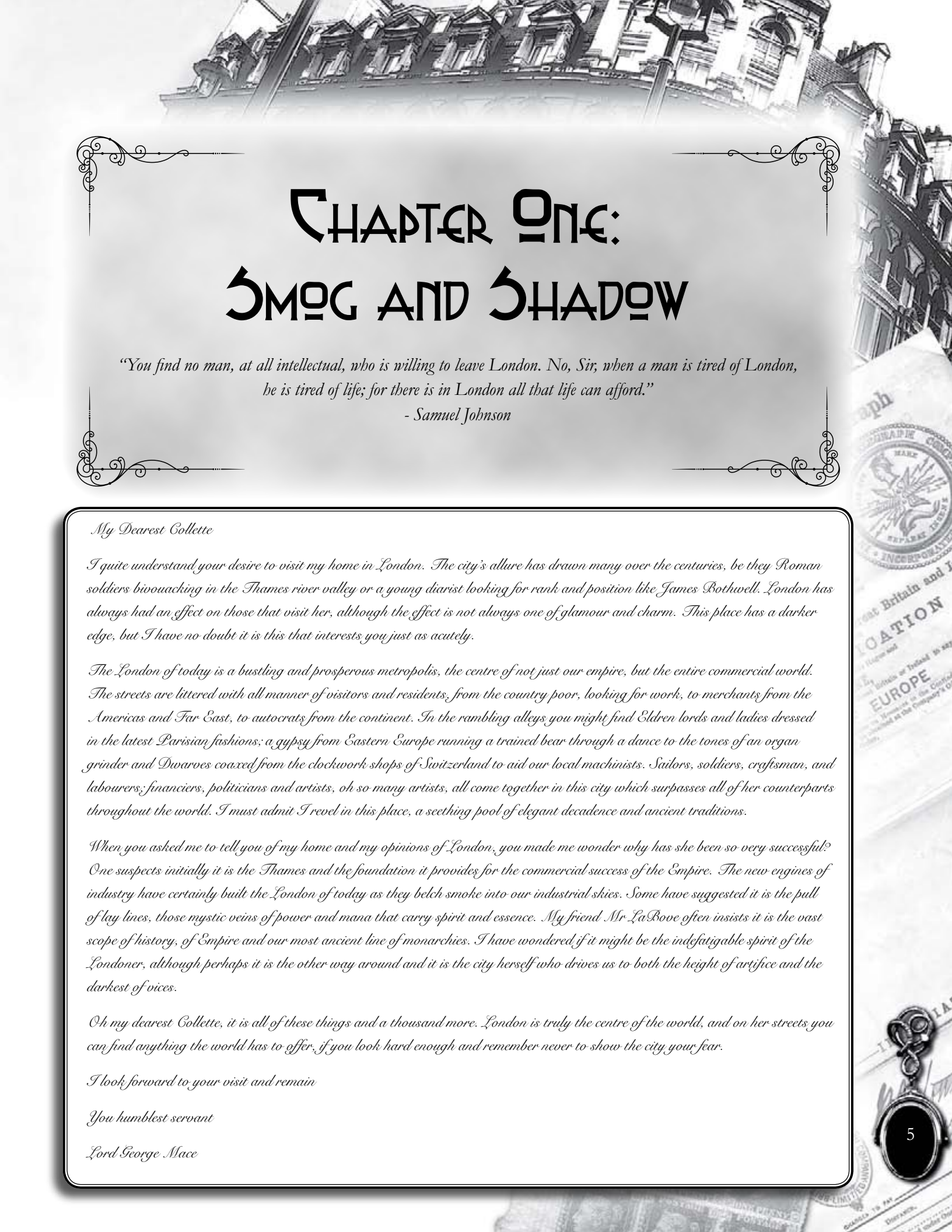
141 A Map of the Undercity
146 Creatures of the Undercity
151 Lairs & Hideaways
154 Running Adventures in the Undercity

160 CHAPTER 9 –
BEYOND THE CITY

160 The South
161 The West
162 The Midlands
163 The North West
164 Wales
164 Scotland

167 CHAPTER 10 –
FACES IN THE SMOKE

185 INDEX



CHAPTER ONE: SMOG AND SHADOW

"You find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

- Samuel Johnson

My Dearest Collette

I quite understand your desire to visit my home in London. The city's allure has drawn many over the centuries, be they Roman soldiers bivouacking in the Thames river valley or a young diarist looking for rank and position like James Bothwell. London has always had an effect on those that visit her, although the effect is not always one of glamour and charm. This place has a darker edge, but I have no doubt it is this that interests you just as acutely.

The London of today is a bustling and prosperous metropolis, the centre of not just our empire, but the entire commercial world. The streets are littered with all manner of visitors and residents, from the country poor, looking for work, to merchants from the Americas and Far East, to autocrats from the continent. In the rambling alleys you might find Eldren lords and ladies dressed in the latest Parisian fashions; a gypsy from Eastern Europe running a trained bear through a dance to the tones of an organ grinder and Dwarves coaxed from the clockwork shops of Switzerland to aid our local machinists. Sailors, soldiers, craftsmen, and labourers; financiers, politicians and artists, oh so many artists, all come together in this city which surpasses all of her counterparts throughout the world. I must admit I revel in this place, a seething pool of elegant decadence and ancient traditions.

When you asked me to tell you of my home and my opinions of London, you made me wonder why has she been so very successful? One suspects initially it is the Thames and the foundation it provides for the commercial success of the Empire. The new engines of industry have certainly built the London of today as they belch smoke into our industrial skies. Some have suggested it is the pull of ley lines, those mystic veins of power and mana that carry spirit and essence. My friend Mr. LaBove often insists it is the vast scope of history, of Empire and our most ancient line of monarchies. I have wondered if it might be the indefatigable spirit of the Londoner, although perhaps it is the other way around and it is the city herself who drives us to both the height of artifice and the darkest of vices.

Oh my dearest Collette, it is all of these things and a thousand more. London is truly the centre of the world, and on her streets you can find anything the world has to offer, if you look hard enough and remember never to show the city your fear.

I look forward to your visit and remain

Your humblest servant

Lord George Mace



THE SMOKE, REVISITED

I didn't want to do this.

The first edition of *The Smoke* is one of my favourite supplements and easily the best gaming sourcebook for the city. I've been living in London for far too many years and it is the only gaming book I know that captured the feel of the city and made sense of its insane streets and its nooks and crannies. I can say that in all honesty, as I had nothing to do with the writing of the previous edition. So my first thought was why change something that good? Why not just check it over for first edition material that needs an update and run off a few more copies?

The answer is that London is far too big for just a single sourcebook. Almost every street has its own story; every building has seen its own part of history. While we could never hope to cover every possible tale that London has experienced or inspired, we decided we could add a little more to 'The Smoke'.

So this book doesn't really replace the brilliant work by Scott Rhymer and the other writers. Instead we have added to and expanded on it. This edition has new notes about living in London and a few more places and faces that you might run into. Several new districts are detailed and we've added a map to help you find your way from village to village.

So, welcome back to London, the centre of Empire, the heart of Victorian England, a place that has survived fire, plague and war and still remained strong.

In short, welcome to the greatest city in the world.

- Andrew Peregrine

USING THIS BOOK

The Smoke is a guide to living and travelling in London of 1867. It is designed as a guide book to the city and should be useful for both players and Gamemasters alike.

In this chapter we introduce the history of the city and offer a general overview. Here we detail the general sights and sounds of the city to allow the Gamemaster to evoke the right style and mood. We also take a look at daily life for the inhabitants of the city, whatever their class.

In the chapter 2 we look at what it is like to live in London, and what it has to offer. We look at the government, entertainments, clubs, newspapers and theatres among other more decadent delights. We also detail vital services, such as medical aid, how long the police might take to arrive and how likely it is an urchin will actually deliver a message for you.

For chapters 3 to 7 we describe the city itself in terms of the various boroughs and districts. Each area of the city has its own distinct character and feel, forget thinking of 'downtown' and 'uptown' these terms mean nothing in the sprawl of London. As well as this, for each borough we detail several places of interest and the characters that might be found there as well. The chapters divide the city up into its north, south, east, west and central areas, and also cover what might be found lurking in the ancient sewer systems and tunnels.

In the last chapters we look beyond the more obvious parts of the city and place London in context. Chapter 8 takes us down into the city beneath the city, and details the lairs, habitations, denizens and forgotten secrets that lie under the streets. Chapter 9 takes a broader look at the cities beyond London and the countryside that surrounds it. Finally, in chapter 10, we offer an expansion to the **Supporting Cast** chapter in the *Victoriana Core Rulebook* and detail a wealth of new NPC types, each with their own story.



A BRIEF HISTORY OF LONDON

Brutus and New Troy

The city of London has an ancient pedigree.

Twelve centuries before the birth of Justas, a group of Trojan refugees sailed from Gaul and established a city, Trinovantium (a corruption of "New Troy") on the spot where the City of London now stands. Their leader, Brutus, proclaimed himself king and named both the island and his new subjects after himself. Unfortunately the islands of new 'Briton' had been left unconquered for a good reason. While there were several local tribes of humans and other races, all of them were plagued by the Giants that dominated the islands. While the islands weren't overrun with giants, it only required one or two to raid a village to level the place and leave little for the inhabitants. For most invaders, raiding was a far better option than conquest, but Brutus was looking to create a new dynasty. After taking control of Trinovantium, Brutus and his troops organised and trained the local tribes they had conquered into a new army and made war on the giants. The giants were unprepared for a concerted attack but soon recovered and made Brutus fight hard for his new country. However, he was eventually victorious, and many legends surround his defeat of the giant king, Madoc. While the fight was probably simply a pitched battle, legends persist of single combat between Madoc and Brutus, assistance by strange and mysterious sorcery and one story tells of Brutus making a deal with a dragon to destroy Madoc.

As Trinovantium was little more than a fortified village, the overall effectiveness of the "Briton" conquest of the giants is of scholarly dispute. Many other tribes began asserting themselves against the warlike giants around the same time, possibly for different reasons than Brutus' campaign. However, the legend of King Brutus the Giant Slayer remains strong to this day and most of the British monarchs have proudly traced their roots back to him. Whatever the truth of the legends, Brutus's war against the giants made the fractious people of the islands fight in a common cause and put aside their differences. Had they not done so, none of them would have survived.

King Brutus' dream of a united Britannia died with him. His children divided up his holdings into even more petty kingdoms and soon were at war with each other. The Trinovantes tribe became one of many British petty kingdoms with no more claim to the entire island than any of its neighbours. Trinovantium changed hands a number of times over the centuries and remained little more than a village until King Lud refortified it in the 1st century bce, renaming it Caerlud.

However, Brutus' conquest did mix the various races of Briton together. All of the European races were represented on the island, and before Brutus' arrival, many tribes were based on racial lines. Often each tribe was usually made

up almost exclusively of one particular race, with other races being servants or slaves. However, Brutus' Trojans were mostly human and his conquest established human superiority in the isles. While some of the races lived in separate tribes, most of the kingdoms formed through local and familial ties, mixing all the people together. Among the other races, the beautiful and sorcerous Eldren established themselves as pre-eminent, by being the partners of choice for those Trojans who intermarried with the natives. However, in time, the people of the isles came to see themselves as Britons first and Eldren or Dwarven second.

The Coming of Rome

Over a century later, Caerlud was conquered by the invading Romans in the year 42. The Romans continued their practice of retaining native flavour by renaming the city Londinium, a Latinised version of Caerlud. Under Roman rule, the city was completely transformed. A bridge, later known as London Bridge, was built to connect Londinium to the southern bank of the Thames. This bridge was part of the Roman road system, the basis for the modern English road system (many future roads and footpaths leading to and from London would run along, or close to, their Roman origins). Aside from construction, thaumaturgy and infrastructure, Rome also brought a galvanizing influence to the fractured tribes of Brutus' broken dynasty. Whereas previously there had been several separate tribes, Roman influence brought any remaining racial and tribal divisions down and started the process of integration.

The Roman city was burned in the year 60 by Queen Boudica, of the Iceni tribe. The Iceni were one of the last remnants of Brutus' empire and still considered themselves his heirs as giant killers. They were led by an unusually advanced group of Ogres, although modern scholars believe the tribe was actually run by a secret council of Human and Eldren 'advisors' to the Ogre Kings and Queens. The Iceni had lived peacefully with the Romans until the Romans decided the Iceni needed to be brought to heel. In a terrible miscalculation the Roman governor had Boudica beaten, her husband (the King of the Iceni) killed and their daughters raped when they arrived in Londinium for one of their usual diplomatic meetings. The Romans thought that this would prove their superiority and bring the Iceni back in line. They never thought for a moment that the tribe would be any form of threat if led by a woman, even an Ogre woman. It had the opposite effect, galvanising them under Boudica's leadership and hungry for revenge. The Iceni mounted a brilliant military campaign against Londinium and succeeded in almost destroying it. Unfortunately for the Iceni, the governor managed to send to Rome for reinforcements. When the reinforcements arrived, they found the governor's head decorating the walls



amongst them. This tolerance and Aluminat influence would spread throughout the 400s, and by the time the Aluminat faith was declared the state religion of the Roman Empire in 391, the city of Londinium was already primarily Aluminat.

While it was believed that the Aluminat influence would unite all the islands under Roman rule with Londinium as its capital, that belief was quickly shattered when internal politics weakened the Empire and forced the Romans to withdraw within the first decade of the 5th century. One local chieftain, Vortigern, sacked Londinium in 408 and established a new settlement, Lundenwic, to the west of it. Londinium itself was renamed Lundenburg and acted as a military fort. To secure his rule, Vortigern invited German mercenaries, primarily the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, to support his forces. These mercenaries soon turned on Vortigern and claimed eastern Britannia for themselves, carving up eastern Britannia into many Angle and Saxon kingdoms.

The Saxon Kings and Camelot

The new Saxon kings found an ally in the Aluminat Church, which was looking to stamp out the Celtic Aluminat heresy. This version of Aluminat, led by Eldren bishop Myrddin Emrys (later raised to Cardinal status by King Uther Pendragon), had continued to embrace much of the old Faith and even magic and enchantment. It was highly popular in the British Isles and Aluminat leaders feared it might spread. The centre of the 'heresy' was the Pendragon dynasty. This wealthy and powerful kingdom ruled from Camelot, near Glastonbury. As far as anyone could tell it was a utopia of charity, mercy and order where everyone lived and served for the good of the community. It was bold proof that the heresy not only worked but was even blessed. The Roman Aluminat had to see it destroyed if it was to preserve its power, but it stood strong and resilient against all military attacks.

However, in 560, a mere forty years after coming to provenance, the Pendragon dynasty disappeared overnight. Where the great castle of Camelot once stood, a sad broken keep remained. Tales and legends of great quests and battles remained, but the armies of shining knights and contented peasants were gone. All there was of Camelot was a leaderless group of villages that were just as poor and hungry as anywhere else. Had Camelot just been an illusion? The Celtic Aluminat Church was also dealt a mortal blow as its spiritual leader, Cardinal Emrys, had disappeared along with most of the high-ranking bishops.

The Aluminat Church was quick to proclaim that the Pendragons' success had been due to demonic involvement that had finally claimed it's due. However some suggest that the whole realm somehow ascended to heaven and waits even now for those who are worthy to join it and perhaps take part in a final battle between heaven and hell. One

of a burning Londinium and spared no effort in quashing the Iceni.

With the defeat of the Iceni, Londinium was rebuilt and was used as the primary base of operations for the Roman activities in the island. Should the natives get restless again, troops from Rome could be brought quickly to the city by the Thames. The markets and law courts were established on Leadenhall Market, and underground, catacombs for burial were excavated, and the early sewage systems established. With peace enforced, the city grew quickly, with an agora and amphitheatre. By the year 200, London was the centre of the greater of Roman provinces in Britain – Britannia Superior (Britannia Inferior being the northern lands of the island).

This period of Roman rule also aided the spread of the Aluminat faith, brought to the island by Joseph of Arimathea toward the end of the 1st century. In defiance of the Roman gods and as a response to the inadequacy of native gods to defeat them, many Briton tribes (both those under Roman rule and the few free tribes) came to embrace the teachings of Justas. The new faith had begun infiltrating the Empire as well, and Londinium was home to many Aluminat worshippers that practiced in secret. By the end of the 3rd century, the Aluminat faith was tolerated in Londinium and even counted a number of leaders



day, King Arthur, the last Pendragon, and his knights will return to bring justice and truth to both order and chaos, if the heretical legends are to be believed.

Apart from the brief dream of Camelot, Britain remained a fractured set of kingdoms. Many of the kings of these fiefs reaffirmed their Aluminat allegiance to gain support from the church against their peers. King Aethelbert of Kent, one of many Saxon kings at the time, was a major proponent of the Aluminat faith and in 570, he built the first Cathedral of St. Paul in the Ludgate district of Lundenwic. By 640, a major trading post had sprung up in London, where Charing Cross and the Strand now stand. Lundenburg continued to grow in importance during the successive attacks from the Viking raiders of Scandinavia. To strengthen Lundenburg, or London as it was now called, the first construction on the fortifications of South-Werk started. London, through this period, was under the control of Saxon kings, but 'Alfred the Great' was uniting the country under the banner of seven allied kingdoms led by Wessex into a new country called 'England'. With the death of King Aethelred in 911, the city finally came under the control of an English king.

England Conquered

The English kings built the city into the pre-eminent commercial town of the island and the wealth of London soon attracted another attack by the Vikings, under the Dane king Sweyn Forkbeard. The Dane's forces besieged the city, even using their ship to pull down London Bridge (hence the song, "London Bridge is falling down..."). The siege and the war with the Danes finally lifted 20 years later. Unfortunately only a few years later, another danger would face the English and London...

In 1066, Edward the Confessor, then King of England and famed for his piety to the Aluminat religion and his founding of the Abbey at Westminster, died without an heir. His cousin, William the Duke of Normandy, made his claim for the throne, but instead the Royal Council elected the king's brother-in-law, Harold. Normandy invaded the island and the English met him at Hastings. William beat them decisively and went on to rampage through the countryside. Instead of attacking London, however, he razed Southwark and then moved off to wait outside the city for the officials to recognise him as King of England. Once the burgers accepted "William the Conqueror", the Norman Conquest was complete.

King William brought new stability and the city grew quickly. He built the Tower of London and his heirs continued the great building projects, including the Hall of Westminster. Following him was King Henry, a popular man who first gave London its own particular freedoms and status by law. This was reinforced under King John, when the city was given the county of Middlesex, in which the city, not the King, appointed the sheriff. Londoners also reserved the right to elect the next King.

The Corporation of London

By this time London had gained enough autonomy from direct rule that it had its own council and ruling body, the Corporation of London City. This powerful council predates Parliament and is an amalgamation of the older offices of the Alderman and Common Council. The corporation is run by the Mayor of London (based on the French 'Maire' model) and has wide ranging powers over the centre of London. These responsibilities are no greater than the ability to run the city, but the power and position of London makes the Mayor an influential figure in English politics. The Mayor and his Aldermen's influence improved under King Richard 'the Lionhearted' who was happy to shirk what duties of rulership he could in favour of war and crusade.

The power of the Corporation of London increased further under Richard's brother, King John. When London supported an alliance of rebel barons against him, the King was forced to sign the Magna Carta. This document gave a new Parliament much of the King's power and (as one of its stipulations) allowed London to choose its own leaders. London would continue to be a thorn in monarchs' sides, under King Henry III and King Edward I, the city regularly revolted against royal wardens, which were appointed to replace the London-elected mayor.

Throughout this period, another threat to the city would raise its head from time to time, fire. In the overcrowded, tight streets of the city, one careless spark could level whole districts. This forced the first Building Acts, which mandated stone separating walls and outlawed thatch roofs. Further, this forced the replacement of the old wooden London Bridge with the 'Old London Bridge', a stone work with a drawbridge and houses all along the structure.

WARS, ROSES AND TUDORS

During his reign, King Henry VI succumbed to mental illness and Richard, the Duke of York was made regent. Queen Margaret, Henry's wife, eventually removed Richard from his post, launching conflict between him and her family. The War of the Roses saw London throw its support behind Edward IV of York – Richard's son, which brought on the Bombardment of the City by the Lancastrian fleet. However, Richard of York was successful in capturing the king and queen, who were imprisoned in the Tower of London until their death in 1470. With that, the Lancastrian line was removed from power. It would not be the last time the Tower would be used to house a royal: the two sons of Edward V were later imprisoned in the Tower by King Richard III.



The Tudor King Henry VII, who followed Richard III into power, began a new phase in the development of London – the construction of many palaces in and around the city. These included the chapel wing of Westminster Abbey, as well as Baynard's Castle and Richmond Palace.

Henry VII's son, King Henry VIII, caused massive changes in London with his unexpected break with Rome. Henry VIII was initially an ardent supporter of the Aluminat Church, briefly uniting the Aluminat European nations in a non-aggression pact (The Treaty of London) and receiving the title of "Defender of the Faith" by the Aluminat Curia for his defence of the Church against Martin Luther's movement. Ironically, only a few years later, Henry VIII broke with the Aluminat over the question of divorce and established the Church of England.

While Henry VIII never intended to abandon Aluminat teachings and resisted suggestions by more radical reformers, the Evangelical Puritans, to further differentiate the Anglican Church from the Aluminat. Still, Henry's break caused a major change in the character of London, as the Aluminat owned over half of the city's property. Henry seized these properties and converted most of them to other uses. This enabled him to build many palaces and great works around the city, Expanding York House into what would become the Palace of Whitehall, St. James' Palace, and the lost Palace of Nonsuch. Henry VIII was also a large patron of charities, establishing the St. Bartholomew Hospital, Christ's Hospital School, and several public schools including Charterhouse, and others.

In spite of Henry's desire to reconcile the Anglican Church with the Aluminat, the schism deepened into a formal break when failed negotiations led to the Aluminat Curia voting to excommunicate the King. This severed Henry's interest in reconciliation and Parliament passed a number of Acts cementing the separation of the Church of England from the Aluminat.

While the Evangelical Puritans in Parliament failed to convince Henry of going further, they had much more success with his son, Edward VI. The young monarch instituted a number of reforms further distinguishing the Church of England, including the allowance of clergy to marry. This incensed both English Aluminats as well as the more conservative Anglicans. When Edward was killed via the Dark Arts, fingers pointed everywhere.

While Aluminat followers threw their support behind Edward's sister Mary, the Duke of Northumberland, formerly Lord President of Edward's Privy Council, outmanoeuvred them and placed his own daughter-in-law, Jane Grey, on the throne. Unfortunately she had little support and Mary quickly rode into London with a much larger army. Northumberland and "Queen Jane" were taken to the Tower and executed shortly thereafter.

Mary did not approve of the Anglican Church and ordered that her subjects return to the Aluminat faith. In

furtherance of this goal she rounded up Anglican priests that refused her command and had them burned at the stake. In all "Bloody Mary" executed hundreds of Anglican priests and supporters, many of them in Smithfield and Southwark.

Mary's death was sudden and unexplained. She collapsed while praying privately in a chapel, telling a servant that it was "the Host's will" as she died with a smile on her face. This servant also claims that Mary wished for her cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots, to take the throne. In spite of this Elysebeth was quickly installed and became England's first Eldren Queen.

Elysebeth's reign was fraught with challenges, but she managed to overcome them all. Refusing to share power with a husband or the Vatican, she teased her suitors and reaffirmed the primacy of the Church of England (when the Anglican Church returned to the Aluminat as part of the Treaty of Wesphalia in the following century, the new Anglican Aluminat rite still closely resembled the Elizabethan Anglican Church). Both London and England entered a new golden age under her stewardship. Art, magic and science flourished, although most of the great theatres built at the time, the Hope, the Swan, the Globe, and the Rose are all gone.

It is largely believed that Elysebeth's artistic eccentricity kept her from sharing power with a king and that this eccentricity was ultimately her undoing. As an Eldren, Elysebeth could have continued her rule well into the 18th century. Instead, she sacrificed herself during the Brimstone Plot of 1604, when a group of sorcerers created a magic circle around the House of Lords and attempted to sacrifice the Aristocracy to demons (or, some say, Tainted Angels). Elysebeth was able to seal the gate and foil the plot, but apparently at the cost of her own life. She disappeared and, as per her wishes, the throne was offered to King James VI of Scotland.

The beginning of the 17th century saw many new advances in the city, including new architectural works on Covent Gardens and Lincoln Inn by noted London-born architect Inigo Jones as well as a system for getting clean water into the city. Unfortunately, tensions clashed between monarch and an increasingly Evangelical Puritan Parliament. These tensions flared when, at the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, Charles I allowed the Church of England to be absorbed by the Aluminat. England was plunged into Civil War.

London was firmly on the side of the anti-monarchical forces. Few major changes came architecturally or politically for London with the deposition of the king and the creation of the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell. London also became a hotbed of Inquisition activity, leading Cromwell to allow Yehudites back into London for the first time since 1292. Many Yehudites with Continental connections were employed in his secret service.



The Evangelical Parliament, emboldened by early successes, overplayed their hand. They went after Guild mages with a religious zeal, charging them as Demonologists and agents of the Aluminat (insinuating that any Aluminat supporter is by definition a demonologist). In the name of piety, Parliament ordered many theatres and other “dens of sin” closed and banned “sinful” literary works. Proto-communist factions within Parliament also called for property seizures in the name of equality. This proved to be too much for the English and, with Aluminat support, Charles I’s son Charles II was restored to the throne and England would remain an Aluminat nation until the present day.

Fire, Plague and Reconstruction

The Restoration was accompanied by the two greatest tragedies to the city: the Great Plague of 1665 and the Great Fire of 1666. The Plague, was actually a botched necromantic ritual that devastated the areas of the city near the river – Westminster and St. Giles included – and into the outlying areas of Stepney and Clerkenwell by turning much of the population into zombies. While the Guild struggled to contain the damage, 68,000 people lost their lives. After a year of struggling to contain the threat, the Guild was forced to burn the City in order to save it. The fire consumed everything from the riverbank through Cheapside out to Cripplegate, Ludgate, and Newgate, and roared along Fleet Street to the Temple Bar. In the end, over 13000 homes had been destroyed, 276 acres inside the walled city – almost 80% of the area.

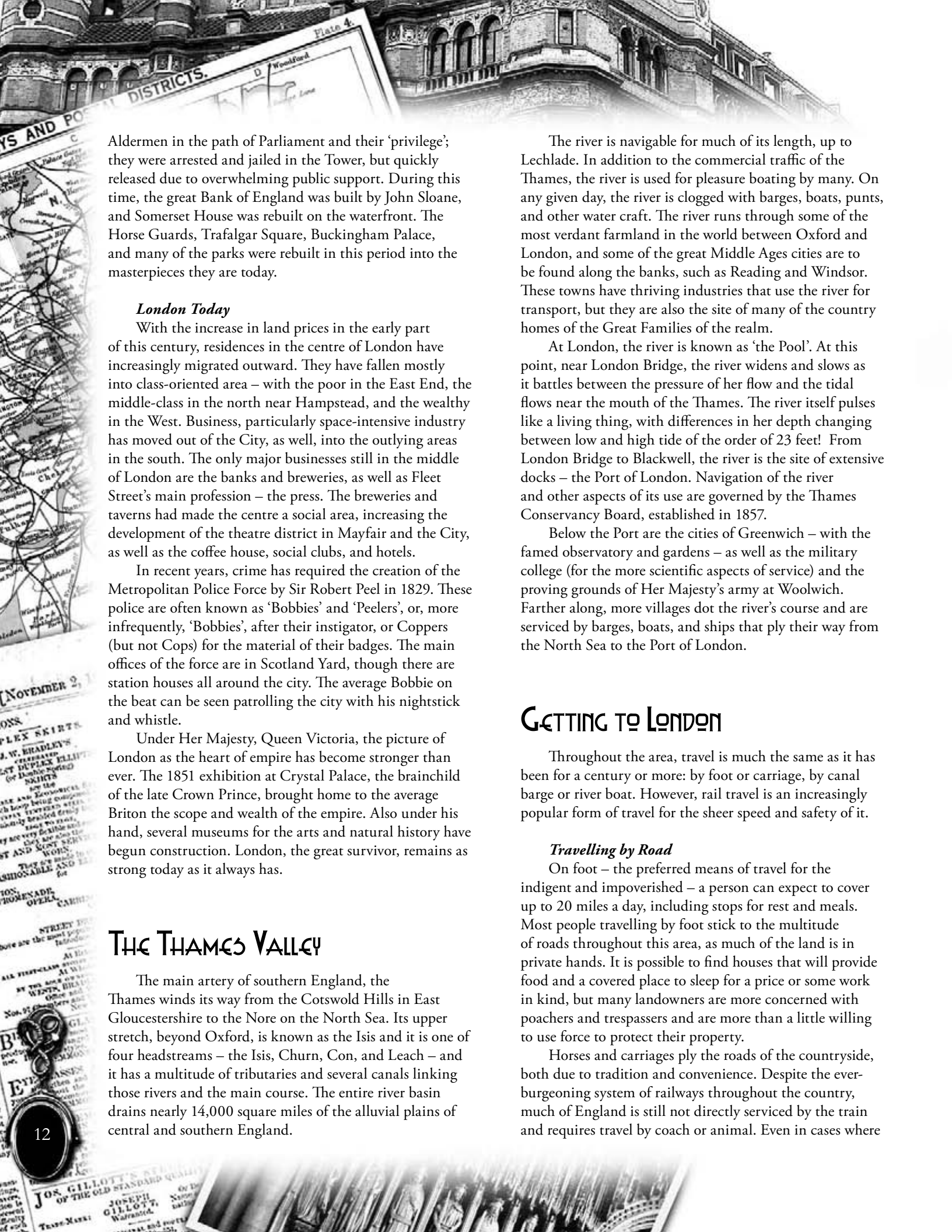
The Great Fire changed London forever. Under the Rebuilding Act of 1667, Christopher Wren and John

Evelyn redesigned the entire city, but the construction of a completely new, orderly capital was never seen. Instead, the old street plans were followed, but gone were the wooden houses and thatched roofs of early London and brick and stone houses replaced them. Streets were widened and paved with stone. Under Wren’s hand, the new St. Paul’s Cathedral was designed and construction started. Guildhall was rebuilt, as were the Customs House and Royal Exchange. The character of the city became more commercial, with the well to do moving farther afield into the West End. The Rebuilding Act also made homeowners responsible for the cleaning and repair of the street in front of his establishment. It was shortly after this that the first Sewers Act was passed, creating the Commission of Sewers and a system to keep London’s streets drained. The new Guildhall was the site where the Lord Mayor and members of Parliament took refuge and wrote their allegiance to William of Orange in 1688. With the arrival of William and Mary from the continent, Hampton Court and Kensington Palace became royal residences in the city.

During this period, and into the Georgian period, the last of the gates of the walled city were demolished and more bridges were through across the Thames joining Westminster and Whitehall with Southwark. The city continued to sprawl away from the traditional centre near the river. This area, commonly referred to as ‘the City’, continued to be the seat of commerce and government, but residences quickly moved out and away from the crowded centre as the population grew.

The Corporation of London pressed for freedom of the press, allowing the publication of Parliamentary debate for the first time. This put the Lord Mayor and some of the





Aldermen in the path of Parliament and their 'privilege'; they were arrested and jailed in the Tower, but quickly released due to overwhelming public support. During this time, the great Bank of England was built by John Sloane, and Somerset House was rebuilt on the waterfront. The Horse Guards, Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, and many of the parks were rebuilt in this period into the masterpieces they are today.

London Today

With the increase in land prices in the early part of this century, residences in the centre of London have increasingly migrated outward. They have fallen mostly into class-oriented area – with the poor in the East End, the middle-class in the north near Hampstead, and the wealthy in the West. Business, particularly space-intensive industry has moved out of the City, as well, into the outlying areas in the south. The only major businesses still in the middle of London are the banks and breweries, as well as Fleet Street's main profession – the press. The breweries and taverns had made the centre a social area, increasing the development of the theatre district in Mayfair and the City, as well as the coffee house, social clubs, and hotels.

In recent years, crime has required the creation of the Metropolitan Police Force by Sir Robert Peel in 1829. These police are often known as 'Bobbies' and 'Peelers', or, more infrequently, 'Bobbies', after their instigator, or Coppers (but not Cops) for the material of their badges. The main offices of the force are in Scotland Yard, though there are station houses all around the city. The average Bobbie on the beat can be seen patrolling the city with his nightstick and whistle.

Under Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the picture of London as the heart of empire has become stronger than ever. The 1851 exhibition at Crystal Palace, the brainchild of the late Crown Prince, brought home to the average Briton the scope and wealth of the empire. Also under his hand, several museums for the arts and natural history have begun construction. London, the great survivor, remains as strong today as it always has.

THE THAMES VALLEY

The main artery of southern England, the Thames winds its way from the Cotswold Hills in East Gloucestershire to the Nore on the North Sea. Its upper stretch, beyond Oxford, is known as the Isis and it is one of four headstreams – the Isis, Churn, Con, and Leach – and it has a multitude of tributaries and several canals linking those rivers and the main course. The entire river basin drains nearly 14,000 square miles of the alluvial plains of central and southern England.

The river is navigable for much of its length, up to Lechlade. In addition to the commercial traffic of the Thames, the river is used for pleasure boating by many. On any given day, the river is clogged with barges, boats, punts, and other water craft. The river runs through some of the most verdant farmland in the world between Oxford and London, and some of the great Middle Ages cities are to be found along the banks, such as Reading and Windsor. These towns have thriving industries that use the river for transport, but they are also the site of many of the country homes of the Great Families of the realm.

At London, the river is known as 'the Pool'. At this point, near London Bridge, the river widens and slows as it battles between the pressure of her flow and the tidal flows near the mouth of the Thames. The river itself pulses like a living thing, with differences in her depth changing between low and high tide of the order of 23 feet! From London Bridge to Blackwell, the river is the site of extensive docks – the Port of London. Navigation of the river and other aspects of its use are governed by the Thames Conservancy Board, established in 1857.

Below the Port are the cities of Greenwich – with the famed observatory and gardens – as well as the military college (for the more scientific aspects of service) and the proving grounds of Her Majesty's army at Woolwich. Farther along, more villages dot the river's course and are serviced by barges, boats, and ships that ply their way from the North Sea to the Port of London.

GETTING TO LONDON

Throughout the area, travel is much the same as it has been for a century or more: by foot or carriage, by canal barge or river boat. However, rail travel is an increasingly popular form of travel for the sheer speed and safety of it.

Travelling by Road

On foot – the preferred means of travel for the indigent and impoverished – a person can expect to cover up to 20 miles a day, including stops for rest and meals. Most people travelling by foot stick to the multitude of roads throughout this area, as much of the land is in private hands. It is possible to find houses that will provide food and a covered place to sleep for a price or some work in kind, but many landowners are more concerned with poachers and trespassers and are more than a little willing to use force to protect their property.

Horses and carriages ply the roads of the countryside, both due to tradition and convenience. Despite the ever-burgeoning system of railways throughout the country, much of England is still not directly serviced by the train and requires travel by coach or animal. Even in cases where



rail travel is available, differing lines may not meet up and require one to travel from one train station to the next by coach. It is also the cheapest form of travel, even with the few toll roads that exist throughout the country, the cost of using a toll road, staying at an inn, and eating at local establishments is cheaper than travelling by train or boat. Travelling by this method, most people can count on travelling upwards of 35-40 miles in a day.

The main danger to the rider or passenger of ground travel is that of robbery. The highwayman (a dying breed to be sure) still can be found lurking on dark or fog-shrouded roads hungry for a quick bit of cash. Tales of vicious, thieving trolls (often living under bridges) waiting to force travellers to 'stand and deliver' are still common in penny dreadfuls and rural legends. While many such tales are lurid and extreme, they are not entirely fictional. The rise of the cities has brought great poverty to the countryside and created many desperate people. Many highwaymen are actually locals looking to keep themselves and their family from starving.

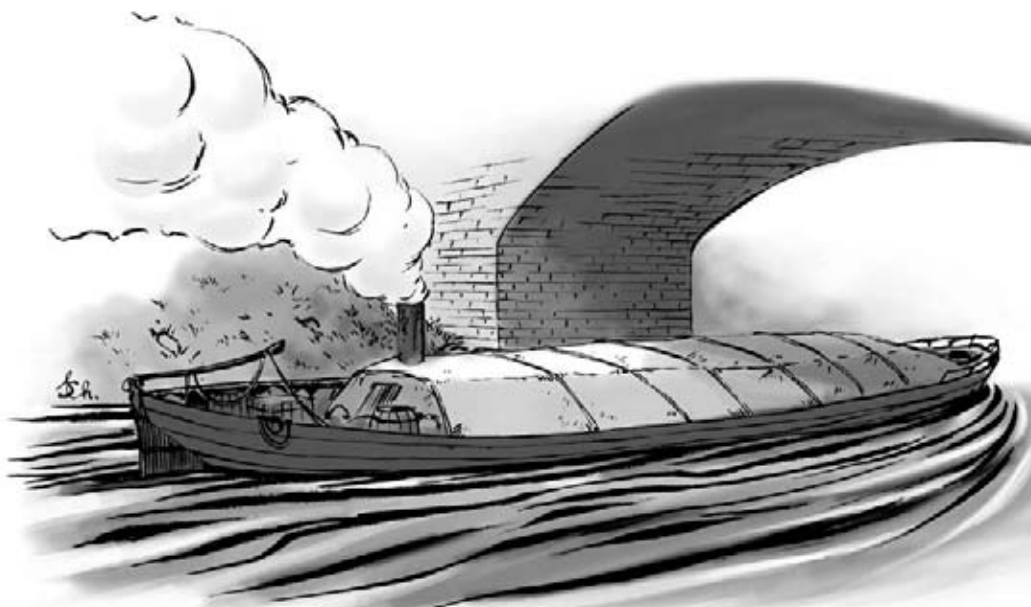
Travelling by River

River boats ply the water of the Thames and subsidiary courses, and depending on the level of comfort and speed demanded, can range in price from almost nothing to very expensive. These wind-powered, animal-powered, or steam-powered craft range up and down the river and one can find transport for nothing, if one is willing to heave a few bags or boxes, on a barge or cargo carrier. Passenger transport with style – a nice place to sit under a sunshade or maybe even a cabin for the day – is certainly more. There are plenty of pleasure boats on the river; personal craft owned by the wealthy that are often willing to carry

a passenger or two, depending on the whim of the vessel's master. The distance one can travel is dependent on the form of propulsion – using the river's flow or animals will gain a traveller up to 40 miles in a day; wind and steam-powered vessels are more likely to see between 50 and 100 miles, depending on the congestion of the river traffic, weather, and other obstructions.

Dozens of canals – mostly private concerns requiring a fee to travel on them – connect the Thames and its tributaries and fellow rivers in the countryside. It is still possible to travel throughout much of the country on the water and the canal barges provide a safe and consistent, if somewhat slow and uncomfortable, form of conveyance throughout the Thames river area. They cover about 35 miles a day.

The barges themselves are usually drawn by horses which tow the barge down the artificial rivers from a 'tow path' at the canal side, though a few steam-powered vessels are starting to ply the watery roads. There is often barely room for two barges to pass each other in the canals, and some are so small that only one vehicle may pass through at a time, requiring one or the other to sit idle in a side channel of the canal while the other barge passes. The barges themselves are usually given over to cargo, and riders may be forced to sit on boxes or bags of merchandise for their trip, but there are also passenger barges – covered with tarp and with wooden benches on which to sit. Most of the barges make a stop for the night at a lock or a town, but very often they will also stop between one and two times a day for meals (both for man and beast.) Canals have always been relatively low cost forms of cargo conveyance, but the prices have been plummeting for the same reason that many see the end of the canal...the train.



14

NOVEMBER 2, 1891

ROSS

PLEX SKIRTS.

J.W. BRADLEY'S
CLOTHES
ST DUPLEX ELASTIC
(or Double Waisted)
SKIRTS
are the
able and economical
clothing for women
they are made of
strongly twisted strong
material, they are
easy to wear,
they are very flexible and
they are also the
best and most serviceable
WORKS.
They are made in
fashionable and
for

TON.
TROMADE
OFFER.

CARRIAGE

STREET

are the most popular
fashionable

ALL FIRST-CLASS SEWING
MACHINES
BY THE AGENTS OF
WENTZ, BRADLEY
Office and
Nos. 95 Chambers and
New

GLA
and
best
new
MACHINES

EYE GLASSES
and
best
new
MACHINES

14

JOS. GIL
OF THE

TRADE MARK

JOS. GIL
OF THE C
Trade-Mark

Travelling by Air

A relatively recent innovation, London is a primary hub of the fledgling airship industry. Most airships carry cargo (one of the most notable cargo companies being the Pan-Asiatic Spice Delivery Service; see *Faces in the Smoke*, Volume Two); airship travel is an expensive proposition and is therefore a luxury of the wealthy. Currently, travel is limited to major cities on the Continent as well as New York City, but there is talk of a London-Edinburgh line. Most major shipping companies count at least one passenger airship and a handful of cargo airships amongst their fleets.

Travel by air is relaxed and luxurious so long as there are no storms or strong winds. The most common flight path, the London-Paris route, takes a half day, while the trans-Atlantic flight to and from New York City takes almost two weeks. Recently a new airship of the Hampson Line, the *Valiant Rose*, is purportedly able to make the trip to New York City in just six days (see *The Havering Adventures* for details).

For most, travel by airship is an event. Even nobles don't use them for regular travel, as the costs involved currently prohibit airships from travelling on a regular schedule. Tickets are often purchased weeks if not years in advance and travellers must be flexible. An airship can only fly once enough passengers have been booked. Because of this some enterprising Londoners have begun travellers' agencies that enlist large numbers of people to book passage in return for a "group rate." Even so, air travel is still primarily viewed as a fancy indulgence rather than the future of travel.



THE STREETS OF LONDON

The streets of Victorian London are at the same time sharply different from, and eerily close to the world of today. While it has stood for a millennium, London is a Victorian city. It is in this era the wealth of Empire built the city in stone and created so many of its historical monuments. You can see that city still, even though those same stone buildings now house Starbucks coffee houses and Apple stores. Even amidst the modern age there is much of the old city that still remains as it was; especially the theatres, bridges, churches and civil buildings.

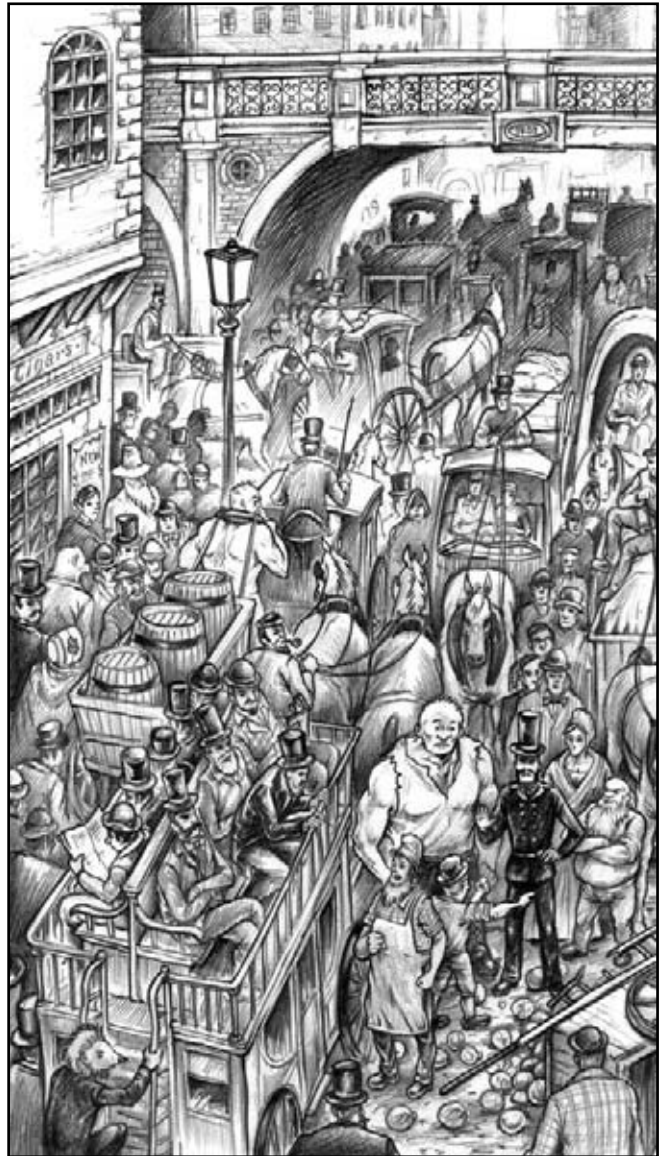
More than any other English city, London has grown organically, and it has become a maze of side streets and thoroughfares. Tiny secret alleys link between broad streets, and often house small shops and housing for those who know where to look. It is a place where different worlds sit shoulder to shoulder. Wealthy houses might back onto an opium den or a brothel. Some areas gradually change their character as you walk, in others you can step from the richest elegance to the poorest slum by merely crossing the street. There is no plan to London, it has changed and grown with its people and shaped itself on a whim.

Forget any notions of 'uptown' and 'downtown', the terms are meaningless in this collection of villages. If you want to find something in London, you have to know where to look. Nothing is obvious, and sometimes nothing makes sense. As the city has expanded it has engulfed the outlying towns and villages to become its boroughs, each with its own distinctive character and eccentricities. Some areas have become the adopted home for communities from across the empire, making the city not only a microcosm of England but the whole world.

It is hard to evoke the nature of such an individual city in such a changing age. However, London is a city of the senses. So perhaps it is best to offer you this view of Victorian London through your own.

Sight

A common sight (everywhere!) is the advertisement. Compared with the Victorian period, cities of today are remarkably free of advertisements, television has brought advertising into our homes, but in Victorian London there is no television, and as a result the humble paste bill is plastered on everything and anything that stays still long enough! Walls, fences, the pavements, light poles, people that didn't move fast enough. Horse-drawn omnibuses carried signs on the sides and occasionally their horses had to wear signboards, as well as pull carts. Buildings had bill posters pasted all over them, from the ground to the rooftops. Some people (particularly near stations) were given money to have (sometimes several) advertisements in their windows they would backlight at night with a candle for the evening commuters.



The signs are even found on people; some poor people would take money to wear signboards, or just have a bill pinned to their coat! The culprits behind this assault on the senses is usually the street urchin – who slap these bills up in the middle of the night, sometimes climbing the drain pipes of houses, factories, or other establishments to plaster their employers' advertisements.

The most entertaining thing about Victorian advertising though is the claims the posters often make. There is no advertising standards commission, no one to insist the advertisement must make only reasonable claims as to what the product might do. So advertisers can make the most ludicrous claims for their product perfectly legally. Some promise instant youth, immortality, instant wealth and happiness and the perfect figure guaranteed! In Victoriana where almost anything might be possible with magic these claims often border on insanity.



Another common sight is smog. Especially during the summer and winter months, London is covered in a blanket of pollution that makes today's environment concerns pale in insignificance. Whether it is the black soot of coal or wood, or the yellow sulphurous stench of industry, London's skies are perpetually darkened, particularly in the winter, by pollution. It accretes on everything, blackening buildings, but producing incredible sunsets, if one can get to the rooftops to see them.

Animals are a common sight, and not just the horses and dogs one would expect. Though most livestock was rapidly being banned from domiciles, all manner of animals – especially in the poorer areas – could be found. Farm animals can often be found in the city. Sheep graze on the common land at Hampstead Heath, before they are driven through Fleet Street in the centre of the city to market. Omnipresent is the rat. In every house, from the poorest shack or tenement to the finest establishment in the city, the rat makes itself comfortable. This means cats and dogs are also present in most homes, not as pets so much as to keep the rat population under control. Not everyone can afford to look after such animals properly though, so feral cats and dogs run rampant – a sticking point for the fairly new Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Mules and horses handle much of the labour in the city, but in the East End, goats are still not uncommon. Pigs, chickens, and other livestock live in courts in the tangled cul de sac of the rookeries.

Most shocking to modern sensibilities would be the sight of death, common in this time. Dead animals are everywhere. It's common for dead animals to linger in the gutters for days, if they weren't snatched up for a quick meal by an impoverished passerby. Dead people are not uncommon either. Carried away by illness or drink, one could wake in a public house next to a dead man; sometimes, people might not even notice until the cadaver started to stink. Dead babies could also be found on the street – tossed away in some alleyway or trash bin if the family was too poor to provide for a burial, or the child had met an unnatural death.

Traffic was another ever-present sight. The streets of Victorian London are easily as busy as today's gridlocked streets. Without streetlights or other methods of traffic control the streets can be murderously dangerous. No one is required to pass a test to drive a vehicle or carriage, or required to do so sober. Carts and buses clip along at dangerous speeds, driven by drunken cads or pressed to keep to a schedule. Arguments over right of way lead to brawls in the intersections, jamming traffic for blocks in any direction. Horses, driven to their demise by exhaustion, die in their harnesses, locking traffic behind the deceased animal's load. Heavy and immobile, the vehicles would often have to wait for a butcher's cart to come out and dismember the animal and cart it away, before a new team

THE GREAT STINK

Central to London is the Thames. The river has always been the commercial artery of the city, as well as the source of food and water. However, in the last century or so, the Thames has become a pestilential mire as the river has been overwhelmed by the growth of London. Human waste (278,00 tons of it daily) issues from the sewer pipes along the length of the river, from Fulham to Tilbury, though the main effluent from the sewer systems are in the area of the docklands, both at Rotherhithe and the Isle of Dogs. This is joined by the detritus from the coke plants, breweries. Oil released from the barges, steamers, and ships that ply the water join with this waste product, creating a thick stew of chemicals, faeces, and other pollution. Fish and other life in the river have been nearly extinguished, and deceased fish floating on the water are a common sight all the way down to the sea. Chemical fog rises from the water, mixing with the effluvia from the smoke stacks of the buildings, creating what Londoners call 'The Great Stink'.

Much of the problem is blamed on the Metropolitan Board of Works, which was created in 1855 and has managed the sewage and well water of the city (or not, as their critics charge). The corruption in the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the lack of response to the needs of the people of London have led the Board to begin a new project to improve the situation.

Currently, the Eldon engineer Joseph Balguy has almost completed new intercepting sewers, constructed to shift the discharge downstream, relieving the city of the annoyance and health problems associated with 'the Big Stink' and the city has begun to breathe a little easier. While the entire system will not be properly complete until 1869, the difference is already staggering. The members of parliament can actually open the windows of the new House of Commons without nausea. The Thames even has begun to show signs in might one day have fish in it again as well.

The Thames has also stamped its mark on London in another way: bridges. Nineteen bridges span the water from north to south, from the Richmond Railway Bridge far upstream, to the London Bridge in Wapping. The bridges show the changes in engineering over time, from the wooden spans at Richmond and Kew, to the iron Vauxhall; simple spans like London Bridge to the suspension works of Hammersmith. Foot and vehicle traffic has been joined by railway bridges – like the Grosvenor and Waterloo. The bridges have recently been purchased from their private concerns and control consolidated under the Metropolitan Board of Works. Tolls have been abolished and constant improvements on the bridges keep them able to handle the traffic they see (and fill the pockets of contracts that are friendly to the Metropolitan Board of Works.)

could be harnessed and the vehicle get mobile again. Traffic accidents are common, particularly vehicle-pedestrian accidents. Hit and runs are common, almost expected, especially as no one has insurance.

The use of animals for transportation also had another by-product: faeces. Smashed by wheels, this effluvia would naturally coat the roads everywhere. Much of it would be pushed to the sides of the street, near the pavements, as well as into the road between the lanes of travel. When it rained, this mass would inevitably turn into a foul, stinking mud, which would be splashed in every direction by the tires of the vehicles, and the hooves of the horses. (This is one of the origins of the polite rule of the 'man to the outside' of the pavement when walking with a lady, as well as covering a puddle (or more often a hummock of dung) when she was stepping off the curb.

Other sights that were not uncommon then, but would be unthinkable today: a dentist, doing his work out of a strap on box while his patient reclines on a park bench or low wall, a. A dancing bear, egged on by the gypsy organ grinder that owns him (imagine living next to them in a rookery!), or even. pPeople having sex (often with prostitutes) or urinating/defecating, openly, in allies and doorways. This is still a period when only wealthy or the most modern homes have any kind of indoor plumbing; most homes share outdoor conveniences, and in the poor parts of town, the sight of someone chucking their morning ablutions out the window with a hearty "Garde loo!" as the only warning to those below wasn't just common, it was expected at certain times of day.

Sound

Like many modern cities, London is noisy day and night. There is the constant clatter of horse hooves on pavement, the rumbling of wooden or metal wheels on paving stone. During the day, street vendors hawk their wares loudly, trying to be heard over the din of traffic. In the 1860s, there are a tremendous amount of street improvements being done in the city, not to mention the building of railways and underground rails. That means jack-hammers, drills, steam-powered water drills, and the yelling of navvies.

Although the areas of west London might quiet down some at night, the East End (and anywhere with factories) is bustling all around the clock. The idea of the night shift was invented at this time; it was more profitable to run round the clock and not shut down the machines. This means lower class workers (often inebriated) going to and from work. To catch these people, who were usually paid per day, prostitutes, thieves, and other denizens of the night would be out plying their trade as well. The factories themselves are not just engines of commerce and production; they make noise. Put it all together and...

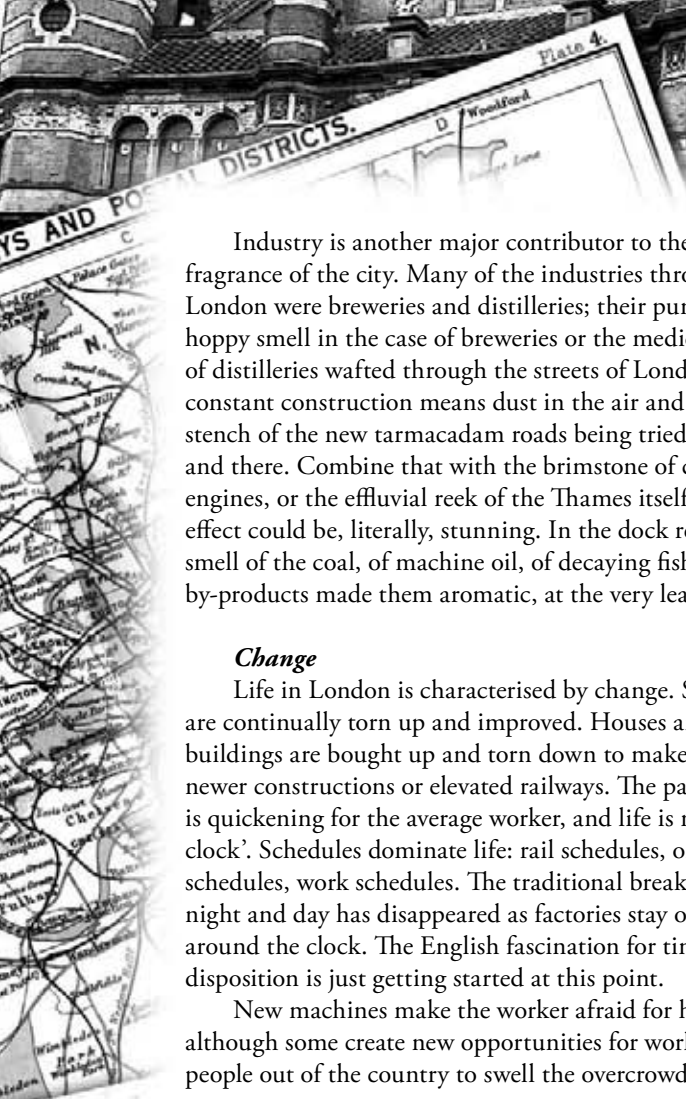


In the East End (and the rookeries especially) the clamour of people (or non-humans) never stops. Gin shops are open all night, for the most part. Fights between drunks, drunken spouses, police and thieves, and the general din of activity fill the airs. People, suffice it to say, don't get a lot of quality sleep. Mind you, with the city awake twenty four hours and many decadent delights available after dark, there are plenty who have no intension of sleeping at all.

Smell

Here's a sense that gets short shrift in gaming, but is essential to capturing the differences between today and the Victorian period. Despite what many like to think, the world of the 21st Century is remarkably clean, even in the filthiest areas of a city, when compared to Victorian standards.

Animals, as stated before, are ever present in the London. The braying of horses, the clomping of their hooves is just the beginning. Their by-products also hit the nose, as well as the ears. With stables on nearly every street corner, London smells of urine and dung. The stink of animals – particularly in the rookeries where many also keep pets, food animals, and of course rats (non-paying, unwelcome guests in any room) is omnipresent.



Industry is another major contributor to the particular fragrance of the city. Many of the industries throughout London were breweries and distilleries; their pungent, hoppy smell in the case of breweries or the medicinal stink of distilleries wafted through the streets of London. The constant construction means dust in the air and the tarry stench of the new tarmac roads being tried here and there. Combine that with the brimstone of coal-fired engines, or the effluvial reek of the Thames itself and the effect could be, literally, stunning. In the dock regions, the smell of the coal, of machine oil, of decaying fish and other by-products made them aromatic, at the very least.

Change

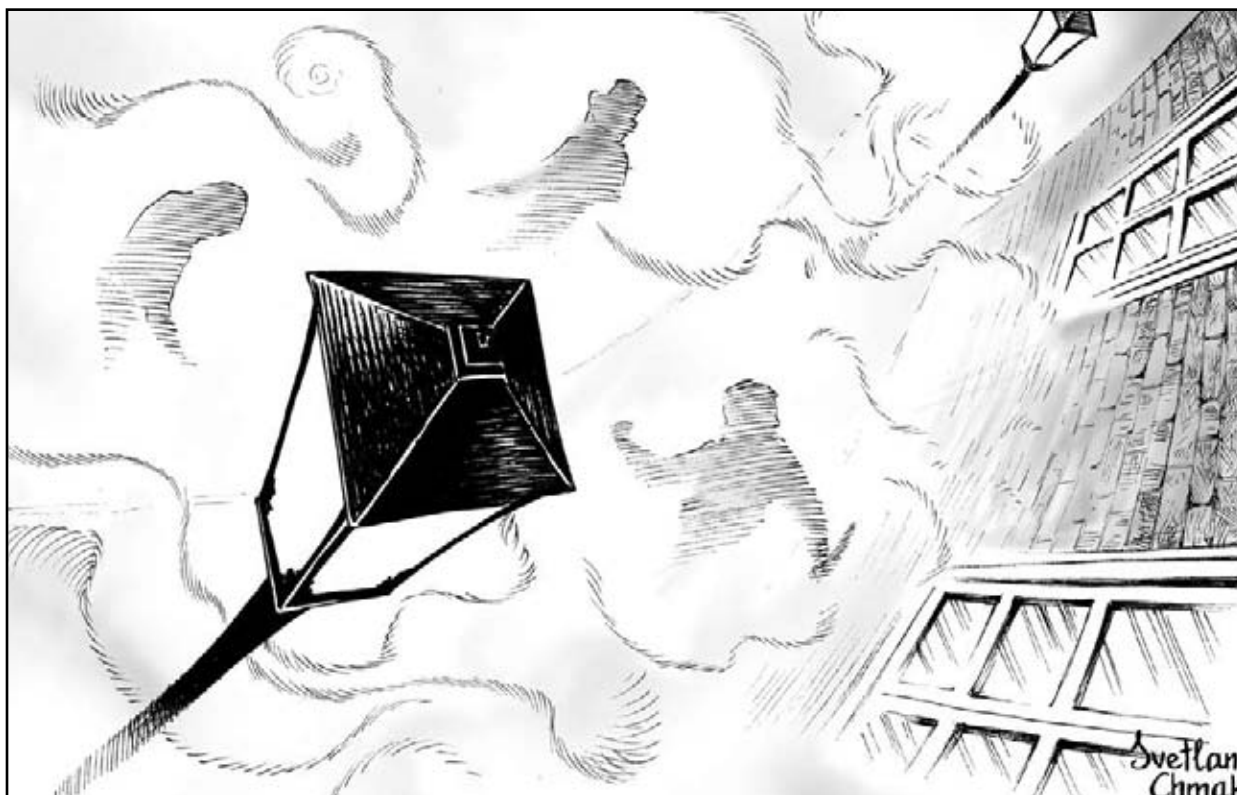
Life in London is characterised by change. Streets are continually torn up and improved. Houses and other buildings are bought up and torn down to make way for newer constructions or elevated railways. The pace of life is quickening for the average worker, and life is run 'by the clock'. Schedules dominate life: rail schedules, omnibus schedules, work schedules. The traditional break between night and day has disappeared as factories stay open around the clock. The English fascination for time and its disposition is just getting started at this point.

New machines make the worker afraid for his job, although some create new opportunities for work drawing people out of the country to swell the overcrowded cities.

Constant improvement of production techniques and newer, better machines make work faster, but also make a certain level of education necessary. Social reform to 'clean up' the factories and the abuses of the capitalists has started limiting the hours that children can work, hurting their family's income. Some employers will even fire a man for having a drink or two before work! While some social reform is designed to help improve the lives of the poor, some use it instead to improve their apparent 'lack of moral character'. Few such reformers understand it is not a failure of character but the poverty and drudgery of their lives that leads many to seek solace in what cheap vices they can afford.

London Fog

The fog is very real. From November through to January, it is usually a strange yellowish colour and could extend to four miles outside the city. The thickness of the fog required people to light lamps in the middle of the day, dirtied clothes one wore outside in minutes, and caused pain in the chest and shortness of breath. It is not uncommon for hundreds – mostly the old and infirm – to die in the winter months from the fog. Travellers in London remark on the thickness of the fog; that one could not, at times, see one's hand in front of their face.



NOVEMBER 2, 1891
J.W. BRADLEY'S
ST. DUPLEX ELLIPTICAL
SKIRTS
STREET
THE MOST POPULAR
ALL FIRST-CLASS STOUT
BY THE AGENT
WENTON, BRADLEY
Wenton and
No. 21, Chancery Lane, New
GLA
EYE
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY
JOSEPH GILLOTT T.
Warranted
TRADE MARK
No. 12, Chancery Lane, New

Magical London

London is a city of secrets, arcane secrets. It is no coincidence the city was built on a convergence of leay lines and the city has brooded with a powerful magical energy ever since, which many sorcerers have tried to harness. It is for this reason that many magicians are drawn to the city, often for nefarious purposes, and London maintains one of the largest magical 'undergrounds' in the world. While everything may look very normal on the surface, behind closed doors sorcerers plot against each other and use their influence to try and reshape the city to their strange designs.

The problem for all these magicians is that no single group or individual has ever claimed magical dominion over the city, and the constant attempts to do so over the centuries has simply made it harder for everyone else. Roman cultists originally set some of the parameters on the energy of the city, and their secrets are all but lost in 1867. Later the stonemasons who rebuilt the city after the fires (and were themselves the founders of the Masonic order) added their own architectural mysticism to the streets and buildings. They inscribed certain places with powerful wards and traps to command the flow of energy across the city. However, many of the artisans responsible were drawn to the Guild, although they did not bring the Guild enough of their secrets to make proper use of their work. With fewer magicians in their order the Masons themselves forgot how to use their own secrets, although they refused to reveal them to anyone outside the order.

All this magical activity has brought London closer to the strange plane of the Labyrinth. In some places the barrier between the worlds is so weak you can enter the Labyrinth simply by walking down the wrong meandering alley. By the same token is not unknown for beings from the Labyrinth to find their way out. The essence of the Labyrinth seeps across the whole city, making the layout of streets seem all the more confusing, even to those who live there.

It is even said that there are still some remains of the long dead Faerie magics. While it is generally believed the last fay passed from this world at the end of the Tudor period, some say their magics last to this day. It is no coincidence that London is full of Witches, such as Aldwych, Dulwich, Greenwich and Woolwich, and many wonder who the 'Seven Sisters' might have been. Those who have lived in the city for a while learn to live with its strange quirks, although no one is ever entirely conformable with them, or drops their guard.

In this volume we focus more on the London everyone can see, and we've let her keep some of her secrets for later. We could never hope to include all the city's secrets in one book after all. However, as we delve deeper into the Guild and the Labyrinth we will return to London and what lurks in her shadows.

DAILY LIFE IN LONDON

Greeting the Day

Most working class people are up early, the ever present local factory whistles are loud enough to wake most local workers at the beginning of each shift (and to wake the sleeping off shift). Relieving oneself or disposing of dirty washing water is simple...use the pan and chuck the contents out the window.

Among the middle and upper classes, alarm clocks or servants provide a wake up call. If one has a flat or lives in a boarding house, they might be wakened by breakfast from the landlord/lady. The knock at the door rouses the person, who finds their morning toast and tea (coffee, if they can afford it) waiting in the hall. If you're lucky, the hotel or flat might have a water closet as indoor plumbing is beginning to show up in the more swank rentals, but is usually a shared affair; beat the others to it!

Getting dressed after your meagre meal is time consuming for those who have more than one set of clothes, but some modern marvels have cut down the time. Underwear of this time was often wool, as the higher price of cotton drawers is why many choose such itchy woollen garments. Those wealthy enough to do so choose cotton, and for the upper classes silk is more the norm. Trousers





and braces next, then a shirt onto which the man tacks his cellophane collars and cuffs. These handy items are expendable and allow the shirt to be worn for more than a day; when the collars are dirtied by the pollution in the air or one's sweat, they are discarded and new ones installed the new shirt. More disposable paper collars are an option but a definite (and shameful) sign of someone either poverty struck or miserly. For all classes a neck tie is important, although the ability to tie more than one knot marks a man of upwardly mobile social instinct over the lout who does not know an Ascot from a Windsor. Shoes also mark the man; a decent pair of dress boots goes a long way to identifying someone as a likely cove. A waistcoat is next, though some working-class men may not be able to afford such luxuries (and even if they can it will probably be very plain). A jacket/coat is the next step, which will be a short jacket of hard wearing material for a working class man, but a frock coat for the upper class gentleman. Some gentlemen wear a tailcoat for their daily business, but such a jacket is more likely to be seen as evening wear. Finally, there is the hat; which no gentleman is seen without. It might be a stylish bowler (popular among the middle classes) or top hat (a mark of an upper class gentleman). Even a working man will not forget this essential item of apparel, and might wear a crude but effective workingman's cap, an adventurous slouch or wide-awake, the classy helmet, shako, or the glengarry of a serviceman. The hat is an essential part in defining a man's image. Never wear it indoors, it is considered boorish and rude; always tip one's cap to a lady or one's social betters.

For the working lady, the process is just as complex. After waking and refreshing herself, the young girl or lady must wash and powder. A chemise and underwear are essential to her comfort and propriety. Over this goes the corset, an item no woman over the age of eleven is likely to be without. It forms the body pleasingly, as well as armouring her person against the elements. Whalebone and steel frameworks are preferable, but cheaper wooden ones are available for those ladies without means.

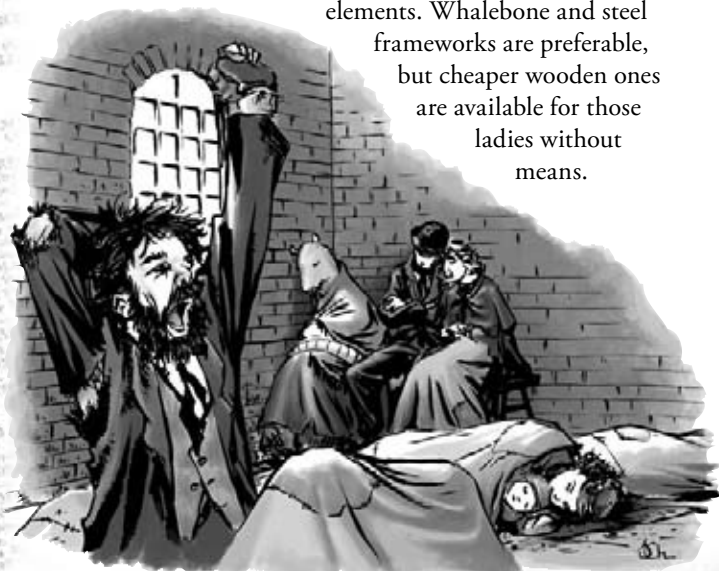
Upper class ladies will often do up a corset as tightly as possible, often to the point they cannot breathe. However, working women need to be a little more sensible as fainting on the job might mean no pay or falling into dangerous machinery. Wool stockings (silk is far too expensive and worse – scandalously hedonistic!) protect the woman from the elements and go into buttoned or laced boots, usually with a heel. Shoes are important to one's style, but they should always cover the ankle, lest one be scandalised in public. Hence ankle and knee boots are the most common footwear. Next comes the crinoline (although these are going out of fashion), or bustle pad if she isn't a member of the labouring classes. The dress goes over this, either a single piece or as a matching blouse and skirt combination. A well to do woman might wear a simple 'wrapper' to begin her day and dress more formally later on before dressing in eveningwear for dinner. This means she has three changes of clothing a day even if she never leaves the house! If she does have an excursion planned for the day she will have a coat or a short jacket for more balmy weather and a small hat. Working women can rarely afford to keep up with even last year's fashions. So over their poor quality corset they will wear a simple blouse and skirt. Unable to afford a thick coat they might wear more petticoats to keep warm as well as a woollen shawl.

Cleanliness

Like so many other things, bathing in this period very much depended on your class and wealth. Most lower class people made do with a quick rubbing of water over the worst of them at a public fountain or a washbowl, if they have one. Those who can afford a home of their own might have a wash basin and get heated water either from a kettle on their fire or from the landlord/lady. The better off working man might have a tin bathtub they can put in front of the fire, as long as it isn't being used for washing clothes at the time. If they were particularly lucky, they might have access to a water closet with either a rubber collapsible bathtub, or a fancier cast iron or brass one in the better residences. For the rubber ones, a bathing mat was almost essential, as the wet rubber of a tub could be uncomfortable at best, irritating and almost impossible to get out of at worst.

Running water could be had in newer, better-quality buildings, but it was almost exclusively cold. Hot water had to be boiled up and poured into the tub from buckets and as a result, even hot baths were usually tepid, at best. Only in the finest houses would hot water be plentiful, usually prepared in a massive hearth in the kitchen or in new coal-fired boilers that also provide steam heat through the buildings in a series of 'radiators'. The bath water might then be delivered by a squad of maids or servants. The newest and most expensive houses in Marylebone and Belgravia have these modern amenities, although steam heat was still unpopular for the noisiness of the radiators.

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ALL FIRST-CLASS STYLES
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BY THE AGENTS
WENTON, BRAY
Office and
Nos. 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000





Another essential for the middle and upper-class is cologne or perfume. Even at this point, most people do not bathe more than every other day, on average. Cologne and perfume are essential to remaining fresh-smelling in the massive, constricting array of clothing worn at the time. Especially as there are no easy conveniences for removing the sweat and grime of daily life quite as well as we can today. Even after washing, clothes may not have smelt especially fresh without the use of oils and perfumes.

The Journey to Work

For those who do work, getting there work can be achieved in many ways: walking, the cab, the omnibus, or the train. The first is easy enough, though stepping into the traffic of a London street when everyone is on their way to their work can be treacherous indeed. Walking is the option of choice for the working class man or woman who will often live nearby the factory they work in. Their home might even be rented from the same person who owns the factory. If you can afford it, the cab is much easier, and will take you straight (if you are paying attention to what the driver is doing) to your destination. Such carriages often charge by the mile, but most cabbies are open to bartering. So it is a good idea to settle on the price ahead of time. Even so, cabs are often the reserve of the upper class and wealthy middle classes. The omnibus is cheap by comparison, but the conductors are often rude (they are

where the term 'cad' originated) and sometimes abusive. The bus also will not take you directly to your destination requiring changing buses or walking some distance. Still, despite the leering, groping, swearing cads and the crowds of people shoved (quite literally) into the bus, it is the cheapest and more effective way of getting around town for the average middle class person.

The train and the underground tram are new ways of getting around. For those in the outskirts of London, or even commuting in from the outlying towns, the trains can usually get that person close to the centre of the city. The underground trams have been built to connect the main train lines and are increasingly more popular, despite the noise and dirt associated with riding a steam-powered train under the earth.

The Working Day

While the upper classes might spend the day occupied with some leisure pursuit, the rest of the populace has to work. While the lower classes spend the day in factories, and the middle classes in offices, neither has it much easier than the other. Be it an office or a factory, the environment is likely sweltering and stuffy in the summer, cold and draughty or hot and smoky (if one has an employee who will spend the money on coal) in the winter. The average working person works from around seven or eight in the morning until six or seven in the evening on the day shift. Factory work also sees a night shift, which usually starts at seven in the evening and runs until seven in the morning. In the factories, there is rarely a break for supper, unless one has an enlightened employer. The only real exception to this is the brewery, where usually a fifteen minute break for a beer and a smoke is de rigueur. Factories with more skilled labour, such as craftsmen and builders, do usually get some kind of hour to two hour lunch break.

Coming home is much the same as getting there. Most boarders do not have meals served by their landlords/ ladies unless they pay for it. Often they will dine on the way home, or in their neighbourhood. A cheap bridie or shepherd's pie and a beer or whiskey will run a thruppence to ten pence, but is often cheaper than paying for all of one's meals at home. Another popular choice for the middle classes and better off working man are the 'Chop Shops'. These cafes will sell you a cut of meat (hence the name) with vegetables and an ale for a very decent price.

The next day, you get up and do it again, with one exception, if you're lucky...Sunday. Almost every factory and office is closed on the Sabbath, the only sure bet to be open are the clubs of the West End and the gin shops in the East.



TYPES OF EMPLOYMENT

Most people never see what a fancy ball is like, or a well-executed dinner party involves. They don't ride in Hyde Park, and polite manners that grease society may mark one as a fop, a poseur, or a victim. Outside the splendid homes and hotels of the West End, life is hard and short, and money is just something that slide through one's hands, from employer to creditor without a stop.

While the classes might mix a little on the streets of London, in the workplace they are almost entirely segregated. There are several professions that are simply considered unsuitable for those with any breeding, leaving the donkey work to those desperate enough to do it.

While a life in the office or a wealthy household might not be easy, it could be worse. The average worker breaks his back for just enough pay to find quarters to live in and buy enough food to keep him on his feet...if he is wise. The evils of alcohol, opium, and gambling are always waiting for the unwary or the weak-willed; these vices can take a man's money, home, and future with startling quickness. The unlucky might not find work at all and have to resort to the most base of means for obtaining a living.

The average working-class home usually has both parents working full-time, and it is not uncommon (particularly for immigrants) to find the children above the age of five working as well. Some new laws to protect children have stopped a little of this very young labour, or at the very least limited their hours. Though this protects the children from abuse and gives them a chance at some kind of childhood, it curtails family income and has hurt the poorest families, instead of helping them. In these homes, it is common to see three generations living together, grandparents, parents, and children. All generations are usually working, unless the older members are too infirm to continue working.

The Professionals

For the middle classes the office is where most of them expect to spend their lives. Those who are well educated might become Doctors or Lawyers and after a hard apprenticeship (as an 'Articled Clerk') might do very well for themselves. Indeed, some upper class gentlemen looking to occupy themselves with a hobby often train in medicine or law themselves. However, the great majority of the office bound middle class expect to earn a living as a bookkeeper or clerk. England is a place of business and this calls for an army of paper-pushers creating invoices and documents to keep the wheels of industry turning.

A few middle class women have also made their way into the workplace, especially among the growing telegraph companies. However, few companies will allow women to 'take jobs from the men', especially as most people think women's flighty minds cannot possibly cope with



dry figures and documents. Women looking for a career often become teachers, nursemaids or a mixture of both as a governess. Others might help run the family shop, even though it is unlikely they will inherit it. Society still believes that the only true role for a woman is producing children. So while society is happy to allow a young woman a chance to experience the world of work when she is younger, it looks down on those who choose a career over family. A Victorian woman is rarely allowed to pursue both.

Shopkeeper is the quintessential middle class profession however, unless you are joining the family business it is hard to become one yourself. Even if you find employment in the retail trade, promotion and management will usually be the preserve of these related to the family who own it. Starting your own business is difficult and expensive, but very rewarding if bankruptcy does not leave you penniless in a year. While there are no business loans, many entrepreneurs turn to like minded individuals to form co-operatives. These businesses are run by people who have pooled their resources to get the business going and all earn a salary as a profit share. They are proving very successful in 1867 and while few have brought great riches to their owners, many have made a very decent living and enjoyed the fairness and equality of the business model.

A life in Service

Running a Victorian household is a mammoth undertaking, especially for the very wealthy. Cleaning is and polishing done by hand. Carriages need a driver





and someone to take care of the horses. Guests need to be waited on. Anyone who can afford a servant has one; servants comprise sixteen percent of the national workforce. Even a small house requires a maid-of-all-work, who cooks, cleans, mends clothes, looks after the children all for a couple of shillings a week. A well-off professional might have a cook and housemaid, a nurse for children or a manservant. In a great house, a small army of servants would be needed.

The lucky poor might find themselves a job in service in a fine house, where they would either receive room and board and a small stipend, or a small bit of pay to take home with them at night. Most of the servant class were content to stay single and under the room of their master – it was a level of comfort and security that could not be obtained in any other service industry. The only difference between life in a factory and in service is that the workplace is cleaner and you don't have to commute. The work itself (especially for the lower grade servants) is backbreaking. The day starts very early, cleaning the house from top to bottom before the family wake up. Then they might assist the family in getting dressed and work to prepare their meals. When the family finally retires for the night, only then does the servant have the option to go to bed.

In a large establishment, a butler or housekeeper was the head of this entourage of servants. The butler was normally referred to as 'Mr' and his surname as a mark of respect; the housekeeper 'Mrs' for the same reason. The butler was in charge of the footmen, if they were present, and was in charge of the wine cellar, the silverware and plate. They would introduce guests and iron the master's newspapers (they were frequently still wet from the presses in the morning. The housekeeper was in charge of the maids and supervised the cleaning of the household. Her office was marked by possession of the ring of keys to the various rooms. The position of butler or housekeeper took a long time to obtain and showed a level of trust from the homeowner. As a result, these servants were at the top of the servile hierarchy and their status was carefully guarded.

Male servants are usually 'footmen' and have the job of carrying coal, trimming lamps, and dropping off calling cards wherever the mistress might call. They usually dressed in 'livery': brocaded coat, knee breeches, stockings, buckled shoes, and a powdered wig. The expense of this livery was a mark of status to their employer. Footmen, in general, are chosen to match in height and look good in their outfits. They are often treated as exchangeable dogsbodies, it is very common to call them all 'Thomas' which implies a closeness with their employer that could not be further from the truth! Footmen are joined by a coachman, who cleans, maintains, and drives the carriage, as well as a groom, who takes care of the horses and stables (the coachman and groom can be the same person in a small household). In the country, a groundskeeper and

gamekeeper are usually part of the retinue of labour.

The girls and women under the command of the housekeeper consisted of housemaids, kitchen maids, and scullery maids. The housemaids were in charge of cleaning the house and supplying the rooms with hot water, soap, linen; keeping the fires going and emptying the chamber pots. The work is back-breaking, as water has to be carried up from the standpipe in all but the most modern homes, where (even cold) running water is a luxury. They must scrub all the surfaces by hand, polish crystal and silver and apply black lead to gratings. There is a hierarchy among these maids, upper housemaids might be in charge of arranging the bric-a-brac, getting flowers, while the under housemaid did the hard cleaning work. They can have specific rooms or wings as their assignment, depending on the size of the house and staff. The kitchen maids are the next rank down. They aid the cook in preparing the meals, and were often promoted from the lowest maid in the house...the scullery maids. These girls clean the dishes and cooking utensils and have little respect from the other servants.

The maid-of-all-work in a smaller affluent house would often have all of these duties, but none of the problems with matters of rank among the servants. They make up a majority of the maids in the country and are usually a young girl or teenager who works throughout the day only to find rest in her few hours of sleep or sitting alone in the kitchen.

The truly lucky become ladies' maids. They are on par with the housemaid in rank and often free from that person's control. She attends the mistress of the house, or one of the daughters (most ladies' maids only serve one person) aiding her in dressing, undressing, doing her hair, repairing clothing for the lady, or even keeping the woman company. Preferred is a French maid, but an English one will do in a pinch. They are supposed to be young, pretty, and friendly. They receive perquisites that the ordinary servants do not. They get the cast-off clothing of their mistress and are allowed to keep a bag of old linen with they can sell. Ladies maids are less likely to be dismissed on a whim, are paid a bit better, and are general more respected, since they are often companions to their mistresses. Sadly it is only in the largest houses that a ladies maid might not have to do the other duties of a housemaid as well.

All the servants often sleep in small attic rooms that are too cold in the winter or sweltering in the summer. The maid or servants is to be neither seen nor heard and staying out of the path of the master or mistress is a constant occupation. The work is difficult, long, and married women (or those with suitors) need not apply. Should a maid get into a delicate state (even if it is due to her employer!) she is often summarily dismissed. For the privilege of this kind of job, they are paid £11-15 per year, with a half day off on



Sunday, and evening out once a week, and a full day off once per month, and usually two weeks holiday per year. Servants are usually tipped by guests when they leave; the proper tip is five shillings for a stay under a week, ten for a week or more. Tipping the groom was standard as well if one went riding, as was tipping the valet (if the gentleman did not bring his own) and the coachman for driving him to the rail station or home after a visit.

Gaining a position with a house requires good references, either from a former employer or a placement service. Good references can not only gain one a position, but can help them achieve a higher one in the ranks of the servants. Hence a footman with impeccable recommendations and a first-rate attitude and bearing might find himself hired to replace a dismissed or retired butler or manservant. A black mark will often ruin a servant forever.

The quality of life as a servant depends very much on the people you serve. Some offer good pay and conditions to those who work for them. While they are never considered part of the family, such servants might become trusted confidants and almost friends. However, in less enlightened homes the servants are given no more thought than a piece of furniture. Beatings are considered a way to remind servants who is in charge, and rape is not unknown when the young gentlemen of the house feels an urge that would be unseemly to burden a well brought up girl with. Such houses can be hell, as the masters consider the servants to belong to them, body and soul. Even worse, escaping such a place is extremely difficult. Without a reference from a previous employer no servant stands a chance of being employed anywhere else. Raising a hand to your employer, or even trying to defend one of your colleagues might leave you instantly dismissed and on the streets in the space of a moment.

The Lower Orders

For those who cannot join the professional classes or find a career in service, there are still many ways to earn a crust on a daily basis. Some of these jobs are done as a career, but most lower class people will be forced to work in several different places to get a decent wage. Below are a selection of jobs the honest (or mostly honest) working class man or woman might find a way to feed themselves and their family.

Cheap-jacks can be found in the markets and fairs around the city. They sell cheap metalware like watch chains, knives, and other items. They are con-men and fast talkers who often deal in stolen goods, as well as, legitimate ones.

Chimney sweeps are teens or very skinny men who clean the soot out of the chimneys of houses. Every chimney sweep has a 'boy', a child as young as four to be sent up the chimneys, usually egged on by 'lighting a fire'

under them, using a burning match on their feet to get them to climb quicker (or even actually lighting a fire!). The sweeps are used by parents in the countryside as a sort of bogeyman to get them to not to wander off; as kidnapping children for sweeping is not unheard of.

Coal whippers and coal porters are men who respectively load and unload coal from the ships in the Thames from barges and lighters running back and forth from the docks, and porters unload those barges. The porters also deliver coal to residences and businesses around town. This is a good day job that men can pick up in a pinch. Like much work on the docks, men are taken on for a day's work from those who turn up on the day. If too many men turn up they just get sent home without any pay.

Costermongers sell fruits and vegetables, or fish from stalls in the markets and streets of the city. Most go to Covent Gardens or Billingsgate. The name comes from costard – a type of apple.

Crossing sweepers are just that, people who sweep the intersections of London's streets free of mud, dung, and other detritus. They are only paid seven shillings a week, but if they can stay at the same corner long enough, they can get to know the 'regulars' passing through their area and gain small odd jobs from them. The crossing sweeper has to be quick on their feet to avoid getting hit by vehicles and so are usually children. They have a high injury and mortality rate due to traffic accidents.

Dustmen roam the town collecting the ashes and cinders from household fires from their dustbins and selling them to brick and fertilizer manufacturers. They sift through the dust to occasionally find valuables, food, or other prizes. In the modern world the job applies to refuse collectors or 'bin men'.

Ferrymen – or watermen as they are sometimes called – row people out to ships in the Thames and must apprentice for seven years before they can claim the title. Some also simply ferry people across the river, although in London the many bridges often make this unnecessary.

Mudlarks are people who go out into the tidal mud of the Thames at low tide to look for rope, coal, fish, and other items that they can sell. Most mudlarks are children who make thruppence a day, if they are lucky. With the Thames being so polluted, they have a high sickness and mortality rate as a simple cut in the foot can turn deadly from infection. As there is little labelling of cargo and boxes, mudlarks need to treat any find with care. Chemical waste can also injure a mudlark with caustic burns and the like.

Orange girls sell oranges, bootlaces, staylaces (for corsets), matches, flowers, or whatever else they can lay their hands on. The very poor are found doing this due to the low start-up cost. Fifty oranges cost fifteen to eighteen pence, flowers and matches less than that, and often they would use their skirts or an apron to hold their merchandise, rather than lay out the money for a cart



or shoulder box like a costermonger. Most will also sell themselves to interested men for a few minutes.

Piemen, like costermongers, set up stalls in markets and street and peddled pies filled with fruit or meat (often of questionable origin...)

Ratcatchers are often lower-class boys who are quick and looking for a bit of fun. Rats abound in the city and the ratcatcher would either use arsenic to poison them, or a ferret to hunt them out. De-ratting a house can make the ratcatcher tuppence a pound. If they can catch the rats live, they can be sold to ratting dens, for fighting.

Watermen fill the horse troughs at cab stands throughout town.

THE VICTORIAN HOME

Victorian life, no matter what class you are part of, centres on the family and the home. Victorians were obsessed with their living spaces, and an Englishman's home was truly his castle. The home itself is depicted continually in the art of the period. Images of the perfect home were designed to be both inspirational and aspirational. They depicted families in sunny rooms spending quality time together in domestic bliss. People were told this is the life they should strive for. So it should come as no surprise that in time, other artists began to show the cracks and hypocrisy of the Victorian ideal home. Rebellious artists painted pictures of men with courtesans that show the husband to be the source of this betrayal of the ideal rather than his female companion. Other artists shockingly depicted the after-effects of domestic violence and the disharmony that might lurk behind apparently happy facades. However, all the pictures of the time show us the most important thing about Victorian culture. For all the elaborate rituals of receiving guests, when the family home closed its doors what happened there was no one else's business. The husband was not just master of his house but king of his own domain, and society would remain complicit in hiding the darker activities of the home as long as the sunny ideal was maintained for the outside world.

As it was so important, it is no surprise that interior decorating took on greater importance as the wealth of the nation grew and people could afford more than just what they required. With the age of mass-production, the middle-class Victorian home is awash in all manner of consumer goods. Consumption, at least from the middle-class to the aristocracy, is almost compulsory and the economy relies of the public buying all manner of things and it shows in the home. While the lower classes certainly have trouble just clothing and feeding their family, they too did what they could to create their own ideal homes. Cheap

knick-knacks could be picked up from costermongers, and soldiers often brought back cheap but fascinating foreign objects from abroad.

There is rarely any sort of single design motif in a Victorian home. Rooms might have a certain flavour, if one is particularly stylish, but in general patterns of upholstery, curtains, and wallpaper are often at odds with each other. Furnishings are usually overstuffed and done in garish patterns, tables and other items can be a set from a local furniture-maker or are pieced together as they are purchased. In the case of the bachelor, dark woods like mahogany and leather upholstery for their furnishings were popular. Brass is another essential, for doorknobs, knockers, railings, gas lamp fittings, etc. Those with the space and money almost always have some kind of musical instrument, if only for show; often it is an upright piano. With the cheap and efficient publishing by machine, books have become relatively inexpensive. Some paper-covered novels, often little more than thick magazines full of rather lurid tales run a few pence only, hence their name, Penny Dreadfuls. For the wealthy, books frequently adorn shelves or tables and a library is something every gentleman aspires to own.

Knick-knacks abound, from collectable plates and spoons from the Great 1851 Exposition, to hunting trophies, and to African spears and shields to adorn the walls, decorations are the element of decor that is consistent in the well-to-do home. Even the poorer folk with a house often have some kind of cheap reproduction statuette or commemorative plate somewhere. Always in style are Indian fabrics and bric-a-brac, as are glass-fronted cases for guns (in a drawing room or man's den). Egypt is currently the rage, and replicas of mummy cases, mantelpiece reproductions of the Sphinx, mummy cases, or cartouches are popular. However, oriental furniture and lacquerware in particular never goes out of style. India also remains popular, although the British have taken Indian cuisine rather than its style to their hearts.

In the wealthier homes, Progress has brought all manner of goods to improve the lives of people: toast-racks, gas-fired bathtub warmers or food warmers, portable bathtubs, the list is endless. Having a laboratory is also fashionable for the gentleman in need of a hobby – electricity laboratories, chemical sets, the wealthy frequently buy all manner of scientific equipment to play with, in the hopes of coming up with that grand discovery. Innovation is fashionable and a sign you are on the vanguard of the new technological age. However, as in the modern world, while the early adopters may have the thrill of being the first to own a new gadget, they are just as often the first to see it fail embarrassingly. On the whole people tend to only invest in machinery they know will actually work, and remain sceptical of unproven innovation.

Unluckily, not everyone owns their own house. Most lower and even middle class people (especially gentleman bachelors, as respectable girls live with their parents until they are married) will find themselves without their accommodation. Respectable establishments are hired by the week or month and expect payment on the Friday of the last paid period. In the more poor districts is often by the day. The cheapest safe haven and refuge of the elements is the barding house where one may lie on a pew and is tied in, so as not to fall out of your bed while sleeping. You'll be woken in the morning by simply untying the knot and letting you drop. Poor people

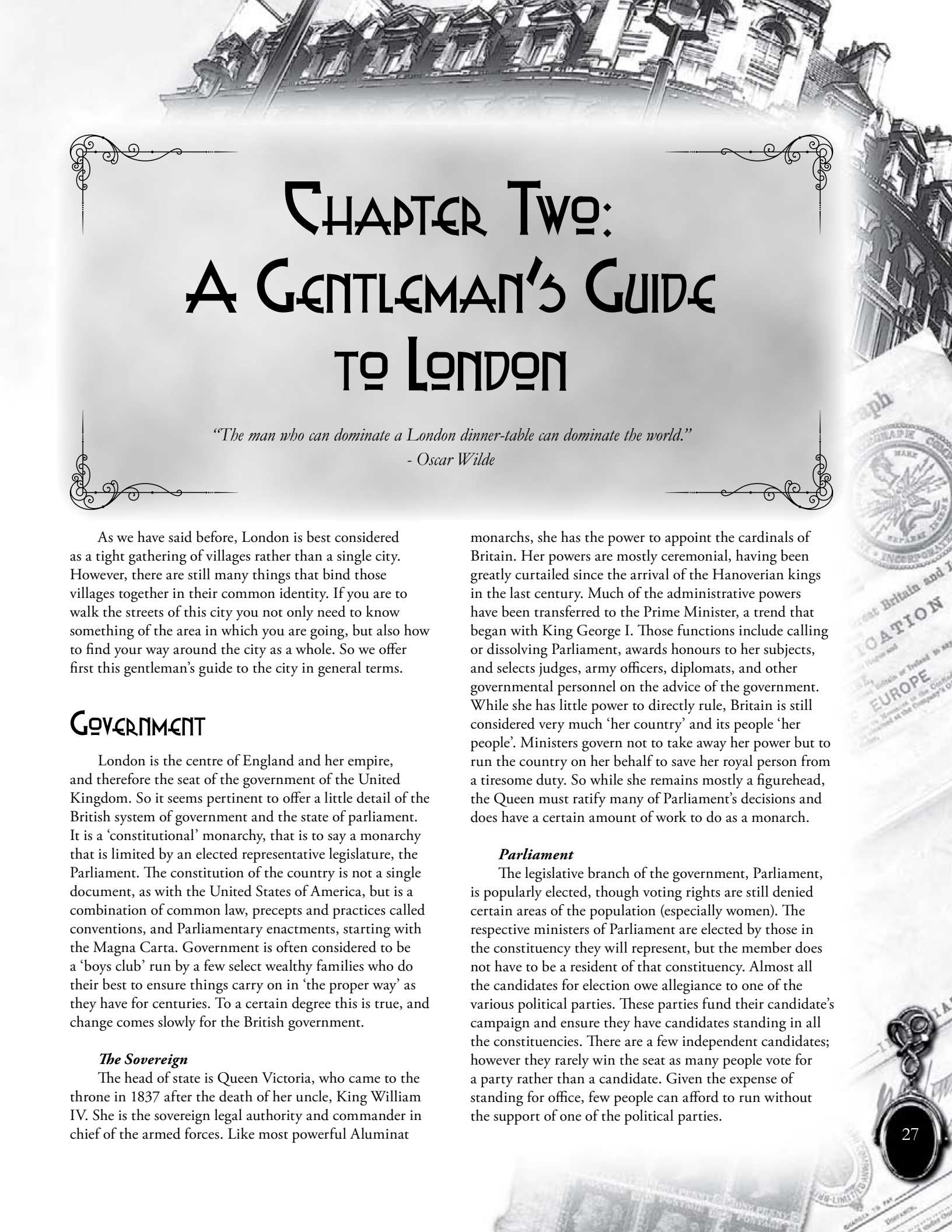
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with other sleeping itinerants, the bench normally runs at half pence per night. An actual hammock or hard wooden slat to sleep on might be twice that. Daily rentals can often be negotiated on price, depending on the amount of space or time one wishes to sleep, but they are also the quickest to throw you out if you don't pay, particularly in some of the rookeries. Often in those locations, the landlord is willing to take advantage of female renters who might pay their rent 'in kind'. Plenty of people in London have no fixed abode, sleeping where and how they can afford on a night to night basis.



Fuffy 2003





CHAPTER TWO: A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO LONDON

"The man who can dominate a London dinner-table can dominate the world."

- Oscar Wilde

As we have said before, London is best considered as a tight gathering of villages rather than a single city. However, there are still many things that bind those villages together in their common identity. If you are to walk the streets of this city you not only need to know something of the area in which you are going, but also how to find your way around the city as a whole. So we offer first this gentleman's guide to the city in general terms.

GOVERNMENT

London is the centre of England and her empire, and therefore the seat of the government of the United Kingdom. So it seems pertinent to offer a little detail of the British system of government and the state of parliament. It is a 'constitutional' monarchy, that is to say a monarchy that is limited by an elected representative legislature, the Parliament. The constitution of the country is not a single document, as with the United States of America, but is a combination of common law, precepts and practices called conventions, and Parliamentary enactments, starting with the Magna Carta. Government is often considered to be a 'boys club' run by a few select wealthy families who do their best to ensure things carry on in 'the proper way' as they have for centuries. To a certain degree this is true, and change comes slowly for the British government.

The Sovereign

The head of state is Queen Victoria, who came to the throne in 1837 after the death of her uncle, King William IV. She is the sovereign legal authority and commander in chief of the armed forces. Like most powerful Aluminat

monarchs, she has the power to appoint the cardinals of Britain. Her powers are mostly ceremonial, having been greatly curtailed since the arrival of the Hanoverian kings in the last century. Much of the administrative powers have been transferred to the Prime Minister, a trend that began with King George I. Those functions include calling or dissolving Parliament, awards honours to her subjects, and selects judges, army officers, diplomats, and other governmental personnel on the advice of the government. While she has little power to directly rule, Britain is still considered very much 'her country' and its people 'her people'. Ministers govern not to take away her power but to run the country on her behalf to save her royal person from a tiresome duty. So while she remains mostly a figurehead, the Queen must ratify many of Parliament's decisions and does have a certain amount of work to do as a monarch.

Parliament

The legislative branch of the government, Parliament, is popularly elected, though voting rights are still denied certain areas of the population (especially women). The respective ministers of Parliament are elected by those in the constituency they will represent, but the member does not have to be a resident of that constituency. Almost all the candidates for election owe allegiance to one of the various political parties. These parties fund their candidate's campaign and ensure they have candidates standing in all the constituencies. There are a few independent candidates; however they rarely win the seat as many people vote for a party rather than a candidate. Given the expense of standing for office, few people can afford to run without the support of one of the political parties.

ENGLISH OR BRITISH?

The terms used to describe the various nations of the United Kingdom are often confusing to the outsider. This is no surprise as the term 'United Kingdom' implies a single land unified for mutual benefit. Unfortunately this 'unity' was forged through England conquering Wales, Scotland and much of Ireland and then deciding to let them keep a form of self-governance to avoid having to do the paperwork themselves.

So as the conquering nation, England is effectively the ruler of the United Kingdom which includes Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland as vassal states. As the set of islands these countries rest on are also called the British Isles, the United Kingdom is also known as (Great) Britain, although technically this would include the parts of Ireland which are not under English rule.

So while a Scotsman is from Britain, he is certainly not English. He may even be pretty offended to be considered British as it is a reminder of English dominance. You will notice that when England does well in the Olympics (for instance) it is often a 'great day for English sport', but when Scotland does well it's 'another win for Britain'. England also has a history of taking what it wants from the other nations of the Kingdom and not supporting them when they need help. So it should come as no surprise that plenty of Welsh and Scottish rankle at the idea of being considered British, or worse 'one of those bastard English'.

To make matters worse, even England herself is a nation of fractured Kingdoms from long ago. This means that almost every county (many of which were once kingdoms in their own right) has its own distinct character. The regions of the north of England have also always been considered the backwards cousins of those in the south of England, who the northerners often see as effete snobs. This distinction is also religious, as the Northern English prefer the Roman Aluminat rite to the Anglican Aluminat rite. It does make you wonder what idiot thought 'United' was a proper term for the place.

Having said that, England considers all of Britain to be her sovereign territory and any attack from an outsider against any part of the islands would be met with the same force as if they had invaded London. Against any outsider, all the various parts of Britain are happy to stand together for the common good and put aside their differences (especially against the French). So, it's complicated. The best thing to remember is simply not to refer to a Scotsman as British unless you know how he feels about it, and never mistake him for English unless you are looking for a fight.

THE 1867 PALMERSTON LIBERAL GOVERNMENT

The following are cabinet positions:

Prime Minister: Lord Palmerston
Lord Chancellor: Lord Cranworth
Privy Secretary: Duke of Argyll
Home Office: Sir Reginald Peele
Foreign Office: Earl of Clarendon
Colonial Office: Edward Cardwell
War Office: Marquess of Huntingdon
Chancellor of the Exchequer: William Ewart Gladstone
Admiralty: Duke of Somerset
Board of Trade: Thomas Milner Gibson
Postmaster General: Lord Stanley of Alderley

There are other positions that are not 'in cabinet'. They still report to the prime minister, and occasionally sit in the cabinet meetings:

Chief Secretary for Ireland: Chichester Fortescue
Poor Law Board President: Charles Pelham Viliers
Attorney General: Sir Roundell Palmer
Solicitor General: Sir Robert Collier
Judge Advocate General: Thomas Emerson Headlam

Voting rights have been changed recently with the Representation of the People Act: men age eighteen and over, provided they own £10 of property – be it land, a home, or capital holdings are eligible. Also it provides a residence clause, so that anyone that resides, by rent or ownership, in a property of more than £10 has the right to vote for members of the House of Commons. The elections must be held every six years, but can be called early by a 'vote of no confidence' in the government, or by the government itself at any time up to six years. As one party or the other gains a majority in Parliament, they are given the opportunity to create 'a government' (by the Queen). This allows the political party with the majority members in the House of Commons to select a Prime Minister who will then form a 'Cabinet'. The Cabinet are a group of serving ministers (led by the Prime Minister) who are also given a 'portfolio' which gives them executive power under the Prime Minister for a certain aspect of running the country. The Cabinet meets in the Prime Minister's residence at number 10 Downing Street.

The two houses of Parliament are the House of Commons, the elected representative body, and the House of Lords, whose members are peers of the realm (including bishops and archbishops of the Church and lords of court). Either House can introduce legislation, though most is

WHIGS AND TORIES

The political landscape of Britain is very different in 1867 to how it is today.

Since the 17th century there had been only two political parties, the Whigs and the Tories. Both were colloquially named as such due to their stance on the Exclusion Bill in the late 17th century (Whig from Whiggamor, a term for a cattle driver, and Tory from Toraidhe, an Irish word for outlaw). While both terms were derogatory they stuck and were even adopted by both parties. Throughout the 18th century the parties were in flux, with differing factions shifting allegiances, although generally Tories favoured a strong monarchy while the Whigs wanted to check monarchical power. For practical purposes, however, it was often difficult to differentiate between the two.

In 1834 Sir Reginald Peel, a Dwarf from a wealthy industrial family, reorganized the Tories as the Conservative Party, outlining his platform in the Tamworth Manifesto. The new Conservative Party promised reform but cautioned against unnecessary change which would only serve to continually subject the government to chaos. Peel became the new party's Prime Minister. Unfortunately, Peel's position on Free Trade rubbed raw against many in the Conservative Party and when, during his second term as Prime Minister, Peel repealed the Corn Laws, most of the Conservative MPs voted against it. Peel's government was dissolved as about a third of his party, calling themselves 'Peelites,' felt disaffected with the Conservative Party.

In 1859 the Whigs courted the Peelites and formed a new Liberal Party. The Liberal Party favours personal liberty, social reform, and free trade. They are currently the party in power, led by Prime Minister Lord Palmerston and with Sir Robert Peel serving once again as Home Secretary (ironically, Peel has had a hand in shaping both major parties).

Benjamin Disraeli, the current de facto leader of the Conservative Party, wishes to reform the election laws to enfranchise urban workers (which one might expect to be a Liberal position), but the Prime Minister is adamantly against it. As Palmerston's health is failing, the Conservatives are biding their time.

Interestingly, the growing communist (and Bolshevik) movements are having a difficult time fitting into either party. While the Liberal Party held much promise, some communists point out that 'personal liberty' is code for 'government won't stop the bourgeoisie from exploiting the proletariat.' On the other hand, the Conservative Party, whilst currently standing for enfranchisement of the lower class, is too entrenched in traditional institutions for their liking. Currently, the communists and their allies are considering creating a third party, but thus far this has remained back room chatter (in our world, disaffected socialists and trade unionists formed the modern Labour Party in the late 19th century, usurping the Liberals as the opposition party to the Conservatives by the early 20th century).

introduced by the Cabinet. If both Houses pass a bill, it becomes law; should a bill pass Commons, but be vetoed by Lords, it must be returned for further evaluation. The sovereign also have veto powers, but this has not been exercised since the last century.

The Cabinet (often just called 'the government') is headed by the Prime Minister. He is the leader of the party in the majority in Commons and has the power to appoint members of the Cabinet. The Cabinet develops and implements the policies of governance. They meet in private and issue their findings through the Cabinet Office. Unanimity is paramount to the strength of a government; disagreements in the Cabinet often lead to the member in opposition to a policy to resign. However, it is up to the Prime Minister to maintain this unanimity and a strong one can often dominate the Cabinet.

The current Prime Minister is Lord Palmerston, who is something of a celebrity in the age, despite being the oldest Prime Minister to hold the office. He is renowned in society circles and has had a rather dramatic political career as he was originally a Conservative but defected to the Whig party eventually becoming their leader in their new guise as the Liberals.

The Corporation of London

The government for the city of London is the Corporation of London. The Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen and Court of Common Council are elected by the various wards of the city to manage the affairs of the city. The Aldermen that are elected are justices of the peace in the City of London, and act as governors for the schools, hospitals, and other charitable foundations in their ward. They meet once a month at the Guildhall. The Aldermanic Court does not wield much power anymore and most Aldermen serve on the committees of the Common Council.

The Court of Common Council began as a council of wise commoners that were to advise the respective Aldermen, but it has gradually gained power over the years. The members of the Council must be freemen and on the electoral rolls of the city. While known as 'commoners' they are responsible for the governance of the city and the protection of its rights that have been earned since the Norman Conquest. The Council is unique in that it eschews any political party affiliations. However, that is not to say that such allegiances quietly find their way in through the back door on occasion.



On either side of the central area would be one or two courtyards, segregated by sex, in which the inmates can rest or work. One end of the workhouse is given to the children, once again segregated by sex and linking to the wards of the corresponding adult sex. The children also have their own washing facilities. The 'front' of the building is where the administrative offices, the meeting rooms, and the nursery are located, as well as the porter's quarters. The master/mistress of the kitchen lives in apartments above the kitchen. Another popular design is the two wing design (one for each sex) with a connecting set of offices, kitchen, chapel/dining hall and nursery.

In general, the work spaces are on the second floor and are similar to those you might find in the dirtier, more disreputable factories. Much of the workhouse is given to industry that does not require any automation; the creation of fertilizer, grinding corn and stone-breaking were normal industries. Women, in general, performed the household tasks, creating clothing, cleaning, gardening, spinning, and weaving.

To enter a workhouse one has to meet with the Relieving Officer, who will ascertain if the person is able to qualify for aid. Depending on urgency, the Master of the workhouse could also interview and accept the prospective applicant. Until acceptance, one is relegated to the probationary ward until the Board of Guardians can meet. During this time, the applicant is stripped, washed, and an inmate's uniform issued (or made during work periods). A general health inspection followed and the sick would be directed to the respective male or female sick ward.

The uniforms of the inmates are generally the same from one workhouse to the next: for men, jackets over striped cotton shirts, trousers, and a cotton hats and shoes. For the women, a light dress with stripes – usually white and a specified colour – and shift, petticoats, worsted stockings with knit shoes and a cap. The uniform is the same for the children. The clothes are the only possessions allowed to an inmate, who are classified into one of seven categories:

1. Aged or infirm men,
2. Able-bodied men (over 13 years),
3. Boys (under 13),
4. Aged or infirm women;
5. Able-bodied women or girls (over 16),
6. Girls (under 16),
7. Children (under 7).

Each of these groups is sectioned off from each other. Even families are broken up and forbidden to speak to each other, which is one of the main reasons people so feared being taken into the workhouse.

The workhouse has its own kitchen, bakery, gardens, tailors and shoemakers, dormitories, and work areas.



The beds are generally small and wooden or iron framed, covered with a straw mattress and cover. Some of the better workhouses (and there are a few) have blankets and sheets, as well. Bed sharing is common and the instances of 'unnatural acts' between the inmates are also common. Toilets are a single privy for each sex, with a series of 'earth closets' – toilets with dirt inside that can be used as fertilizer for the gardens (or for sale). Once a week, the inmates have supervised bathing and the men shaved. The daily schedule is highly regimented and periods of activity announced by the ringing of a bell. During meals, silence and decorum are required of the inmates.

Meals are supposed to be according to the dietary charts handed down by the Poor Law Board. This is rarely the case. Special diets for children, infants, and the sick are also required. In general, the food is bread. At breakfast, gruel is served, as well. Dinners can have meat, turnips, or onions, in addition to the omnipresent boiled potato. Tea is common, milk is watered down (when available at all) and fruit is a rare treat.

Lying, stealing, drinking, and swearing are normally prohibited. Infractions lead to punishment or 'turning out' from the workhouse. In general there are two kinds of infractions that lead to punishment. The first is disorderly

behaviour (swearing, noisemaking, shirking duties or work) which leads to bread or potatoes for dinner for two days, and revocation or any luxuries. The second is refractory behaviour (assault, disrespect of staff) which could lead to solitary confinement, reduction in diet, corporal punishment, or even prison time.

Leaving the workhouse was easy; all that was required was three hours' notice. There are problems with 'in and outs' – inmates who leave the workhouse, then reapply that evening or the following day, usually after a drinking bout. Short-term leave to find work is also granted. If a man with a family in the workhouse leaves the establishment, they are all required to leave. The other way to leave is feet first. Deaths in the workhouses required the management to contact the next of kin to take possession of the body. If they did not, or the body was unclaimed, the workhouse could either bury it in a public plot, most often in a cheap coffin and an unmarked common grave, or sell the cadaver for medical experiments or the Necromantic black market..

In London, the workhouses are overseen by the various parish Poor Law Unions. Members of the Union are either elected or are ex officio. The elected official must be a tax-paying property owner, with property of £25 or more.

Workhouse	Location
Fulham Parish (for girls only)	Fulham
Hammersmith (for boys only)	Hammersmith
St. Mary Abbots	Wright Road, Kensington
St. Luke's	Arthur & Britten Streets, Chelsea
Paddington	Harrow Road, Paddington
St. Marylebone	Paddington Street, Marylebone
St. Georges	Hanover Square, Bayswater
Cleveland Street	Cleveland Street, Strand
St. Giles & St. George	Endell Street at Short's Garden, St. Giles
Holborn	Grays Inn Road, Holborn
City of London	Bow Road, the City
St. George in the East	Princess Street, Wapping
Bethnal Green	Waterloo Street, Bethnal Green
Baker's Row	Baker's Row, Whitechapel at Spitalfields
Mile End	Bancroft Road at the Yehudite Cemetery, Mile End
Poplar	High Street, Poplar
St. John's Hill	Clapham
Princes Road	Princes Road, Lambeth
St. Saviours	Marlborough Street, Southwark
Parish Street	Parish Street, Southwark
Havil Street	Havil Street, Camberwell
Greenwich	Vanburgh Hill, Greenwich
Edmonton	Edmonton, Hampstead
Liverpool Road	Liverpool Road, Islington

These officials are elected annually by the ward tax-payers. Ex officio members of the board are local magistrates entitled to sit on the board due to their office. They meet weekly or fortnightly in one of the workhouses, often rotating which establishment they meet in. These members also form a visiting committee, which would inspect the workhouses for compliance with the Poor Laws. Other offices included the relieving officer (in charge of admissions), the district medical officer, and the treasurer for the Union.

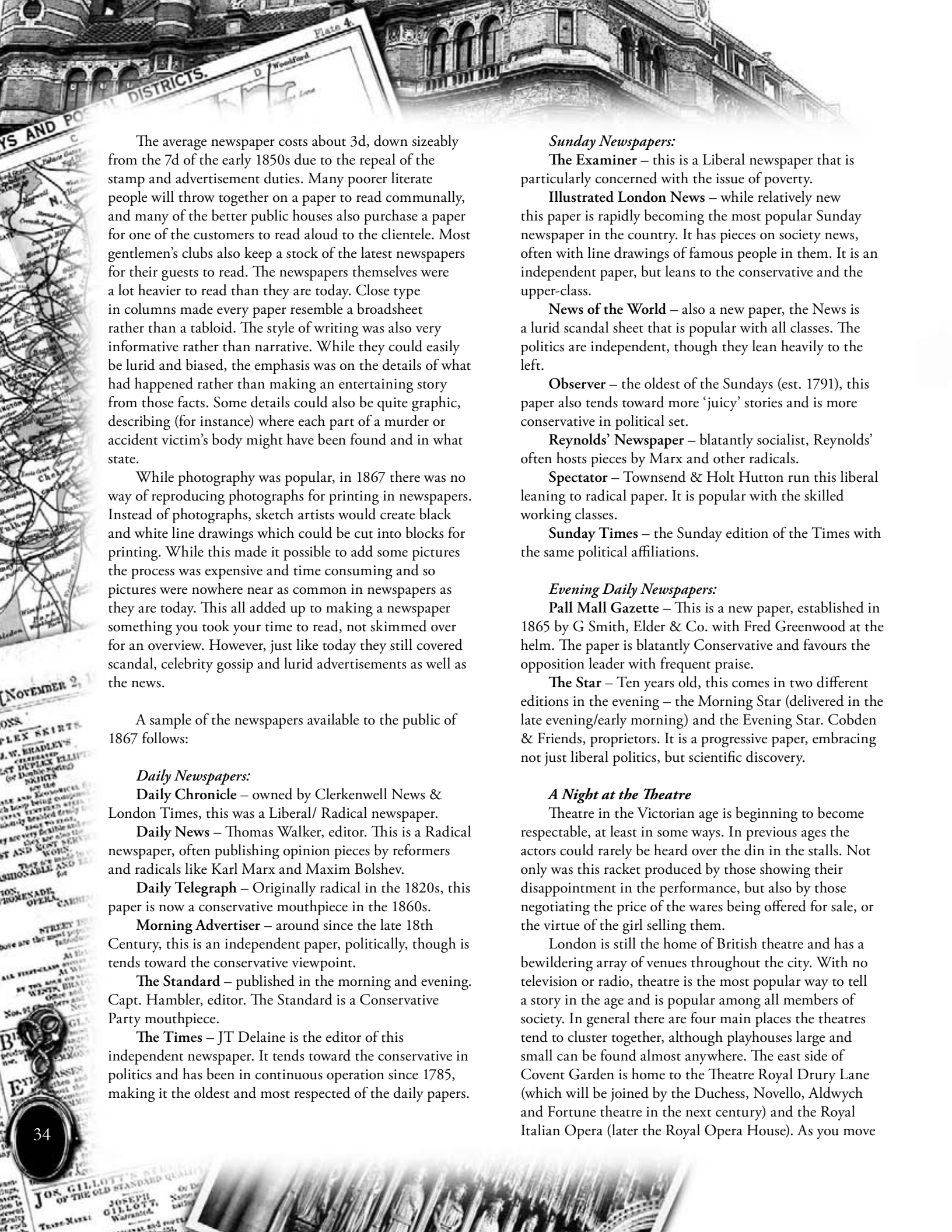
ENTERTAINMENT IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS

There is plenty to see and do in London, both virtuous and decadent. Newspapers are a common way to keep up with the events of the age, and several clubs cater for the gentlemen. If one wishes to take a lady out for the evening a night at the theatre can be a welcome excursion. However, among the alleys of the darker parts of the city is an array of less reputable vices. Gin palaces offer alcoholic oblivion and opium dens offer a similar escape in any number of back alleys. Prostitution is rife and a fallen women's virtue can be bought for less than a pint of beer with ease.

The Victorian Press

It is important to remember that the idea of a fair or impartial press does not exist in the Victorian world. At worst, the newspapers are scandal sheets on a par with the Weekly World News of the 20th and 21st Centuries. At best, they presented real news and concerns for the people with a decidedly political bent. Even those that don't outright lie to their readers often bend the facts to suit their own agenda. The newspaper readers of the period knew and accepted this bias, even insisted upon it. After all, why read a newspaper that would not present the news in a manner that was in line with your political views? People wanted to be informed, but also wanted to believe the world worked the way they thought it did. That the 'facts' were in type allowed people to believe they were the absolute truth, even though there might easily be two or more sides to every story. To avoid reading anything that might spoil this blinkered view, most people only ever read one particular paper. This means many people are quick to damn the writers of papers they don't read to be liars and scandalmongers. To a large extent this is exactly how newspapers are still used today, even though in the modern age the law insists on at least a modicum of integrity from journalists.

Many of the news-presses also produce novels and penny dreadfuls, and little bookstores that are connected to particular press houses crowd Chancery Lane, Farringdon Street, and Fleet Street. Their proximity to the Courts of Justice is not coincidental; many of the more lurid tales, sure to draw readership, come out of the coverage of the trials in court, or from the Bow Street Station in nearby Covent Gardens. On any given day, the average pedestrian can see the journalists, scrambling around town with their notepads in search of something to sell to their employers. The successful journalist can often find himself making quite comfortable sums of money, but the beginner or the average journalist can often find himself living story to story, making just enough to pay rent and buy food.



The average newspaper costs about 3d, down sizeably from the 7d of the early 1850s due to the repeal of the stamp and advertisement duties. Many poorer literate people will throw together on a paper to read communally, and many of the better public houses also purchase a paper for one of the customers to read aloud to the clientele. Most gentlemen's clubs also keep a stock of the latest newspapers for their guests to read. The newspapers themselves were a lot heavier to read than they are today. Close type in columns made every paper resemble a broadsheet rather than a tabloid. The style of writing was also very informative rather than narrative. While they could easily be lurid and biased, the emphasis was on the details of what had happened rather than making an entertaining story from those facts. Some details could also be quite graphic, describing (for instance) where each part of a murder or accident victim's body might have been found and in what state.

While photography was popular, in 1867 there was no way of reproducing photographs for printing in newspapers. Instead of photographs, sketch artists would create black and white line drawings which could be cut into blocks for printing. While this made it possible to add some pictures the process was expensive and time consuming and so pictures were nowhere near as common in newspapers as they are today. This all added up to making a newspaper something you took your time to read, not skimmed over for an overview. However, just like today they still covered scandal, celebrity gossip and lurid advertisements as well as the news.

A sample of the newspapers available to the public of 1867 follows:

Daily Newspapers:

Daily Chronicle – owned by Clerkenwell News & London Times, this was a Liberal/ Radical newspaper.

Daily News – Thomas Walker, editor. This is a Radical newspaper, often publishing opinion pieces by reformers and radicals like Karl Marx and Maxim Bolshev.

Daily Telegraph – Originally radical in the 1820s, this paper is now a conservative mouthpiece in the 1860s.

Morning Advertiser – around since the late 18th Century, this is an independent paper, politically, though is tends toward the conservative viewpoint.

The Standard – published in the morning and evening. Capt. Hambler, editor. The Standard is a Conservative Party mouthpiece.

The Times – JT Delaine is the editor of this independent newspaper. It tends toward the conservative in politics and has been in continuous operation since 1785, making it the oldest and most respected of the daily papers.

Sunday Newspapers:

The Examiner – this is a Liberal newspaper that is particularly concerned with the issue of poverty.

Illustrated London News – while relatively new this paper is rapidly becoming the most popular Sunday newspaper in the country. It has pieces on society news, often with line drawings of famous people in them. It is an independent paper, but leans to the conservative and the upper-class.

News of the World – also a new paper, the News is a lurid scandal sheet that is popular with all classes. The politics are independent, though they lean heavily to the left.

Observer – the oldest of the Sundays (est. 1791), this paper also tends toward more 'juicy' stories and is more conservative in political set.

Reynolds' Newspaper – blatantly socialist, Reynolds' often hosts pieces by Marx and other radicals.

Spectator – Townsend & Holt Hutton run this liberal leaning to radical paper. It is popular with the skilled working classes.

Sunday Times – the Sunday edition of the Times with the same political affiliations.

Evening Daily Newspapers:

Pall Mall Gazette – This is a new paper, established in 1865 by G Smith, Elder & Co. with Fred Greenwood at the helm. The paper is blatantly Conservative and favours the opposition leader with frequent praise.

The Star – Ten years old, this comes in two different editions in the evening – the Morning Star (delivered in the late evening/early morning) and the Evening Star. Cobden & Friends, proprietors. It is a progressive paper, embracing not just liberal politics, but scientific discovery.

A Night at the Theatre

Theatre in the Victorian age is beginning to become respectable, at least in some ways. In previous ages the actors could rarely be heard over the din in the stalls. Not only was this racket produced by those showing their disappointment in the performance, but also by those negotiating the price of the wares being offered for sale, or the virtue of the girl selling them.

London is still the home of British theatre and has a bewildering array of venues throughout the city. With no television or radio, theatre is the most popular way to tell a story in the age and is popular among all members of society. In general there are four main places the theatres tend to cluster together, although playhouses large and small can be found almost anywhere. The east side of Covent Garden is home to the Theatre Royal Drury Lane (which will be joined by the Duchess, Novello, Aldwych and Fortune theatre in the next century) and the Royal Italian Opera (later the Royal Opera House). As you move



onto the Strand you will pass the Lyceum Theatre (soon to be taken over by the renowned actor Sir Henry Irving). Also along the strand you will find the Adelphi and the Vaudeville and in a few years the Savoy as well. Once you pass Trafalgar square you might walk up the Haymarket (renowned as a place to find prostitutes) where you will come across Her Majesty's theatre and the Haymarket theatre, and the nearby Alhambra Theatre in Leicester Square. From there you might walk up Shaftsbury avenue where almost every other building is a theatre, including the Queen's theatre.

In short, the capital is covered in theatres, although they are not for everyone. When we said that theatre was becoming respectable, that isn't the case for every theatre. In general the upper classes attend the Opera, and their patronage allows the opera companies to put on lavish productions in the largest theatres. However, it is not unknown for the gentry to find it appropriate to visit playhouses as England is the land of Shakespeare after all. In many cases the different classes might wish to attend the same theatres. So to attract a varied clientele many theatres have separate entrances to the stalls and circles so the classes need not mix. Among the play-going public, melodramas are the most popular form of entertainment. These rather overplayed stories are full of murder, tragedy and torment, just what the spectacle crazed Victorians love best. 'Maria Martin and the Murder in the Red Barn' (loosely based on a true story) is the most popular melodrama of the age and several versions might be performed across the city. Plenty of other plays are barely disguised copies of it.

For the lower orders there was always the music hall, a more raucous variety theatre where a selection of different acts is presented to the audience each night. Music Hall involved a mixture of popular song, comedy and specialty acts, similar to the American vaudeville. However, in England vaudeville was considered a more working-class type of entertainment (possibly due to its colonial origin). The Music Hall style grew out of performances in the various 'Saloon theatres' that also functioned as bars and cafes and so allowed dining and drinking during the performances. The most famous of these was the Grecian Saloon in Islington. John Hollingshead, (the owner of the Gaiety Theatre, London) declared the Grecian "the father and mother, the dry and wet nurse of the Music Hall". Another form of lower class entertainment is the Burlesque, the most famous being the 'The Beggar's Opera'. Little more than music hall (but with a plot) these loose adaptations of fairy-tales, legends and popular dramas paved the way for the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Dramatic performance is also moving on as an art form in theatre. Since the 1850s there has been a movement towards realism in plays. This means the overplaying of emotion common in the 18th century is now seen as bad performance. The plays themselves also no longer

have 'asides' to the audience or long monologues. The emphasis is on telling the story rather than explaining it or acknowledging the audience. While audiences are expected to be passive observers the habits of audience participation are still difficult for some theatre goers to break.

Ballet is, as it has always been, a well- respected and well supported entertainment. While it is mainly patronised by the wealthy, plenty of the lower orders enjoy ballet when they have the opportunity to see it. The Victorian age is the age of the prima ballerina. Several women have risen to incredible fame as the leading lady of their company, and the rivalry between them is intense. Of special note are Marie Taglioni, Francesca Cerrito, Carlotta Grisi and Lucille Grahn who each had their moment as the greatest ballerina in the world. In 1867 they are all a little past their best but they are all able to fill a theatre (especially when they danced together in 1845).

Another popular entertainment is the 'penny gaff' which is a rather ad hoc form of performance for those who can only afford a penny for their evening's entertainment. These shows are put on extremely cheaply and often performed in pubs or small halls across the city. They are extremely popular, mainly due to the rather popularist choices of play the companies perform and their cheap admission. Lurid tales of murder and violence are the standard stock in trade, especially the melodrama. Cut down or just thrown together versions of Shakespeare's plays are another common choice, especially the more bloodthirsty ones.

Finally, there are several shows that defy any normal description beyond 'spectacle'. These are usually forms of circus performance, but also include popular 'wild west' horse shows. A mixture of circus and extravaganza, these shows appear from time to time in the theatres, often brought over by American impresarios like P T Barnum.

While there are an array of pub theatres and travelling companies performing in village halls, the main theatres of London are the following:

Alhambra Palace, Leicester Square – Music Hall, previously Equestrian Circus

Astley's Theatre, Lambeth – Horsemanship and Melodrama

Britannia Saloon, Hoxton – Melodrama and Pantomime (a favourite of Dickens)

City of London Theatre, Bishopsgate – Temperance plays, Melodrama and Farce

Drury Lane Theatre, Covent Garden – Opera, Melodrama, Spectacle and Ballet

Grecian Theatre, Eagle Tavern, Islington – Music Hall

Haymarket Theatre, Haymarket – Drama, Music Hall, Farce and Burlesque

Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket – Italian Opera (Black tie required)



The Lyceum, Strand – Opera and Operetta
Marylebone Theatre, Marylebone – ‘Blood curdling’ Melodrama
New Adelphi Theatre, Strand – French Opera, Comedy and Farce
New National Standard Theatre, Shoreditch – Melodrama, Music Hall and Farce
Olympic Theatre, Wych Street, Aldwych – Comedy, Melodrama and Operetta
Princess’s Theatre, Oxford Circus – Drama, Spectacle, Melodrama and Opera
Queen’s Theatre, Covent Garden – Melodrama and Operetta (newly built in 1867)
Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden – Italian Opera
Sadler’s Wells, Islington – Drama (notably Shakespeare)
St James’s Theatre, Mayfair – Drama and Melodrama
Strand Theatre, Strand – Melodrama, Pantomime and Drama
Surrey Theatre, Lambeth – Melodrama, English Opera and Farce
Victoria Theatre, Lambeth (now called ‘The Old Vic’) – Melodrama and Farce

Music

As well as the theatre, music and art are popular pastimes, although mainly for the upper class and affluent middle class. As Queen Victoria and the royal family showed an ardent interest in music, musical gatherings are almost a duty and a chore for the upper classes. Recitals by leading orchestras are as popular as any theatre event. In the previous decade live music was very much in vogue, with the grand concert performances of Louis Jullien and world renowned singers such as Jenny Lind. While there are many well attended public performances, in 1867, music is something to be played at home, and few good houses lack for a piano. This has made sheet music for popular songs as popular as song downloads are in the modern age.

Victorian concerts are rather eclectic affairs. It is rare to find only one style of music played on the bill and many concerts might segue from classical violin to renditions of popular music hall tunes. While the Victorian taste is often towards the saccharine and overly emotive, the audiences loved to see a great variety of music. Several composers remain popular in 1867. Beethoven remains a favourite even after his death in 1827, Robert Schumann outlasted him until 1856 and his work remains popular too. Hector Berlioz continues to be popular. Johannes Brahms is at the height of his fame, as is Franz Liszt and Richard Wagner. A new selection of younger composers is also on the rise, including Giuseppe Verdi, Johann Strauss and Peter Tchaikovsky.

The most common way to hear music in the era is outside. With a high proportion of the population skilled in at least some form of instrument, many communities

come together to play in groups. The most commonly heard instrument is the barrel organ, and many practitioners play in the street for the entertainment of the locals. In fact the barrel organ is so ubiquitous on the streets of London that the sound is rather hard to escape. To add a little flair to their performance, many organists have trained monkeys to cavort for the audience and collect pennies from them. The barrel organists usually play a selection of popular songs, music hall tunes and carols, although the instrument reduces them to rather flat renditions of their orchestral versions.

Of growing popularity is the brass band (and the new Saxhorn and Saxophone) and during the summer the parks are awash with their music. Few of these bands are professional, being formed as ‘works bands’ where all the performers shared a common workplace. The popularity of the bands owes something to the funding they get from their employer. While it may seem rather oddly altruistic of Victorian employers to fund their worker’s pastimes, they have a very good reason for doing so. The age is beset with unrest, especially among the working class, and the mill owners and aristocracy are terrified that one day there may come some form of revolt. By encouraging musical endeavour the gentry hope to channel their employees’ energy into more aesthetic pursuits to curb their potential for civil unrest. The railways have also allowed the various brass bands to come together in country-wide competitions (with travel expenses covered by the employer). These competitions have helped to keep the music fresh and encouraged the various bands to maintain a high standard and versatile musical repertoire.

Music is not only found in the concert halls, streets and homes of the Victorians either. Many churches play host to religious musical events called ‘Oratorios’. These grand choral works draw huge crowds and are seen as one of the highest accomplishments for a composer. The performances were grand and rousing affairs and their religious theme gave them a virtuous and moral air. However, moral can also mean dismal and dull, and many Oratorios were not nearly as entertaining as they were edifying. While London plays host to many, Oratorios are more often heard in the great cathedral cities of the country. Even so, their popularity keeps many musicians and choristers in employment.

Dancing

Given the amount of grand balls the upper classes attend, the ability to dance is a key skill in society. While the enthusiasm for dancing has faded since the death of Prince Albert, dance teachers are still rarely unemployed. At any ball several different dances might be played, such as the Polka and the Quadrille. ‘The Lancers’ is currently still in vogue as are some of the European dances such as the Mazurka, Polonaise and the Cotillion.



For those not invited to these glamorous events, London also boasts several dance saloons and assemblies. Dance saloons are the haunt of the middle class but are also considered a little disreputable. Many young women visit for a night of dancing, as well as the cream of London's courtesans (mainly due to their location near the Haymarket). Many of these saloons, which were much the same as modern discos or nightclubs, also admit capable dancers for free. This helps preserve their image as places for dancing rather than just drinking and fighting. The Argyll in Piccadilly has a reputation for the latter and is regularly visited by the police. Even so, the dance saloons (much like the gin palaces) are colourful and glamorous and unlikely to provide a dull evening.

Assemblies are slightly less colourful affairs. These gatherings are essentially balls organised for the middle class (although all were welcome and happily mixed) and were significantly more sober. However, this does not mean they are staid affairs as the dancing can easily become wild and enthusiastic. Several open air assemblies are organised during the year, often at Vauxhall Gardens, and they often resemble the 'raves' of today.

Art

Art appreciation is also very much in vogue and London is full of galleries and shows for those looking to see the work of new and fashionable artists. With no inexpensive way to reprint these works the only way to see such paintings is to actually look at the real thing, making galleries very popular. The most fashionable art in 1867 is the new Impressionism from France. However many artists are doing more than painting nicely drawn lilies. Many new works are scandalously critical of the inherent hypocrisy of the age, and the horrible inequalities and suffering that was being ignored. Frank Holl and Augustus Leopold Egg in particular paint scenes from the streets of London that confronted the wealthy with images they usually did their best to ignore. Other artists like William Holman Hunt and Ford Maddox Brown paint scenes that appear to be simple scenes of Victorian life but on inspection are actually shockingly critical. Needless to say, scandal and outrage only improved the popularity of art and many rushed to see what all the fuss is about before complaining bitterly how repugnant it is.

For the art enthusiast the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square is the first stop when in London. However, smaller galleries are as ubiquitous as theatres in the metropolis. On occasion, 'salons' (where several works of art are put on display) are organised for an invited audience of gentry. It is also possible to view the private collections of residents. However, you must request permission (in writing) to do so, and it is expected that you do so in the artistic language of French.

Fighting

Violence is always bound to attract an audience and the Victorians are no different. Boxing for money (or a Prize fight) remains a very popular entertainment for gentlemen of all classes. For the better class of gentlemen, such fights are conducted according to the newly drafted rules set down by the Marquess of Queensbury. These contests are the only form of legal boxing available to the armchair pugilist. However, not everyone wants to see a fair fight and bare knuckle boxing is popular gambling fare for the lower classes and slumming gentry. Fights are commonly broken up by the police and just as commonly appear every night. If you know where to look you can find a dark and gritty place where betting on what amounts to a 'cage fight' is available. Such fights are always looking for men willing to step into the ring and try their luck against the local favourite for a percentage of the takings.

There is also a market for those who prefer to see animals tear into each other. While dog fighting was made illegal with the Cruelty to Animals Act of 1835, organised underground dog fights remain popular. The same act has made bear-baiting illegal, although the 'sport' (favoured by King Henry VIII and Queen Elysebeth) has been gradually losing popularity. Cock fighting likewise is now illegal due to the act, although it has many adherents who cite religious and cultural reasons for it being acceptable. While rat-baiting is technically illegal, few people have enough concern for the ubiquitous London rodents to be bothered with enforcing the ban. Rat catchers still make a decent living supplying rat pits with their essential ingredient. In rat-baiting a dog is put in a pit with several rats. The dog must then kill an amount of rats equal to its own bodyweight in a specified time. Observers gamble on whether the dog will manage it. Animal rights protesters were more concerned with the welfare of the dog than the rats, and while plenty of dogs might suffer injuries or even lose an eye, most survived, which many found acceptable.

Occasionally, magick winds its way into bloodsports. Sorcerers attending boxing matches generally offer heal spells while petty mages often sell healing poultices during street matches. Also, while Queensbury matches are insulated from sorcerous shenanigans, it's not uncommon for a back alley fighter to enter a bout with steel skin or aid from a companion cloaked in shadows. Animal companions, especially exotic breeds, are sometimes trained for animal blood sports.

In 1865 Lord Blackthorne created a rules set for magickal duels to replace traditional rules (which generally involved two sorcerers standing apart and lobbing spells at each other). Blackthorne's rules combine full physical contact with spellcasting, enabling corporeal mediums and martial artists to compete against more traditional sorcerers. This "magickal boxing" is popular in Guild circles (most matches are conducted on the estate of a



Guildsman or in the Guild hall) and organisers have begun holding exhibitions for the masses.

Sport

Several sports occupy the Victorians during the age, although with only Sunday as a day off there is little time to play them. Many sports are a rural pastime, but the city-folk manage to participate in a few popular activities as well. Cricket, Football and Rugby are popular with the gentlemen, and it is acceptable for ladies to pursue archery.

Cricket has been the heart and soul of English sport for centuries. The Victorian era has seen the formation of several county clubs and the sport is becoming more and more popular. The oldest cricket ground in the world is located in London at the famed 'Oval' ground in Kensington. The cricketer W G Grace is adding to the popularity of the game with his antics on the ground that both shock and entertain the crowds.

Rugby and football are also popular, although there is rarely space to play them in the city. Both games are still developing a standard set of rules, so there are several different interpretations as to how the games should be played (including a flying version created by ambitious Guild sorcerers). In general, kicking or throwing a ball around the street is a common sight in London, although the actual game being played might defy any particular logic.

Dark Addictions

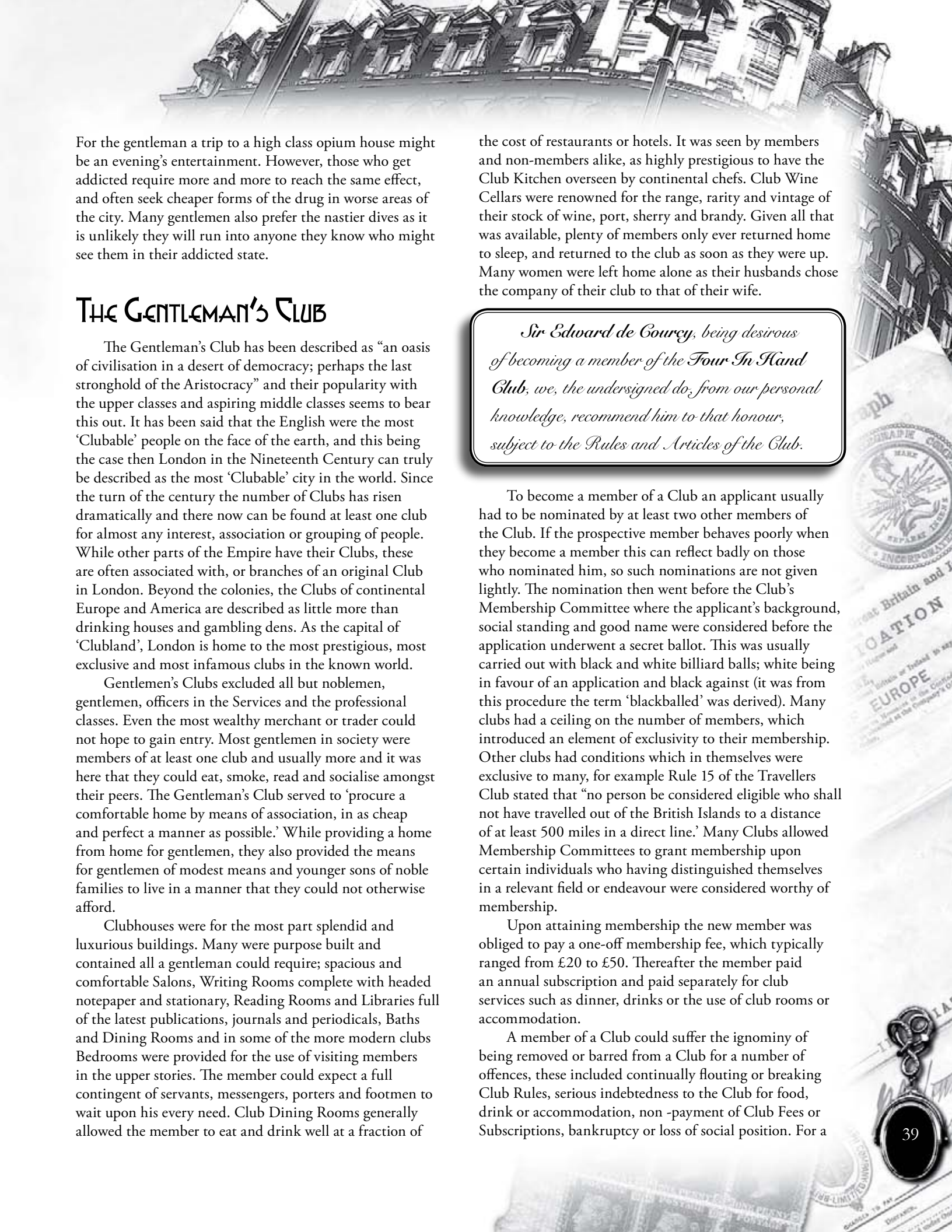
For those who favour a more decadent form of entertainment, there is plenty to choose from. The main vices of the city (outside gambling and prostitution) are the delights of Absinthe, Gin and Opium. Any of these can be found easily in the city and none of which are actually illegal. However, addiction is considered a sign of low moral character. No true Englishman would let some mere substance get the better of him! So while it isn't illegal to indulge in such vices they are considered common and disreputable by society as a whole.

The English have always enjoyed a drink, and one of the most popular among the lower classes was gin, for no better reason than it was potent and cheap. Wines and ales suffered from taxes and duties, as did foreign spirits. However, through a quirk of law gin was exempt, as it was considered to have medicinal properties. This, coupled with its high alcohol content made it a cheaper and easier way to obliterate the day. Those who could afford little else could easily get completely wasted on gin, either bought from a chemist shop or at one of the glamorous gin palaces. The Gin Palaces began to appear around the 1820s and were dazzling to the poorer classes. While they were gaudy and tacky in the extreme, to those living in squalor they were almost magical as well as being affordable. Unfortunately, as you'd expect, cheap alcohol and desperate lives led to

horrific drunkenness, and all the usual social problems associated with drink. Alcoholism flourished and was ignored as it generally affected those 'of low character'. The Victorian answer was to scorn those who indulged in gin, rather than address the problems that led people to lose themselves in drunken oblivion.

While gin is the refuge of the lower classes, Absinthe is doing similar damage to the gentry. This green alcoholic drink first created in Switzerland became rapidly popular in France. It is extremely potent, and not especially palatable so is generally mixed with water and sugar. The sugar is held on a special spoon on top of the glass of Absinthe and water is dripped through both to mix in the glass. This ritual of mixing absinthe, coupled with its strange colour granted it an air of mysticism. Its popularity among the French made it stylish and bohemian. As it was reasonably expensive as well it quickly caught on with the upper classes. The need to have it mixed properly means that most people drink Absinthe in bars and cafes in private rooms (to separate them from the common folk). Another thing that adds to the allure of Absinthe is the belief it is so potent it might drive you mad. Lurid tales describe those who have lost their mind to 'The Green Fairy' an alluring temptress who reaches into men's minds and drives them to lose their souls to her charms. In fact there is little to suggest Absinthe is actually much worse than any other powerful spirit. It contains the chemical Thujone which in doses rarely found in Absinthe might cause muscle spasms. However the hallucinations and paranoia thought to be induced by Absinthe not entirely a myth. Many cheaper forms of Absinthe were treated with other chemicals for colour and taste that may well have had quite devastating effects on the drinker. Those who seek to partake in the drink can usually find it provided in the better equipped and more upmarket public houses. The best quality absinthe is to be found in specialist absinthe houses that supply nothing else, although such places are more common in Paris.

Perhaps the most damaging vice commonly available in London is Opium. This morphine based soporific has become extremely popular in the darker parts of London. While the problem of opium addiction is widespread, it is exaggerated by the press and penny dreadful writers who enjoy lurid tales of London's seamy opium dens of iniquity. The largest concentrations of 'opium dens' are to be found in Limehouse among the Chinese community residing there. While the Chinese are not the only source, local mythology suggests they are the best people to go to so you can ensure it is prepared properly. Opium Dens can be quite strange and magical places. While the low quality ones offer little more than a cot to waste away on, the high class ones are covered in coloured silk and elegant hostesses. To enter such a place is to enter a strange dream world, heady with the thick smell of mystery and delight.



For the gentleman a trip to a high class opium house might be an evening's entertainment. However, those who get addicted require more and more to reach the same effect, and often seek cheaper forms of the drug in worse areas of the city. Many gentlemen also prefer the nastier dives as it is unlikely they will run into anyone they know who might see them in their addicted state.

THE GENTLEMAN'S CLUB

The Gentleman's Club has been described as "an oasis of civilisation in a desert of democracy; perhaps the last stronghold of the Aristocracy" and their popularity with the upper classes and aspiring middle classes seems to bear this out. It has been said that the English were the most 'Clubable' people on the face of the earth, and this being the case then London in the Nineteenth Century can truly be described as the most 'Clubable' city in the world. Since the turn of the century the number of Clubs has risen dramatically and there now can be found at least one club for almost any interest, association or grouping of people. While other parts of the Empire have their Clubs, these are often associated with, or branches of an original Club in London. Beyond the colonies, the Clubs of continental Europe and America are described as little more than drinking houses and gambling dens. As the capital of 'Clubland', London is home to the most prestigious, most exclusive and most infamous clubs in the known world.

Gentlemen's Clubs excluded all but noblemen, gentlemen, officers in the Services and the professional classes. Even the most wealthy merchant or trader could not hope to gain entry. Most gentlemen in society were members of at least one club and usually more and it was here that they could eat, smoke, read and socialise amongst their peers. The Gentleman's Club served to 'procure a comfortable home by means of association, in as cheap and perfect a manner as possible.' While providing a home from home for gentlemen, they also provided the means for gentlemen of modest means and younger sons of noble families to live in a manner that they could not otherwise afford.

Clubhouses were for the most part splendid and luxurious buildings. Many were purpose built and contained all a gentleman could require; spacious and comfortable Salons, Writing Rooms complete with headed notepaper and stationary, Reading Rooms and Libraries full of the latest publications, journals and periodicals, Baths and Dining Rooms and in some of the more modern clubs Bedrooms were provided for the use of visiting members in the upper stories. The member could expect a full contingent of servants, messengers, porters and footmen to wait upon his every need. Club Dining Rooms generally allowed the member to eat and drink well at a fraction of

the cost of restaurants or hotels. It was seen by members and non-members alike, as highly prestigious to have the Club Kitchen overseen by continental chefs. Club Wine Cellars were renowned for the range, rarity and vintage of their stock of wine, port, sherry and brandy. Given all that was available, plenty of members only ever returned home to sleep, and returned to the club as soon as they were up. Many women were left home alone as their husbands chose the company of their club to that of their wife.

*Sir Edward de Courcy, being desirous
of becoming a member of the Four In Hand
Club, we, the undersigned do, from our personal
knowledge, recommend him to that honour,
subject to the Rules and Articles of the Club.*

To become a member of a Club an applicant usually had to be nominated by at least two other members of the Club. If the prospective member behaves poorly when they become a member this can reflect badly on those who nominated him, so such nominations are not given lightly. The nomination then went before the Club's Membership Committee where the applicant's background, social standing and good name were considered before the application underwent a secret ballot. This was usually carried out with black and white billiard balls; white being in favour of an application and black against (it was from this procedure the term 'blackballed' was derived). Many clubs had a ceiling on the number of members, which introduced an element of exclusivity to their membership. Other clubs had conditions which in themselves were exclusive to many, for example Rule 15 of the Travellers Club stated that "no person be considered eligible who shall not have travelled out of the British Islands to a distance of at least 500 miles in a direct line." Many Clubs allowed Membership Committees to grant membership upon certain individuals who having distinguished themselves in a relevant field or endeavour were considered worthy of membership.

Upon attaining membership the new member was obliged to pay a one-off membership fee, which typically ranged from £20 to £50. Thereafter the member paid an annual subscription and paid separately for club services such as dinner, drinks or the use of club rooms or accommodation.

A member of a Club could suffer the ignominy of being removed or barred from a Club for a number of offences, these included continually flouting or breaking Club Rules, serious indebtedness to the Club for food, drink or accommodation, non-payment of Club Fees or Subscriptions, bankruptcy or loss of social position. For a



gentleman to be removed from his Club was seen as a total humiliation in Society as it meant that he had been judged by his peers and found to be unworthy.

Clubhouses were impressive buildings often designed by renowned architects or distinguished members. The ground floor of a typical Clubhouse contained the Entrance Hall, off which was the office of the hall porter who kept all messages, cards and letters. Sometimes a room was provided for receiving non-members called the Strangers Room. However more often than not, non-members were received on the steps of the Club, where Gentlemen non-members were sometimes provided with a sherry or brandy while waiting. Also on this floor were the Morning Room, Coffee Room and the Club Dining Room. The first floor would have had a Drawing Room, Card Room, a Library and Writing Room. The Office of the Club Secretary and Club Committee Rooms would also have been at this level.

Upper stories contained the Bath Room and Dressing Rooms, Billiards Room, Smoking Rooms and (where provided) Members sleeping accommodation. Servants would also have had accommodation here or at attic level. The basement would have contained a well fitted out kitchen, well-stocked pantries and wine cellars. Clubs were extremely masculine institutions and while furnishings and fixtures were lavish and luxurious, the club itself usually maintained a spartan, minimalist appearance. There were no ornaments, screens or occasional furniture, and in some Clubs even the hanging of pictures was considered effeminate.

While most clubs acted simply as a social institution for their members, providing good food, drink and company, some also served as a breeding ground for subversives and revolutionaries, anti-social activities or as meeting points for individuals and groups with corrupt and hidden agendas. The privacy they insisted upon made the Club the perfect place to have a secret assignation with like-minded fellows.

The Adventurer's Society, 15 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, Membership £12, Annual Subscription £6. An inexpensive but well appointed Club for the more adventurous gentleman (and even lady!). However its costs are balanced with certain responsibilities the members are required to take on. For more information see *Faces in the Smoke* Volume 2 – *Shadows and Steel*.

Alpine Club, 8 St. Martins Place. Membership £1 1s Annual Subscription £1 1s
Membership is confined to those who have undertaken mountaineering expeditions or contributed to practice of mountaineering. The *Alpine Journal*, the Club Newsletter is published every quarter and details current expeditions, stories of mountain adventure and theoretical advice.

The Anathema Society, Frith Street (Soho).
Membership £5 Annual Subscription £15, no credit extended. This club is considered practically a heresy in society. To become a member there is only one absolute restriction, you must have been expelled from at least one other London Club. (for more information see page 87)

Army and Navy Club, 36 Pall Mall. Membership £30 Annual Subscription £6 11s
Membership limited to 2250, membership confined to commissioned officers from one of the two Services. The present French Emperor Louis Napoleon III is an honorary member of the club.

Athenaeum, 107 Pall Mall. Membership £31 10s, Annual Subscription £6 6s. Membership limited to 1200, and confined to those who have distinguished themselves in the arts, science or literature. A club for the intellectual elite and popular with Eldren.

City of London Club, 19 Old Broad St. Membership £31, Annual Subscription £10. A club founded for merchants, bankers, ship-owners and industrialists. This club is seen as the club of the nouveau riche and is one of the few clubs where Dwarves are to be found in significant numbers.

Da Vinci Club, 22 Hanover Square. Membership £30, Annual Subscription £12. Membership is confined to gentlemen who have lodged at least two patents for inventions or machines. Seen as a club for gentlemen scholars, eccentrics and amateur inventors, the Da Vinci Club has a drawing office and a well-equipped workshop behind its club house. The club is active in organising exhibitions of its inventions and hosts the Annual Embankment Race for self-propelled carriages.

Diogenes Club, 111 Pall Mall. The Club is, perhaps ironically, a place for anti-socialites to gather. No talking is allowed (three infractions is grounds for expulsion) and members aren't even supposed to acknowledge each other's presence. The only exception is the Stranger's Room, where members and their guests may politely chat freely. The Diogenes Club has one of the largest libraries in London. It's rumoured that the co-founders of the Club, occult scholar Lord Edmund Blackthorne and Eldren dilettante Mycroft Holmes, have deep connections within the British Government.

Doric Club, Great Russell St. Membership 5s, Annual Subscription £1.
Founded specifically for the purpose of providing club style accommodation for men of moderate means.



Excelsior Working Men's Club, 51 Kensington Park Rd. Membership 1s Weekly Subscription 3d. One week's subscription to be paid in advance. A club founded for the education and instruction of working men.

Four in Hand Driving Club, No Fixed Abode. No Membership Charge. Membership limited to 220, each member must have a large coach or barouche with a team of four horses. The Club meets formally twice a year at the Magazine in Hyde Park before travelling outside the capital where members drive their coaches at break neck speeds along the narrow country roads. Informal gatherings take place at regular intervals on selected stretches of road, before retiring to some local hostelry. At meets Club members always wore blue and yellow striped waistcoats. A popular club amongst the young and fashionable members of the gentry.

Oriental Club, 18 Hanover Square. Membership £20, Annual Subscription £8. Membership limited to noblemen and gentlemen who have travelled through or resided in Asia, Egypt, Africa or the Ottoman Empire. Lord George Mace is one of its more renowned members.

The Paradise Club, Pall Mall. Membership £42 10s, Annual Subscription £30. Membership limited to 350. A very difficult Club to get into, the Paradise is traditionally associated with fine wine, exceptional food, Bacchanalian feasts and all manner of gaming and gambling. However there are also whisperings of frenzied, hedonistic orgies and occult rituals. Known to its members as the Entropy Club, The Paradise acts as a formal meetinghouse for Paline worshippers and within its walls its members plot to increase the influence of the Lady of Subversion.

Reform Club, Pall Mall. Membership £40, Annual Subscription £10 10s. Founded by Liberal Members of Parliament, Membership limited to 1400, exclusive of Liberal MPs and peers. Famous throughout the Capital for the excellence of its cuisine.

Scientific Club, 7 Saville Row. Membership £5 5s, Annual Subscription £4 4s. Founded for the association of gentlemen of scientific taste and pursuits. Members must be Fellows or Members of any recognised scientific society or institute, or who have demonstrated their research or explorations by publication in a journal or public lecture.

St. James Club, 106 Piccadilly. Membership £26 5s, Annual Subscription £11 11s.

Specifically founded for members of the British Diplomatic Service both at home and abroad.

The Travellers Club, Pall Mall. Membership £42, Annual Subscription £10 10s. Membership limited to 725 each of whom must have travelled at least 500 miles from London in a direct line. A meeting place for well-known travellers and explorers.

White's, 37, 38 St James St. Membership £12 10s. Annual Subscription £12 10s. Membership limited to 650, mostly members of the Tory Party. Known as a private gaming club for cards, dice and other games of chance.

SEX IN THE CITY

In general, marriage for the lower-class is a common-law marriage. If a couple lives together as man and wife for two years, they are considered wed by the law. If they can scrape together the funds, they might be able to afford a ceremony performed by the justice of the peace or a small chapel, but a traditional wedding is outside the means of the average East Ender. For the wealthy, marriage is often a way to join families rather than a loving partnership. They can afford lavish ceremonies, but most couples hope to 'grow to love each other'.

For the upper classes, sex is something rather common that leads simply to the production of children. Certainly no woman of breeding could enjoy the act! So seeking to save her the indignity, her husband would seek sex elsewhere from a professional. Given the amount of arranged marriages, many couples may not have been able to stand the sight of each other, making sex with each other the furthest thing on their minds. However, for all their supposed prudery, the Victorians were not shy about exploring sex. Bondage and especially caning was a very common fetish for Victorian men and women, although none would admit to it.

The working poor are well-aware of the sexual act. Crammed into tenements and rookeries, dozens of people or generations of families all together, children see their parents and others engaging in the act and learn early on how it works. Many of the young find themselves preyed on by the criminals in these places, and the experience cheapens them. Prostitutes often start out as children or young teens in these slums. Some are even forced into it by their parents who need the extra money it will bring the household. Unlike the middle class that look up to the aristocracy, the lower class knows better. Their daughters are bought for the night by aristocrats and professional men slumming it, and they see the upper crust come to Whitechapel to get high on opium, drink bad booze, or gamble on blood sports.



So, much of what we see as 'Victorian ideals' about sex appeared mainly in the middle class. As the aspirational class they hung onto the image of women as 'the angel in the home'. Sex marred that image of purity as licentiousness had always been a symbol of decadence and sinful behaviour. This is all very odd in one way when you consider Queen Victoria herself was certainly no stranger to sex. She had nine children by her husband over the sixteen years they spent together after all. So her example was apparently ignored by many of her subjects.

In London, one of the easiest things to purchase is sex. Prostitution is rampant, and even the French were appalled at the sheer number of prostitutes in the city. While the official numbers vary (depending on who is doing the counting) there is approximately one prostitute for every 36 adult men in the city. Added to that, there were many more women who used prostitution as a 'part time' career to supplement their poor wages as seamstresses or washer women. However, with the crushing poverty that existed in the city it should come as no surprise that so many women turned to the oldest trade. With no strength for labouring work, and no education, a desperate woman had very little option. While society was especially scathing of 'fallen women' those who had fallen had little incentive to return to virtue. Once fallen, nothing could wipe the stain away according to society. So while every woman feared the loss of her virtue, there was no point in trying to get it back once it was gone. If you had 'fallen' as a child, then you had exactly zero chance of being anything else.

However, for all the blame laid at the feet of women for being (like Eve) prone to corruption, the supply of prostitutes was proportionate to the demand. Men generally wanted more sex than their wives were interested in providing, and with so much on offer in the city, and so cheaply, few men failed to take advantage of it. While a wife was legally unable to refuse her husband his 'conjugal rights', men still sought sex outside marriage. The law essentially told them sex was their right, so few saw any need to limit their predilections. Attitudes towards sex itself worked a curious double standard. As an act of love between married couples (and especially for the purpose of creating children) it was laudable and even virtuous. However, sex for its own sake was shameful and debauched. Those who sought sex outside marriage often began to look for darker and darker forms of enjoyment. With so many poor willing to do anything for money a rich gentleman might enjoy, not so much the sex itself, but the power of knowing his coin will buy him any form of depravity. As such, virgins were extremely popular and with the age of consent for girls being only twelve few people thought it wrong to take such a girl to bed. Child prostitution 'flourished' in the age, although like so many things in Victorian London it was conducted behind closed doors.

Those who seek a prostitute in London find it a simple task. The Haymarket is one of the most renowned 'cruising grounds'. In some cases the prostitutes are so obvious they walk the streets topless! Generally, anywhere the poor are to be found, or rich gentlemen might travel to, you can find gatherings of prostitutes selling themselves on the street. For those who can afford a little more than finding a quiet alley, many brothels are available in both rich and poor areas. It is in the brothels that the more lurid activities are carried out. The Madames of the more expensive houses can usually procure any vice their customers ask for, and with little difficulty.

EATING AND DRINKING

Just as plentiful as the theatres and public houses in London are places to find a good meal. As the idea of fast food has yet to be invented, eating out in London refers only to a full dinner. The Victorians loved food and the rich indulged in massive dinner parties with strange and sumptuous courses, more designed for visual effect than taste. Strange jellies and trifles were fashionable as they were available in so many colours. Another stylish dinner table experience was baking a pie where animals or other dishes might burst out of it. A Victorian feast was a truly impressive fair, involving every taste and experience the host could put before his guests.

However, such feasts are usually reserved for the home. Restaurants (or rather 'Dining Houses') are much less spectacular affairs. One dines out to have a culinary experience or try some dish that isn't available at home. Given the class of society who can afford to eat in restaurants, it is never just to avoid doing any cooking or washing up. Such folk have servants for that sort of thing. Fine dining is available all over the city, although given the clientele they intend to attract they are mainly found in the west end. The best serve a variety of French cuisine, which is a favourite of the upper classes.

As London is a place of business, there are a lot of people who come out of the offices and docks at lunchtime looking for something to eat. Few such workers have time to return home so they congregate at the many smaller dining houses, taverns and 'chop shops'. Rather than serve an elegant meal in spacious surrounding, such places are much like the cafes of today and serve simple but wholesome food for a fair price. While they are rarely patronised by the upper class, in these eateries the middle class often mix with the working class over a cut of meat with potatoes and a good ale. Chop shops are so named as they often serve a simple set meal, often a lamb chop and some vegetables. Many of these dining houses proclaim a speciality dish such as 'Old Bailey beef house'. They will



serve other dishes, but their speciality will be the best and may attract customers from far afield. While these places are inexpensive they often serve a very good meal, but like any eating place their quality varies.

Some areas of the city are renowned for certain speciality foods. Fish are best bought in Billingsgate Market, and the eateries nearby may have fresher seafood as a result. The best beefsteaks, chops and joints are served in the Chancery Lane area near Fleet Street. It is also generally regarded that The City houses the best dining houses, with the better cuts of meat available in the afternoon. Shellfish and Oyster eateries on the Haymarket are also considered the best of their kind. While Indian cuisine is extremely popular it is more often served at gentleman's clubs. However there are dining houses that serve Indian fare, often where the military may be found as many soldiers acquired a taste for curry when stationed in India.

For an altogether different dining experience, the London visitor might try to acquire an invitation to one of the various dining functions that take place in the city. Trade groups such as the Goldsmiths, Tailors, Fishmongers and Merchants often host large banquets and are renowned for the excellence of their cookery. Such banquets are much like dinner parties, except the gathering is significantly larger. In many cases such banquets are also called to celebrate awards or have a selection of traditions attached to them, making each one a very individual experience.

GETTING AROUND THE CITY

Cabs

One of the easiest ways to get around London quickly is by cab. While there is some distinction made between the four-wheeled coach variety and the two wheeled 'hansom', the cab laws and rates are universal throughout the city. A hansom can take two passengers, but might fit in a third at a squeeze. A four wheeled carriage will easily take 4 passengers and might stretch to 6. Fares can easily be calculated by the passenger with the latest copy of the New Distance Map by Simpkin Marshall, available at any booksellers for sixpence. The guide is especially useful in that it comes with a small carrying case for the waistcoat pocket.

The vehicle made be hired by time (known as growlers) or by distance (standard for the hansom). The person hiring the cab must state the desire to hire by time, otherwise the cabby is within his right to assume distance. Luggage is always stowed outside of the vehicle and must be paid for. Standard rates for cab fare have been set down by the Commissioner of Police to protect the public for many cabbies (or 'Jehu' as they are also known) are all too often rogues of the highest order. A wise person gets the number

of the cab they are riding in (emblazoned on the cabby's jacket and on the vehicle) in case of trouble.

By distance the rate is 1s up to two miles, and another 6d for every mile or portion thereof afterward. If the cab discharges the passenger outside of the four-mile circle of operations for that cab, the cost per mile or portion thereof is 1s instead of 6d. A cabby is not required to go outside his four-mile area of operation.

By time, the fares are also limited by the four-mile rule. Inside the four-mile circle of operations, cabs by time are 2s/hour or less, 2s/6d for two-wheeled. Every additional hour is 6d for four-wheel, 8d for hansoms. Cabbies are not required to hire beyond one hour. If hired outside of their four-mile, the passenger is charges 2/6 for the first hour, 8d for the next hour, regardless of where they are dropped off.

Luggage costs another 2d and must be stowed outside the vehicle. Anything lost in or left with the vehicle on departure might be available at the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard. To recover the items, the passenger must pay a 2% fee of the value of the item to reward the cabbie for his honesty. Property not claimed after twenty-four hours may revert to the ownership of the cabbie.

Additional passengers cost 6d per person, 3d if a child under ten years of age. To wait for a passenger, the cabbie may charge 6d for four-wheel, 8d for hansom cabs if inside their operation circle; otherwise the rate is 8d for each quarter hour.

Most cabs can be hired at Cabman's Shelters (areas set up by a special fund for their protection from the elements) or on the streets. The shelters are open specific times, usually 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., though some of the shelters are open at different times.

Ominibus

The buses of the city are run by the London General Omnibus Company, which has several standard routes that are serviced at regular intervals. Each of the lines had different costs, based on the distance travelled by the bus, but for simplicity's sake, assume a cost of 1d for a short trip in the city, 3d for most trips that would take one from one district to another, 6d for trips that would span the distance of the city, or run out to an outlying borough. Schedules in the city were usually every fifteen minutes, while lines that ran to outlying areas were often once in the morning, once in the afternoon. Omnibuses do not run after dark.

Bus routes were too numerous to list here, but one can assume omnibus service from any train station to another or into the City. The high streets and main thoroughfares nearly always had bus service.

At busy times of the day omnibuses can be extremely crowded, especially as an alarming amount of people insist on bringing strange and bulky luggage and shopping with them. With so many people packed in, omnibuses are the



most indecorous way to see the middle classes. For this reason they are rarely taken by the upper classes, especially as many of the better off working class can afford to use them as well.

Trains

The major railways provide commuter services for London and her outlying areas. The first of these trains is the London & Greenwich, which connects Greenwich and Woolwich with the City, the terminus being at London Bridge station. An extension to this line is being run across the bridge, which is being widened to handle the rail traffic into Cannon Street Station – the station closest to the financial district of the City.

Another major line of suburban transport is the London, Bristol, and Southern Coast Railway, or ‘the Brighton’, as it is known. The Brighton connects London Bridge station with Brighton, and from there Chichester. The London & Southwestern line connects Nine Elms with Clapham, Malden, and Surbiton in the south of London with Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight ferries. The other major southern railway is the London Chatham & Dover – which connects London to the Dover-Calais ferries, and ultimately, Paris.

To the west is the greatest of the railways, the great Dwarven engineer Isambard Brunwell’s Great Western Railway. The line connects London with Windsor, Basingstoke, Hungerford, and Oxford, then onto Birmingham. It competes with the London & North Western, out of Euston Station, which runs into Birmingham, then connects with other lines to Carlisle and Liverpool.

The King’s Cross and St. Pancras Stations were the terminals in London for the Great Northern Railway and its competition, the Midlands Railway. Both served to connect London to the middle of the country, and Scotland. The Great Northern has better backing, lines, and schedules, but the Midlands line is fighting back with proposed third class passenger seating on all of its trains.

The Great Eastern Railway, actually a conglomeration of several lines servicing the Eastern Counties. These include the London, Tilbury, & Southend; the Eastern Counties Railway, as well as the Great Eastern itself. It is based out of the Bishopsgate Station (which is generally inconvenient) though a move to a station out of Liverpool Street is expected. The only glitch in this could be the company’s bad standing financially. In receivership, the railway may be bailed out soon by Lord Cranbourne. This group of railways connects Ilford, East Ham, Chingford, and other areas of the East End to the City and has more of a commuter character than the ‘northern’ rails. The Greenwich Railway connects that town, Woolwich, and other towns along the southern bank of the Thames.

For travel inside London, one can catch the varying

train connections that run between the major railways. While most people are forced to take a carriage between stations (adding to the overcrowding on the roads in central London) there are several short hop train services to make the link. From Charing Cross Station in Whitehall, one can quickly reach Victoria Station, and from there run out through Fulham and Hammersmith to Kew Gardens or Richmond. Other connections from Victoria Station can get a passenger onto the Great Western or the London & North Western railways. Victoria Station also connects to the southern side of London across the Battersea Bridge, linking to Clapham, Balham, and onto Crystal Palace and Bromley.

The short of it is, if you need to get from one point to another in London, fairly cheaply, it can be done on the railway system in London. The connections may require some waiting, but on the main lines into Victoria, Waterloo, and London Bridge Stations, a person living in the extremities of southern London can get to work in the City in a matter of minutes. The same situation exists in the north, particularly if one lives in Hampstead Heath or further north; you can arrive in St. Pancras or King’s Cross in minutes, and with a few minutes wait, catch the extension to the Holborn Viaduct Station.

COMMUNICATIONS

As the telephone is yet to be invented, let alone the mobile phone, communicating with your colleagues across the city can be very difficult. Due to the lack of instant communication, Victorians are far more used to people simply dropping in and visiting. However, like all things in society, there is a certain etiquette to follow. Calling cards allow visitors a way to introduce themselves, and allow those they visit to accept or decline their visit without contact. The only problem with going to visit people is that they may be out visiting themselves. So many of the important members of society make it known which days of the week they are generally open to receiving guests. While they may receive guests at other times, such guests will only be those they already know.

If you wish to simply pass a message to someone, there are several ways to do it, although none are what might be considered instant messaging. One of the most common means of passing a message is using the local urchins to take a note for a few pennies. However, that isn’t always as reliable as it might be and we’ll take a more detailed look at that later on. The most reliable form of messenger are the Commissionaires, however you might also try passing a message using the telegraph or the postal service.

Commissionaires are retired or wounded soldiers who can be employed for a number of different services, the chief of which is taking messages. As they are all men who

WHERE TO CATCH YOUR TRAIN

Due to the national railways being run by separate companies, each of the London mainline railway stations takes you to a specific area of the country. So you need to know which London station to leave from to get to where you are going. The same applies if you are meeting someone coming to London. While it may be inconvenient if you are not near the station you need, it actually makes travelling easier given the huge variety of possible destinations. The following lists the way each of the main stations link London to the rest of the country (in the order they were built) and which railway company operates them:

London Bridge Station (1836) - London and Greenwich Railway

Local south London stations to Greenwich

Euston Station (1837) London and North East Railway

The Midlands - Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester (as well as Edinburgh and Glasgow through a deal with the Caledonian Railways)

Paddington Station (1838) - Great Western Railway

Cornwall, Devon & Wales - Reading, Exeter, Bath, Swindon, Oxford, Cardiff, Swansea, Plymouth. Paddington is also the main terminus for the Metropolitan Railway Company's underground railway.

Fenchurch Street Station (1841) - London and Blackwall Railway

Central London to the Docklands. Trains also run as far as Tilbury and Southend run by the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway.

Waterloo Station (1848) - London and South West Railway

South to Plymouth, calling at Salisbury and Exeter, with branch lines linking to Ilfracombe, Weymouth, Southampton and Bournemouth (many of which are popular seaside resorts). Waterloo is near the terminus for the 'Necropolis Railway' that serves the new cemeteries in Brookwood.

King's Cross Station (1850) - Great Northern Railway

The North - Hitchin, Peterborough, Grantham and York with lines to Doncaster, Lincoln, Boston, Sheffield and Wakefield

Victoria Station (1862) - Owned by 4 companies

Victoria serves to ease congestion for its four owning companies, The Great Western Railway, London and North Western Railway, The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway and the London Chatham and Dover Railway (the routes of which are self-explanatory). It also serves as an underground station from 1868 when the line extends here via South Kensington and Westminster.

Charing Cross (1864) - South Eastern Railway

The South West - Trains travel to Dover and several stations across Kent and Sussex. Additional lines cover as far as Reading in Berkshire.

Cannon Street (1866) - South Eastern Railway

This brand new prestige station and hotel links Charing Cross Station and London Bridge Station, serving to alleviate some of the congestion on those lines.

The Metropolitan Railway

This underground railway links Paddington to Farringdon Street via King's Cross. It is already very popular (and therefore crowded as well as smoky) and plans are afoot to extend it. By 1868 it will expand to cover South Kensington, Westminster and Victoria.

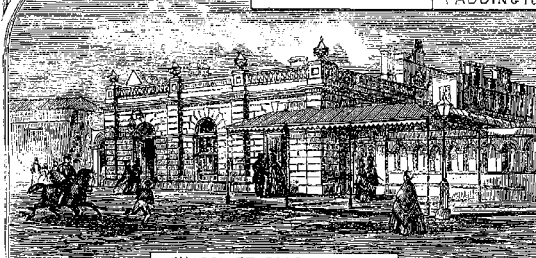
Several other mainline stations are yet to open in 1867. The railways are expanding at a stunning rate and will see the construction of St Pancras Station (1868) Blackfriars Station (1868) Liverpool Street Station (1874) and Marylebone Station (1899) among many others before the end of the century.



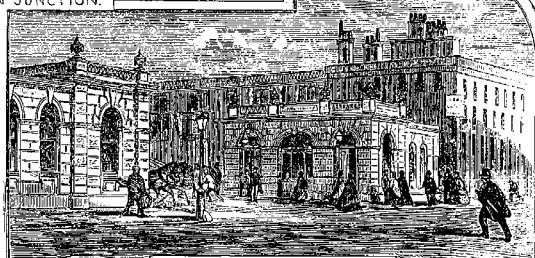
THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY



PADDINGTON JUNCTION.



CHAPEL ST. EDGEWARE R.P.



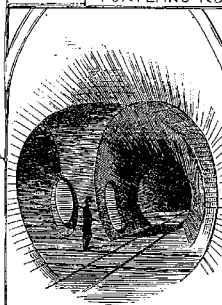
BAKER STREET.



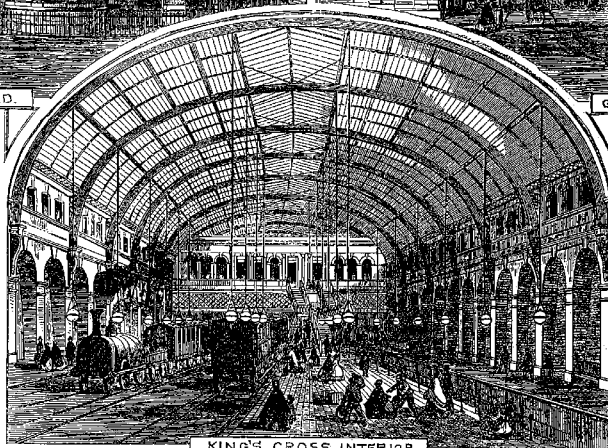
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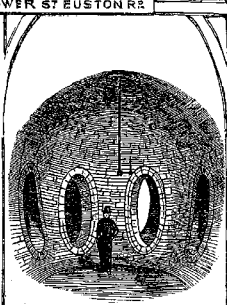
GOWER ST. EUSTON R.R.



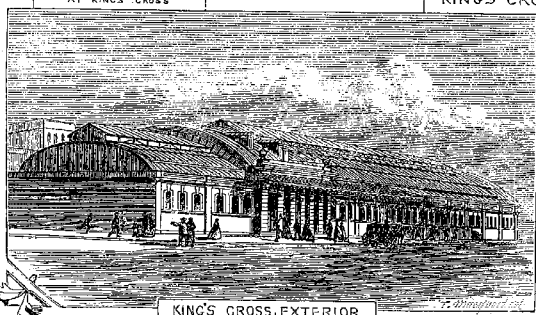
SIGNAL MANS STATION AT KING'S CROSS.



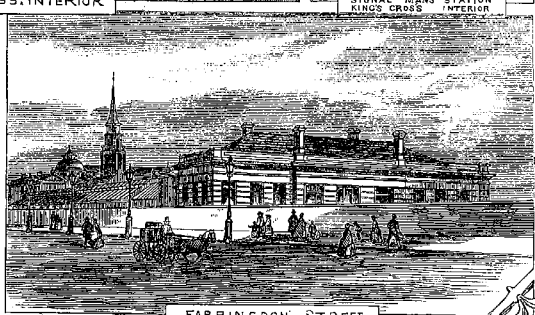
KING'S CROSS. INTERIOR.



SIGNAL MANS STATION KING'S CROSS INTERIOR.



KING'S CROSS. EXTERIOR.



FARRINGTON STREET.



have fought for their country they are generally considered honourable and reliable no matter what class they may come from. It is a reputation the corps prides itself on so any commissionaire who proves lacking will quickly find themselves without a job. Given that the corps is one of the few professions that someone who has often lost a limb might find, it is not a job you throw away lightly.

Commissionaires can be employed to take letters, parcels or messages for as little as 2d for _ a mile's delivery distance or 3d for anything further. However, sending them more than 2 miles is considered bad planning and may be refused or cost a little extra. Their cost might also be calculated on an hourly rate at 6d/hour, where it is assumed he can walk for 2 _ miles each hour. This hourly rate serves for longer deliveries but also for ladies who require an escort of good character when out and about in the city. Commissionaires can be found stationed all over the city in the east and west. They can be recognised by their green uniforms, which are often emblazoned with their service medals.

While not officially sanctioned, petty mages with a store and avian animal companions often offer their services as a commissionaire. As birds can avoid traffic congestion and take the shortest route possible by flying above buildings, they can deliver anywhere in London within an hour or two. The cost is cheap (generally only a few pennies), but often unreliable, as avians are not as efficient in contacting the recipient as a person and a letter can sit in a doorway for hours before the recipient realises that he has it (or, in a few tragic cases, a stray cat 'intercepted' the carrier). In addition, many would-be recipients believe that letter-carrying birds are the work of Demonologists (a view the Guild supports) and refuse to accept letters from them. There has been talk amongst various petty mages about standardizing the avian service, but such superstitions and the Guild's vigilance has dissuaded such notions.

While it is usually used to send messages to other cities (or even countries) the telegraph can still be a vital form of communication inside the city. You need to send the telegram from one of the several offices around the city. From the receiving office the message will be delivered by a messenger working for the telegraph company. While sending the message via telegraph is instant the messenger obviously isn't. On busy days it may also take a while for your message to be sent as there may be a backlog, although this is not especially common. While it is quick and easy, sending a telegraph is expensive, and its cost depends not only on the length of message and distance but the telegraph company you use. The main telegraph companies to be found in London are as follows, although 'The City' and Bishopsgate are littered with them:

Electric and International Company

Main office: Founder's Court, Lothbury (City, near Bank)

Principal Stations: The Strand (open day and night); House of Commons (Great George Street – Westminster); St. James's Street (Mayfair); Knightsbridge; Oxford Street; High Holborn (Holborn); Edgeware Road (Marylebone); Copenhagen Fields (Camden - open market-days only); Lloyds (City); Cornhill (City - open day and night); Fenchurch Street (Bishopsgate); Corn Exchange (City); Fleet Street (City).

Prices: fixed by mileage to any large town in Britain, up to 20 words per message. Within a circuit of 25 miles - 1s, 50 miles - 1s 6d, 100 miles - 2s, 200 miles - 2s 6d, 300 miles - 3s, 400 miles - 4s, beyond 400 miles - 5s.

British and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company

Main Office: Threadneedle Street, (Bishopsgate) (open day and night).

Principal Stations: Baltic Coffee House (City); Stock Exchange (City); Leadenhall Street (Bishopsgate); Mark Lane (Bishopsgate); Corn Exchange Chambers (City); Seething Lane (Bishopsgate); Mincing Lane (Bishopsgate); Lloyds (City); Charing Cross; Regent Circus (Mayfair); House of Commons (central lobby).

Prices: are the same as those listed for the Electric and International Company except they only deliver up to 400 miles although the charge at that distance is 4s. However, messages to Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham are charged at only 1s. Special rates for sending to Ireland are also available.

The Submarine Telegraph Company

Main Office: Threadneedle Street (Bishopsgate - Open day and night)

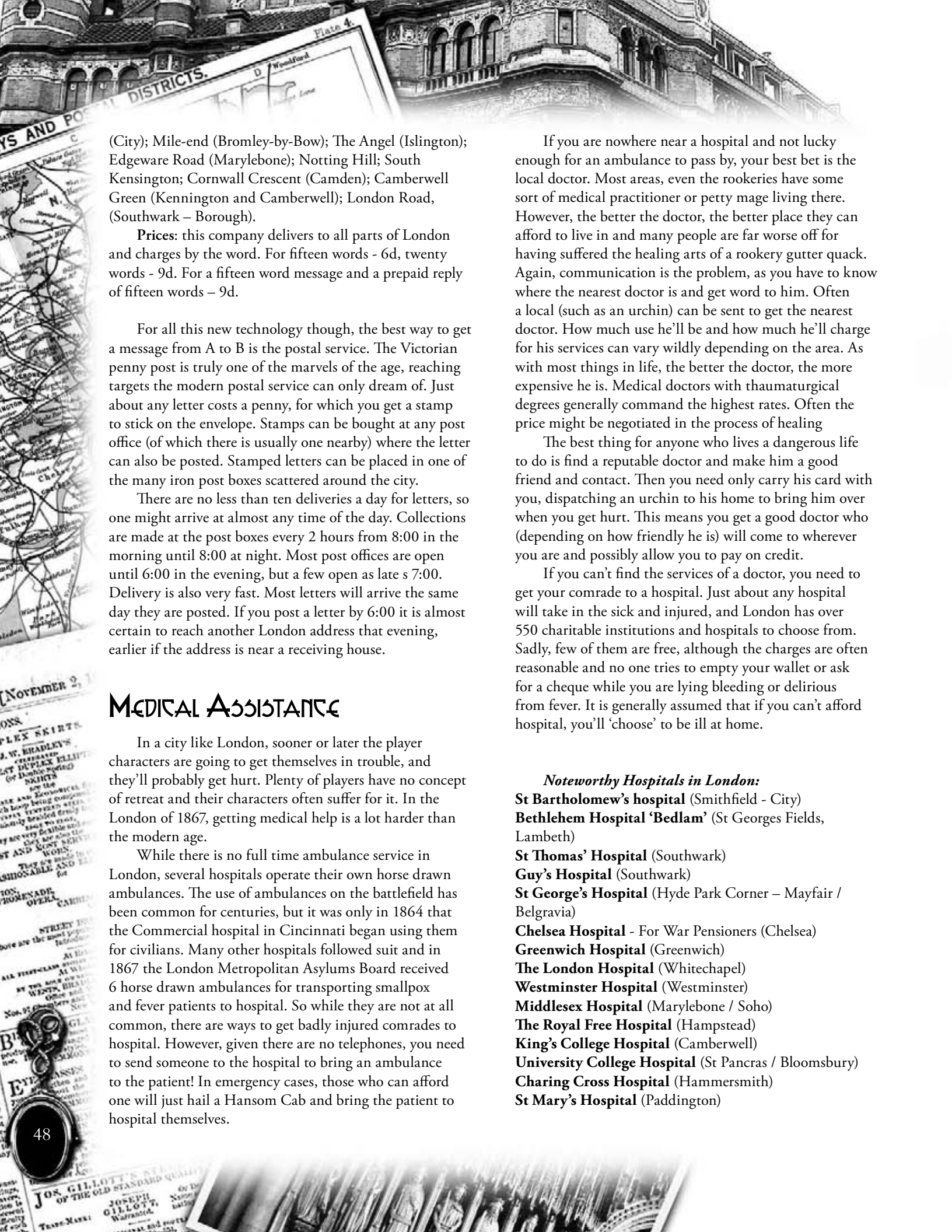
Messages can be sent with this company from their main office or any of those belonging to the British and Irish Magnetic Company or the London District Telegraph Company.

Prices: as for the office where you place the message, although only to Europe. The company pays back the Magnetic and the London District by allowing them to use their 7 European lines.

The London District Telegraph Company

Main Office: Cannon Street (City)

Principal Stations: Charing Cross; House of Commons; Chancery Lane (Holborn); Parkside (Knightsbridge); Oxford Street; Baltic Coffee House (City); Clock Tower, (City - London Bridge); Adelaide Place (City - London Bridge); Royal Hotel (City - Blackfriars); Fleet Street (City); Kennington Park (Lambeth); Mark Lane (Bishopsgate); Mincing Lane (Bishopsgate); Lloyds



(City); Mile-end (Bromley-by-Bow); The Angel (Islington); Edgware Road (Marylebone); Notting Hill; South Kensington; Cornwall Crescent (Camden); Camberwell Green (Kennington and Camberwell); London Road, (Southwark – Borough).

Prices: this company delivers to all parts of London and charges by the word. For fifteen words - 6d, twenty words - 9d. For a fifteen word message and a prepaid reply of fifteen words - 9d.

For all this new technology though, the best way to get a message from A to B is the postal service. The Victorian penny post is truly one of the marvels of the age, reaching targets the modern postal service can only dream of. Just about any letter costs a penny, for which you get a stamp to stick on the envelope. Stamps can be bought at any post office (of which there is usually one nearby) where the letter can also be posted. Stamped letters can be placed in one of the many iron post boxes scattered around the city.

There are no less than ten deliveries a day for letters, so one might arrive at almost any time of the day. Collections are made at the post boxes every 2 hours from 8:00 in the morning until 8:00 at night. Most post offices are open until 6:00 in the evening, but a few open as late as 7:00. Delivery is also very fast. Most letters will arrive the same day they are posted. If you post a letter by 6:00 it is almost certain to reach another London address that evening, earlier if the address is near a receiving house.

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE

In a city like London, sooner or later the player characters are going to get themselves in trouble, and they'll probably get hurt. Plenty of players have no concept of retreat and their characters often suffer for it. In the London of 1867, getting medical help is a lot harder than the modern age.

While there is no full time ambulance service in London, several hospitals operate their own horse drawn ambulances. The use of ambulances on the battlefield has been common for centuries, but it was only in 1864 that the Commercial hospital in Cincinnati began using them for civilians. Many other hospitals followed suit and in 1867 the London Metropolitan Asylums Board received 6 horse drawn ambulances for transporting smallpox and fever patients to hospital. So while they are not at all common, there are ways to get badly injured comrades to hospital. However, given there are no telephones, you need to send someone to the hospital to bring an ambulance to the patient! In emergency cases, those who can afford one will just hail a Hansom Cab and bring the patient to hospital themselves.

If you are nowhere near a hospital and not lucky enough for an ambulance to pass by, your best bet is the local doctor. Most areas, even the rookeries have some sort of medical practitioner or petty mage living there. However, the better the doctor, the better place they can afford to live in and many people are far worse off for having suffered the healing arts of a rookery gutter quack. Again, communication is the problem, as you have to know where the nearest doctor is and get word to him. Often a local (such as an urchin) can be sent to get the nearest doctor. How much use he'll be and how much he'll charge for his services can vary wildly depending on the area. As with most things in life, the better the doctor, the more expensive he is. Medical doctors with thaumaturgical degrees generally command the highest rates. Often the price might be negotiated in the process of healing

The best thing for anyone who lives a dangerous life to do is find a reputable doctor and make him a good friend and contact. Then you need only carry his card with you, dispatching an urchin to his home to bring him over when you get hurt. This means you get a good doctor who (depending on how friendly he is) will come to wherever you are and possibly allow you to pay on credit.

If you can't find the services of a doctor, you need to get your comrade to a hospital. Just about any hospital will take in the sick and injured, and London has over 550 charitable institutions and hospitals to choose from. Sadly, few of them are free, although the charges are often reasonable and no one tries to empty your wallet or ask for a cheque while you are lying bleeding or delirious from fever. It is generally assumed that if you can't afford hospital, you'll 'choose' to be ill at home.

Noteworthy Hospitals in London:

St Bartholomew's hospital (Smithfield - City)

Bethlehem Hospital 'Bedlam' (St Georges Fields, Lambeth)

St Thomas' Hospital (Southwark)

Guy's Hospital (Southwark)

St George's Hospital (Hyde Park Corner – Mayfair / Belgravia)

Chelsea Hospital - For War Pensioners (Chelsea)

Greenwich Hospital (Greenwich)

The London Hospital (Whitechapel)

Westminster Hospital (Westminster)

Middlesex Hospital (Marylebone / Soho)

The Royal Free Hospital (Hampstead)

King's College Hospital (Camberwell)

University College Hospital (St Pancras / Bloomsbury)

Charing Cross Hospital (Hammersmith)

St Mary's Hospital (Paddington)

THE COST OF A DOCTOR

While the services of a medical practitioner vary wildly in cost, the following is designed to help the Gamemaster work out a ball-park figure when player characters inevitably seek medical attention. In the case of a gutter quack and even a professional doctor, many will take payment in goods or services if their patients cannot afford a monetary award (although this is more common amongst country doctors). Exactly what goods and services will depend on the skills of the patient and his friends and the predilections of the doctor in question. The 'medical dice pool' is the amount of dice the Gamemaster should use for any medical rolls the doctor has to make.

Gutter Quack

(Medical dice pool 3-5 Dice)

For medical attention: 10 pennies to 1 Shilling

Call out to patient: 3d

Additional fees: will charge for anything used, including bandages.

The gutter quack is cheap but will be unlikely to travel far at all unless you pay for a carriage. Their skill varies and they will charge as much as they can. However they will usually offer their services for as much money as the player characters have on them as they are glad of the work.

Herbalist

(Medical dice pool 3-7 Dice)

For medical attention: 1-4 shillings

Call out to patient: 6d – 1 shilling

Additional fees: will charge for anything used, including bandages.

An herbalist is a petty mage that runs a store in the poorer sections of London. Herbalists are often more altruistic than gutter quacks and a good herbalist is effectively the official healer and pharmacist for the neighbourhood. Many herbalists take payment in kind, including future service, in lieu of cash.

Professional Doctor

(Medical dice pool 5-12 Dice)

For medical attention: Half their medical dice pool in shillings

Call out to patient: An extra shilling and the cost of a cab

Additional fees: Anything expensive will require an extra charge, but bandages are part of the service.

A professional doctor will generally receive patients at their practice (or their hospital) but can be called out if they are available. They are expensive but affordable and skilled to a professional standard. Some might take pity and charge less for deserving cases.

Guild Healer

(Medical dice pool 3-9 Dice)

For medical attention: £2

Call out to patient: an additional £1 and the cost of an expensive cab

Additional fees: any magical or expensive ingredients will be charged extra, but any mundane potions and equipment are part of the service.

Guild healers can cast any of the healing spells detailed in the *Victoriana Core Rulebook* on a character's behalf. Rather than make the usual casting roll, the Gamemaster should roll 1D6 to determine how many successes resulted from their spellcasting. Many Guild healers are also trained doctors, but few have the ability of a mundane doctor. Guild healers are generally working to repay services they owe the Guild, so few are happy to do anything but receive minor patients in the Guildhouse. Most consider healing an imposition and an interruption to their day.



their local pharmacy. In the early part of the century these chemists shops are little more than retail outlets for the local herbalist. They produced remedies and cures based on local herbalists' skills or even just pure guesswork. Many of their cures contain opium or even heroin, which do little but make you feel a lot better. Some concoctions even contained substances we know to be poisonous today. However, most Victorians believed that a penny of prevention was worth a shilling of cure and flocked to their local pharmacy for a variety of tonics that might supposedly keep illness at bay.

However, in 1867 the new science has had a staggering influence on the pharmacy and these shops are at the forefront of experimentation and medical advance (for a profit). All their remedies and treatments are created on the premises and many had their own small laboratory for production and experimentation. They moved beyond crushing herbs and began using chemical processes to separate the active ingredients from locally collected plants. Using metal presses they could make their own pills from their own recipes and get a local printer to create labels and packages for their brands.

The pharmacists were businessmen first and foremost and used their new knowledge of chemistry or the acquisition of new technology to add to their products and services. Many sold fireworks and carried out dentistry in the store, and all of them sold pills, suppositories, perfumes, face creams and 'cure-alls'. Almost every pharmacist had their own potion to cure all ills, and almost all of them were little more than sugar water. While many of their creations might have been useless, or even downright dangerous, as time passed, more and more of their products proved worthwhile and practical. Local people could easily visit the local pharmacist and after explaining their symptoms might be able to buy something to do them some good. It wasn't especially reliable, but then neither was medical science, and it was cheap, available and worked well enough to bring people back.

To set up a pharmacy required no formal training or skills, and some pharmacists became the victim of the chemicals they played with. In 1841 exams were introduced to create some level of qualification in the profession, but passing these exams aren't legally required to practice as a chemist. Interestingly these exams allowed women a foot in the door of the medical profession. The pharmaceutical society, who assumed all the potential pharmacists might be men, forgot to specify that women were not allowed to take the exams which allowed many women to get an academic qualification. However, the amount of women in the profession (who often inherited a pharmacy business from a father or husband) is sadly considered an indication of the backward nature of the profession by the rest of the medical establishment.

There are also a few other noteworthy medical institutions that may be of interest:

The Foundling Hospital (Bloomsbury) – actually a home for orphans

Magdalen Hospital (Newly moved to Lambeth) – actually a reform institution for prostitutes

Lock Hospital, Church and Asylum (Kensington) – for syphilis and STD infections

The Dreadnought Seaman's Hospital (Greenwich) – for sailors and navy

The Royal Humane Society (Charing Cross) – rewards acts of bravery and humanity

Player characters should be reminded that the Guild does emphatically not operate a hospital service. If you are already a patient of a registered Guild healer they will happily attend you in your home. Some will even travel to the scene of an accident or receive wounded 'guests' into their homes. However, no matter how much money they have, it is unacceptable for anyone to turn up at the local Guild house covered in blood demanding a healing potion.

The Pharmacy

When the services of a doctor or hospital are often too expensive for the lower classes, they generally turn to

A detailed black and white illustration of Victorian London buildings, showing multiple stories with many windows and a street-level view. The style is reminiscent of a woodcut or a detailed architectural drawing.

CITY OF DEATH

The Victorians are a people almost obsessed with death. Strong religious fervour coupled with the new quests of science to discover the unknown has created a culture in society that is fascinated with the mystery of the great beyond. Mediums, both real and fake, are popular entertainers and many seek to catch ghosts on newly developed photographic equipment. Victorians take a dark delight in horror and mystery, with the occult both frightening and thrilling them in equal measure. With the death of Prince Albert and the Queen is mourning this interest in the gothic has become even more fashionable.

The dead have proved a problem for London for quite some time. The large concentration of people living here meant a higher proportion of people dying here. Parish cemeteries quickly filled up and it was not uncommon for bodies to be stacked as many as 20 deep. It wasn't long before people began to notice this was a terrible health risk for each neighbourhood. However, when a necromancer managed to raise a small army in the centre of the city from one churchyard to bring a small zombie army against parliament, it was determined that something needed to be done. In 1832 the government passed a bill encouraging burials to be done further out in the city, and began a programme of cemetery building unaligned to the church. The first of these large cemeteries were Kensal Green (1832, West London); West Norwood (1837, South London); Highgate (1839, North London); Brompton (1840, West London); Abney Park (1840, East London); Tower Hamlets (1841, East London); Nunhead (1840, South London) and the vast Brookwood Cemetery (1849) a train ride outside London past Woking on the 'Necropolis line'.

Problematic as it was to find space to put people in the ground, it was also difficult to keep them there. Body snatchers were willing to risk harsh punishments to steal essential supplies for the medical profession to examine and learn with. However, in 1850 a law was passed allowing medical students access to more legitimate bodies which quickly made the body snatching trade of the 'Resurrection men' significantly less lucrative.

CRIME IN THE CITY

Like any large city, crime is a constant problem in London. Given the massive amount of poverty living side by side with the rich and affluent, a bit of thievery and even murder is to be expected. Most crime in the city revolves around money. Obviously people steal and break into houses for the sake of money, but most murders and assaults are motivated by greed and/or desperation as well.

However, walking the streets is not quite as dangerous as you might think. Plenty of the upper classes think little of wandering the poor areas of the city on their way to a club or seeking darker vices among the smog. It is quite common to see a lone gentleman in evening dress wandering among the filth of the backstreets. The reasons for this are very simple. Plenty of wealthy people think that no one would be so crass as to attack a gentleman so they have no fear of ruffians and reprobates. To a certain degree they are right, as a gentleman might batter an attacker or just a simple pick pocket with his cane and expect no repercussions from the law. A criminal can often expect a beating or a spell in jail for taking on the gentry, whereas if they steal from their own, no one really cares.

Unfortunately, in the worse areas, the gentry do not have that protection, as gangs of professional criminals will happily take them on. They know they can take down their victim even if he has a weapon through weight of numbers, and if they hurt him enough he won't be able to identify them. However, the gentry are still often left alone, largely for reasons of local economics. The wealthy that do have cause to visit the downtrodden areas are usually looking to spend money on forbidden vices that can only be provided by the desperate and immoral. Such areas rely on the money the wealthy spend here, and some cannot survive without the high fees they can charge the rich. If local criminals attacked those who came visiting, they'd all stop visiting pretty soon. With no money coming in to fund the opium dens, brothels and worse, the area would be driven even further into poverty.

This is not to say that anyone who wanders areas full of crime dressed immaculately and throwing money around is still safe. Such indiscretion does the criminal's reputations no good either. Like so many things in England, there are certain things that everyone expects, and if you play by the rules you'll be fine. Even so, when you take a walk down a darkened alley, no matter who you are, you'd best be on your guard.

Luckily, in the Victorian age crime is not as common as it was in the previous age. The advent of a police force has cut down considerable on opportunistic and petty crime. With the country being in a better economic state people are also comparatively better off as well, taking away some of the desperation. That is not to say the streets are safe, far from it, but they are safer than they used to be. However, the perception of crime among the public differs from the facts. As they do today, newspapers looking to cause scandal and sensation often inflate stories of crime to create a stir. While the incidents of garrotting are actually quite small, the papers have made many people believe such dangers lurk around every corner.

The Victorians also saw criminals in a different way than we do today. They believed crime was a problem for



the lower class, and was confined to the 'criminal classes'. While it was accepted that many of the lower class were hard workers, among them lurked the criminal class who were shiftless and lazy and desired only to indulge in 'luxuries' and live off the labour of others. While the poverty of the lower class bred more crime, it was actually the middle class that provided the greatest source of criminals. The embezzling middle class businessman could easily steal more money than several gangs of lower class criminals. Yet such crimes often went unpunished as society never looked to the middle class for such behaviour. When such criminals were caught the assumption was that these criminals were the rare bad apples and life carried on as usual. So the perception remained that crime was a lower class issue and a gentleman of the upper and middle class could not possibly be tainted in the same way.

Women both suffered and profited from the perception of criminals as well. Generally women committed crimes of prostitution or drunkenness, and were seen as more virtuous than men in general. So many people were inclined to believe a woman might be innocent and her crimes the fault of some male companion. However this meant that society was far more shocked when a woman was convicted of violent crime and they were punished far harder than the men as a lesson to others. In general the Victorians believed crime was not a social problem but a moral one. So, acts of reform concentrated on working on the moral character of those in poverty. Such reformers led temperance movements and prayer readings rather than look for a way to solve the social issues that really lead to crime.

To give you an idea of what sort of dangers are likely to find the player characters, each area of London has a 'Crime Level'. What sort of trouble might be expected depending on the crime level in an area is summarised below.

Very Low: Crime is almost unknown here, although mostly due to the lack of people. You'd have to be very unlucky to run into a criminal, as you probably won't see many people anyway.

Low: In this place the police maintain a good presence here offering little opportunity for criminals. The streets are mostly well lit and few criminals live around here. Crimes are either high class burglary or crimes of opportunity.

Average: It you take care not to go down any dark alleys you are probably ok. Crime is a daily event even here, but murders and other crimes of violence are unusual.

High: This is not a place to venture into lightly. Crimes of violence happen daily here, at the very least. The police are overworked and underequipped to deal with the problems. So don't expect much help if you get into trouble.

Very High: This Rookery is as good as owned by the criminals. The police are usually too scared to even enter the area. If you don't know the right people here you are going to be robbed at the very least. If you offend the wrong person you may not leave alive.

THE METROPOLITAN AND CITY POLICE FORCE

There are two police agencies at work in London: the City Police and the Metropolitan Police. Each has their own jurisdiction, though they overlap in some areas; this competition causes dissension and the occasional squabble from time to time.

The City of London Police

Although officially created in 1839, there had been a form of city police since Roman times. In 1832, the London City Police were formed, and still uses the warrant number system of that time today. With the creation of the City Police was the position of Police Commissioner as the head of the department. A "detective's body" was formed and was officially created as the Detective Department in 1857. Only a few years ago, the top hat of the police uniform was replaced with the helmet we see today. Through the commissioner the police are responsible to the Corporation of London, rather than the various magistrates of the city.

The City Police are responsible for policing 'the Square Mile' or 'The City' of the original London. This area encompasses the business areas along the north shore of the Thames north to the Barbican Centre, from Holborn and Fleet Street in the west to Aldgate in the east. The bridges that emerge from the City are also covered by the City Police. The Old Bailey, the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, and St. Paul's all also fall in their jurisdiction.

The City Police are considered (at least by the other police forces) to be upstarts. They are treated with condescension by the Metropolitan Police, who also try to impinge on their investigations frequently. They are, however, very professional, and their detectives are experts in fraud and other economic-oriented crimes, due to their interaction with the Bank of London, Lloyd's, and other financial institutions.

There is one commissioner of police, with 1 chief superintendent as his assistant, 1 superintendent to run the day-to-day operations, 14 inspectors, 92 sergeants, and 781 constables in service. The current commissioner is the very elderly Daniel Whittles Harvey. The average City Policeman is referred to as a "copper" for the copper badge of office on the helmets.

The City Police are broken into the following divisions, each headed by an inspector: Cripplegate (station on More Lane), Show Hill, Bridewell Place, Cloak Lane (on Queen Street), Tower Street (on Seething Lane), and Bishopsgate.

The Metropolitan Police

Created by Sir Reginald Peele (hence the common nickname 'peeler') in 1829 to combat Chartist and other threats, these police lost their first officer within a year of their creation. They were famed, early on, for their use of force in breaking up riots and policing the streets. Initially, they were at odds with the Bow Street Runners and this spirit of competition and enmity exists to this day between the 'Peelers' and the City Police. They absorbed the Bow Street Horse Patrol in 1836, were tasked to aid with all large fires after their successful suppression of the Millbank Prison riot and fire. They also incorporated the Marine Patrol (known as the River Police) who still think of themselves as a separate entity from the rest of the force. After 1858, police vans (known as 'Black Mariahs') came into service to transport prisoners, and 'hand ambulances' were also entered into service to move injured or drunken suspects. These ambulance sheds became the police stations we see today.

Currently, more than 14,000 policemen patrol greater London. The current commissioner is Lieutenant Colonel Douglas Labalmondiere, who is based at 4 Whitehall Place, or Scotland Yard – the main headquarters for the police force. Each division is run by a superintendent, with 14 inspectors, 16 sergeants per division. Policemen must possess the following characteristics: be at least 5'7", literate, and of good character. Though men of 18 can be recruited, most are over 20; for the purposes of a pension, service before the age of 20 does not count.

The Thames Division are the famed River Police. They view themselves as the police force of the city. Formed in 1790, they are the oldest standing police force and were tasked with the safety and security of the docks throughout London. Though incorporated into the Metropolitan Police, the River Police (as they still call themselves) are snooty and superior. They frequently clash with the City Police and the Dockyard division of the Metro Police, always trying to regain their jurisdiction over the docks. Technically, their duties are restricted to policing the waters of the river and inspecting ships and boats in the Thames. When possible, they try to jump Dockyard's claim on a crime; if they get there first, Scotland Yard will normally let them keep it. They do much of the criminal investigations on the water, as well, cutting into Detective Department's turf.



Rank structure of both police forces

Commissioner – the head of each respective force

Assistant Commissioner – the City Police do not have an assistant commissioner at current.

Chief Superintendent – the man most involved in promotions and internal investigations.

Superintendent – a division commander

Chief Inspector – at current, only CID has chief inspectors

Inspector – usually plain-clothes, not always a detective.

Sergeant – the day to day head of a squad (16 constables); lowest rank to join detectives

Constable – the average beat cop

Criminal Investigation Department

Since his reappointment as Home Secretary, Sir Reginald Peele has been reforming and reorganising the Metropolitan Police Force. Following a finding of widespread corruption among the autonomous detective departments as well as increased agitation by anarchists and Bolsheviks, Sir Reginald Peele has created a new plainclothes detective department centralised in Scotland Yard. He has appointed Sir John Arthur, a political appointee from an old Eldren family, to head the Department. Much to the chagrin of the uniformed officers, Sir John Arthur answers only to the Home Secretary.

Detectives are charged with investigating crimes and also working to prevent crime by breaking smuggling rings or organised crime. Detectives are plain-clothed officers, carefully chosen by Sir John Arthur or, more rarely, Sir Reginald Peele. They are referred to as detective, plus their rank (i.e. detective inspector, is a detective of inspector rank).

In general, anyone who wants to join a detective department must have served as a police officer for at least 2 years. However in many cases those of the upper or wealthy middle class might join without this stipulation as walking the beat is a rather common form of work. However, privilege is not all that is required to become a detective. There is a lot of competition for the limited places available so each applicant must prove to have good deductive ability to be considered by Sir John Arthur. There are also a number of private detectives operating in the city, who might be act as consultants from time to time and Sir John Arthur occasionally consults with certain members of the Diogenes Club on the most difficult cases.

In general, detectives are granted a lot of autonomy to pursue the cases they are working on. They are mostly left to their own devices to track down leads and evidence. In many cases this involves interviewing suspects, but forensic

science is already considered a vital tool in the fight against crime. Fingerprints are recognised as a mark of individuality, but there are few methods for recording them (there is a Petty Magic spell that can uncover fingerprints, but the Guild has thus far refused to attest to its accuracy in order for it to be considered evidence in court). However there are many methods for detecting poisons and causes of death from a victim's body. While detectives have little in the way of the technology we have today, they generally recognise that a crime scene requires careful investigation. However, many of the uniformed branch fail to recognise this and sometimes remove or contaminate vital evidence 'for the sake of decency' or simply to make their job easier. This is slowly starting to change as the CID asserts itself.

Special Branch

There is, at Scotland Yard, also the infamous Special Branch. Special Branch handles crimes and situations of a political nature. They act as counter-espionage officers, but also handle royal protection. There are two distinct types of special branch officer, who are also plain-clothes and almost exclusively from the gentry or military: lamplighters and sandbaggers. The 'lamplighters' usually hide in the shadows, following the royals to guarantee their safety and privacy; they are called that because many initially disguised themselves as lamplighters, while following the royals around Mayfair. The sandbaggers are more proactive. Taken mostly from the military and upper class, the sandbaggers do whatever is necessary to protect the government, the royal family and the country. Their name comes from their tendency to 'sandbag', or cosh, their enemies into unconsciousness. Everyone treads lightly when the Special Branch becomes involved as their powers are extensive given their charges.

Police Presence and Response Times

The big question facing any Gamesmaster is how often, and how quickly should the police turn up. That they should turn up is unquestioned, if the player characters are pursuing a life of crime then they need to accept that the law is out to stop them, likewise if they are more traditional heroes then there will be times when they need to rely upon the law. The presence of the police also helps add to the feeling of a living city, where not everything revolves around the characters.

If you desire it, the police can also provide a distraction that could try a saint. Like many Victorian institutions the police are intractably bureaucratic, and your players could learn to dread 'coming down to the station to clear things up for the report'.

In the table below we have given some suggested response times for police intervention. The response times are extremely fast in terms of 'real time', but give a good chance of police involvement in an extended fracas, which is the intent.

When using the response table, bear in mind that the initial contacts will be from the local constables on the

beat investigating directly, or coming in response to a colleague's whistle blowing. Ogre constables are rarely let out on beat patrol; the police constabulary is not entirely convinced of their ability to perform the job mentally and an Ogre constable often has to serve for several months before his superior takes that chance. Ogres do comprise the bulk of the reserve flying squads, where their muscle and unswerving loyalty is indeed a valuable commodity. The flying squads are usually dispatched in a special police service coach (affectionately known as a Black Mariah) that can also double as a mobile holding cell for apprehended villains.

Detectives are also unlikely to be part of a reactive response to mayhem, but (perhaps more dangerously) are likely to be present after the event, where they will question witnesses and examine the evidence to try and direct the constabulary towards the wrongdoers as soon as possible. Such an investigation is best left as a story to unfold rather than as a random event, but if you want real grit and misery in your campaign then you could make uncanny Wits + Criminology rolls (with help from the Deduction talent) for detectives at the crime scene your players have fled. If successful the players may find the flying squad serving them breakfast the next morning.

The police can be an ally or an enemy depending on the nature of your characters actions, but just how common are they on London's streets? The table below categorises police presence in the same way we defined 'Crime Level' for each neighbourhood description, although they are different attributes of a neighbourhood.

Low: One officer in 6+3d6 rounds, upon a whistled alert one more officer in a further 4d6 rounds, a third officer arrives in 12d6 rounds if the whistled alert continues.

Average: Two officers in 3d6 rounds, upon a whistled alert two more officers in a further 3d6 rounds, a third pair of officers arrives in 6d6 rounds if the whistled alert continues.

High: Two officers in 2d6 rounds, upon a whistled alert two more officers in a further 2d6 rounds, a flying squad arrives in 8d6 rounds if the whistled alert continues.

Very High: Two officers in 1d6 rounds, upon a whistled alert two more officers in a further 1d6 rounds, a flying squad arrives in 4d6 rounds if the whistled alert continues.

Heavy: Two officers in 1d6 rounds, upon a whistled alert two more officers in a further 1d6 rounds, a flying squad arrives in 2d6 rounds if the whistled alert continues, and heaven forbid that the ogres are outmatched - because the cavalry (hussars) will be here in 10d6 rounds

Even quicker NPC blocks for Police

Sometimes the police are going to turn up just to butt heads with the player characters. In such cases the Gamemaster might use the mob rules or the NPC templates available in the *Victoriana Core Rulebook*. However, to make things even easier, we present a selection of even more cut down statistics for when you throw policemen at your player characters and no one is in the mood for conversation. The initiative rating applies as usual; movement is the base rating for chases. The combat dice pool is used for the policeman's main weapon (you should reduce it by 2 or 3 dice if they use something else) and the damage considers the base damage of the weapon modified in some cases for the strength and skill of the wielder.

Standard Police Constable

The average Peeler on the beat you might run into.

Initiative: 6

Movement: 9

Combat Dice pool: 7

Damage – Truncheon (5 dice)

'Flying Squad' Ogre Policeman

Mostly Ogres, these tougher and stronger officers are sent in for riot control

Initiative: 6

Movement: 8

Combat Dice pool: 9

Damage – Truncheon (8 dice) or Revolver (as a last resort – 8 dice)

Detective

An investigator, who is unlikely to be on the front line

Initiative: 7

Movement: 8

Combat Dice pool: 6

Damage – Revolver (8 dice)

Cavalry Hussar

When things have gone really wrong the mounted military wades in with sabres.

Initiative: 8

Movement: 30 (on horseback)

Combat Dice pool: 10

Damage – Sabre (9 dice)

URCHINS

By 1867, children in the Victorian age had a slightly better deal. The Mines act of 1842 banned the use of women, girls and boys under 10 from working in the coal mines, and since 1832 it was illegal to use boys to sweep chimneys (although it was still quite common). There are also several laws that offer a basic education rather than a 16 hour working day for most children.

In the city, with no coalmines to work in and little room at home, most lower and middle class children took to the streets. While many spent their time playing in the small amount of spare time they had, plenty more wandered the streets trying to earn a living. Girls would often be found selling matches or flowers and boys might (illegally) be used as chimney sweeps or apprenticed in factories. The Upper class children would usually be at boarding school, in the nursery at home or simply not allowed to mix with those beneath them.

In an age with no console games or television, most children in Victoriana spend their time playing out on the street with the other local children. The games they play are not unlike those played by children today who get forced outside for some fresh air. Most involve running around, although hoops and wooden toys are very popular. This means that children are a common sight on the streets of the city.

Children can be very useful for player characters looking for odd jobs. Local children will happily help out interesting looking (or wealthy looking) characters by giving directions or local gossip, keeping a look out, taking messages or even delivering goods. This is especially true for children of poor families or orphans living rough on the streets. Given that they are more impressed with smaller coins and rarely noticed in the bustle of the city, their services are cheap, relatively reliable and usually discreet.

However, we did say relatively reliable. You never quite know if the urchin you gave a penny to so they would take a message will actually deliver it. Many get distracted by what the shiny penny might buy, just forget what they are meant to do, or never meant to do what you asked in the first place. So when the players engage the services of the local urchins consult the table and details below to see if they do what they have been asked.

When you need to know what sort of urchins are around and how reliable they might be, roll a dice, modified by the area's 'Urchin modifier' found in the area detail and check the table below. Needless to say, there are few obvious signs to tell the players what sort of Urchins they have run into. Also, the clever ones won't be too easy to find again when they have taken the money and run away.

Type of Urchin nearby (Modified Roll of 1D6)

7+: No Urchins	Modifiers:
6: Well Brought Up	High class area: +2
5: Good	Well to do area: +1
3-4: Average	Middle class area: 0
1-2: Criminal	Working class area: -1
0 or below: Watching	Rookery: -2

No Urchins: There are no children around. They are either all at an expensive boarding school or been shoosed away by the local Peelers.

Well Brought Up: The children here are all reasonably well behaved middle class ones. They are unlikely to help anyone who looks lower class or too much of a scoundrel. They may also have a guardian or nursemaid lurking nearby keeping an eye on them. You'll also need to offer shillings not pennies to get their help, although they will do as they are asked as long as it doesn't appear illegal. However, they won't travel outside the district they are found in.

Good: These children are happy to work for pennies and will usually do as they are asked. The Gamemaster should roll 1D6, and if it rolls 1 the Urchins fail to do as they are asked (but still takes the money!). Player characters will have to offer them a little more to travel out of the district.

Average: The urchins here are much as you'd expect. They'll work for pennies and do pretty much whatever you need without worrying about its legality. However some might have the sense to charge extra in some cases! The Gamemaster should roll 1D6, and if it rolls 1 or 2 the Urchins take the cash but don't do the job

Criminal: This lot are a right bunch of scallywags. If the players look too dangerous to be crossed they might do as asked. However, it is more likely they will take your money, after negotiating far more than their services are worth, and abscond with the cash. Then they will tell the local villains about the players and where to find them.

Watching: You think there are no urchins here, but there are, and they are watching you. They have already sent someone to report what the players are doing to the local crime lord and are also looking for an opportunity to rob the players if the chance comes up.

A detailed black and white illustration of a row of Victorian-era buildings in London, featuring multiple stories, bay windows, and ornate architectural details. The buildings are shown from a low angle, looking up the street.

A GROUP OF VILLAGES LINKED BY A COMMON POLLUTION

In the following chapters we'll be taking a look at the city in detail. While they are all part of London, each has its own particular character and 'charms'. These areas are divided by a bewildering selection of borders, making it very hard to really define where one area begins and another starts. While there are postal districts, borough divisions or police jurisdictions, these are often little more than lines on the map. The true areas of the city are defined by community and long forgotten tradition. We have done the best we can here to reflect that, but the lines we have drawn here are no more authoritative than any other.

Within each of the districts we have used for this book are further divisions and subdivisions that may even cross the district borders themselves. This is all due to the organic nature of the city, and the way everything has grown together. For instance, the area considered 'St Giles' will expand and contract as the poverty spreads out because the area is defined as a rookery. An especially popular club might cause the borders of Mayfair to change, as it is 'the place to find the best clubs'. However, as with all things in London this is not a hard and fast rule. There is also a lot of snobbery about each area. Residents of St Pancras and Holborn might insist they live in nearby Bloomsbury, even though their neighbours might decide to do the opposite, which makes the borders even harder to agree on. So the long and short of it is that we have drawn lines on the map to delineate the rough boundaries of areas we believe follow a common character. What the people who live there or those who administrate the city claim them to be may well be totally different.

In general the city divides into six main areas that bear a moment to consider. The official centre of the city is the Square Mile or 'The City'. It contains the business and banking heart of the capital, but not its government. The City is awash with money and is the mercantile hub of the Empire. However, if there is a true city centre then we should look to the West End. On the western side of the area lie the homes of the wealthy, clustered near the Queen's residence at Buckingham Place. As you move towards the centre of the city the West End begins to fill with theatres and dance halls, as well as drinking establishments and bawdy houses. Opposite the West End is the poverty of the East End. Here you find the working poor, many of whom work (when they can) in the dockyards that line the Thames here. The East End is a place of industry and community where people live crushed together hoping to avoid the rookery and the workhouse.

The north of the city is a place of fields and farming. Almost rural, the smog reaches out here and seeks to absorb these country villages into the metropolis. To the south the city gives way to factories and warehouses.

For each of the districts we describe, there is a quick detail of what you might find there. So before we dive in, it bears a little explanation:

Prosperity: How wealthy is the area itself? Both in terms of the people who live there and the scale and grandeur (or broken down and claustrophobic) look of the buildings and streets.

Dominant Social Class: While there are often representatives from most social classes in most districts, at least one dominates the area and sets the standards for those who wish to settle there.

Dominant Profession or Industry: As each area might be considered a village that trades with its neighbours, this section details what it has to trade. Essentially we detail here what the area does for the city.

Crime: This section tells you what the crime level is as described on page 52.

Police Presence: Again, we note the police response in the area as noted on page 55.

Urchin modifier: Finally we offer a modifier to determine the type of street children the player characters might come across as shown on page 56.

In some cases we have listed the names of a few hotels or boarding houses and their rates for the visitor to London who is in need of a place to stay. We have also detailed a few 'famous locations' that might spark adventures or become favourite spots for player characters. Finally we detail a few of the famous people to be found throughout the city. Such people are not supplied with statistics as it is unlikely the players will go into combat with Elizabeth Garrett Anderson or need to check Charles Darwin's initiative rating. However, should the Gamemaster need statistics for these characters, or the host of other denizens of the city, we have provided a list of supporting cast profiles and adventure seeds that expands the listing in the *Victoriana Core Rulebook*.



Highgate

Holloway

Hampstead

Kentish
Town

Camden Town

St John's
Wood

Regent's
Park

St Pancras

Kensal Green
and
Notting Hill

Marylebone

Paddington

Holborn

Bloomsbury

Soho

St Giles
Covent Garden
Charing Cross

Mayfair

Hyde Park

Green
Park

St James
Park

Westminster

Kensington

Belgravia

Pimlico

Brompton

Chelsea

Hammersmith

Fulham

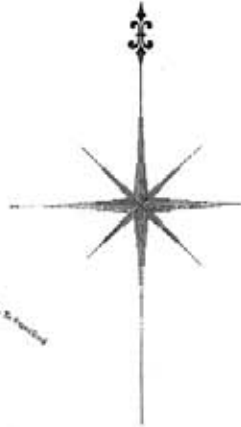
Battersea

Lambeth

LONDON

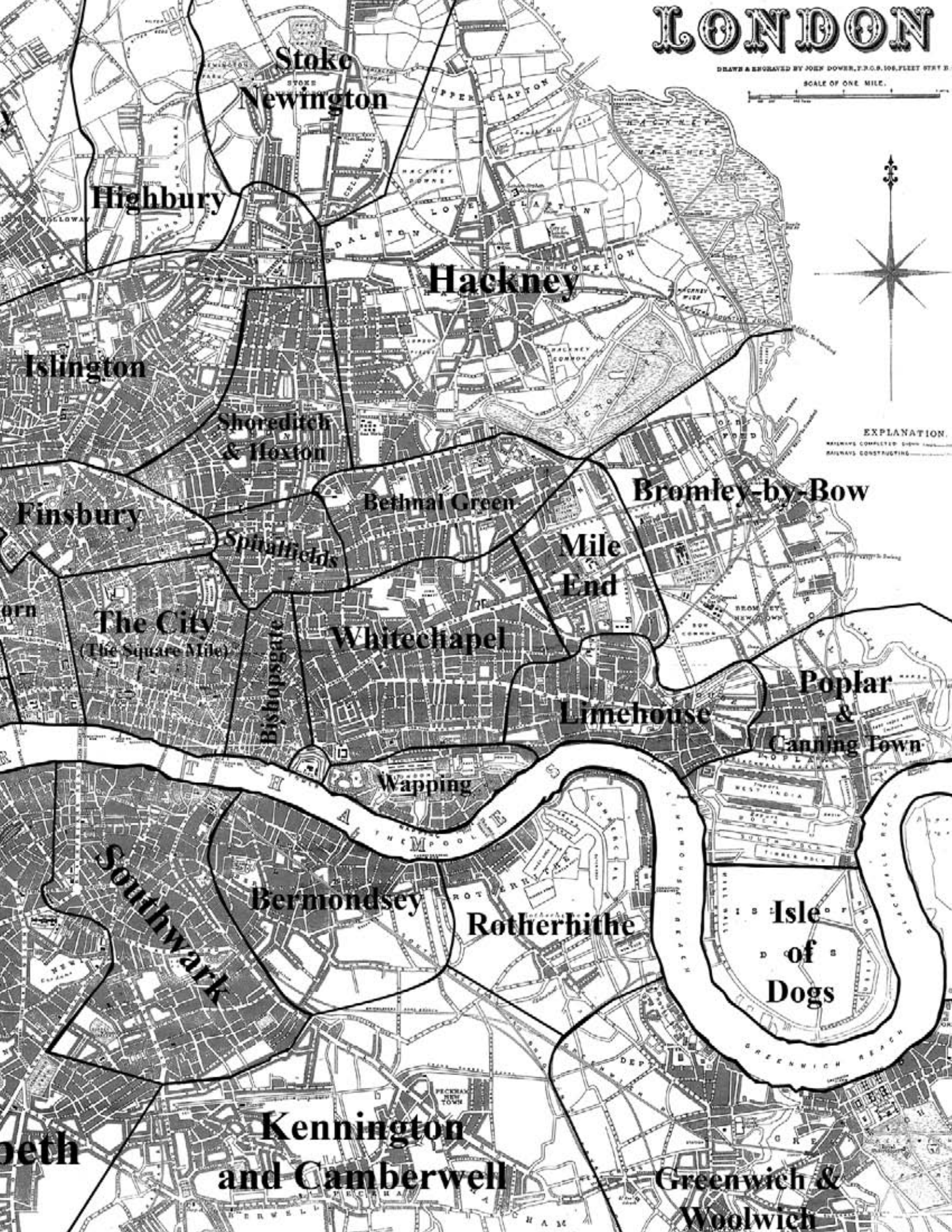
DRAWN & ENGRAVED BY JOHN DOWER, F.R.S., 106, FLEET STREET E.

SCALE OF ONE MILE.



EXPLANATION.

RAILWAYS COMPLETED SHOWN (thick line)
RAILWAYS CONSTRUCTING (thin line)





CHAPTER THREE:

THE WEST END

"I do not think there is anything deserving the name of society to be found out of London."
- William Hazlitt

In today's London, status is increasingly dependent on money and the earnings of one's labour, rather than the inherited wealth of the past. The up and coming Londoner looks to present himself in the best light he can afford; this has led to an increasing segregation of the classes: the poor are being moved east, while the wealthy move west. The availability of ready and cheap transport, from the horse trams and busses to the new underground rail, allow the wealthy to separate themselves from the poor not just socially, but geographically, as well. The neighbourhoods of London reflect these self-imposed barriers.

The West End is one of the fastest growing areas of cosmopolitan London. Only a half century ago, much of the land was commons or arable, a rural area with scattered residences or mansions. Now the land is suburban, covered with paving and the terraced houses of the well-to-do and the nouveau riche. Not only is it essential for the wealthy to find a home here, but they must also secure a place in a fashionable area. A gentleman's address tells many people all they need to know of the gentleman in question.

This area of London is the farthest west you can go before exiting the area of the London County Council. Beyond Hammersmith, you are technically outside of the city and are entering the smaller area of Acton. Hammersmith is just seeing the beginnings of real development as the city is stretching forth along the western artery out of town - Pond Street. The area is a patchwork of old houses and small farms that are gradually being replaced with housing for the middle-class workers

HAMMERSMITH & FULHAM

Prosperity: Well-to-do
Dominant Social Class: Professional middle-class and gentry; farmers are fading out.
Dominant Profession or Industry: Brewing, farming, construction
Crime: Low
Police Presence: Low
Urchin modifier: 0



and the servants of the great houses in nearby Kensington, Brompton, and Mayfair. The borough's proximity to these wealthy areas is also making it popular with the aspiring middle class as well.

In Hammersmith you can travel on paved roads and see the more modern rows of flats. You can also see glimpses of the recent rural past, such as small farms in the midst of the creeping growth of new buildings and planned communities. You can find blacksmiths and other artisans working their trade in a manner of their fathers and grandfathers, without the modern conveniences of machines. The poor are less visible here than in the city proper, but they are still here, living in the houses and on the farms of their families, waiting for the offer from the land developer looking to put up a new series of 'crescents and gardens' for the middle-class and newly wealthy.

The major rail station here is Hammersmith, which has three major lines – Hammersmith North and South, as well as the Metropolitan Railway's Hammersmith (which also passes underground). This rail station connects through Victoria Station to nearly all the major routes out of London. It also is the last stop before leaving the city for Richmond.

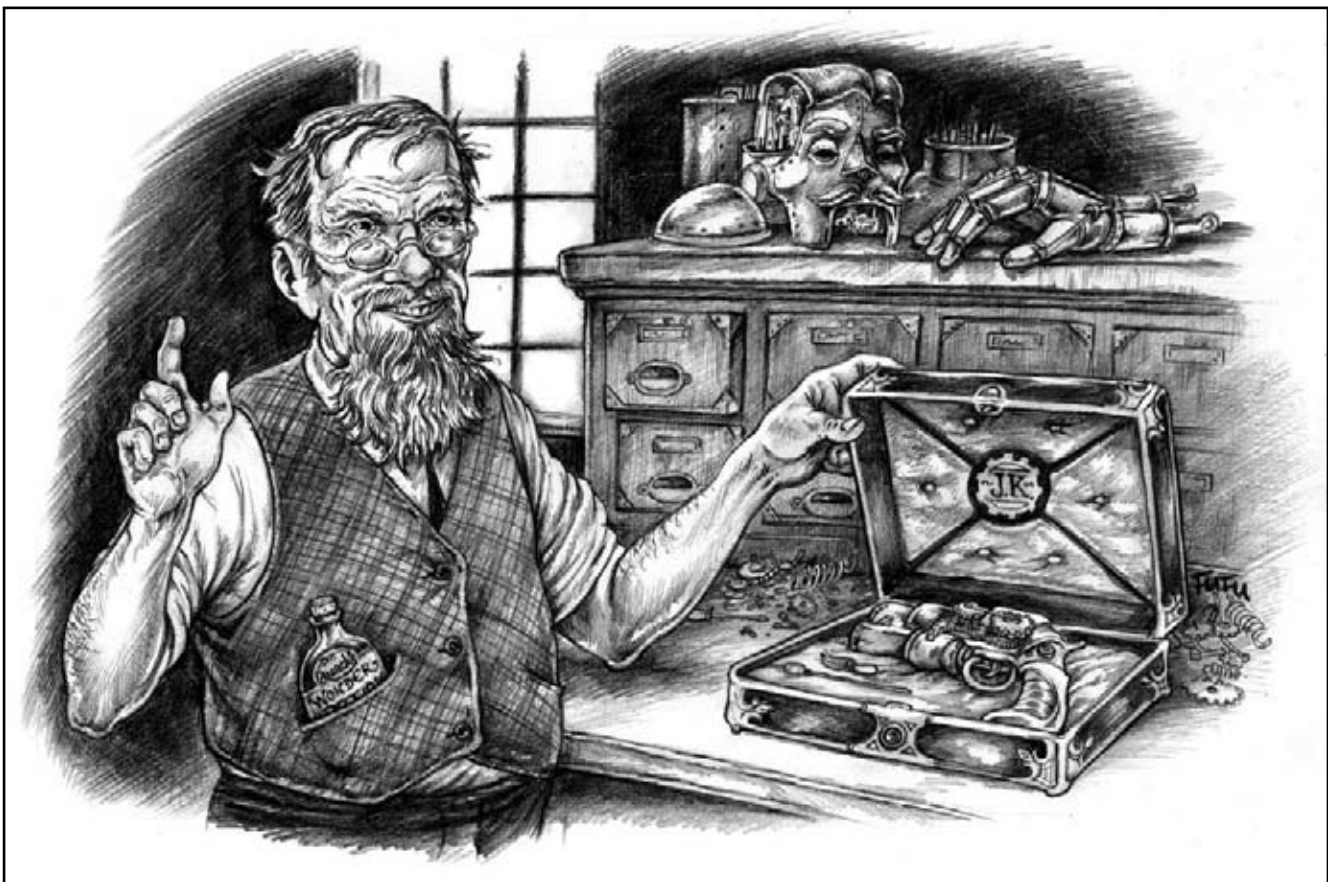
Fulham, like Hammersmith, has seen recent development efforts. Just south of Hammersmith and bounded on three sides by the curve of the Thames,

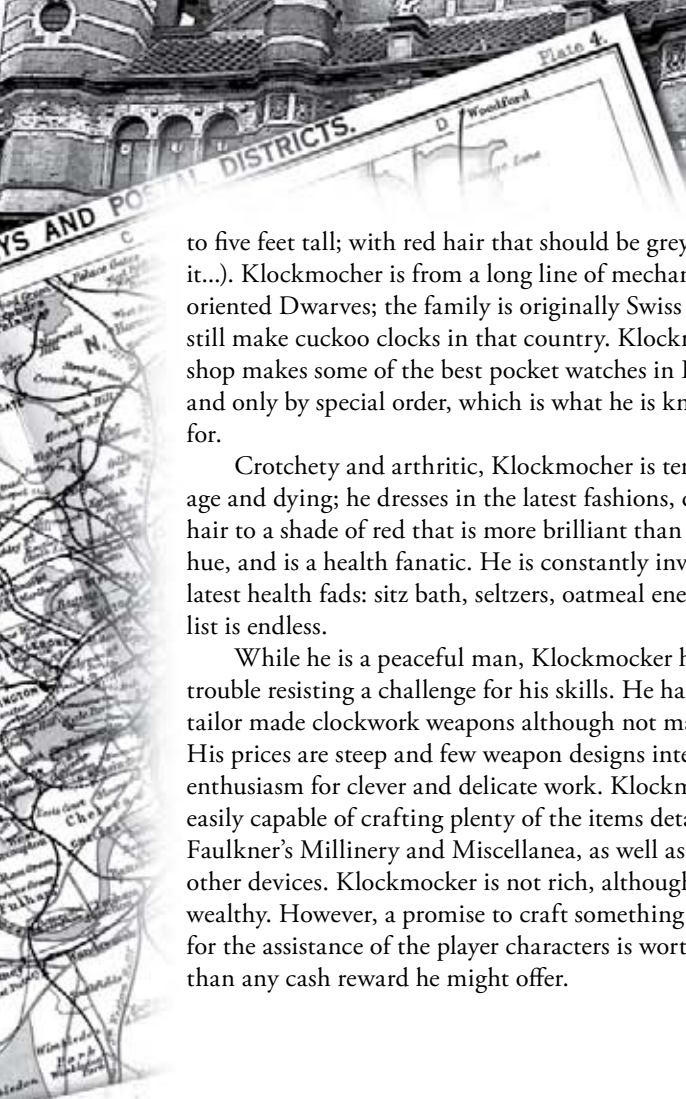
Fulham is far enough upstream as to avoid much of the effluvia and pollution found throughout the great river in town. There area is more upscale than Hammersmith, with commons and heaths still scattered throughout the area. Kings Road runs through the district, and crosses into the working and middle class suburbs of Putney on the south side of the river. Fulham, like Hammersmith, still has enough of the country feel to make it seem removed from the hustle and dirt of the city. The infamous London Fogs are less concentrated and blow out faster in this area than the rest of the city. The nearest rail station is Chiswick, which connects to Kew and also south through Barnes Station in Putney to Waterloo in Lambeth. From there, a connection to any of the major lines is possible.

Hammersmith and Fulham are perfect locales for characters who have recently come into money and are looking for a place 'out of the way', without being so removed from London as to have a country house. The area is also popular with inventors for their workshops, due to the more spread-out nature of the urban growth. Here you can still blow things up in your basement laboratory without disturbing the neighbours.

Famous locations: Klockmocher's Clockworks

Jurgen Klockmocher is a Bavarian Dwarf who moved to London in 1848. He is surprisingly tall for a dwarf, close





to five feet tall; with red hair that should be grey (he dyes it...). Klockmocher is from a long line of mechanically-oriented Dwarves; the family is originally Swiss and they still make cuckoo clocks in that country. Klockmocher's shop makes some of the best pocket watches in England, and only by special order, which is what he is known best for.

Crotchety and arthritic, Klockmocher is terrified of age and dying; he dresses in the latest fashions, dyes his hair to a shade of red that is more brilliant than the original hue, and is a health fanatic. He is constantly involved the latest health fads: sitz bath, seltzers, oatmeal enemas...the list is endless.

While he is a peaceful man, Klockmocher has great trouble resisting a challenge for his skills. He has crafted tailor made clockwork weapons although not many. His prices are steep and few weapon designs interest his enthusiasm for clever and delicate work. Klockmocher is easily capable of crafting plenty of the items detailed in Faulkner's Millinery and Miscellanea, as well as a host of other devices. Klockmocher is not rich, although he is quite wealthy. However, a promise to craft something in return for the assistance of the player characters is worth far more than any cash reward he might offer.

NOTTING HILL & KENSAL GREEN

Prosperity: Moderate

Dominant Social Class: Middle-class (Farmers – Kensal Green)

Dominant Profession or Industry: Brewing, Railway, Servant work, Construction

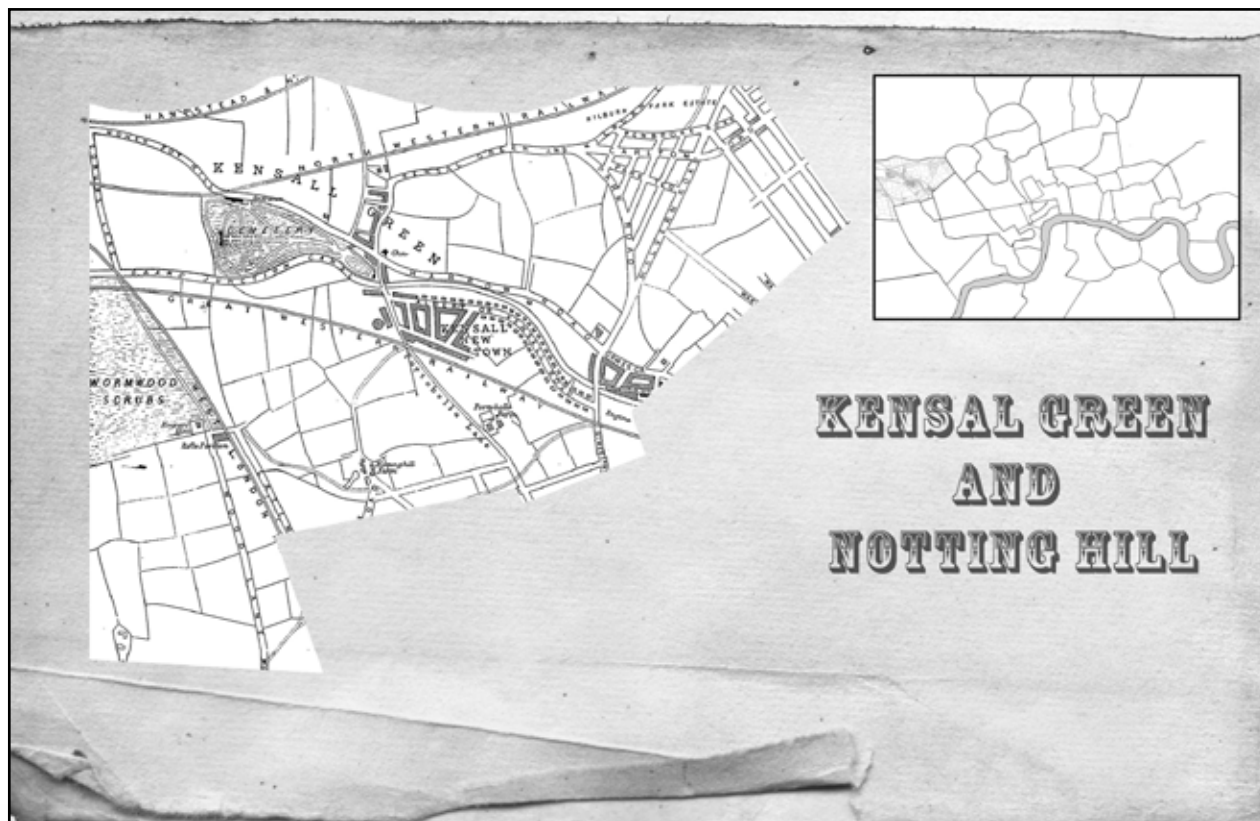
Crime: Low

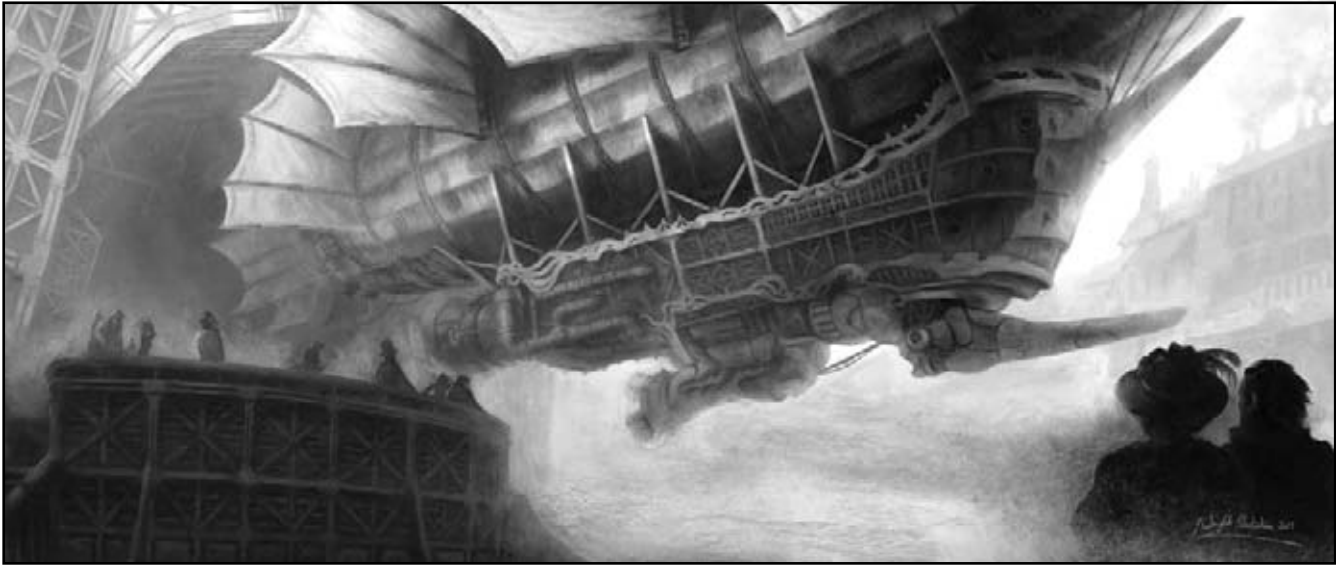
Police Presence: Average

Urchin modifier: 0

These districts are technically part of the Royal Borough of Kensington, but are sparsely populated, compared to the rest of the borough. We present them separately as they have a middle class and even rural working class community. So the gentry would insist the districts are nothing to do with Kensington at all! The area has a lot of open space, farmers and common land that are cut through with main railway lines. This makes the community a gathering of farmers, railway workers and aeronauts.

Notting Hill creates a break in the general wealth of the West End, where many of the casual workers who labour in the various breweries and markets of the West End reside. The district is relatively undeveloped, with small houses and inns populating the commons. A decent





sized house here costs around £75-100. The lion's share of housing is along Harrow Road, north of the Great Western Railway, which cuts through the district. Notting Hill, while well-stocked with poor, sees much less crime due to the more rural nature of the district. However the area is gradually being pulled into the city, and taking on more of the city's problems.

Further west, just on the borders of the city, is Kensal Green, an area of farms tucked between the Great Western and the London & Birmingham Railroad lines. The Willesden Junction (the main junction into London for the Western rail lines) is in Kensal Green and connects with Paddington, Euston, and Kensington stations. The great park of Wormwood Scrubs is rapidly becoming a meeting place for inventors to show off and race their steam-powered automotives. The combination of wide open spaces and a middle class area makes the parks popular with aeronauts, who launch their balloons and airships from the Scrubs.

The Pan Asiatic Spice Delivery Company owns a lot of land in the area, with their main warehouse and airship hangers being located on the edge of Notting Hill. The company also maintains its main offices there although they have a smaller business office in the London Docklands for the convenience of their customers. The Pan Asiatic offices are fenced in and guarded as not only are their airships valuable but they also store cargo in the area. They also hire general hands from among the local community so they can often rely on the locals to help them keep an eye on their valuables. Many of the officers and crew of the company can be found at a pub nearby the offices. It was once called 'The Dog and Duck', but the patronage of the airmen and their loud stories has seen it change its name to 'The Gasbag'.

Several passenger lines are renting airfield space here as well, although their airships don't fly nearly as much as

cargo airships. Still, a passenger launch is quite an event and usually draws a throng of well-wishers and spectators eager to see the launching and landing of one of the great marvels of the age.

Famous Locations: Wormwood Scrubs

The wide open spaces of the scrubs draws transport enthusiast from all over London. On most Sundays there are often a mass of strange and peculiar experimental steam engines being taken out for a test run. While they are often impressive to watch, the crowds are often more entertained by the dramatic failure of many of the devices. Several official steam fairs are organised during the summer where the public can get close to and even ride on some of the devices.

The large open spaces of the site have attracted developers and government planners as the city encroaches. There are plans afoot to build a new hospital here which few people object to. However, the plan to build a large prison on the west side is causing significant controversy. Not only do the locals not want such a building on their doorstep but they also object to the intended use of convicts to build it. This is not due to any humanitarian concern; instead they fear the convicts might escape the chain gangs and run amuck. The local popular press has leapt on the fears of the locals and fanned the flames with stories of escaped convicts murdering people in their beds, or of them building secret escape tunnels into the building.

The Scrubs is also the site of the fledgling aeronaut industry. There are ten large hangers for the construction and storage of the flying ships. The land is owned by the St. Quintin family and the agent is Capt. Charles Chatty, a former India officer turned solicitor. Capt. Chatty is the man to deal with, should anyone choose to rent a hangar.

The Guild also maintains a couple of experimental airships as well as a few classrooms and workshops in a





carefully guarded complex here. They are constantly trying to develop new ways to make air travel safer, faster, and, almost by accident, more affordable.

The Scrubs sees quite a bit of activity on the days of airship launches. The launches are difficult and dangerous, as a false wind can wreck the deceptively fragile craft by smashing them against the hangar doors or into the ground during takeoff. Even the smallest require a large number of men (20-100, depending on the size of the craft) to wrestle it out onto the green for launch.

There are two hangers dedicated to the new Royal Airships of H.M. Army. These vessels are known, rather unimaginatively as AS.1 & AS. 2. They are semi-rigid craft, with a solid keel that supports the fabric of the envelope and provides a mooring point for the ballonets inside, where the lifting gas is stored. These ships are smaller than most military airships, but packed with weapons and ordinance. They are designed to move swiftly and pack a big punch. Both are under constant guard day and night.

The Pan Asiatic Spice Delivery Company also rents a hanger for one of their smaller training airships. The airship is well past its prime, extremely unresponsive and prone to failure. While its original name is 'The Salamander' it is generally (but affectionately) known as 'The Donkey'. The ship doesn't have the capacity to carry cargo, or travel at much of a speed making it useless as a working vessel. So instead, this airship is used to train company pilots; as if they can handle The Donkey they can handle anything!

CAPT CHARLES CHATTY

This former Carlisle-born, son of a coal miner, is the manager for the St. Quintin family's lands, having married one of the younger daughters in the family after becoming a solicitor. He is a ruthless business person, cold-hearted and authoritarian the 'aristocratic amateurs' that make up the businessmen of the upper ranks. He is brusque and elitist, the kind of snobbery that can only derive from someone starting in a low station in life and clawing their way up.

For Statistics, use 'Arrogant Bureaucrat', p168.

BELGRAVIA

Prosperity: Rich

Dominant Social Class:

Upper-class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Most that live here are government ministers or the idle rich. Those who work are mostly servants or street vendors

Crime: Low

Police Presence: Heavy

Urchin Modifier: +2

Mayfair has traditionally been home to the houses of the wealthy, but that began to change after 1826, when Thomas Cubitt bought the nineteen acres of Five Fields. On this region, Cubitt began construction of the great houses and squares that are now residence to the aristocracy, the wealthy and the foreign diplomats of the area. Here you will find the grand Victoria Station, the terminus of the London and Brighton Railroad, as well as the Royal Mews, and The Pavilion (where the Princes Club meets). Many of the great addresses are here: Cadogan Place, Belgrave Place, and the grand Victoria Street.

Belgravia begins at Knightsbridge road, the south border of Hyde Park, and encompasses some of the most beautiful stately gardens and architecture of the city. Along Knightsbridge, a massive street market goes up every morning before dawn, and breaks down by sunset. Here, the discerning shopper can buy food (cooked by a vendor on the street) have their shoes repaired while they wait, knives sharpened or purchase victuals for their house or cloth for their clothing.

Grand houses and expensive flats in the Parisian style line Sloane Street, which descends from Knightsbridge south to the river. Along Sloane, one finds the Educational Institute for Ladies, and farther south Trinity Church. Parallel to Sloane Street is Lowndes Square, with well tended gardens and houses running south to Cadogan Place, with its wide street and fashionable park. A short hop up Metcorn Street puts you in the Wilton Crescent and Belgravia Square region.



A marvel of elegance and an island of green peace in the city, Belgrave Square is surrounded by the homes of the wealthy and important. The atmosphere in the area is refined and the criminal element nonexistent through the constant vigilance of the Metropolitan Police that patrol the streets. Just south of Belgrave Square are Eaton and Chester Square, completing the grand series of parks and residences that make this area so restful to the eye and mind. South and east of Victorian Station, there are street after street of the Italianate buildings Cubitt created to bound Eccleston and Warwick Squares.

"... monotonous ..."

- Benjamin Disraeli, on his opinion of Belgravia

Straight as an arrow for nearly a mile is Victoria Street, which runs from Westminster Abbey to Vauxhall Road. The thoroughfare is designed to link Westminster and Whitehall with the fashionable address of the wealthy in Belgravia. It is lined with some of the finest facades in town, massive buildings rising as high as ten stories over the newly rubberised streets; these buildings have replaced the slums that once degraded this area so near the heart of the Empire. At the western end, one finds the Royal Standard Music Hall and near that the Turkish Baths, where members can soak away the cares of the day. Near the middle of the run, one finds the Palmer and the Butler Alms Houses, where the impoverished can find respite as well. Both houses are well positioned near Christ's Church, where more important aid can be found.



Belgravia is also home to the Cancer Hospital and the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, next to each other on Wellbeck Street. St. George's Hospital on Kensington Road near Hyde and Green Park is an excellent general hospital, though the patients are currently finding it a difficult place to recover, due to the noise of the new underground rail line being built nearby.

Belgravia is the site of one of the busiest and largest rail stations in the city: Victoria Station. Recent extensions of lines have made Victoria Station the hub of the West End. It is connected to Waterloo in Lambeth, Cannon Street and London Bridge, via Charing Cross, as well as a new connection to Euston Station and Paddington, as well.

Famous Locations: Knightsbridge Market

At five each morning, the vendors come from all parts of London to create the Knightsbridge Market, an open air lot just off the road that gives it its name. The lot fills quickly with clapboard stands, or wheelbarrows serving in that capacity. Fish from the Thames, butter, cheese, and milk from nearby Hammersmith farms, cloth from the London Docks, fruits, soaps, and other products vie for ones attentions.

Regularly, Dr. Fischer (a Saxon doctor who emigrated in 1848) can be found, performing dentistry from a shoulder-harnessed wooden box for reasonable prices. All one needs do is find someplace to sit. Flower and match girls are a regular sight, as are collectors for the various alms houses of the area. The police are a constant fixture in the market, sometimes bullying the vendors for free services or merchandise, but never in the view of the 'ladies and gentlemen'. Pickpocketing is reasonably common and difficult to spot and catch in the crowds.

PIMLICO

Prosperity: Good

Dominant Social Class: Middle and working-class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Breweries, Construction, Professional labour for construction.

Crime: Low

Police Presence: Heavy

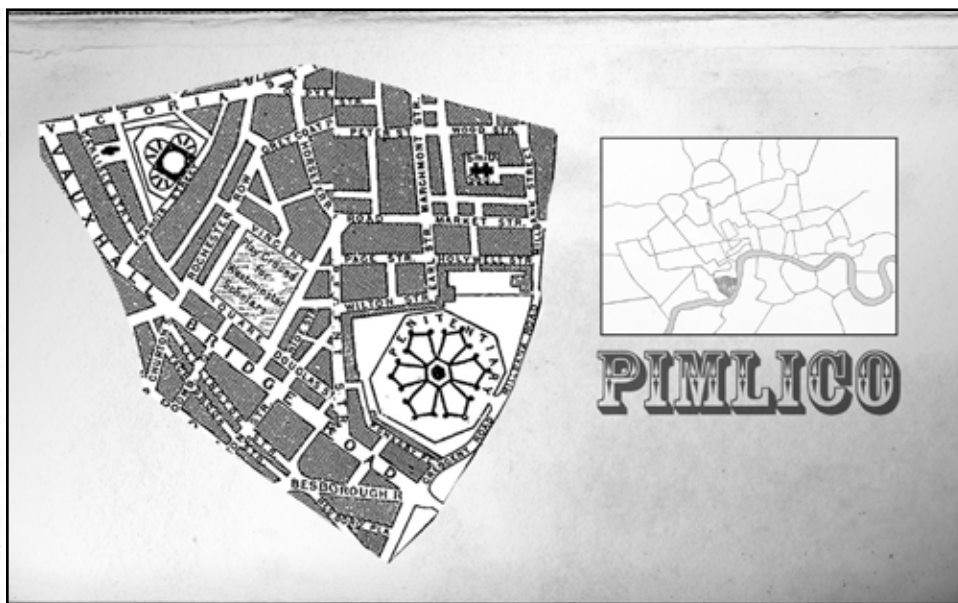
Urchin Modifier: +1

Places to stay: Westminster Palace Hotel, Victoria Street (12s.6d./night, high quality).

Victoria Street and Vauxhall Road section Belgravia off from Pimlico; in the north, Green Park and St. James Park separate it from Mayfair. This region is less swank than Belgravia for all the industry that resides in it, but it does have Buckingham Palace, where the parks meet. Buckingham Palace was purchased from the Duke of Buckingham in 1837 and is the official residence of the royal family and also acts as the centre of royal business while the sovereign is in town. Much of the royal art collection is in this palace.

Just off of Victoria road, one finds the Westminster House of Corrections, as well as the massive Artillery Brewery. A major employer of the working class, Artillery Brewery is a massive building (over three stories high) that produces copious amounts of beer for the London public. It is well placed, just down Old Pye Street, from the public baths, where the labourers can go to wash-up. It is across the street from the Alms Houses and is also within sight of the Westminster House of Corrections, which serves as a bleak reminder of what awaits those not gainfully employed.

Another major employer is the Thorne Brewery on Horseferry, just a few blocks from the Thames. It is next to the large complex of buildings that comprise the Broadwood's Factory. Across the street from Thorne is the Chartered Gas Company Works, a monstrosity large collection of brick factories and storage tanks for the gas that powers the lamps and industries of the city. Along the Thames, one finds the Smiths' Distillery on Caledonia, the Small Arms Manufactory and the Equitable Gas Works on Lupus. Cubitt's Works, which is one of the





largest employers of skilled craftsmen (over 1000 plasterers alone!) and the Government's Military Store House are also between Lupus and the River.

The working class quality of Pimlico makes this region less fashionable than Belgravia, but the majority of the people working in the factories and breweries of Pimlico live in Lambeth and Southwark; making the majority of actual residents in Pimlico middle class professionals and skilled labour.

Famous locations: Millbank Penitentiary

Pimlico is the site of two major prison facilities that characters convicted of a crime might find themselves. The Westminster House of Corrections is an older, Georgian affair, with a series of interlocking triangular buildings (when viewed from above) around a central courtyard.

The other is the Millbank Penitentiary, the largest in the city and built in 1821 on the new style – six wings of five stories, arrayed in a star pattern around a central six-sided courtyard where prisoners are allowed to march in circles once a day for their exercise. Dank and depressing,



Millbank is constantly swathed in the stink from the local breweries, the gas works, and the river, which some prisoners can see through barred windows in their cells. Most of the cells have a dozen or more prisoners in them. Millbank Prison resembles a fortress from the outside and is just as intimidating on the inside. As a new building (by prison standards) it is one of the most modern in the country, but it still offers cramped cells prisoners can hardly stand up in. Solid stone walls make escape from the dank dark place little more than a dream.

Millbank was originally designed to house prisoners due for transportation, which is the reason for most of its inhospitable nature. It was not intended for the prisoners to spend long here, so the conditions were not that important to the designers. As soon as a transport ship was available and a place prepared for them in some foreign penal colony the prisoners were put on a ship never to see England again. However, in reality many prisoners spent months, possibly years, here waiting for the bureaucratic systems to finally determine their fate.

Should player characters find themselves in Millbank they are unlikely to escape without outside help. The security in Millbank is tight, but the guards are as susceptible to bribery as anyone else. The problem is getting a prisoner out through the main areas of the prison where other guards will easily see them. This means the best way to escape is to bribe a guard to look the other way when the prisoners are put on a ship, although that opportunity may take quite some time to come about. The only thing in the favour of a Millbank prisoner is that the time they spend waiting for a ship is time their friends might find a way to secure their release through legal channels.

KENSINGTON

Prosperity: Rich

Dominant Social Class: Upper-class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Government & aristocracy; work available: servant work and street vending, as well as construction.

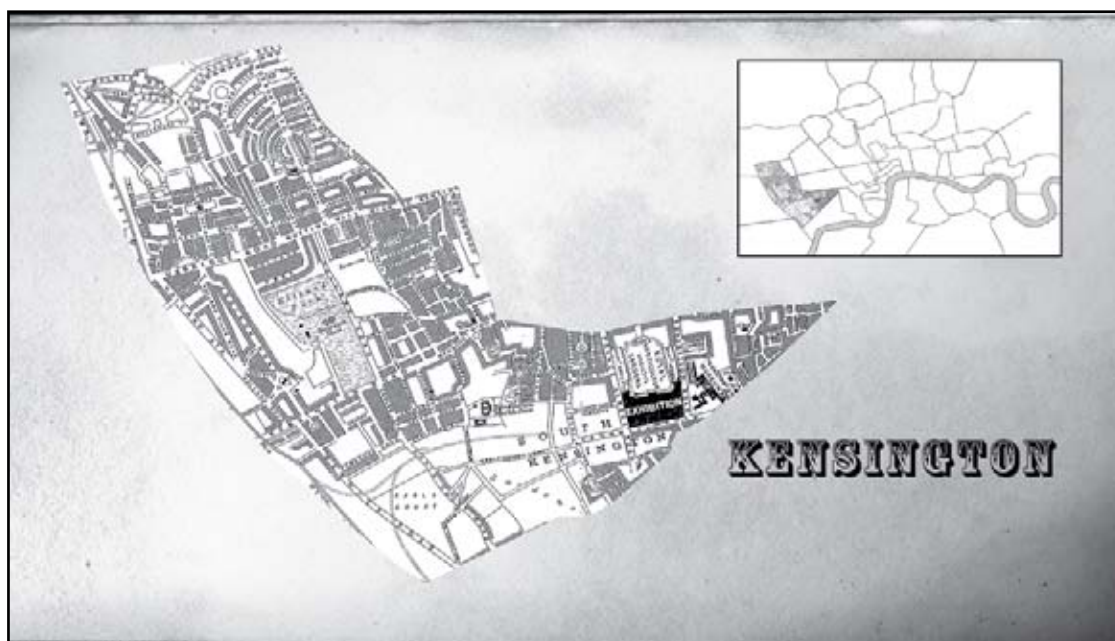
Crime: Low

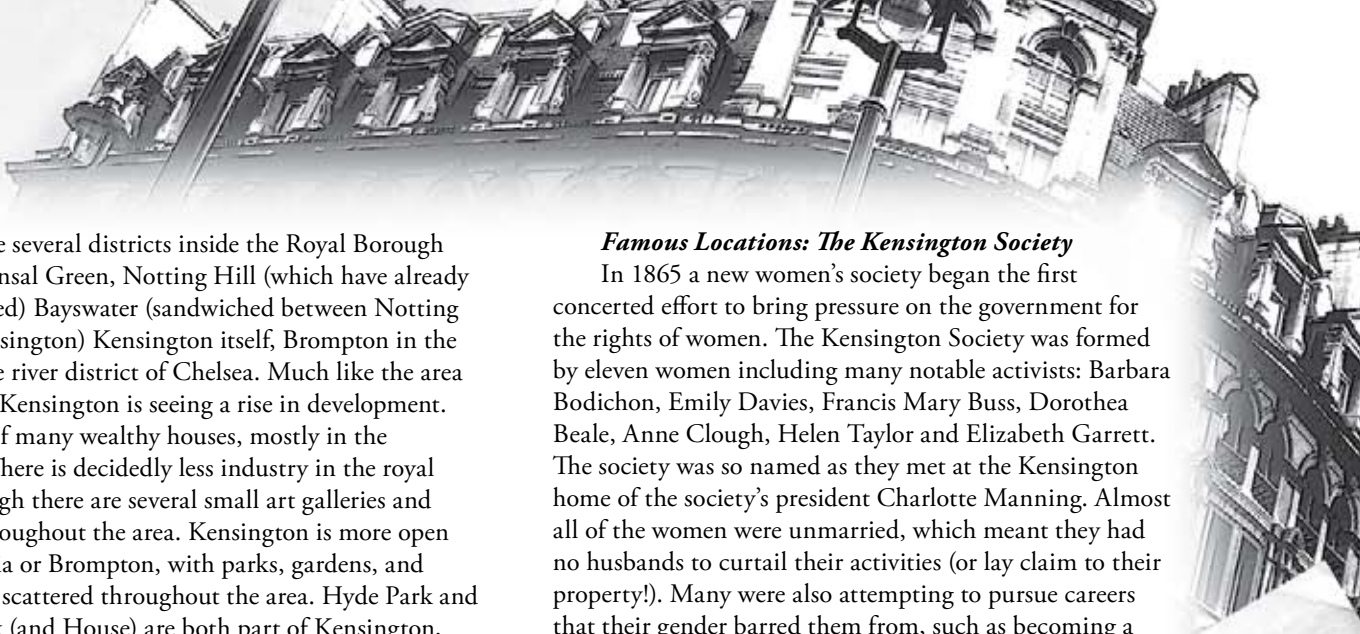
Police Presence: Heavy

Urchin Modifier: +2

Places to stay: West Kensington, Russell Street (9s./night, good quality); Alexandra, on Hyde Park at St. George's (14s.6d./night, very high quality).

Kensington is the heart of the West End. The royal borough contains the wonderful Hyde Park and Kensington Palace, once home to our Queen before her ascension to the Throne. It was the original home to the Crystal Palace and the 1851 Exposition, and is to be the site of 'Museumland', a scheme by the noted naturalist Sir Richard Owen to create annexes to the British Museum for Natural History near the Horticultural Gardens, where the 1862 Exhibition building was. The houses here are large and spacious and the police know to leave the upper classes to their own devices as long as everyone keeps the peace. Plenty of secrets lie behind closed doors, not least of which are found in Bogg Manor in South Kensington, home of the Domus Alucinae (see Faces in the Smoke Volume One – The Secret Masters)





There are several districts inside the Royal Borough including Kensal Green, Notting Hill (which have already been addressed) Bayswater (sandwiched between Notting Hill and Kensington) Kensington itself, Brompton in the south and the river district of Chelsea. Much like the area of Belgravia, Kensington is seeing a rise in development. It is the site of many wealthy houses, mostly in the aristocracy. There is decidedly less industry in the royal district, though there are several small art galleries and museums throughout the area. Kensington is more open than Belgravia or Brompton, with parks, gardens, and open squares scattered throughout the area. Hyde Park and Holland Park (and House) are both part of Kensington, with Green Park and St James' Park part of the borough surrounded by Mayfair, Belgravia and Westminster, Regents Park also lies close by north of Marylebone.

The region is almost purely upper class and wealthy, with almost none of the working class to be seen, other than the servants of the great houses. In addition to the construction going on near the Horticultural Gardens, there is a major building project just a few streets away at Kensington Station on High Street, where the next underground rail line to Charing Cross at Westminster is to be completed very soon.

Famous Locations: The Kensington Society

In 1865 a new women's society began the first concerted effort to bring pressure on the government for the rights of women. The Kensington Society was formed by eleven women including many notable activists: Barbara Bodichon, Emily Davies, Francis Mary Buss, Dorothea Beale, Anne Clough, Helen Taylor and Elizabeth Garrett. The society was so named as they met at the Kensington home of the society's president Charlotte Manning. Almost all of the women were unmarried, which meant they had no husbands to curtail their activities (or lay claim to their property!). Many were also attempting to pursue careers that their gender barred them from, such as becoming a medical doctor. This meant the Kensington Society was populated by some of the most educated, dedicated and intelligent women of the time.

While many of their meetings revolved around discussing the position on women in society and how their might change their role, they also pursued an active policy of political lobbying. In 1866 they delivered a 1500 name petition to a sympathetic MP who tried to amend the reform bill to include votes for women. The amendment was rejected (by 195 votes to 73) but the society continued to put pressure on government where they could.

The Kensington Society is the perfect organisation for politically active female player characters to become involved with. Not only is it one of the few women's organisations that promote intellectual discussion, it is also a place to make powerful friends, especially if a lady has a desire to break into a male dominated profession. With so many well placed women involved, they all do their best to assist and guide others towards career goals that are denied to them.

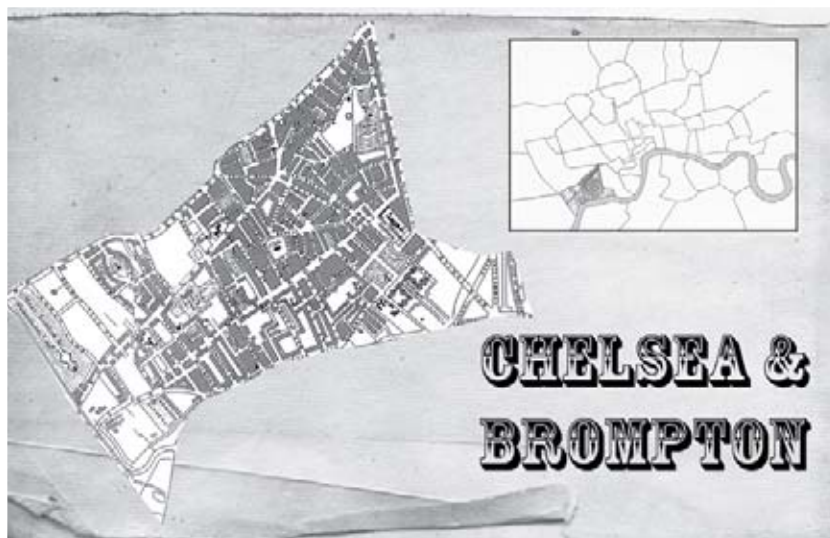
Famous Locations: Torston's Firearms

Torston's Firearms is famous all over London for its broad selection of firearms. Dwarf proprietor Emmanuel Torston is fully licenced by the Guild and carries Aetheric and Eldritch weapons (see Marvels of Science and Steampunk) in addition to his regular offerings. He's also able to recharge such weapons for a modest fee.



BROMPTON AND CHELSEA

Brompton, while being as wealthy and exclusive as Kensington, is much more built-up. Beginning at Brompton Road, the district sees a dramatic increase in the number of houses, buildings, and markets lining the streets. It is home to the hospital for Consumption & Chest Diseases, as well as the Brompton County Courts. Brompton runs into Chelsea with little change in the public features, save for small streets that branch off of Cheyne Walk, a small cobblestone street that runs along the Thames. The Battersea Bridge connects Chelsea with the south bank. The houses are smaller here, but often more elegant. The character of Kensington, Brompton and Chelsea are so similar they are only differentiated by which holds the most fashionable addresses for the season.



THOMAS CARLYLE

Sixty-three years old, 'The Sage of Chelsea' was born and educated in Scotland, before moving into his house at 5 Cheyne Row in 1835. By that time he was already a well known scholar in the field of German literature. He is a great friend of John Stuart Mill, John Ruskin, and Robert Browning. His works on the French Revolution, Chartism, and Oliver Cromwell have all been well received and his strong opinions on the necessarily ruthless nature of government have made him famous. He is a proponent of the private, not public, philanthropic tendencies of the day, and is himself given to charity; though witty and given to deep friendships, he can be irksome. He deeply loves his wife Jane, but her life with him is miserable due to his irascible nature.

He is an excellent 'big name' for middle and upper class characters to deal with, especially if the Gamemaster plays up his contradictory nature. Through him, the characters might meet such Victorian greats as John Ruskin, the art critic and John Stuart Mill, the famed philosopher.





THE CRYSTAL PALACE & THE GREAT EXPOSITION

First constructed in 1851 at the order of the Prince Regent Albert for the Great Exposition, the Crystal Palace was a masterpiece of modern engineering. Constructed from steel beams and glass, the sections were pre-fabricated and pieced together, allowing the massive building to be constructed in a matter of months. The Expo, and Crystal Palace particularly, were so popular that it was decided to move the building at the end of the Exposition to a new location so that people could continue to visit it. Most of the money made by the Crystal Palace was used to fund philanthropic endeavours, as per the wishes of the Late Prince Consort, most notably the series of museums being built in London. The Crystal Palace has become so important that it even has its own football team, created in 1861.

The scale of the place was designed to create awe, and it was successful. The steel and glass framework is deceptive; while it appears light and airy the structure is incredibly strong. This elegant structure covers 990,000 square feet of wonder and invention. Fountains play throughout the building, pushing over 100,000 gallons of water through 12,000 jets. The largest of the fountains, in the Great Transept, throws water two hundred fifty feet into the air.

Under the massive glass arches of Crystal Palace, are over 100,000 exhibits by 13,937 exhibitors, only half of which are from the kingdom and its dependencies. The British and colonial exhibits are in the wing westward of the 'Great Transept'. The goods range from tools and kitchen implements, to steel-making displays, looms, the latest steam-powered engines, and other industrial machinery. However, the exposition is not just a showcase for technological and industrial marvels. Spices, foods, and artwork from India and New Zealand are also popular. The eastward wing displays American reaping machines, revolving pistols, textile products and other goods – all of which can be purchased. There is also a display of the new Jacquard looms from France with their punch-card instructions. Displays in booths and courts that run up the wings of the Crystal Palace also show artwork and architecture from ancient Egypt to the Renaissance, dinosaur remains, geological samples, and statues from all over the world for the visitors to peruse.

The Great Transept is used by a multitude of groups for dog shows, flower shows, concerts, and other special exhibits. Circuses passing through London often perform at the Crystal Palace, and the latest aeronautical marvels hang suspended from the steel rafters.

ON DISPLAY IN 1867

WESTERN WING

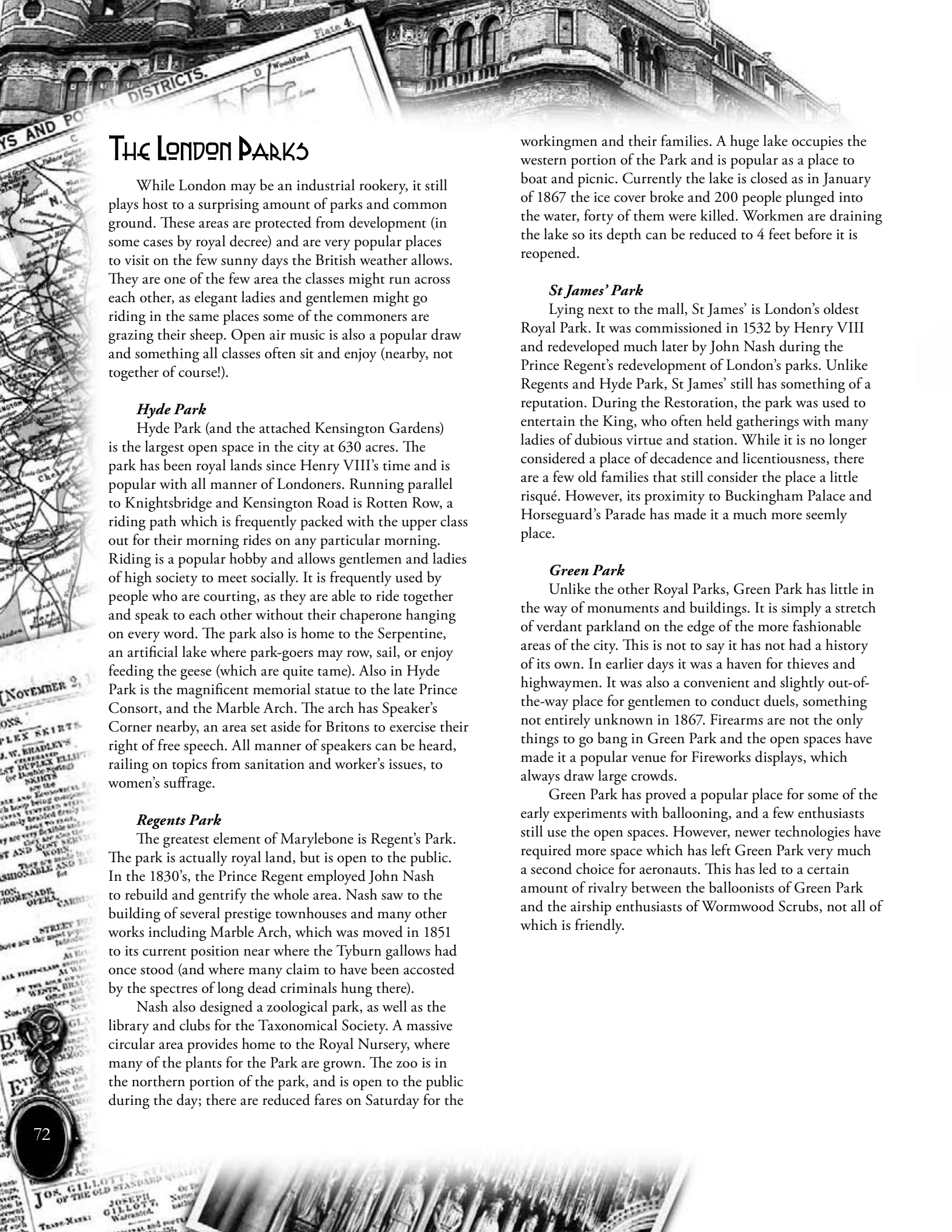
Bessemer Forges: new steel-forging machines
Babbage Machines: analytical engines run by punch-card, a prelude to his grand 'difference engine'
Webley Arms, Ltd.: new cartridge handguns
Lipton Teas: selling fine teas from India in new-fangled cloth bags
Merrell's Medicinal Accountrements: opium from north India, cocaine from the Americas
Chamberlain household items: cheap metal silverware and cooking implements
Mr. Crapper's Conveniences: pull-handle flush toilets; will install
Cadbury's: maker of fine chocolates and sweets
Thicke's Curries: maker of Indian curry, exotic fruit pastes, etc.
Bacardi Spirits: Jamaican rum producer, new brand
British Aeronautical Partnership: makers of coal-gas and hydrogen balloons and airships
Cunard Shipping Company: has models and information on their steamships

EASTERN WING

American Telegraph: new Edison-designed telegraphy machines
Armour Food Products: tinned meat products
Smith & Wesson: makers of fine cartridge weapons
Colt Firearms Company: celebrated maker of fine weapons
John Deere: maker of steel ploughs & steam-powered tractors
Quigley's Armoury: the human ironclad
Pullman Coachworks: manufacturers of high-quality railway coaches
Stanley Coachworks: makers of the Stanley Steamer automotive coach
Otis Machines: makers of mechanized lifts
Central American Shipping Company: Vanderbilt-owned steamship line providing transport throughout the Americas; currently trying to gain investment for a canal system through Nicaragua.

GRAND TRANSEPT

Royal Flower Show: with various new breeds of flowers from around the country.
HMAS Mayfly: one of the early prototypes of the Guild airships hangs from the roof of the transept, looming overhead.



THE LONDON PARKS

While London may be an industrial rookery, it still plays host to a surprising amount of parks and common ground. These areas are protected from development (in some cases by royal decree) and are very popular places to visit on the few sunny days the British weather allows. They are one of the few areas the classes might run across each other, as elegant ladies and gentlemen might go riding in the same places some of the commoners are grazing their sheep. Open air music is also a popular draw and something all classes often sit and enjoy (nearby, not together of course!).

Hyde Park

Hyde Park (and the attached Kensington Gardens) is the largest open space in the city at 630 acres. The park has been royal lands since Henry VIII's time and is popular with all manner of Londoners. Running parallel to Knightsbridge and Kensington Road is Rotten Row, a riding path which is frequently packed with the upper class out for their morning rides on any particular morning. Riding is a popular hobby and allows gentlemen and ladies of high society to meet socially. It is frequently used by people who are courting, as they are able to ride together and speak to each other without their chaperone hanging on every word. The park also is home to the Serpentine, an artificial lake where park-goers may row, sail, or enjoy feeding the geese (which are quite tame). Also in Hyde Park is the magnificent memorial statue to the late Prince Consort, and the Marble Arch. The arch has Speaker's Corner nearby, an area set aside for Britons to exercise their right of free speech. All manner of speakers can be heard, railing on topics from sanitation and worker's issues, to women's suffrage.

Regents Park

The greatest element of Marylebone is Regent's Park. The park is actually royal land, but is open to the public. In the 1830's, the Prince Regent employed John Nash to rebuild and gentrify the whole area. Nash saw to the building of several prestige townhouses and many other works including Marble Arch, which was moved in 1851 to its current position near where the Tyburn gallows had once stood (and where many claim to have been accosted by the spectres of long dead criminals hung there).

Nash also designed a zoological park, as well as the library and clubs for the Taxonomical Society. A massive circular area provides home to the Royal Nursery, where many of the plants for the Park are grown. The zoo is in the northern portion of the park, and is open to the public during the day; there are reduced fares on Saturday for the

workingmen and their families. A huge lake occupies the western portion of the Park and is popular as a place to boat and picnic. Currently the lake is closed as in January of 1867 the ice cover broke and 200 people plunged into the water, forty of them were killed. Workmen are draining the lake so its depth can be reduced to 4 feet before it is reopened.

St James' Park

Lying next to the mall, St James' is London's oldest Royal Park. It was commissioned in 1532 by Henry VIII and redeveloped much later by John Nash during the Prince Regent's redevelopment of London's parks. Unlike Regents and Hyde Park, St James' still has something of a reputation. During the Restoration, the park was used to entertain the King, who often held gatherings with many ladies of dubious virtue and station. While it is no longer considered a place of decadence and licentiousness, there are a few old families that still consider the place a little risqué. However, its proximity to Buckingham Palace and Horseguard's Parade has made it a much more seemly place.

Green Park

Unlike the other Royal Parks, Green Park has little in the way of monuments and buildings. It is simply a stretch of verdant parkland on the edge of the more fashionable areas of the city. This is not to say it has not had a history of its own. In earlier days it was a haven for thieves and highwaymen. It was also a convenient and slightly out-of-the-way place for gentlemen to conduct duels, something not entirely unknown in 1867. Firearms are not the only things to go bang in Green Park and the open spaces have made it a popular venue for Fireworks displays, which always draw large crowds.

Green Park has proved a popular place for some of the early experiments with ballooning, and a few enthusiasts still use the open spaces. However, newer technologies have required more space which has left Green Park very much a second choice for aeronauts. This has led to a certain amount of rivalry between the balloonists of Green Park and the airship enthusiasts of Wormwood Scrubs, not all of which is friendly.

BAYSWATER

Prosperity: Moderate to wealthy
Dominant Social Class: Middle-class, much of it Yehudite
Dominant Profession or Industry: Tailors, tinkers, shop work, restaurants.
Crime: Average
Police Presence: Heavy
Urchin Modifier: +1

Just north of Hyde Park is Bayswater. The area, like Kensington and Belgravia, is mostly nouveau riche looking to live near the older monied and titled families, but it is also home to a great many immigrants. The area is particularly popular with German Yehudites who escaped conscription and persecution in the various German countries. These Yehudites set up an enclave of talented craftsmen: jewellers and smiths, tinkers and tailors, watchmakers and cutlers, butchers and shop owners. Many are incredibly poor, but sacrifice much to profit and rise in their station. The Yehudite community works together, setting up benevolence societies and other groups to try and pool resources and collectively improve their lives.



ALEXEI BOROZCI

Borozci is a fixture of Baywater's evening scene. He is from somewhere in the Balkans, having apparently escaped a Turkish cavalry regiment that was sent out to kill him. This strength of force was considered necessary, since the infantry platoon sent before that was never seen again. There are many legends about Borozci, that he is a necromancer, an elite assassin or even a vampire. While he is careful to maintain the image of a genteel businessman, many consider him to be a lord of West End crime.

However, he is a quiet man who acts more like a banker, than an envoy of evil. To many of the locals he is simply referred to as Uncle Borozci, and often gives sweets out to the neighbourhood children. However, those who have crossed him tell a different story. They say he is fond of 'solidifying' his reputation to any who have dealings with him by showing them what he does to those that fail or double-cross him. He maintains a home in a mansion on the edge of Bayswater, near Paddington. Although there are suggestions that his real lair is underground, in the massive Roman catacombs found underneath the city.

For more detail on Alexei Borozci, see *Faces in the Smoke Volume One – The Secret Masters*.



Famous Locations: Bauman's

Arne and Marion Bauman are Bohemian (German) Yehudites that emigrated from Bohemia almost two decades ago. They have opened a shop in Bayswater where they provide excellent dishes from their homeland. This restaurant is popular with foreign visitors for the German-

style food and beer (made on premises) and by the other Bayswater Yehudites for the kosher food they provide. Bauman's would be an excellent place for non-Aluminat believers to frequent.

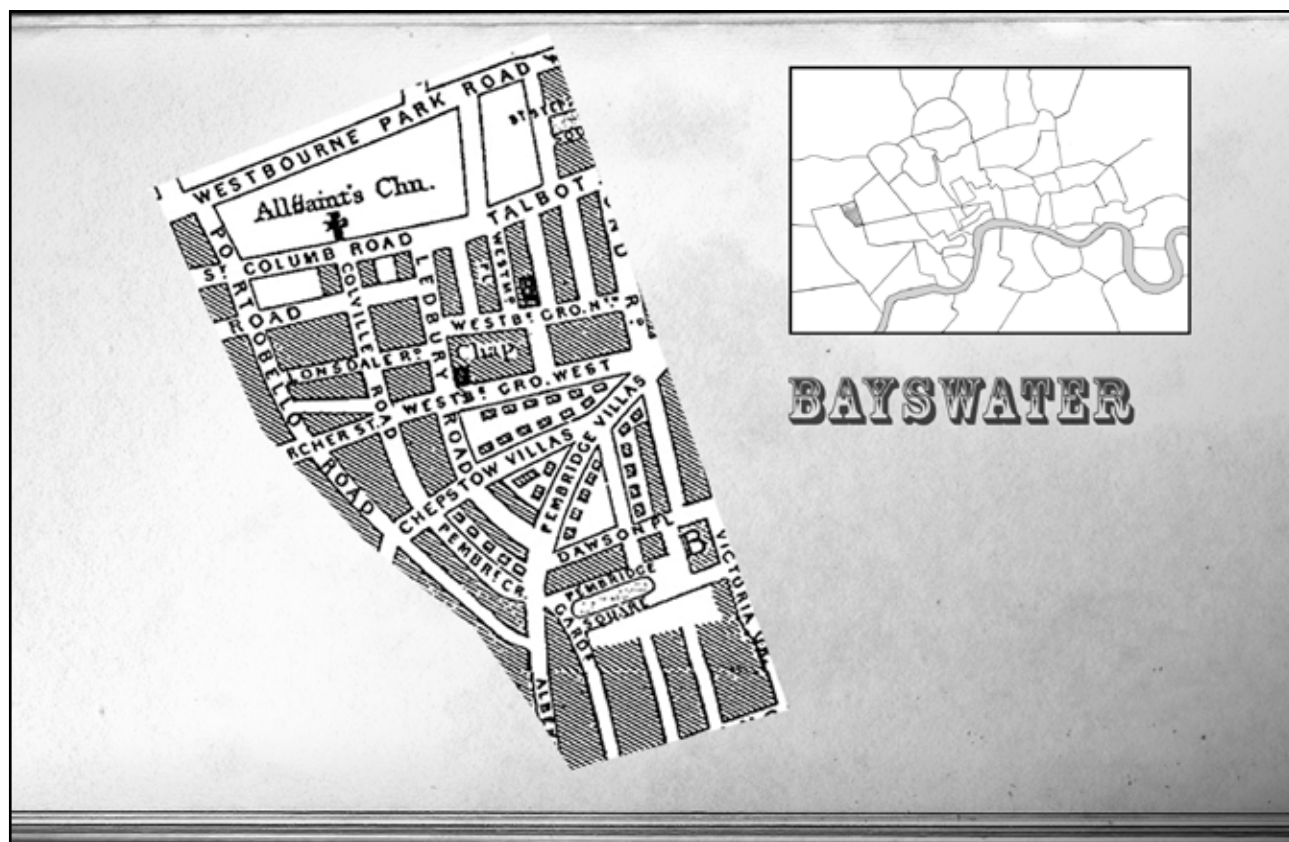
Famous Locations: Naomi's Apothecary

Affectionately known as "bubbie" by the locals due to her being 95 years old, Naomi Hirsch is actually a very beautiful Stepegoblin (although most mistake her as Eldren). She has a Slavic accent and acts the part of a matronly grandmother, inviting her customers to a

complementary cup of her famous chicken soup. Naomi is a potent channelling medium and is sought out as much for her connection with the spirit world as for her herbal ingredients and remedies.

Famous Locations: Reynolds & Son, Tailors

Despite the Scottish name, the Reynolds are actually from Berlin. Like many others they emigrated so their son, Aaron, could escape conscription by the burgeoning Prussian military. They are excellent tailors with a flair for the dramatic. Where most tailors are going with more subdued and priestly fashions, Reynolds brings a certain panache to their work. Silk lapels, colourful waistcoats and knit socks are part of their inventory and make them a favourite with Benjamin Disraeli.





PADDINGTON

Prosperity: Moderate

Dominant Social Class: Working-class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Farming, garden work, vineyards.

Crime: Average

Police Presence: Average

Urchin Modifier: -1

Places to stay: Bath and Cheltenham, London

Street (10s./night, good quality); Western Counties,

London Street (10s.6d./night, good quality).

Paddington had been, until very recently, almost completely undeveloped. The land is in the possession of the Aluminat and is nominally under the control of the Bishop of London. The few people that live in the Paddington area are tenants of the Church and much of the land is still used for farming or as park and nursery lands. The area is bounded by Uxbridge Road from Hyde Park, from Marylebone by Edgware Road, and in the north by the Bayswater Rivulet. The area has a swath of housing toward the west, all in Church hands, which it rents to the working and lower classes. Stanhope Square holds the St. John Church, a fine representation of the Aluminat's presence in the area. St. Mary's Hospital is also run by the Church and is open to all persons, with special rates for the poor.

Perhaps the most important location in the district is Paddington Station, one of the busiest in the city. Paddington is the main station for the rail lines heading west and north out of London. New sidings have recently connected Paddington with Kensington, but Paddington remains the main rail station for the north-western section of London. Even more impressive is the recent completion by the Metropolitan Railway Company of an underground train line from Paddington (Bishop Street Station) to Farringdon Station in Holborn. This is the first of more 'underground' schemes to connect the various rail stations in the city without having to demolish buildings and construct elevated rails.

Famous Locations: Paddington Vineyards

One of the least expected businesses to find in the smog shrouded streets of Paddington are its vineyards. A strange scene in London, to be sure, but the vineyards are healthy and prospering. Lines of grapes are safely housed behind stone walls and cared for inside great steel and glass greenhouses. The wine produced is of middling quality to most refined palettes, but they do make a popular table wine. The vineyards provide employment for the local area during the harvesting and wine-making seasons, and as such are often 'looked after' by local gangs.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, BISHOP OF LONDON

The current bishop is due to retire shortly and the Aluminat churchman is elderly and extraordinarily cranky. Even his most trusted assistants will be glad to see him go. This is a fairly recent development as, until just last year, the Bishop had been bright and energetic. He was a fine administrator who increased the income from the Paddington lands. However, a recent affliction of the brain has changed him greatly, and he is steadily more infirm. While it seems he will soon be succeeded by John Jackson, he is also in line for the post of Cardinal of Canterbury. Despite his illness he is extremely active in church affairs, but many are concerned that he is not well enough for the strains of a higher office.

The Bishop might be encountered at a service or more likely during some meeting over the price of land under the London bishopric's control. He is grumpy, fussy, and obviously in ill mental health. He speaks with a heavy slur and has no noticeable change in facial expression from his recent mild stroke.

Will Cutherford and his wife Emma are the caretakers and vintners at Paddington. Both are English, but have lived abroad for a long time. Will was an apprentice winemaker in northern Spain, near Barcelona. He was convinced by the Bishop of London to take over their ailing vineyard from the previous manager, an Italian who hated the English weather and left on the reunification of his country. The Cutherfords live in a small farmhouse not far from the vineyard greenhouses, which are technically part of the farmlands occupying northern Paddington.

Cutherford is a well-travelled and educated man with a strong knowledge of the inner workings for the Aluminat church. Though not ordained, and by no means wealthy, he has managed to become friendly with members of the Church. He is a frequent guest at Aluminat functions (which generally do not serve their average quality wine). and of the Bishop himself. He is an excellent source of gossip concerning the Church, its people and policies.

Famous Locations: McKinnon Funeral Service

One of the more upmarket funeral directors in the area is McKinnon's, a family business that has been around for several generations. It is a very busy place, although still very quiet and reserved. It is also noted that many of the mourners it employs seem more than able to handle themselves, possibly for fear of body snatchers making off with the deceased.



In truth the funeral parlour is a front for the Observant Society of the Meek. It maintains a funeral business but most of the activity is the organisation dealing with undead monstrosities rather than interring the recently deceased. The business premises are spacious with plenty of secret rooms. It also maintains a secret door in the cellar leading into the sewers and the undercity.

For more information of the Observant Society of the Meek see Faces in the Smoke Volume Two – Shadows and Steel.

MARYLEBONE

Marylebone is a Parliamentary borough. Expensive houses in the Clarendon and Beaufort Terraces, line Edgware Road, with huge gardens that stretch into the Harrow School Estate. The grazing land (what little there is left) still grants revenue to that famed school. The houses and squares that comprise the southern portion of the district, bounded on the south by Oxford Street and on the north by Regent's Park, is full of expensive villas and well-manicured squares. The area is fashionable with the newly well-to-do, as well as the older, landed families of England. The St. Mary-le-Bone & St. George Burying Ground is here, a graveyard for the rich and fashionable. The church which gave its name to the district is just north of the Graveyard, on The New Road, and has its accompanying workhouse nearby. Additionally, there is a St. Mary-le-Bone Synagogue, just a few streets away on The New Road.

Prosperity: Rich

Dominant Social Class: Upper and middle-class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Shops, servant work.

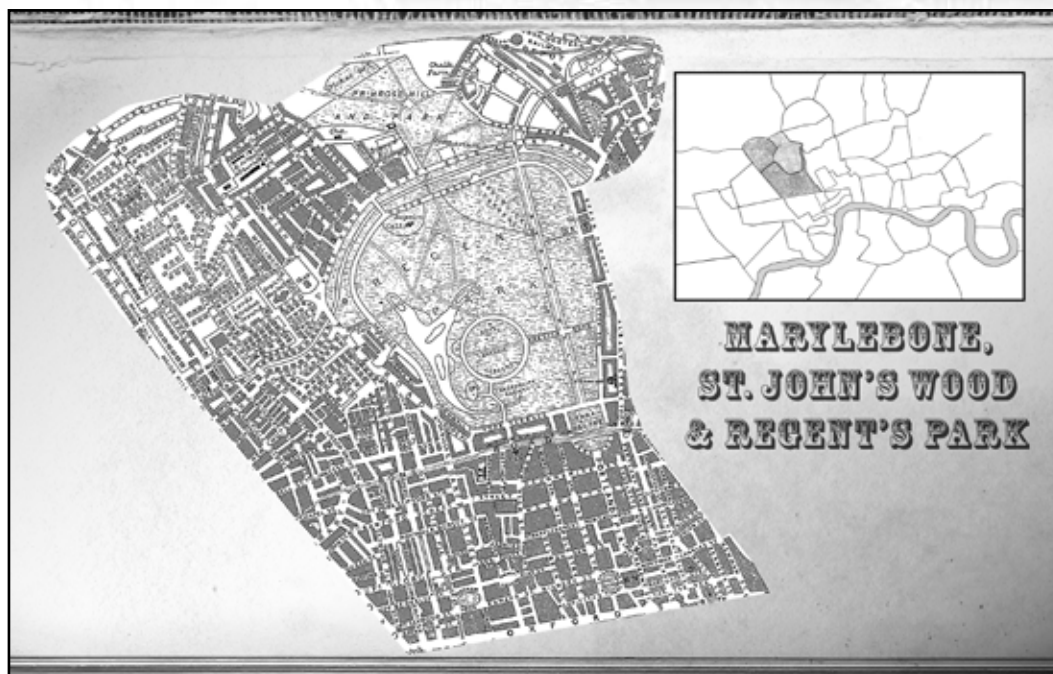
Crime: Low

Police Presence: Heavy

Urchin Modifier: +2

Places to stay: Hebditch's Hotel, Great Portland Street (8s./night, poor quality); Durrant's, on Portman Square (11s./night, good quality); Langham Hotel, Portland Square (14s.6d./night, very high quality).

Among the fashionable address here are Portman Square on Berkeley Street, Montagne and Bryanstone Square nearby, as well as Dorset and Blandford Squares in the north. This western portion of Marylebone is owned by the 7th Viscount of Portman; and covers the 250 acre parcel that runs from Oxford Street to Aberdeen Place, and stops at Edgware Road. To the east of it is the property of the 5th Duke of Portland and the rents from the area provide considerable income. The Portland Estate is on Great Portland Street. Also part of the original estate is Cavendish Square, a circular park with elegant walkways which, when viewed from above, create a pleasing design. Just south of Portland Place is All Soul's Church, a fine example of Georgian era architecture. Marylebone is also



home to the National Hospital for Disease of the Heart and Middlesex Hospital, a fine private hospital that caters mostly to the wealthy.

Marylebone also contains Regent's Park (which we have detailed above) and just to the east of the park are the Cavalry Barracks across the street from Clarence Terrace. The barracks and attendant grounds are attached to the Regent's Park Haymarket, which is open to the public, as well as the army.

Famous Locations: Harley Street

This small street not far from Oxford Street is gradually gaining a reputation as the place to find the best private doctors in London. The street houses not only private practitioners, but also several medical agencies and organisations. Those requiring surgery can often find the most proficient surgeons operating their own operating theatres here. Many Guild healers also offer their services here, although there are not many as few Guild healers like to actually work for a living.

Famous Locations: Harrison and Tucker's Prosthetics

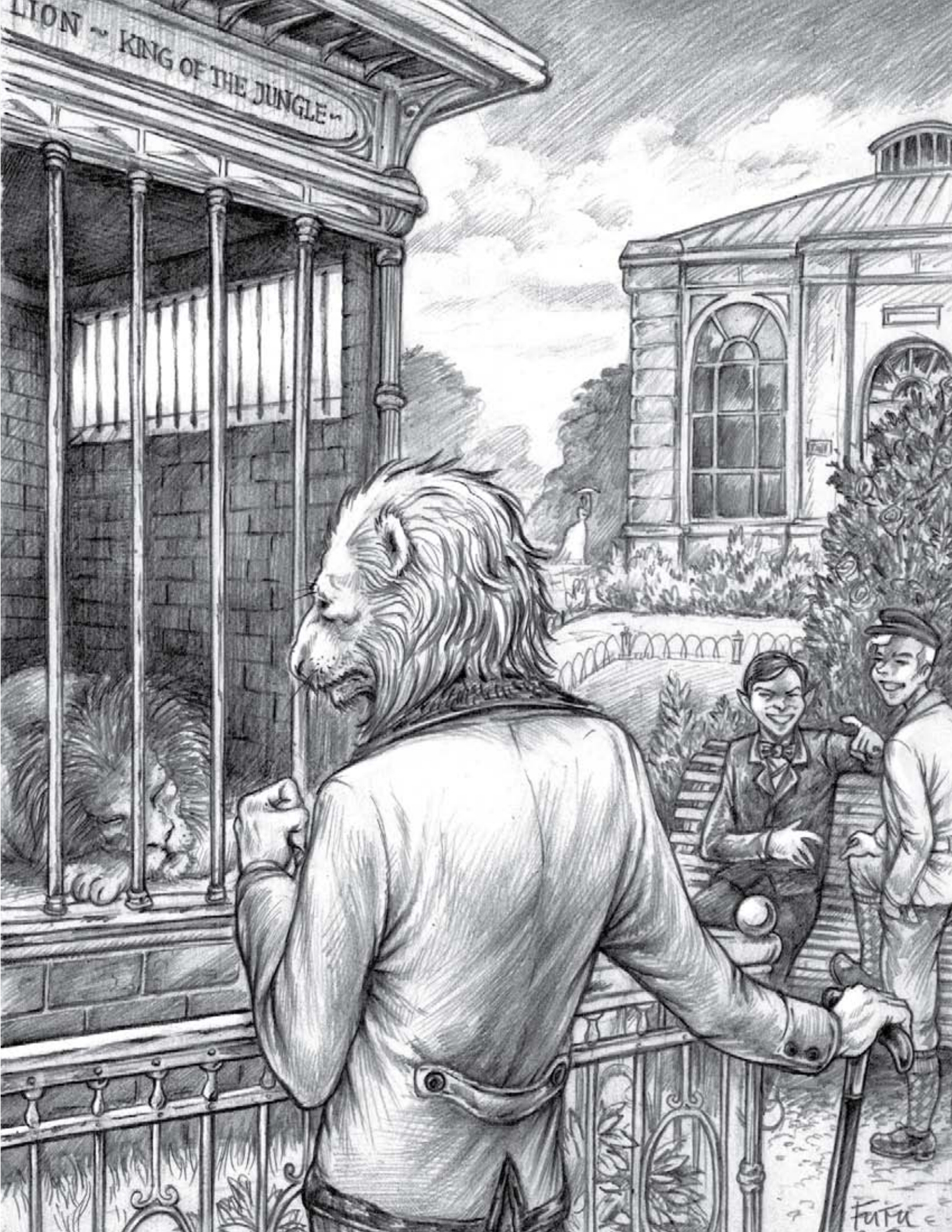
This prosthetics shop and surgery centre draws upper and middle class clients from all over London. The shared practice includes Dr Algernon Harrison and Gnome engineer Martin Tucker. Tucker custom builds clockwork limbs while Dr Harrison installs and maintains them. For more information on clockwork limbs see *Faulkner's Guide to Millinery and Miscellanea* or *Marvels of Science and Steampunk*.

LORD GEORGE MACE

Lord Mace is the heir of the 6th Earl of Inversnaid, a fairly new family who have made much of their fortune on canny investments and a massive distillery in the town they are named for. Mace is a quintessential Victorian aristocrat, raised to do nothing. He is elegant and stylish, but seemingly incapable of much other than riding and attending his club. Lord Mace runs a small social society called the Orientalist Club that meet in his home in Portman Square in Marylebone. The house is very well appointed as befits its wealthy owner, but other than that does not stand out.

This is all an act. Mace is a cunning man with peculiar tastes, he is bisexual, a voyeur, a sadomasochist, and delights in many of the darker aspects of his sexuality. He is also well connected with the Aluminat church, the Masons and the Guild and is a sorcerer of remarkable talent (due to Eldren blood in his family line). Mace is an interesting choice for those Gamemasters and players who aren't afraid to get more 'adult' with their campaigns. He is a savvy and intelligent man who is good at keeping himself in the good graces of his betters; he should be played with only a hint of the corruption that lurks underneath his sophisticated demeanour.

For more information on Lord Mace and his Orientalist Club, see *Faces in the Smoke Volume One – The Secret Masters*.





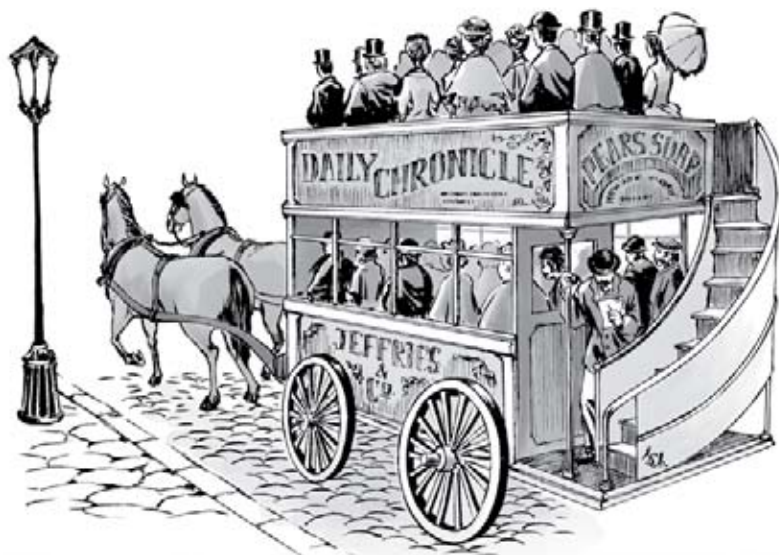
ST. JOHN'S WOOD

Prosperity: Rich
Dominant Social Class: Middle and Upper-class (mostly successful entertainers)
Dominant Profession or Industry: Servant work and construction. Most of the people living in the area are actresses and mistresses of great men.
Crime: Average
Police Presence: Average
Urchin Modifier: +1

These districts are technically part of Marylebone, but have developed their own particular characteristics. St. John's Wood (on the west side of Regent's Park) has seen an explosion of development recently. The primary residents are the nouveau riches and successful actors and actresses of London theatre. Many of the homes are large, with great yards surrounding them, and these homes are popular with gentlemen callers (visiting their mistress they've hidden away in the district).

St. John's Church and the associated cemetery are on St. John's Wood Road. The church runs an orphanage right next door, a massive place that sees a surprising amount of contribution from the wealthy and aristocratic elements of London society. Next to that is the Lords' Cricket Ground, where all professional matches in the city are played.

The entire district is the property of the Eyre family and provides Colonel Henry Samuel Eyre with a fortune. There are artillery barracks in the northern portion of the district, next to St. John's Wood Farm, where the Eyres have several fields and a successful winery.



ST. PANCRAS

Prosperity: Well-to-do
Dominant Social Class: Upper-class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Government types and military, tavern owners.
Crime: Low
Police Presence: Heavy
Urchin Modifier: 0
Places to stay: Midlands Grand (14s./night, very high quality).

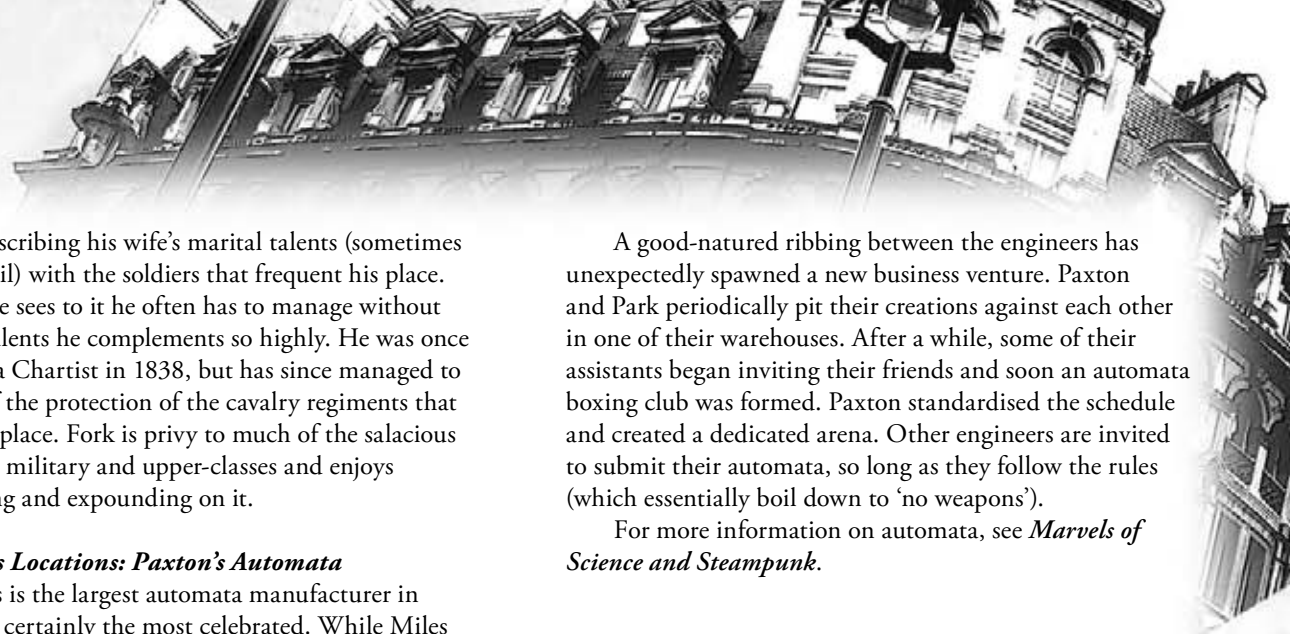
St. Pancras is on the east side of Regent's Park and the Cavalry grounds. Owned by the Baron Southampton, the area is named after the boot-shape it takes on. The family gives its name to the Fitzroy Square on Grafton Street. It is the location of the Covent Gardens Workhouse, where the down-on-their-luck can find work in one of the great houses of the area. St. Pancras is also home to the greatest number of furniture manufacturers in London, from small family-owned shops to massive workshops. There are sawmills, polishing shops, and turners throughout the area. Most shops and craftsmen have a particular speciality, be it cabinet making, chair making or adapting foreign styles for the London consumer.

St. Pancras is also home to the beautiful Euston Station, a neo-classical set of buildings with a large arched entryway supported by Doric columns. Built in 1838, Euston was one of the first rail stations in northern London and until last decade was the only one servicing connections to north England and Scotland. The heavy traffic has been split now between Paddington, which handles much of the north-western traffic, and King's Cross, which handles much of the long-distance connections.

Famous Locations: The Fork & Albany Tavern

The Fork & Albany is located on Stanhope Terrace and is a popular watering hole for Cavalry officers (from the nearby barracks) and politicians who live in St. Pancras. It is an excellent place for military characters to meet during an adventure. The place is run by Nicholas Fork, an incredibly heavy-set, powerful Dwarf from Yorkshire who came to London for unspecified reasons, with a bag of cash from unknown sources.

Fork is married to a human woman, Giselle, a farmer's daughter from Hampstead, whom is deeply attached to. However he has



a habit of describing his wife's marital talents (sometimes in great detail) with the soldiers that frequent his place. Ironically she sees to it he often has to manage without those very talents he complements so highly. He was once arrested for a Chartist in 1838, but has since managed to earn himself the protection of the cavalry regiments that frequent his place. Fork is privy to much of the salacious gossip of the military and upper-classes and enjoys disseminating and expounding on it.

Famous Locations: Paxton's Automata

Paxton's is the largest automata manufacturer in London and certainly the most celebrated. While Miles Paxton is a very competent engineer, his reputation is greatly enhanced by his partner, Nicodemus Park. A Cyclops, Mr Park infuses Patagonian techniques into Paxton's designs. They have proven popular enough that Paxton has been able to expand operations to Manchester and Liverpool.

A good-natured ribbing between the engineers has unexpectedly spawned a new business venture. Paxton and Park periodically pit their creations against each other in one of their warehouses. After a while, some of their assistants began inviting their friends and soon an automata boxing club was formed. Paxton standardised the schedule and created a dedicated arena. Other engineers are invited to submit their automata, so long as they follow the rules (which essentially boil down to 'no weapons').

For more information on automata, see *Marvels of Science and Steampunk*.



BLOOMSBURY

Prosperity: Average to well-off
Dominant Social Class: Middle class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Tailors, other small clothing manufacturers
Crime: Low
Police Presence: Average
Urchin Modifier: +1
Places to stay: Joslin's, Falcon Street (7s.6d./night, poor quality);

This area on the border of the West End and Centre of the city is owned mostly by the Duke of Bedford. In 1800, the fifth duke began concerted efforts to improve the land north of Holborn Street to fund the improvements to his Bedfordshire home, Woburn. New gardens were put in and roads improved with the demolition of Bedford House in the district. He had created Bedford Square, in which there is a statue of the duke with a hand on a plough, the other holding a stalk of corn. This alluded to his position on the Board of Agriculture and his personal identification of himself as a 'man of the land'.

Of course the work of creating roads, gardens, terraces, and homes fell to Thomas Cubitt of Belgravia fame; he leased lands for the enterprise, much of that revenue is what powers the Bedfords' fortunes. Though the houses here are large and well-built, the area is not as fashionable as it once was. It is still a respectable place, with reasonable rents, making it a haven for the middle-class worker or family. The streets are still predominantly cobble-stone, but the traffic level is low and almost non-existent at night, making it a quiet, safe place to live. There are also a host of hospitals, including the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, and the Italian Hospital (a specialty hospital for Italians living in London).

The London and North-western Railroad cuts through this district, connecting Euston Station to the Midlands. On Upper Gower Street, one finds the campus of the University College. There are faculties for art (the Slade School of Arts), law, science, and engineering, as well as medicine at the campus. Entrance to the University does not require an exam; one may choose the classes one wishes, as long as you can afford the cost of university at around £50 per annum.

Famous Locations: The British Museum

The building housing the British Museum is on Great Russell Street and is only twenty years old. In addition to housing the antiquities of the museum, the building acts as the national library. The museum is broken into departments: from prehistoric to modern, as well as

regional departments, art and coin departments, and a research laboratory.

The most famous departments are the Egyptian Antiquities and the Greek & Roman Antiquities departments. The former houses the famed Rosetta Stone (the tablet that proved the key in correcting the Guild's imperfect knowledge of Egyptian hieroglyphics) the latter holds the Elgin Marbles (elements of the Acropolis and other monuments saved from destruction and donated by Lord Elgin). Other departments include Romano-British Antiquities, Medieval Antiquities, Oriental and West Asiatic Antiquities, the Department of Coins and Medals, Department of Prints and Drawings, and the very popular but small Department of Faerie Antiquities. While the Faerie kingdoms and their people died out around the 15th century, their places of power still hold a fascination. Many scholars believe there are still areas where their ancient magic lies dormant, awaiting the right person to unlock its dusty secrets.

Each area has its own display room in this massive, Italianate edifice. The rooms are opened from 11 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon. Special workmens' days are staged every Sunday, from 2 to 5 in the afternoon for tuppence. On the floors above the public rooms, are the offices, laboratories and the libraries of the Museum; these rooms are closed to the public, save by special invitation or appointment through the Museum secretary. If you require the skills of an antiquities expert, the British Museum is the first place you need to visit.

ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON

Born in 1836 in Whitechapel, Elizabeth was to become Britain's first qualified female doctor in 1865 (beaten to it in 1849 by Elizabeth Blackwell, an Englishwoman who had emigrated to America). Elizabeth had to fight for many years simply to be allowed to take the exams that qualified her and helped pave the way for women in medicine. Her career in 1867 is still shocking to some and inspirational to others.

At this time she works in St Mary's dispensary in Bloomsbury where she offers medical assistance to the poor. She is also very popular with women who (understandably) prefer a woman doctor.

For Statistics you should unsurprisingly use 'Doctor' (*Victoriana Second Edition Core Rulebook* p328) but remember Elizabeth has had to be better than most to get where she has!

The museum, of course, has all sorts of artefacts and items from around the world and throughout time. The Guild has tried to insist for many years it should have unrestricted access to the museum vault in case they locate 'items of dangerous magical power'. However the mundane scholars of the museum have managed to maintain their sovereignty over their stores, much to the Guild's chagrin. The Guild is often called in for advice, and their agents must be watched as they are usually under orders to snoop around as much as possible. Many items are still undergoing investigation in the laboratories, or sitting in the warehouses in the sublevels, waiting for discovery or for someone to unleash them on an unsuspecting world...



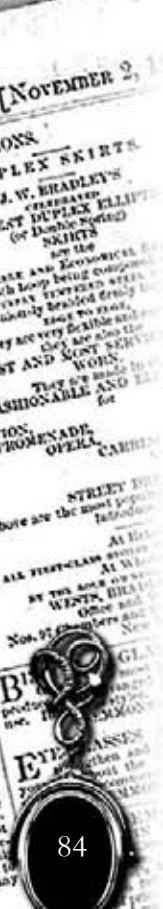
MAYFAIR

Prosperity: Very Rich
Dominant Social Class: Upper-class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Government & theatre; prostitution
Crime: Medium (high in Soho and on Drury Lane)
Police Presence: Heavy
Urchin Modifier: -1

Mayfair is the heart of London's leisure time, the centre of club and theatre life in London. Here the men that run the nation stop to take lunch, to talk over policy, and in the evening, to enjoy the finest the stage has to offer. St. James Park, and the adjoining Green Park and Queen's Gardens are part of Mayfair's charms. There are several specialty hospitals in the area, including the French Hospital, which caters to citizens of that country and is run by the French Embassy, also in this district. Piccadilly runs right through the district, turning into Knightsbridge on the south side of Hyde Park, which bounds the area in the west.

Piccadilly is home to a wealth of markets, high quality shops and the new-fangled department stores where one can get all manner of goods and services in one place! The road gives its name to a small section of Mayfair where theatres and dance halls line the streets, their brightly lit marques illuminating the whole area at night. The effect is almost magical when coupled with the fine clothes on the patrons and the fine carriages clogging the streets in the evening. Mayfair is part of 'Theatreland,' the area of London where almost all the main theatres of the age can be found. The rest of Theatreland is found across Charing Cross, Covent Gardens and Soho in Leicester Square, Drury Lane and Shaftsbury Avenue.

For all its glamour, Mayfair is best known for the Gentlemen's clubs which populate the area. The main attraction of the club is as a haven from the outside world. Here gentlemen can meet to discuss politics off the record, drink or take meals, and most importantly, to gamble. St. James Road is home to Brooks and Boodles; both founded in the 1770s, as well as Carlton, founded in 1826, and the eldest of clubs, White's. These clubs are primarily political in nature, with membership restricted along party lines. Brooks is primarily for Whigs, and is infamous for the gaming that goes on in the meeting rooms. Boodles is much more refined, and has yet to have a scandal attached to it. White's is staunchly a-political in membership, and is known for having strange bets on the books. Carlton, now moved to Pall Mall, is a Tory club and a semi-official arm of the party, where political meetings are held.



Also on Pall Mall are the Athenaeum and United Services Club, new clubs created in the late 1820s. The Athenaeum is primarily for men of scientific and philosophic interest or accomplishment. Members include Henry Tomas Huxley, Charles Darwin, and Robert Owen. The United Services Club is for the military and is a place where men from the fighting forces, both Navy and Army, may be members but only if they have achieved the rank of major in the army or captain in the navy. It is one of the cheaper clubs to join at £10/10s per annum. Further east on Pall Mall, one finds the Royal College of Physicians, the august body which sets the qualifications for becoming a doctor in England. They also advise the government on matters of the public health, including matters of sanitation, the regulation of transmittable diseases, and the regulation of the composition of medicines, a power it received in 1864.

Pall Mall is currently torn up and expected to remain that way for another six months as the Metropolitan Railway Company completes the Kensington to Westminster underground railway. Sections of Green Park are also torn up and one can see the navvies digging into the earth with steam drills and steam-powered shovels. After they have dug deep enough, the track is laid and the tube bricked over, before the streets are resurfaced. Though an interesting bit of engineering, the work is long and contributes to massive traffic congestion in the area. When completed, however, it should allow those government servants living in Kensington a swift and unimpeded way to get to the Houses of Parliament and other offices of government without obstruction by traffic.

Mayfair is also the site of St. James Palace on Marlborough Street and Pall Mall. St. James is the official residence of Her Majesty when she is in town. The building was built by Henry VIII and has been the senior residence for centuries. The Chapel Royal was the site of Her Majesty's wedding in 1840. Directly across Marlborough Road is Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, and the centre of the prince's social set.

Famous Locations: Savile Row

This small street running parallel to Regent's Street is renowned as the place to find the best bespoke tailoring in the city. The street is packed almost exclusively with tailor shops, and competition is fierce for a place here. While many tailors here do cater for the ladies, Savile Row is most associated with fine gentleman's clothing. So for many among the upper class, Savile Row is the only place to even consider visiting when looking for a new suit.

Famous Locations: Ping's Jade Dragon

Though the place has no actual name, Ping Li has an opium den referred to by its patrons as 'the Jade Dragon'. Ostensibly a gentleman's club/pub located under the Martley art gallery the Jade Dragon is a small place kept in business by the opium profits. The den is popular with the upper and middle-class, looking to chase the dragon without risking the dangers of the East End.

The place is small and well stocked with luxurious green-baize couches for the guests (hence the Jade part of the name) and young Chinese girls (actually Annamese) to service the clientele. The place is well-known to the





police of nearby Scotland Yard. Several of the detectives are regulars.

Famous Locations: Brook's Club

Located on St. James Street, Brooks' is a Whigs' haven. The club is blatantly political and many of the members are either Members of Parliament or in business. The club is large and well-stocked for the comfort of the members, with a library, some private dining rooms, sleeping quarters for the man on the move, and a large common room that is host to some of the highest stakes gambling in the city. The membership fee is £50 to join and £25/6s per annum to subscribe. The applicant, in addition to having the proper political affiliations, must be sponsored by at least two members in good standing.

Famous Locations: Boodles

This club is much more refined than its companions. Boodles enforces a strict dress and behaviour policy that makes the place stodgy and elitist in feel. It is one of the better clubs for older gentlemen who want some peace and quiet, excellent service, and a comfortable armchair to sleep in. Proper attire is required for the dining room; anything less requires one to eat in the 'Dirty Room', a room for those who are not presentable for dinner. The place is quiet as a grave, save for in the dining rooms, where the conversation is hushed. A Boodles membership shows one to be well disciplined and gentlemanly and association with the establishment is a great honour. Membership fees are

comparable to Brook's and require impeccable references and sponsorship of a member in good standing; Boodles has the highest rejection rate in the London club scene.

Famous Locations: The Athenaeum

This club is for the man of scientific or philosophic bent. The membership fees are an easy £31/10s to join, £8/8s per annum in subscription, and the applicant must be sponsored by a member in good standing. The Athenaeum has one of the longer time-frames for approval. Most applicants wait at least a year, but the rejection rate is fairly low. Men of particular accomplishment are more quickly approved. The club has, in addition to the usual dining facilities and library, scientific laboratories on the upper floor and a large address hall for presentations on the ground floor. Scientific presentations and debates are frequent, usually one a week.

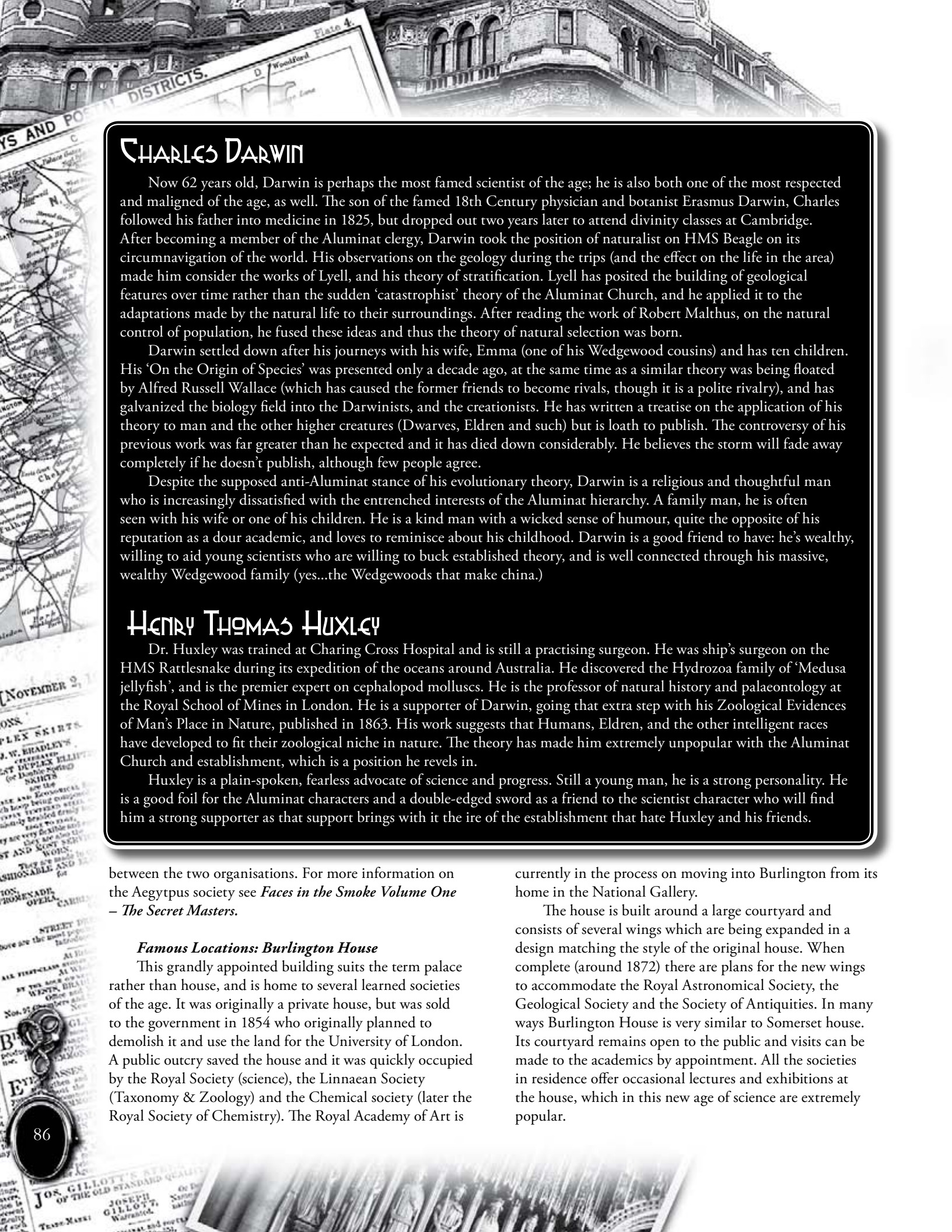
Famous Locations: The Egyptian Hall

Built in 1812, the Egyptian Hall owes much to the British hobby of building follies. It was originally designed to house the collection of its builder, the goldsmith and jeweller William Bullock. Bullock was an enthusiastic amateur collector of objet 'd'art and built an extensive and eclectic collection of artefacts, curiosities, oddities and stuffed animals. The building is as strange as the collection, with its Egyptian facade standing out from the buildings that neighbour it. The inside is, if anything, more spectacular, with vivid hieroglyphics and grand statues of the gods between the pillars. To step into the place is to leave England and visit the ancient palaces of the pharaohs.

Since Bullock's death in 1849, the hall has passed through several owners, and gradually moved from being a museum to a venue for large exhibits and panoramas. As the hall is not especially large it offers one large exhibit for the visitor, but these change regularly. These exhibits are mainly panoramas using models and photography that give the impression of walking in the tombs of the pharaohs or the streets of ancient Cairo. The large exhibits are sometimes artworks by renowned artists, usually sculpture but often more avant-garde pieces. Several smaller side rooms play host to exhibitions of Egyptian trinkets and some of the remaining oddities from Bullock's original collection.

Famous Locations: The Aegyptus Society

Not far from the Egyptian Hall lies the Aegyptus society, a fashionable scientific club on the borders of Mayfair. The clubhouse of the Aegyptus Society has a certain Egyptian charm to it but is nowhere near as ornate as the Egyptian Hall. The academics of the Aegyptus Society often object to the inaccuracies in the Egyptian Hall's dioramas. Some have been known to visit so they might mock in a loud voice, contributing to a cold rivalry



CHARLES DARWIN

Now 62 years old, Darwin is perhaps the most famed scientist of the age; he is also both one of the most respected and maligned of the age, as well. The son of the famed 18th Century physician and botanist Erasmus Darwin, Charles followed his father into medicine in 1825, but dropped out two years later to attend divinity classes at Cambridge. After becoming a member of the Aluminate clergy, Darwin took the position of naturalist on HMS Beagle on its circumnavigation of the world. His observations on the geology during the trips (and the effect on the life in the area) made him consider the works of Lyell, and his theory of stratification. Lyell has posited the building of geological features over time rather than the sudden 'catastrophist' theory of the Aluminate Church, and he applied it to the adaptations made by the natural life to their surroundings. After reading the work of Robert Malthus, on the natural control of population, he fused these ideas and thus the theory of natural selection was born.

Darwin settled down after his journeys with his wife, Emma (one of his Wedgewood cousins) and has ten children. His 'On the Origin of Species' was presented only a decade ago, at the same time as a similar theory was being floated by Alfred Russell Wallace (which has caused the former friends to become rivals, though it is a polite rivalry), and has galvanized the biology field into the Darwinists, and the creationists. He has written a treatise on the application of his theory to man and the other higher creatures (Dwarves, Eldren and such) but is loath to publish. The controversy of his previous work was far greater than he expected and it has died down considerably. He believes the storm will fade away completely if he doesn't publish, although few people agree.

Despite the supposed anti-Aluminate stance of his evolutionary theory, Darwin is a religious and thoughtful man who is increasingly dissatisfied with the entrenched interests of the Aluminate hierarchy. A family man, he is often seen with his wife or one of his children. He is a kind man with a wicked sense of humour, quite the opposite of his reputation as a dour academic, and loves to reminisce about his childhood. Darwin is a good friend to have: he's wealthy, willing to aid young scientists who are willing to buck established theory, and is well connected through his massive, wealthy Wedgewood family (yes...the Wedgewoods that make china.)

HENRY THOMAS HUXLEY

Dr. Huxley was trained at Charing Cross Hospital and is still a practising surgeon. He was ship's surgeon on the HMS Rattlesnake during its expedition of the oceans around Australia. He discovered the Hydrozoa family of 'Medusa jellyfish', and is the premier expert on cephalopod molluscs. He is the professor of natural history and palaeontology at the Royal School of Mines in London. He is a supporter of Darwin, going that extra step with his Zoological Evidences of Man's Place in Nature, published in 1863. His work suggests that Humans, Eldren, and the other intelligent races have developed to fit their zoological niche in nature. The theory has made him extremely unpopular with the Aluminate Church and establishment, which is a position he revels in.

Huxley is a plain-spoken, fearless advocate of science and progress. Still a young man, he is a strong personality. He is a good foil for the Aluminate characters and a double-edged sword as a friend to the scientist character who will find him a strong supporter as that support brings with it the ire of the establishment that hate Huxley and his friends.

between the two organisations. For more information on the Aegyptus society see *Faces in the Smoke Volume One – The Secret Masters*.

Famous Locations: Burlington House

This grandly appointed building suits the term palace rather than house, and is home to several learned societies of the age. It was originally a private house, but was sold to the government in 1854 who originally planned to demolish it and use the land for the University of London. A public outcry saved the house and it was quickly occupied by the Royal Society (science), the Linnaean Society (Taxonomy & Zoology) and the Chemical society (later the Royal Society of Chemistry). The Royal Academy of Art is

currently in the process on moving into Burlington from its home in the National Gallery.

The house is built around a large courtyard and consists of several wings which are being expanded in a design matching the style of the original house. When complete (around 1872) there are plans for the new wings to accommodate the Royal Astronomical Society, the Geological Society and the Society of Antiquities. In many ways Burlington House is very similar to Somerset house. Its courtyard remains open to the public and visits can be made to the academics by appointment. All the societies in residence offer occasional lectures and exhibitions at the house, which in this new age of science are extremely popular.

SOHO

Prosperity: Wealthy
Dominant Social Class: Middle Class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Trading, retail, Entertainment and Prostitution
Crime: High (but mostly opportunistic theft)
Police Presence: Average
Urchin modifier: -1
Places to stay: Grosvenor, Buckingham Palace Road (12s.6d./night, very high quality).

A particular place to be noted in Mayfair is Soho, the neighbourhood where Piccadilly meets Shaftesbury Avenue, Regent Street, and the Haymarket. This intersection is the famed Piccadilly Circus, and is the site of a massive street market. In addition to the square, which is frequently packed with vendors and shoppers, there are more respectable shops and galleries in the Circus and the surrounding Soho. Soho also has a surprisingly high number of Chinese immigrants, one of the few places outside of the Docklands that they can be found. Soho is vibrant, active at all hours, and a melting-pot for the various classes. A major attraction is 'Garraway's', a coffee shop well described by Mr. Dickens in his work, Martin Chuzzlewit. Soho is also the location one finds Lock Hospital, on Oxford Street, which specialises in the treatment of prostitutes and diseases related to that profession. The hospital is in a convenient location as the Haymarket (the road linking Piccadilly and Trafalgar Square) is one of the main 'cruising grounds' for prostitutes, some being so brazen as to walk the streets topless. Two theatres stand on the Haymarket, Her Majesty's and the Theatre Royal. Behind the Theatre Royal in Suffolk Street is the club of the renowned Adventurer's Society.

Famous locations: The Burlington Arcade

This is one of the best known series of shops in Piccadilly. This double row of glass-fronted shops, designed like the Parisian passages, is home to mostly ladies' bonnet and boot makers, as well as bric-a-brac sellers and a few jewel-smiths. The arcade is the first of its kind and despite its size is the precursor to the modern shopping centre. The arcade was commissioned by the 5th Duke of Devonshire as (so rumour has it) his wife wanted somewhere safe to shop where it didn't rain.

The Burlington Arcade contains 72 two storey units for retailers. It has a peaceful, almost serene atmosphere, which is no accident. Only pedestrians are allowed into the arcade which is patrolled by its own police force the 'Beadles'. The Beadles wear a green uniform with a distinct top hat and frock coat. They are all ex-military and charged

not only with keeping the peace but also seeing to it the rough elements do not disturb those who have come to shop there.

Famous Locations: The Anathema Club:

The most shocking club in London is the Anathema. Its one restriction (aside from its costs for membership) is that the prospective member must have been expelled from another London club. Simply joining the Anathema Club is a good way to get banned from any other Clubs you might also be a member of as well. However, its decadent and shocking nature has made it very popular. Some gentlemen join respectable Clubs then behave badly simply to get expelled so they might join the Anathema!

As Clubs go it isn't very well appointed, especially considering the membership costs, but those who join have little other option. Many rumours persist as to what goes on at the Club. Some of the most enduring suggest it is a Club for Necromancers and Demonologists and contains a vast occult library of forbidden lore. While the membership fee is very low, another rumour suggests the prospective member must also perform some service for the Club. This service is most likely immoral and probably highly illegal as well.

The Anathema is rare among London clubs in that it happily admits women. However, its restriction means very few women qualify as there are few clubs they might join to get expelled from. Members may admit guests, who must pay a high fee to use the clubs facilities and must be accompanied by a full member. Several London clubs (especially Boodles) insist they will expel any of their members who so much as cross the threshold of the Anathema.

WESTMINSTER

Prosperity: Very Rich
Dominant Social Class: Middle and upper-class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Government.
Crime: Low
Police Presence: Heavy
Urchin Modifier: -1

Whitehall is the centre of the Empire, the place from where the government operates. The most obvious place to start when dealing with Whitehall is the Palace of Whitehall, otherwise known as the Houses of Parliament. The Houses of Parliament are a Gothic revival-styled building designed by Sir Charles Barry (for the exterior) and Augustus Pugin (who designed the interior). The building is spiky, fanciful, and heavy-looking, carrying



the necessary gravitas to represent England, the first among nations. Barry designed the palace to blend with the Westminster Hall, one of the only parts of the original building to survive the fire of 1834. Big Ben (named for the bell not the clock tower that houses it) tolls every hour and the great clock tower has become an icon of the city and the country.

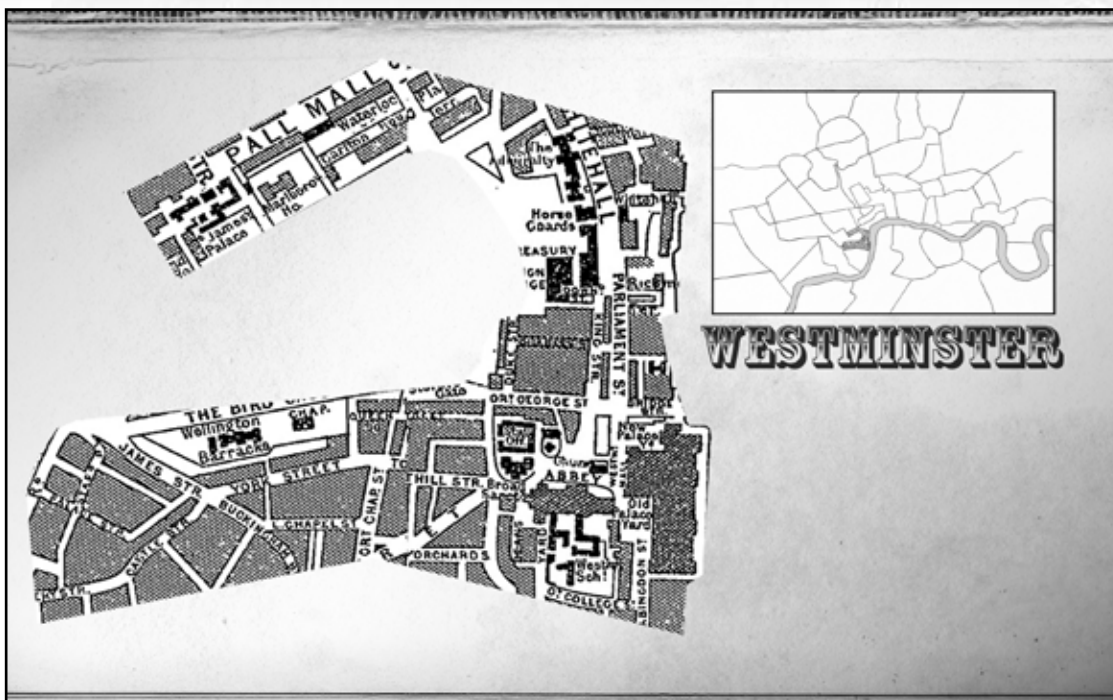
Westminster Bridge crossed the Thames just to the north of the Houses of Parliament and becomes Great George Street. North of this street, following Whitehall, one comes to the great buildings of government. While Parliament houses the debates that set the course of the nation, many other offices make sure the country and its Empire run properly on a day to day basis. Between Whitehall and St. James Park, one finds the Foreign Office, currently undergoing renovation and expansion by Sir George Gilbert Scott. The building will eventually become home to both the Foreign Office and the Home Office. There is also talk of adding an India office here as the situation in the country reaches boiling point. In a small set of buildings that split Whitehall into Parliament Street, one finds the Board of Trade.

Next to the Foreign Office is Downing Street. Number 10 is the Prime Minister's official residence, though many of the Prime Ministers of the past chose to reside at their own homes instead of the cramped townhouse. Next to Downing Street is the Treasury Building, where (not to be outdone by Sir George) Sir Charles Barry of the Houses of Parliament fame is expanding and improving the facade of the Old Treasury into a spectacular new building.

Alongside this project is the Horse Guard, where the heads of HM army are based. The Office the Paymaster General and the Admiralty complete the western side of Whitehall.

The Privy Gardens and Montague House are currently slated for demolition, along with the old apartments for the King and Queen, and the other buildings that line the Thames. This is part of an 'embankment scheme', to expand the Whitehall area for more governmental buildings. The work has only recently been approved, but work on filling in a more gradual curve below the Whitehall Steps is already underway. Both the Poor Law Board Offices and the Whitehall Royal Chapel are to be saved from this renovation of the riverside. The new embankment will be 64 feet wide with a public river walk, an underground, new sewage lines, and a new thoroughfare. North of this is Great Scotland Yard, where the Metropolitan Police Force is headquartered. Here one finds the offices of the Commissioner of the Police and the offices of the inspectors and chief inspectors of the detectives department.

In this area we also find the Charing Cross station, which connects with Lambeth's Waterloo Station on the other side of the Thames, and with London Bridge and Cannon Stations, as well as Victoria in Belgravia. Charing Cross is a particularly busy rail station.



A TOUR OF THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER

The Palace of Westminster has several major features: the various courts where the business of the government is conducted, the various offices of the government and the officers of the Palace itself, the original Westminster Hall. There are also two towers: Victoria in the southwest of the building (where the Union Jack flies while Parliament is in session) and the Clock Tower in the north (often just referred to as "Big Ben" for the 13-ton bell in the clock tower).

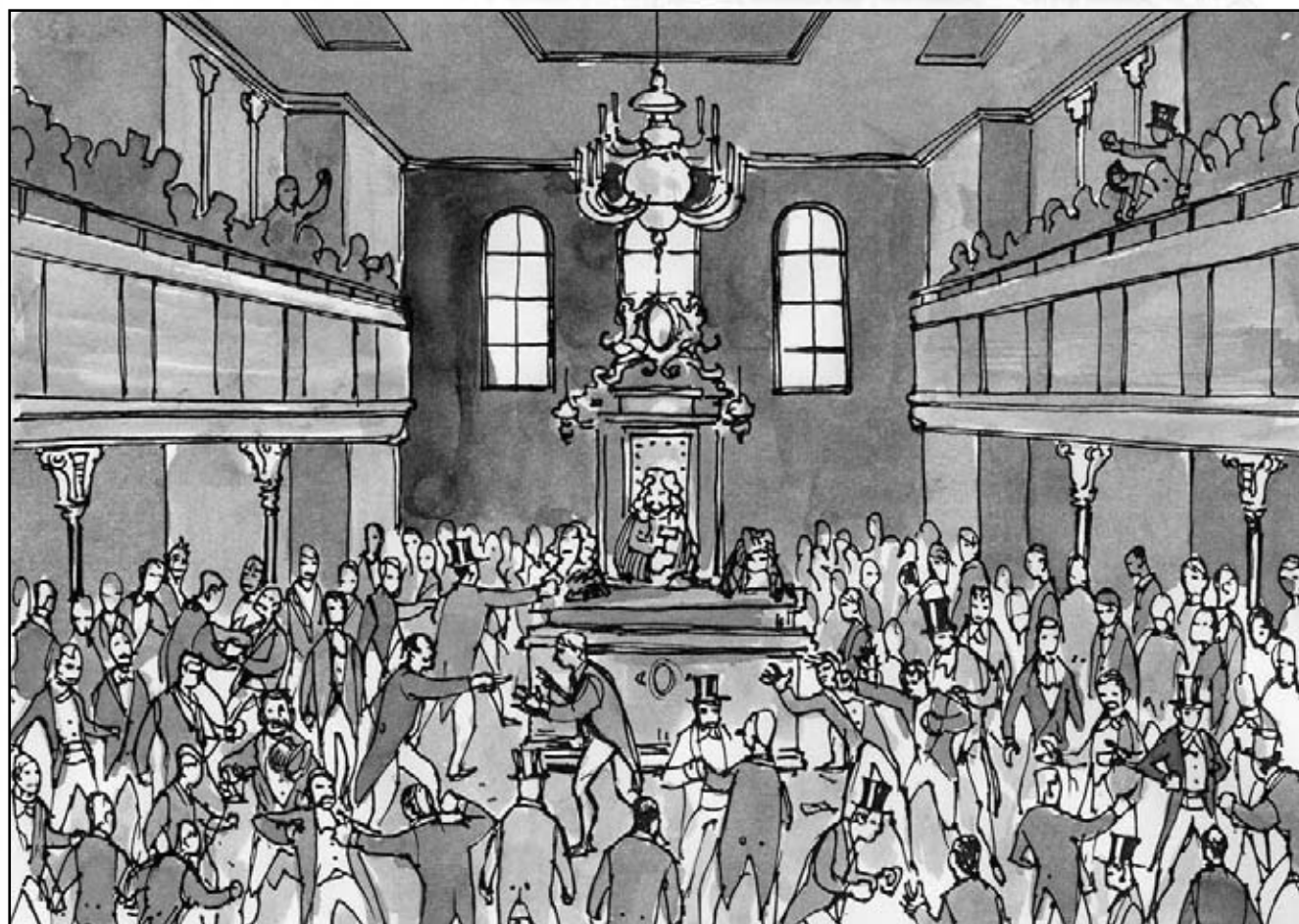
First and foremost is Westminster Hall, where the House of Lords had met since 1547. The vast 240 foot by 60 foot hall with its massive hammer beam ceiling was used for coronation ceremonies and the occasional state banquet. Now it is used as the site of the highest court in the land. Nearby is St. Stephen's Hall, formerly the meeting place of Commons. Through the massive double doors is the entrance into the replica of the medieval hall destroyed in the fire. Past this is an octagonal lobby which provides access to the Commons Court on the left, where the House of Commons meets, and the Peers' Court to the right, where meets the House of Lords.

Commons Court is designed after the St. Stephen's Chapel and this makes it somewhat uncomfortable as the seats are pew-like benches, upholstered in green leather. The cabinet sits in the front bench, facing the opposition. Junior members of Parliament sit in the rear benches (hence the term 'backbenchers'). On the floor in front of the cabinet ministers and the opposition are red lines, marking the distance at the length of two sword lengths, plus a foot. Members may not cross these lines, to keep the discussions 'civil'. Centred in the hall is the Table of the House, on which the mace of the Speaker sits while Commons is in session. The Speaker sets the agenda and maintains order during the meetings. The current Speaker is John Denison, who has held the office since 1857.

Peers' Court is decorated in scarlet and gold. The queen opens Parliament here each November from a canopied throne. Directly across is the Woolsack, on which sits the Lord Chancellor. While Parliament is in order, one can find some of the more impoverished Lords sleeping in the House; they must spend a full 24 hours while in session to receive their £100 per annum for their services. The current Lord Chancellor is Lord Chelmsford.

The management of the palace is the duty of the Sergeant at Arms, Lord Russell. He has, in addition to those duties, the charge of security for the palace. There is the 'Strong Room', a small prison facility in the palace, just a few steps from the Commons Court, where the Sergeant at Arms can jail an unruly interloper.

In general, Parliament meets for sessions starting at 4 pm and breaking for dinner around 7 pm until 9 pm. The average total session time per day is between seven and eight hours.



THE LEADERS OF EMPIRE

The Prime Minister: Lord Palmerston

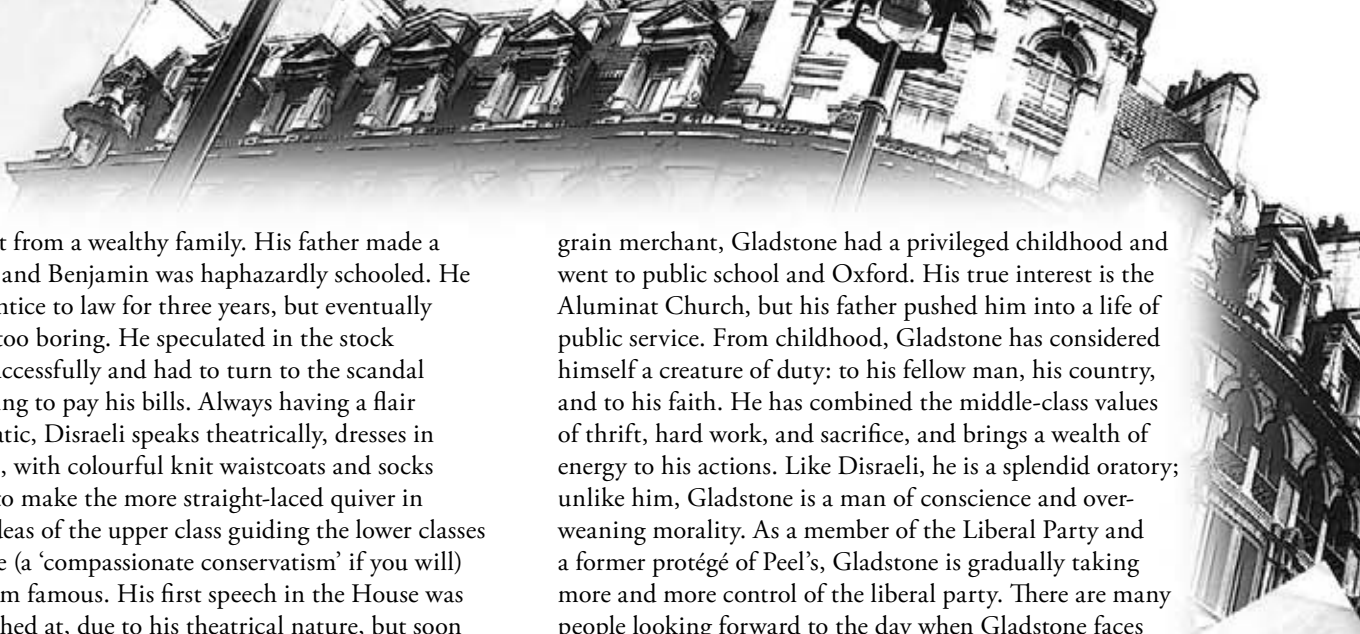
Palmerston is much like a dying lion and remains a shrewd and adept politician despite his current ill health. Palmerston has clung on so hard to his position, most believe only death will get him to loosen his grip. While he has served as the leader of the Whigs for some time, Palmerston has seen the political parties as simply a means to power. He has served in high office as both a Whig and a Tory over his long political career. However he has always done so that he might serve and expand the British Empire. While he has proved a tenacious Prime Minister (holding on for three terms) he is best known as a Foreign Secretary. His rather expansionist and heavy handed approach to diplomacy won him many friends in parliament, but set him against Queen Victoria who called for him to be removed from office. They got on better with him as her Prime Minister, but are still often at odds, especially as he still has a reputation as a womaniser.

The fading opposition: Edward Stanley, 14th Earl of Derby

The leader of the opposition is an old man, 68 years old and in failing health. Despite his best efforts, the country – and the world – is changing. He has been a force for the status quo for many years: he resigned from his cabinet positions twice – once in opposition to the appropriation of Aluminat Church revenue in 1834, and also over the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1845. His ire at the reformist nature of his countrymen is centred on his son, Edward Lord Stanley – who is a member of the Liberal party and an associate of William Gladstone. That his son turned down the crown of Greece in 1863 is a real sore spot for the Earl. He is already looking to turn the party over to the real source of energy in his party, the flamboyant Benjamin Disraeli – converted Yehudite, popular novelist, and man about town.

The power behind the throne: Benjamin Disraeli

While he is not technically the leader of the opposition, the failing health of the Earl of Derby has left Disraeli as the leader of the conservatives in all but name. That Disraeli is an unlikely leader of the Conservative party would be an understatement. Unlike his peers,



Disraeli is not from a wealthy family. His father made a decent living and Benjamin was haphazardly schooled. He was an apprentice to law for three years, but eventually gave it up as too boring. He speculated in the stock markets unsuccessfully and had to turn to the scandal of novel-writing to pay his bills. Always having a flair for the dramatic, Disraeli speaks theatrically, dresses in flashy clothes, with colourful knit waistcoats and socks (guaranteed to make the more straight-laced quiver in anger). His ideas of the upper class guiding the lower classes to a better life (a 'compassionate conservatism' if you will) have made him famous. His first speech in the House was rounded laughed at, due to his theatrical nature, but soon it was obvious that Disraeli was a man willing to get things done. His current agenda is pushing to amend the latest Reform Bill to allow for extended suffrage to the working class male.

Though conservative, Disraeli is popular with the lower classes and even Her Majesty, the Queen. However, he has alienated the middle class, who feel he is trying to tilt the political field too far toward the proletariat. A man of the world, Disraeli can be met in almost any environment: from the coffee shops and bookstores of the West End, to the high power clubs of Pall Mall, to the gambling and 'night' establishments of the East End. He is approachable, amusing, and fun-loving; he is also sarcastic, canny, and has no problems using his friends and family to get what he wants.

The Rising Star: William Ewart Gladstone

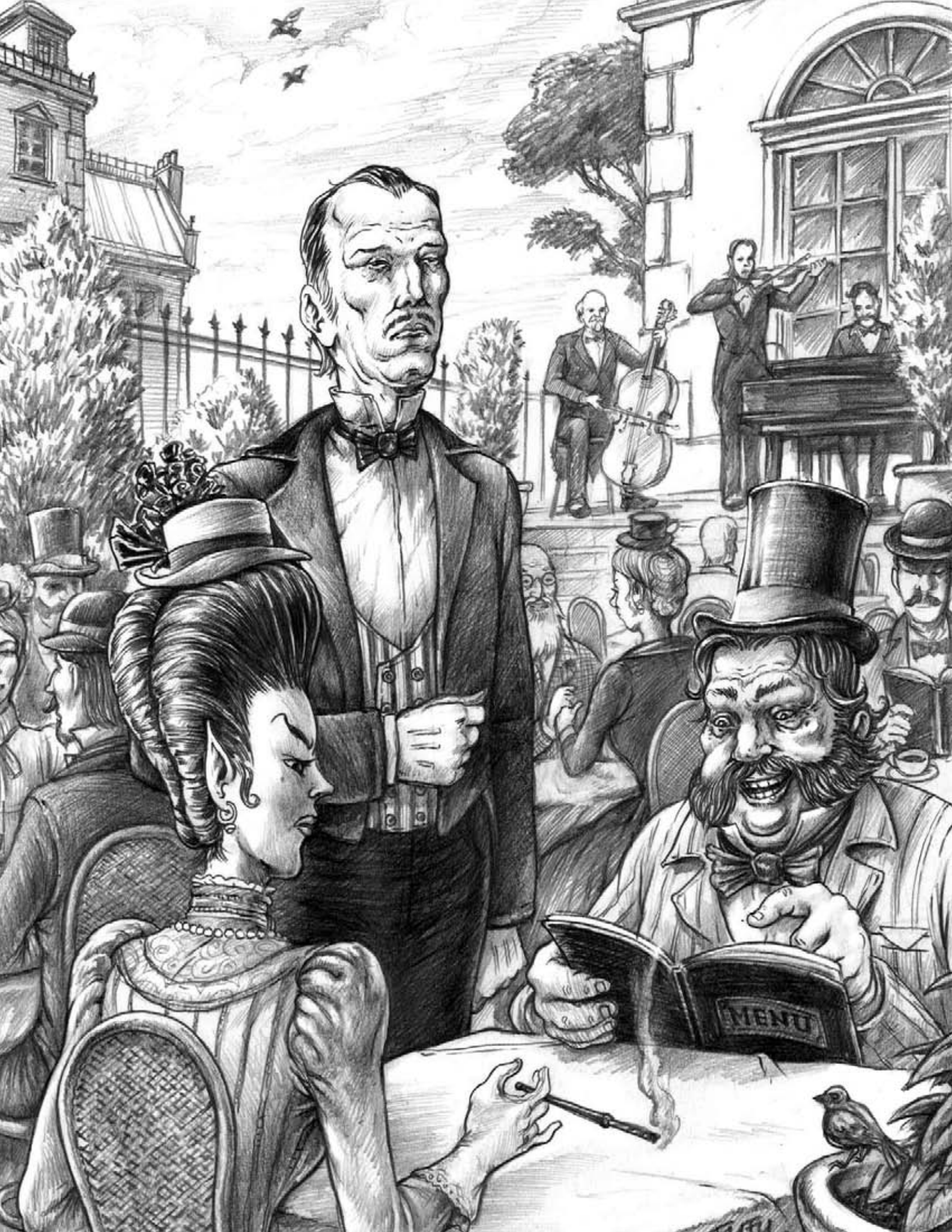
The failing health of Lord Palmerston has created speculation on who might lead the liberals when Palmerston steps down or expires. The current favourite is Gladstone, the current Chancellor of the Exchequer. Born to a wealthy

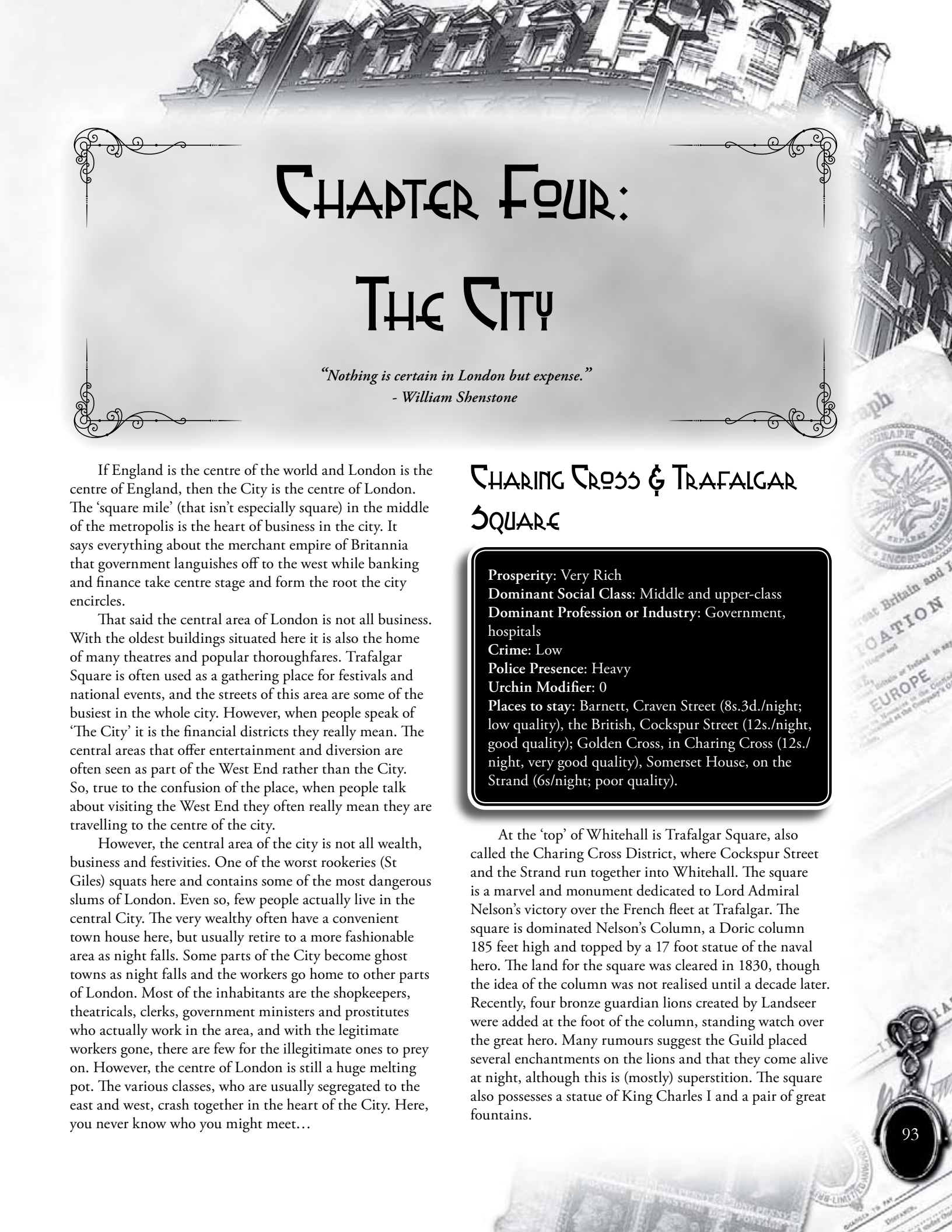
grain merchant, Gladstone had a privileged childhood and went to public school and Oxford. His true interest is the Aluminat Church, but his father pushed him into a life of public service. From childhood, Gladstone has considered himself a creature of duty: to his fellow man, his country, and to his faith. He has combined the middle-class values of thrift, hard work, and sacrifice, and brings a wealth of energy to his actions. Like Disraeli, he is a splendid oratory; unlike him, Gladstone is a man of conscience and over-weening morality. As a member of the Liberal Party and a former protégé of Peel's, Gladstone is gradually taking more and more control of the liberal party. There are many people looking forward to the day when Gladstone faces the equally charismatic Disraeli across the dispatch box.

Gladstone is a zealous reformer in the social and political venue, but very conservative in his own behaviour and in his acceptance of others. One area of difference is his 'work' with fallen women; Gladstone often ventures out at night to preach to fallen women and to try and set them on the right path. The occasional rumour of Gladstone's activities has prompted malicious gossip, but none who know him believe he is involved in anything but missionary zeal. Gladstone is a brusque, highly intelligent, and somewhat arrogant man. He is a moralizer of the highest fashion, seeking to save people from themselves and the vagaries of entrenched interests.

He is currently displeased with Disraeli and the Conservatives stealing his thunder. They've hijacked the pending Reform Bill and are pushing it through Parliament, trying to steal his position with the poor. While Gladstone agrees with many of the reforms he wants it to be his inaugural project when he takes control of the party. Disraeli championing the cause makes this hard as it is simply not done to agree with the opposition!







CHAPTER FOUR:

THE CITY

"Nothing is certain in London but expense."
- William Shenstone

If England is the centre of the world and London is the centre of England, then the City is the centre of London. The 'square mile' (that isn't especially square) in the middle of the metropolis is the heart of business in the city. It says everything about the merchant empire of Britannia that government languishes off to the west while banking and finance take centre stage and form the root the city encircles.

That said the central area of London is not all business. With the oldest buildings situated here it is also the home of many theatres and popular thoroughfares. Trafalgar Square is often used as a gathering place for festivals and national events, and the streets of this area are some of the busiest in the whole city. However, when people speak of 'The City' it is the financial districts they really mean. The central areas that offer entertainment and diversion are often seen as part of the West End rather than the City. So, true to the confusion of the place, when people talk about visiting the West End they often really mean they are travelling to the centre of the city.

However, the central area of the city is not all wealth, business and festivities. One of the worst rookeries (St Giles) squats here and contains some of the most dangerous slums of London. Even so, few people actually live in the central City. The very wealthy often have a convenient town house here, but usually retire to a more fashionable area as night falls. Some parts of the City become ghost towns as night falls and the workers go home to other parts of London. Most of the inhabitants are the shopkeepers, theatricals, clerks, government ministers and prostitutes who actually work in the area, and with the legitimate workers gone, there are few for the illegitimate ones to prey on. However, the centre of London is still a huge melting pot. The various classes, who are usually segregated to the east and west, crash together in the heart of the City. Here, you never know who you might meet...

CHARING CROSS & TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Prosperity: Very Rich

Dominant Social Class: Middle and upper-class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Government, hospitals

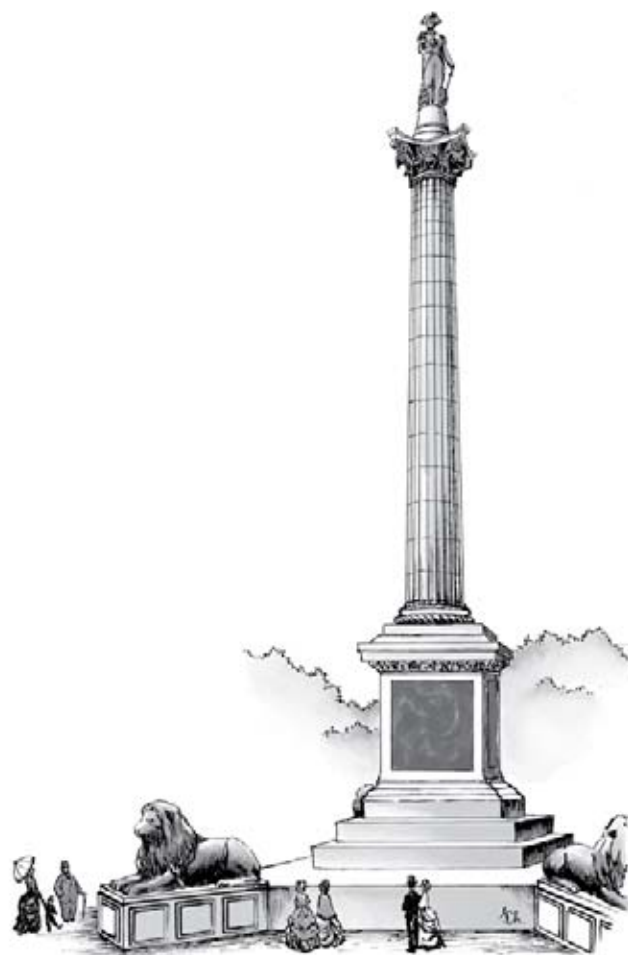
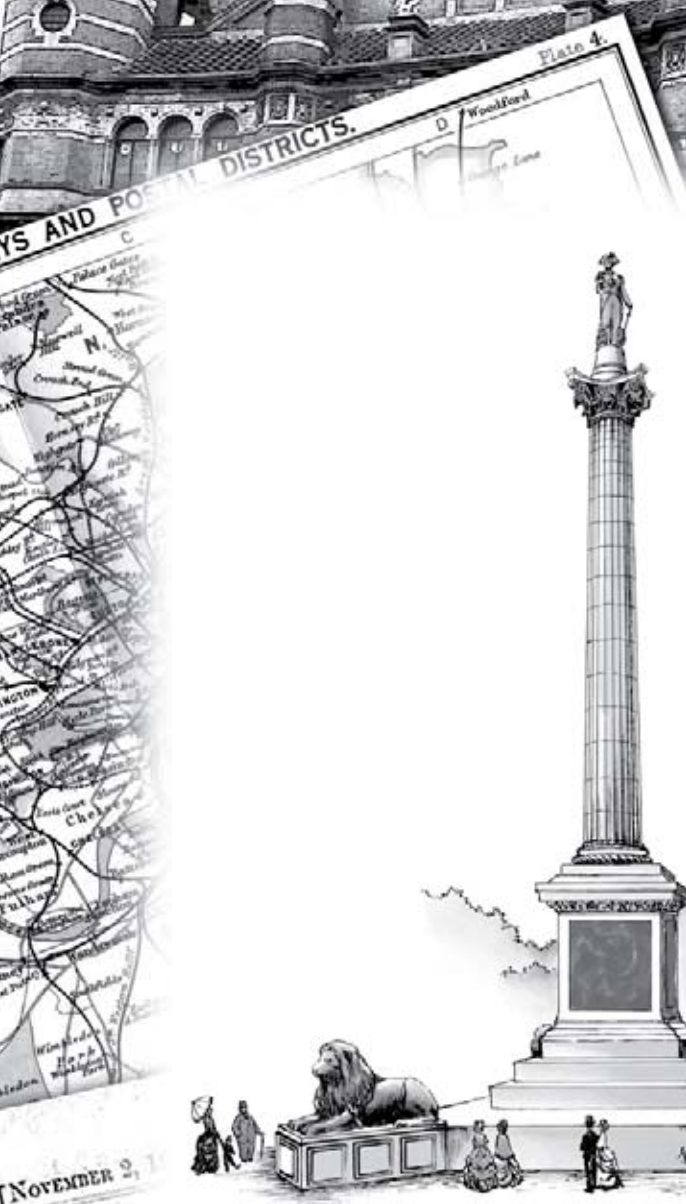
Crime: Low

Police Presence: Heavy

Urchin Modifier: 0

Places to stay: Barnett, Craven Street (8s.3d./night; low quality), the British, Cockspur Street (12s./night, good quality); Golden Cross, in Charing Cross (12s./night, very good quality), Somerset House, on the Strand (6s/night; poor quality).

At the 'top' of Whitehall is Trafalgar Square, also called the Charing Cross District, where Cockspur Street and the Strand run together into Whitehall. The square is a marvel and monument dedicated to Lord Admiral Nelson's victory over the French fleet at Trafalgar. The square is dominated Nelson's Column, a Doric column 185 feet high and topped by a 17 foot statue of the naval hero. The land for the square was cleared in 1830, though the idea of the column was not realised until a decade later. Recently, four bronze guardian lions created by Landseer were added at the foot of the column, standing watch over the great hero. Many rumours suggest the Guild placed several enchantments on the lions and that they come alive at night, although this is (mostly) superstition. The square also possesses a statue of King Charles I and a pair of great fountains.



The area around the square is thick with important buildings: to the north, the National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture stands, next to which, on St. Martin's Lane, one finds the West London Provident Institution which is dedicated to the improvement of the working class, as well as the Royal Society of Literature. The National School and St. Martin's Church also stand in the north of the square. To the east, the Golden Cross Inn stands. This hotel is a great, old establishment and was specifically preserved during the creation of the square.

On the west side, one finds the end of Pall Mall and the 'Club Row,' Here is the College of Physicians, as well as the Union Club House, a club for merchants, lawyers, and Ministers of Parliament. Also here is the famed Charing Cross Hospital that, while a new hospital, is now one of the pre-eminent teaching hospitals in the city.

In the south is grand Northumberland House, with its 150 rooms, a masterpiece of Georgian architecture. Nearby are the Hungerford Markets, a massive public market selling all manner of foodstuffs and other household items. The market, in turn, connects through to the Hungerford Bridge and Southwark on the opposite side of the Thames.

Famous Locations: The National Gallery

Dominating the north end of Trafalgar Square is one of the country's premier art galleries, the National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture. The building opened in 1838, a new home for the small national collection of art that had previously resided in Pall Mall. What makes the gallery special is that it is not the exclusive preserve of the wealthy. Entry to the gallery is free, and its position in the centre of the city makes it a place any Londoner can visit. Art is a popular entertainment for many people of the era and while few of the lower classes have the time to visit, the gallery is a place where the classes can mingle and enjoy the same entertainment.

The gallery is also home to the Royal Academy of Arts; however, they are in the process of moving to new offices at Burlington house. The director of the National Gallery is looking to commission a complete redesign of the building when the Royal Society has left.

Famous Locations: Somerset House

This riverside property and estate has existed since Tudor times and has effectively been used as a 'spare palace' by the nobility of London. It has provided rooms for visiting dignitaries, a townhouse for the nobility and even a residence for low ranking members of court. It has also played host to several royal societies, which has made it a minor exhibition centre and a salon for the arts in the city. Today it is used mainly as a government building, housing several of the city's financial institutions, such as the Inland Revenue. It also houses the General Register office (births, marriages and deaths) as well as several Naval offices. However it still plays host to several artistic organisations and receives many visitors to its private exhibitions and collections.

COVENT GARDEN

Prosperity: Moderate

Dominant Social Class: Working-class and middle-class

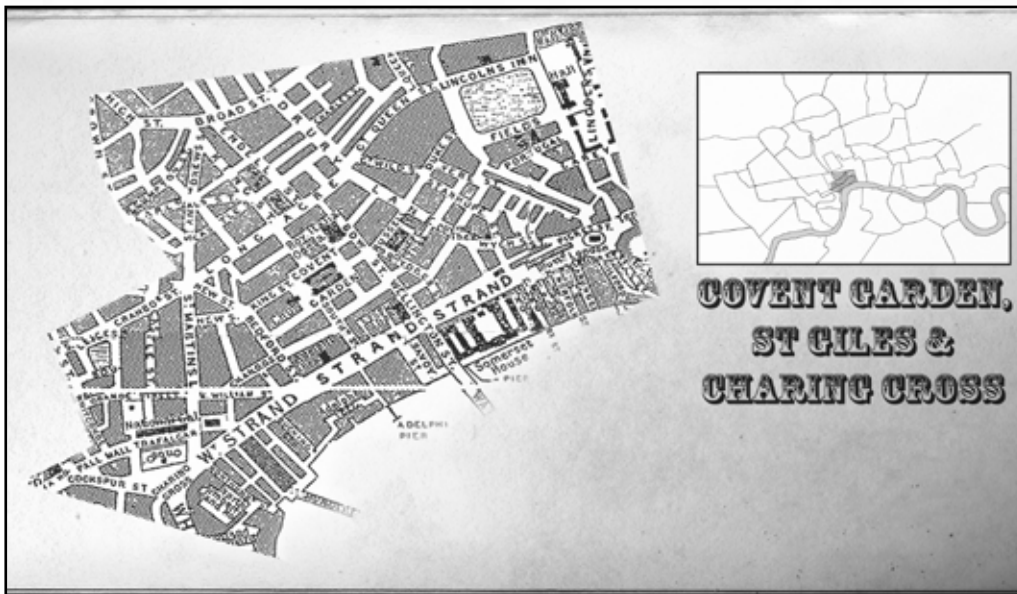
Dominant Profession or Industry: Theatre, government

Crime: High

Police Presence: High

Urchin Modifier: -1

Places to stay: Covent Garden Hotel, Southampton Street (10s.6d./night; high quality); Tavistock, in Covent Garden (11s.6d./night/ very high quality).



Named for the Gardens that once surrounded a convent, this area is located at the edge of Mayfair, where it meets Holborn. One of the major features is Drury Lane. Here there a number of 'penny theatres' (mostly vaudeville, Burlesque and music halls) where aspiring young ladies and gentlemen put on (often very bawdy) song-and-dance shows for the delight of men of all classes. Drury Lane is mostly for the working class and upper-class looking to 'slum it'. Many of these actresses are also available to escort gentlemen after the shows; thinly disguised prostitutes looking to get lucky and land a patron who will put them up in a swank St. John's Woods flat. The theatres are also joined by 'gentlemen clubs' on Drury Lane. Here the term 'club' simply allows certain establishments some level of respectability although they are essentially brothels. The area is not all decadence and debauchery though, as the University Hospital, on Tottenham Court Road, is not far away. It is a teaching hospital of the London College and is free to the indigent and poor.

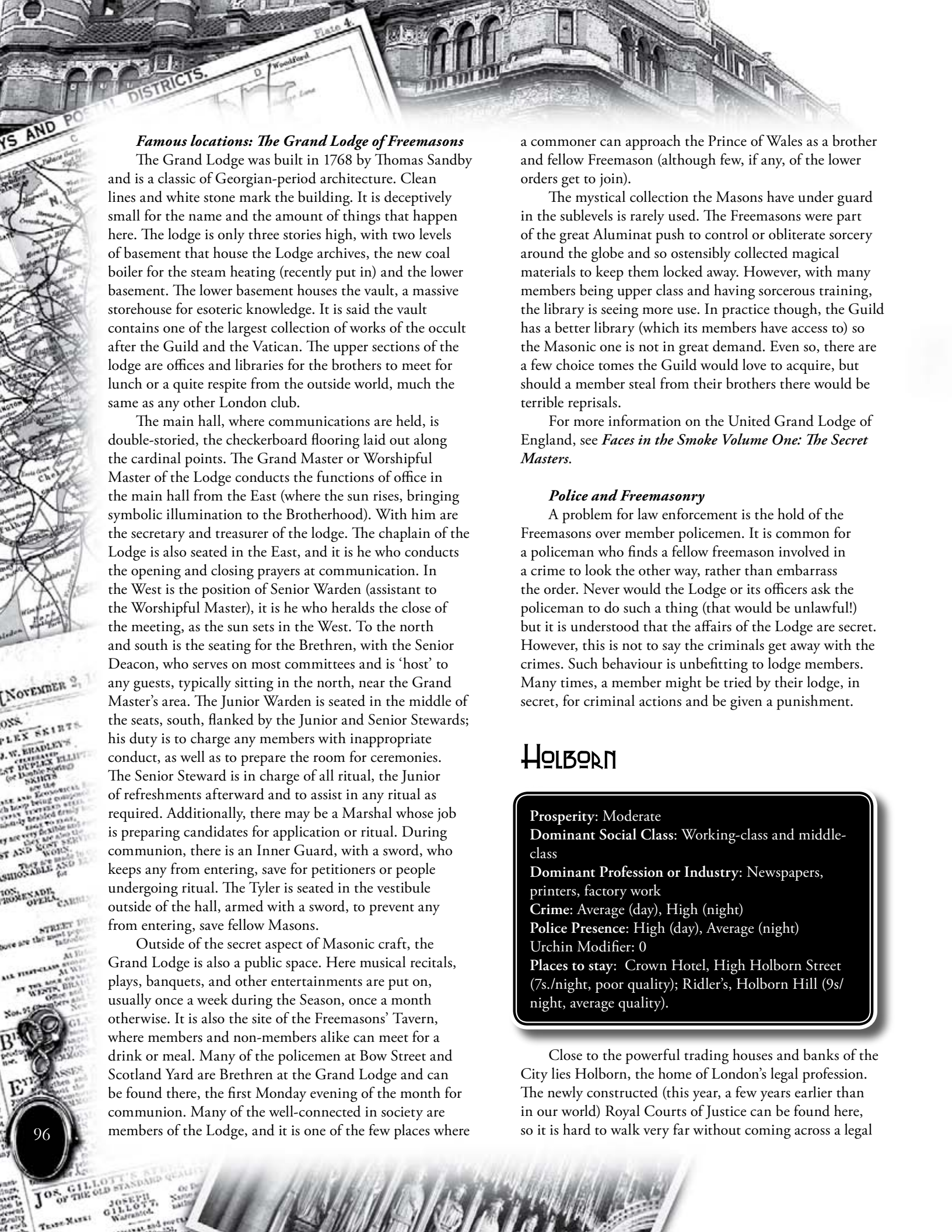
His is also the site of the Covent Garden market, which opens at 6am every day. From even before dawn, the streets are full of wagons, bringing the good to market. Ostensibly a fruit and vegetable market, the place is full to the brim with goods from all over Europe and the world. Fish and fowl are hanging from stalls that pop up miraculously in the middle of the night, auctioneers for bulk goods stand on soap boxes, shouting to their buyers. It is busy, noisy, and exciting; the prices are also excellent!

The market was originally an open air affair, but in 1830 a covered arcade was built to help organise and control the expanding market and general debauchery that was rife in the area. A decadent reputation coupled with protection from the rain drew the artistic set and many coffee houses and drinking establishments have sprung up to cater to the growing bohemian set.

The most renowned theatre in Covent Garden is the Royal Italian Opera House. It is one of the largest opera houses in the city and often plays host to Her Majesty the Queen. Nearby the opera house is the Bow Street police station, the site of the first police force in the city. While the Bow Street Station isn't the centre of police activities anymore it is still a main police station covering most of the central city. Bow Street Station is also notable for its lack of a blue lamp. In 1861 all police stations were installed with a blue lamp outside to denote their function. However, as Prince Albert had died in 'the blue room' the Queen insisted that the Bow Street station having such a colour displayed outside would remind her of her husband's loss every time she visited the opera. So out of respect to Her Majesty's sensibilities a blue lamp was never installed there.

Famous Locations: Leicester Square

This square, situated north of Trafalgar Square has grown from a small garden square into the official centre of the entertainment districts of London. The central position of the square and its garden area make it an attractive meeting place for those who prefer somewhere quieter and greener than Trafalgar Square. The square is dominated by the vast Alhambra Theatre which takes up almost all of the eastern side of the square, and most of the other large theatres of the city are little more than walking distance away. The central position of the square, both for the city itself and the various entertainments nearby (Piccadilly being a stone's throw away) have ensured that the area is also full of some of the best (and most expensive) hotels in the city. Leicester Square bustles with activity at all times of the day, both legal and illicit, although the criminals and prostitutes are a little more subtle here, even with the Haymarket only a street away.



Famous locations: The Grand Lodge of Freemasons

The Grand Lodge was built in 1768 by Thomas Sandby and is a classic of Georgian-period architecture. Clean lines and white stone mark the building. It is deceptively small for the name and the amount of things that happen here. The lodge is only three stories high, with two levels of basement that house the Lodge archives, the new coal boiler for the steam heating (recently put in) and the lower basement. The lower basement houses the vault, a massive storehouse for esoteric knowledge. It is said the vault contains one of the largest collection of works of the occult after the Guild and the Vatican. The upper sections of the lodge are offices and libraries for the brothers to meet for lunch or a quite respite from the outside world, much the same as any other London club.

The main hall, where communications are held, is double-storied, the checkerboard flooring laid out along the cardinal points. The Grand Master or Worshipful Master of the Lodge conducts the functions of office in the main hall from the East (where the sun rises, bringing symbolic illumination to the Brotherhood). With him are the secretary and treasurer of the lodge. The chaplain of the Lodge is also seated in the East, and it is he who conducts the opening and closing prayers at communication. In the West is the position of Senior Warden (assistant to the Worshipful Master), it is he who heralds the close of the meeting, as the sun sets in the West. To the north and south is the seating for the Brethren, with the Senior Deacon, who serves on most committees and is 'host' to any guests, typically sitting in the north, near the Grand Master's area. The Junior Warden is seated in the middle of the seats, south, flanked by the Junior and Senior Stewards; his duty is to charge any members with inappropriate conduct, as well as to prepare the room for ceremonies. The Senior Steward is in charge of all ritual, the Junior of refreshments afterward and to assist in any ritual as required. Additionally, there may be a Marshal whose job is preparing candidates for application or ritual. During communion, there is an Inner Guard, with a sword, who keeps any from entering, save for petitioners or people undergoing ritual. The Tyler is seated in the vestibule outside of the hall, armed with a sword, to prevent any from entering, save fellow Masons.

Outside of the secret aspect of Masonic craft, the Grand Lodge is also a public space. Here musical recitals, plays, banquets, and other entertainments are put on, usually once a week during the Season, once a month otherwise. It is also the site of the Freemasons' Tavern, where members and non-members alike can meet for a drink or meal. Many of the policemen at Bow Street and Scotland Yard are Brethren at the Grand Lodge and can be found there, the first Monday evening of the month for communion. Many of the well-connected in society are members of the Lodge, and it is one of the few places where

a commoner can approach the Prince of Wales as a brother and fellow Freemason (although few, if any, of the lower orders get to join).

The mystical collection the Masons have under guard in the sublevels is rarely used. The Freemasons were part of the great Aluminat push to control or obliterate sorcery around the globe and so ostensibly collected magical materials to keep them locked away. However, with many members being upper class and having sorcerous training, the library is seeing more use. In practice though, the Guild has a better library (which its members have access to) so the Masonic one is not in great demand. Even so, there are a few choice tomes the Guild would love to acquire, but should a member steal from their brothers there would be terrible reprisals.

For more information on the United Grand Lodge of England, see *Faces in the Smoke Volume One: The Secret Masters*.

Police and Freemasonry

A problem for law enforcement is the hold of the Freemasons over member policemen. It is common for a policeman who finds a fellow freemason involved in a crime to look the other way, rather than embarrass the order. Never would the Lodge or its officers ask the policeman to do such a thing (that would be unlawful!) but it is understood that the affairs of the Lodge are secret. However, this is not to say the criminals get away with the crimes. Such behaviour is unbecoming to lodge members. Many times, a member might be tried by their lodge, in secret, for criminal actions and be given a punishment.

HOLBORN

Prosperity: Moderate

Dominant Social Class: Working-class and middle-class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Newspapers, printers, factory work

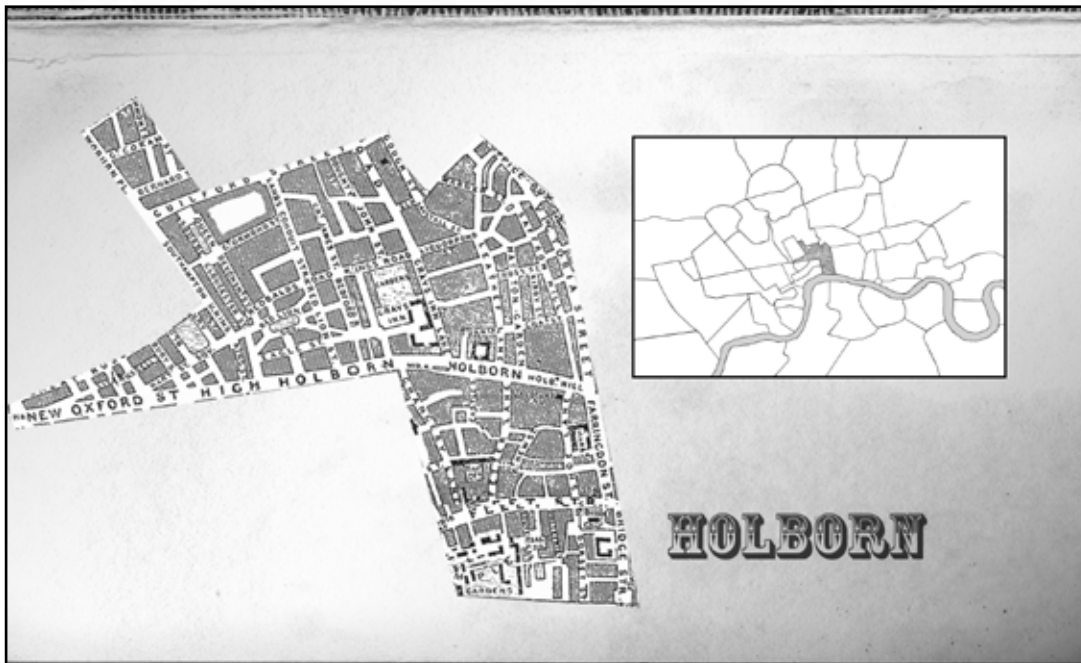
Crime: Average (day), High (night)

Police Presence: High (day), Average (night)

Urchin Modifier: 0

Places to stay: Crown Hotel, High Holborn Street (7s./night, poor quality); Ridler's, Holborn Hill (9s/night, average quality).

Close to the powerful trading houses and banks of the City lies Holborn, the home of London's legal profession. The newly constructed (this year, a few years earlier than in our world) Royal Courts of Justice can be found here, so it is hard to walk very far without coming across a legal



firm or professional supplier (such as a legal bookshop). The area is awash with barristers and solicitors, although it is legal students who are the most common. Such students crowd the eating establishments, looking to make contacts or discuss the cases they are avidly watching in the courts themselves.

It is here one finds the great trading houses, financial institutions, and the houses of the press that are invaluable to the operation and wealth of Britain. Along Fleet Street newspaper offices and the Courts of Law vie for space, and the proximity is no coincidence. The thirteen Inns of Court are located close to each other; six of them line the northern side of Fleet Street, with the rest mostly on Holborn, a short walk away. These inns of court are part law firm, part gentleman's club. Those who wish to become barristers (legal professionals who defend or prosecute in court rather than solicitors) must look to join one of the inns. Joining the inns involves 'dining out'; where prospective barristers dine with the powerbrokers of the inn in the hopes they will prove to be the 'right sort of chap' and offered membership. This can be a long process, with competition being quite fierce, and only really open to those of the right class. Many believe the system is long overdue for reform, but it will be a long time before prospective Barristers must prove their ability by taking a bar exam. In 1867 being 'called to the bar' is seen in a very similar way as joining the church.

Holborn is a mixture of businesses and residences. Much of the homes have been broken into flats for renters, or have a room or two for let. Many of the homes are old, often at least one hundred years, but some got as far back as the aftermath of the Great Fire in 1666. The differences in age in the dwellings and other buildings accentuate the piecemeal feel of the prosperity of the district. More than

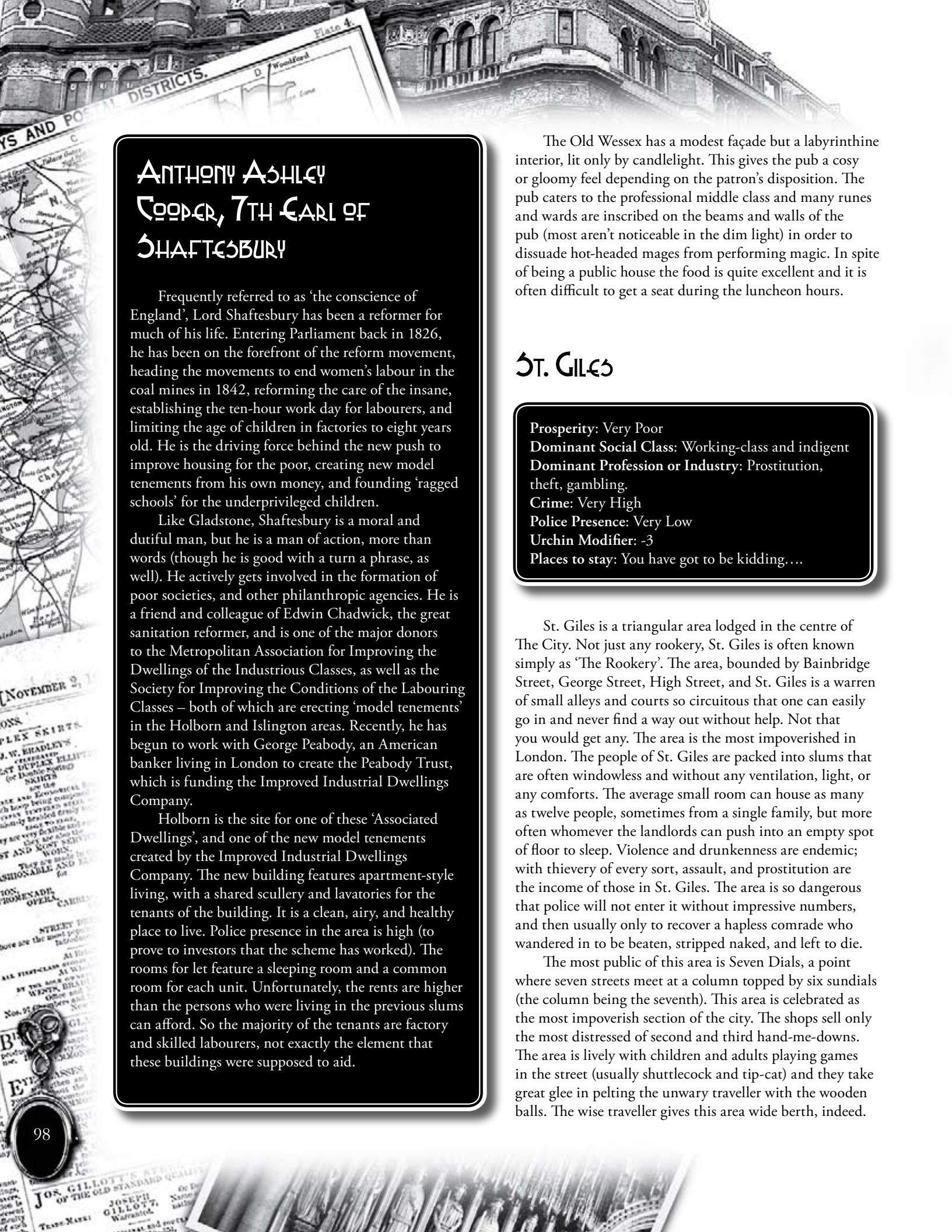
any other London district, this is an area where one area can be well-to-do, safe, and clean, and the next dilapidated and impoverished, with residents just a step away from eviction or starvation. The only commonality is the presence, on nearly every street, of at least one factory of decent size (100 workers or more).

Famous Locations: Fleet Street

The newspaper trade is a thriving one, and almost every paper has its offices on Fleet Street, which lies between the Royal courts of Justice and St Paul's Cathedral. There are the penny dreadfuls that entertain and the lurid scandal sheets, the illustrated news for the lower class, the social papers (also liberally illustrated) and the more informative newspapers. Fleet Street represents the best and worst in journalistic expression and vice. Much of the press is centred in the area of Fleet Street, the thoroughfare that connects the Strand to Ludgate Hill in the East. From the Morning Post in the Strand, to the Times and Observer on the new Queen Victoria Street, just off of New Bridge, the giant press houses of the City cram into the streets between the Holborn Viaduct and the Thames.

Famous Locations: The Old Wessex

The Old Wessex is a public house and restaurant that is tucked inside one of the alleys off Fleet Street. The pub has been in the hands of an Eldren family for eight generations; the current proprietor, Milton Greenbriar, claims that there's been a pub (or more properly an ale house) here since the days of King Alfred the Great. Greenbriar's grandfather used sorcery to save the pub from destruction during the Great Fire of London.



ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, 7TH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

Frequently referred to as 'the conscience of England', Lord Shaftesbury has been a reformer for much of his life. Entering Parliament back in 1826, he has been on the forefront of the reform movement, heading the movements to end women's labour in the coal mines in 1842, reforming the care of the insane, establishing the ten-hour work day for labourers, and limiting the age of children in factories to eight years old. He is the driving force behind the new push to improve housing for the poor, creating new model tenements from his own money, and founding 'ragged schools' for the underprivileged children.

Like Gladstone, Shaftesbury is a moral and dutiful man, but he is a man of action, more than words (though he is good with a turn a phrase, as well). He actively gets involved in the formation of poor societies, and other philanthropic agencies. He is a friend and colleague of Edwin Chadwick, the great sanitation reformer, and is one of the major donors to the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes, as well as the Society for Improving the Conditions of the Labouring Classes – both of which are erecting 'model tenements' in the Holborn and Islington areas. Recently, he has begun to work with George Peabody, an American banker living in London to create the Peabody Trust, which is funding the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company.

Holborn is the site for one of these 'Associated Dwellings', and one of the new model tenements created by the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company. The new building features apartment-style living, with a shared scullery and lavatories for the tenants of the building. It is a clean, airy, and healthy place to live. Police presence in the area is high (to prove to investors that the scheme has worked). The rooms for let feature a sleeping room and a common room for each unit. Unfortunately, the rents are higher than the persons who were living in the previous slums can afford. So the majority of the tenants are factory and skilled labourers, not exactly the element that these buildings were supposed to aid.

The Old Wessex has a modest façade but a labyrinthine interior, lit only by candlelight. This gives the pub a cosy or gloomy feel depending on the patron's disposition. The pub caters to the professional middle class and many runes and wards are inscribed on the beams and walls of the pub (most aren't noticeable in the dim light) in order to dissuade hot-headed mages from performing magic. In spite of being a public house the food is quite excellent and it is often difficult to get a seat during the luncheon hours.

ST. GILES

Prosperity: Very Poor

Dominant Social Class: Working-class and indigent

Dominant Profession or Industry: Prostitution, theft, gambling.

Crime: Very High

Police Presence: Very Low

Urchin Modifier: -3

Places to stay: You have got to be kidding....

St. Giles is a triangular area lodged in the centre of The City. Not just any rookery, St. Giles is often known simply as 'The Rookery'. The area, bounded by Bainbridge Street, George Street, High Street, and St. Giles is a warren of small alleys and courts so circuitous that one can easily go in and never find a way out without help. Not that you would get any. The area is the most impoverished in London. The people of St. Giles are packed into slums that are often windowless and without any ventilation, light, or any comforts. The average small room can house as many as twelve people, sometimes from a single family, but more often whomever the landlords can push into an empty spot of floor to sleep. Violence and drunkenness are endemic; with thievery of every sort, assault, and prostitution are the income of those in St. Giles. The area is so dangerous that police will not enter it without impressive numbers, and then usually only to recover a hapless comrade who wandered in to be beaten, stripped naked, and left to die.

The most public of this area is Seven Dials, a point where seven streets meet at a column topped by six sundials (the column being the seventh). This area is celebrated as the most impoverish section of the city. The shops sell only the most distressed of second and third hand-me-downs. The area is lively with children and adults playing games in the street (usually shuttlecock and tip-cat) and they take great glee in pelting the unwary traveller with the wooden balls. The wise traveller gives this area wide berth, indeed.



The district is also home to the greatest number of avian aficionados, with many shops for pigeon. If one traverses the region by the wooden planks that form streets from rooftop to rooftop, one will see a variety of songbirds, pigeons, and even the occasional raptor in their pens, cared for better than the people who own them care for themselves!

Famous Locations: The Vicarage

This ancient three-story house dating from the early 1700s is owned by Ned 'the Vicar' Vickers. This slum has no more than a single window in the common room on the first floor, an attempt to avoid the window tax that was in force when the building was erected. There are three rooms to each floor, all accessed by the same rickety staircase. Each room is about 12' by 12' and Vickers rents the floor space out in 6' x 2' sections; twelve people to a room is common, but recently, he has added hammocks to double the occupancy rate. The place is dark, smoky, crowded, and littered with garbage, rats and bugs. The atmosphere is smothering, be it winter or summer.

The Vicar is also one of the largest providers of protection for the prostitutes of St. Giles. Down on their luck women and girls are even rented decent, if somewhat old, evening gowns to aid them in drawing customers. The place has only two known exits, the main door in the common room and a trap door at the top of the steps that leads out onto the crumbling roof tiles. Like much of the area, the Vicarage is part of the interconnected footpaths

across the tops of the various buildings. Vickers, however, has another bolt hole: a short secret passage in the space between his ground floor room and the inn next door. He uses this to occasionally slip out of the building sight-unseen.

Famous Locations: Stokey's

This is a gin shop smack in the middle of the district, located in a cul-de-sac that prevents anything other than a frontal assault on the place by any police that might be foolish enough to try. Stokey's is a popular place for the downtrodden to gather for a glass of gin and a meagre meal. In the floors above of this hundred-year old building is a warren of rooms that are interconnected by holes in walls that have collapsed or been knocked down over time. This nest is home to Stokey's gang of child thieves and pickpockets – lovingly trained by the proprietor and generally cared for by him, as well. The kids are intensely loyal to him and have occasionally been marshalled into a juvenile army which is deadly in their efficiency.

PEOPLE YOU HOPE NEVER TO MEET

Ned 'The Vicar' Vickers

The Vicar is an unholy creature, part man-part troll. How this combination was achieved is the subject of much talk in the St. Giles gin shops. His past is a mystery before he showed up in the district and took control of the Vicarage. He is a massive, hairy creature with nasty, reeking teeth and calloused, gnarled hands from years of violence. His skin also has a slightly greenish cast. He has adopted the habit of wearing an Aluminat cleric's collar, a direct slap at that institution and as a sardonic tip of the hat to his nickname. There is no sympathy, kindness, or compassion in the Vicar, save for his pit bull terrier, Miles, on which he dotes. The last man to kick Miles was found hanging from a streetlamp on Fleet Street, outside of the Inns of Court with a sign on his flayed carcass saying 'Justice'. It is rumoured he fed Miles bit of the man in front of him during the torture. In short, the Vicar is a creature you do not cross if you can avoid it.

Ned 'The Vicar' Vickers - Rank 15 Barely Human Slum Landlord (Focused)

Physical Competence: +11

Mental Competence: +7

Initiative: 12

Health: 10 Dice (20 pips)

Mana: 5 Dice (30 pips)

Signature Skills: Blunt Weapons +3, Fisticuffs +5,

Intimidate +5, Perception +4, Streetwise +2

Traits: Cleverer than he looks +2, Ruthless +5, Strong +5, Violent +2

Special Abilities: None

Combat Abilities: He likes to use his bare hands (16 dice) but if there is a blunt object nearby (14 dice) to help make the point he'll happily employ that.

Damage: Massive fists (6 Dice), 2x4 plank (8 Dice)

Stokey

Stokey (no other name known) is a surprisingly kindly man for a criminal mastermind. His child band, known as the Quick Hand, are between 30- 60 strong at any particular time. He cares for these kids that he takes in when the alms or work houses won't, gives them a trade (albeit illicit) houses and feeds them. He takes 80% of their take, in exchange for room and board, and he allows them to drink and carouse heartily at all times in the rookery he had created for them. Stokey is of indeterminate age, his always clean-shaven baby face and sallow looks make him appear anywhere from an aged eighteen to a youthful, if sick, forty-year old. He is kindly to his kids, but ruthless and intransigent to those that betray his trust or oppose his business.



Stokey - Rank 12 Manipulative Gang Leader (Focused)

Physical Competence: +6

Mental Competence: +9

Initiative: 9

Health: 7 Dice (14 pips)

Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)

Signature Skills: Charm +4, Conceal +4, Improvised weapon +3, Perception +2, Pick pockets +3, Streetwise +5, Traits: Kind to children +4, Two faced +4, Vengeful +3

Special Abilities: None

Combat Abilities: Stokey would rather run than fight, or let the children defend him, but when in a corner he'll lash out with whatever he can find (9 Dice)

Damage: Piece of pipe or bit of wood (4 Dice)

Lefty Bowles

Lefty is a former factory labourer who was kicked out for being idle at his post at the age of eight. He was fortunate to be picked up by Stokey and at the age of sixteen, is the 'captain' of the Quick Hand. Incredibly agile and fast, he is a master pickpocket, burglar, and a stone-cold killer, if the occasion calls for it. This child prodigy is illiterate, but surprisingly well-spoken for his lack of education. He is a natural leader who has the children



– his “soldiers” – well in hand. They call him ‘captain’, and worship him as ‘the best there is’. Lefty is also a closet homosexual; he is ashamed of his impulses and this makes him incredibly, uncontrollably violent toward ‘nancies’ that cross his path. He is in love with Stokey.

Lefty Bowles - Rank 10 Career pickpocket (Focussed)
Physical Competence: +8
Mental Competence: +5
Initiative: 10
Health: 8 Dice (16 pips)
Mana: 3 Dice (18 pips)
Signature Skills: Athletics +3, Conceal +4, Fisticuffs +3, Improvised weapon +4, Perception +4, Pick locks +2, Pick pockets +5, Streetwise +2,
Traits: Fleet footed +3, Bigoted +4, Overcompensating +4,
Special Abilities: None
Combat Abilities: Usually Lefty will run like a coward unless he’s sure to win. But trapped in a corner or protecting what he loves makes him fight like a tiger (9 Dice)
Damage: Fists (4 Dice) and whatever comes to hand (6 Dice)

The Quick Hand

This gang of children are fiercely loyal to Stokey. They range over St Giles and the surrounding districts, and some have been known to ply their trade across the whole city.

Community: Children
Size: Large
Range: City-Wide (but mainly around St Giles and neighbouring areas)
Activities: Burglary, Con-tricks, Information, Theft

THE CITY “THE SQUARE MILE”

Prosperity: Wealthy
Dominant Social Class: All are present
Dominant Profession or Industry: Finance, manufacturing, printing, and law.
Crime: High (day), Very High (night)
Police Presence: High (day), Average (night)
Urchin Modifier: -1
Places to stay: The Albion, New Bridge Street, near Ludgate Circus (8s/night; average quality), Cathedral, near St. Paul’s cathedral (8s.3d./night, average quality); Barrett’s, Cecil Street, Strand (10s.6d/night, high quality)

This is ‘The City of London’ proper, the oldest part of the capital. The streets of the ancient city were raised in the Great Fire, and now the streets are paved with tarmacadam, instead of cobble stone, the buildings increasingly modern as slum reclamation clears the residence spaces for new commercial and office space.

Throughout The City there are dozens of factories on nearly every street, a trend that continues through Holborn up into Bloomsbury. From textiles of every manner to machinery, every kind of industry can be found in the district. Most of these factories are housed in converted buildings, former housing and shop space. There are few businesses that can afford (especially when starting out) to build a factory to their specific needs. This patchwork quality of the buildings makes them extremely dangerous in the event of fire or other disaster. Many of the buildings are old and the running of machines shakes some of them apart. There is usually inadequate ventilation, making them stuffy and unbearably hot in the summer and bone-chilling cold in the winter. In some factories heating is not provided for thrift or safety, but when it is the place is smoky and unhealthy as coal is burned. Some buildings are joined together to make a factory so often the floors don’t line up. Doors may not lead where one thinks, and exits may be complex and difficult to get to. (This was a problem for the Horse Guards in Whitehall, as well.)

Along Newgate Street we find the new General Post Office, a hulking palazzo in the Italian style. This building replaced the old Post Office, destroyed in a fire a few years back. Heavy and impressive, the new Post Office is one of the larger employers in the City. It is the central point for the post service in the city; where the mail comes into and leaves the city, as well as is processed to go to the various districts inside London. On the east end of Ludgate Hill, we find one of the iconic buildings of London: St. Paul’s Cathedral. Designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the cathedral is considered one of the finest pieces of English (or Aluminat) architecture.

North of the General Post Office is the massive St. Bartholomew’s Hospital. The hospital is originally a hodgepodge of buildings that have grown together over time as the hospital has expanded, then renovated to make the assembly more consistent. St. Bart’s, as it is known, is one of the larger hospitals in the city. There are specialists in the fields of diseases of the lungs and blood, and it is one of the better medical and dental schools in England.

The north of this area is known as Cheapside, almost a district in its own right. In earlier days it was a market area, and a place for fast deals, con merchants and others of low character. While the markets are now no match for Spitalfields market just to the north, the area retains something of its reputation for tricksters. It is also the area you will find the St Mary Le Bow church, whose bells are the famed ‘Bow Bells’. To be considered a ‘true cockney’



you should be born where you can hear the sound of Bow Bells, although it is said they can be heard as far away as Hackney.

Dominating the area of Cheapside is the Bank of England, the centre of finances for the country. The Bank of England is still tasked with implementing the Chancellor of the Exchequer's monetary policies and is the sole minter of money for the country. The bank did lose its monopoly on direct-stock banking in 1824, and as a result, many competing institutions have sprung up, the majority of them building their headquarters near the Bank of England. Barclays, Midlands, Barings, all of these banking establishments have offices built on the ideal of the Italian palazzo: the public rooms are on the ground floor, with board rooms on the first floor, offices for rent on the second, and some kind of caretaker's apartment in the attic. The monstrously large buildings create a sense of stability and power, though the banks rarely use all of their space. Other businesses have begun building their offices in this same way, hoping to make extra income from the let of offices to smaller businesses.

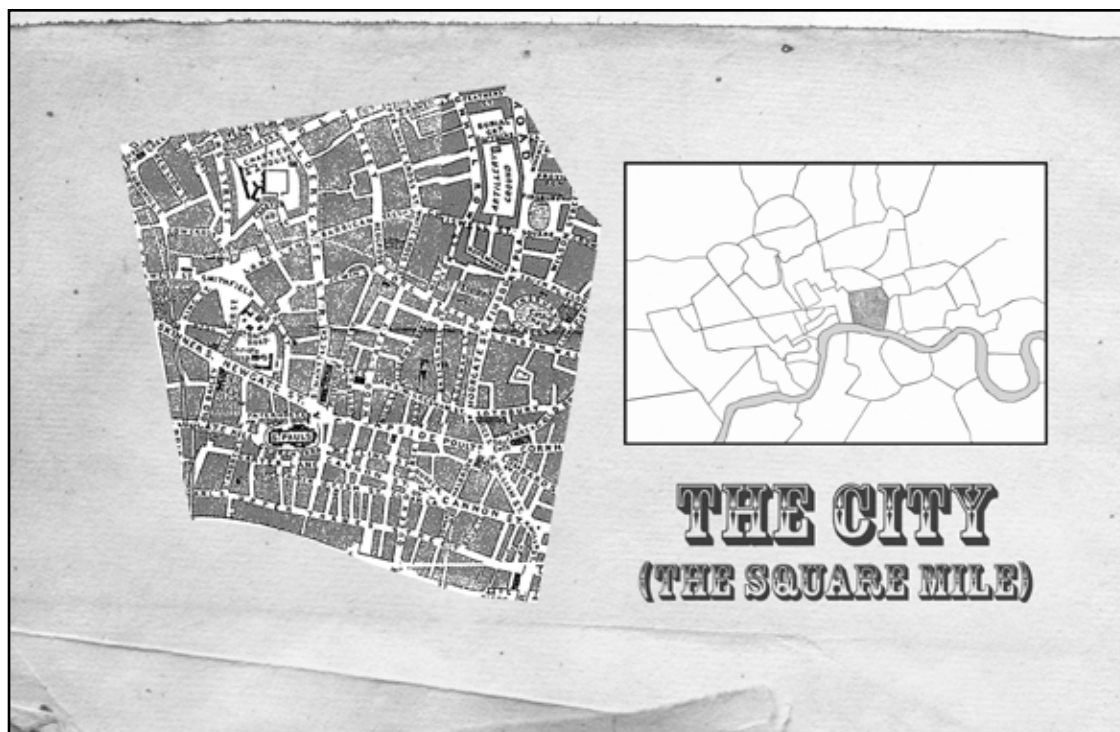
Another important feature of the City is Guildhall, a gargantuan edifice from the time of Henry IV. The Guildhall has a great hall that is one hundred fifty feet long, fifty-five feet high, and fifty feet wide with walls five feet thick. The hall is capable of holding seven thousand people! At each end of the columned and ornate hall are Gothic windows and statues of the mythic giants, Gog and Magog. There is a crypt in the building, as well, also vast in size. It is in the Guildhall that State Banquets are held, as well as the Lord Mayor's Feast. The last feast was a

spectacular event, requiring more than twenty cooks, who used more than forty tons of coal for cooking and heating. The Guildhall is also an auxiliary building for the offices of government, with courts for Lords and Commons, the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen. It has a library and offices for the Chamberlain, as well.

Famous Locations: The Royal Exchange and Lloyd's of London

Another bastion of the financial London is the Royal Exchange, completed in 1845 to replace the old one, destroyed by fire. The building resembles, in many ways, the Parthenon, with a columned front topped by a massive frieze. Inside, there is a massive open-air courtyard with a marble statue of Her Majesty, the Queen, in the centre. A promenade surrounds the courtyard, and has busts of various important figures in the financial life of England. There are large conference rooms used by merchants and traders to transact business, and the upper stories are offices let to the various insurance companies, the largest being the 'Lloyds Rooms'.

The offices of the great insurance house, Lloyds are in the first floor of the Royal Exchange. Only members and their subscribers are allowed entrance to the "Lloyds Rooms" which are opulent and massive. In the various offices, one finds the records rooms, categorised alphabetically and going back to the beginning of the company in 1688. There is a telegraphy room with linguists of various stripes (who also work the records rooms). The two main offices are the underwriting room (where the business of actually insuring cargo and ships goes on)



and the merchants' room (where shipping intelligence, commercial papers, and other mercantile information is laid out on reading tables for the members and subscribers). There is also a private luncheon room, called the Captains' Room, where masters of vessels will often frequent while vessels are up for auction



Famous Locations: St Paul's Cathedral

There has been a cathedral on this site since almost the founding of the city. However, the current cathedral (designed by Sir Christopher Wren in 1675) is the fourth to stand on this site and bear the name. St Paul's is a working cathedral but is also the venue of choice for Royal weddings and funerals. This makes it possibly the most important religious building in the city. As such it has seen many changes since its completion in 1710. Successive Kings and Queens (including Victoria) have insisted of changing certain aspects to suit their taste on more than one occasion. The cathedral consists of several small chapels and a crypt, where both Nelson and Wellington are buried.

The most famous part of the Cathedral is the great dome. The dome rises 85 metres from the cathedral floor and has three galleries on the inside so visitors can see the murals and paintings there close up. The lowest gallery is called the Whispering Gallery due to an odd quirk of the

design that lets you hear whatever is said on one side of the gallery when you are standing on the other. The other two galleries are the Stone gallery and the golden gallery which both run outside the dome granting amazing views of the city.

Famous Locations: The London Stone

Located in Cannon street, and often ignored by those who pass it, is the London Stone, reportedly the oldest part of the city. The stone is said to date from the founding of London and local myth suggests that should it ever be moved or destroyed it will be the end of the city. The stone is currently displayed in a small cage set into the wall of one of the buildings, easily missed, even by those looking for it. However, there are many who haven't forgotten the stone and believe it to have powerful magical energy. Some among the Guild dearly wish it could be moved to the Guildhouse. However, the leaders of the Guild are so frightened of its power they work to ensure it remains where it is, as moving it might disrupt the flow of magic in the whole city. There is a member of the Silencius (see *Faces in the Smoke: Volume One – The Secret Masters*) watching the stone discreetly at all times, and under orders to use any means necessary to protect this vital forgotten piece of the city.

Famous Locations: The Old Bailey and Newgate Prison

Between Ludgate Hill and Newgate Street, there is a small road, the Old Bailey, which gives its name to the Central Criminal Court, the main Inn of Courts for the common crime and criminal. This is most likely where a miscreant in the East End will be taken for trial, should they be caught in the indelicacy of crime.

Next to the Old Bailey can be found Newgate prison. These two buildings standing side by side represent the rule of law in the city in all its grace and horror. The Old Bailey was originally designed as a court house to try crimes committed in 'The City' but over time its remit has expanded to become the main civil court for London itself. The Old Bailey is open to the public and has become a popular entertainment due to the high profile of some of its cases. However, with the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice, the importance of the old Bailey will gradually decline.

Those who are found guilty will often be sent next door to Newgate prison, one of the most infamous and horrific gaols in the country. In many cases the criminals sent here are from the working class and few care about the conditions they suffer under here. Many of the inmates find themselves here due to debt, making it a doubly tragic place (especially through the vision of painter Frank Holl). However, Newgate is better than it was due to the efforts of prison reformers such as Elizabeth Fry.



In 1867 public executions are still carried out, and most are done at Newgate. Criminals sentenced to hang are led out in front of the gaol where the waiting crowd can see justice done, often pelting the criminal with rotten fruit. There is currently talk of abolishing public displays, with the executions moved to a more private gallows inside the prison.

BISHOPSGATE

Prosperity: Wealthy
Dominant Social Class: Upper and Middle class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Magical retail
Crime: Low (mundane crime anyway)
Police Presence: Low (but the Silencius are watching)
Urchin modifier: 0

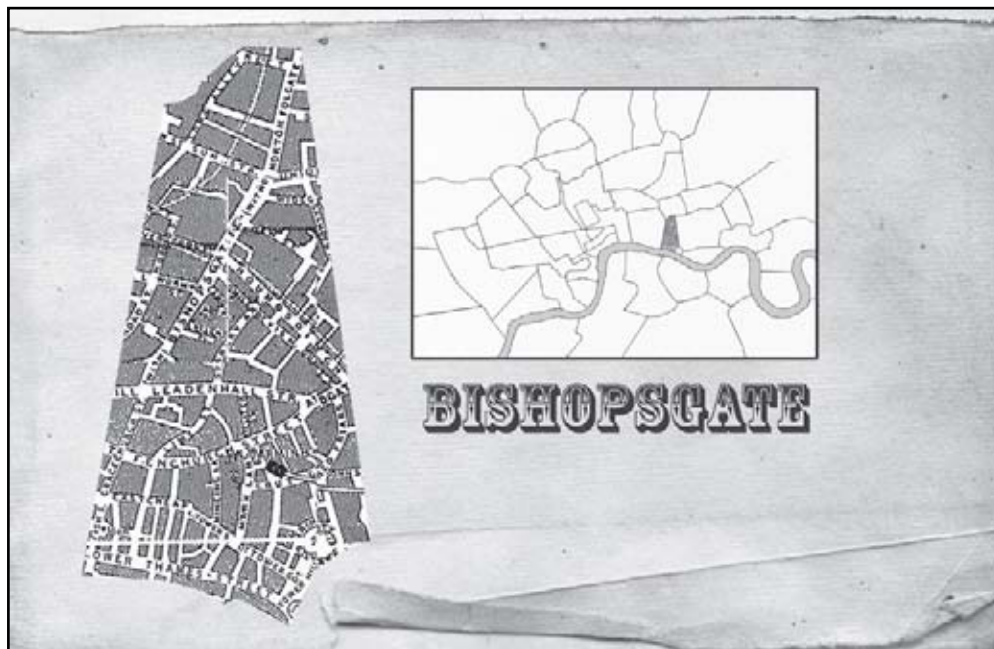
East of Smithfield market, starting at Aldersgate Street is the London Wall – the last standing piece of the original city wall. It runs from Aldersgate to Moorgate, a testament to the earlier days of the city. There are two historical churches along the wall – All Harrows London Gate and St. Alphage London Wall. The latter was named for the Archbishop of Canterbury of the 1000s. He was martyred in 1012 by the Danes and the church which bears his name was built the next year. It has twice been demolished and rebuilt, and was one of the few buildings in the area to escape the Great Fire.

Even though it is a small area, Bishopsgate has a world renowned reputation as the place to find magical supplies. The London Guildhouse is situated here, close

to The City and the financial institutions. Stretching away from it along Wormwood Street are a bewildering array of magical suppliers, all jockeying for the custom of Guild members and all trying to move closer to the Guildhouse itself. While it isn't a market the competition is so fierce that customers can often haggle a bargain from a shopkeeper if they claim to have found a better price elsewhere. Some shops sport the emblem of the Guild as 'approved suppliers'. This means two things, firstly that the owner has enough magical training not to be a charlatan. He will know how to prepare the materials properly and has a certificate to prove his skill. Secondly it means he has been investigated to make sure he is not selling necromantic or demonological items, and as such you can bet the Silencius is keeping an eye on him. One of the most renowned bearers of such a seal is Erasmus Spindle (see *The Havering Adventures* p 22). Spindle somehow still manages to acquire several black market items despite his Guild seal. This has led many to suggest the Silencius allows this so they might track those who come to Spindle for such black enchantments. If this is true, few doubt that the cowardly Spindle is not complicit in the trap.

Wormwood Street is always busy and not only with retail business. Many low class magicians, fakers and mediums offer their skills and talents to the passers-by. Most are ignored by the well-to-do sorcerers, but plenty of the lower class come here to buy a dodgy love potion or to have a medium tell their future. Amidst the con-merchants and fakers are some genuine individuals, but telling them apart is a rare skill.

With so many wealthy coming here to shop there are many other shops sandwiched between the magical suppliers, although most have some sort of occult leaning. If you know where to look there are also many disreputable





merchants who will sell you some of the darker tools of the art for a high price and a promise of discretion. No credit and no returns. There are also a few ale houses and chop shops, many proclaiming quite exotic fare. However, most people know that the 'Unicorn Stew' is really just beef and the cook is just getting into the spirit of the place.

Famous Locations: Charter & Sons

The closest shop to the Guildhouse is Charter & Sons, a renowned family business that sells only the best merchandise for the most expensive prices. The shop has two floors of supplies. The ground floor is for customers seeking basic magical supplies the first floor is a prestige service for the sale of magical devices and more expensive items. When the royal family require magical supplies they come here, and Charter & Sons take great pains to see you never forget it. Few items at Charter & Sons have prices on, and generally if you have to ask how much it is, you won't be able to afford it. Nobody ever browses at Charter & Sons either. Anyone who enters is quickly assigned an assistant to see to their needs for as long as they are there. So anyone who isn't looking to buy is swiftly moved along.

The reputation of Charter and Sons is such that some sorcerers will not consider shopping elsewhere. While the prices are extortionate, many upper class magicians love to show they can afford them. In fact it is quite common for some wizards to buy something small at Charter and Sons simply to get their item placed in one of the distinctive paper bags. Then that same wizard will promenade along Wormwood street looking for cheaper deals, brandishing their Charter & Sons bag as they walk among the lesser magic shops.

Famous Locations: The East India House

The headquarters of the powerful East India Company, this magnificent three-storey building holds the meetings of the Company's Court of Directors, houses the Company's various committees and subcommittees, and hosts a large museum of Oriental (primarily South Asian) artefacts. The headquarters is also the Company's main recruiting centre for civilians (Company employees serving in India) and soldiers (for the Company's private army). Gnome recruits are highly valued as they hold a special place in the Hindu caste system.

The East India House's interior is spacious and quite suitable for lavish parties of which the Company hosts on a regular basis. Its magnificent façade, cavernous interior and constant receptions lead many Londoners to believe that the East India Company effectively runs the British Government. The fact that the East India Company has its own private army and armed merchant fleet has only reinforced that perception.

Amongst the most popular receptions is the Griffin Ball (so named for Company slang for new recruits to

India). This is a lavish ball that was first held in early spring and, until this year, late spring. With the recent opening of the Suez Canal the Company has moved the ball to mid-June. The ball is a reception for new army and civilian recruits and their families, although all East India employees, past and present, have open invitations. The Service Ball highlights the best of what India has to offer (or, more correctly, what the Company presents as life in South Asia). Indian natives, all employees of the Company, entertain the guests with Indian music, dance, games, and cuisine. For many Company new hires, this is their last big event before spending a decade or more abroad. For more information on the British East India Company, see Jewel of the Empire.

Famous Locations: The London Guildhouse

Dominating the western 'city side' of Wormwood Street is the home of the Guild in London. Grounding their power in ancient stones, the Guild chose one of the oldest buildings in the city, even though they have expanded and rebuilt the building considerable. Technically, the London chapter of the Guild is not especially important. None of the Guild leadership reside there and it officially serves no more important function than any other Guildhouse. However, those who understand the nature of secrets can easily see this Guildhouse holds a position of great import. This is mainly due to two things. The first is the most obvious, that this Guildhouse sits in the centre of the most powerful city on Earth. Many of the London Guild members are the powerbrokers for the British Empire, creating a web of vital connections between the various members. The second reason is only known to very few, being that the London Guildhouse serves as the headquarters for the Silencius, the Guild's secret police force.

However, for most of the members of the Guild the London Guildhouse is simply another clubhouse. Visitors are usually welcomed by Lady Eleanor Charington, an Eldren noblewoman who has run the Guildhouse since the early death of her husband several years ago. Lady Eleanor is still a young woman (and shall remain so for some time, thanks to her Eldren blood) but is one of the city's most accomplished sorcerers. She is even more powerful in the Guildhouse as she knows the various enchantments that have been laid upon the place over the centuries better than anyone else alive. Few visitors who see to cause mischief even manage to pass this most polite and genteel guardian.

While Lady Eleanor runs the Guildhouse she is not officially in charge of the London Guild. That power remains in the hands of the council that meets in the Guildhouse. To most Guild members, their deliberations are kept secret. However there are still many services the Guildhouse can offer. For the cost of £1 a day any Guild

member can use one of the several well equipped magical laboratories, and any member may make use of the vast library to be found there. Other Guild members can also be employed to teach spells or craft items, although such services much be negotiated privately.

Non-Guild members are allowed into the club bar as long as they are accompanied by a member in good standing. They may also enter the healing parlour to receive medical assistance. However, those who appear at the door of the Guild covered in blood looking for healing may be turned away. All Guild members know that there is a more discreet door they should enter by, and if they should do so Lady Eleanor will ensure they are met by a healer almost instantly.

FINSBURY

Prosperity: Moderate
Dominant Social Class: Middle
Dominant Profession or Industry: Law, Financial
Crime: Average
Police Presence: Average
Urchin modifier: 0

Finsbury is a residential area on the borderlands of the central city. Its proximity to the law courts of Holborn and the financial districts of The City has made it a popular place for middle class professionals to live. It isn't as salubrious as the West End, so it fails to play host

to any of the real power brokers of the city. However, it is packed with legal clerks and financial clerks who have made a comfortable living for themselves and can afford to live somewhere a little nicer than usual. If you are looking for cheap financial or legal advice, the local pubs of Finsbury are the place to find it. With so many middle class people looking to live here it is also a good place to rent a boarding house. Many large houses are rented out by entrepreneurial widows left with large houses. Finsbury is a quiet neighbourhood and the peace so close to the centre of the city is very attractive.

However, Finsbury isn't always quiet as the Honourable Artillery Company has been stationed here since 1641. While this company has a good reputation it does mean that the weekends often find drunken soldiers walking the streets. The practice sessions for the artillery can also be quite loud making some areas of Finsbury less sought after than others.

Famous locations: Bunhill Fields

This cemetery is one of the oldest in London, and was built to bury non-conformists, those who followed a non-Aluminat faith. This has given the place a reputation as a burial ground for dissenters and revolutionaries. However this has actually meant it is the last resting place of a great many scientists, artists and philosophers. The cemetery was closed in 1854 after the Burial Act in 1852 allowed cemeteries that were full to no longer accept any more permanent residents. The new cemetery at Abney Park took on the mantle of Bunhill Field's reputation and is considered its 'daughter cemetery'.



CHAPTER FIVE:

THE EAST END

"I believe we shall come to care about people less and less. The more people one knows the easier it becomes to replace them. It's one of the curses of London."

- Ambrose Bierce

To the wealthy, the East End is a wretched hive of scum and villainy, but to the poor it is simply home. As the cities of the age have drawn the people out of the countryside to work in the factories, they have needed somewhere to live. The rich make sure rents are far too high in the West End for anyone but the 'right sort' to afford them and what living space is available in central London is taken by the working middle classes. Those who can afford better than St Giles are left with only the East End, although the north and south are expanding greatly.

Work in the East End is centred mainly on the docks and shipyards that line the Thames, but the East End also contains several factories and mills. Those who come from overseas step off the boats here and usually fall into the foreign communities that have made a home here. This cosmopolitan feel to the East End grants it an exotic feel in some ways, amidst the poverty, and it is this that tempts the gentlemen to visit and indulge in decadent delights they would dare not tell their neighbours about.

WAPPING

Prosperity: Poor

Dominant Social Class: Working class

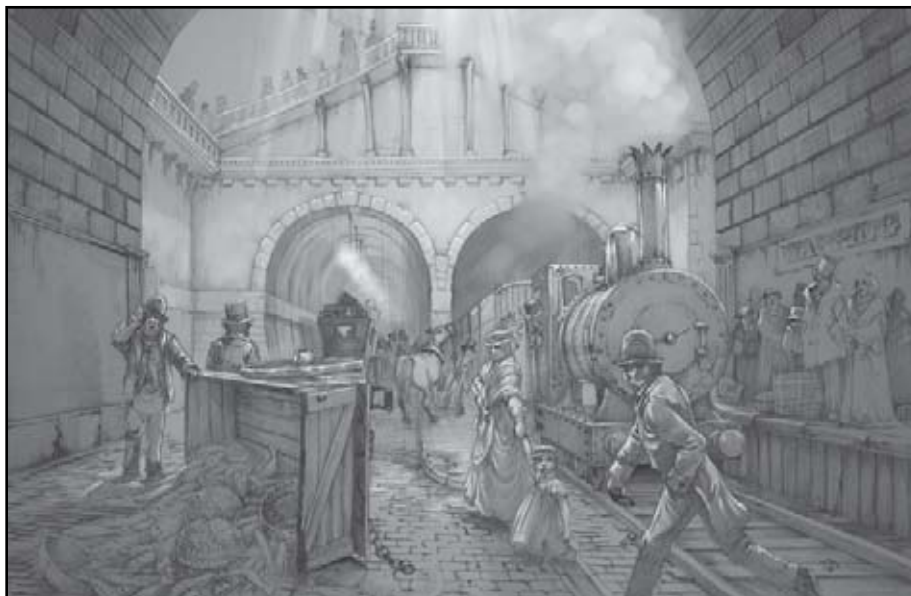
Dominant Profession or Industry: Shipping

Crime: Very High

Police Presence: Average

Urchin Modifier: -1

This poor district is as much a part of the City as it is the East End. Wapping's main feature is the dockyards within sight of the Tower of London. They stretch along Cable Street from the Tower of London east to the Regent's Canal and Limehouse Cut waterway. The docks are accessed from the Upper and Lower Pools. These include the St. Katherine Docks, the London Docks, and the lesser





harbour of the West Indies Docks. The St. Katherine Docks, only forty years in operation, handle traffic to and from India, mostly wool going out to the colonies; tea, sugar, and rubber coming from the colonies. The London Docks handle traffic with Europe, mostly from Spain and the Mediterranean; the goods moved are mostly wine and brandy, tobacco and rice. The West India Docks handle Caribbean traffic, usually sugar, rum, tea, and hardwoods, as well as fruit and coffee. Together, these docks handle just over 10% of the trade in London.

All along Cable Street north to Commercial Road there is warehouse space for the cargo of the thousands of ships that frequent these docks in a year. The warehouses are tall buildings, usually at least three stories, but rarely higher than six. The various levels are often leased by different companies, with goods and personnel reaching the upper floors either from ladders on the street or by crane assemblies on the roofs. Nearby rail stations (Shadwell, Aldgate, and Commercial Street) move these goods out of London to other cities and villages throughout the kingdom. The area is always busy and crowded with dock workers, warehouse labour and guards, police, sailors, and commodities traders. Day and night, the docks are busy and bustling.

Famous Locations: London & St Katherine Docks

This area stretches a mile long, and is packed with wagons, carriages, and foot traffic trying to get around a constant blockade of goods in crates, bundles, and bales waiting for loading or off-loading from the ships that are always crowding the wharves. The warehouses that crowd the streets around the area create a tunnel-like feeling due to the tangle of catwalks, ladders, and cranes that criss-cross the air above the streets. This is an area where all manner of toughs roam the area, looking for work or an easy mark to assault and rob. Pickpockets are legion in this area, usually in the form of young children. The company of London & St. Katherine Docks have their warehouses on Cutler Street and Mint Street. They have a tremendous storehouse of wines which can only be inspected by special arrangement. Company offices are on Leadenhall Street in the City.

There is a harbourmaster's office for both docks, where the harbourmaster organises where ships may dock, how long they might remain at moorings, as well as arranging for harbour pilots or tugs to assist the ships in an out of the Thames. As much as the captains of ships are gods to their crews, the harbourmaster is the solitary lord and master of his bailiwick. The harbourmaster's office is on Cable Street.

Famous Locations: Mariner's Employment Office

The Mariners' Employment Office is the cynosure for sailors looking for a job. Tucked into a converted warehouse between the London and St. Katherine Docks,

RANDOLPH "RED" McLAREN

Red McLaren is the head secretary of the Mariners' Employment Office. He is a short, red-headed Scotsman with a massive set of mutton chops. Himself a former master's mate who lost a leg at sea, McLaren is a quick judge of men – he is stubborn, arrogant, and proud...and infinitely corruptible. For the right price, a blacklisted sailor can find his papers altered, however, if Red takes a disliking to you, finding work can become exceedingly difficult.

Though a small, weasel-like man, Red is very dangerous: he always keeps a loaded .44 derringer in his pocket (it's actually used as a fob for his watch chain) and a .44 Webley Bulldog revolver out of sight under his worktable, should things get a bit rougher. He is a surprisingly skilled marksman. Red also has a clockwork leg that requires more winding than usual; he usually keeps it unattached and resting against the wall when he is sitting at his desk.

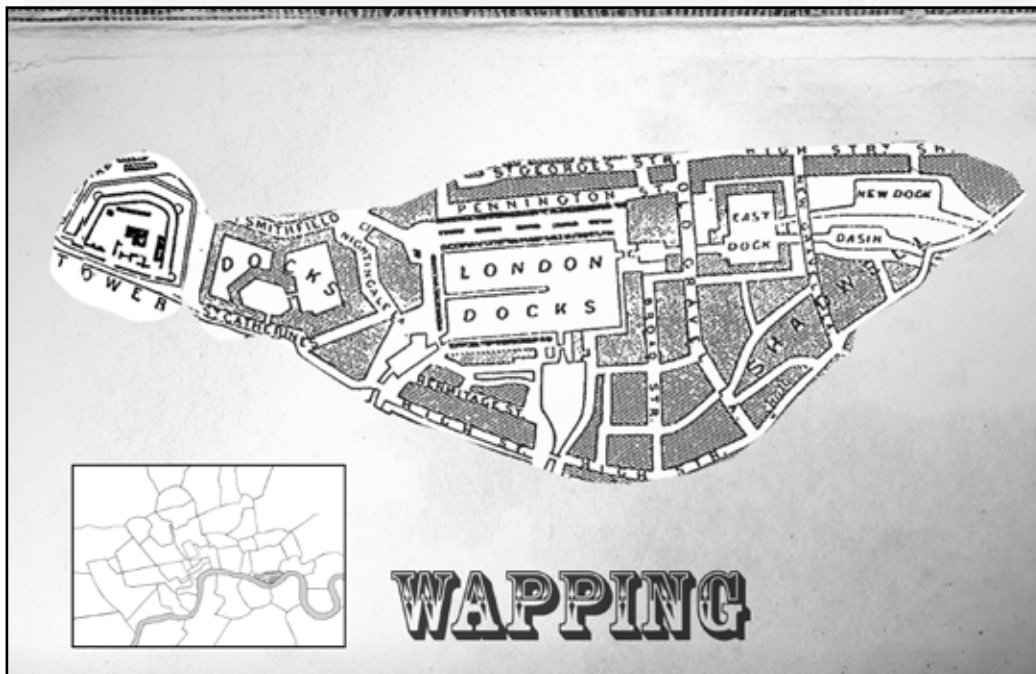
For statistics use 'Old Sailor' on p176.

the office is usually crowded with mariners looking for work. Positions that are open on the various ships are often (but not always) posted in the books of the office. They also keep records of sailors' ratings, given by the captains or merchant marine officials – such as master's mate, engineer, able seaman, etc. – as well as sailors who have been blacklisted by captains or merchant companies for crimes or incompetence.

Though a sailor can still often sign up directly with the boatswain of a ship, without having to show any identification, most masters now require some kind of proof of identity or abilities that the Mariners' Employment Office provides. (If one does not have papers when signing directly aboard, usually they will be assigned – at best – as an able seaman; higher positions require paperwork of some sort.)

Famous Locations: The Tower of London

The Tower, more than anything, represents the old London. As such it isn't really part of Wapping, simply next door to it. It is almost a district of its own, a place where the old city still rises over the Victorian streets. The Tower of London was completed in 1100. Since then, it has been the home of English monarchs, and has been expanded over time. Henry III and Edward II also included a mint and a menagerie in the Tower. The Yeomanry of the Tower was also created about this time. It has its own wharf on the Thames, and is famed for being used as a prison, starting with the imprisonment and murder of Henry VI



and his princes by Richard III, and including such 'guests' as two wives of Henry VIII (who were also beheaded here), and his daughter, the future Eldren Queen Elysebeth. It was the building that Charles I used as a base of operations in the Civil War and is the home of the Crown Jewels. The last execution on Tower Hill was over one hundred years ago. Since that time, the Tower has been more of an attraction for the curious. The Jewels and other sights of the Tower became open for paying visitors around the reign of Elysebeth. Most recently, the moat has been filled in, and the Mint and Menagerie removed from the premises. There are, however, still flightless ravens that live in the Tower. It is said that Charles II was told if the ravens left the Tower, the kingdom and fortress would fall. So he provided for ravens to always be present at the Tower.

The Tower has several areas of interest. Firstly, there are the guards of the Tower, the Yeoman Warders. Known as 'Beefeaters', they are easily identified by their black and red uniforms of Elysebethan cut. They carry halberds as their weapons. Most recently, a giant was added to the staff of the Beefeaters (affectionately known as 'Ben' even though his name is Bill) his uniform cost the same as the rest of the yeomanry put together, and his halberd is ten feet long, weighing almost two hundred pounds. This protection is mostly for the main draw of tourists, the Crown Jewels. These treasures of the state have been in residence at the Tower since the 14th Century, and include five royal crowns and over ten thousand diamonds, including the beautiful (and supposedly cursed) Koh-i-noor diamond, recovered from the Sinde by General Napier in 1848.

The White Tower was the beginning of this fortress complex, and houses the Royal Armoury, in which

are weapons and armour of Henry VIII and various instruments of medieval torture. The Medieval Palace has been used by Edward I and succeeding kings as their residence. The Tower Green and Scaffold site is where prisoners were put to death (including three queens!). The Chapel of St. Peter and Vincula is here and was where the condemned received last rites. It is also the final resting place of those who were executed here. The ghosts of some of these victims are rumoured to wander the grounds on the anniversaries of their deaths. More famous is the 'Bloody Tower', where the Princes were kept by Richard III, and later where Sir Walter Raleigh awaited execution after plotting against James I. Beauchamp Tower was where many high ranking prisoners were held, and many inscribed things into the walls of their cells that remain as historical documents of the tower's past.

WHITECHAPEL

Prosperity: Poor
Dominant Social Class: Working class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Public houses
Crime: Very High
Police Presence: Average
Urchin Modifier: -2

North of the Commercial Road and west of Bishopsgate, is the district of Whitechapel. Although not as intensely poor as St. Giles, Whitechapel is well-known as a centre of poverty. Middle-class homes cluster mostly



along the main thoroughfares, Whitechapel Road and Commercial Road. Once off the main roads, however, the picture changes. The average Whitechapel resident is working-class or middle-class at best. Much of the population is transient, having no real home and renting a bed or a bench whenever they have the money. The majority of the population are Irish immigrants, foreigners from Prussia and other German states (many of them Yehudites) and other persons stranded in London. Sailors from the docks often find a place to stay in this area. The transient nature of the people, the poverty, and the level of drinking that is prevalent in the area makes Whitechapel violent and depressing.

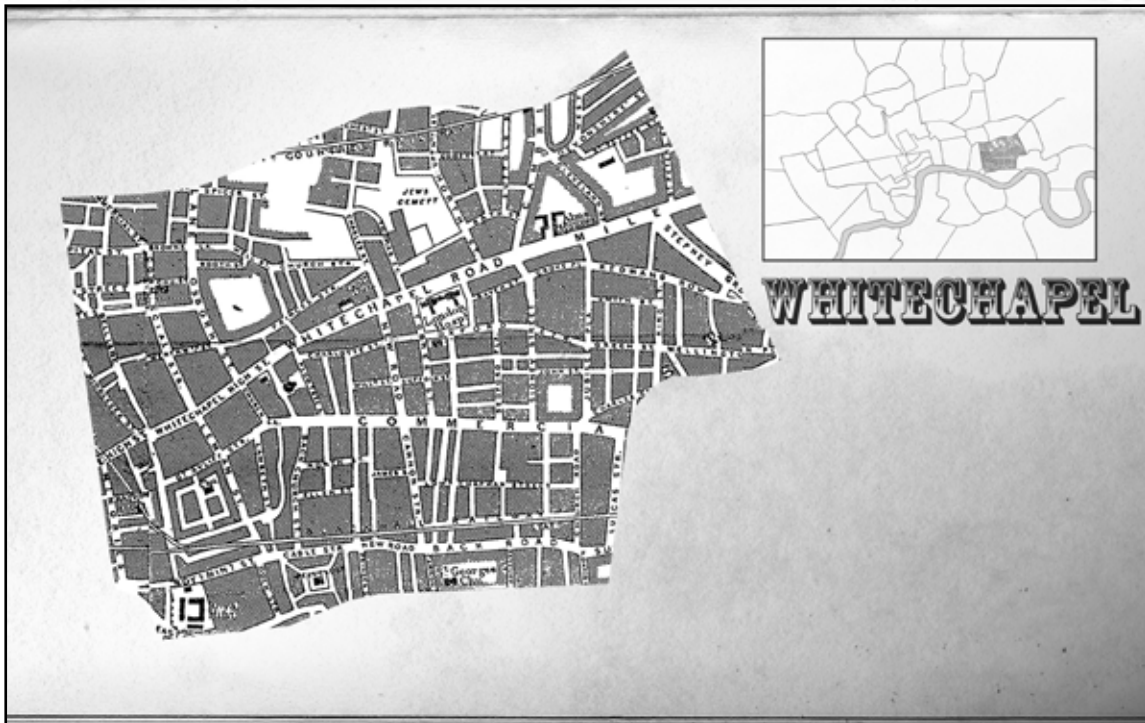
The industry of Whitechapel is smaller in character than in the City and the West End, and much meaner. The owners of the factories here are more likely to work their labourers harder and longer, and fire them more quickly for any level of infraction than one would find in the larger factories of the City. Most of the industry here are small tailors and tinkers, dressmakers and matchmakers. There are chemical plants in Whitechapel that make the goods that are used throughout the kingdom, from matchmakers or chemists to dye-makers and other industrial chemicals.

The streets are packed with stalls that offer everything from meat and fish, to furniture and carpets, to second-

hand clothes, boots, and the like. Whitechapel Road has a variety of music-halls and theatres that offer cheap entertainments, both in price and quality. Public houses abound through the whole area, often with their own entertainments staged in the cramped rooms, from sing-alongs and darts competitions, to women hired to warble out the latest popular ditties from the more up market music halls.

The other 'industries' of Whitechapel are well-known. Whitechapel is a haven for prostitution, gambling dens, gin shops and opium halls. These novelties are a great draw for men from all classes, from the aristocracy to the common beggar. The illicit nature of some of these pleasures makes for impressive crime rates, many of which are never reported to protect the reputation of the men partaking in these activities. Organised criminal enterprises run certain streets or neighbourhoods in Whitechapel. Some specialise in certain activities, like gambling or fencing stolen goods, others run any kind of enterprise that is inside their turf. Protection rackets are common, and visitors to the district at night might find themselves paying for safe passage through the various territories of these leeches.

With the amount of crime in the area, it is no surprise that rookeries abound. From a solitary building to an entire block of housing, these rookeries provide protection for the



most destitute or criminal. As in St. Giles, many of these people travel clandestinely over the roofs of the district on 'roads' of timber that run from one building to the next. As with St. Giles, the traveller in Whitechapel will see the residents sleeping in the gutters, plying their trade, be it selling matches or their bodies in the streets. Those without a place to stay will often bathe in the public fountains or at the stand pumps. Low streets and alleys are incredibly dangerous places to wander in this area; often dark dead ends, these places are breeding grounds for child gangs that are unbelievably dangerous.

However, for the upper classes, Whitechapel is not quite as dangerous as it might be. The prosperity of the area depends very much on the services it offers for the decadent gentry. So the criminals do their best to avoid committing too many crimes against the wealthy who visit here, in case they decide to stop coming. While this does not mean the streets are safe for the wealthy, they are in less danger than they might otherwise be. This often leads the upper classes to believe they have some sort of commanding presence that warns off potential ruffians from daring to attack them. Unfortunately this false feeling of security often leads many of the gentry into dangerous places in other parts of the city that are not as polite as Whitechapel.

Famous locations: Cutter's

Cutter's is a popular gambling den in an old, dilapidated building just off Brick Lane. In addition to serving horrible gin and beer, Cutter's offers tables for people to play cards. The centre point to Cutter's is the cage: a pit surrounded by wire fencing in which dog and rat fights are conducted nightly. Betting on the fights brings

men from all walks of life and Cutter maintains a group of thugs to keep the customers from being robbed or harassed while in the establishment. This protection does not extend beyond the door of the gambling den, and it is a wise man who keeps a weapon ready (and preferably a friend with another weapon) should he win at the pits.

Famous Locations: The Britannia Pub

On the corner of Dorset and Commercial Street, the Britannia Pub is a large establishment that is popular with the workers of the district. The pub often hosts penny gaffs, often in the manner of burlesque, usually women singing bawdy songs or doing comedic ditties. It is a popular haunt for 'working women' without pimps looking to pick up business. The food is cheap (there is usually only one dish offered per night) and the alcohol is surprisingly good quality, in that it won't kill you immediately. The beer is made onsite and is actually palatable.

Famous Location: The Ten Bells Pub

This pub has been brewing its own beer since 1666, or so the banner above the windows proclaims. Positioned on Commercial Street and Fournier, the Ten Bells is a more respectable public house than most. Its positioning, plus the decent beer and food, earns it more business than just the locals. It is up-market enough to attract not only the better off lower classes, but a good few of the middle class and (on rare occasions) even the upper class as well. The decent food and drink makes it a special treat for many of the very poor lower classes. For some, this is the best they will ever be able to afford, and certainly the best value they'll get for their pennies.



There are two things that make the Ten Bell's special. The convivial atmosphere between the classes means that it is the perfect place for secret assignations. If you are looking to hire a gang of toughs, no one will look twice at a well-to-do gentleman talking to a group of threadbare low-lives at the Ten Bells. The second way the pub stands out is that it's 'down to earth without being seedy' character attracts many artists and philosophers to the place. Often the artistic and bohemian set who are in attendance are the bored younger sons on the gentry rather than renowned scholars. They come to fervently debate (often very seriously) the latest paintings and ideas of the day with other amateurs who have too much time on their hands. However, the atmosphere has often drawn political, artistic and philosophical luminaries for the occasional evening. For the same reasons it is a popular recruiting ground for anarchists and other radicals. The air here is often thick with plots and artistic arguments amidst the cigar smoke and clink of ale mugs.

The pub is owned by Josiah Spent and his family, passed onto him from his father who also taught him the secrets of brewing the pub's distinctive ale. Josiah looks after the bar, and his wife Penny runs the kitchen. Penny is a skilled cook and although the pub serves simple fare it is

CUTTER

If Cutter has a first name, even he does not know it. He is a powerful and incredible ugly man, his face permanently disfigured from years of fights and a particularly nasty case of small pox as a child. He began his criminal career as a child thief and gang member, making his way up to an enforcer for the McEwan gang of Hanbury Street. He eventually made a surprisingly flash score one night when he allegedly robbed three armed gentlemen. His place is one of the safer gambling dens, not due to any kindness in his part, but because it is bad business for one's customers to be accosted while under his roof. His concern for his patrons ends once they leave his place; "I ain't yer mother, and I ain't yer brother, if yer can't fend for yerself, you ain't worth my time". This extends to the three or four children he has fathered out of wedlock on neighbourhood women. His two sons work at his place just as any other employee would, his eldest daughter serves bar and spreads her legs for the patrons when her father demands it. The child that does not work for their keep is out of the house.

For statistics use 'Gambling Den Crimelord'



easily among the best to be found in the East End. Josiah and Penny have two teenage daughters (Sarah and Mary) who work as waitresses and help in the kitchen. Their virtue is not for sale, and Josiah nearly killed the last customer who suggested it might be. The family has a son, Tomas, who is away at school. They have high hopes he will be able to study and make something of himself if they can afford to keep him there. One secret only a few of the regulars suspect is that the Spent family are not making as much money as it appears. They rely on 'donations' from several of the more wealthy patrons to keep the pub going. Most notable among these patrons is 'Miriam' who holds court among the artistic set at the Ten Bells most evenings. The darkly elegant Miriam is one of regulars that can be found at the Ten Bells, many of whom might become valuable contacts. Many information brokers consider the Ten Bells to be their 'business office'.

For more information on the Ten Bells and Miriam see *The Havering Adventures* and *Streets of Shadow*.

Famous Locations: The Pavilion

Whitechapel is full of penny gaffs and pub theatres, but the Pavilion stands out as one of the few actual theatres in the area. This theatre advertises quality melodrama...a

claim that is not founded. However, for the class of people that the Pavilion attends to, the entertainment is adequate. Most are histrionic pieces with copious amounts of violence in them. In fact, there is very little to distinguish most performances from the riotous and lurid penny gaffs found throughout the East End.

The Pavilion plays host to several touring companies (who often work the lower end of the circuit) but it has recently taken on a new resident company, which produces new works instead of churning out popular melodramas. The company is led by a rather bohemian woman called 'Dylan' who (while still cutting a very feminine figure) rather shockingly wears male attire. Dylan is the playwright, producer and director for the company, but has proved talented in all three roles. Her company are talented, but also fractious. Her best singer (a Gnome soprano called 'Madame Olivia Caravaggio') is an unspeakable diva prone to 'artistic furies'. Her most talented actor (a Halfling called Mr Talbot) is a drunk and often needs to be hauled out of the Ten Bells. However, for all their problems the company is talented and serious about the work. That they are trying to do something genuinely different and new have struck a chord with the theatregoing public and their reputation is growing.

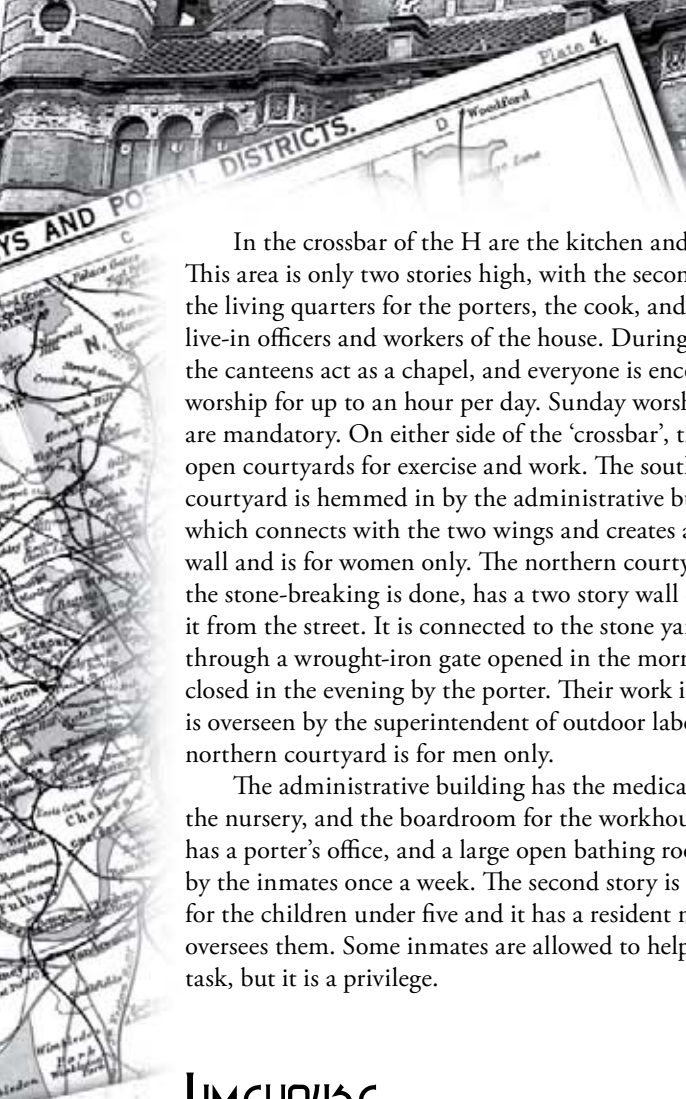
For more information on The Pavilion see *Streets of Shadow*.

Famous Locations: Baker's Row Workhouse

Bakers' Row is a large, imposing building of red brick, five stories high. The building has a series of arch-topped windows at regular intervals on all of the floors. The effect is that of a fortress, but a tasteful one. The workhouse is located directly across from Coverly Fields, where a Union Infirmary is located. To the east are the railway lines that deliver coal down to the Thames.

Viewed from above, the building is an H-shape, with the westward wing for the men, the eastward one for the women. The ground and first floors are given to the offices and the workshops of the workhouse, which are again segregated by sex. The ground floor also has offices for the overseer of the work, and the porter for each wing. The remaining floors contain the dormitories of the inmates, with the second and third floor being for adults and children above the age of fourteen. The uppermost floor is set aside for children down to age five. Infants are cared for on the second floor of the southern office buildings. The floors are completely open across the width, and are only walled off from the stairwells on either end. The dormitories have beds evenly spaced along either wall, with a peg for hanging one's clothing at night. There are tables with chairs for people to sit at when not working in the middle of each bay.





In the crossbar of the H are the kitchen and canteens. This area is only two stories high, with the second story the living quarters for the porters, the cook, and the other live-in officers and workers of the house. During the day, the canteens act as a chapel, and everyone is encouraged to worship for up to an hour per day. Sunday worship services are mandatory. On either side of the 'crossbar', there are open courtyards for exercise and work. The southern courtyard is hemmed in by the administrative building, which connects with the two wings and creates a two storey wall and is for women only. The northern courtyard, where the stone-breaking is done, has a two story wall enclosing it from the street. It is connected to the stone yards nearby through a wrought-iron gate opened in the morning and closed in the evening by the porter. Their work in the yards is overseen by the superintendent of outdoor labour. The northern courtyard is for men only.

The administrative building has the medical offices, the nursery, and the boardroom for the workhouse. It also has a porter's office, and a large open bathing room, used by the inmates once a week. The second story is the housing for the children under five and it has a resident nanny who oversees them. Some inmates are allowed to help in this task, but it is a privilege.

LIMEHOUSE

Prosperity: Poor
Dominant Social Class: Working class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Shipping, warehousing, opium
Crime: Very High
Police Presence: Low
Urchin Modifier: -2

Named for the lime pits in the area, Limehouse is best described as the Chinese district of London. The number of Chinese people in the area is astounding, and they give the place a peculiar exotic and dangerous character. In truth while the oriental community is around 80% Chinese, there are many different people from all manner of eastern countries. However, the English usually only see them all as 'celestials' (an American term originally) and see no distinction between them. This failure of the English to see the differences and variety of the cultures in Limehouse makes it very hard for them to make any sense of the place. This adds to the enigmatic and incomprehensible reputation of the area.

TERRANCE "TERRY" TURNER AND THE COMMERCIAL ROAD GANG

Turner is the head of the Commercial Road gang. He bases his operations out of the Black Mac, a pub named for a famed terrier that was the pride of the pub's dog-fight arena. In an ironic tribute to the transient nature of fame, Black Mac is now stuffed and mounted at one end of the bar. Turner is a ham-fisted farmer's son from Yorkshire who has put together one of the roughest crews in London, which even includes an Orc from South Africa. This crew of thugs is engaged in the typical enterprises of protection, bribery, prostitution, gambling rackets and the like, but that is not Turner's reason for keeping so many heavy hitters in his employ. He sees himself and his crew as the only protection London has from the head of the Black Gold Beneficent Society, a shadowy figure known as Ying Kow, who Turner sees as the epitome of the 'Yellow Peril'. In his mind, Terry is a crusader for the western way of life; the protector of the white race in London. He is not alone in this: many police and public in the southern Whitechapel and Limehouse areas see Turner as a bulwark against the Chinese. Many even believe the Chinese seek to steal their white daughters into slavery and opium addiction. In truth there are more than enough addicts to fuel the Triad's needs without looking for more. This endemic racism means that many of Turner's operations in Limehouse are ignored by the peelers on the beat.

The Commercial Road Gang

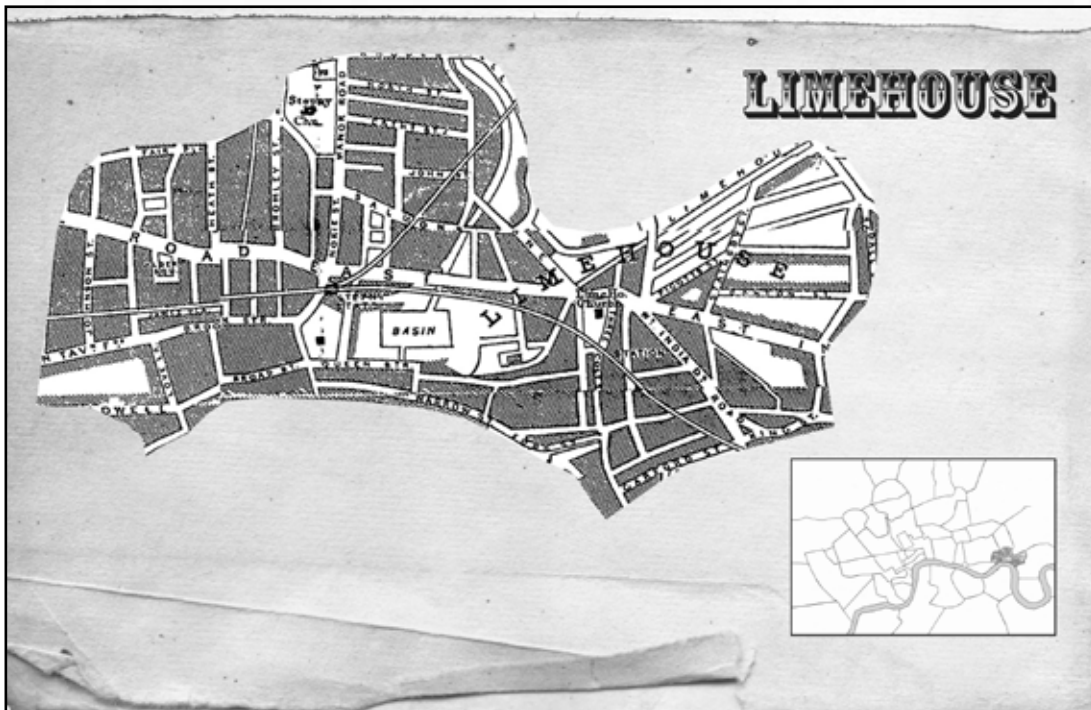
Community: Ethnic (White working class)

Size: Large (around 30 members)

Range: District (Limehouse)

Activities: Extortion, Prostitution, Muscle, Gambling

As with Wapping and Whitechapel, much of the character of the district is created by the massive West India Docks that occupy the Isle of Dogs to the south. The industry here is associated with the docks and their warehouses, but there is also a thriving business in pottery and ceramics due to the lime deposits here, as well as mortuary services. A working canal winds its way through the district of Limehouse as well, the 'Limehouse Cut'. It connects the Thames at the easternmost West India Dock and the River Lea, which winds through Limehouse and Mile End. The place is a filthy line of water, but is rumoured to contain several secret entrances leading into the old catacombs under the city.



Famous Locations: Johnson's Limery

Sam Johnson runs a lime pit in the Limehouse district. He is a massive, imposing man of good Scandinavian stock. His pit is an older one and runs deep under the ground where lime is bagged for industrial use. Cranes with line and pulley systems raise the material from the depths, where men carefully work the area. He also provides another service; in a separate pit that is officially 'played out'; he deposits the bodies of people who have met with an unpleasant end. His costs for this 'storage service' are high but not extortionate and he has the sense to ask no questions of those who use the service. He is loosely allied with the Commerical Road gang of Terrence 'Terry' Turner who get better rates in return for protection.

The housing in Limehouse is cheap and mean, the hotels cater mostly to itinerant sailors, and the public houses are legion. Added to this is the wealth of opium dens and Oriental brothels that line the streets. Cursive Chinese writing litters the businesses and the exotic additions of Oriental design work to some of them gives one the feeling of having left England.

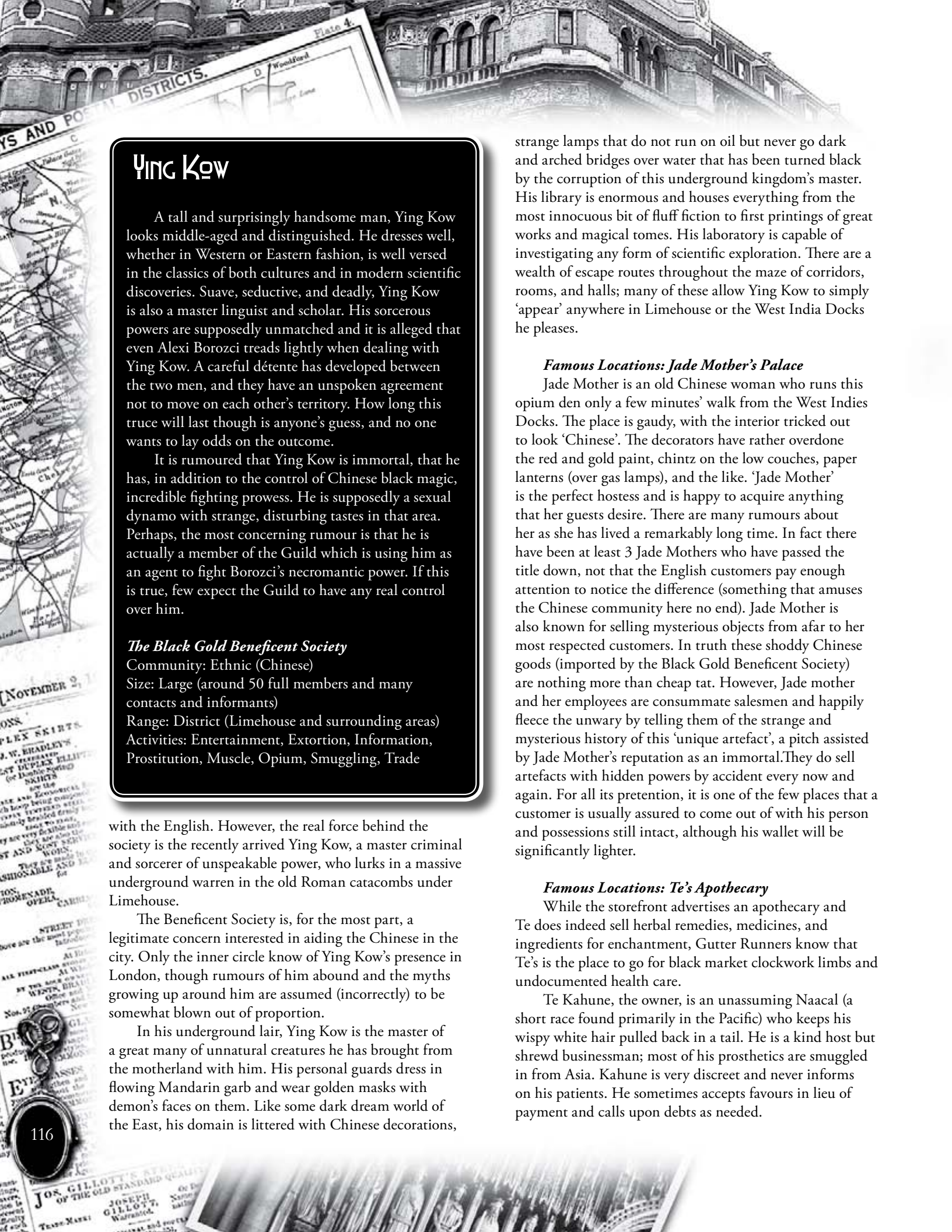
The brothels here cater to the exotic and offer many erotic treats from the East. It is rumoured that anything a man (or woman) wants can be found here. The opium dens are packed with sailors, the urban poor, and the decadent upper class. Some of the shops are fairly respectable, in that the patrons are unlikely to be missing their wallet and watch when they exit the establishment; others pose strange and terrifying dangers.

The Chinese community is insular and unwilling to cooperate with the police or other interlopers. After all, no one outside the community seems to care tuppence what

happens there. There is an endemic racism among many of the working class English who consider themselves above any foreigner. As you might expect, the lower on the social scale someone is, the more this attitude is likely to apply. So instead of relying on the authorities for law and order, the community turns to the Triad and Tong gangs. These gangs (such as the Black Gold Beneficent Society) are not just street gangs, as they provide for their community with loans and support for local Chinese businesses. However, the gangs constantly vie for territory and spare no mercy for each other, or those who they believe to have betrayed them (such as those who default on loans and agreements). It is rumoured that a lone mastermind who manipulates the various gangs for some nefarious purpose resides in Limehouse, plotting devious crimes that threaten to overwhelm the rest of the city. Many believe the lime pits of this district are full of the rapidly decomposing corpses of the gangs' enemies.

Famous Locations: The Black Gold Beneficent Society

The society has its offices in the first and second stories of a warehouse that handles mostly Chinese imports, like opium, tea, silk, trinkets and bric-a-brac. The building is mostly indistinguishable from the dozens of other warehouses on the street, but for the Chinese writing on the place. Here the Beneficent Society meets to plan development of new businesses, to provide leadership and opportunities for the Chinese community, and to organise potential business with the 'Gwai lo' of London. The official chairman of the society is Wing Lo, a gentlemanly fellow who dresses in English fashion, but only when he is dealing



Ying Kow

A tall and surprisingly handsome man, Ying Kow looks middle-aged and distinguished. He dresses well, whether in Western or Eastern fashion, is well versed in the classics of both cultures and in modern scientific discoveries. Suave, seductive, and deadly, Ying Kow is also a master linguist and scholar. His sorcerous powers are supposedly unmatched and it is alleged that even Alexi Borozci treads lightly when dealing with Ying Kow. A careful détente has developed between the two men, and they have an unspoken agreement not to move on each other's territory. How long this truce will last though is anyone's guess, and no one wants to lay odds on the outcome.

It is rumoured that Ying Kow is immortal, that he has, in addition to the control of Chinese black magic, incredible fighting prowess. He is supposedly a sexual dynamo with strange, disturbing tastes in that area. Perhaps, the most concerning rumour is that he is actually a member of the Guild which is using him as an agent to fight Borozci's necromantic power. If this is true, few expect the Guild to have any real control over him.

The Black Gold Beneficent Society

Community: Ethnic (Chinese)

Size: Large (around 50 full members and many contacts and informants)

Range: District (Limehouse and surrounding areas)

Activities: Entertainment, Extortion, Information, Prostitution, Muscle, Opium, Smuggling, Trade

with the English. However, the real force behind the society is the recently arrived Ying Kow, a master criminal and sorcerer of unspeakable power, who lurks in a massive underground warren in the old Roman catacombs under Limehouse.

The Beneficent Society is, for the most part, a legitimate concern interested in aiding the Chinese in the city. Only the inner circle know of Ying Kow's presence in London, though rumours of him abound and the myths growing up around him are assumed (incorrectly) to be somewhat blown out of proportion.

In his underground lair, Ying Kow is the master of a great many of unnatural creatures he has brought from the motherland with him. His personal guards dress in flowing Mandarin garb and wear golden masks with demon's faces on them. Like some dark dream world of the East, his domain is littered with Chinese decorations,

strange lamps that do not run on oil but never go dark and arched bridges over water that has been turned black by the corruption of this underground kingdom's master. His library is enormous and houses everything from the most innocuous bit of fluff fiction to first printings of great works and magical tomes. His laboratory is capable of investigating any form of scientific exploration. There are a wealth of escape routes throughout the maze of corridors, rooms, and halls; many of these allow Ying Kow to simply 'appear' anywhere in Limehouse or the West India Docks he pleases.

Famous Locations: Jade Mother's Palace

Jade Mother is an old Chinese woman who runs this opium den only a few minutes' walk from the West Indies Docks. The place is gaudy, with the interior tricked out to look 'Chinese'. The decorators have rather overdone the red and gold paint, chintz on the low couches, paper lanterns (over gas lamps), and the like. 'Jade Mother' is the perfect hostess and is happy to acquire anything that her guests desire. There are many rumours about her as she has lived a remarkably long time. In fact there have been at least 3 Jade Mothers who have passed the title down, not that the English customers pay enough attention to notice the difference (something that amuses the Chinese community here no end). Jade Mother is also known for selling mysterious objects from afar to her most respected customers. In truth these shoddy Chinese goods (imported by the Black Gold Beneficent Society) are nothing more than cheap tat. However, Jade mother and her employees are consummate salesmen and happily fleece the unwary by telling them of the strange and mysterious history of this 'unique artefact', a pitch assisted by Jade Mother's reputation as an immortal. They do sell artefacts with hidden powers by accident every now and again. For all its pretention, it is one of the few places that a customer is usually assured to come out of with his person and possessions still intact, although his wallet will be significantly lighter.

Famous Locations: Te's Apothecary

While the storefront advertises an apothecary and Te does indeed sell herbal remedies, medicines, and ingredients for enchantment, Gutter Runners know that Te's is the place to go for black market clockwork limbs and undocumented health care.

Te Kahune, the owner, is an unassuming Naacal (a short race found primarily in the Pacific) who keeps his wispy white hair pulled back in a tail. He is a kind host but shrewd businessman; most of his prosthetics are smuggled in from Asia. Kahune is very discreet and never informs on his patients. He sometimes accepts favours in lieu of payment and calls upon debts as needed.

Isle of Dogs

Prosperity: Wealthy
Dominant Social Class: Working class, Middle class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Shipping, warehousing
Crime: High
Police Presence: High
Urchin Modifier: -2

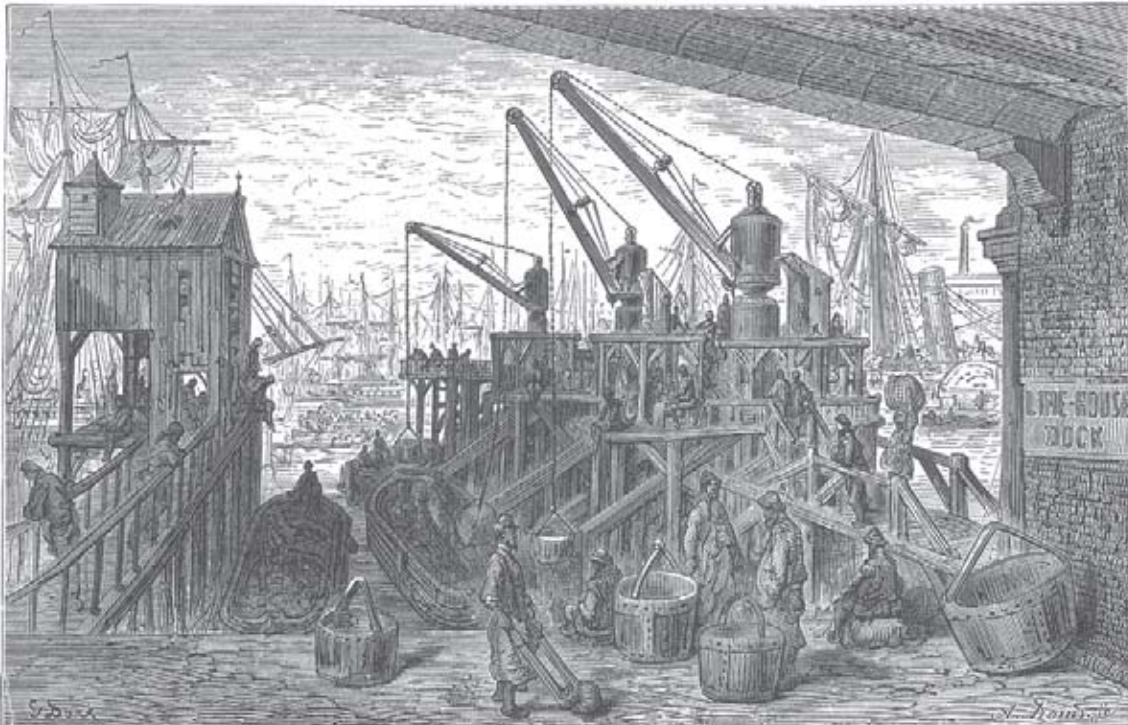
The Isle of Dogs is actually a spit of land where the Thames loops south from the Lower Pool at the London Docks, then turns back north before continuing east. Much of the land at the north of the spit (almost three hundred acres) is taken up by the East & West Indies Docks. These docks handle a combined 8% of the shipping in London. The character of the district is not much different from Wapping or the other dockyards save for the type of trade that goes on here. Most of the trade comes from the Caribbean and the products moved are mostly fruits from that region, coffee, sugar or rum, and hardwoods. The eastern trade brings in opium, teas, spices and other commodities, including a monopoly on the mahogany trade.

The offices and warehouses are too extensive to cover completely, but in some areas you find a concentration of one type of trade, clustered together for mutual benefit. Fenchurch and Yehud Streets have the indigo and cigar

trades, and subsequently there are also excellent tobacconist shops in these streets, usually tucked into rented warehouse space. Tea is almost the only business on Crotched Friars Road and the smell of tea pervades the area, nearly enough to remove the constant stench of the Thames and the industries in the East End. Bilitier Street handles all manner of goods, from china to feathers. This is also the location of the dock's company offices, where any inquiries for inspection of the goods or renting of space can be made.

There is a small set of docks sandwiched in between the various docks of the East & West Indies, the Poplar Docks. These are primarily used to store coal, which is taken out by barge to ships in the section of the Thames called the Blackwall Reach for victualing.

Taking West Ferry Road south from the West India Docks, one reaches the Millwall Docks, still under construction. These docks are an L-shaped set of wharves that already have their own rail station (the Millwall Dock Station) which is an extension of the line connecting the West India docks (at South Dock Station) the Poplar Docks (part of the East & West India Docks) and Blackwall Station (for the East India Docks). Most of the work on the docks is completed, with only the last of the buttressing for the sides of the new harbour to be completed before flooding. The Millwall Docks will mostly be handling grain products to and from the country; the mill operations have existed for several decades and new, expanded silos for grain have also been constructed. The dock's offices are on Fenchurch Road at the Rail Station. All of these railways connect to the main lines in and out of London at the Commercial Street, High Street, and Shadwell stations.



POPLAR & CANNING TOWN

Prosperity: Poor

Dominant Social Class: Working class, Middle class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Shipping, warehousing, canning, etc.

Crime: High

Police Presence: Average

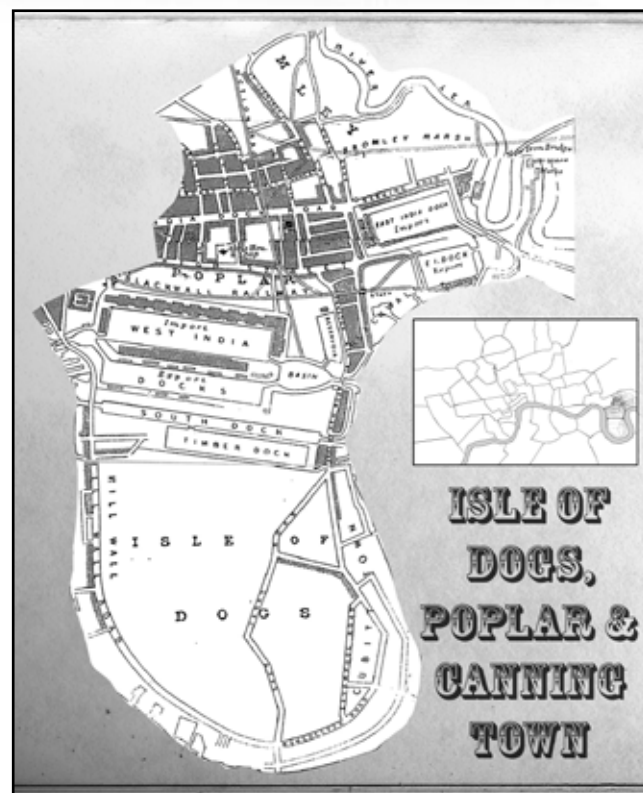
Urchin Modifier: -2

Poplar is, in many respects similar to Whitechapel and Limehouse in the character of the buildings and people. Its main inhabitants are poor working and middle-class people, but there are larger businesses here than are found in the other two districts. Much of this industry is tied to the shipping businesses out of the Isle of Dogs and the Royal Victoria Docks in this district.

Built in 1855, the Royal Victoria Dock is just east of the River Lea that winds through the outer districts of the East End, at a point in the Thames known as Bugsby Reach. These docks handle all manner of cargo (mostly foodstuffs to and from the Continent and the United States) and are the main dockyard in London to handle passenger trade from abroad. The Royal Victoria Offices and the Custom House are both on Liliput Road, which parallels the docks west to east. There are several major rail stations along this road as well, such as the Customs House Station, as well as Connaught Road, with its extensions out to Breckton and the Galleons on the Thames. The Royal Victoria has, since it's opening a little over a decade ago, expanded to handle 6.9% of the city's trade, and already plans are being made for the extension of these docks to include a Royal Albert Dock. However, there are many issues regarding the ownership and use of the land slowing the process.

Another major rail station is North Woolwich, right on the Thames opposite of the Royal Dockyards for the navy on the south bank. This rail station mostly handles cargo and passenger traffic using the ferry over to the Royal Dockyards.

In the section of Poplar north of Liliput Road is an area known as Canning Town, as it contains most of the meat packing and tinning businesses of London. The tin can (invented in 1810) has proved a vital and popular way of preserving a variety of foods (especially for the armed forces) and is a growth industry. These factories give Canning Town (and indeed most of Poplar) its particular odour, a rank odour of charnel house and fishery combined. It is a rare man or woman from Poplar or Canning Town that have their olfactory senses not irrevocably dulled from the miasma hanging over the place.



The Thames Ironworks and Shipyards are also in this area, on the River Lea. The business is mostly involved in building river and small tramp steamers and provides hundreds of jobs for the men of London. There is also the Ohlendorff's Guano works, (on the banks of the Thames, south of the Royal Victoria Dock) and Lyle's sugar factory, where the raw product straight from the West India Docks is processed and refined. The British Alazarine Works are also on the Thames, as are the Keiller Marmalade factory, the India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and Telegraph works, and lastly Tate's sugar factory. These places employ much of the Poplar district.

MILE END

Prosperity: Poor
Dominant Social Class: Working class, Middle class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Distillery, chemical plants
Crime: High
Police Presence: Average
Urchin Modifier: -2



Mile End is best described as 'Whitechapel East'. The district is centred on Mile End Road, a more broad and well-maintained continuation of Whitechapel Road. The area, like Whitechapel, is nearly exclusive to working and poorer middle-class, and is heavily populated by immigrants from all over the World. The better-off live mostly along the high street in homes that are fairly new and larger than their cousins in Whitechapel. The poor live in tenements, many of them recently thrown up without regard to any form of building code. Most of these tenements are split along ethnic lines; one set of rookeries might be exclusively for the Irish, the other for the Italians. The pattern is repeated in most of the poor slums in Mile End, Whitechapel, and Poplar. The area is highly industrial, with massive industries lining the streets and the River Lea from the Thames up into West Ham in the north.

The great chemical plants of London can also be found here. The Gas Light & Coke Company is one of the major employers in the district, as is the Three Mills distillery. The Leather Cloth works is in the area as well, and provides employment for women and children almost exclusively.

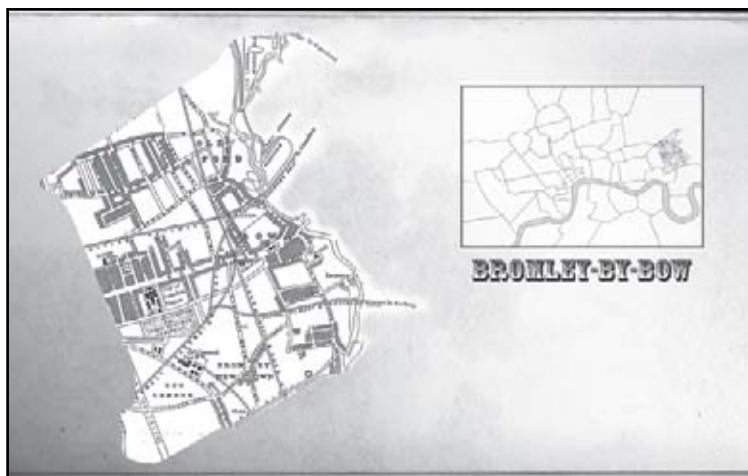
BROMLEY-BY-BOW

Prosperity: Average
Dominant Social Class: Lower middle class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Factories, market, Spas
Crime: Low
Police Presence: Low
Urchin modifier: 0

By the time you reach Bromley you are moving out of London in to the villages and towns of the English countryside. This area east of Mile End is full of fields and open ground, but this is rapidly being filled with factories as the city expands. While the more open spaces of the area are attractive, its proximity to Canning Town just south of here does little to help the reputation of the area. Many of the town council are concerned that Canning Town will gradually expand into Bromley and 'bring down the tone of the area'.

Bromley is essentially a market town and is proud of its history in this regard. Situated on the main east road from London it was a natural place for the town and country to meet and exchange wares, and the market thrives to this day. Recently Bromley has also become known as a 'spa town' and a few visitors come here to 'take the waters'. However the area has none on the elegance of Bath and this newfound tourism will be a brief affair for the town.

The country atmosphere of Bromley makes it a haven in the East End for the lower middle class and those of the lower class looking to escape the grime of the city (but can't afford anything better). Few people of import reside here, although 1866 saw the birth of a son for the Wells family who they have named Herbert George.



SPIITALFIELDS

Prosperity: Low
Dominant Social Class: Working class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Silk, weaving, tailoring, market trade
Crime: Average
Police Presence: Low
Urchin modifier: -2

Spitalfields is considered a tragic example of 'how the mighty have fallen'. It is part of the old Roman town of London and has stood with the city for most of its history. It was originally a district of weavers and silk merchants, which made it a very prosperous area. It was also considered a district of malcontents, as many of the weavers were also Huguenot 'heretics' looking to break with established Aluminat doctrine. In the 18th century it became something of a battleground as weavers fought for their rights when cheaper French silks being imported threatened their prosperity. Unfortunately this decline was not to be stopped, even by rioting, and new laws designed to help master weavers, denied their apprentices any minimum wage protection. The cheaper imports continued and with no bonuses in the good times, few were able to weather the bad times.

Through the 19th century this decline has continued and the weaving trade has fallen on harder and harder times. Spitalfields has become a rookery almost equal to St Giles, although crime is not so bad as no one has anything worth stealing. What has helped the district retain some form of prosperity is the recent influx of Yehudite immigrants to the area. Many of these poor immigrants have set up tailoring businesses as the old weaving houses suit their needs. This helps some weavers and cloth makers to still earn a living. However, the Yehudite immigrants have little money themselves and it is unlikely that anything will turn around the gradual decent of Spitalfields. Indeed, those in the Yehudite community who can afford it quickly move to one of the neighbouring boroughs, although Petticoat Lane to the south of the borough is almost entirely occupied by the Yehudite community.

Things are getting worse here by the day. Many believe the place is destined to become worse than St Giles given time; all it will take is for the right sort of organised criminals to move in.



Famous Locations: Spitalfields Market

A two minute walk from St Bart's along Little Britain Road will take one to the Smithfield Market, a sprawling open-air meat market that stretches from Farringdon Road to Charterhouse Square. The market is practically the only thing stopping the utter devolution of Spitalfields, and it has existed since 1638. While the market is always busy, little of its prosperity remains in Spitalfields, as those who can afford it live elsewhere and just come here to run their stall. In fact, most stallholders run farms and smallholdings out to the east or north of the city and visit only for market day.

The market is always busy and crowded (a haven for pickpockets) and is lined with butchers' shops. There is also a fine vintner here, Reid & Sons, Ltd. Central to the action in the market are the animal pens and corrals where chicken, pigs, cattle, and sheep are held on display prior to their slaughter and butchery. It is a rare occurrence, but occasionally animals have escaped the pens and will wander around the market with their owners in speedy pursuit. The stench of animal by-product is made worse currently by the road improvements being done by the city, including the attempt to use some of the new tarmacadam to surface the road.

The market area is vast, and those seeking fresh food and vegetables can find almost anything here and at all manner of prices. The market is patronised by people of all classes (although the gentry send their servants shopping here) and offers something for everyone. The poverty of Spitalfields is held at bay here by a more vigilant police presence, although pickpockets work the crowds. Those who look like they might carry something valuable are advised to take care here.

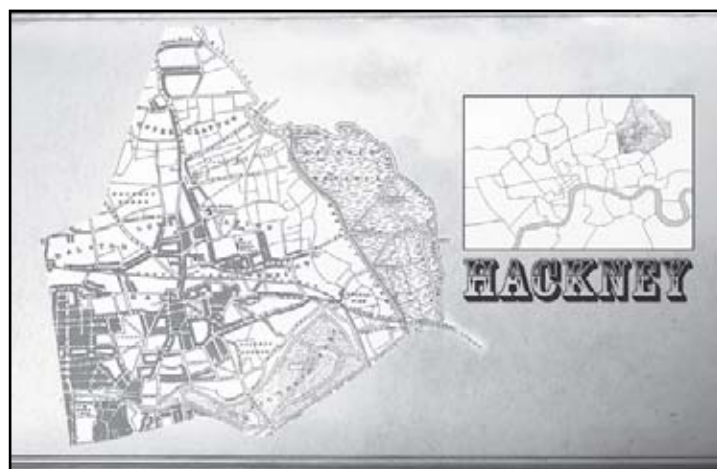
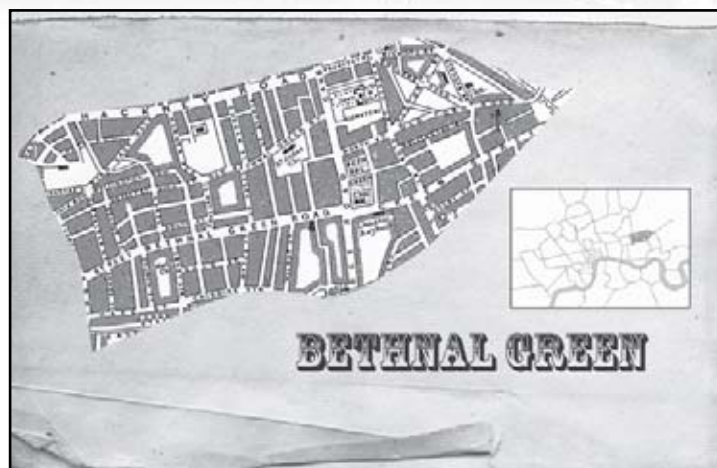
BETHNAL GREEN

Prosperity: Low
 Dominant Social Class: Working class
 Dominant Profession or Industry: Weaving, Furniture, Crime
 Crime: Average
 Police Presence: Low
 Urchin modifier: -1

While not quite as bad as its neighbour Spitalfields, it seems clear that Bethnal Green is only a few steps behind. Like Spitalfields most of its prosperity depended on the weaving trade and as things have got harder for weavers the area has lost much of its wealth. The area known as 'Globe Town' (named for its Globe topped arch) that was originally established to provide accommodation for the growing weaver population, gradually became empty as the weaving trade fell on harder times. However, unlike Spitalfields, the residents of Bethnal Green learnt to diversify. The large estates in Globe Town were perfect for creating market gardens, effectively smallholdings within the city. Other businesses (mainly boot makers, furnisiers and clothiers) took advantage of cheap rents and helped prop up the industry of the area. The large houses could also be refitted easily as warehouses and with so many unemployed weavers; cheap labour was easy to come by.

Today, Bethnal Green is still holding on, but barely. Rather than sink into utter poverty, most residents find a way to move on and try making another life somewhere else in the city rather than fall into a spiral of debt. This is turning Bethnal Green into a ghost town with many empty buildings and warehouses littering the area. These buildings often provide shelter for the homeless, but also provide quiet empty places for people to meet clandestinely. Several gangs are moving in, clearing out the homeless to stake their own territory, using the space to build sweatshops or slum housing and other 'legitimate' businesses. It won't be long before the empty streets become a Rookery run by criminals.

The amount of empty spaces is also attracting another form of visitor. With few people to disturb them, necromancers and demonologists have been found to practice their art, and even recruit and train new apprentices here. While this isn't a massive problem it is enough to concern the Guild who is always looking to send agents into the area to root out signs of dark magic. It is a dangerous job, as not only are such sorcerers dangerous, but many leave occult traps, undead monsters, ghosts or even demonic creatures to murder those who try to follow their trail.



HACKNEY

Prosperity: Low to average
 Dominant Social Class: Upper working class
 Dominant Profession or Industry: Factories, Furniture, Transport
 Crime: Average
 Police Presence: Low
 Urchin modifier: -1

Like Bromley, Hackney is an old village that is being consumed by the city. For most of its history the area has been a place of market gardens and country living. However, while it is still more associated with furniture making, it now hosts several factories and mills as the city expands here. As the area gains more factories, its population has increased, creating a demand for more housing. New rows of terraced houses are being built swiftly to cope with the demand.

Some new technologies are also being developed in Hackney, such as a new synthetic plastic called



Parkesine, invented in 1862. The inventor of this new wonder, Alexander Parkes, has just set up the Parkesine Company to manufacture the material. Parkes is currently looking for a Guild mage partner to help him reduce the cost of making the new material.

Another feature that has drawn Hackney into the city is the expansion of the railways, with many new routes being built through the area out to the east of the country. These railways allow the network to link into the many waterways that pass Hackney. So it is here that goods are often moved from rail to barge. However the barge network is used less and less for long journeys, as rail is so much faster.

Out to the east of Hackney are the marshes, which form a natural barrier to the expansion of the city. The new sewage systems are designed to try and control the flooding from the old River Lea which creates the marsh. However, the area is still protected under old laws that insist it is common grazing land for livestock. The other park of Hackney that remains protected is Hackney Downs. Since 1860 the area has been declared parkland in an effort to stop the city turning all of the countryside of Hackney into paved streets and factories.

SHOREDITCH & HOXTON

Prosperity: Low to Average

Dominant Social Class: Lower and Middle class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Furniture, Theatre, Asylums

Crime: Average

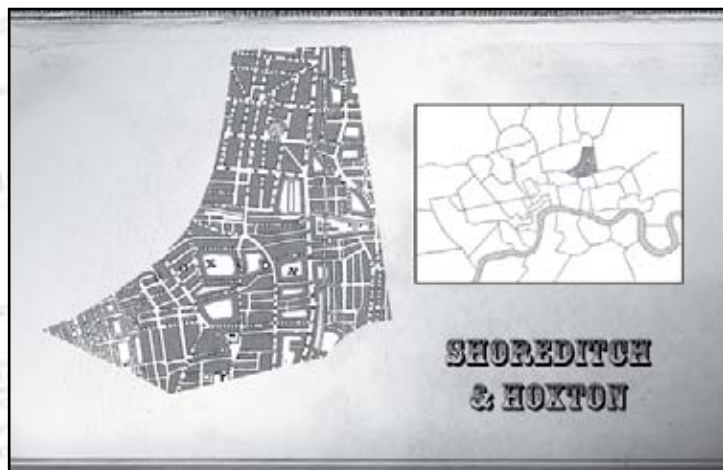
Police Presence: Average

Urchin modifier: -1

These two districts are often conflated into one as boundaries and politics keep changing the divisions of the city. Perhaps there is some form of chaos to the place as it has also become renowned as a place for madmen and theatricals. As the area became part of the city, its estates and manor houses were often turned into asylums and almshouses (charitable accommodation for the elderly). Many of these still remain in 1867 so many of the residents of the area are those who work in such places. Those considered 'cured' are often turned out to make their own way and often end up on the streets of the district. There is a lot of poverty here, as with much of the East End, although it is not quite the rookery other areas have become. Most residents can make their way here as costermongers rather than criminals, and people selling all manner of small goods tout for trade on every corner.

Apart from the furniture trade that makes up so much of the industry of the East End this area is also well known for its theatres and music halls. Here can be found the largest concentration of such places outside the central city and West End. While they are not quite so glamorous as those in the West End, these theatres offer cheap and popular entertainment that most who live here can afford. In most cases these are music hall, variety and burlesque shows, which offer quite a selection of performances every night.

The concentration of cheap theatres means that the area is also awash in theatricals who cannot afford to work in the West End, all looking to put on new performances. Some just want to put on a show; others are looking to smash the state with political dramas or revolutionary performances, few of which will ever see the light of day. The bohemian crowd fills the public houses of the place with their passion, ego and grand dreams, all of which keep many publicans in business. If you need to find a group of actors, or like to bathe in tarnished glamour, it can be found here, anywhere that sells cheap beer.



CHAPTER SIX:

SOUTH OF THE RIVER

"I came to London. It had become the centre of my world and I had worked hard to come to it. And I was lost."
- V. S. Naipaul

The south of London is a place of factories and poverty. Often, those who cannot afford the East End find themselves living here. While not every area is a rookery, few find the south a comfortable place to live as so many of the noisiest or smelliest factories can be found here. Tanners, canning, brewers, textiles and all manner of production facilities gather together in this area and the residents usually only live here to be close to their workplace. Due to the factories, most areas have their own particular smell, and it is said a blind man can easily navigate the area by smell alone. The only other work (apart from crime) available here is on the docks on the south side of the Thames. There is a certain amount of work to be found on small wharfs on the south side, and the great docks at Rotherhithe are extremely busy. However, less of that wealth finds its way into the pockets of the workers in the south than it does in the north.

The houses here are built in tight rows, and mostly house the workers for the factories. For many people their employer is also their landlord, making it very difficult to risk causing trouble at work. The area is not exclusively working class, and many of the poorer middle class find a home here. They, like the poorer classes, are usually working in one of the factories, often as a clerk.

The factories have created a little urban renewal, bringing new work and cheap housing to the area. However those areas without any new building are among the oldest in the city. These dilapidated houses have stood together for hundreds of years, and it is a wonder some still stand. These old areas have almost all become terrible rookeries, many rivalling St Giles.

However, as you pass out of the tight row-houses and factories the area becomes a lot more salubrious. Here, the owners of the factories often make a home for themselves, close enough to the city for business and far enough away

to avoid the squalor of their employees. In these far south areas of the city the wealthy middle classes are doing their best to build a Kensington and Belgravia of their own.

BATTERSEA

Prosperity: Poor
Dominant Social Class: Working-class, middle-class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Brewing, distilleries
Crime: Average
Police Presence: Average
Urchin modifier: -1

The Westernmost of the southern districts, Battersea is best known for the Commons there. This large park area runs up to the Thames and the Battersea Bridge, crossing over into Pimlico. Battersea Commons is distinguished only by the excellent tropical gardens it contains in a series of hothouses in the park. Given that it is away from the prying eyes of the nobility, Battersea Commons has been used as a duelling ground on occasion. Here, the illegal combat might be completed with little chance anyone important might happen by.

The district is mostly working poor and middle-class clerks. The houses are relatively new and large and usually built in tight rows, the townhouses share common walls. Even the slums are relatively large, but the landlords cram as many people as possible into them. Given that the community is almost as close as the houses, and everyone knows no one else has much of value; the area is usually quite quiet and safe.



Given the amount of distilleries in the area the most common crime is theft, not of money but of the produce of the distilleries. It is a big problem for many distilleries as often when they hire extra security, the extra security steals a few bottles themselves. As alcohol is a popular distraction, few of the thefts are to make money; rather they are to supply those who cannot afford to buy the oblivion they seek.

LAMBETH

Prosperity: Poor
Dominant Social Class: Working-class, middle-class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Textile, pottery, breweries, coal and chemical plants
Crime: High
Police Presence: Average
Urchin Modifier: -2

Joined to Whitehall by a bridge declared by Dickens as 'on the whole, the ugliest ever built', Lambeth is an area of intense poverty and high crime. The area is full of old homes of the same quality you find in St. Giles and Whitechapel. The people living here are mostly working class, scrabbling for work in the docks in Rotherhithe or the various factories that are splashed throughout the southern districts of the city.

One of the borough's newest factories is the Doulton pottery and ceramics factory. While it began producing sanitary ceramics and drain pipes the designers have branched out into tableware pottery and met with great success. Doulton pottery is rapidly becoming very fashionable and the factory is set to expand quickly. Some

say the seal of royal approval might not be too far on the horizon.

There are plenty of hospitals near Lambeth, including two famous landmarks: the infamous Bethlehem Royal Hospital (or 'Bedlam') a psychiatric hospital for the upper and middle-classes (just across the border in Southwark) and St Thomas Hospital. Bedlam was established in 1247 and is still the pre-eminent hospital for the insane. Not far away, on the Albert Embankment near Westminster Bridge is St. Thomas Hospital. This hospital was founded in 1207 and is the best of the South London hospitals. The Royal Hospital for Women and Children is also in Lambeth, as is the Royal South London Ophthalmic, one of the better eye hospitals in the city.

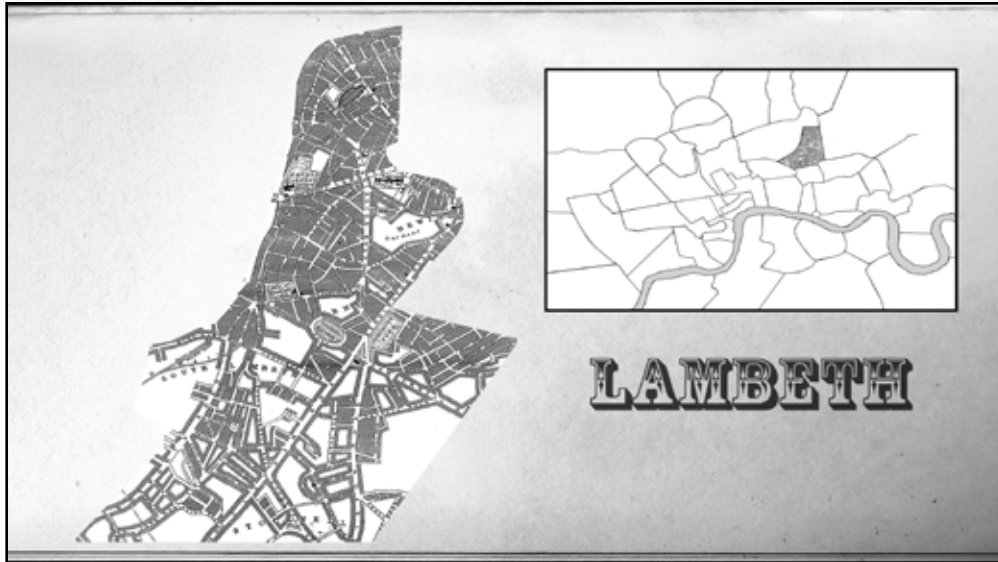
Famous Locations: The Oval

Lambeth is also home to a brand new cricket ground, 'The Oval'. This new ground is claimed by both Lambeth and Kennington but was originally a market garden owned by the Duchy of Cornwall. The newly formed Surrey County Cricket Club negotiated a lease for the area in 1845 and it has substantially grown in popularity since then. Its eccentric shape has created a certain mythology to the place, and its location makes it a place anyone can enjoy the most English of sports. The future for the ground looks bright and in its time it will host many famous cricketers and matches, with many crickering records and firsts being recorded here.

Famous Locations: 'The Nest'

Located at the very north end of Lambeth are the barracks of the 4th squadron of the 1st wing of Her Majesties Aerial Lancers, also known as the Phoenix Squadron. While their barracks is in one of the poorest districts in London, the position gives this group of elite





(but disgraced) wyvern riders a very central location. In moments they can take to the skies and deploy to almost any area of the city very quickly.

The barracks themselves have been refitted from two old warehouses on the riverside. One has become the stables for their stable of cantankerous wyverns. The other is for the human members of the squadron to relax and train. Both buildings in the compound are very high and ramps inside make it a simple matter to reach the roof, which makes an excellent take off position. At least one rider stands guard on the rooftop, rotated round the clock, standing ready as a first response if they should be needed.

For more information on the Phoenix Squadron see *Faces in the Smoke: Volume Two*.

SOUTHWARK

Prosperity: Very Poor
 Dominant Social Class: Working-class
 Dominant Profession or Industry: Factories, shipping
 Crime: Very High
 Police Presence: Average
 Urchin Modifier: -2
 Places to stay: Windsor, at Southwark Bridge (7s.6d./night, average quality); Terminus, at London Bridge (11s./night, good quality).

Other than St. Giles, Southwark is easily the poorest district of London, particularly the northern portion abutting the Thames east of Blackfriars Road. This section of the city has some of the oldest buildings left in the city; many are old wooden things that have been eaten away by the elements and hold together only by the grace of fate.

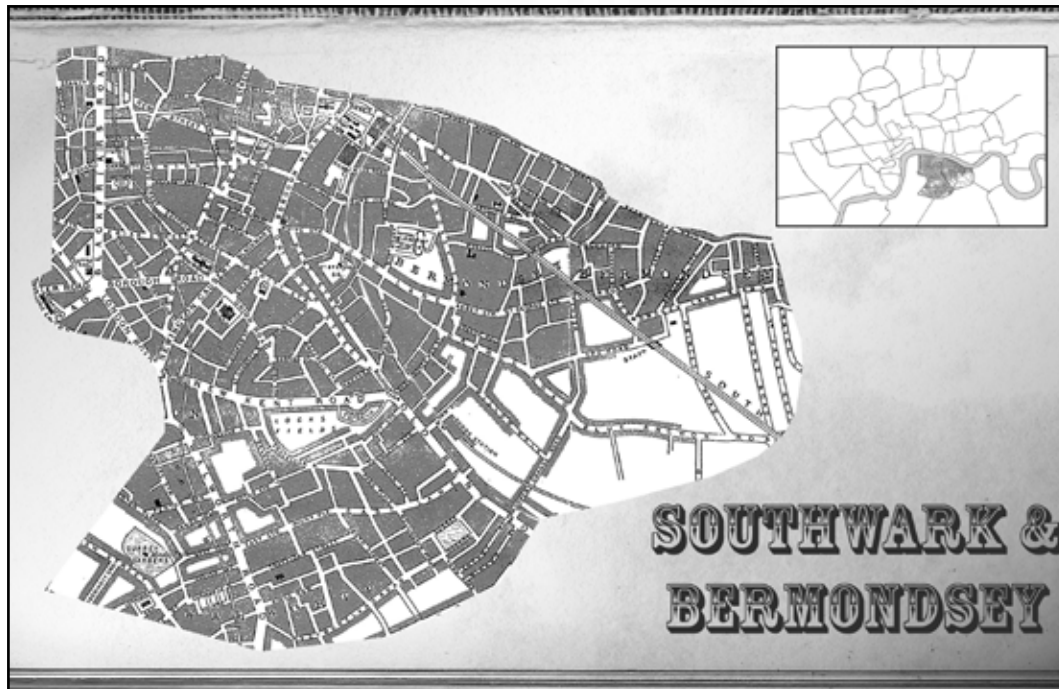
Many of these buildings have been turned into rookeries by groups of workers or criminals who have banded together for mutual protection.

There are factories scattered throughout the district of all types and those who cannot find work there often find themselves on the bank of the Thames. In this section of the river, just past the Blackfriars and Southwark bridges, the tidal pools often leave detritus from shipping which can be salvaged for sale. Fish also can be caught, but these animals are usually badly adulterated; most places that will buy them are stalls in the poorer sections of town. Eat them at your own peril. In addition to the scavenging, the Thames here also has several private wharves and tie-ups for vessels, and labourers can find work load and unloading river steamers and other ships for the masters of the vessels.

The two bridges crossing the Thames at this location are Blackfriars Bridge, which handles foot and carriage traffic, and Southwark Bridge, which is being fitted out as a railway bridge to connect the lines north and south of the Thames. Walking south ten minutes brings one to Guy's Hospital on St. Thomas Street. Huddled closer to the slightly more salubrious Lambeth lays 'Bedlam' in St George's Fields, a small oasis amidst the poverty.

Famous Locations: Bethlehem 'Bedlam' Royal Hospital

On the border between Lambeth and Southwark, in St George's Fields, is the most infamous metal asylum of the age, the Bethlehem Royal Hospital or 'Bedlam'. In its time the hospital has moved several times across London and it will move again in the next century. The current location for the hospital is actually quite a large and grand building by James Lewis, not entirely dissimilar to the National Gallery. The building has an excellent library and by 1867 finally has glass in the windows (which was left out to help manage the smell, if not the cold).



While those who might be dangerous to themselves and others are locked away and often subjected to dangerous and experimental treatments, life for the less troubled patient is quite civilised. While the sexes are separated wherever they might meet (such as in church services) there are a number of entertainments and occupational therapies available. Many inmates play in the asylum band or perform in plays for the entertainment of the staff and other patients.

Life in a Victorian asylum is not quite as bad as it had been in past eras, but it is certainly not modern. Inmates are referred to as patients rather than considered something to be locked away or as an entertainment. While doctors make a point of noting what might have brought a patient to their asylum, the diagnosis was simply 'madness'. Few people realise that there might be different types of insanity and that some are easily curable with rest, calm and empathic support. Alienists that are also Guild mages have noted that not all madness is due to possession and that some inmates really do require medical treatment rather than an exorcism. Some Guild mages are even working on new spells to cure patients.

Those who find themselves in the asylum are treated with far more care and respect that had been offered them in the past. The staff works to cure rather than simply contain and are sometimes successful. Admission to the asylum is nothing like being sent to the workhouse. Unfortunately most cures take the shape of trying to make sure the insane behave properly. If they dress nicely and are taught to behave morally and like proper Englishmen they would surely be cured. This insistence on propriety

probably did far less good than the incidental care offered by the nursing staff. Attitudes to mental illness are gradually changing, but it will be a slow process.

Famous Locations: Pocock Street Warehouse

Those who know Southwark usually know to stay clear of the warehouse on Pocock Street, the den of the 'Agents of the Queen'. The Agents are a gang of dangerous anarchists and criminals, whose influence has spread across Southwark as their membership has grown. Most people in the area know someone in the gang, if they are not a member themselves.

The warehouse itself appears to be nothing special, and is actually very run down. Homeless members of the gang live here, cramped together in the only place they might get a meal. Those who do stay must either work to maintain the warehouse or train for the day the call to arms will be heard and the revolution is at hand.

The warehouse does still function as a warehouse as well. The gang have stockpiled many black market goods and illicit materials to help fund their cause, as well as a few weapons. What few in the gang are aware of is that much of the contraband is actually being stored on behalf of the Pan-Asiatic Spice Delivery Service which pays a modest fee to keep certain cargoes a secret.

For more information on the Agents of the Queen and the Pan-Asiatic Spice Delivery Service see *Faces in the Smoke Volume Two – Shadows and Steel*.

BERMONDSEY

Prosperity: Very Poor
Dominant Social Class: Working-class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Leather-working, warehousing, brick manufacture
Crime: Very High
Police Presence: Average
Urchin Modifier: -2

Like Southwark, Bermondsey is intensely poor. The district, in addition to the usual river dock work and factory work, is distinguished by the massive Bermondsey Leather Market. The market is on Weston Street, just a few minutes walk from London Bridge, and can be a frightening experience. The entire area around the market is roofed in and is eerily quiet; the place is stacked with hides from all manner of animals and reeks of blood. The courtyards of the market are blood-spattered and filled only with men who are thinning and tanning the skins. All of the products made here are for commercial use; there are no retail sales, so there is little foot traffic outside of the workers, which adds to the despair and disturbance of the area.

Like Southwark, much of the living quarters of the people are townhouses in 'row-home' style, sharing common walls and rolling out along the roads like giant brick and mortar snakes. These tenements are crammed with people, often a family or a dozen unrelated people living in a single room. The conditions are not much better than one sees in St Giles, but hidden away in the south as this area is it is easily ignored. Few people venture into Bermondsey on business, or pass through the place, save by train.

While the area is busy with dock work during the day, at night it becomes one of the worst rookeries of the city. Close, high buildings make it an easy matter to skip from one place to the next unseen. It has led to a new type of criminal called 'Hawks' in the popular press. Such brigands follow their prey from the rooftops, then drop on them and beat them insensible the moment they walk somewhere secluded. No one is quite sure if the Hawks are a single gang, dockworkers looking to 'supplement their pay' or simply independent criminals. However, they seem to have their own code of honour that lets them prowls the rooftops without accosting each other. Perhaps they choose only to prey on outsiders.

Bermondsey is also the home to one of the busiest rail stations in the city, London Bridge station. It is this station that handles much of the traffic to and from the towns east of London on the southern bank of the Thames (places like Greenwich and Woolwich) as well as the London,

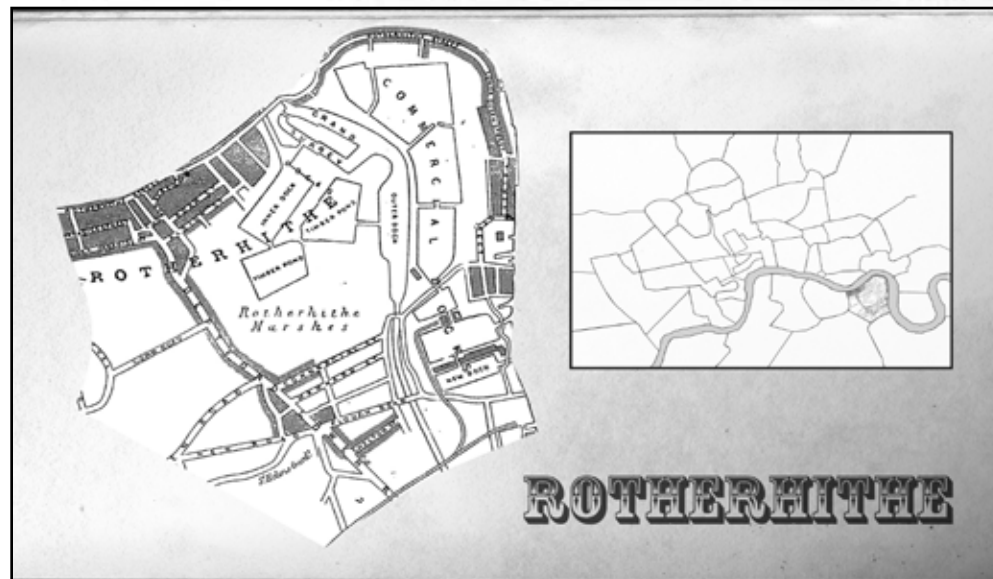
Chatham, and Dover line, which connects the city to the Dover ferries and France. There are several sections of the train lines in this area that are elevated, to prevent cutting off the streets below. These trains rumble through the district, their noise carrying much further than in areas where the trains are at the ground level. The other major rail station is Bricklayers Arms on Old Kent Road in the southern portion of the district.

ROTHERHITHE

Prosperity: Poor
Dominant Social Class: Working-Class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Shipping, timer yards, railways
Crime: Very High
Police Presence: Very High
Urchin Modifier: -2

Rotherhithe is the site of the Surrey Docks, the last of the great dockyards of London. They handle almost exclusively timer, wheat, and other foodstuffs from areas all around the world, but mostly from Canada. The trade they handle is obvious by the naming of the docks themselves; names like Greenland, Norway, Canada, and Quebec. There are also the Lavender and Albion docks. The Surrey Docks handle an amazing 15% of the London trade; the rest that is not taken by the great docks on the northern bank is handled by the various wharves along the river. Massive granaries line Rotherhithe, Fenchurch, and Jamaica and are well-guarded against theft. Massive timber yards along Deptford Lower Road near the Greenwich and Lower Dock and produce can be transported to other locations by rail sidings out of the Old Kent Road. Offices for the Surrey Docks are on Fenchurch Road.

Even more so than Bermondsey, Rotherhithe is characterised by railroads. The massive amount of trade that the Surrey Dock Company operates requires extensive rail connections. At Rotherhithe Street on the Thames, there is the famed Brunwell Tunnel to Wapping (see Chapter 8). Built in 1843 for horse and foot traffic, the tunnel is also being converted into a rail tunnel to the Shadwell Station on the northern side of the Thames by the London Bridge. Sidings connect to Rotherhithe New Road station, Old Kent, and New Cross stations. In addition to the criss-cross of the surface and elevated trail lines, there is the Grand Surrey Canal, which runs out of the Greenland Dock and connects Bermondsey, Lambeth, and ultimately Putney together. The canal is rarely used for commercial traffic anymore and plans to fill it in are underway.



The living quarters in the area are not as extensive as in other sections of the city due to the massive array of railroads in the district. Anyone living here lives with the constant clatter of trains passing by and ships being unloaded. However, there are the snaking lines of row homes stretching through the areas that can accommodate them, and older, dilapidated buildings from last century lining the streets. The living conditions are as desperate here as in other districts south of the Thames.



ROTHERHITHE

The area of Kennington is mostly inhabited by wealthy Londoners who want a country home. Many of these houses were built in the last century, when the hamlet was not directly connected to the capital. There is still a certain amount of industry here, but it is mostly farm-oriented. As the south begins to fill up with factories, the middle class who work there often find Kennington conveniently close to work but far enough from the crushing poverty lining the south of the Thames. Many of these middle class residents are newly wealthy, having begun to see the results of their own business ventures. The success of some of Kennington's newer residents has given the area something of a spirit of entrepreneurship. There is hope here, and the will to try and build something new. Cheap labour is always easy to come by for any venture, simply by looking to the north.

KENNINGTON

Prosperity: Average to Wealthy
Dominant Social Class: Wealthy professionals and gentry
Dominant Profession or Industry: Farming
Crime: Low
Police Presence: Low
Urchin Modifier: 0

As a haven for the middle classes, Kennington has also become known as a stronghold of the Chartist movement. The newly rich middle class is coming to doubt the old order, and the ability of the upper class to lead the country. The Chartist movement seeks to spread the right to vote to every man over 21 years of age (although not to women) and allow any such man to stand for election. It is a movement that threatens the foundations of the class structure and traditions of the Empire, and its growing popularity makes many in the upper classes fear a form of revolution may be at hand. Such was this fear that at a Chartist meeting on Kennington Common in 1848 (the largest of its kind) there were almost more police on hand than demonstrators.

Famous Locations: The Wheatsheaf Pub

This large pub on the edge of Kennington Park has become the unofficial headquarters for a variety of middle class radicals. While few talk of outright revolution, many of the patrons come here to talk to like minds about how

The crushing poverty and high crime of northern Lambeth is somewhat alleviated as one heads south, with more middle-class families and better housing. However, accommodation is still found in the familiar townhouse row-homes found in the other areas of South London. On the borders between Lambeth and Kennington, the first signs of escape from the poverty of Lambeth are the Oval Cricket ground and the Royal Bethlehem Hospital. As you move deeper into Kennington the area opens out into large country homes and gardens, commons with footpaths and small woods as the city begins to give way to the country. Much of the activity in the area centres on Kennington Park. This park hosts a wide range of activities, from markets and entertainments, to rallies and demonstrations.

to 'free the middle classes and their business spirit from the tyranny of English tradition'. The park outside is a constant reminder of past Chartist endeavour, and a form of inspiration to those who work to spread the movement. However, it is not all talk of social revolution here. Many come here to get advice and even backing for their new business ventures. Those who cannot afford the clubs of the West End come here looking for patrons. Often they find others looking to create a similar endeavour, or one that might work well in partnership, and from this companies are born. Billy Toxteth, the landlord of the Wheatsheaf finds his pubs status quite lucrative, but listens to all the talk of the ascendancy of the middle class with a cynical smile.

CAMBERWELL

Prosperity: Wealthy to very wealthy
 Dominant Social Class: Middle-class (north), wealthy (south)
 Dominant Profession or Industry: Rental properties
 Crime: Very Low
 Police Presence: Very Low (but effectively very high)
 Urchin Modifier: +1

Camberwell is barely part of London, which is just as most of the residents like it. Like Kennington, Camberwell is mostly wealthy families that settled in the late 18th and early 19th century. The northern half of Camberwell is more middle-class, in row homes or smaller, older dwellings. However, here they appear to be a quaint village

CAMBERWELL WATCHMAN

The watch has no rank or title. Each member patrols much as they see fit, although the older members work out a plan to cover the district. Watchmen are paid very well and are often ex-military. In public they have a discreet hand and know how to behave well to protect the committee's reputation. However, when they are out of the public eye they can be both brutal and ruthless.

Camberwell Watchman - Rank 6 Well-dressed

Bruiser (Focussed)

Physical Competence: +6

Mental Competence: +3

Initiative: 7

Health: 6 Dice (12 pips)

Mana: 2 Dice (12 pips)

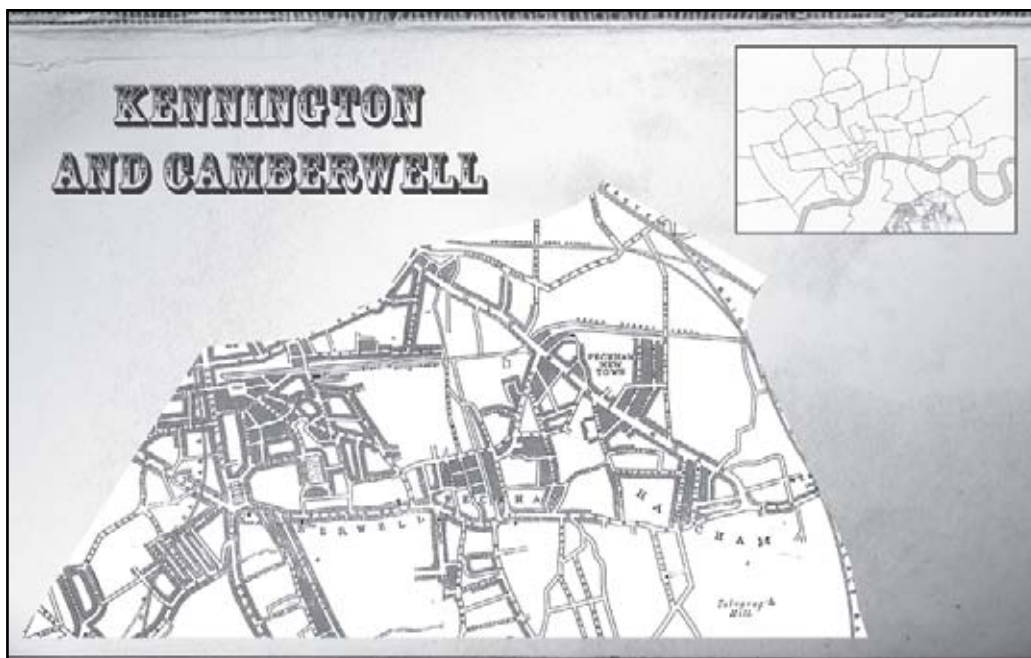
Signature Skills: Athletics +3, Blunt Weapons +4, Fisticuffs +3, Etiquette +3, Firearms +2, High Society +3, Perception +2, Streetwise +2

Traits: Arrogant +2, Intimidating +2, Ruthless +2, Well mannered +3

Special Abilities: Usually none, although a rare few Watchmen are trained in Thaumaturgy. Those who are rarely have the skill better than +2 and learn more than one or two spells.

Combat Abilities: A concealable cosh (10 dice) and occasionally a pistol (8 dice) for those who don't behave after a good beating.

Damage: Small truncheon (4 dice) Pistol (6 dice)



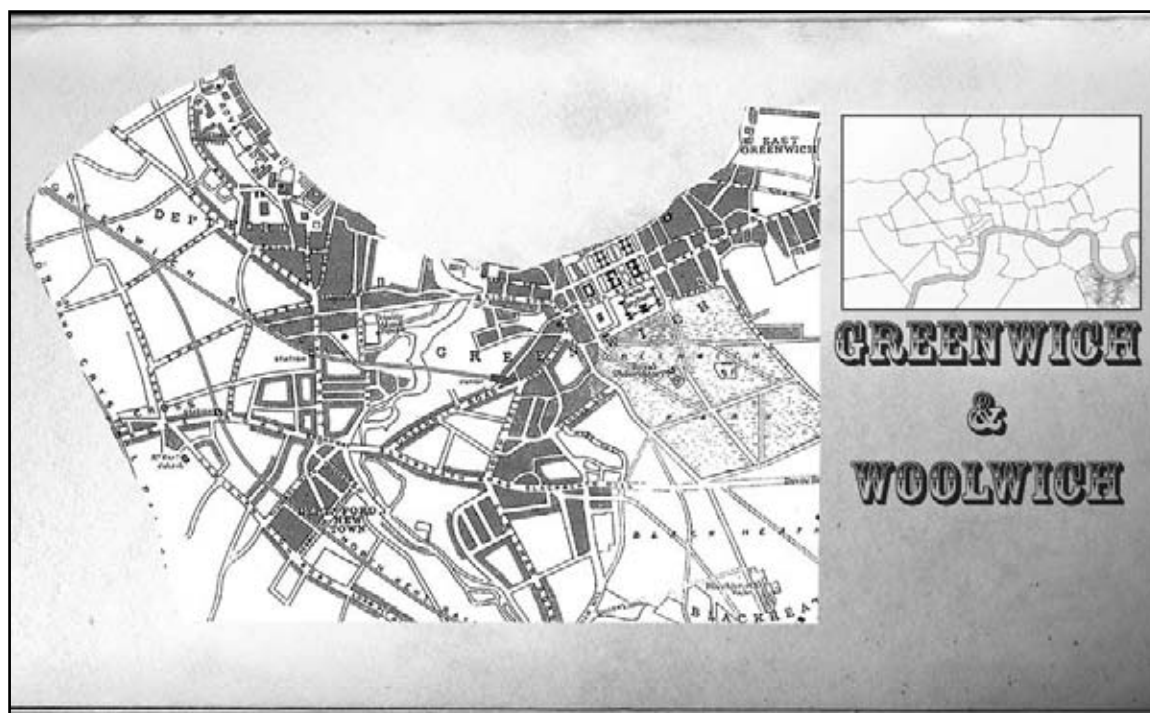


street rather than a cramped rookery in the making. The southern half is marked by expensive homes with large tracts of land surrounding them and looks much like the Kensington of the last century. This trend continues south into Dulwich, with larger and larger country homes built for the nouveau riches of the city.

For all its wealth, none of the upper classes reside in Camberwell. It is a place for the wealthiest of the middle classes and its aura of 'new money' is a little repugnant to the nobility. This is just how the wealthy middle class residents of Camberwell want things, a place of their own with no interference from the upper classes. It is said that if the residents of Camberwell could build a wall around the area they would. One wonders what might have stopped them doing so, as cost is certainly no barrier to such a plan here.

In a sense though, the elite of the area have built a wall around the district, they just haven't done it with bricks and mortar. The oldest residents formed their own resident's committee about five years ago. This was ostensibly to pool their resources to upgrade the area, plant more trees and encourage new residents. The committee has done just that, but it also makes a point of ensuring only the 'right sort of people' come to live here. Any wealthy member of the middle class is welcome, but the inverted snobbery of the committee works hard to discourage the upper classes (and the lower class of course) gaining any form of toehold here. They have not built the area simply to see the upper classes take it over.

The Camberwell Resident's Committee also employs its own police force, unofficially of course. While there is a police presence here, it is very low as the committee employs a number of guards to 'assist the police efforts' (allowing more police to be assigned to other areas). So while the chance of seeing a policeman is very low, the area is protected as if the police presence was very high. Unfortunately this unofficial watch answers to no one but the committee. If you commit a crime here you had best pray it is the police that catch you, as the watch will have no intention of handing you over to any justice but their own. The Camberwell Watch (an unofficial title, as the organisation has no name, rank or structure) do not wear a uniform, dressing simply as middle class gentlemen. However, those who know the area will be aware the members can be recognised by the fresh white carnation they all wear as a buttonhole. The watch have carte-blanche to 'deal with' any crime they find and they patrol day and night, most of the police have learnt to keep out of their way. There are even rumours that the watch is used by the committee to rid Camberwell of those residents the committee deem 'undesirable'.





GREENWICH

Prosperity: Well off
 Dominant Social Class: Middle Class
 Dominant Profession or Industry: Academia, Farming
 Crime: Low
 Police Presence: Average
 Urchin Modifier: +1

For most of its history, Greenwich has been a small town outside London that has seen the birth and residence of many of the Tudor monarchs. As such is it littered with manor houses and the remains of old palaces designed by many notable architects. One of the most well-known is the Palace of Placentia, which became the Royal Greenwich Hospital in 1694. Luxurious hotels and lovely villas of neo-classical and Italianate styling dot the landscape, and domes and cupolas are a common feature in the buildings here.

While technically part of London, Greenwich is a seventeen minute train journey from the centre. It is distinctly different from London, green and pastoral with clean, clear skies. It is quite simply a different world out here, a world from another age, free of the stench and industry of the city. While the city is encroaching there is considerable resistance to any plans to industrialise the area, both from residents and the government.

Greenwich has become a haven for academics, not only due to the pleasant countryside but also its old libraries and peace and quiet. This atmosphere also attracts a number of poets and philosophers. However, the company here is less bohemian than in the centre and discussion rather than argument is the norm when academics or artists meet here.

While the town still has port facilities, the only ships here are for gentle pleasure cruises or the exclusive water-borne soirees for the wealthy. Many old sailors (usually Captains and officers though) like to retire here, maintaining a nautical theme to the place. A Seaman's hospital 'The Royal Dreadnaught Hospital' has stood here since the early 19th century. However, it is fairer to say 'floated here' as the hospital is housed in the remains of HMS Dreadnaught, a retired warship presented to the hospital society in 1830 (replacing the previous hulk the 'Grampus'). There are plans to move the hospital to new premises on land in the next decade, but for now this eccentric hospital remains moored in the Thames.

Famous Locations: Greenwich Observatory

Founded by King Charles II in 1675, the most renowned observatory in the country is the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. The primary work of the observatory was astronomical navigation, the fixing of the longitude of places. It also sports a 'time ball' on the roof which drops each day at 1:00pm, allowing ships to mark the correct time as they pass on the Thames. As a Royal Observatory the building has seen more than its fair



share of academic endeavour and moments of history. The current Astronomer Royal is George Airey, an extremely accomplished astronomer and inventor. He has built several devices for tracking the movement of the stars as well as several improvements to standard telescopes.

The most famous aspect of the Observatory is the Meridian line. This line, marked in the floor of the observatory (and continued outside in the courtyard in brass) marks the place where all time is measured from. While in many ways it is simply a convenient marking point to measure global time and longitude, it is also a symbol of Britain's world dominance. A line in the sand that declares how England's empire sets the standard the world must follow.

WOOLWICH

Prosperity: Average
Dominant Social Class: Military
Dominant Profession or Industry: Military, arms production
Crime: Average
Police Presence: Low
Urchin Modifier: 0

This village on the Thames, just east of Greenwich, can be reached by South-Eastern Railway, or by the Great Eastern Railway from Fenchurch-street and Liverpool Street. There is also a steam ferry to Woolwich Town, where the barracks for the artillery personnel are placed. These trains run every 20 minutes and the trip takes an hour and a half. The Artillery Barracks are the headquarters of the Royal Horse and Foot Artillery. They are positioned a short walk from the rail stations and steamer docks, and the main feature is the commons, where all artillery exercises and reviews take place. The band of the Royal Artillery gives shows in the Repository Grounds or on the common in the evenings from May to October. Near the barracks is a museum called The Rotunda, which is open from 10 until 6 in summer, and from 10 to 4 in winter. The Royal Military Academy, where engineering and artillery cadets are trained, is also situated on the common, about one mile from the arsenal.

The Woolwich Dockyards are one of the locations in which ships for Her Majesty's Navy are built. The docks are small compared to the ship-building enterprises in Southampton, Liverpool, or Glasgow, and a special committee has been convened to decide whether or not these docks are useful or should be closed down.

Famous Locations: Woolwich Arsenal

Woolwich is best known for its arsenal, which can only be visited with a ticket from the War Office. Visitors must be British citizens, or have special dispensation to visit the Arsenal. There are four departments in the arsenal: the gun factory, where cannon are made; the laboratory, where bullets are made, food is tested, and other equipment is designed or built; a carriage department, where woodworkers fashion the carriages for the cannon; and the control department, which is more of a quartermaster's area with supplies for the military in storage.

The Arsenal uses the Fraser system: the toner tubes of these guns are of steel using a few long double or triple coils. This creates a jacket of remarkable strength. When welding the coils, a great steam hammer (weighing forty tonnes!) is employed. The iron hammer bed is another 650 tons, with a concrete foundation thirty feet deep. In addition to this miraculous piece of equipment, the Gun factory also has a large plan room where the guns are designed and a huge boring machine for creating the lands and grooves of modern rifled barrels.

CHAPTER SEVEN:

THE NORTHERN OUTSKIRTS

"Hell is a city much like London, a populous and smoky city."

- Percy Bysshe Shelley

While the city continues to sprawl out, the north has been less affected by the increase in industry and industrialisation. The area still supports a very rural community and many farms are finding the city that was once in the distance is now on their doorstep. Many people here might not consider themselves 'Londoners' (or even resist the idea) and the farming communities and rural atmosphere makes this part of the city feel more like a village. With more space around the houses never crush together in the rookeries of the older city. However, there is still poverty here and many of the farmers find it hard to make ends meet. The rise of industry is drawing many people out of the country seeking work in the new factories, hoping for a new life of fortune. This drain of the country population has brought terrible hardship to rural areas. Farms rely on the help of their neighbours at busy times. As more small farms are deserted less people are available to work which forces more farms to fail. So there are many who resent the great city as the cause of their poverty. However, those in the north are able to move between the two worlds of city and country to find work where they can.

As the city has grown it has brought more development to the rural north. As late as the 1840s, Hampstead, Highgate, and Holloway could be impassable for carriages and wagons in bad weather; many of the hills are steep, particularly Highgate Hill. The current spurt of building has failed to destroy the more rural feel of these districts, but it is only a matter of time before this changes. This is especially due to many of the middle class looking to 'upgrade' and take over the area. The entrepreneurs predict that the northern outskirts will soon be consumed into the city and seek to make their mark on it first (much as they have done in parts of the south) staking a claim on the riches that might follow.

HAMPSTEAD

North of Regent's Park we find Hampstead. This pretty district is mostly rural or suburban in nature and was once the home of the poet Keats. This legacy has made it popular with the artistic set, albeit the famous, wealthy and respectable ones. Two main roads run up into the area.





Prosperity: Well-to-do
Dominant Social Class: Middle class & gentry
Dominant Profession or Industry: Farming
Crime: Low
Police Presence: Low
Urchin Modifier: 0

The first is Kilburn High Road, which leaves the area of Shoot Up Hill and eventually becomes Edgware Road, the border of Paddington and St. John's Wood. The second is Finchley Road, which cuts through the two main areas of development and runs south through St. John's Wood into Marylebone, just past Regent's Park. It then runs into Haverstock Hill, an extension of Red Lion Hill (both the name of the road and the hill in Hampstead) and connects to Camden Town.

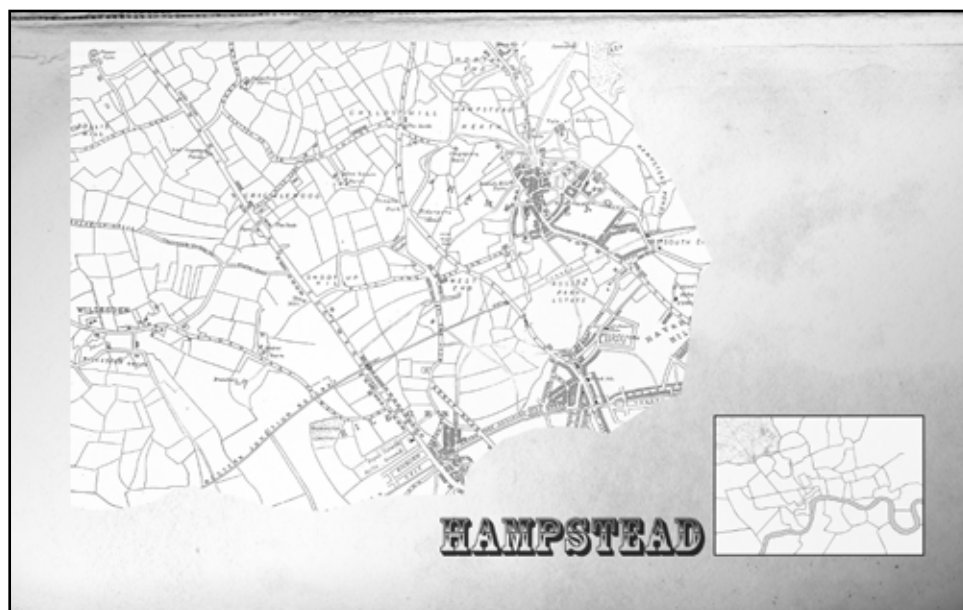
Most of the development is still in the area of Red Lion Hill and Shoot Up Hill. The former was the more built up area when development started in this decade, while Shoot Up remains mostly farms and foot paths, with a few larger homes now lining Kilburn High Road. In Red Lion, many of the farms have become manor homes, with large tracts of land surrounding them, giving the area a very exclusive feel. Despite the seeming wealth, most of the people living in Hampstead are wealthier professionals and businessmen, not aristocracy. Hampstead may not quite be the West End, but it is at least west of the north which is good enough for some. The village is largely unmolested; there are no tenements, large stores, or factories in Hampstead, and this gives the place a more rustic and familial character. Most of the buildings have a Georgian feel to them and are quite large; there is even still a toll gate in the town, just next to the Spanish Tavern on High Street, a short thoroughfare from Red Lion Hill to Health Mouth.

Famous Locations: Squire Mount Chapel

Squire Mount Chapel is a small church from the late 1700s that was purchased a few years ago before its demolition by Dr. Henri Detraub. He has renovated the church, turning it into a residence and laboratory. The pews have been replaced by long planters, filled with exotic plants and the altar area has become his dining room. In the balcony over his botanical gardens is the bedroom, while the rectory is now a sitting room and library. Lab space fills an addition to the rectory and is mostly for medical research. The doctor rarely sees patients. Many have been a little shocked at this use for a chapel, but few wish to take up the argument with Sir Henry, who is an imposing figure.

Originally from Guernsey, the Doctor is from a respectable, but poor Jersey family. The only surviving child of the family, Henri was sent to England for schooling at Winchester, where his massive, powerful frame kept him from too much ridicule from his fellow students. He later studied medicine at Cambridge. Following his qualification he took up the position of ship's doctor on the HMS Bengal in 1854, travelling to Burma. It was while in that strange land he was attacked by some form of beast that has imprinted itself on him most strangely. Its bite injuries (he believes) infected him in some way. Henri believes that he was bitten by a manticore, but as manticores are simply tigers with wings, it is more likely that Henri was attacked by a demon.

Henri has become excessively hairy, with a thick and luxuriant golden coat; his face has become twisted into a half-man, half-cat visage. He can see well in the dark, and his hearing is incredibly sensitive. He also has developed a strong desire for fresh, often raw, meat. This desire has led some people to incorrectly believe he had fallen to preying on men, like the creature that attacked him in



the jungles. His incredible discipline and willpower have prevented himself from sinking so far, but his Aluminat faith has been shattered by this curse he suffers from. He is commonly referred to by the people of the city as the "Lion-man of Hampstead".

Though brilliant and witty, Henri shuns human company when he can, embarrassed and hurt by his appearance. A brilliant physician and scientist, he is often sought out by Scotland Yard to aid in criminal analysis, or by others looking for medical treatment. Though a recluse, he is a kind and concerned man, and entreaties for aid, either medical or scientific, will eventually rouse him. He is best known for his 'rehydration' therapy for cholera, which has saved dozens of lives. It utilises the force feeding of pure water to the patient, plus a salt water intravenous injection every half hour. The method has often managed to see the disease purged in a couple of hours.

HIGHGATE

Prosperity: Average to well-to-do
Dominant Social Class: Farmers, Middle class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Farming
Crime: Very Low
Police Presence: Very Low
Urchin Modifier: 0

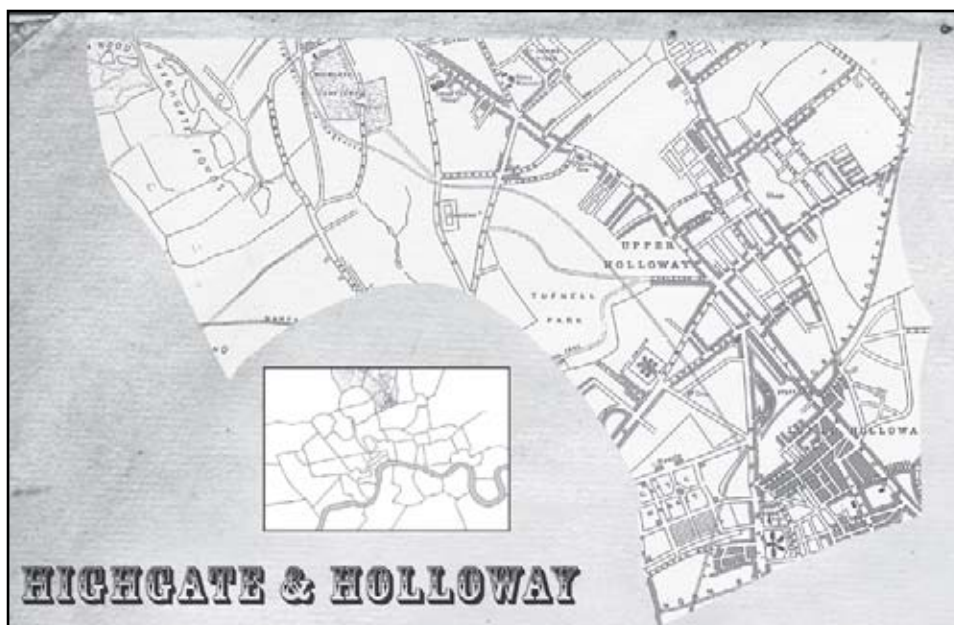
Highgate (sometimes called Hornsey) is the northernmost reach of London. This little hamlet sits atop the very steep Highgate Hill. The best approach is from Highgate Road, which enters the district along the Highgate Ponds, a series of small bodies of water, from St.

Pancras. It runs into a small square at the base of the hill and meets Maiden Lane, another road in from London. A steep climb up High Street gives an extraordinary view of the city to the south, the rolling hills in the north. The village here is tightly clustered and there are still old, small houses of the farmers who used to live here. The primary residents are now middle-class workers. Newer houses are being built (or old ones improved) by more wealthy families, moving in to escape the noise and dirt of the capital.

With Hampstead mostly rebuilt as a middle class haven, Highgate is next on the list. The construction of the famous cemetery in 1839 brought more traffic to the area in the form of mourners, mediums and ghost hunters. This has brought more money to the area and helped gentrify the town into a part of the city. However, there is something in Highgate that still feels slightly unearthly and strange. Most people put this down to the large cemetery, but it almost feels as if something dark has always lurked here. It is as if you can hear something breathing here, and many wonder if it is quietly waking up.

There are several explanations for this feeling, at least among those who do not laugh off such ridiculous superstition. Some talk of a secret burial ground, others of a weak point between this place and the lands of the dead. Some even say that one of the long dead dragons sleeps under Highgate hill, locked in a deathly slumber and awaiting the day of its release.

Whatever the reason, Highgate does well from these superstitions. It attracts many bohemian tourists of the macabre. Such gothic creatures love to dress in black, read poetry to each other among the tombstones and generally bring their own brand of darkness to the coffee shops in the area. Many suspect this small subculture of dabbling in necromancy, which may not be untrue in





some cases. However, most are simply the bored scions of wealthy families whose most shocking transgression is the gentlemen growing their hair long and the ladies wearing too much eye make-up.

Famous Locations: Highgate Cemetery

Highgate is perhaps the most famous of the seven new cemeteries built to house the growing dead of London. While many honoured dead are buried all over the city, Highgate is one of the most fashionable places to find a final rest.

Highgate was built in 1839, one of many new cemeteries built across the outskirts of the city. These cemeteries were especially noteworthy as they were not attached to a church, and were often built in a 'New Orleans style' with large tombs and mausoleums among the graves. Highgate and its contemporaries were not just fields to bury the dead but landscaped cities of death, tributes to the Victorian fetish for the gothic.

The unusual thing about Highgate cemetery is that it is built in two sections, effectively two cemeteries. The east and west cemeteries are divided by Swain's Lane, but care has been taken to make sure they both have their fair share of renowned residents. Even so the West cemetery is more landscaped, containing the crescent shaped street of tombs called the 'Avenue of Lebanon' and the long 'Egyptian Avenue' with its great gate.

Like most cemeteries, Highgate is a peaceful place, but its winding paths and many trees (in some cases bordering on a small forest) make it a perfect place for subterfuge. Anyone who wants to arrange a secret assignation or discuss dangerous business will find the cemetery a very private place to do so when off the beaten path. In the magical underworld it is a favourite place for necromancers to make

contact. To avoid this haven drawing any attention to itself the necromancers have a rule that none should use their powers in the place. The quiet beauty of the cemetery is something even the most despicable artists of death will never seek to disturb.

HOLLOWAY

Prosperity: Average

Dominant Social Class: Working class, Middle class

Dominant Profession or Industry: Farming, textiles

Crime: Average

Police Presence: Very Low

Urchin Modifier: -1

Holloway is another of the great districts of the Northern Hills. Like Hampstead and Highgate, this region is built on a rise out of the city. The hills are less steep here, but are still a bit of work for the carriages and wagons coming out of London. The general feel of the place is pastoral, with large sections of the district still nothing more than low-walled farms, footpaths, ponds and groves of trees. The houses tend to be older and smaller than in neighbouring Islington, but the area is quiet and safe.

The general prosperity of the area is lower than that of Holloway's western neighbours. The area attracts less-wealthy professionals and businessmen who are looking to escape London, without going too far from their places of employment. However, it is hardly fashionable, even for the middle classes. The more middle-class feeling in the newcomers and the more farm oriented industry



of Holloway makes it a poor sister to Hampstead and Highgate, but it is still a nice place to get out of the crush of London without really leaving the city.

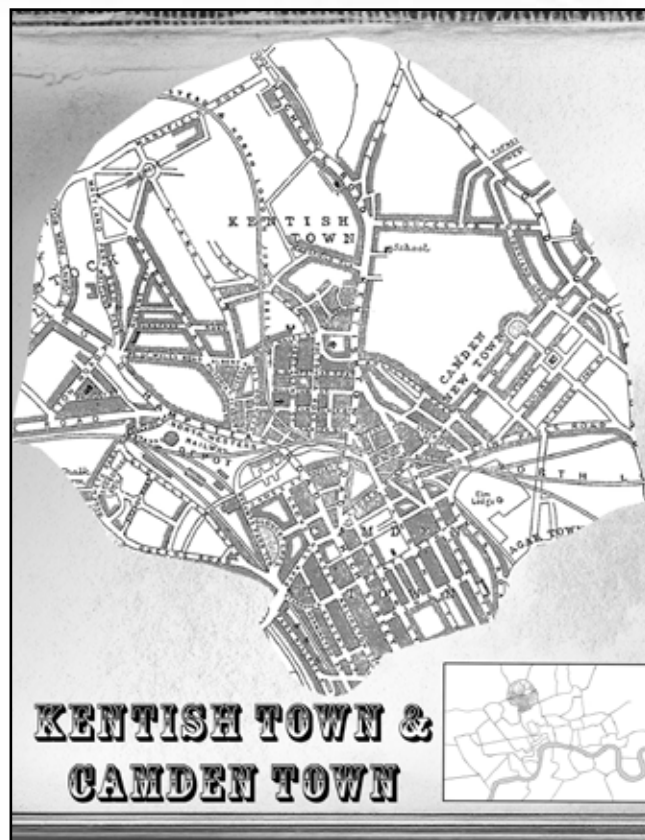
If the area is famous for anything, it is possibly its two prisons, Holloway and Pentonville. Both prisons are equipped not only to hold prisoners but to execute them as well, usually by hanging. These stark buildings are a grey warning to the inhabitants of Holloway to behave themselves. Their presence is another reason the wealthier middle classes shun the area. Pentonville is not a pleasant place, with a high rate of mental illness among the inmates, usually brought on by their interment there. Holloway is only slightly better, generally holding non-violent criminals and an increasing number of women. A fair share of the inmates are petty mages arrested for practicing magick without a licence. As a result the warden and key staff are Guild mages.

CAMDEN TOWN & KENTISH TOWN

Prosperity: Well-to-do
Dominant Social Class: Upper lower class, Middle class, gentry
Dominant Profession or Industry: Small craftsmen shops (Camden), Farming (Kentish)
Crime: Low
Police Presence: Average
Urchin Modifier: 0

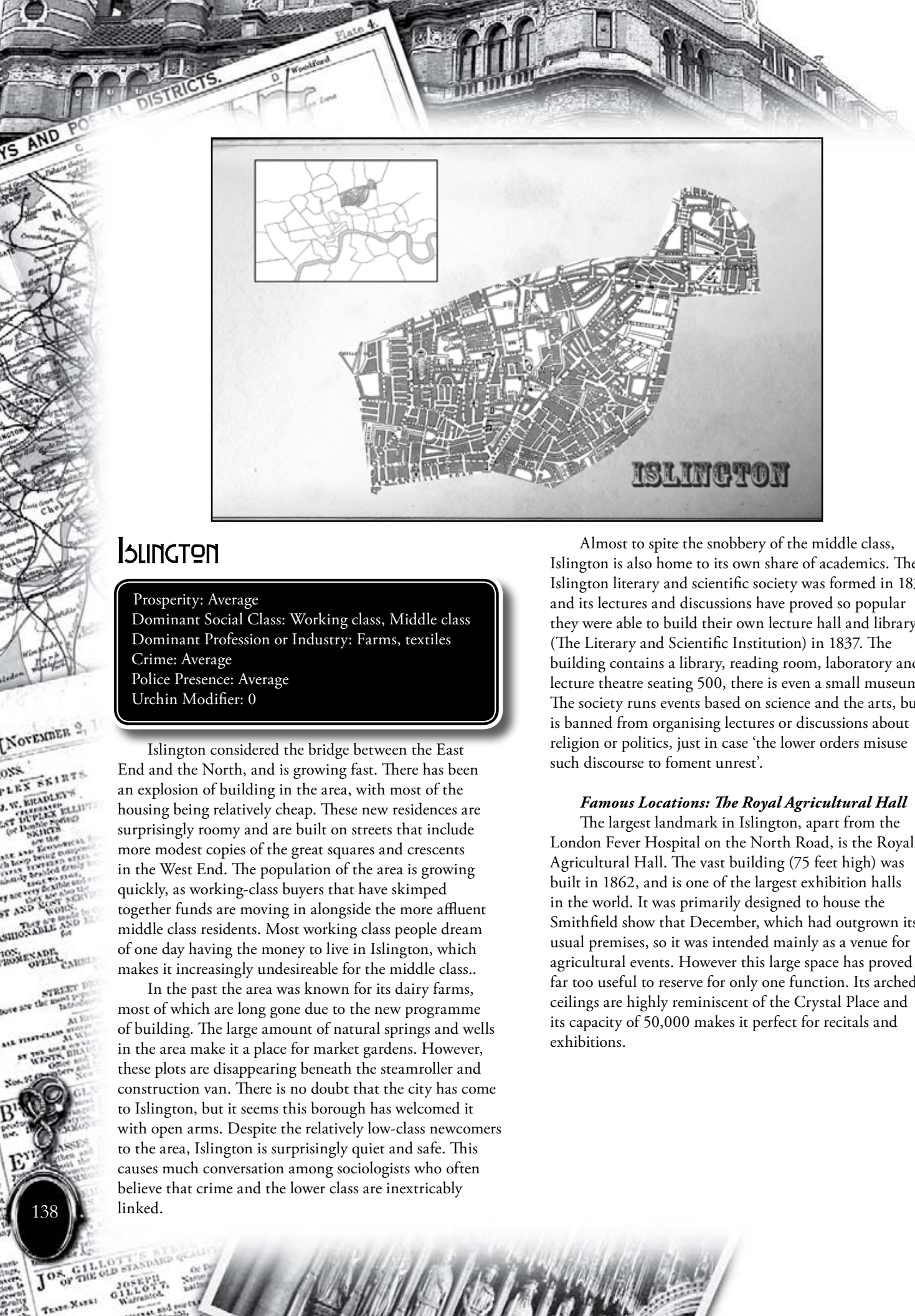
Camden Town and Kentish Town are much the same place, a new line of development out of St. Pancras, headed north to connect with Hampstead. The two districts are separated by the Regent's Canal, which starts in the west, where Kensal Green and Paddington meet, cuts through St. John's Wood, and around the top of Regents Park, then through Camden Town heading east into Islington.

Camden and Kentish Town are much like St. Pancras in character. They are largely inhabited by well-to-do professionals and businessmen, gentry, and other middle to upper middle-class people. There are several large furniture manufacturers here, mostly family businesses expanded to handle larger demand. The labour force is mostly better off than in the city, as well. Many of the carpenters and other craftsmen of the district are quite sought after in the city. This region was particularly fashionable in the late 18th Century and is starting to have a revival of interest as the landowners have decided to lease areas for development.

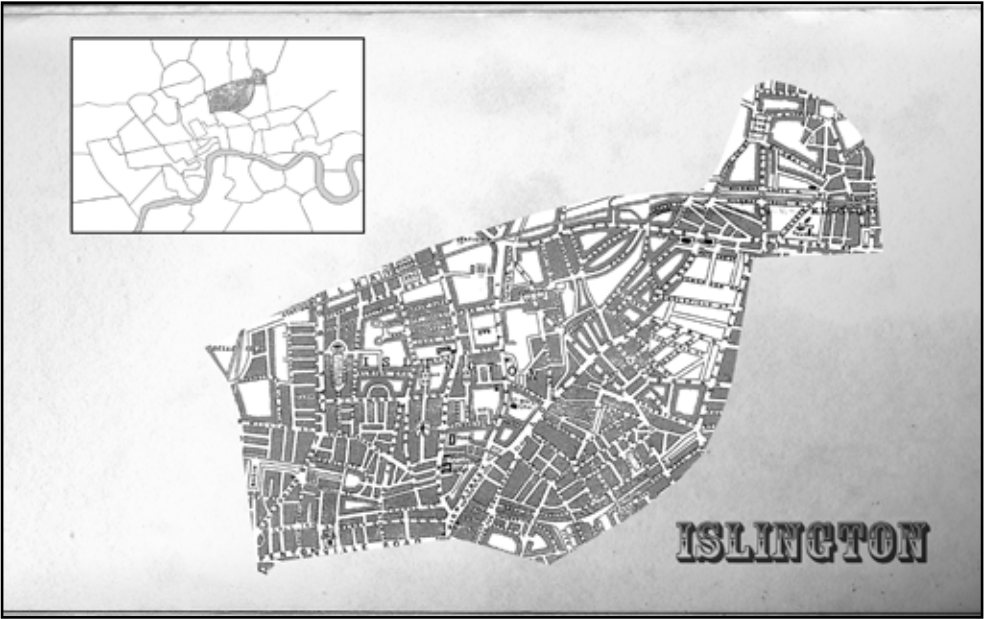


With many canals running through Camden it is a pleasant place to go for an afternoon stroll. There are also several markets here making a living from some of the river traffic. Given the barges get their cargos from either the Thames or the far reaches of the country the markets in Camden offer a wide variety of goods from all over the place. They are a fascinating place to find odd, eccentric artefacts as well as a bargain. Many of the barge owners are river gypsies and offer spiritual readings and fortune telling sessions as well. While it is not obvious there is a mystery and variety to Camden that lies just under the surface. This has made it a popular second haunt for the young gothic movement (mostly found in Highgate) who add to its mystery mostly by sneering at the tourists.

Kentish Town is a poorer area, but still quite respectable and well-off. There are more farms here and this affects the overall prosperity of the region. There is also a rise in instrument manufacturers here, especially piano and organ makes. In look and feel, it is much like Hampstead. The police are less attentive to this area than Camden Town, but with less people their crime rates are much the same.



YS AND POSTAL DISTRICTS. Plate 4. D Woolford



ISLINGTON

Prosperity: Average
Dominant Social Class: Working class, Middle class
Dominant Profession or Industry: Farms, textiles
Crime: Average
Police Presence: Average
Urchin Modifier: 0

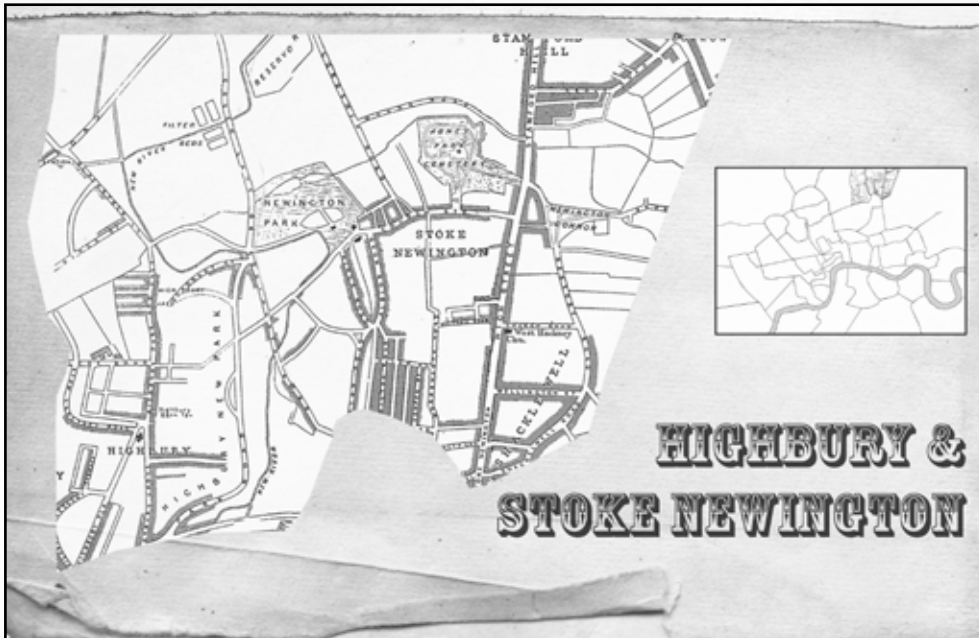
Islington considered the bridge between the East End and the North, and is growing fast. There has been an explosion of building in the area, with most of the housing being relatively cheap. These new residences are surprisingly roomy and are built on streets that include more modest copies of the great squares and crescents in the West End. The population of the area is growing quickly, as working-class buyers that have skimmed together funds are moving in alongside the more affluent middle class residents. Most working class people dream of one day having the money to live in Islington, which makes it increasingly undesirable for the middle class..

In the past the area was known for its dairy farms, most of which are long gone due to the new programme of building. The large amount of natural springs and wells in the area make it a place for market gardens. However, these plots are disappearing beneath the steamroller and construction van. There is no doubt that the city has come to Islington, but it seems this borough has welcomed it with open arms. Despite the relatively low-class newcomers to the area, Islington is surprisingly quiet and safe. This causes much conversation among sociologists who often believe that crime and the lower class are inextricably linked.

Almost to spite the snobbery of the middle class, Islington is also home to its own share of academics. The Islington literary and scientific society was formed in 1833 and its lectures and discussions have proved so popular they were able to build their own lecture hall and library (The Literary and Scientific Institution) in 1837. The building contains a library, reading room, laboratory and lecture theatre seating 500, there is even a small museum. The society runs events based on science and the arts, but is banned from organising lectures or discussions about religion or politics, just in case 'the lower orders misuse such discourse to foment unrest'.

Famous Locations: The Royal Agricultural Hall

The largest landmark in Islington, apart from the London Fever Hospital on the North Road, is the Royal Agricultural Hall. The vast building (75 feet high) was built in 1862, and is one of the largest exhibition halls in the world. It was primarily designed to house the Smithfield show that December, which had outgrown its usual premises, so it was intended mainly as a venue for agricultural events. However this large space has proved far too useful to reserve for only one function. Its arched ceilings are highly reminiscent of the Crystal Place and its capacity of 50,000 makes it perfect for recitals and exhibitions.



Highbury

Prosperity: Wealthy
 Dominant Social Class: Gentry and working-class farmers
 Dominant Profession or Industry: Farming
 Crime: Low (in the north), average (in the south near the city.)
 Police Presence: Average in the south, Very Low in the north
 Urchin Modifier: -1

Highbury represents a return to the general wealth of the northern hills of London. Like Hampstead and Highgate, Highbury occupies high ground over the city, but the hills are less steep and difficult. The land is still broken into massive farm plots and there are large mansions, mostly owned by the older gentry. Much of the original land was owned by the Knights Hospitaller, whose secretive ways have (like the Templars) provoked much suspicion and rumour. Many of the old manors have been found to contain secret rooms and hiding places. Often these are little more than private chapels, but rumours of darker activities remain. To some, Highbury is a place of old secrets.

Highbury only loses its rural feeling as one approaches Bloomsbury in the city along the Stoke Newington Road, the main thoroughfare through the district. The current development plans involve spacious Italianate villas being built, quietly expanding the residential area with elegance and style. Many hope the

area might become a new Greenwich. However, there is much pressure to just build more housing for the growing population. So, rows of terraced housing are beginning to appear, almost as if two areas have been forced together.

Famous Locations: Highbury Barn

While those who seek a peaceful day's stroll find their way to Finsbury Park, those looking for a more raucous time need only look to Highbury Barn. This dance and music hall was originally an inn and cake shop built in the mid 18th century. Over time the building has been greatly expanded and even includes a bowling green in its grounds. It plays host for many different functions, including fairs and displays in the grounds as well as concerts and dances in the venue.

It is the dancing that gets the most attention at Highbury Barn. It is one of the wildest places outside Piccadilly, with noisy drunken dancing going on until the early hours of the morning. While the Barn does play host to concerts and more civilised affairs, it is the dance hall nights that get the most interest. They are a place for the middle classes to let their hair down. The annual masked ball is especially popular. The anonymity of the masked ball makes it the venue's most decadent affair, a wild night where any sin might be committed without the destruction of one's reputation. The ball has become so notorious that the police won't interfere, but they become ruthless with those who try and spread the party out to other areas. Many local residents campaign earnestly to get the whole place shut down as a danger to public decency.

Famous Locations: The Failed Experiment: Regent's Canal

Conceived during the Regency, the canal was an attempt to link the northern portions of the city to the Thames and the trade there. Wharves were built all along the canal and a junction to the Lea put in. At the time of its construction, the economics of the canal made sense. A barge could pull several wagon-loads of goods, yet be drawn by only eight horses. The building cost £5000 and took eight years of tunnelling. Only ten years later, however, the end was approaching for the use of the canal. That approach was the Birmingham Rail Road, which came over the canal at Camden Town. The railways took another decade or so to start catching on, but by 1860 it was obvious that the canal was no longer needed. Though no longer a viable commercial waterway, the Regent's Canal is now used more for pleasure boating. However, while it may not be commercially viable it remains one of the few direct river routes into the heart of the city.

Stoke Newington

Prosperity: Wealthy
Dominant Social Class: Middle
Dominant Profession or Industry: Water treatment, Farming, Forestry
Crime: Low
Police Presence: Average
Urchin modifier: 0

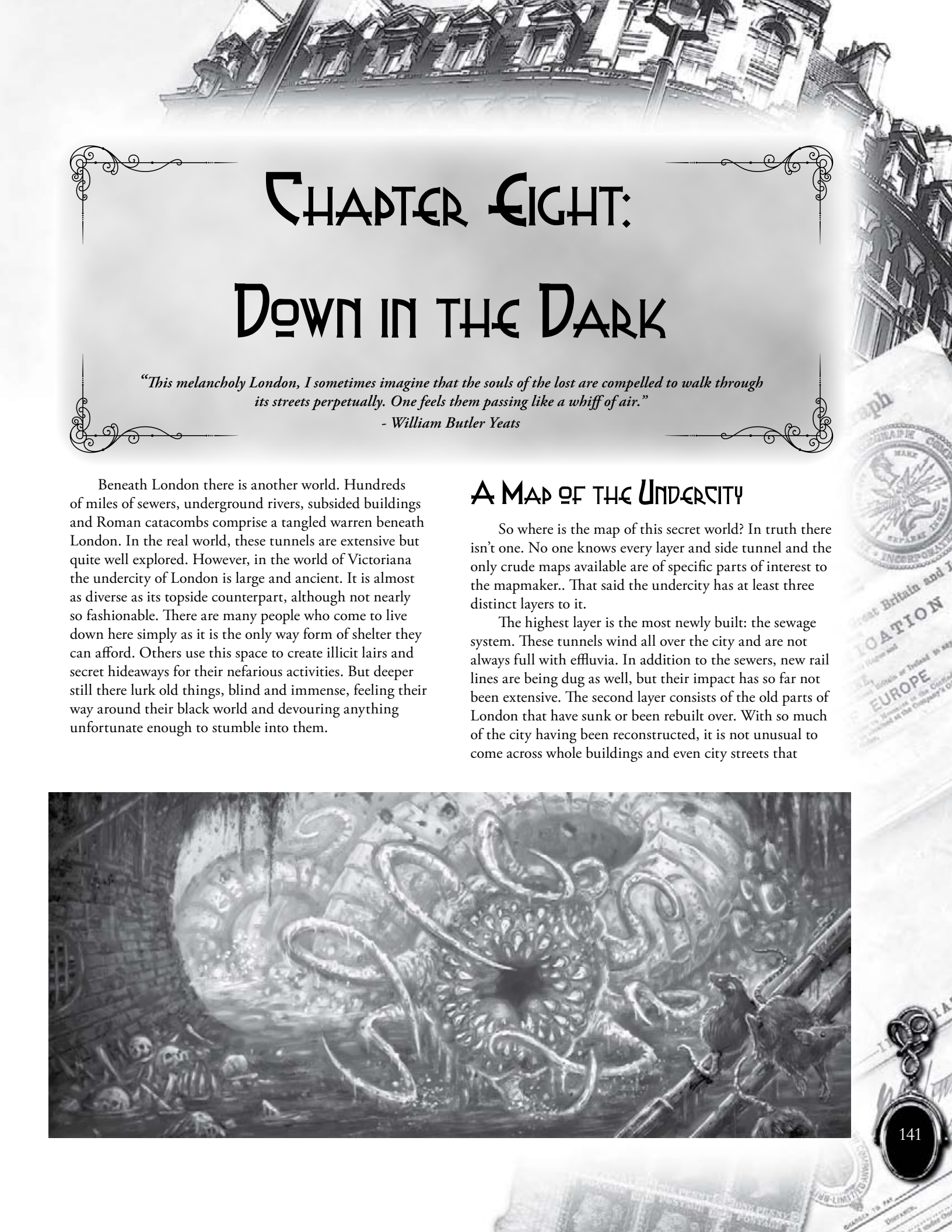
One of the most recent additions to the city, Stoke Newington, like most of North London, is still very rural. Most of the new building work here has been the construction of elegant pump houses and stations to send water into the city and its sewers. Given the grand architecture of these pump houses the area has a strange fantasy land feel to it. There is a lot of woodland here, which often gives way to apparent castles and gothic mansions that no one lives in. No two pump stations are exactly the same, offering a collection of architectural indulgence across the area. With little major development work going on here there are no rows of townhouses. Instead, small groups of houses clump together almost as small villages on the estates of the great mansions that have stood here for centuries.

This otherworldly feel, coupled with a new and very convenient train service into central London makes the area popular with all classes. The upper classes are drawn to the area's eccentricity while the middle classes seek to push them out so that they might claim all of North London as their own. The workers in the pump stations are all lower class and in the smaller villages that dot the area they can often afford to find a place here. In Stoke Newington, all the classes rub shoulders together and the rivalry between them is less apparent, mostly as they stay away from each other's worlds. The middle classes are never invited to go hunting with the upper classes. The upper classes don't interfere with the businesses here. Generally everyone gets along as long as everyone remembers their place, but this state of affairs might not last forever as the city slides ever closer.

Famous Locations: Abney Park Cemetery

Before it was a cemetery, Abney Park was a public garden and arboretum in the grounds of Abney House, originally laid out by Lady Mary Abney and Dr Isaac Watts. When the great cemetery project began some of the land in Abney Park was given over for the creation of a new garden cemetery. The parkland and arboretum lift much of the atmosphere associated with its cemetery, making it a very pleasant and bright place to walk, even among the tombstones. A school for girls is on the grounds, allowing educational visits to the arboretum.

Since its opening, Abney Park has gathered something of a reputation for dissention. The cemetery makes no distinction between its residents for their religious views so many non-Aluminat or very outspoken Aluminat rebels are buried here. The cemetery's Egyptian revival architecture (as opposed to traditional Aluminat styles) has only added to its reputation as standing against the Aluminat church. This reputation draws radicals of every stripe to converse with each other and pay homage to those who have gone before them, only adding to that very reputation. However, the dead care little for politics, and in the beautiful surroundings of the cemetery it is hard to talk seriously of revolt and revolution instead of just enjoying the rarity of a perfect English day.



CHAPTER EIGHT:

DOWN IN THE DARK

"This melancholy London, I sometimes imagine that the souls of the lost are compelled to walk through its streets perpetually. One feels them passing like a whiff of air."

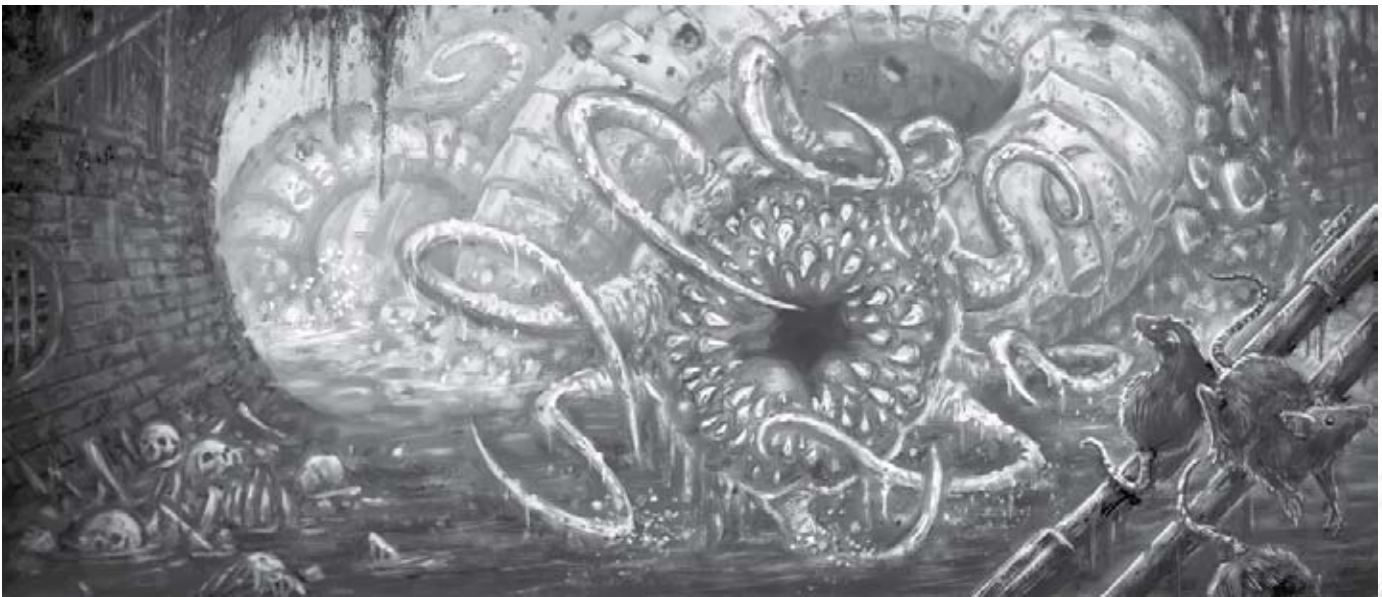
- William Butler Yeats

Beneath London there is another world. Hundreds of miles of sewers, underground rivers, subsided buildings and Roman catacombs comprise a tangled warren beneath London. In the real world, these tunnels are extensive but quite well explored. However, in the world of Victoriana the undercity of London is large and ancient. It is almost as diverse as its topside counterpart, although not nearly so fashionable. There are many people who come to live down here simply as it is the only way form of shelter they can afford. Others use this space to create illicit lairs and secret hideaways for their nefarious activities. But deeper still there lurk old things, blind and immense, feeling their way around their black world and devouring anything unfortunate enough to stumble into them.

A MAP OF THE UNDERCITY

So where is the map of this secret world? In truth there isn't one. No one knows every layer and side tunnel and the only crude maps available are of specific parts of interest to the mapmaker.. That said the undercity has at least three distinct layers to it.

The highest layer is the most newly built: the sewage system. These tunnels wind all over the city and are not always full with effluvia. In addition to the sewers, new rail lines are being dug as well, but their impact has so far not been extensive. The second layer consists of the old parts of London that have sunk or been rebuilt over. With so much of the city having been reconstructed, it is not unusual to come across whole buildings and even city streets that



have sunk or simply been used as foundations to build over. Many of these have been converted into new sewer tunnels but plenty remain and often form accommodation for a variety of denizens. Underneath all this are the old catacombs, old Roman sewer systems that are little more than roughly dug caves. In many cases these catacombs have become useful hideaways to store secret and illicit merchandise, or to conduct terrible experiments with dark magic and science.

THE RAILWAYS

After the sewers, the newest development underground has been the new underground railway lines. In general these new tunnels are quite short and don't connect into the rest of the undercity. After all, the engineers weren't looking to make any links into the sewers, quite the opposite in fact. The lines usually run quite close to the surface, so in many cases they are hardly classified as undercity. This is especially true with the trains running down the tracks all hours of the day. It makes it hard to use the tunnels for anything else. However, some of the small engineers access tunnels and airshafts can make excellent (and dry) entrances to the undercity if you know where to look (and can avoid the trains).

If you can get into the tunnels they are dark and filthy. With steam trains powering along the lines the walls, roof and even ground are caked in black soot. Simply taking a walk here will often leave you looking like you've just been working in a coal mine. On the plus side however, the tunnels are quite large, often big enough for two trains to pass each other, and the air is quite clean as long as there are no trains running. If trains have passed through recently, then the whole tunnel will be filled with thick grey smoke, reducing visibility to almost nothing. This might make for useful cover or act as a horrible obstacle. It can also be very dangerous. If you are in the tunnel filled with smoke and other train passes by it is extremely difficult to figure out where it might be coming from. The whole ground will shake and the sound echoes off all the walls. You might only see the dim lantern lights of the engine when the machine is almost on top of you.

So, in general, it is not sensible to try to wander the tracks of the underground railway. However, given the stations are very public places, they can be a good way to sneak into the undercity. There are a few small, cramped access tunnels built into the walls of the tunnels and some of the stations to get into the sewers, or even deeper. The trick is that unless you already know where to look they are hard to find. You also might have no idea where they lead except that they go down into the darkness.

THE SEWERS

While it isn't the most salubrious of places, the sewers are a marvel of engineering and luckily not running in filth all the time. Essentially the sewer system is designed to dilute and carry effluent out of the city, avoiding the original system of just dumping it in the Thames. While most tunnels have a layer of water in them, several are quite dry most of the time, only running with water when the tide is high or the system is running at capacity. The walls of the sewers are made of arched brick corridors. Most side corridors fork rather than turn sharply to maintain the flow of water, giving the place a curved feel in every direction. With no definite turns and many tunnels gradually curving it is very easy to lose your sense of direction down here.

The sewer is not especially inhospitable as it is designed to allow for maintenance. This means the larger tunnels often have walkways along the edge and any average sized person rarely has to stoop (large Beastmen and Ogres may have a bit of trouble standing tall) as they walk through the tunnels. However, no one is expected to live here. There is no light but what you bring with you and few (if any) signs to help find your way. It is also very silent, with only the drip of water in the darkness to keep you company.

142

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142

JOS. GILLOTT'S SAFETY
OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY
JOSEPH GILLOTT,
Warranted
TRADE MARK

drip of water in the darkness to keep you company.



There is a lot more variety in the sewer system than you might think. Tunnels come in several sizes and many odd systems and arrangements help to manage the flow of water. These are some of the main types of feature you will find there:

Large tunnels

Many of the first tunnels you are likely to come across will be quite large, often ten to fifteen feet wide. These tunnels are designed to collect water into the system. It is quite easy to walk in such tunnels as they often have a long trench in the middle to carry water and a brick path on either side for people to walk the tunnel along. While you'd not want to wear your Sunday best in such tunnels you can usually walk along them without even getting your shoes wet.

These larger tunnels can take a rowboat quite easily, although at very low tides there may not be enough water in the main trench to make this viable. However, most of the time a rowboat will take you some way into the system. Some extremely large tunnels are able to take small barges; in fact they are even designed to do so to help get repair supplies into the system. While these routes can occasionally be useful ways to cross the city, the choice of entrances and exits are very limited. Rowboats aren't very fast and with no access for ponies the barges must be walked along the tunnels (pulled by rope or pushed with the crew's feet against the walls).

Small tunnels

The smaller tunnels are more common and make up the bulk of the system. Such tunnels are usually only wide enough for one person at a time, and with no walkway the

water runs directly along the floor. With water brought in by the large tunnels the smaller tunnels help speed up the flow. This means that the level of water can be extremely variable. In most cases it will rise up to the shins, but it is not uncommon for it to be waist deep. In some cases a small rowboat might still fit, but most travellers will have to walk.

Traps

One of the most common features among the endless tunnels is the traps. These are places the tunnel might become suddenly smaller or have a metal portcullis-like gate barring the way. Such places are designed to catch large waste so it doesn't clog up the system further down. As they are almost designed to form blockages there is usually good over-ground access to areas where a trap is situated, often by a manhole. This allows engineers to check a few sites that they can easily access so they can clear any large waste.

To the underground traveller traps can be a problem. Not all of the gates can be opened, often leading to a detour being required. Luckily there is usually a manhole nearby, but then you have to know how to access the sewers again to get where you want to be. The other danger of traps is that they are a draw to those who live down here in the dark. They are very good places to find useful items for trade among the underdwellers and competition is fierce. Many of these desperate souls will happily kill anyone who invades their most prized territory.

Junctions, Cathedrals and drops shafts

The most impressive areas of the sewers are the large junctions and open areas. Most junctions are simple forks



in the tunnel but occasionally a larger series of connections is required. Such chambers may have as many as six or so tunnels feeding off from one central room. Given they all look exactly the same it is very easy to forget which tunnel you originally entered from. The largest junctions are called 'cathedrals' and can be truly vast. Cathedrals often have tunnels connecting on more than one level and often link tunnels of many different sizes. Cathedrals are often designed to cope with high volume so are often quite dry for most of the time. As such they make good meeting places for the underwellers and the floating market. The danger of such places is that they can flash flood if water has built up in the system and such tidal waves will easily take anyone off their feet and flush them down any random corridor.

Dropshafts are (as the name suggests) a way of getting water down onto another level. They are essentially a hole in the tunnels above but the shaft enters from above into a larger room. This larger space is designed to contain the water as it gushes down the shaft so it is calmer as it enters the rest of the system. Dropshaft chambers can also make good meeting places, however it is the other end of the shaft that should be noted. In the dark of the sewer it is easy to slip down a dropshaft before you see it and the fall can be unforgiving onto brick. The shafts are also quite wide, making them very hard to climb without the aid of rope.

Other features

The system has many other strange areas and features designed to manage water. Weirs, stairs, min-aqueducts and other eccentric and cunning systems can be found here. The Gamemaster should feel free to describe all manner of strange rooms and layers (even if she has no clue how they might work!) as the player characters traverse this world.

FORGOTTEN LONDON

Lying under (and in some places as a part of) the sewer system are the lost streets of London. As the city has grown, it was not uncommon for old buildings to form the foundations of new ones. Sometimes, when fire or other disaster claimed a street, it was simpler to just pave across the top and let the broken houses form the basements of the new ones. There are whole streets down here, sometimes duplicating the names of those above, where the sky is made of brick and the night is a perpetual darkness.

The streets buried here were once quite numerous. However the structure and brickwork here was extremely useful for the construction of the new sewers. Many streets were rebuilt as tunnels with less new brickwork than would have been required to build from scratch. So when

travelling through the sewer system it is not uncommon to come across bricked up windows and doors, or even the odd street sign still screwed into the walls. While such tunnels are no different to any other sewer tunnel, they add an eerie quality, as if the ghost of the city itself haunts this place.

However not all the old houses and streets were converted, and every bricked in door or window still leads to a forgotten room beyond. It is in these places the underwellers often reside, some simply lost souls, others inbred madmen. In some cases the sewer engineers chose simply to work around the larger gatherings of underwellers rather than try to drive them off. After all, the military aid available to the engineers was limited. No soldier fancied mounting an offensive in a running sewer, and no learned sorcerer of good family was going to be caught dead in such a place.

So there is a lot of the old London still buried under the city in small pockets. In some cases the very oldest buildings might have been built over two or even three times. Such buildings become the conduits to the lower levels beneath the sewers and often open up into small villages of underwellers. These hidden streets are among the strangest sights in the city. Lanterns light the way in a section of the place hidden from history. The buildings usually follow Tudor architecture and sit close together on narrow winding streets. In a few places the buildings rise to two storey affairs, but over all of them the sky is black brick. In the dark you might be forgiven for thinking you have somehow come outside, but the oppressive nature of the streets and the utter darkness outside lit by only a few lanterns makes it all too clear you are just deeper underground.

Some extra light comes from the several shops and craftsmen that labour here. Underwellers exist on trade for what they need so many of the buildings have become shops selling whatever the proprietor has managed to collect from the traps or the occasional foray above ground. Mostly the shops sell food (usually rat, occasionally long pig...) but there can often be quite a variety of objects on display.

While most of these items have found their way into the sewers for a good reason, occasionally something of value or even magical power can be found here. People drop the strangest things into the sewers, accidentally or on purpose, thinking that such things might be lost forever. Others might fall foul of their enemies and seek to place their treasures far from anyone's grasp. However, every underdweller knows that nothing is ever truly lost, and nothing lies forgotten forever.

There are also a few craftsmen down here. While the best craftsmen don't usually fall so far it is not unheard of. Some talented individuals have been known to go mad, or fallen to horrible poverty and ended up trying to make



their way among the underdwellers. The underdwellers recognise the importance of such folk and treat them very well. They are also extremely protective of them, and any attack is met with deadly retaliation from the whole community. Goods made here are often strange and bizarre, not only as madmen often craft them, but also due to the ingredients they have to work with. The most valuable of these goods find their way to the floating market, but those who manage to make their way down this far (and stay alive) can often find the strangest and most interesting pieces in the homes of their creators.

While this city goes deep below, it can rise surprisingly close to the London above. Sometimes, the basements of old houses are only separated by a thin wall from the undercity that forms their foundations. It is common to discover rooms and corridors linking from basements or bricked up doorways. While this is a simple way to gain access to the undercity it is also just a good for the underdwellers to find a way into the homes of those who dwell above them. Those who know of the undercity know to quell their curiosity about the old bricked up window or door in the cellar.

Catacombs

Under all the sewers and broken remains of old London are the catacombs. No one knows how far these caves reach, and no one has managed to explore them all. There is something here that defies understanding and consumes those who travel too far. Some say there is a dragon lying dormant down here, its vast magic twisting the place and the city above. However, everyone knows the dragons are long dead...

Originally the caves below the city were used as the original sewer system, and beneath the undercity you can sometimes find man-made access tunnels and the remains of the old system. The original sewer system was not very complicated, and served mainly to dump effluent into the Thames. Some of the new system sends effluent down this far to do the same job. However the whole point of the new system is to clean the Thames so this usually only happens due to a leak or bad planning.

There is a strange dark beauty to the catacombs and caves under London. It is as if you have passed into the deepest past of the city. They feel old and primitive, as if the weight of not only the stone but the history of the place is pressing down on you. In most cases the tunnels and caves are random and natural, a home for rats and small creatures. Some larger beasts have found their way down here and they are always hungry. Fire usually keeps most creatures away, but it is always best to move away from the howls that echo outside your torchlight. Not all of the denizens of the place are mindless though. There are a few intelligent beings down here, often the last of their kind, which date from an age when man was no more than an ignorant primate.



There are a few underground rivers in this place, which open into small lakes, often teeming with fish. Very few of these rivers actually lead out of the catacombs, having been created by water seeping in from above. In time they may wear new entrances into the deepest parts of the underground but that is highly unlikely to happen anytime soon. Those who can fashion boats can take quite an extensive excursion through these forgotten caves, and there are many natural beauties to witness here. There are tales of caves of crystal, of places where each echo turns to painfully beautiful harmony and even tales of caves where secrets collect like odd socks and old souls. Nothing down here is as you might expect; both the landscape and its inhabitants are old and alien. It is prone to riddles and deceit for its own amusement and many who take every care find themselves lost here forever.

Necropoli

The catacombs are a place for the dead and the forgotten and nowhere is this more evident than in the Necropoli. When the city was first built, it had its share of graveyards, but these were for the wealthy and pious. The poor had little option but to find a discreetdiscreet plot in a pauper's cemetery. As time went on and the city crowded, space for burying the poor became less of a priority. So other means were found, and often the spaces under the city were the best option. Caves began to fill with the dead,



sometimes laid in rows, or built into the walls like the Parisian dead. More often than not they were just piled here in secret. As the city became more modern and more civilised, these mass graves were made illegal and the poor were forced to pay the church to dispose of their relatives appropriately.

In the early part of the century, before the building of the great cemeteries, the city was running out of room for London's dead. With no space to extend the churchyards into the city, the only place to go was down. Some of the old ways into the catacombs were opened and what little space was filled. Sometimes the grave-diggers went down too far and found new caves they might fill with the dead.

In all cases, those who found such secret hideaways made a point of not mentioning them. The creation of these Necropoli was made illegal a long time ago and is enforced by an old order of the Guild. The reason is simple; such places become powerful stores of necromantic energy. They reek of death itself and upon such ground any necromancer finds their power amplified. All necromantic spells cast in such a place halve their difficulty (rounded down) and a powerful necromancer can drain power from the walls itself. Where the Guild finds such places it usually seals them up. However, there are many necromancers who follow Guild agents just so they might learn the location of such a place before it is sealed. Like many things in the catacombs, the Necropoli are places of secrets and power, and they are guarded jealously by both those who seek them and those who protect them.

CREATURES OF THE UNDERCITY

The rat catchers of London speak of several creatures living in the undercity that many consider little more than urban legends. There are those who swear blind they have seen terrible creatures, although no evidence is ever forthcoming. However, just because no one has seen or photographed such creatures it doesn't mean they don't exist. It is up to the Gamemaster to decide which of the following tales are little more than a drunkard's ramblings, and which might truly lurk in the darkness below.

Underwellers

The crushing poverty above often forces some people to seek refuge and shelter under the streets. Those with nothing left and no way to find any protection from the elements find that the sewers can at least grant them some form of protection. These desperate souls search through the rubbish and detritus that comes their way, often feeding themselves by catching rats or other underground creatures.

As you might imagine, this lifestyle does little for the humanity of those who follow it. While they form

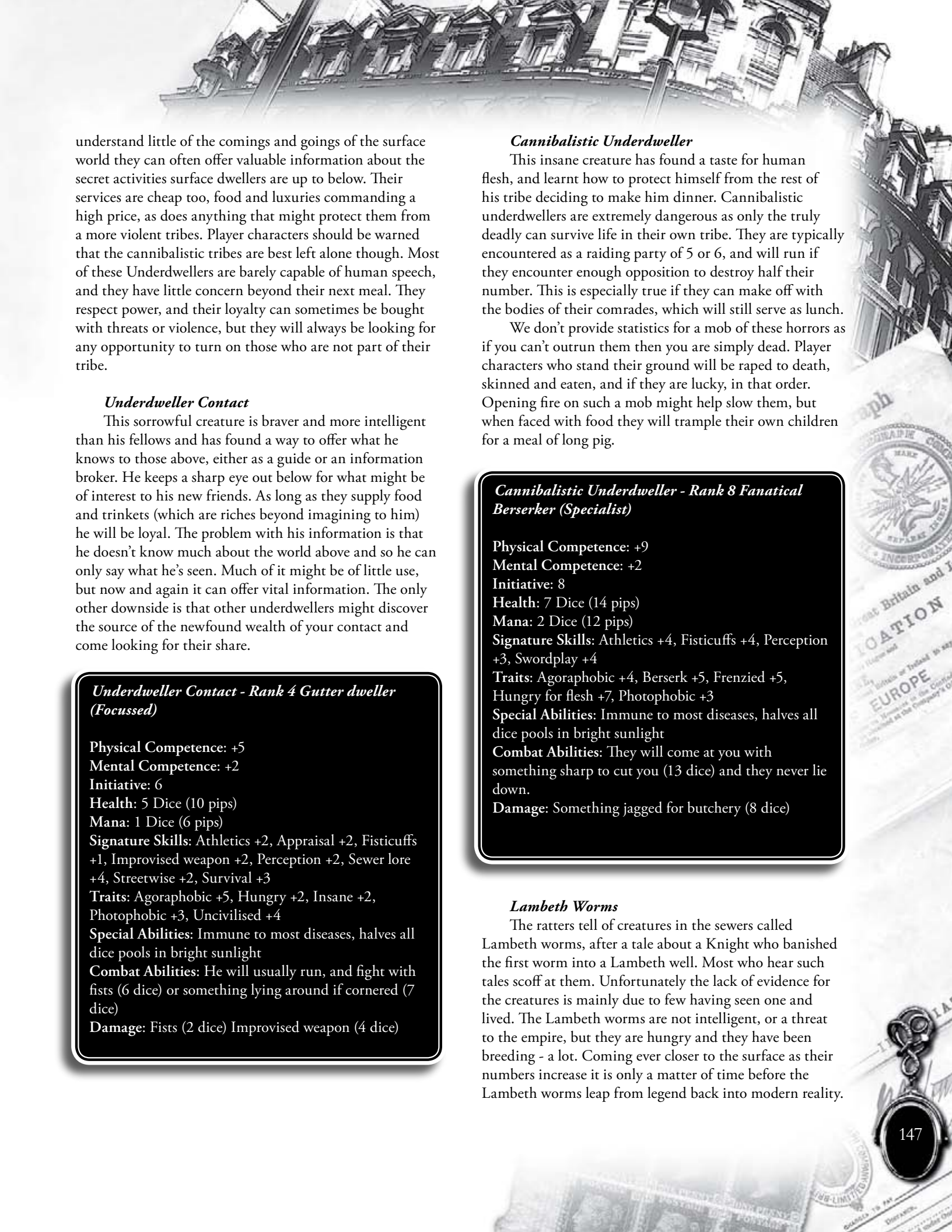


communities for mutual protection they are often several steps below civilisation. This is especially true of the groups that have realised there is a lot more good meat on a Ratman than a rat. This devolution is partly due to the sort of people who find themselves here. Few intelligent and resourceful people, in full control of their faculties, fall quite this far. So, most of the Underwellers are at the very least ill educated and quite often insane.

As these communities have lived down here for many years they have interbred between each other, creating a generation that has never lived above ground. With many Beastmen having become Underwellers, a high proportion possesses animalistic features. Most are insane and sometimes deformed from either inbreeding, unfortunate genealogy or simply from living in the filth of the city. However they are not to be underestimated as in this life only the strong survive. Underwellers are extremely resistant to disease and poison, and some are very strong and agile.

Most of the time, Underwellers avoid those that come from the outside world. Experience has taught them that those who live above have abilities and technology they cannot fight. When encountered alone they will usually run. However, a larger and more aggressive group might consider a small group of characters to be a potential lunch.

In some cases the more peaceful and intelligent Underwellers can be groomed as contacts. While they



understand little of the comings and goings of the surface world they can often offer valuable information about the secret activities surface dwellers are up to below. Their services are cheap too, food and luxuries commanding a high price, as does anything that might protect them from a more violent tribes. Player characters should be warned that the cannibalistic tribes are best left alone though. Most of these Underdwellers are barely capable of human speech, and they have little concern beyond their next meal. They respect power, and their loyalty can sometimes be bought with threats or violence, but they will always be looking for any opportunity to turn on those who are not part of their tribe.

Underdweller Contact

This sorrowful creature is braver and more intelligent than his fellows and has found a way to offer what he knows to those above, either as a guide or an information broker. He keeps a sharp eye out below for what might be of interest to his new friends. As long as they supply food and trinkets (which are riches beyond imagining to him) he will be loyal. The problem with his information is that he doesn't know much about the world above and so he can only say what he's seen. Much of it might be of little use, but now and again it can offer vital information. The only other downside is that other underdwellers might discover the source of the newfound wealth of your contact and come looking for their share.

Underdweller Contact - Rank 4 Gutter dweller (Focussed)

Physical Competence: +5
Mental Competence: +2
Initiative: 6
Health: 5 Dice (10 pips)
Mana: 1 Dice (6 pips)
Signature Skills: Athletics +2, Appraisal +2, Fisticuffs +1, Improvised weapon +2, Perception +2, Sewer lore +4, Streetwise +2, Survival +3
Traits: Agoraphobic +5, Hungry +2, Insane +2, Photophobic +3, Uncivilised +4
Special Abilities: Immune to most diseases, halves all dice pools in bright sunlight
Combat Abilities: He will usually run, and fight with fists (6 dice) or something lying around if cornered (7 dice)
Damage: Fists (2 dice) Improvised weapon (4 dice)

Cannibalistic Underdweller

This insane creature has found a taste for human flesh, and learnt how to protect himself from the rest of his tribe deciding to make him dinner. Cannibalistic underdwellers are extremely dangerous as only the truly deadly can survive life in their own tribe. They are typically encountered as a raiding party of 5 or 6, and will run if they encounter enough opposition to destroy half their number. This is especially true if they can make off with the bodies of their comrades, which will still serve as lunch.

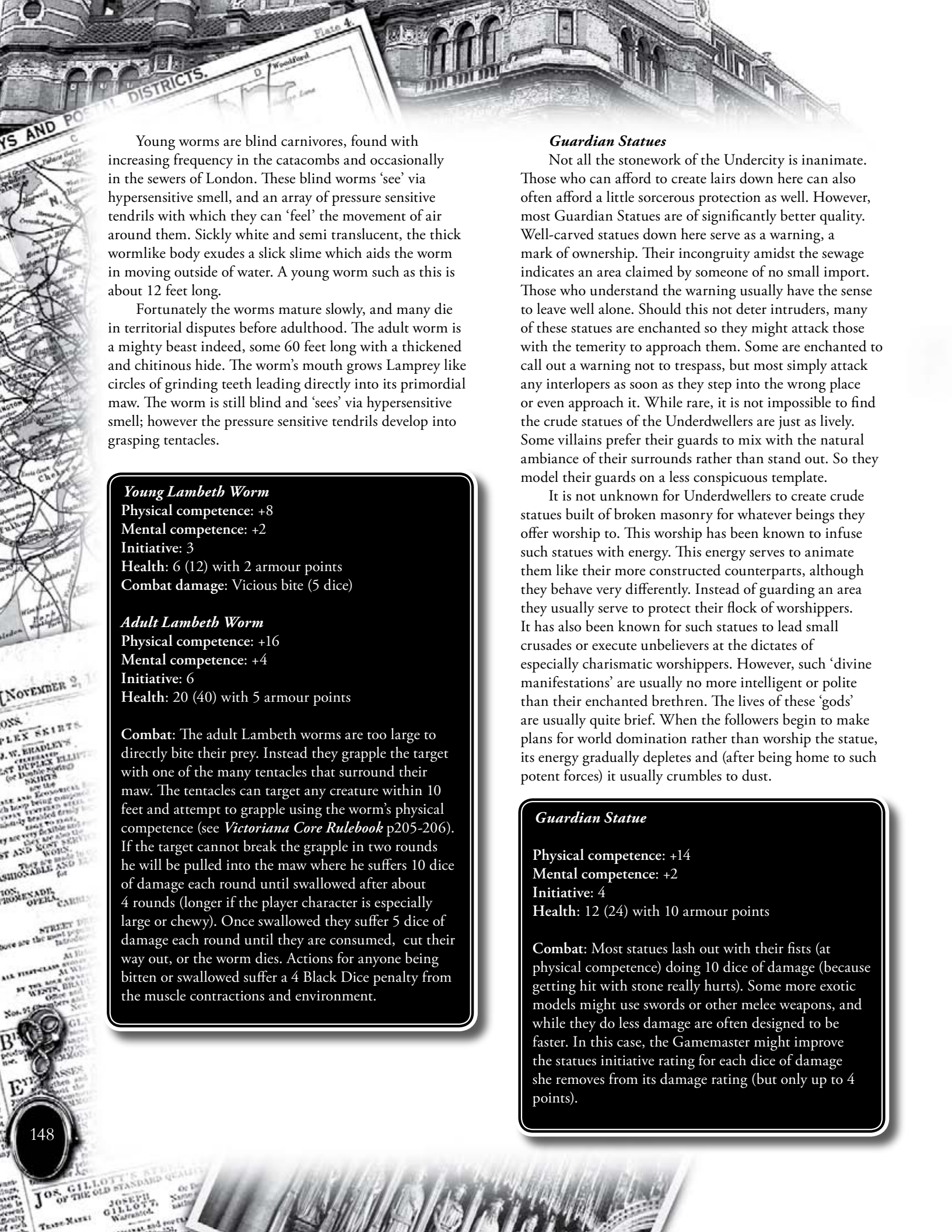
We don't provide statistics for a mob of these horrors as if you can't outrun them then you are simply dead. Player characters who stand their ground will be raped to death, skinned and eaten, and if they are lucky, in that order. Opening fire on such a mob might help slow them, but when faced with food they will trample their own children for a meal of long pig.

Cannibalistic Underdweller - Rank 8 Fanatical Berserker (Specialist)

Physical Competence: +9
Mental Competence: +2
Initiative: 8
Health: 7 Dice (14 pips)
Mana: 2 Dice (12 pips)
Signature Skills: Athletics +4, Fisticuffs +4, Perception +3, Swordplay +4
Traits: Agoraphobic +4, Berserk +5, Frenzied +5, Hungry for flesh +7, Photophobic +3
Special Abilities: Immune to most diseases, halves all dice pools in bright sunlight
Combat Abilities: They will come at you with something sharp to cut you (13 dice) and they never lie down.
Damage: Something jagged for butchery (8 dice)

Lambeth Worms

The ratters tell of creatures in the sewers called Lambeth worms, after a tale about a Knight who banished the first worm into a Lambeth well. Most who hear such tales scoff at them. Unfortunately the lack of evidence for the creatures is mainly due to few having seen one and lived. The Lambeth worms are not intelligent, or a threat to the empire, but they are hungry and they have been breeding - a lot. Coming ever closer to the surface as their numbers increase it is only a matter of time before the Lambeth worms leap from legend back into modern reality.



Young worms are blind carnivores, found with increasing frequency in the catacombs and occasionally in the sewers of London. These blind worms 'see' via hypersensitive smell, and an array of pressure sensitive tendrils with which they can 'feel' the movement of air around them. Sickly white and semi translucent, the thick wormlike body exudes a slick slime which aids the worm in moving outside of water. A young worm such as this is about 12 feet long.

Fortunately the worms mature slowly, and many die in territorial disputes before adulthood. The adult worm is a mighty beast indeed, some 60 feet long with a thickened and chitinous hide. The worm's mouth grows Lamprey like circles of grinding teeth leading directly into its primordial maw. The worm is still blind and 'sees' via hypersensitive smell; however the pressure sensitive tendrils develop into grasping tentacles.

Young Lambeth Worm

Physical competence: +8

Mental competence: +2

Initiative: 3

Health: 6 (12) with 2 armour points

Combat damage: Vicious bite (5 dice)

Adult Lambeth Worm

Physical competence: +16

Mental competence: +4

Initiative: 6

Health: 20 (40) with 5 armour points

Combat: The adult Lambeth worms are too large to directly bite their prey. Instead they grapple the target with one of the many tentacles that surround their maw. The tentacles can target any creature within 10 feet and attempt to grapple using the worm's physical competence (see *Victoriana Core Rulebook* p205-206). If the target cannot break the grapple in two rounds he will be pulled into the maw where he suffers 10 dice of damage each round until swallowed after about 4 rounds (longer if the player character is especially large or chewy). Once swallowed they suffer 5 dice of damage each round until they are consumed, cut their way out, or the worm dies. Actions for anyone being bitten or swallowed suffer a 4 Black Dice penalty from the muscle contractions and environment.

Guardian Statues

Not all the stonework of the Undercity is inanimate. Those who can afford to create lairs down here can also often afford a little sorcerous protection as well. However, most Guardian Statues are of significantly better quality. Well-carved statues down here serve as a warning, a mark of ownership. Their incongruity amidst the sewage indicates an area claimed by someone of no small import. Those who understand the warning usually have the sense to leave well alone. Should this not deter intruders, many of these statues are enchanted so they might attack those with the temerity to approach them. Some are enchanted to call out a warning not to trespass, but most simply attack any interlopers as soon as they step into the wrong place or even approach it. While rare, it is not impossible to find the crude statues of the Underdwellers are just as lively. Some villains prefer their guards to mix with the natural ambiance of their surrounds rather than stand out. So they model their guards on a less conspicuous template.

It is not unknown for Underdwellers to create crude statues built of broken masonry for whatever beings they offer worship to. This worship has been known to infuse such statues with energy. This energy serves to animate them like their more constructed counterparts, although they behave very differently. Instead of guarding an area they usually serve to protect their flock of worshippers. It has also been known for such statues to lead small crusades or execute unbelievers at the dictates of especially charismatic worshippers. However, such 'divine manifestations' are usually no more intelligent or polite than their enchanted brethren. The lives of these 'gods' are usually quite brief. When the followers begin to make plans for world domination rather than worship the statue, its energy gradually depletes and (after being home to such potent forces) it usually crumbles to dust.

Guardian Statue

Physical competence: +14

Mental competence: +2

Initiative: 4

Health: 12 (24) with 10 armour points

Combat: Most statues lash out with their fists (at physical competence) doing 10 dice of damage (because getting hit with stone really hurts). Some more exotic models might use swords or other melee weapons, and while they do less damage are often designed to be faster. In this case, the Gamemaster might improve the statues initiative rating for each dice of damage she removes from its damage rating (but only up to 4 points).

Dark Embodiments

While they are the most common, the elemental Embodiments are not the only way primal forces might manifest themselves. Down in the sewers there are different spirits and they are no less dangerous. Some sorcerers have learned the tricks to summon up these forms of embodiment, but the Guild looks very unfavourably on those that do. It may not be Necromancy or Demonology but the magics involved are distinctly dark. So more often than not these creatures manage to manifest of their own accord. This can occur when the environment is so polluted and concentrated they naturally occur. However, they are more likely to occur as a result of magical experiments or when battles in the dark lairs of villains seep a little mana into the right place and ignite the spark that creates such an embodiment.

Embodiments of Effluent

Effluent or 'sewage elementals' are not really a new form of embodiment in themselves. Instead they are essentially corrupted versions of Water Embodiments. Those who summon Embodiments of Effluent usually do so in two ways. If the magician uses very polluted water in their summoning spell instead of pure water then they often release an Embodiment of Effluent. However, they need more than just a cupful and the water must be totally corrupted. The other way to call such an entity forth is to work a little dark mana into the summoning spell, corrupting the spirit so it manifests as effluent.



Embodiments of Effluent look very similar to an Embodiment of Water, but only in terms of their size, shape and movement. Instead of translucent water they are a grey-green colour and exude a stench that can be smelt from several feet away. They can attempt to drown a victim in the same way as an Embodiment of Water, but the experience is significantly less pleasant. There is also a significant chance the victim will catch one of several diseases. They should roll their Fortitude against an Infection rating of 5 (see *Victoriana Core Rulebook* p 222) and should they fail the Gamemaster can consider the character infected with any disease with the same or a lower infection rating she feels like handing out.

Embodiments of Effluent have much the same statistics and abilities as an Embodiment of Water. However, while they are equally agile in water they are far more visible in less polluted areas. They cannot clean people or items, but they can cover them with filth and slime instead. Embodiments of Effluent are tortured creatures. They are in constant agony from the corruption they are suffering and this pain and anger often twists them into aggressive and vindictive creatures. They are especially dangerous in combat, as their desire to be free of their form incites them to suicidal mania.

Rank 5 Embodiment of Effluent

Physical Competence: +8 (+4 in polluted water)
Mental Competence: +6 (+2 in polluted water)
Traits: Alien +2, Agonized +4, Vicious +3
Qualities: Thaumaturgy (Illusion, Water Breathing), Unstoppable.
Combat Abilities: Watery fists (8 dice).
Damage: Fists (3 dice)

Embodiments of Darkness

Deep underground the shadows are longer and the dark is black as pitch. While the creatures that embody this darkness are not always evil, they are favoured as companions and spies by those who practice black sorcery, if only of the sake of propriety. Embodiments of Darkness are closest to the element of air, but are in truth very separate entities. They make excellent spies and assassins.

While they cannot travel abroad in sunlight, they can attach themselves to a target and pretend to be their shadow with ease. This allows them to overhear conversations and learn many secrets. They can also envelop their victim and seek to draw the light out of their soul (see below). The victim resists the attack as they would resist drowning, but the actual effects are very different. The very light of their essence is being drawn out to feed the darkness. So



those who survive the attack often suffer deep depression afterwards (lasting between a week to a month) that may even drive them to suicide. It takes a long time to recover from such an attack but once the light has had time to regenerate there are no other effects.

There is another currency that interests Embodiments of Darkness, and that is secrets. If you want to know something, chances are it has been whispered to the darkness at some point. So it is not uncommon for sorcerers to call up Embodiments of Darkness (or for others to go into the dark places to find one) because there is something they want to know. Embodiments of Darkness are quite intelligent and cunning, and they know not to strike bargains. They only accept payment in secrets, although such secrets need not concern the person making the bargain. Embodiments of Darkness know the worth of the secrets they offer and will never accept an unfair trade. You can't ask to know the secret fetishes of a high-ranking minister and expect to offer where you hid your favourite toy soldier as a child. It is up to the Gamemaster if the Darkness has heard the secret the questioner is after, and they should remember that the secret they offer in exchange might also be on offer one day to some other bargain.

Rank 5 Embodiment of Darkness

Physical Competence: +4 (+4 in darkness)
Mental Competence: +7 (+2 in darkness)
Traits: Secretive +4, Silent +3, Full of Nightmares +5
Qualities: Fear, Flight, Immunity (non-magical physical attacks), Shapeshifter, Unstoppable.
Combat Abilities: Fear and torment, but may not attack physically except as noted below
Damage: see below

While they cannot physically grapple their victim, an embodiment of Darkness can still envelop them and drain their life-force. The target must make opposed rolls of Dexterity +Athletics against the embodiment's physical competence, scoring at least 1 success more than the embodiment to escape it each round. For this reason embodiments of darkness like to terrify their victims into catatonia or trap them somehow before attacking so they cannot escape. Anyone unable to escape the embodiment must make an opposed roll using only his or her Resolve against the embodiment's mental competence. Each success the embodiment gets more than the target allows it to drain 1 health dice from the target, adding it to its own health dice. This damage cannot be healed by non-magical means and recovers at a rate of 1 dice per week. During this time the victim is listless and withdrawn.

Embodiments of Despair

These strange beings are considered a modern development, and many believe they are something new, not embodiments at all. Embodiments of despair feed on depression and hopelessness, something in plentiful supply in the rookeries and depths of the city. They are almost invisible, appearing as a light grey gloom. This gloom is drawn to feelings of despair and attaches itself to anyone suffering from those sorts of feelings in good supply. When they come across such a person they quietly attach themselves to them, appearing as an almost tangible aura of gloom around their victim. This aura can be seen on a successful Wits + Perception roll (with 4 Black Dice) although few people know what it might be.

While these embodiments feed on despair, they unfortunately do not have the effect of cheering up those they feed on. Instead they whisper to their victims, telling them how worthless they are and how pointless their lives are to create more despair for them to feed on. Each day the embodiment is attached it may attempt to feed on its subject, attempting to drain their Presence and Resolve. The victim rolls Presence + Resolve against the embodiment's mental competence, and if the embodiment gets more successes it drains 1 point from either Presence or Resolve as it chooses. This continues until the victim resists 3 times in a row (at which the embodiment will leave to seek an easier meal) or the victim dies. As they are drained the victim becomes more depressed and withdrawn, until they reach -5 in either Presence or Resolve when they will decide life is not worth living. At this point they will continually attempt suicide by the quickest means at their disposal at any possible opportunity.

Given their intangible form and the way they operate, it is hard to fight such creatures, especially without hurting their victims. They first need to be driven into the open where they can be attacked with sorcery. Luckily, embodiments of despair hate joy and laughter, and while it may be impossible to inspire such feelings in those they possess, such things can surround their victims. A genuinely happy environment is extremely uncomfortable to an embodiment of despair and often stops them attempting to feed. If such a situation persists they will leave their victim to seek another. Once free of

Rank 5 Embodiment of Despair

Physical Competence: +2
Mental Competence: +8
Traits: Hungry +2, Gloomy +5
Qualities: Flight, Immunity (non-magical physical attacks)
Combat Abilities: see above
Damage: see above



the embodiment, the victim will regain their Presence and Resolve at 1 point of each per week if given care and compassion to rebuild their self worth. While such embodiments are still quite rare, their effects are felt deeply. Few people are ever quite the same for having someone whisper their worse thoughts to them day and night.

LAIRS AND HIDEAWAYS

There are many villains and secret organisations that have claimed a part of the undercity as their lair. The three largest of these lairs are owned by Alexi Borozci, Ying Kow and the Fellowship of the Red Pharaoh. So far they have all managed to avoid crossing paths with Borozci in the west, Ying Kow in the east and the Fellowship just outside the centre of the city. However, it is only a matter of time before these organisations clash and a secret war begins. Even London is not quite big enough for all three.

However, the underground is not only claimed by great criminal warlords. In some cases it is simply a place to hide illicit goods. Plenty of smugglers and black market traders find the odd nook to hide their merchandise, often for sale in the floating market. However, some people build more elaborate hideaways; even build their homes here, creating civilised townhouses under the streets of the city. In all cases, those who trespass had best take care. These lairs are designed to be private and exclusive, and those who make a home here value its secrecy. Most villains will offer no mercy to keep their secrets safe, and anyone who discovers such a place is a fool to brag of it.

The Archive

The business of governing an empire generates a lot of paperwork. There are few places to store such files; especially as so many are of a sensitive nature. The British government might claim to be honourable and civilised, but it has carried out many secret and even illegal operations to maintain its power. So when the new Houses of Parliament were built, and as the new sewer system was engineered across the city, the government took steps to create their own secret hideaway to store their dirty secrets.

The Archive is a vast soulless series of long corridors and file rooms situated under Parliament and stretching under Whitehall. It has at least five levels and was constructed in secret, its cost lost in the budget for the new sewage system. The Archive is populated with files clerks and a special regiment of elite soldiers. However, as far as any records claim, no one works here and the place does not exist. As the government thought ahead, the Archive is bigger than required with only a third of its space actually being used at the moment. The staff are kept to a minimum and expanded as new areas come into use.

Access to the archive is highly restricted. As you might imagine, there are no secret tunnels into the sewers here or the catacombs. Thick concrete walls ensure that the only way in is via the secret entrances in Whitehall and Parliament. Both entrances are heavily guarded and no one without a pass is allowed to enter. Anyone found illicitly in the Archive is usually shot on sight (just in case they have read something dangerous) and their body disposed of very professionally.

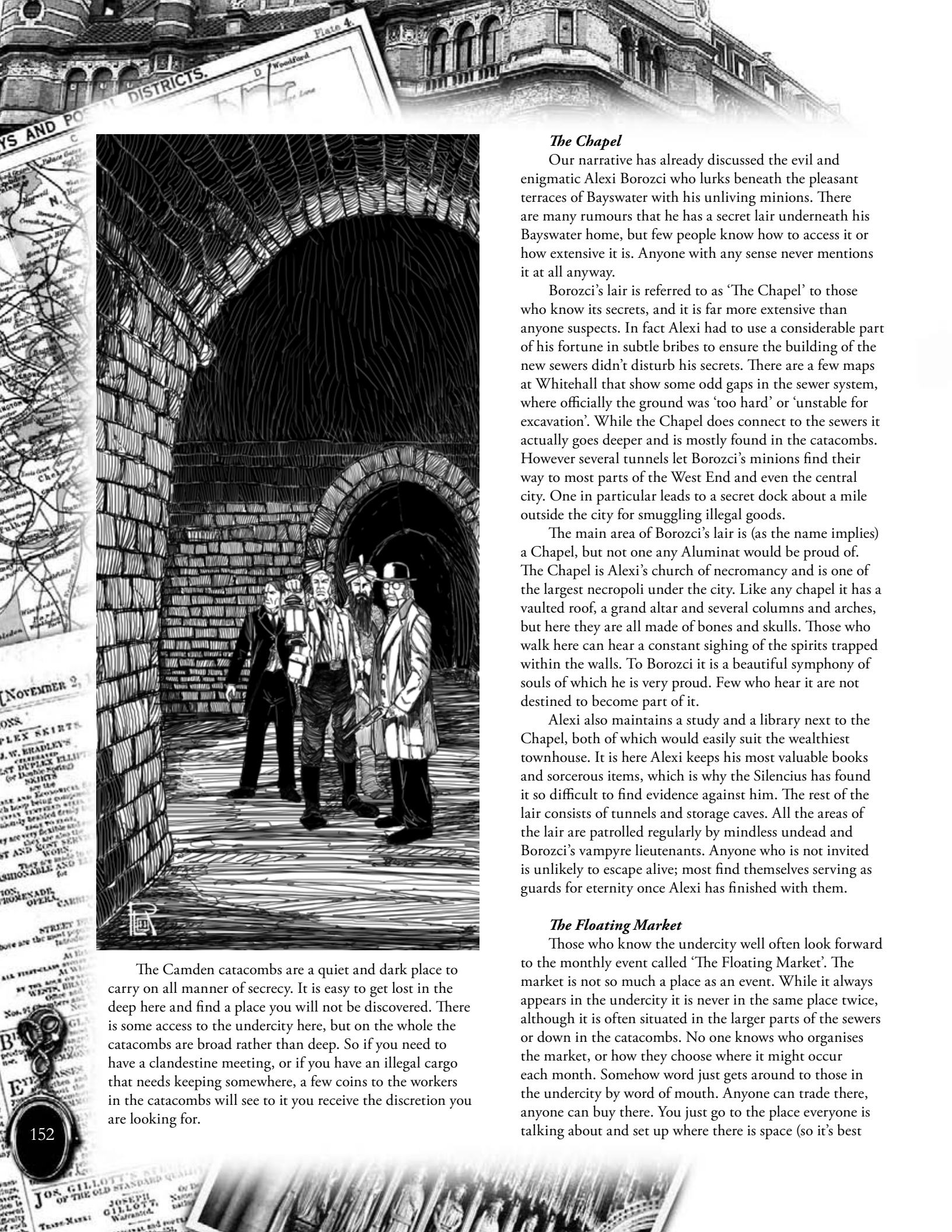
Interestingly, it is this very security that makes the Archive such a tempting target for interlopers. When such steps are taken to protect something, it must be truly valuable. While few even know of the existence of the Archive, fewer still know what secrets it actually protects. Should someone succeed in raiding the place they may find themselves left with an array of tedious civil service documents placed there because they are not important enough to keep at hand in Whitehall. On the other hand, there may be a single piece of paper stored there that could bring down the government and even the empire.

Camden Catacombs

Before trains became the fastest way to transport goods, the network of canals and river ways formed the backbone of Britain's goods transport infrastructure. Even with trains having become the passenger transport of choice, the canals are still busy with goods from across the empire. Camden in North London is one of the last stopping points out of the city and this, coupled with its many canal locks; make it a busy place for the barge trade. As such it became a good place to move cargo and rest the ponies that drew the barges along the river. So a series of catacombs were built to house the spare ponies and as a place to keep cargo awaiting collection.

The catacombs are wide brickwork affairs, with large areas where the brickwork roof is made of plain fluted columns to create a series of arched supports. Light is brought in by a series of small grills set into the roof (and therefore on the pavements of the streets above). However the grills are quite small and when the Camden is busy the passers-by constantly interrupt the shafts of light creating quite an oppressive atmosphere. With so many horses packed in it is a smelly sweaty place of flickering light.

As the train has begun to take work from the canals the catacombs are not as useful as they once were, so they usually store cargo more than ponies these days. Much of this cargo is waiting to be put on a train rather than a barge as well. However a barge is still one of the best ways into the city and the docklands. With the catacombs being a largely empty space they are often inhabited by vagrants and the homeless looking for shelter. When they are found the authorities move them on, but the workers here usually don't tell the authorities if the new residents behave. After all, many of the dock workers secretly sleep here themselves.



The Chapel

Our narrative has already discussed the evil and enigmatic Alexi Borozci who lurks beneath the pleasant terraces of Bayswater with his unliving minions. There are many rumours that he has a secret lair underneath his Bayswater home, but few people know how to access it or how extensive it is. Anyone with any sense never mentions it at all anyway.

Borozci's lair is referred to as 'The Chapel' to those who know its secrets, and it is far more extensive than anyone suspects. In fact Alexi had to use a considerable part of his fortune in subtle bribes to ensure the building of the new sewers didn't disturb his secrets. There are a few maps at Whitehall that show some odd gaps in the sewer system, where officially the ground was 'too hard' or 'unstable for excavation'. While the Chapel does connect to the sewers it actually goes deeper and is mostly found in the catacombs. However several tunnels let Borozci's minions find their way to most parts of the West End and even the central city. One in particular leads to a secret dock about a mile outside the city for smuggling illegal goods.

The main area of Borozci's lair is (as the name implies) a Chapel, but not one any Aluminat would be proud of. The Chapel is Alexi's church of necromancy and is one of the largest necropoli under the city. Like any chapel it has a vaulted roof, a grand altar and several columns and arches, but here they are all made of bones and skulls. Those who walk here can hear a constant sighing of the spirits trapped within the walls. To Borozci it is a beautiful symphony of souls of which he is very proud. Few who hear it are not destined to become part of it.

Alexi also maintains a study and a library next to the Chapel, both of which would easily suit the wealthiest townhouse. It is here Alexi keeps his most valuable books and sorcerous items, which is why the Silencius has found it so difficult to find evidence against him. The rest of the lair consists of tunnels and storage caves. All the areas of the lair are patrolled regularly by mindless undead and Borozci's vampyre lieutenants. Anyone who is not invited is unlikely to escape alive; most find themselves serving as guards for eternity once Alexi has finished with them.

The Floating Market

Those who know the undercity well often look forward to the monthly event called 'The Floating Market'. The market is not so much a place as an event. While it always appears in the undercity it is never in the same place twice, although it is often situated in the larger parts of the sewers or down in the catacombs. No one knows who organises the market, or how they choose where it might occur each month. Somehow word just gets around to those in the undercity by word of mouth. Anyone can trade there, anyone can buy there. You just go to the place everyone is talking about and set up where there is space (so it's best



The Camden catacombs are a quiet and dark place to carry on all manner of secrecy. It is easy to get lost in the deep here and find a place you will not be discovered. There is some access to the undercity here, but on the whole the catacombs are broad rather than deep. So if you need to have a clandestine meeting, or if you have an illegal cargo that needs keeping somewhere, a few coins to the workers in the catacombs will see to it you receive the discretion you are looking for.



to go early). Money is of no use here and (as with most deals in the undercity) everything is settled with barter. However, favours, service and even secrets have been offered in trade as well as actual commodities.

There are many rumours that those who organise the market are some sort of supernatural or even demonic creatures that organise the market according to the alignment of the stars or even the planes. It is true that anyone asking too much about the market seems to disappear, and that people sometimes go missing at the market itself. However, it is not unusual for underdwellers to disappear suddenly at any time (so unforgiving is life in the undercity) so few people give these rumours much credence. If the organisers of the market have some plan, it is without doubt a long term one as the market has been running for over a century in some form or another. Given the amount of entertainment available in the undercity (next to none) even if it was some demonic ritual most people would still attend. Still, the rumours persist, even if most people ignore them.

The market itself is a strange and busy place filled with broken colours and faded glamour. Anyone can stake a pitch here to offer services, merchandise, craft work or even display their art. The nearest equivalent in our modern world is the 'Burning Man' festival held in the deserts of Nevada each year. The market is the best place to find the strange, obscure and illegal. Dark sorcerers come here searching for goods and services that are not only illegal but immoral, treasure hunters look for forgotten artefacts and many come here just to drink in the strangeness and atmosphere of both the stalls and the stallholders. Every market is slightly different, sometimes there are items of arcane value on every stall, other times the place is full of rubbish.

The most important thing about the market is that it is considered neutral ground. Many believe this is why it moves around, to avoid it becoming part of anyone's territory. It is generally agreed that no violence should take place here. Given the value of the market to the underdwellers and most criminals, necromancers and demonologists, there are a lot of dangerous people with a vested interest in maintaining the peace. However, there is no reason not to accost people once they leave the market...

The Menagerie of Gold and Shadow

The lair of Ying Kow, leader of the Black Gold Beneficent Society, lies under the society's headquarters in Limehouse. It is possibly the most elegant of all the underground lairs, a Chinese palace hidden deep in the catacombs. The menagerie serves three purposes. Firstly it is simply Ying Kow's home, and as a powerful sorcerer he is not used to living in anything but opulence. It contains a vast library as well as a series of suites bedecked in golden silks and embroidered calligraphy. Its second purpose is to

aid the society's smuggling activities. As such its tunnels lead across almost all of the East End, especially around the dock areas. Many end in secret docks for the reception of illicit cargo that avoid the inconvenience of customs. Even without the secret docks there are many entrances that allow cargos to be moved from warehouses into the tunnels. The last use of the menagerie is (as the name suggests) to store the strange animals that Ying Kow has created with his sorcery. Almost all of these creatures are deadly, by poison, tooth or claw (usually all three). Ying Kow considers each of these elegant abominations to be a work of art, and he is sensitive to criticism on the matter.

To help manage the goods that need to be moved through the tunnels a small mining railway has been installed to carry the merchandise. The trains go back and forth across specific routes to avoid collisions, moving cargo from one to another as need be. The train system is so well organised it can get cargo across London better than anything you might find above ground. Needless to say the trains and tunnels are heavily guarded. Many sorcerous traps lie in wait for the unwary as do Ying Kow's personal guard, who all dress as mandarins with golden demon masks. The guards are highly trained elite troops and are so skilled and silent many people are only aware of their approach as they die. As if the guards weren't enough to dissuade interlopers, Ying Kow often lets his 'pets' out of the menagerie so they might get some exercise. They often eat a few of the labourers, but that is simply unfortunate.

The Thames Tunnel

The Thames Tunnel was built by Sir Mark Brunwell (father of Isambard) in 1843. It is a foot and horse tunnel, allowing traffic to pass between Rotherhithe on the south bank and the Surrey Docks there. The tunnel is being converted into a train tunnel that will eventually connect the rail stations of the south with Shadwell and Commercial Street. Pedestrians enter the tunnel (at the cost of a penny) via a long, open circular stairway in the entrance rotunda at each end. At the moment most of the traffic is by foot, as taking a horse or carriage down here requires the use of a special ramped entrance used for machinery. This entrance does not allow access to the shopping areas, and costs 2 shillings for a horse and 5 shillings for a carriage. The charge is mainly to reduce horse traffic in the tunnel, by restricting it to the wealthy. If you have a horse or carriage it is easier, quicker and cheaper to cross the river by bridge.

Though well patrolled by policemen, the Thames Tunnel can be a dark, frightening, and very dangerous area of the city. Perpetual darkness is broken up by the occasional gas lamp, sound is amplified and reflected, and can quickly become disorienting. The place is characterised by two tunnels, separated by a series of archways and columns where the gas lanterns are positioned. Smaller



walkways along that middle section keep foot traffic out of the path of the wagons and carriages moving through the tunnel. One side of the tunnel is currently closed as workmen lay the tracks for the new railway connection. In another year, the tunnel will be closed to all but train traffic.

However, during the day it is significantly less oppressive. At either end of the tunnel is an atrium containing many small shops offering newspapers, confectionary and several handicrafts and dressmaking fabrics. Many people come to the tunnel to shop rather than cross the river. In fact, given the crime that occurs in the tunnel itself (where even the brightest sunlight eventually fades) many people proudly carry new purchases to advertise to pick pockets they might not have any money left on their person. Unfortunately, there are plenty of criminals who will be looking to steal such valuable purchases anyway.

As well as the shops the area is littered with costermongers. Most are to be found in the tunnel itself as the police often move them on from the shops around the entrances. Not all of these costermongers live on the surface, as many underwellers come up this far to offer their strange goods to the people above. There are a few broken walls and access tunnels that lead from the tunnels to the sewers and undercity. This makes the tunnel an excellent place to catch up with any underdweller contacts you may have, or seek detail on the next floating market.

The Temple of the Red God

The Fellowship of the Red Pharaoh maintains a temple to their dark god set below the streets of London. Like Borozci's lair the temple is found deep in the catacombs, but uses the sewers for access. There are two main entrances to the temple. The first is in the Bloomsbury townhouse of the cult's leader Professor el-Kheir. The second is found in the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. While there is no piece of paper that claims any member of the Fellowship owns the Egyptian Hall, the cult controls the building and most of the staff are members.

The temple itself is the headquarters of the Fellowship of the Red Pharaoh. Here they can carry out their sacrificial rites and necromantic experiments in peace and quiet. While the temple itself is not very large (as temples go) the network of tunnels the cultists claim are quite large and have been filled with guards and even a few animal guards sacred to Set, such as snakes and crocodiles. The temple also serves as home for the lower members of the cult who each have a small cell near the temple (although there are larger cells for couples and families). A lot of the cult's members are poor folk with nowhere to go, happy to believe anything for a place to stay and regular meals. However, a large proportion of the membership is immigrants from Egypt sent by the cult's leadership. These souls have seen

nothing of the rest of London, and spend their days in the temple.

The cult has been very lucky so far not to wander into any of the areas claimed by Alexi Borozci. However, as they grow and spread into the tunnels it is only a matter of time before the West End Terror and the Fellowship are drawn into a territorial conflict.

For more information on the Temple of the Red God, see *Streets of Shadow*.

RUNNING ADVENTURES IN THE UNDERCITY

Bringing the undercity into your adventures is quite a departure from a game of Victoriana. It's not a nice place after all, not to mention the terrible dangers that lurk there. However, it can be a fascinating place to adventure, even if you are only passing through.

Why visit?

The first question anyone is going to ask about the undercity is why on earth would you want to visit it? What could possibly be of interest there among the grime and sewage? While there is a lot of rubbish down in the dark, the undercity in all its forms is a place of lost things. There is always a chance you might come across something terribly valuable or disconcertingly powerful, sometimes both. Wandering the sewers looking for trinkets is not really the pursuit of a gentleman, but sometimes you receive information on where to look. In which case it is a lot easier to find what you are looking for, and those who don't know the undercity very well are most likely to believe there is little danger there. If you think the only danger is to your footwear and you have a tip something valuable is hidden no further than under your feet, it all seems like a worthwhile day out to sneak down there.

It is more likely though that the player characters will be asked by someone else to go down there and retrieve something for them. While it might be that someone has kidnapped a relative of the patron and taken to the sewers to hide out, it is equally possible that a lady might drop her fan down the wrong grate and retrieving it becomes a lot more troublesome than expected. No one of any breeding is going to want to set foot anywhere near the undercity (unless they are player characters). So a group of player characters might easily be taken on for a large cash reward to do what appears an easy, if possibly unpleasant, job.

A more experienced player character group might discover how useful the undercity and its inhabitants can be. Once they know a few of the pitfalls, or have made contact with those that can guide them, they might venture



into the dark in a little more safety. Contacts among the underwellers can be vital. Instead of searching the below places yourself, you just need to make contact every so often with someone who can do the legwork for you with a lot more skill. There are also many things that are simply not available above ground, from secrets to handicrafts to forgotten skills. The more your players discover about the undercity, the more uses they will find for it. After a while it might be hard to keep them out of it.

The Undercity campaign

When involving the undercity in an adventure the Gamemaster needs to be careful. There are a lot of dangerous things down here and if the player characters blunder into the wrong place they can be out of their depth very quickly, and they are a long way from medical help. If you are intending to run an extended foray into the undercity it is best to run a couple of short adventures that visit it briefly first. That way you can gauge how the players feel about this sort of campaign and give their characters a bit of foreknowledge about what they might face later on so they can be prepared.

If they travel deeper into the undercity, possibly seeking treasure, something (or someone) lost or even just to explore they will be less and less able to call for help from the surface. If they get lost, which is very easy to do, they can easily find themselves stuck down there with the adventure becoming simply how to escape. Such a campaign can work very much like 'the lost world' or 'first men in the moon' with the player characters stuck in a very alien environment. The Gamemaster has a wealth of monsters to populate the game with, not only the ones detailed in this chapter but almost all of the ones in the *Victoriana Core Rulebook*; Ghouls, Zombies and Rattus Rex being the most obvious examples.

While it has plenty of monsters, the undercity is more than just a dungeon crawl and there is a lot of interaction to be had with the more intelligent denizens. Even the underwellers have their own politics between tribes, and the even present threat of attack from cannibals. Money alone will not solve the player character's problems, and each of the classes might have a form of equality forced upon them by circumstance. Everything will have to be bartered for and many adventures might consist of doing a series of favours for various underwellers to get what they really want. Such favours might include defeating a monster or another tribe, or finding something lost.

There are also plenty of secrets and mysteries down here in the old places. For instance, the player characters might find carvings that hint of magical secrets. The nearby underwellers know nothing of them but believe there are more such carvings deeper, near something they call 'the old shadow'. A strange crafter might manifest powerful abilities harnessed by a forgotten form of enchantment.

Something might even call to the player characters (or just one of them) speaking of a destiny that needs fulfilling down here in the dark.

Getting in

Getting into the undercity is relatively simple. Its getting out that often proves the problem. You can pull up any sewer grate and step inside, and plenty of random holes in basements or access corridors in tunnels lead into the larger network. However, it isn't about getting access as much as getting access to the right place. The undercity is vast and there is no point getting into it unless you are near where you want to be. You need to know at least which district is the nearest or you might waste days wandering about randomly in a maze of corridors.

In all cases a guide is the best way to go. Any underdweller knows how to get to most places in the system, although if you want to get deeper you'll have to find the right guide. Underwellers are very cheap to hire, the tricky part is making contact in the first place. Plenty of them are mad, paranoid, criminal or all three. So not only have you got to find one and gain a certain degree of their trust, but also find one worth trusting.

Once you are in, getting out is the next problem. If you are near the surface you can often find some sort of manhole quite easily, even if it isn't where you want to be. However, plenty of the corridors have a gentle slope and it is easy to discover you have gone deeper than you expected. In the dark corridors it is hard to retrace your steps and once you have 'stepped off the path' it is very difficult to find it again. Once lost your only hope is either blind luck or finding a guide.

The Maze of Corridors

When constructing undercity adventures the Gamemaster might choose to map out the area she thinks the player characters will be travelling in. However, mapping out the whole sewer system is quite a lot of work (unless you can find some plans to use from the internet or a library archive). So undercity adventures shouldn't devolve to sessions of 'the corridor continues until you reach a cross roads'. The specifics of wandering the tunnels of effluent aren't very exciting after all. So the Gamemaster should break the travel into a series of encounters (more on which we have listed below). Players move from encounter to encounter, and after each one make skill tests to see if they are on the right track.

When travelling in the undercity the Gamemaster should determine which of two states the player characters are in, 'Navigating' and 'Lost'. Essentially they either know where they are going, or they don't. Even if they are following a map they might get lost, and if they are following a guide, only the guide knows if they are going in the right direction. Upon entering the undercity



the Gamemaster can assume the player characters are 'navigating'. This means they know where they are, how to get back to where they came in and are on track for where they are trying to go. After any encounter the Gamemaster should call for everyone to make Wits + Sewer Lore rolls, adding a Black Dice to the roll for each encounter they have been through above their Sewer Lore skill. So, Nathaniel who has a Sewer lore skill of 2 won't suffer any Black Dice penalties after his first 2 encounters. After the third encounter he adds one Black Dice, after the fourth he adds 2 etc. While anyone can make a roll using their base Wits, with no Sewer lore they are adding a Black Dice for each encounter. It is fine if the players know this system as their characters will be aware of how well they know the undercity and how long they might risk travelling there.

If at any point no one in the party manages to get a success on the roll, they become 'Lost'. While the players will know about this change in state there is little they can do. They might have actually been lost for some time, in failing the roll they suddenly understand the enormity of their situation. At this point they are at the mercy of the Gamemaster. She can throw any encounter she likes at them and keep them lost for as long as she likes. When 'Lost' the players can attempt to find their way back, or just find a way to go up hoping to come across a manhole. To do so they must make Wits + Sewer Lore rolls again, but without the Black Dice they have accrued. The Gamemaster secretly rolls 1D6 and this is the number of successful rolls the group must make to find a way out again, making a roll after each new encounter as they continue their journey. As long as someone in the group can get at least 1 success they are on the right track. However, anyone who fails must add a Black Dice to any further rolls, increasing the Black Dice they have to roll by 1 for each further failure. Anyone who accrues 5 Black Dice is utterly lost and can no longer roll. They are totally reliant on their companions finding their way. If the whole group fails to get enough successful rolls before they accrue too many Black Dice they are lost forever and can only escape if they find a guide.

Players being players they will usually try some cunning scheme to keep from getting lost. This usually involves making chalk marks on the walls or reeling out a ball of twine. However, this does not make them immune to getting lost. There are plenty of denizens that like to remove such marks or cut pieces of string (or steal them to sell). If players use such a device it is up to the Gamemaster as to whether it has worked. Let them make navigation rolls after each encounter as noted above until they become lost. When they do (and they then look to their chalk marks) the Gamemaster may simply inform them the marks are still there (in which case they can find their way out again where they must start again) or that they are not. If their marks are gone they are utterly lost and cannot even try to make rolls to find their way out. It should be pointed

out that not only do these marks help the player characters find their way out, but they also tell the rest of the underground denizens where they are. It is very common in such cases for player groups to suddenly have several nasties descend on them having been so conveniently lead to their prey.

Tracking Time

It is very easy to lose track of time in the undercity, with the maze of corridors and lack of sunlight making it hard to pin down how long you have been down there. In general the Gamemaster is free to stretch or shrink the time to whatever hour she feels is reasonable, reminding the player characters they might be beginning to feel hungry, thirsty or tired as applicable. However, as a general rule of thumb it is best to assume that an hour passes for each encounter along the way. Should the player characters get lost though, time is the Gamemaster's plaything. They are unlikely to know what time it is and their watches may have ceased to work properly too. Should they escape the tunnels the Gamemaster can decide if hours or even days have passed since they saw the sun.

ENCOUNTERS IN THE UNDERCITY

So what encounters might the player characters come across in their travels through the undercity? They might range from the violent to the mysterious and the Gamemaster is free to indulge herself with whatever strangeness that comes to mind. However, we provide a list of several encounter options as examples below. To plan a journey into the sewers the Gamemaster can simply decide on the string of encounters the player characters will face, or determine what might be next with a random roll.

The Random Encounter Table!

If you want to just roll some dice to see what encounter might come next, we present a table to allow you to do just that.

Roll 3D6

3	Surge
4	Cryptic Marks
5	Swarm
6-7	Lost Resource
8-9	Monster
10-12	Time passes
13-14	Underdweller
15	Dangerous crossing
16	Village
17	Toxic
18	Lair

Cryptic Marks

The walls of the undercity are sometimes covered in strange markings that often catch the attention of travellers. This encounter is mainly for flavour, as most of the time the markings mean nothing, or have a meaning now lost to the past. Often the marks are a warning that the area beyond is the lair of some creature or cannibal tribe, or they might form a system of signposts for the underdwellers. On rare occasions the markings might be of an ancient language, or makings left by necromancers or demonologists imbued with sanity-draining magic. The Gamemaster might offer such markings to confuse the players or offer them Cryptography rolls to decipher them if the Gamemaster has a meaning in mind.

Dangerous Crossing

As the player characters travel the tunnels they come across a worn or difficult area that will prove difficult to navigate. It may be that the floor has given way forcing them to climb around a hole, or the water may run deep and fast here where they need to cross. It is possible the area has been trapped by undedwellers looking to keep out interlopers. Whatever the problem, it is going to be a tricky manoeuvre for the player characters to continue their journey. Each player character will need to make an Athletics roll using Dexterity or Strength (or potentially Wits for a trap) to pass the area. The penalty of failure is usually one of two things. The first is to be separated from the group such as by falling down a hole or being swept away in the tide. Anyone lost will have to make navigation rolls to try to rejoin the party. The other possible consequence of failure is just to take damage (usually 1D6 Health pips of damage) from possibly a fall or from springing the trap. It is up to the Gamemaster what the consequences might be, which she can inform the players of as they attempt to pass by.

Lair

The player character group comes upon the entrance to one of the lairs detailed above. While they may not know it they are probably in serious danger as all the residents will take their privacy seriously. The reaction they get if they attempt to force access will depend on whose lair they have entered. They might get a good meal before they are executed or chained up as slaves. However, if they have something the owner of the lair wants, they might be able to broker a deal.

Lost Resource

An unfortunate accident robs the player characters of some vital piece of equipment. Perhaps it comes loose from a pack or a slip makes the character lose their grip. The Gamemaster should pick one item on one of the player characters and declare that they are about to lose it. It



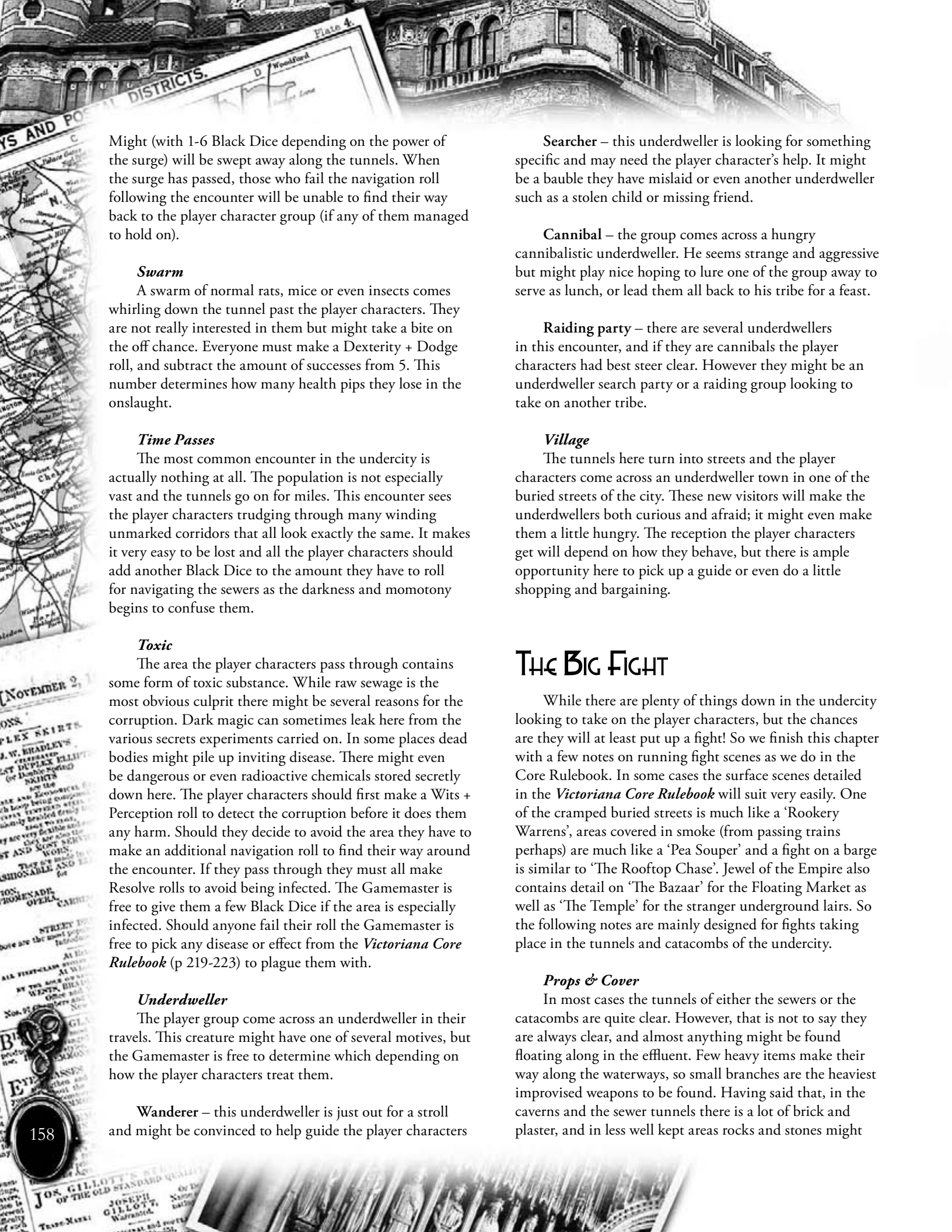
should be reasonable for the item to be lost. A lantern or weapon might be dropped, a rifle fall off a shoulder or a pack come open. However, vital papers don't suddenly leap out of satchels. The player character will need to make a Dexterity + Wits roll to keep hold of the item. Should they fail, the item in question is swept into the water or falls into a shaft and is gone. If the player character tries to follow it they stand a good chance of getting lost, and little chance of finding it unless it turns up at the Floating Market (if they are lucky).

Monster

Something hungry and mindless assaults the player characters. The nature of this beast should depend on where the player characters are and how far down they are. Rattus Rex is a very common encounter, as are packs of Ghouls. Near the lair of Alexi Borozci it is common to run into zombies and other forms of undead. If you go deeper there are Lambeth Worms and other even larger monsters to be found.

Surge

Due to the movement of a gate or a heavy rainfall there is a surge of water powering through the tunnel the player characters are in. They cannot outrun it so must find something to hold onto as it passes over them. Anyone unable to grab onto something quickly using Dexterity +



Might (with 1-6 Black Dice depending on the power of the surge) will be swept away along the tunnels. When the surge has passed, those who fail the navigation roll following the encounter will be unable to find their way back to the player character group (if any of them managed to hold on).

Swarm

A swarm of normal rats, mice or even insects comes whirling down the tunnel past the player characters. They are not really interested in them but might take a bite on the off chance. Everyone must make a Dexterity + Dodge roll, and subtract the amount of successes from 5. This number determines how many health pips they lose in the onslaught.

Time Passes

The most common encounter in the undercity is actually nothing at all. The population is not especially vast and the tunnels go on for miles. This encounter sees the player characters trudging through many winding unmarked corridors that all look exactly the same. It makes it very easy to be lost and all the player characters should add another Black Dice to the amount they have to roll for navigating the sewers as the darkness and monotony begins to confuse them.

Toxic

The area the player characters pass through contains some form of toxic substance. While raw sewage is the most obvious culprit there might be several reasons for the corruption. Dark magic can sometimes leak here from the various secrets experiments carried on. In some places dead bodies might pile up inviting disease. There might even be dangerous or even radioactive chemicals stored secretly down here. The player characters should first make a Wits + Perception roll to detect the corruption before it does them any harm. Should they decide to avoid the area they have to make an additional navigation roll to find their way around the encounter. If they pass through they must all make Resolve rolls to avoid being infected. The Gamemaster is free to give them a few Black Dice if the area is especially infected. Should anyone fail their roll the Gamemaster is free to pick any disease or effect from the *Victoriana Core Rulebook* (p 219-223) to plague them with.

Underdweller

The player group come across an underdweller in their travels. This creature might have one of several motives, but the Gamemaster is free to determine which depending on how the player characters treat them.

Wanderer – this underdweller is just out for a stroll and might be convinced to help guide the player characters

Searcher – this underdweller is looking for something specific and may need the player character's help. It might be a bauble they have mislaid or even another underdweller such as a stolen child or missing friend.

Cannibal – the group comes across a hungry cannibalistic underdweller. He seems strange and aggressive but might play nice hoping to lure one of the group away to serve as lunch, or lead them all back to his tribe for a feast.

Raiding party – there are several underdwellers in this encounter, and if they are cannibals the player characters had best steer clear. However they might be an underdweller search party or a raiding group looking to take on another tribe.

Village

The tunnels here turn into streets and the player characters come across an underdweller town in one of the buried streets of the city. These new visitors will make the underdwellers both curious and afraid; it might even make them a little hungry. The reception the player characters get will depend on how they behave, but there is ample opportunity here to pick up a guide or even do a little shopping and bargaining.

THE BIG FIGHT

While there are plenty of things down in the undercity looking to take on the player characters, but the chances are they will at least put up a fight! So we finish this chapter with a few notes on running fight scenes as we do in the *Core Rulebook*. In some cases the surface scenes detailed in the *Victoriana Core Rulebook* will suit very easily. One of the cramped buried streets is much like a 'Rookery Warrens', areas covered in smoke (from passing trains perhaps) are much like a 'Pea Souper' and a fight on a barge is similar to 'The Rooftop Chase'. Jewel of the Empire also contains detail on 'The Bazaar' for the Floating Market as well as 'The Temple' for the stranger underground lairs. So the following notes are mainly designed for fights taking place in the tunnels and catacombs of the undercity.

Props & Cover

In most cases the tunnels of either the sewers or the catacombs are quite clear. However, that is not to say they are always clear, and almost anything might be found floating along in the effluent. Few heavy items make their way along the waterways, so small branches are the heaviest improvised weapons to be found. Having said that, in the caverns and the sewer tunnels there is a lot of brick and plaster, and in less well kept areas rocks and stones might



come to hand easily. The effluent itself might prove a useful distraction as it will rather sting if thrown in the eyes, even if it isn't a very pleasant weapon to wield. In the larger open tunnels cover can be hard to come by. However, many wind and twist enough to provide cover around their many turns and corners.

Common Modifiers

In general the tunnels are built to make movement easier, so when they are dry passage is a simple matter, although the natural caverns might have gravel and shale to make the footing more difficult. In such cases the Gamemaster might add an extra 2 Black Dice to movement actions. In the sewer tunnels the biggest concern is the level of water, which might make it hard to move with any speed. If only ankle deep the water gives and movement actions a 2 Black Dice penalty. If waist deep the penalty is 4 Black Dice to not only any movement action but also initiative. If the fight is taking place on a thin walkway, the Gamemaster might impose a 1-4 Black Dice penalty or call for a Strength + Athletics check each time the combatant is damaged to avoid being forced off the walkway.

Complications

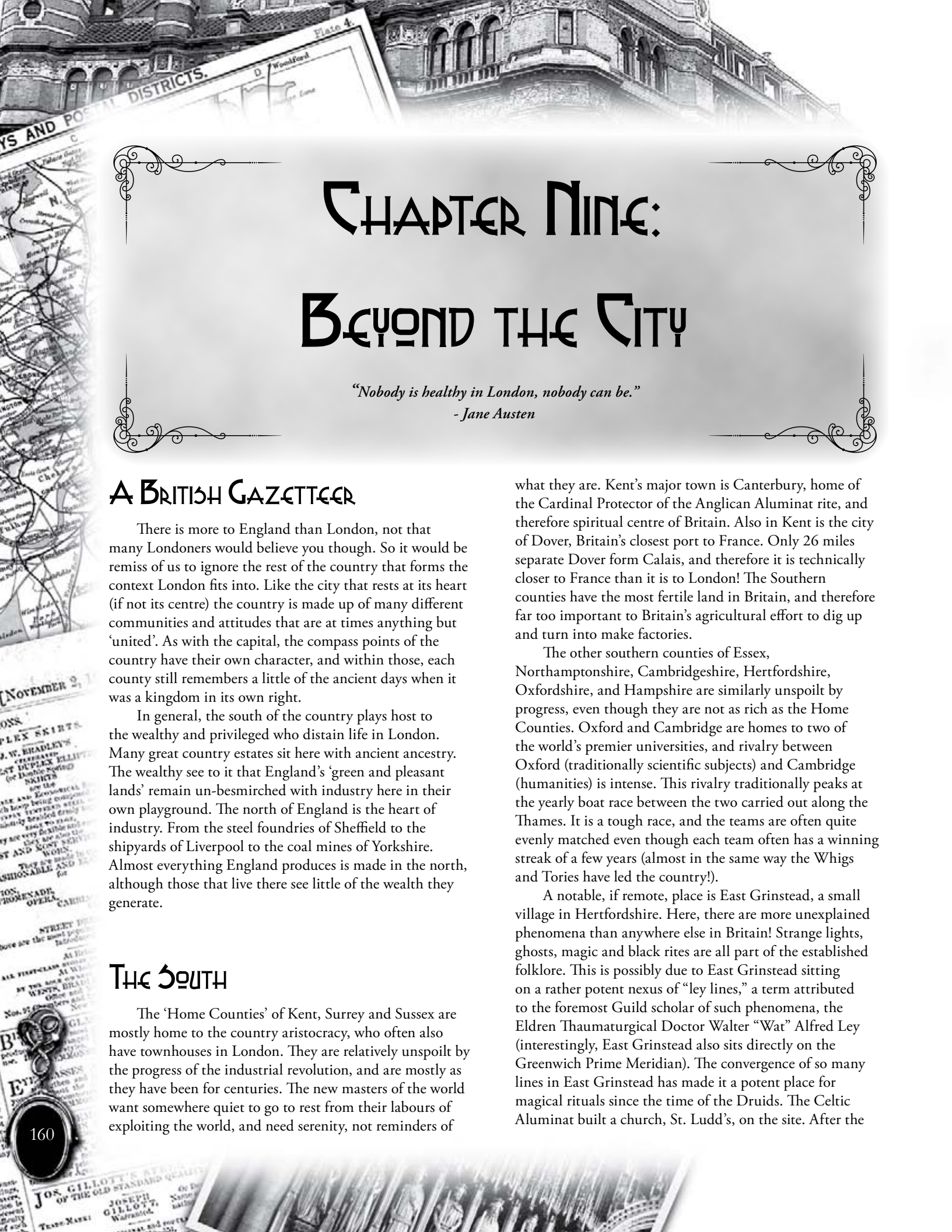
Apart from water the main complication in the tunnels and the caverns is darkness. Anything outside the glow of a lantern may as well be invisible in the pitch blackness beyond. Firearms will offer a little light as their flares strobe through the gloom, but that isn't much use against a moving target. Without their own light source anyone fighting underground is effectively blind.

All-out Dodges

The ease of making a run for it really depends on the movement restrictions due to water level and the precarious nature of the escape route. Carrying a light source makes you a target for those who can see you though. The biggest problem with making a run for it though is not the opposition but the strong chance you might get lost by running blindly into the gloom in a panic. Navigation rolls should be called for after a run for it with a penalty based on the panic the characters might have been in.

Deus ex Machina

Given that the player characters will be a long way from the surface, they can't count on any help arriving if they get into trouble. However there are plenty of things that might halt an underground combat. The sound of fighting might bring the attention of a cannibal tribe looking for a meal, or some large monster might do much the same, making it sensible to resume any hostilities elsewhere. Essentially the only thing that might come to the player's rescue is something larger and more dangerous taking a dislike to their opponents.



CHAPTER NINE: BEYOND THE CITY

"Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be."

- Jane Austen

A BRITISH GAZETTEER

There is more to England than London, not that many Londoners would believe you though. So it would be remiss of us to ignore the rest of the country that forms the context London fits into. Like the city that rests at its heart (if not its centre) the country is made up of many different communities and attitudes that are at times anything but 'united'. As with the capital, the compass points of the country have their own character, and within those, each county still remembers a little of the ancient days when it was a kingdom in its own right.

In general, the south of the country plays host to the wealthy and privileged who disdain life in London. Many great country estates sit here with ancient ancestry. The wealthy see to it that England's 'green and pleasant lands' remain un-besmirched with industry here in their own playground. The north of England is the heart of industry. From the steel foundries of Sheffield to the shipyards of Liverpool to the coal mines of Yorkshire. Almost everything England produces is made in the north, although those that live there see little of the wealth they generate.

THE SOUTH

The 'Home Counties' of Kent, Surrey and Sussex are mostly home to the country aristocracy, who often also have townhouses in London. They are relatively unspoilt by the progress of the industrial revolution, and are mostly as they have been for centuries. The new masters of the world want somewhere quiet to go to rest from their labours of exploiting the world, and need serenity, not reminders of

what they are. Kent's major town is Canterbury, home of the Cardinal Protector of the Anglican Aluminat rite, and therefore spiritual centre of Britain. Also in Kent is the city of Dover, Britain's closest port to France. Only 26 miles separate Dover from Calais, and therefore it is technically closer to France than it is to London! The Southern counties have the most fertile land in Britain, and therefore far too important to Britain's agricultural effort to dig up and turn into make factories.

The other southern counties of Essex, Northamptonshire, Cambridgeshire, Hertfordshire, Oxfordshire, and Hampshire are similarly unspoilt by progress, even though they are not as rich as the Home Counties. Oxford and Cambridge are homes to two of the world's premier universities, and rivalry between Oxford (traditionally scientific subjects) and Cambridge (humanities) is intense. This rivalry traditionally peaks at the yearly boat race between the two carried out along the Thames. It is a tough race, and the teams are often quite evenly matched even though each team often has a winning streak of a few years (almost in the same way the Whigs and Tories have led the country!).

A notable, if remote, place is East Grinstead, a small village in Hertfordshire. Here, there are more unexplained phenomena than anywhere else in Britain! Strange lights, ghosts, magic and black rites are all part of the established folklore. This is possibly due to East Grinstead sitting on a rather potent nexus of "ley lines," a term attributed to the foremost Guild scholar of such phenomena, the Eldren Thaumaturgical Doctor Walter "Wat" Alfred Ley (interestingly, East Grinstead also sits directly on the Greenwich Prime Meridian). The convergence of so many lines in East Grinstead has made it a potent place for magical rituals since the time of the Druids. The Celtic Aluminat built a church, St. Ludd's, on the site. After the



Roman Aluminat reasserted dominance in the region St. Ludd's was razed and the grounds became a cemetery. No less than four churches have been built since and are still in use by the Aluminat today.

This atmosphere has made the place home to a disproportionately large number of petty mages and sorcerers, both legal and criminal. Unsurprisingly the Silencius and many other orders keep a presence here, looking for dark sorcerers and demonic cultists. East Grinstead has also become a centre for trade in magical goods and supplies. While it is not quite a renowned or well supplied as Wormwood Street in London, but this is because Wormwood Street mainly caters to practitioners of thaumaturgy (or, as Guild mages tend to call themselves, 'proper sorcerers'), while East Grinstead has become the best place to find enchantment supplies. However, whatever type of magician you might be, it is still a good place to buy those hard to find spell ingredients or magic artefacts. On the down side, the area is also awash with superstition, fakes and hokum just waiting to deprive the tourist of their shillings. The Guild tries to do its best to regulate this trade, but little should be taken here at face value.

Hampshire has much strategic significance for Britain, as Southampton and Portsmouth are Britain's most important military ports. Here, the frigates and men o'war set out to patrol the world's oceans, and often come back for covert repair and refit. Many foreign agents can be found here, hoping to learn the secrets of the world's greatest navy, and as a result Britain maintains many confidential agents here to watch out for interlopers.

THE WEST

The West Country is an ancient land, very much wrapped up in the mysteries of the past. The old ways have not been forgotten here, and many of the rural folk still remember the old gods, even if they have been elevated to Aluminat saints or children's folk stories. There are many standing stones, legacies of the mysterious peoples who lived in Britain before the Celts, the most notable being at Avebury and Stonehenge in Wiltshire.

Glastonbury in Somerset is also the legendary site of the Isle of Avalon and the place where Joseph of Arimathea thrust his staff into the ground, where it became Glastonbury Thorn, and founded Britain's first Aluminat church. This church was expanded into Glastonbury Abbey. While the Abbey never joined the Celtic Aluminat heresy, it is said to hold the remains of Arthur, the last Pendragon king, and his wife Gwenhwyfar. In 1430 the area was terrorised by one of the last dragons. The monks gave their lives to bait the beast into a trap, whereby both

abbey and dragon were consumed in a fiery explosion.

Coupled with the mysterious Dartmoor and Bodmin moor, there are many mysteries to be solved for the foolhardy or inquisitive. The magic here runs old and deep, and petty magic is so strong that the Guild in Glastonbury is conspicuous by its absence.

Dorset and Somerset are rather like the Home Counties: nice, quiet rural places full of rich people. Yet even here the lower classes have a higher standard of living. A rural peasant living in Dorset has the same life expectancy as an upper class person living in Birmingham! Devon is rapidly becoming the favourite holiday spot for Britain's middle classes whilst also maintaining Britain's most westerly port at Plymouth. It was from here that a group of religious puritans set out in 1609 to found a new colony in America, and subsequent voyages to the New World also set off from here. The most Westerly of Britain's counties, Cornwall, seems to be foreign, as its inhabitants have more in common with the (French) Bretons or Welsh than they do the English.

With this being once the last Celtic realm in England, a few locals still remember the ancient Cornish tongue. Arthur's birthplace is at Tintagel castle, and there are many who still openly worship the ancient gods through Celtic Aluminat festivals such as the May Queen or the Lord of Misrule. There are more magicians who follow the old ways, as well as whispers of dark rites performed on the bleak moors or in abandoned tin mines, Cornwall's only primary industry. Cornwall's position as the main source of tin, combined with the stubborn nature of the Cornish people, is all that kept them from thorough oppression by the English. Like all Celtic people, the Cornish are a highly musical and eloquent people who are proud of their past and have a dislike for the rest of England (although they have not resorted to open violence like the highlanders or the Irish).

Bristol

Britain's primary port until the cotton boom, Bristol is still a major city, albeit one in decline. However, she is very much a part of the industrial age and her new wonders include the Severn Bridge (currently the largest iron bridge in the world). Bristol's dockyards have also seen the launch of many great ships by some of the best engineers of the century.

Bristol's wealth is based in dark savagery: namely the slave trade. For nearly three hundred years Britain was the world's largest exporter of slaves from West Africa to the Americas and West Indies (figures are unknown, but they probably run into the millions) and many of these vessels were chartered in Bristol. However, Parliament abolished the slave trade (in 1807) and later slavery in the British Empire (in 1833). British ships now patrol the Atlantic and Indian oceans to capture slave ships bound for Arabia,



Birmingham is also a city of innovators, such as James Watt, a Birmingham native. William Wilberforce, the famous abolitionist was also born in nearby Bickenhill.

Warwickshire

For a county which produced the world's greatest playwright, Warwickshire is somewhat in decline in the 19th century, with its glory days well in the past. The first capital of England was here in the Saxon kingdom of Mercia (not far from the village of Kineton) whilst during the Middle Ages the Earl of Warwick, John Neville, was the most powerful man in England. He was called the kingmaker, as he was both the richest and most influential man during the Wars of the Roses, and the side he supported tended to win. The first battle of the English Civil War was fought here, and of course William Shakespeare was born in Stratford upon Avon. However, today it is content to be a quiet shire county, and the current Earl of Warwick is more concerned with paying for the upkeep of his glorious castle than he is in playing politics (although he is rumoured to be in contact with a powerful magic group, as his castle supposedly lies on a ley-line...).

Warwickshire's primary contribution to the Victorian age was the public school at Rugby. Its Dwarf headmaster, Matthias Anselm, runs the school according to his Evangelical Puritan sensibilities.. He teaches the upper classes the virtue of discipline rather than decadence, duty to Heaven, Queen and Country (in that order). He also likes to instil humility by making the younger boys servants before they are masters and tries to indoctrinate the boys with the necessity to expand the light of English purity to all corners of the globe. This 'muscular Aluminacy' is feared by the traditionally decadent upper classes, although its result of producing honest, dedicated and above all ruthless servants of the empire is providing a new model for public schools around the country. Tom Hughes, author of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' attended Rugby, and his book is becoming a best seller. Rugby school is also the birthplace of the new sport of Rugby, a game which combines some of the basic rules of football with unarmed combat.

The main exception to this rapid growth and expansion is the city of Coventry. Whilst it is barely large enough to be called a town, Coventry has entered the industrial age, making railway carriages and the new-fangled penny farthing velocipedes. However, her residents are jealous of the growth of Birmingham as she is much older than the workshop of the empire. It was in Coventry that Lady Godiva rode down the street naked in the 11th century after all! The most notable feature of Coventry is her magnificent cathedral, and it is only this that really allows her to be called a city.

THE NORTH WEST

England's north western quarter is dominated by the urban sprawls of Liverpool and Manchester. While they are apparently growing into one city the residents of each maintain very separate (and even antagonistic) identities. To the north of Manchester is the county of Lancashire, once part of the ancient kingdom of Rheged. Here, the towns of Bolton, Lancaster and Preston are homes to cotton mills which are adjuncts to Manchester in the same way that the Black Country is an extension of Birmingham. Cumbria is home to the Lake District, a series of lakes and fells which are popular with holiday makers. Apart from that and the industrial city of Carlisle, Cumbria is a vast county of borderline wilderness, which has several standing stones and other items of esoteric interest. The whole area was known as Rheged (to those who know the old ways) and its remote location meant it was the last Celtic kingdom before Cornwall to fall to the Angles.

Liverpool

Britain's second largest port and third largest industrial city, Liverpool is the port used for most voyages to America. It has grown rich in recent years due to the boom in the cotton trade, with the majority of its cotton coming from India, but it also handles trade from Egypt and the southern states of America. Its location in the Northwest also makes it important for Irish traffic, both immigrants coming to Britain and for exports as well as Scottish colonists in the North. It is therefore strategically important for Britain's control of Eire and supporting the Atlantic anti slave patrols. Hence it has a large garrison near to the port. As can be expected, Liverpool has a very large concentration of Irish immigrants, and has been the scene of several Fenian attacks in recent years.

Like most ports, Liverpool is cosmopolitan in nature. As well as Irish immigrants, Liverpool has a growing population of Black Africans of all races, especially Orcs from the Gold Coast. Most of these were released slaves, but the British government found that many did not want to go home after they were freed, as their own chiefs were likely to sell them back into the (now) illegal slavery. Bowing to popular protest, the government settled them in the major Atlantic port of Liverpool in the Toxteth area of the city, where they were free to live in (relative) peace. Many now work as dock or ship hands, and now, many years after the abolition of slavery, are settled in Liverpool. Many are now born here as well, and have grown up with Britain as their home. As a result of this tradition, newly released slaves from the Atlantic trade are resettled in Liverpool, where they are protected and housed in their own community. Many are loyal to their 'saviours', the British government, but are often resentful of the attitudes of certain whites in the city. The presence of a 'black



town' in Liverpool has on one hand helped the different cultures understand each other, and also fomented more racial hatred on both sides (depending on who you talk to). Assimilation comes slowly, but many petty magicians are leading the way by making ties between the communities so they can learn new magics from those Africans with ties to the ancient tribal lore.

Liverpool's wealth is based upon its proximity to the cotton mills in Lancashire, and its expansion is due to the fact that it is easier and cheaper to ship cotton to a port closer to the mills. Despite this, there is a regional resentment of 'Manks' (people from Manchester).

Manchester

Another city that suffered a population explosion due to the industrial revolution, Manchester's wealth also comes from the cotton trade. As the administrative centre for Lancashire, Manchester maintains Britain's pre-eminence in cotton refinement and production through its numerous cotton mills. These have become important over the past century as cotton has replaced linen and wool as the major garment of the people of Britain (and thus the rest of the 'civilised' world), so much so that a significant portion of the British economy rests upon its production (hence the saying 'cotton is king'). Due to this importance, many Manchunians (or 'Manks') believe that they should be the second city, not Birmingham.

WALCS

The bleak Welsh landscape has crafted a hardy people who simply endure. As a nation, Wales has existed since before the Roman occupation, making it one of the oldest of the United Kingdoms. The capital is Cardiff, which is set on the south coast of the country; with Swansea a close second both industrially and geographically. There is a certain amount of antipathy between the north and south, although not as much as in England. This attitude comes from the northern reaches of Wales being more rural and seeing themselves as more 'pureblood Welsh' than their more urban southern countrymen.

If the midlands is the industrial heart of Britain, then in cannot be doubted that that heart could not exist without the life blood that flows from Wales – coal. Wales is a rugged and mountainous country, home to Mount Snowdon, one of the tallest peaks on the islands, and the only peak to have a steam railway that can take tourists to the top. Most Welsh citizens are agricultural workers, but the heart of the Welsh economy is mining.

The Welsh landscape itself has been changed by this industry, across the mountain ranges the colliery towns are surrounded by miles and miles of deposited coal slag,

forming a landscape of black hillsides as far as the eye can see in many areas. In the mining towns every part of the community revolves around the mine, Men and children work, men mining, teams of children pulling ore carts in the depths where pit ponies cannot go. The women folk also work in the community, stitching and sewing the uniforms and ropes needed.

Another unique aspect of the Welsh landscape is the incredible amount of ruins that cover the mountain sides. The Welsh border marches where the scenes of bitter fighting and insurrection in the 12th century when the English King Edward II invaded, and the Welsh rebelled several times before the union of the two nations was complete. Currently, Wales has no indigenous government; its local authorities report to Whitehall in London just as the English authorities do.

Like many of its fellow members of the United Kingdom, Wales has suffered under English rule. During the 18th century the English almost succeeded in destroying the Welsh language, by introducing the 'Welsh Not' as a punishment for children who spoke Welsh at school. This attempt to destroy the Welsh identity did a lot of damage but failed to crush the Welsh who now work hard to protect and support their language.

Unlike the other flags of the constituent kingdoms of Britain, the Welsh flag carries an emblem of a red dragon. There are many stories about the great red dragon of Wales, although everyone knows dragons have not been seen for centuries. The most popular myth says that there are two dragons, one red and one white, who to this day fight deep underground. The red dragon fights for Wales, and the white dragon fights for England; the fortunes of both nations are tied to their eternal conflict. Few people actually believe the tale, but those who do often nod sagely when they feel the ground shudder beneath them or a great storm blackens the sky.

SCOTLAND

From the rolling hills of the borders, through the industrial towns, canals and railway lines of the Forth and Clyde valleys, to the majesty of the Highlands, Scotland is a land of beauty, industry and bitter memory. A vital part of the Empire, with its ports, its factories and its economic and scientific nouse, Scotland is also blessed with a distinct personality all of its own. Much of this results from many years of cross border warfare with England. Scotland and England were united under a single monarch in the 17th century, and the Scottish and English Parliaments were merged a century later. In this way Scotland became part of the United Kingdom.



The treaty of Union is still deeply unpopular in Scotland, as many feel the nation was sold out by rash bankers and nobles, who impoverished Scotland with their grand colonial schemes. To be fair, it had not been the first time the common folk had felt the rich nobles had sold them out to ingratiate themselves with England and promises of personal wealth and position. The Eldren take the brunt of this resentment, a resentment which was only reinforced by the events of 1745. In '45, at the head of lonely, windswept Glenfinnan, a small craft landed Prince Casimir Edward Stuart (nicknames 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' by the locals) the Young Pretender, the Eldren Princeling. With the immortal words 'I am come home', he endeavoured to take the Scottish crown and once more assert the independence of the nation.

Bringing several powerful Dwarf Highland clans into his fold, the ever expanding Jacobite army marched south to face the government forces. Taking Edinburgh along the way, they defeated the loyalists at the Battle of Prestonpans and continued their march south. It was only when they reached Derby that the primarily Eldren leadership had a crisis of confidence and scuttled back to the relative safety of Scotland. Safety was nowhere to be found. At the Battle of Culloden, government forces under the Duke of Cumberland crushed the Jacobites after a series of appalling tactical decisions by the rebel leadership. The uprising was no more and Bonnie Prince Charlie fled into obscurity, leaving Scotland, and particularly the Highland clans, reeling in his wake.

After the fighting, the government saw the Highlands as one of the main sources of rebellion and took steps to stamp out the possibility of further uprisings. Government troops cleared many of the underground Dwarf fastnesses, leaving them smoking pits. Both Dwarf and human clans were shifted from their lands at musket point, many of them finding their way to a grimier, harsher existence in the industrialising cities.

The current image of Scotland as a land of tartan, bagpipes and windswept moors is primarily down to one individual: the famed writer Sir Walter Scott. For the visit of King George IV to Scotland, he concocted an image of Scotland that, whilst mostly false, was seen across the Empire. Although he died in 1832, his influence on the outward image of Scotland is still there and his memory lives on in the 200 foot high gothic splendour of the Scott Monument which dominates the eastern end of Princes Street in Edinburgh.

Today Scotland is a prosperous, vital part of the Empire. Its great cities produce a whole range of manufactured goods, its thinkers and intellectuals have greatly influenced the modern world. Names like Adam Smith, David Hume, Lord Kelvin and James Watt are still respected across the globe for their scientific and

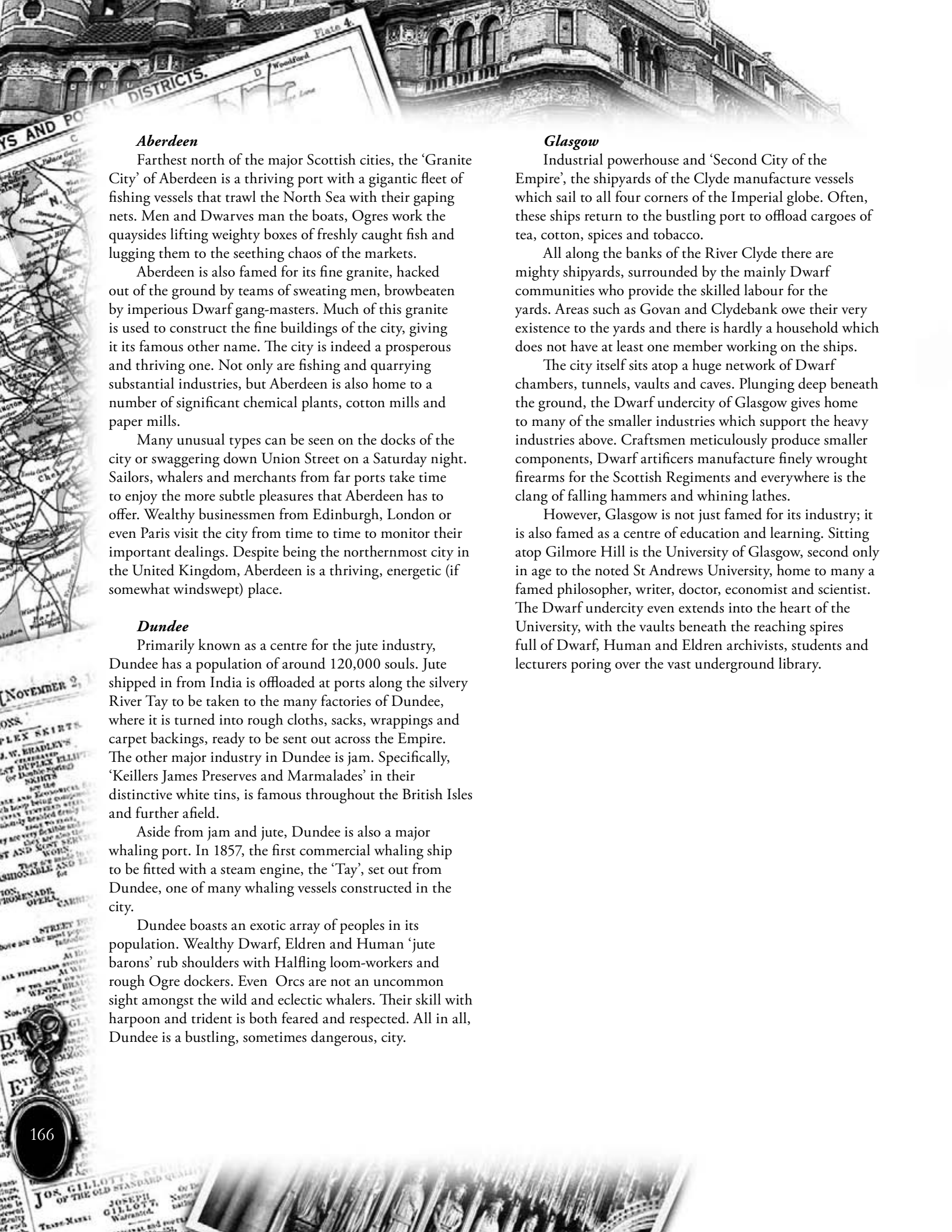
intellectual achievements. Yet, beneath the prosperous surface, there is a bubbling resentment. Many Scots despise the fact that they are ruled from the south by a remote government in Westminster. The Eldren nobility and upper classes are victimised for their part in the Treaty of Union and the disaster of '45. The Highland Dwarves, only now recovering their old lands after the clearances, despise what was done to them, but many of the clans still serve in British Army regiments. In the industrial cities, new movements are coming to the fore, combining an increasing desire for independence with a belief in the rights of the common man, the average worker. The current year has seen the founding of the Scottish Reform League in Aberdeen, agitating for the expansion of suffrage. In the jute mills of Dundee, the shipyards of Glasgow and the fish markets of Aberdeen, whispered conversations are held, plans discussed and change is plotted.

Edinburgh

A mercantile, political and cultural centre to rival any other, Edinburgh is the capital city of Scotland and a place rich in history. Built atop a series of hills formed from an ancient volcano, Edinburgh is dominated by the imposing bastion of the Castle. Overlooking the entire town, the site of the Castle has been in use as a fortification for centuries, its cannon able to fire clear to the wide Firth of Forth as far away as the docks of Leith.

Between the Castle and the grand thoroughfare of Princes Street lies Princes Street Gardens, through which runs the main line railway into North Bridge Station. The gardens were once the stinking cesspool of the Nor Loch, a foetid body of water polluted by the open sewers of the streets, alleys and closes which radiated off from the High Street leading down from the esplanade of the Castle. Although the Nor Loch is long gone (drained in 1760, revealing scores of decomposed corpses) the narrow lanes are still inhabited by the desperate poor, clustered into stinking rooms devoid of light and air. When disease breaks out in the city, it is generally centred in these pitiable places, the people too poor or too sick to afford even the most basic medical treatment.

However, Edinburgh also has a more refined side, a genteel, sophisticated side, a side of art, culture and learning. The social elite in Edinburgh are dominated by wealthy Eldren families, intellectuals, philosophers and dilettantes who spend their time pontificating over fine French wines and holding forth in intimate salons in the New Town. There is, without doubt, a certain amount of resentment of the Eldren amongst the more newly moneyed Human and Dwarf merchants and businessmen. Much of this stems from the events of the '45, events which have not diminished in impact in the 120 odd years since they took place.



Aberdeen

Farthest north of the major Scottish cities, the 'Granite City' of Aberdeen is a thriving port with a gigantic fleet of fishing vessels that trawl the North Sea with their gaping nets. Men and Dwarves man the boats, Ogres work the quaysides lifting weighty boxes of freshly caught fish and lugging them to the seething chaos of the markets.

Aberdeen is also famed for its fine granite, hacked out of the ground by teams of sweating men, browbeaten by imperious Dwarf gang-masters. Much of this granite is used to construct the fine buildings of the city, giving it its famous other name. The city is indeed a prosperous and thriving one. Not only are fishing and quarrying substantial industries, but Aberdeen is also home to a number of significant chemical plants, cotton mills and paper mills.

Many unusual types can be seen on the docks of the city or swaggering down Union Street on a Saturday night. Sailors, whalers and merchants from far ports take time to enjoy the more subtle pleasures that Aberdeen has to offer. Wealthy businessmen from Edinburgh, London or even Paris visit the city from time to time to monitor their important dealings. Despite being the northernmost city in the United Kingdom, Aberdeen is a thriving, energetic (if somewhat windswept) place.

Dundee

Primarily known as a centre for the jute industry, Dundee has a population of around 120,000 souls. Jute shipped in from India is offloaded at ports along the silvery River Tay to be taken to the many factories of Dundee, where it is turned into rough cloths, sacks, wrappings and carpet backings, ready to be sent out across the Empire. The other major industry in Dundee is jam. Specifically, 'Keillers James Preserves and Marmalades' in their distinctive white tins, is famous throughout the British Isles and further afield.

Aside from jam and jute, Dundee is also a major whaling port. In 1857, the first commercial whaling ship to be fitted with a steam engine, the 'Tay', set out from Dundee, one of many whaling vessels constructed in the city.

Dundee boasts an exotic array of peoples in its population. Wealthy Dwarf, Eldren and Human 'jute barons' rub shoulders with Halfling loom-workers and rough Ogre dockers. Even Orcs are not an uncommon sight amongst the wild and eclectic whalers. Their skill with harpoon and trident is both feared and respected. All in all, Dundee is a bustling, sometimes dangerous, city.

Glasgow

Industrial powerhouse and 'Second City of the Empire', the shipyards of the Clyde manufacture vessels which sail to all four corners of the Imperial globe. Often, these ships return to the bustling port to offload cargoes of tea, cotton, spices and tobacco.

All along the banks of the River Clyde there are mighty shipyards, surrounded by the mainly Dwarf communities who provide the skilled labour for the yards. Areas such as Govan and Clydebank owe their very existence to the yards and there is hardly a household which does not have at least one member working on the ships.

The city itself sits atop a huge network of Dwarf chambers, tunnels, vaults and caves. Plunging deep beneath the ground, the Dwarf undercity of Glasgow gives home to many of the smaller industries which support the heavy industries above. Craftsmen meticulously produce smaller components, Dwarf artificers manufacture finely wrought firearms for the Scottish Regiments and everywhere is the clang of falling hammers and whining lathes.

However, Glasgow is not just famed for its industry; it is also famed as a centre of education and learning. Sitting atop Gilmore Hill is the University of Glasgow, second only in age to the noted St Andrews University, home to many a famed philosopher, writer, doctor, economist and scientist. The Dwarf undercity even extends into the heart of the University, with the vaults beneath the reaching spires full of Dwarf, Human and Eldren archivists, students and lecturers poring over the vast underground library.

CHAPTER TEN:

FACES IN THE SMOKE

"By seeing London, I have seen as much of life as the world can show.."
- Samuel Johnson

London is populated with so many souls we could never detail them all in this volume. So instead we offer you a selection of non-player character templates and example characters to use in your campaign. This detail is designed to expand the listings already provided in the *Victoriana Core Rulebook* and follows the same pattern. Each template offers a little detail on what the NPC is about, an example character that fits the template, their statistics and an adventure seed. The Gamemaster should find it a simple matter to improve or lower their abilities by changing their rank, and should make any other modifications as she sees fit for her campaign.

WHAT ARE THE RULES FOR CLOCKWORK LIMBS AND MARTIAL ARTS?

Some of the NPCs have traits that are more fully developed in other products within the Victoriana line. They're included here simply to add colour to some of the NPCs. Where something has been added that isn't explained in the *Victoriana Core Rulebook*, we've done our best to include a shorthand within the statistic block enables you to use it without referring to other books.

AIRSHIP CAPTAIN

The airship is the transport of choice for those who want to take to the skies. The passenger industry, cargo carriers and even the military have adopted these elegant machines. With the craft requiring the skills of a balloonist and a pilot those who can fly them well are in short supply.

Rank 10 Human Heroic Aeronaut (Generalist)

Initiative: 10 dice

Physical Competence: +6

Mental Competence: +7

Health: 7 Dice (14 pips)

Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)

Signature Skills: Airship Pilot +3, Fisticuffs +5, Perception +4, Swordplay +2

Traits: Dashing +3, Charming +2, Daredevil +3

Special Abilities: Martial Arts: Martial Strike (+5 dice damage), Martial Dodge (-3 black dice penalty for attacking armed combatants)

Combat Abilities: He is not afraid to put the boot in if he's not flying the ship, with Fists (11 dice) or Sword (8 dice)

Damage: Pugilism (6 Dice), Sword (6 Dice)

Flight Lieutenant John Drake is a former artilleryman in the army. Born in Edinburgh, Drake is a slight, fast man with a keen mind and an education from Woolwich. His interest in flight started with the free balloons that used to ride out of the Scrubs. He has turned himself into an expert in airship design and piloting and recently was able to purchase himself the commission of commander of AS.2.



He is an intense man – in hatred, in friendship, and in his intellectual interests. He is a good choice for a foil or friend for an aviation-oriented character.

Adventure Hook: A bad case of flu has struck down several of Drake's crew the night before a big mission. He needs help; no experience necessary as long as the applicant can keep his head and do as he's told. The money isn't that good, but it's a chance to fly in an airship and adventure in the sky. The mission is to take on a renowned pirate, as Drake has intelligence on where they will strike next. However, it might be that the pirate was the one who saw to it the crew were unable to fly by dosing them with flu. So he either thinks Drake isn't coming or is waiting to spring a trap on an inexperienced crew.

AIRSHIP ENGINEER

It's all very well having these glamorous flyboys taking off in airships, but without an engineer they won't get off the ground. Airships are very advanced steam technology, and they can have their fragile days if you don't look after them. Engineers are among the bravest of the crew, because they have to go where the problem is, even in the middle of a fight. If they don't the whole ship might fail, and it's a long way down.

Rank 8 Dwarf Stalwart Engineer (Focussed)

Initiative: 8 dice

Physical Competence: +5

Mental Competence: +7

Health: 5 Dice (10 pips)

Mana: 3 Dice (18 pips)

Signature Skills: Ad Hoc Repair +4, Blunt Weapons +2, Engineer (All) +3, Perception +3

Traits: Irascible +3, Impact maintenance +3, Miracle worker +3

Special Abilities: None

Combat Abilities: He'll stay out of a fight if he can, or grab a wrench (7 dice) and get stuck in.

Damage: Large spanner (4 dice)

Bertram Entwistle is a Yorkshire-born dwarf who is obsessed with flight. He has invented several airships, from a coal-gas, steam powered balloon, to the semi-rigid Mayfly – a design similar to the army airships being fielded at Wormwood Scrubs. Bertram is powerfully built, energetic, and intensely loyal to those he befriends. He is always willing to help those he knows, the door to his Kensal Green home and his laboratory at the Scrubs is always open to those people in his circle. These qualities are balanced by his passion for flight and science, on which he will talk at great length.

Adventure Hook: A rival power is developing a new type of airship, and the British government needs to know what it is. Bertram needs to be escorted across the border so he can take a look in the secret Prussian facility. They can't send the military or it will look like a British act of espionage, so the government needs the player characters.

ARROGANT BUREAUCRAT

While some people fight for the empire or build the empire, there are legions of smartly dressed gentlemen who actually run the empire. The civil service is renowned for its difficult attitude and wield the power of the pen over the lives of thousands. For many of these bureaucrats, life and death mean nothing as long as the right paperwork has been filed and their systems have been obeyed. It is not just central government that has such difficult creatures. Many high ranked officers in the armed forces find themselves promoted to a desk job. While some may be glad of it many see it as a form of early retirement and resent being 'put out to pasture'.

Rank 8 Human Pen Pusher (Specialist)

Initiative: 7 dice
Physical Competence: +2
Mental Competence: +9
Health: 3 Dice (6 pips)
Mana: 5 Dice (30 pips)
Signature Skills: Accounting +3, Business +3, Bull +3, Intimidate +3, Legal matter +3, Lore +2, Perception +2
Traits: Bureaucratic +3, Informed +4, Obsessive compulsive +3, Pedantic +4
Special Abilities: None
Combat Abilities: Absolutely none at all.
Damage: a sharp nib might do 1 dice at best.

Mr Timothy Harrington is a mole of a man, rotund with small glasses to correct eyesight ruined by doing paperwork by gaslight. He works in a minor office in the civil service, but after many years has quietly managed to make himself a conduit for several systems of paperwork that are not entirely his purview. This makes him a useful contact or a dangerous enemy. He can speed up or slow down almost any interaction with the civil service on a whim. Luckily he is not a corrupt man, taking his work very seriously. So while he is difficult to bribe, he is always very helpful to those who do things correctly.

Adventure Hook: Mr Harrington has come across some papers he wishes he hadn't, and now he can't find them. The papers that crossed his desk came to him by accident and suggested a high-ranking politician has been involved in a terrible scandal. Now he can't find the papers. Does someone know he had them and has stolen them? If so will they be looking to make sure Timothy doesn't tell anyone anything too? He needs help to find the papers, or at the very least to protect him from enemies he knows little about.

BARBER-SURGEON

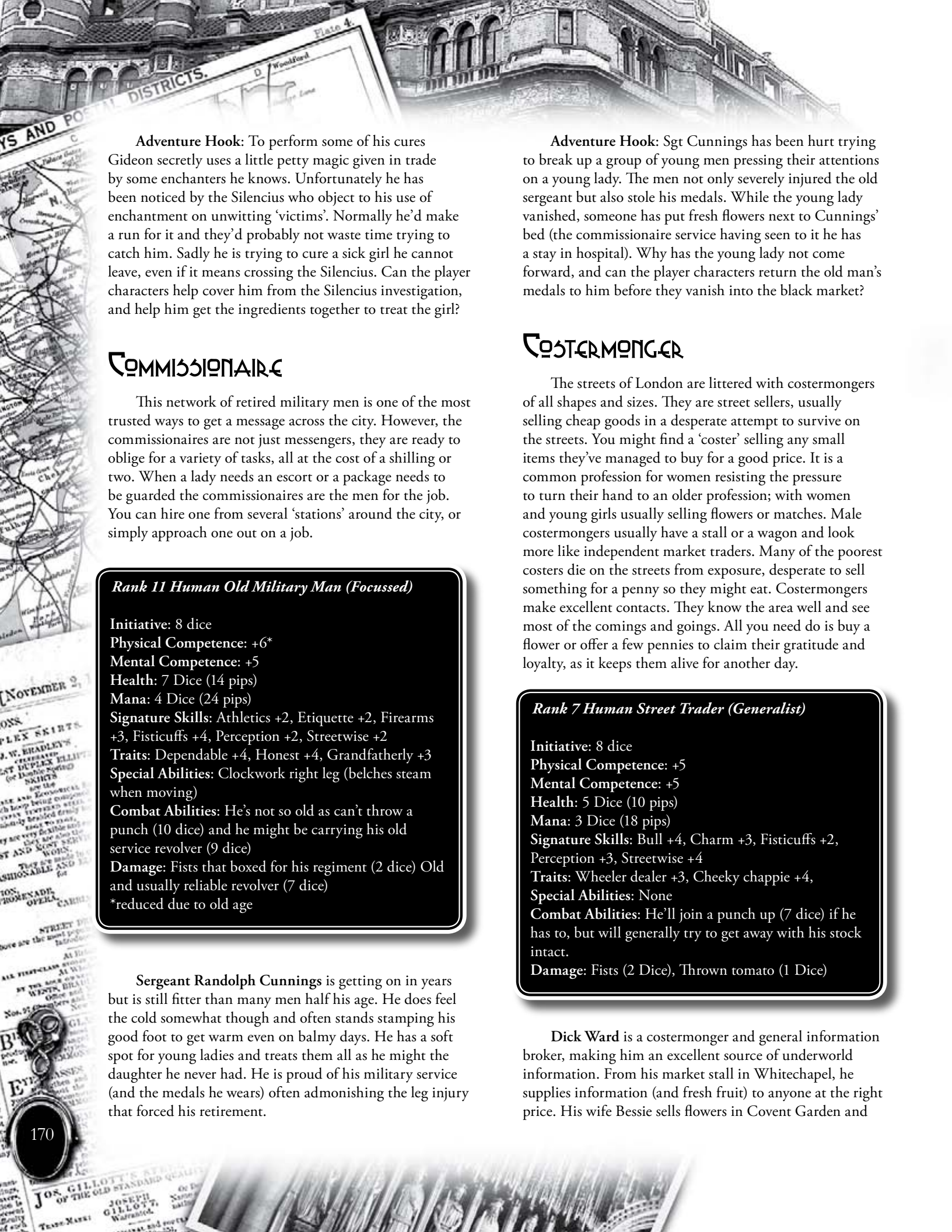
Many years ago, barbers began offering a few basic medical services, such as pulling teeth, lancing boils and even basic battlefield surgery. Cheaper than a doctor, with the option of a shave and a haircut as well, these Barber surgeons have been popular since the Middle Ages. They are not physicians, and no one goes to them for the diagnosis of their illnesses, which has contributed to the divisions between surgeons and doctors. The barber surgeon is a cheap option for those who cannot afford a doctor. While there are still many practicing in the East End many of their clients are now seeking cures from the growing pharmacy trade.



Rank 6 Halfling Medical Coiffure (Focussed)

Initiative: 7 dice
Physical Competence: +1
Mental Competence: +8
Health: 3 Dice (6 pips)
Mana: 3 Dice (18 pips)
Signature Skills: Bull +2, Charm +2, Concentration +4, Medicine +3, Perception +2,
Traits: Steady hand +3, Talkative +4
Special Abilities: None
Combat Abilities: He's not one for a fight but will have a go if cornered.
Damage: He has a few knives that might leave a mark (4 dice)

Gideon Appleby is a mobile barber surgeon and the friend of many petty magicians. He travels around the city and nearby counties touting for trade. Gideon (or Gid to his friends) is a small, cheerful Halfling, originally from the West Country. His itinerant nature and special skills also make him an excellent source of generalised rumours around the London area.



Adventure Hook: To perform some of his cures Gideon secretly uses a little petty magic given in trade by some enchanters he knows. Unfortunately he has been noticed by the Silencius who object to his use of enchantment on unwitting 'victims'. Normally he'd make a run for it and they'd probably not waste time trying to catch him. Sadly he is trying to cure a sick girl he cannot leave, even if it means crossing the Silencius. Can the player characters help cover him from the Silencius investigation, and help him get the ingredients together to treat the girl?

COMMISSIONAIRE

This network of retired military men is one of the most trusted ways to get a message across the city. However, the commissionaires are not just messengers, they are ready to oblige for a variety of tasks, all at the cost of a shilling or two. When a lady needs an escort or a package needs to be guarded the commissionaires are the men for the job. You can hire one from several 'stations' around the city, or simply approach one out on a job.

Rank 11 Human Old Military Man (Focussed)

Initiative: 8 dice

Physical Competence: +6*

Mental Competence: +5

Health: 7 Dice (14 pips)

Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)

Signature Skills: Athletics +2, Etiquette +2, Firearms +3, Fisticuffs +4, Perception +2, Streetwise +2

Traits: Dependable +4, Honest +4, Grandfatherly +3

Special Abilities: Clockwork right leg (belches steam when moving)

Combat Abilities: He's not so old as can't throw a punch (10 dice) and he might be carrying his old service revolver (9 dice)

Damage: Fists that boxed for his regiment (2 dice) Old and usually reliable revolver (7 dice)

*reduced due to old age

Sergeant Randolph Cunnings is getting on in years but is still fitter than many men half his age. He does feel the cold somewhat though and often stands stamping his good foot to get warm even on balmy days. He has a soft spot for young ladies and treats them all as he might the daughter he never had. He is proud of his military service (and the medals he wears) often admonishing the leg injury that forced his retirement.

Adventure Hook: Sgt Cunnings has been hurt trying to break up a group of young men pressing their attentions on a young lady. The men not only severely injured the old sergeant but also stole his medals. While the young lady vanished, someone has put fresh flowers next to Cunnings' bed (the commissioner service having seen to it he has a stay in hospital). Why has the young lady not come forward, and can the player characters return the old man's medals to him before they vanish into the black market?

COSTERMONGER

The streets of London are littered with costermongers of all shapes and sizes. They are street sellers, usually selling cheap goods in a desperate attempt to survive on the streets. You might find a 'coster' selling any small items they've managed to buy for a good price. It is a common profession for women resisting the pressure to turn their hand to an older profession; with women and young girls usually selling flowers or matches. Male costermongers usually have a stall or a wagon and look more like independent market traders. Many of the poorest costers die on the streets from exposure, desperate to sell something for a penny so they might eat. Costermongers make excellent contacts. They know the area well and see most of the comings and goings. All you need do is buy a flower or offer a few pennies to claim their gratitude and loyalty, as it keeps them alive for another day.

Rank 7 Human Street Trader (Generalist)

Initiative: 8 dice

Physical Competence: +5

Mental Competence: +5

Health: 5 Dice (10 pips)

Mana: 3 Dice (18 pips)

Signature Skills: Bull +4, Charm +3, Fisticuffs +2, Perception +3, Streetwise +4

Traits: Wheeler dealer +3, Cheeky chappie +4,

Special Abilities: None

Combat Abilities: He'll join a punch up (7 dice) if he has to, but will generally try to get away with his stock intact.

Damage: Fists (2 Dice), Thrown tomato (1 Dice)

Dick Ward is a costermonger and general information broker, making him an excellent source of underworld information. From his market stall in Whitechapel, he supplies information (and fresh fruit) to anyone at the right price. His wife Bessie sells flowers in Covent Garden and



passes on the doings of the west end every evening. Dick charges very little for his fruit and veg, but a higher sum for any information he comes across.

Adventure Hook: One day, Dick refuses to sell anything but fruit to the player characters. It is as if he doesn't know them anymore, and he denies he ever talked to them about anything but his wares. If they look for Bessie to find out what has got into Dick, they discover Bessie has 'gone away'. It seems someone has gotten to Dick and possibly kidnapped Bessie to keep him quiet. They are probably watching him too, hence his strange attitude. But what can he be frightened of, and how can the player characters find out without their usual source of information?

DOCKWORKER

London is a trading city, and the Empire has been built on the back of England's mercantile might. However, all those ships don't unload themselves. The docks are full of men, paid for each ship they help to unload, looking for work among the daily melee of sea trade. It is a hard life and back breaking work, but its honest work and there is usually enough cargo to keep everyone employed. Unfortunately some of the local gangs are also involved in 'managing' the operation, insisting dockworkers pay them a 'kick back' to make sure they get selected for a new ship's unloading crew. This has caused many Dockworkers to form their own gangs, or 'crews,' to look after their own.

Rank 6 Orc Manual Labourer (Specialist)

Initiative: 6 dice

Physical Competence: +9

Mental Competence: +1

Health: 7 Dice (14 pips)

Mana: 1 Die (6 pips)

Signature Skills: Blunt Weapons +3, Boating +1, Fisticuffs +3, Intimidate +2, Might +4, Perception +1, Streetwise +2

Traits: Desperate +2, Honest worker +3, Poor +5, Strong +3

Special Abilities: None

Combat Abilities: He'll defend his mates and his job with fists or whatever blunt object comes to hand

Damage: Large fists (6 Dice), 2x4 plank (7 Dice)

Joshua Okimbo is a large dark-skinned Orc from the Gold Coast. He was freed from slavery by a Royal Navy patrol and is now the boss of a gang of dockworkers on the Isle of Dogs. Joshua looks after his boys, and his powerful physique usually means few people challenge him. He's made friends with several of the regular ship captains and is an excellent information source on cargoes leaving and arriving in London. Joshua has met too many shysters and con men in this city so he picks his friends carefully, based on what they do rather than what they say. Once he calls you friend, he will have your back whenever you need him.

Adventure Hook: One of Joshua's crew has gone missing, and his men suspect a rival criminal crew may have done something to him. Tensions are rising and Joshua is having trouble keeping control. He quite likes the



idea of taking on the rival crew, but a full on turf war will bring chaos to the docks. He needs the player characters to find the boy. Unfortunately the boy has stowed away on a ship looking for a new life. Can the player characters bring him home, and is it right to take him back to a place he's tried to escape. If they can't find the answer, the powder keg that is the waterfront is soon to explode.

HOTEL MAID

With the city popular with tourists the hotels are never short of clients. However, plenty of wealthy visitors from the country need a well-furnished room for the night as well. London's hotels pride themselves on their quality of service and they litter the city. It takes an army of anonymous maids and servants to keep the rooms neat and clean, no matter what may have taken place there. This makes these servants excellent sources of information of who might be staying, and often what they might have been getting up to.

Rank 7 Human Overworked Cleaner (Focussed)

Initiative: 12 dice

Physical Competence: +6

Mental Competence: +4

Health: 6 Dice (12 pips)

Mana: 2 Dice (12 pips)

Signature Skills: Bull +3, Craft (Menial tasks) +4,

Perception +3, Streetwise +2

Traits: Sharp eye for her own good +3, Unobtrusive +4

Special Abilities: None

Combat Abilities: Will run if attacked, but might field a broom in self-defence (6 dice)

Damage: Broom of doom (3 dice)

Millicent Brown is a young mousy girl who works as a maid at the Savoy, one of the most renowned hotels in the city on the Strand. Millie is discreet, but also keeps her eyes open when upper class persons, visiting dignitaries or even revolutionary groups hold conferences at the Savoy. She can be a valuable contact as long as she knows her job isn't in jeopardy should she be too loose-lipped.

Adventure Hook: Something bad has happened at the hotel and Millicent doesn't know what to do. She and another maid were sent to clean a room, which was in an awful state, with furniture smashed and bed linen torn. She is sure one of the stains they mopped up was blood. Normally she'd keep quiet, but she thinks she's being



watched and the other maid recently disappeared after being fired for a very minor infraction. She fears she might lose her job if she talks, but fears losing her life even more. Can the player characters help her find some clue that might save her life?

GAMBLING DEN CRIMELORD

The criminal world is not just made up of thugs and pickpockets. Despite what the upper classes may say, there are plenty of intelligent and cunning people born into the lower classes. While they may not go to university, the street provides its own form of education. The most clever and amoral criminals become the leaders of gangs and the owners of the various underworld hang outs, such as gambling parlours, animal fight rings and bare-knuckle prize-fights. These men are not to be crossed, although they are hard to track down as they usually put a group of thugs between them and any potential problems.

Patience Scoggins is the owner of a string of gambling houses and brothels across the East End. While she is easily in her sixties she remains a frightening figure in the underworld. Those who think she is softer or more forgiving for her femininity couldn't be more wrong, and

Rank 12 Human Spider in the web (Generalist)

Initiative: 11 dice
Physical Competence: +8
Mental Competence: +7
Health: 8 Dice (16 pips)
Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
Signature Skills: Bribery +4, Business +3, Bull +3, Firearms +3, Fisticuffs +3, Gambling +4, Interrogation +3, Intimidate +4, Perception +4, Streetwise +4
Traits: Only in it for the money +5, Ruthless +3, Selfish +5
Special Abilities: Lined Corset (AR 2)
Combat Abilities: She'd prefer to use other people for that, but has no problem using a gun (11 dice) if need be.
Damage: Concealable revolver (8 dice)

'Ma Scoggins' is not afraid to get her hands dirty if the men she's hired prove too squeamish to get the job done. However, to those she considers 'family' she can be almost grandmotherly. Ma Scoggins invests her money wisely with brokers in the city but she is never conspicuously wealthy. She dresses plainly, but in a middle class style, never putting on airs and graces above her working class upbringing.

Adventure Hook: The player characters have a bad night gambling and find themselves in debt to Ma Scoggins. Luckily she has a problem and she's prepared to wave the debt if they'll do a little something for her. It seems there is another gang trying to open an underground fight on her patch and she wants it stopped. The new gang are staying under the radar until their next fight, but they are looking for fighters. This may be the only way to get close, but can the player characters be sure it'll be a fair fight?

GENTLEMAN SPY

With England the centre of a large empire, London is full of spies from other nations looking to discover the secrets of the most powerful nation on Earth. Many move around high society to get closer to the real power behind the empire, hoping brandy and cigars loosen the tongues of the great and the good, or their wives. Conversely, many counter intelligence agents haunt the same places looking to protect those same secrets. So the clubs of London play host to a deadly game of cat and mouse where the fate of nations hang in the balance.



Rank 13 Human Stylish Secret Agent (Generalist)

Initiative: 11 dice
Physical Competence: +8
Mental Competence: +8
Health: 8 Dice (16 pips)
Mana: 5 Dice (30 pips)
Signature Skills: Act +4, Athletics +3, Bull +2, Charm +4, Conversation +5, Disguise +3, Firearms +4, Fisticuffs +3, Hide & Sneak +4, High Society +3, Perception +4, Pick Pockets +3, Pick locks +3, Sleight of hand +4, Streetwise +4, Swordplay +4, Thaumaturgy +2
Traits: Debonair +5, Dedicated +4, Loyal to the cause +4, Treacherous +3,
Special Abilities: Lined Jacket (AR 3). A couple of spells to get him out of trouble, such as Darkness of Ages and Etheric bolt
Combat Abilities: He'd rather escape than fight but is dangerous with a blade (12 dice) or a gun (12 dice).
Damage: Concealed blade (5 dice), Small but powerful pistol (8 dice)

Baron Joseph Von Doortmund has a dashing reputation. Rumoured to be alternately a Prussian spy, a disgraced Imperial courtier and an anarchist, the good Baron is often the talk of society. After failing to foment a communist uprising in Bavaria in 1848, he moved to Kensington, where it is rumoured he works with various groups such as the chartists, anarchists, communists and many exile groups. The police cannot prove anything against him, as he has many influential friends. The Baron is always happy to make new acquaintances, you never know when they'll discover something he needs to find out.

Adventure Hook: The Baron invites the player characters to one of his lunchtime gatherings. The Kensington house hosting the soiree is very well appointed and the company a well-chosen mixture of the elite. However, soon the player characters realise the Baron is nowhere to be found, and a body is discovered. Is this the evidence the police have been after to finally pin something on the Baron? It seems so, except the house does not belong to the Baron but instead to the dead body! What strange game is being played and why has the Baron involved the player characters?

GUNSMITH

For all its mercantile might, the British Empire has never been shy when it comes to force of arms. Many private citizens own guns of their own and the player characters are unlikely to be an exception. Some of these weapons often need specialist attention and regular servicing, something best handled by the local gunsmith. This skilled craftsman can customise firearms or offer new upgrades as well.

Giles Thurber is a gruff a Dwarven gunsmith who left the employ of Tranter of Birmingham under a cloud. He now runs a small gunshop in the east end of Oxford street. Here he undertakes custom work such as converting single action revolvers to double action, adding extra barrels to rifles and converting percussion pistols to rimfire. Such work usually costs an additional 10-50% of the original price. He is often curt and difficult with customers, hating that his fire pieces of precision engineering are being used to hurt people. However, he does his best to make sure that in any fire-fight it's his customers that have the best chance of surviving.



Rank 10 Dwarf Military Craftsman (Focussed)

Initiative: 10 dice
 Physical Competence: +5
 Mental Competence: +8
 Health: 7 Dice (14 pips)
 Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
 Signature Skills: Business +2, Craft (Gunsmith) +5, Etiquette +2, Firearms +2, Perception +4,
 Traits: Precise +4, Wary +2
 Special Abilities: None
 Combat Abilities: He knows how to use the things he makes (10 dice)
 Damage: Good quality pistol (9 dice)

Adventure Hook: There is a new gunsmith in the neighbourhood, who has begun a rather dirty sales campaign that insists Thurber's work is shoddy and sub-standard. However, Giles simply ignores this blatant attack, not even disavowing any of his customers of the notion. Given the good work he has done for the player characters in the past, it would be bad news for them if Giles went out of business, especially as the new guy really does do shoddy, cheap work. If the player characters investigate the new gunsmith, it turns out he used to work in the same Birmingham factory as Giles once did. Maybe he knows something about Giles' acrimonious departure. Is he blackmailing Giles into silence so he can steal his trade? If so, what could be so damning? Is Giles protecting himself, or someone else?

GUTTER MYSTIC

Not every mystic and medium is born to wealthy family, or finds a way to make a good career at it. Many are considered mad, and quite a few are. With no one to help train their gifts, the visions of the spirit world and things beyond can be very traumatic. Still, a few manage to make their way, offering fortunes and readings for a few pennies. Some are charlatans, but more than a few have genuine ability. In some cases they can be quite powerful, their talents uncontained by the strict rules of the Guild.

'Mad' Dora is quite a pretty girl under the grime, but few people notice. No one knows her last name; she doesn't even know it herself. However, under her quiet and meek exterior Dora is a survivor. She seems to be on the run all the time, never sleeping in the same place, but accepting food from those she knows. What makes Dora special is that she has a powerful gift as a medium, almost too powerful as her visions are sometimes painful and the

Rank 5 Human Street Medium (Focussed)

Initiative: 8 dice
Physical Competence: +3
Mental Competence: +5
Health: 4 Dice (8 pips)
Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
Signature Skills: Empathy +3, Perception +4, Sensate Medium +4, Streetwise +2
Traits: Distracted by the unseen +4, Frightened of strangers +3, Knows too much +4,
Special Abilities: Aura Reading, Glimpse, See the Supernatural
Combat Abilities: She will run and hide, but struggle for all her worth if cornered
Damage: Little but her small fists (1 die)

voices have driven her to the edge of sanity. If you want to ask her about a secret, she'll look into the void and see what she can find for you for a shilling. Just don't expect to like what you hear.

Adventure Hook: Now that Dora is a teenager she has attracted the interest of those who think she might be persuaded to join another profession common for street girls of her age. She comes to the player characters for help, knowing only that something bad is coming for her and only the player characters can help her (even though she has never met them). However, it could be worse. Maybe the forces after her are not just brothel keepers but cultists looking for sorcerous blood to spill in the name of a dark god?

MADAME

Prostitution is one of the major industries of the city, so there are several women running bawdy houses to supply the demand. While some are run by men, most of these places treat the girls as their slaves. Brothels run by women tend to offer the girls at least a modicum of respect, especially as these Madames are often ex-prostitutes themselves. The job of a Madame is to welcome the clients and manage the house, seeing to it that the girls are kept safe. Sometimes this concern is simply for business assets, or even favourite pets, but sometimes it is almost motherly.

The Contessa de Mirenburg is an exotic Eldren Slav who holds salons for the gentry in fashionable Mayfair. Her parties are always the right side of risqué, which just makes them all the more popular. However, her real business is the 'additional services' she offers to her 'preferred clients'. On the side she arranges 'escorts' for the right gentleman, and

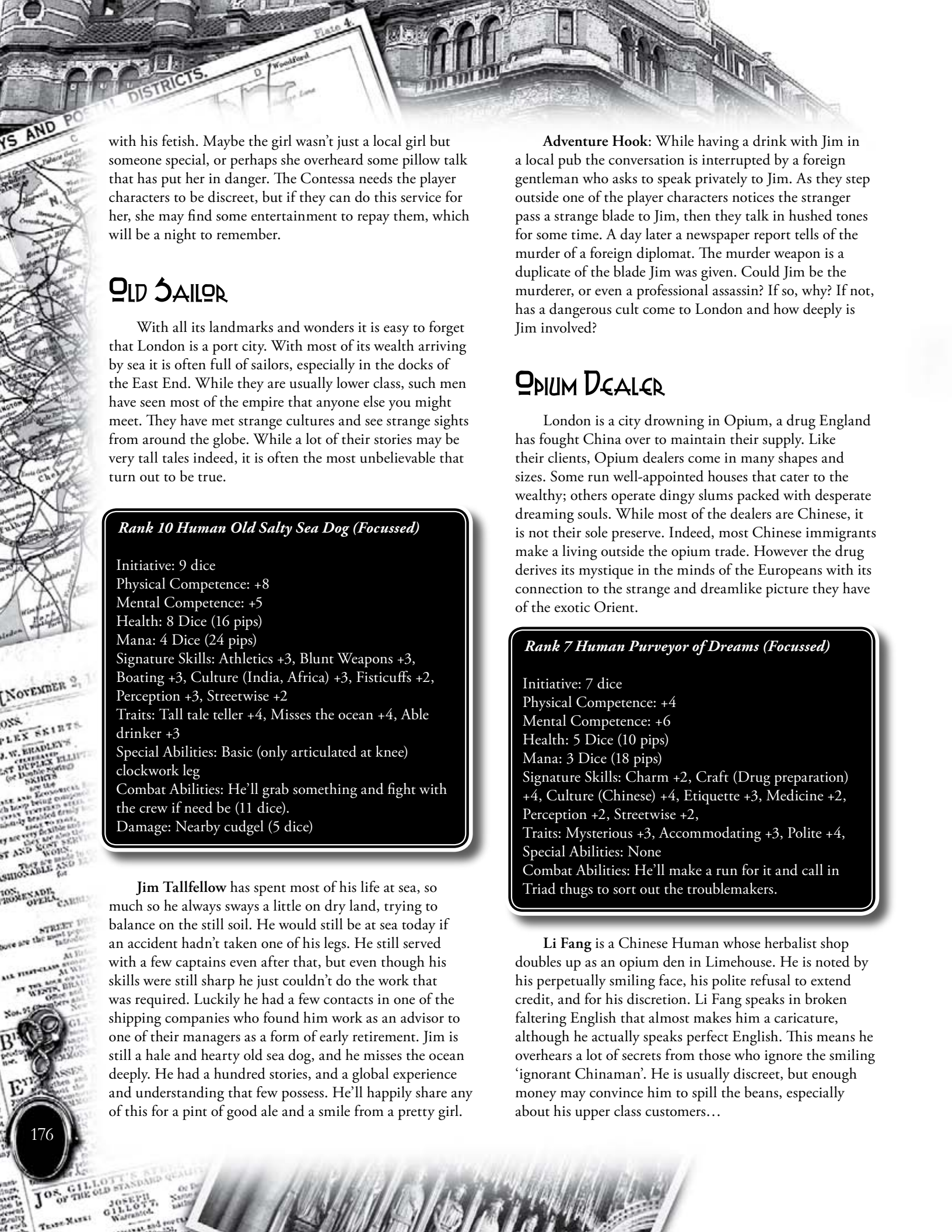


Rank 9 Eldren Service Provider (Focussed)

Initiative: 8 dice
Physical Competence: +3
Mental Competence: +9
Health: 4 Dice (8 pips)
Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
Signature Skills: Business +3, Charm +4, Etiquette +4, High Society +2, Perception +2, Streetwise +3
Traits: Elegant +2, Accommodating +4, Protective +2
Special Abilities: (sensate) Aura Reading
Combat Abilities: She keeps a small derringer (4 dice) for just such an occasion
Damage: Derringer (4 dice)

even rugged 'gentlemen companions' for bored ladies. She is renowned as being discreet as well as open to the stranger requests from her clients as long as they don't permanently hurt her girls. Claiming to be an exiled Polish Countess, her odd ways are explained away by her being 'foreign'.

Adventure Hook: One of the Contessa's girls is missing and she needs help tracking her down. While it is possible the girl simply ran away, the Contessa says she wasn't mistreated. Has the girl been kidnapped by a client, or even murdered by someone who went a little too far



with his fetish. Maybe the girl wasn't just a local girl but someone special, or perhaps she overheard some pillow talk that has put her in danger. The Contessa needs the player characters to be discreet, but if they can do this service for her, she may find some entertainment to repay them, which will be a night to remember.

OLD SAILOR

With all its landmarks and wonders it is easy to forget that London is a port city. With most of its wealth arriving by sea it is often full of sailors, especially in the docks of the East End. While they are usually lower class, such men have seen most of the empire that anyone else you might meet. They have met strange cultures and see strange sights from around the globe. While a lot of their stories may be very tall tales indeed, it is often the most unbelievable that turn out to be true.

Rank 10 Human Old Salty Sea Dog (Focussed)

Initiative: 9 dice
Physical Competence: +8
Mental Competence: +5
Health: 8 Dice (16 pips)
Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
Signature Skills: Athletics +3, Blunt Weapons +3, Boating +3, Culture (India, Africa) +3, Fisticuffs +2, Perception +3, Streetwise +2
Traits: Tall tale teller +4, Misses the ocean +4, Able drinker +3
Special Abilities: Basic (only articulated at knee) clockwork leg
Combat Abilities: He'll grab something and fight with the crew if need be (11 dice).
Damage: Nearby cudgel (5 dice)

Jim Tallfellow has spent most of his life at sea, so much so he always sways a little on dry land, trying to balance on the still soil. He would still be at sea today if an accident hadn't taken one of his legs. He still served with a few captains even after that, but even though his skills were still sharp he just couldn't do the work that was required. Luckily he had a few contacts in one of the shipping companies who found him work as an advisor to one of their managers as a form of early retirement. Jim is still a hale and hearty old sea dog, and he misses the ocean deeply. He had a hundred stories, and a global experience and understanding that few possess. He'll happily share any of this for a pint of good ale and a smile from a pretty girl.

Adventure Hook: While having a drink with Jim in a local pub the conversation is interrupted by a foreign gentleman who asks to speak privately to Jim. As they step outside one of the player characters notices the stranger pass a strange blade to Jim, then they talk in hushed tones for some time. A day later a newspaper report tells of the murder of a foreign diplomat. The murder weapon is a duplicate of the blade Jim was given. Could Jim be the murderer, or even a professional assassin? If so, why? If not, has a dangerous cult come to London and how deeply is Jim involved?

OPIMUM DEALER

London is a city drowning in Opium, a drug England has fought China over to maintain their supply. Like their clients, Opium dealers come in many shapes and sizes. Some run well-appointed houses that cater to the wealthy; others operate dingy slums packed with desperate dreaming souls. While most of the dealers are Chinese, it is not their sole preserve. Indeed, most Chinese immigrants make a living outside the opium trade. However the drug derives its mystique in the minds of the Europeans with its connection to the strange and dreamlike picture they have of the exotic Orient.

Rank 7 Human Purveyor of Dreams (Focussed)

Initiative: 7 dice
Physical Competence: +4
Mental Competence: +6
Health: 5 Dice (10 pips)
Mana: 3 Dice (18 pips)
Signature Skills: Charm +2, Craft (Drug preparation) +4, Culture (Chinese) +4, Etiquette +3, Medicine +2, Perception +2, Streetwise +2,
Traits: Mysterious +3, Accommodating +3, Polite +4,
Special Abilities: None
Combat Abilities: He'll make a run for it and call in Triad thugs to sort out the troublemakers.

Li Fang is a Chinese Human whose herbalist shop doubles up as an opium den in Limehouse. He is noted by his perpetually smiling face, his polite refusal to extend credit, and for his discretion. Li Fang speaks in broken faltering English that almost makes him a caricature, although he actually speaks perfect English. This means he overhears a lot of secrets from those who ignore the smiling 'ignorant Chinaman'. He is usually discreet, but enough money may convince him to spill the beans, especially about his upper class customers...



Adventure Hook: A Chinese street urchin arrives at the home of a middle class player character early one morning with a package from Li Fang. He tells the character's servant that the package contains the herbs that he or she ordered, and that if there is anything wrong then the character should contact Li Fang. The urchin also says that Li Fang has put the cost of the herbs on their credit account. Li Fang's reputation precedes him and the fact that credit was extended should be a red flag. Also, the package is not addressed to the character but rather a residence in Whitechapel. Inside the box is a butterfly knife and a handbill for an upcoming play. What cryptic message is Li Fang sending and what does he expect the player characters to do?

POLICE DETECTIVE

Police detectives of the Criminal Investigation Division are tasked with investigating cases that don't have obvious culprits. Detectives don't have to wear a uniform to perform their duties but carry a badge to denote their authority. With policing in its infancy, detectives have been known to be rather brutal in searching for the truth. However, many are coming to see the value in using science and subtlety (and perhaps a little magic) to help them gather evidence.

Detective Curtis Wells is originally from the East End. He joined Peele's police department at its inception and has worked hard to rise in the ranks. He is a short, pudgy bulldogman with intense dark eyes; he uses the latter feature to aid in his investigations and his hobby as an amateur mesmerist. Having clawed his way into the middle-class, Wells spends much of his energies on dressing

the part of the gentleman, improving his penmanship, and studying all of the guides to etiquette he can lay his hands on. He is rough with miscreants, but prone to giving the truly unfortunate a pass when he catches them in acts of petty thievery as he remembers when, as a boy, he had to subsist that way himself. Wells attempts the airs of a refined middle-class man, but his beastman countenance and thick Cockney gives him away as former gutter trash. While he hasn't forgotten his roots, he hates to be reminded of them.

Rank 10 Bulldogman Investigator (Generalist)

Initiative: 10 dice
 Physical Competence: +6
 Mental Competence: +7
 Health: 7 Dice (14 pips)
 Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
 Signature Skills: Conversation +4, Criminology +4, Fisticuffs +4, Firearms +3, Interrogation +4, Intimidate +2, Legal Matters +3, Perception +4, Streetwise +3
 Traits: Deductive +3, Bloodhound +3
 Special Abilities: Lined Waistcoat (AR 2)
 Combat Abilities: What his fists (10 dice) won't sort out his revolver (9 dice) will
 Damage: Fists of justice (2 dice), Revolver (8 dice)



Adventure Hook: Due to his heritage and original station, Detective Wells has always had a problem dealing with upper class suspects and witnesses; he often has to employ a more acceptable partner (possibly a player character) to engage them. Quite a few of his cases have collapsed due to begrudging cooperation. Recently, a number of upper class suspects that Wells failed to get evidence on have been turning up murdered. Has Detective Wells gone rogue or is someone else behind the murders?

POLICE INSPECTOR

Not every policeman is expected to be out walking the beat. Directly under the superintendent are the inspectors who organise the police on a day-to-day basis. Police inspectors make sure all the areas of their jurisdiction are covered and run the operations of their local area. An inspector is still a working policeman, but he spends his days at the police station making sure arrested criminals stay there rather than bringing them in. A police inspector can be a powerful friend, especially for people who catch the attention of the law a lot.

Rank 12 Eldren Old Copper (Generalist)

Initiative: 10 dice
 Physical Competence: +7
 Mental Competence: +8
 Health: 7 Dice (14 pips)
 Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
 Signature Skills: Athletics +2, Blunt Weapons +3, Criminology +3, Empathy +3, Fisticuffs +3, Lore +4, Perception +3, Streetwise +2
 Traits: Seen it all +4, Spot a wrong 'un +4, My station my rules +5
 Special Abilities: Lined Coat (AR 4), (sensate) Sixth Sense
 Combat Abilities: He can still remember how to use a truncheon (10 dice)
 Damage: Trusty truncheon (6 dice)

Inspector Thaddeus Price is a brilliant if somewhat eccentric Eldren police inspector in Whitechapel. He runs one of the central areas of the Whitechapel district police, but also works to investigate the more bizarre crimes. While he has been offered a place in the CID, he had no desire to leave the policing of 'his district' to anyone else. Sir John Arthur objects to Price making his own investigations, although CID detectives have often called on his specialist knowledge themselves. Although not a mage, Price has excellent knowledge of magic, and has



many bizarre theories, such as the uniqueness of a person's fingerprints, the marks made by rifling on bullets, checking the area for clues etc. Most of his colleagues think him a crank, as the usual method of investigation is to round up known villains and beat them up until they confess. This more academic method of getting to the truth has made Price popular for a policeman, as he actually cares about people.

Adventure Hook: Inspector Nathaniel Finley of the CID comes to the player characters with a problem. He's been investigating a series of burglaries in Whitechapel and has found that Price is always one step ahead of him, in spite of being told to stop his investigations. In his attempt to get ahead, Inspector Finley got to a crime scene first but didn't tell Price. When Price investigated the scene and offered a report to Finley that had numerous errors, which is very uncharacteristic of the normally meticulous Price. What is he hiding or who is he protecting?

POLITICIAN

As the seat of government, the city is the home of many leading political figures of the day. While these ministers are meant to represent the district that voted for them, they rarely spend any time there, preferring to remain in the corridors of power. British government is a labyrinthine affair, with several systems in place that are both strange and arcane, only remaining because 'that's just the way it has always been done'. It breeds the same properties into many of its ministers. In general the government does not yet represent the working man, and remains a business for the middle classes, under the



Rank 8 Human Government Fat Cat (Focussed)

Initiative: 7 dice
 Physical Competence: +4
 Mental Competence: +7
 Health: 5 Dice (10 pips)
 Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
 Signature Skills: Business +3, Bull +3, Charm +4,
 Empathy +3, Etiquette +3, High Society +4, Intimidate
 +2, Legal Matters +2, Perception +2, Politics +4
 Traits: Two faced +4, In the know +3, Friends in high
 places +4
 Special Abilities: None
 Combat Abilities: How dare anyone attack him! But if
 they do he'll run like a startled hare.
 Damage: Maybe a cigar burn at worst (1 dice)

lead of the upper classes. It is no surprise them that many politicians (although mostly a minority) see their position as a way to line their pockets rather than serve the people.

The Honourable David Ponsonby, M.P is a scheming politician with his fingers in many pies. Ponsonby is a minor gentleman turned good by his ruthless manipulation of the system. He has investments in South America and India, owns several slum tenements, a plantation in Ireland and farmland in Canada. He is good as either a patron or an enemy, but would betray the characters if it brought him more power or wealth.

Adventure Hook: Someone has threatened Ponsonby's life with an anonymous note, but he has so many old enemies he has no idea who it might be. He needs someone to protect him, so he calls on the player characters in the

hope they can be discreet. Ponsonby can get them limited access to the corridors of power that they can make a few subtle inquiries, and so they can see to it he comes to no hard. The problem is, how to sort out his real enemies from his political ones, and those who would happily see him gone from those who want to pull the trigger.

PUGILIST

With the new Marquess of Queensbury rules for boxing, the old bare-knuckle fights have been driven underground, but there is still a market for them. Boxers who manage to survive these free for all contests sometimes manage to attract the attention of a promoter who might make them a prize fighter. That is, if they can learn to play by the new rules! However, few of these boxers can really become contenders, and most find themselves supplementing their fight earnings with labour work or being used as muscle by highly disreputable people.

Rank 8 Ogre Bare Knuckle Fighter (Focussed)

Initiative: 7 dice
 Physical Competence: +11
 Mental Competence: +2
 Health: 11 Dice (22 pips)
 Mana: 3 Dice (18 pips)
 Signature Skills: Athletics +3, Dodge +4, Fisticuffs +4,
 Intimidate +2, Might +3, Perception +2, Streetwise +2
 Traits: Dedicated +2, Strong +3, Martial Arts: Martial
 Strike (+6 dice punching damage)
 Special Abilities: None
 Combat Abilities: He does this for a living so a fist
 fight (15 dice) is just practice
 Damage: Large fists (12 Dice)

Shakala is a South African Ogre who journeyed to London as supercargo on a freighter. He was curious about the white men that had invaded his land, and whom his people's mortal enemies (the Boer) were harried by. His welcome to London was not what he expected. Not only was it punishingly cold but abuse was to be found everywhere, whether for his ethnicity, race or class. While working as a poorly paid labourer he was spotted by an underground fight manager who offered him a new line of work, with much better pay. Since then, Shakala has become intensely loyal to his friend and boss, and has become a respected member of the community, although he still remains something of an outsider.

Adventure Hook: The player characters are approached by a boxing agent who needs their help. He's seen Shakala fight in one of the illegal bare knuckle fights and was impressed. He wants to take Shakala on for proper legal prize-fights. However, his current 'agent' is not interested in letting his prize asset go. The boxing agent has been unable to approach Shakala directly to make the offer and needs the player characters to take the message to the Ogre. If they can get past Shakala's 'friends' it will still be hard to convince him to leave his situation, or that he is being used. Even if they can talk him into it, his old gang isn't going to let him go easily.

PUB LANDLORD

The English like their drink, and despite the strange licensing laws that limit pub opening times the English pub is truly the centre of any local community. This is especially true of the East End. Even with the tacky glamour of the Gin Palace or the allure of Absinthe, the pub has remained an English institution for centuries. So the people that own these places are often confidants and even community leaders in a strange way, depending on how they run their little barony.

Rank 10 Human Barkeeper (Focussed)

Initiative: 9 dice
Physical Competence: +8
Mental Competence: +5
Health: 8 Dice (16 pips)
Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
Signature Skills: Craft (Brewing) +3, Conversation +4,
Empathy +2, Improvised weapon +2, Perception +3,
Streetwise +2
Traits: Confidante +3, Trouble with the missus +3,
Not in my pub +4
Special Abilities: None
Combat Abilities: He'll call the police and then do his
best to protect the pub with whatever comes to hand
(10 dice)
Damage: A glass tankard or broken bottle (4 dice) will
hurt

Toby Thomas runs a pub just on the border of the City and the East End. As such he gets a mixture of clients, and not a few sorcerers being this close to Wormwood Street. Toby was left the pub by his father, and he disapproves of the strange clientele the area now attracts. He spends the evening glaring from behind the bar at the Guild sorcerers

that come here. Much as he is uncomfortable behind his own bar, it is better than spend time with his wife, a shrewish and shrill woman who runs the kitchen. Toby happily chats to anyone who looks 'normal' and while he's not one to spread gossip he often cannot help talking about the rum conversations he's overheard.

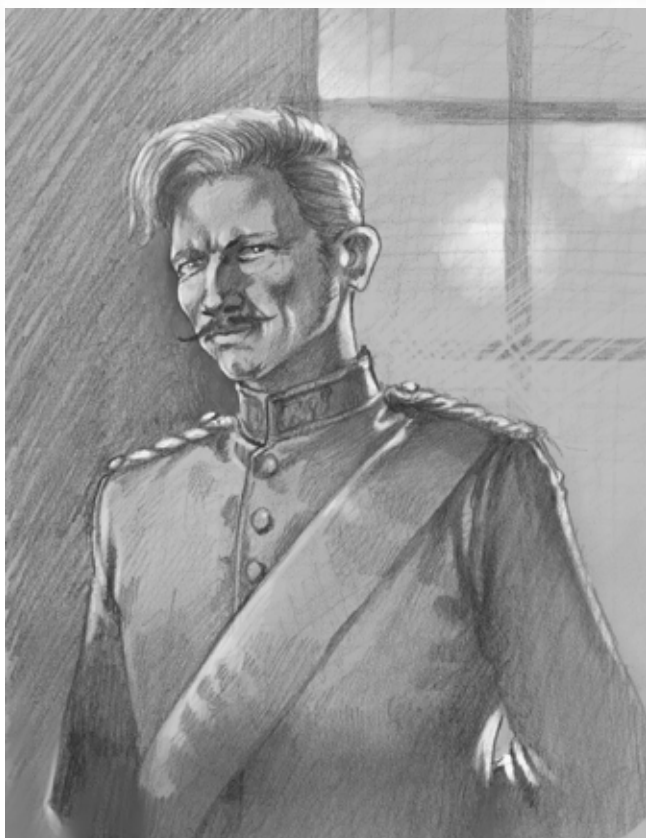
Adventure Hook: Toby has a problem with his clients, or rather the lack of them. There have recently been a series of attacks on magicians around the local area where he runs his pub. Normally he'd be happy to see less of these odd folk about but the attacks have made a lot of sorcerers avoid the area and that has proved very bad for business. If the player characters cannot help find out what is going on Toby will have hell to pay from the wife. The attacks might be random, but could easily be the actions of some anti-magic cult or another publican looking to destroy Toby's business.

RAKISH OFFICER

Any girl's heart beats faster when in the presence of one of the officers of Her Majesty's armed forces. They are the archetypal British hero of the period: brave, talented, handsome, and erudite, or at least so goes their reputation. Chosen only from the ranks of the upper classes, and training the arts of riding, combat and command they are the perfect heartbreaker for any middle-class girl hoping to marry up. However, times are changing and there are many who believe that being upper class does not always make you a good leader. It remains to be seen if the armed forces will finally allow the lower orders to become officers when they have proved themselves of the battlefield rather than at the dinner table.

Rank 10 Human Dashing Hero (Focussed)

Initiative: 9 dice
Physical Competence: +8
Mental Competence: +5
Health: 8 Dice (16 pips)
Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)
Signature Skills: Athletics +3, Bull +2, Charm +4,
Fashion +2, Firearms +4, Fisticuffs +3, High Society +3,
Horse riding +4, Perception +3, Swordplay +4
Traits: Stylish +5, Honourable +4, Stalwart +4
Special Abilities: Lined Soldier's Coat (AR 5)
Combat Abilities: He'll defend any lady, his country
or his honour with sword (12 dice) or pistol (12 dice)
without hesitation.
Damage: Very sharp sabre (8 dice) heavy pistol (10 dice)



Captain Sir Thomas 'Dasher' Powell is a captain in the Royal Horse Guard (known as 'The Blues'). The son of a gentleman landowner in Sussex, Dasher has grown up around money and privilege; this coupled with his Adonis-like good looks, thick blonde hair, bright blue eyes and rakish moustache, make him a welcome guest anywhere. He frequents the Fork & Albany for lunches, since his rank is not sufficient to get him into the United Services Club. When not hobnobbing with the Marlborough House Set (he is an intimate of the Prince of Wales), clubbing with members of Parliament, or escorting fine ladies to the theatre and dinner in Mayfair, the dashing captain can be found slumming it in the East End ratting dens and houses of comfort.

Adventure Hook: Captain Powell needs few good men for a daring mission to rescue a lady. She is being held hostage by a gang in the East End looking to extort money from her family for her safe return. The odds are against the heroes, the gang is large, well-armed and entrenched on home turf. However it'll be a glorious battle and a damn fine tale to tell if you pull it off. Huzzah! Tell the wife to smoke you a kipper, with luck you'll be back for breakfast.

REPORTER

With several daily papers fighting to dominance in the city, reporters are thick on the ground. Few are able to find a steady job for one paper, so most work freelance, offering stories to whichever paper will pay for them. No story, no paycheque, so competition is fierce. Every reporter wants to be the first to break a story, so they spend a good deal of their time doing idle research hoping for a lead on some dark secret or dangerous scandal. Once a group of player characters prove themselves to often be around when a story breaks, it won't be long before a reporter starts to follow their every move.

Rank 8 Human Newshound (Focussed)

Initiative: 8 dice

Physical Competence: +4

Mental Competence: +7

Health: 5 Dice (10 pips)

Mana: 4 Dice (24 pips)

Signature Skills: Art (Writing) +4, Bull +3, Charm

+2, Conversation +4, Empathy +2, High society +3,

Perception +3, Photography +3, Streetwise +4

Traits: Tenacious +4, Investigative +4, Like a dog with a bone +5, People watcher +3

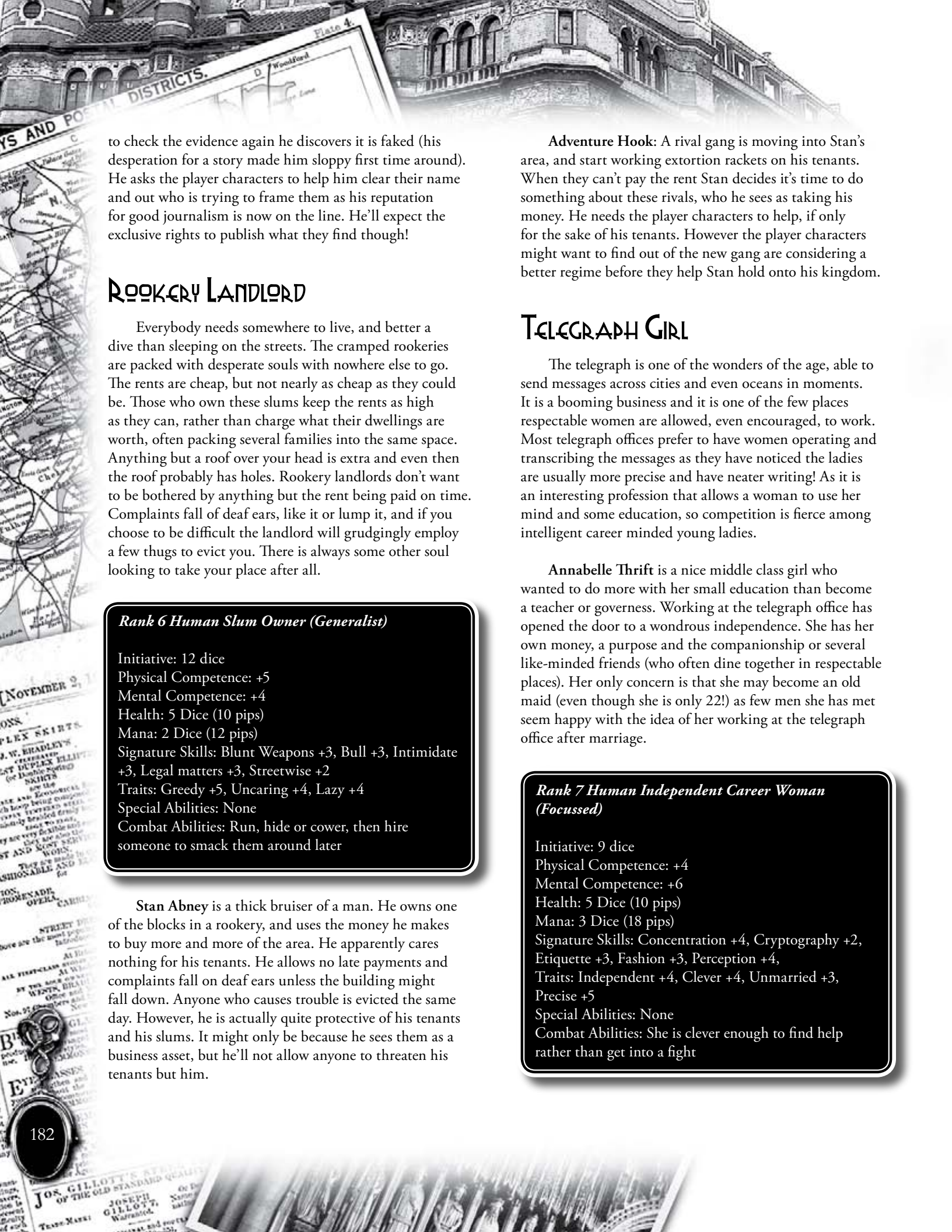
Special Abilities: None

Combat Abilities: Run away is always the best plan, but a revolver (4 dice) can help when you're cornered.

Damage: Small revolver (6 dice)

Samuel Castle can be found anywhere in town, nosing about in other people's business. Like many reporters he works primarily for one paper, but is paid per piece, not by salary. This means he is constantly scrambling for something to get into the paper, be it a juicy murder, some upper-class scandal, or a completely false bit of political muckraking. Sam is a great source of information, though not all of it is accurate or even true. Despite his small stature (he's a short, slim redhead with blue eyes and a mass of freckles) he has a penchant for getting himself into trouble. He believes you often have to fight to get to the truth, figuratively and literally, so he is used to taking and giving a beating.

Adventure Hook: The player characters are surprised when a story about their exploits gets printed in the paper. They are even more surprised to see that the story is all rubbish and paints them in a very bad light. The reporter who wrote it claims to have evidence of their misdoings. This evidence was passed to him from a source he doesn't want to name. If the player characters can get the reporter



to check the evidence again he discovers it is faked (his desperation for a story made him sloppy first time around). He asks the player characters to help him clear their name and out who is trying to frame them as his reputation for good journalism is now on the line. He'll expect the exclusive rights to publish what they find though!

ROOKERY LANDLORD

Everybody needs somewhere to live, and better a dive than sleeping on the streets. The cramped rookeries are packed with desperate souls with nowhere else to go. The rents are cheap, but not nearly as cheap as they could be. Those who own these slums keep the rents as high as they can, rather than charge what their dwellings are worth, often packing several families into the same space. Anything but a roof over your head is extra and even then the roof probably has holes. Rookery landlords don't want to be bothered by anything but the rent being paid on time. Complaints fall of deaf ears, like it or lump it, and if you choose to be difficult the landlord will grudgingly employ a few thugs to evict you. There is always some other soul looking to take your place after all.

Rank 6 Human Slum Owner (Generalist)

Initiative: 12 dice
Physical Competence: +5
Mental Competence: +4
Health: 5 Dice (10 pips)
Mana: 2 Dice (12 pips)
Signature Skills: Blunt Weapons +3, Bull +3, Intimidate +3, Legal matters +3, Streetwise +2
Traits: Greedy +5, Uncaring +4, Lazy +4
Special Abilities: None
Combat Abilities: Run, hide or cower, then hire someone to smack them around later

Stan Abney is a thick bruiser of a man. He owns one of the blocks in a rookery, and uses the money he makes to buy more and more of the area. He apparently cares nothing for his tenants. He allows no late payments and complaints fall on deaf ears unless the building might fall down. Anyone who causes trouble is evicted the same day. However, he is actually quite protective of his tenants and his slums. It might only be because he sees them as a business asset, but he'll not allow anyone to threaten his tenants but him.

Adventure Hook: A rival gang is moving into Stan's area, and start working extortion rackets on his tenants. When they can't pay the rent Stan decides it's time to do something about these rivals, who he sees as taking his money. He needs the player characters to help, if only for the sake of his tenants. However the player characters might want to find out if the new gang are considering a better regime before they help Stan hold onto his kingdom.

TELEGRAPH GIRL

The telegraph is one of the wonders of the age, able to send messages across cities and even oceans in moments. It is a booming business and it is one of the few places respectable women are allowed, even encouraged, to work. Most telegraph offices prefer to have women operating and transcribing the messages as they have noticed the ladies are usually more precise and have neater writing! As it is an interesting profession that allows a woman to use her mind and some education, so competition is fierce among intelligent career minded young ladies.

Annabelle Thrift is a nice middle class girl who wanted to do more with her small education than become a teacher or governess. Working at the telegraph office has opened the door to a wondrous independence. She has her own money, a purpose and the companionship of several like-minded friends (who often dine together in respectable places). Her only concern is that she may become an old maid (even though she is only 22!) as few men she has met seem happy with the idea of her working at the telegraph office after marriage.

Rank 7 Human Independent Career Woman (Focussed)

Initiative: 9 dice
Physical Competence: +4
Mental Competence: +6
Health: 5 Dice (10 pips)
Mana: 3 Dice (18 pips)
Signature Skills: Concentration +4, Cryptography +2, Etiquette +3, Fashion +3, Perception +4,
Traits: Independent +4, Clever +4, Unmarried +3, Precise +5
Special Abilities: None
Combat Abilities: She is clever enough to find help rather than get into a fight

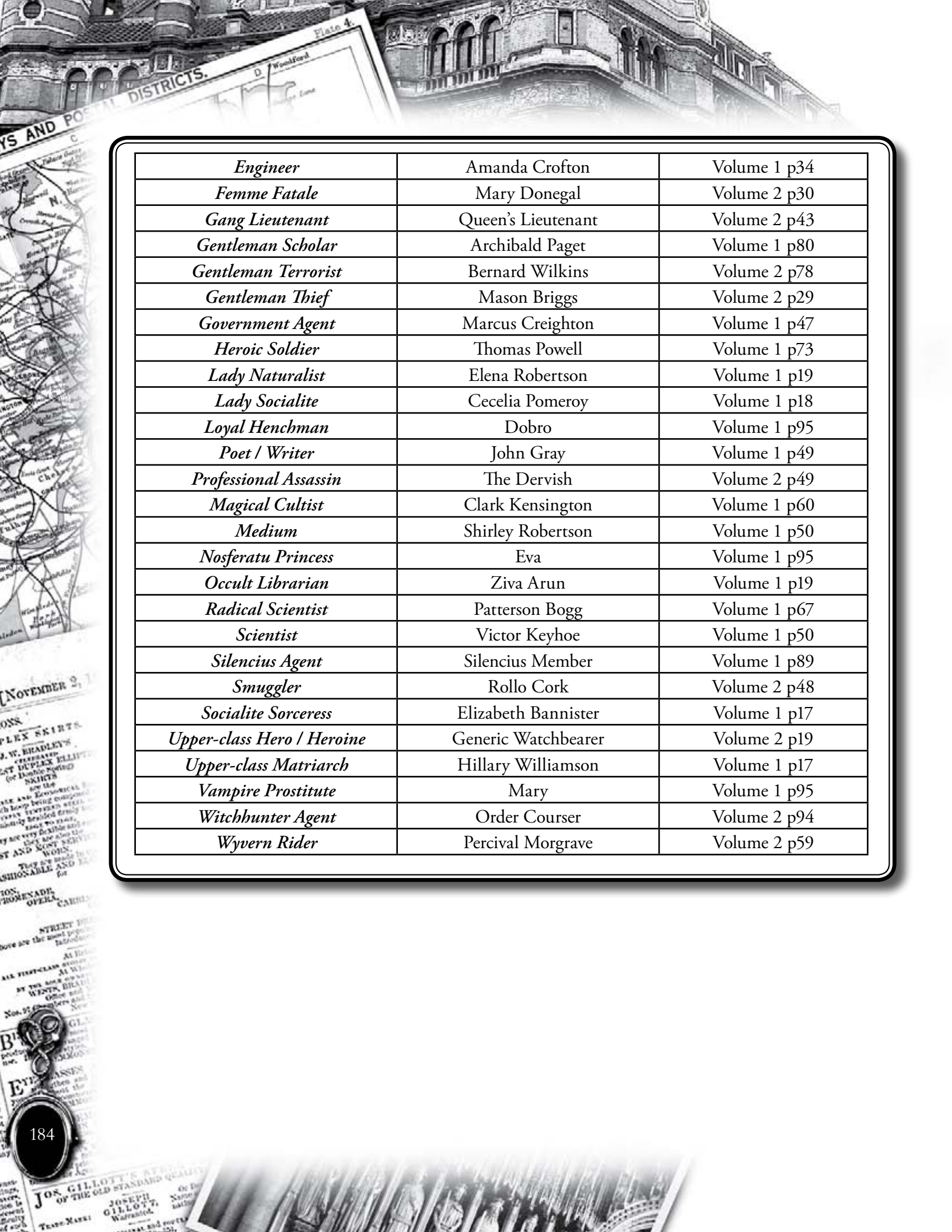


Adventure Hook: A few days ago Annabelle failed to pass on a message. The code she had to transcribe came out in words, but it was utter gobbledegook. She assumed a mistake had been made and waited for the message to be resent, but it never was. However, she now believes the message was some sort of code, and the people for whom it was meant know that it was her who failed to pass it on. She is unsure what to do until she can decipher the message, as she doesn't want to aid terrorists and anarchists. However, she is already certain she is being followed and is very frightened. She is unsure about going to her bosses as they may be part of this, and she'll have to tell them she failed to pass on a message which may be a sacking offence. Can the player characters protect her, help her find out who is after her, help her decipher the message and make sure she keeps her job.

MORE FACES IN THE SMOKE

If you need more generic statistics for the inhabitants of your city, there are many you might use in our *Faces in the Smoke* supplements. Many of the lower grade rank and file of each organisation can also double as 'off the peg' statistics for your NPCs. So we've picked out a few of these useful characters from both volumes and listed them here.

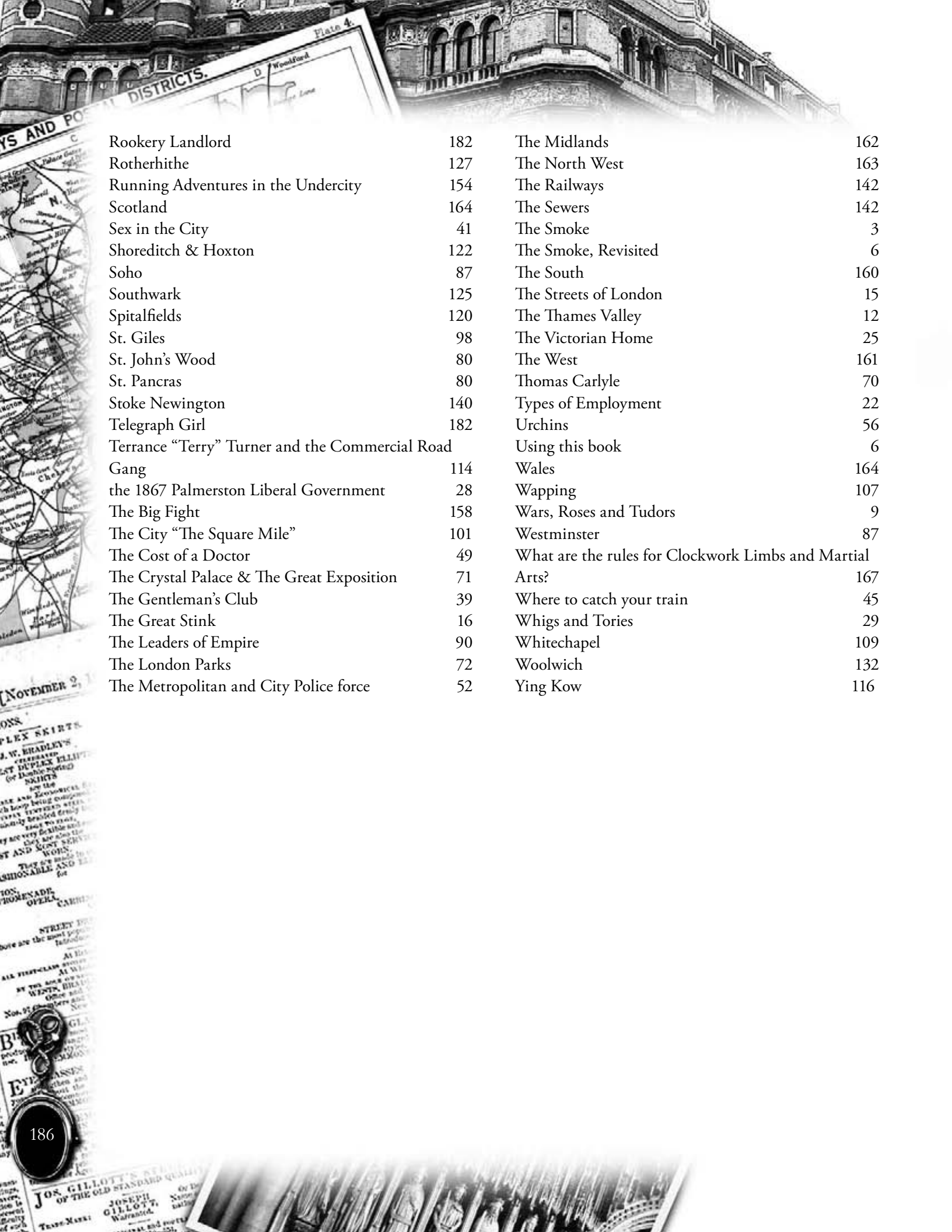
<i>Academic Librarian</i>	Marian Alderbright	Volume 1 p81
<i>Airship Crewman</i>	Deckhands	Volume 2 p26
<i>Airship Pilot</i>	Pilot	Volume 2 p26
<i>Anarchist Engineer</i>	Marcus Beck	Volume 2 p77
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<i>Archaeologist</i>	Evelyn Hewitt	Volume 1 p81
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<i>Beastman Hunter</i>	Everett Schaeffer	Volume 1 p102
<i>Beastman Rabble</i>	Black Dog	Volume 2 p36
<i>Businesswoman</i>	Mary Gillpatrick	Volume 1 p18
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<i>Con-man</i>	Jeremiah Troggart	Volume 2 p100
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<i>Doctor</i>	Montegue Lang	Volume 1 p28
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<i>Engineer</i>	Amanda Crofton	Volume 1 p34
<i>Femme Fatale</i>	Mary Donegal	Volume 2 p30
<i>Gang Lieutenant</i>	Queen's Lieutenant	Volume 2 p43
<i>Gentleman Scholar</i>	Archibald Paget	Volume 1 p80
<i>Gentleman Terrorist</i>	Bernard Wilkins	Volume 2 p78
<i>Gentleman Thief</i>	Mason Briggs	Volume 2 p29
<i>Government Agent</i>	Marcus Creighton	Volume 1 p47
<i>Heroic Soldier</i>	Thomas Powell	Volume 1 p73
<i>Lady Naturalist</i>	Elena Robertson	Volume 1 p19
<i>Lady Socialite</i>	Cecelia Pomeroy	Volume 1 p18
<i>Loyal Henchman</i>	Dobro	Volume 1 p95
<i>Poet / Writer</i>	John Gray	Volume 1 p49
<i>Professional Assassin</i>	The Dervish	Volume 2 p49
<i>Magical Cultist</i>	Clark Kensington	Volume 1 p60
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<i>Nosferatu Princess</i>	Eva	Volume 1 p95
<i>Occult Librarian</i>	Ziva Arun	Volume 1 p19
<i>Radical Scientist</i>	Patterson Bogg	Volume 1 p67
<i>Scientist</i>	Victor Keyhoe	Volume 1 p50
<i>Silencius Agent</i>	Silencius Member	Volume 1 p89
<i>Smuggler</i>	Rollo Cork	Volume 2 p48
<i>Socialite Sorceress</i>	Elizabeth Bannister	Volume 1 p17
<i>Upper-class Hero / Heroine</i>	Generic Watchbearer	Volume 2 p19
<i>Upper-class Matriarch</i>	Hillary Williamson	Volume 1 p17
<i>Vampire Prostitute</i>	Mary	Volume 1 p95
<i>Witchhunter Agent</i>	Order Courser	Volume 2 p94
<i>Wyvern Rider</i>	Percival Morgrave	Volume 2 p59

INDEX

A Brief History of London	7	Gentleman Spy	173
A British Gazetteer	160	Getting Around the City	43
A Group of Villages linked by a Common Pollution	57	Getting to London	12
Airship Captain	167	Government	27
Airship Engineer	168	Greenwich	131
Alexei Boroczi	73	Gunsmith	174
A Map of the Undercity	141	Gutter Mystic	174
Anthony Ashley Cooper, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury	98	Hackney	121
Archibald Campbell Taite, Bishop of London	76	Hammersmith & Fulham	60
Arrogant Bureaucrat	168	Hampstead	133
A Tour of the Palace of Westminster	89	Highbury	139
Barber-Surgeon	169	Highgate	135
Battersea	123	Holborn	96
Bayswater	73	Holloway	136
Belgravia	65	Hotel Maid	172
Bermondsey	127	Isle of Dogs	117
Bethnal Green	121	Islington	138
Bishopsgate	104	Kennington	128
Bloomsbury	82	Kensington	68
Bromley-by-Bow	119	Lairs and Hideaways	151
Brompton and Chelsea	70	Lambeth	124
Camberwell	129	Law and the Courts	30
Camberwell Watchman	129	Limehouse	114
Camden Town & Kentish Town	137	Lord George Mace	78
Capt Charles Chatty	64	Madame	175
Charing Cross & Trafalgar Square	93	Marylebone	77
Charles Darwin	86	Mayfair	83
City of Death	51	Medical Assistance	48
Commissionaire	170	Mile End	119
Communications	44	More Faces in the Smoke	183
Costermonger	170	Notting Hill & Kensal Green	62
Covent Garden	94	Old Sailor	176
Creatures of the Undercity	146	On display in the Great Exhibition	71
Credits	2	Opium Dealer	176
Crime in the City	51	Paddington	76
Cutter	112	People you hope never to meet	100
Daily Life in London	19	Pimlico	66
Dockworker	171	Police Detective	177
Eating and Drinking	42	Police Inspector	178
Elizabeth Garrett Anderson	82	Politician	178
Encounters in the Undercity	156	Poplar & Canning Town	118
English of British?	28	Pub Landlord	180
Entertainment in the Great Metropolis	33	Pugilist	179
Finsbury	106	Rakish Officer	180
Forgotten London	144	Randolph "Red" McLaren	108
Gambling Den Crimelord	172	Reporter	181



Rookery Landlord	182	The Midlands	162
Rotherhithe	127	The North West	163
Running Adventures in the Undercity	154	The Railways	142
Scotland	164	The Sewers	142
Sex in the City	41	The Smoke	3
Shoreditch & Hoxton	122	The Smoke, Revisited	6
Soho	87	The South	160
Southwark	125	The Streets of London	15
Spitalfields	120	The Thames Valley	12
St. Giles	98	The Victorian Home	25
St. John's Wood	80	The West	161
St. Pancras	80	Thomas Carlyle	70
Stoke Newington	140	Types of Employment	22
Telegraph Girl	182	Urchins	56
Terrance "Terry" Turner and the Commercial Road Gang	114	Using this book	6
the 1867 Palmerston Liberal Government	28	Wales	164
The Big Fight	158	Wapping	107
The City "The Square Mile"	101	Wars, Roses and Tudors	9
The Cost of a Doctor	49	Westminster	87
The Crystal Palace & The Great Exposition	71	What are the rules for Clockwork Limbs and Martial Arts?	167
The Gentleman's Club	39	Where to catch your train	45
The Great Stink	16	Whigs and Tories	29
The Leaders of Empire	90	Whitechapel	109
The London Parks	72	Woolwich	132
The Metropolitan and City Police force	52	Ying Kow	116

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