

BACK EAST The North



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Back East: The North

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GREETINGS

Welcome to *Back East: North*. This book takes an in-depth look at life east of Chicago and north of the Mason-Dixon Line. There's a lot going on Back East, and both players and Marshals who want to be in the know will find the information contained in this volume invaluable.

The dark servants of the Reckoners aren't as blatant with their actions in the densely populated cities of the East Coast, but they're there all right, just waiting for some heroes to stumble into their traps. Dark intrigue and sinister plots are the order of the day.

Your heroes must be on their toes while Back East. Unlike out West, most places don't allow people to walk around armed. Your heroes will have to rely on their wits and ingenuity to survive the dangerous streets of the Eastern cities.

BACK EAST: SOUTH

Those of you wishing to take your adventures south into the Confederacy should pick up this book's companion volume: *Back East: South*. This book contains a broad guide to the still very rural South, and an in-depth look at the Confederate cities of Richmond, Charleston, and Atlanta.

USING THIS BOOK

This book is broken up into two sections:

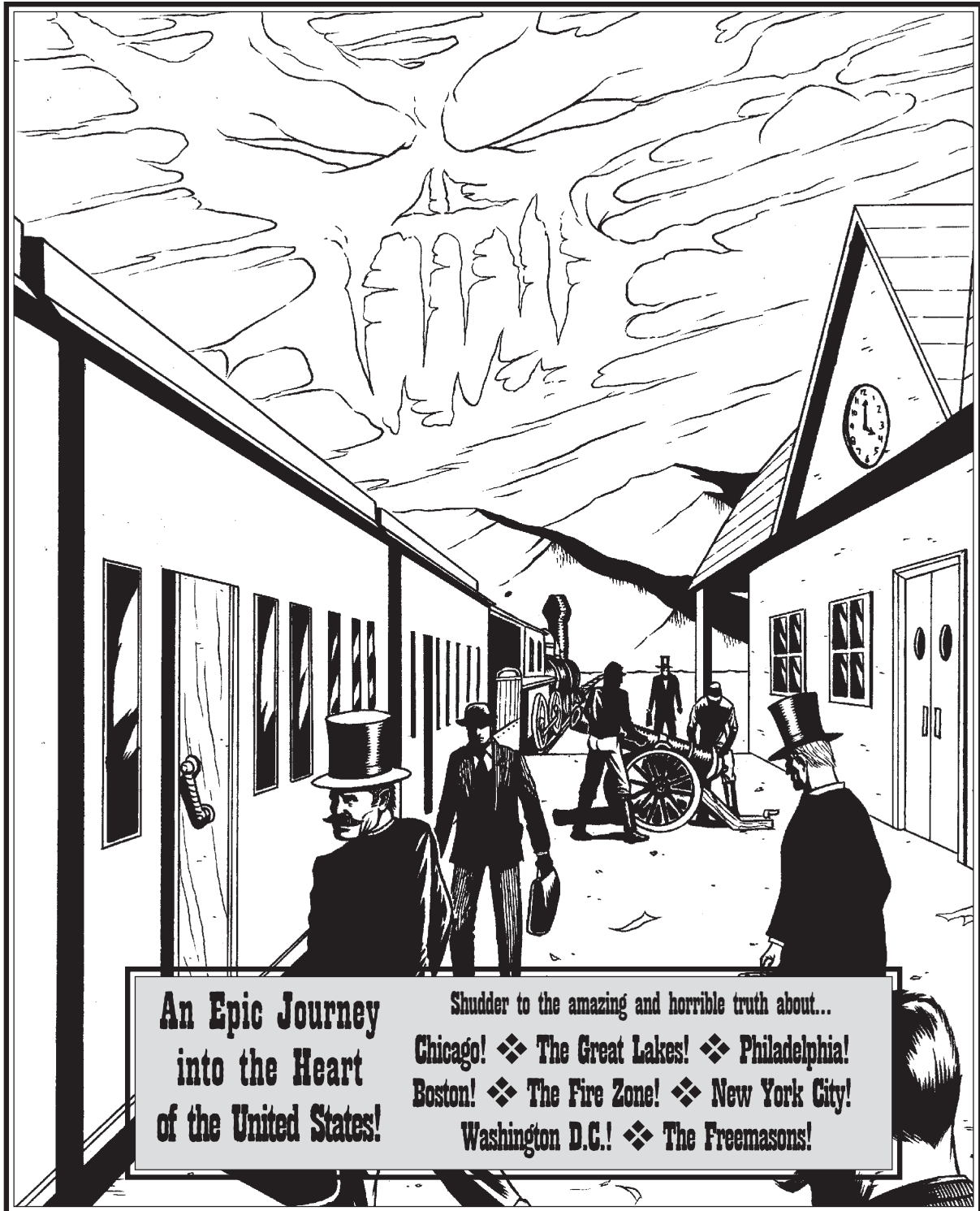
Posse Territory starts off with *The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Union*. Another installment of truth from the hard-working Lacy O'Malley, this guide takes players on a whirlwind tour of the industrialized North. There is all sorts of evil machinations and skullduggery going on Back East; this where the players find some clues as to what's going on beneath the surface of eastern "civilization." The Guide also takes a close look at who's who in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C.

Following the Guide is a chapter of with all sorts of new goodies for your characters: new Aptitudes, maneuvers, and Knacks. You can use these to fine-tune existing heroes, or to make a character who is right at home in the urban sprawl of the East.

Marshal's Territory has the low-down for all of those hard-working gamemasters who are thinking of giving their posses a change of scenery. Here you'll find out the truth behind the Masons, the Phantom of the Fair, the Fire Zone, Tammany Hall, and more. Players who don't want to ruin the surprises in store for them on their trip Back East should stay out of this section.



The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Union



**An Epic Journey
into the Heart
of the United States!**

Shudder to the amazing and horrible truth about...
Chicago! ❖ The Great Lakes! ❖ Philadelphia!
Boston! ❖ The Fire Zone! ❖ New York City!
Washington D.C.! ❖ The Freemasons!

The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Union

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My name is Josiah Jackson, and I'm a beleiver Mr. O'Malley thought it would be a good idea if I described the events which brought me to Tombstone and my job at the paper so that regular readers can rest assured that I am indeed one of those who believe the fantastic stories often found within this publication's pages.

I originally headed west in 1864 as a correspondent for the *New York Times*. Many outrageous stories about incredible beasts and walking corpses had come across my editor's desk, and knowing my desire to travel to the frontier, he decided to send me to ascertain if there was any truth to these wild tales.

That's how I found myself, in the spring of 1865, sneaking through the Badlands in search of a bizarre cult of which I had heard rumors. According to the reports I collected from trappers and prospectors who had spent time in the area, there was a group of people who lived in the Badlands who dyed their skin purple and worshipped some sort of enormous worms. I didn't believe a word of it at the time, I just wanted to discover what had sparked these outlandish stories.

To my surprise (and great chagrin) this cult does in fact exist. I stumbled upon one of their ceremonies just as they were about to sacrifice some innocent victims to their "worm gods" (a variation of the Mojave Rattler with which most travelers in the Southwest are well acquainted). I

of course wanted to prevent this from happening, but as I had little experience then in the harsh realities of dealing with the spawn of the Reckoning I was at a loss as to what to do.

Luckily, the prospector who was serving as my guide was not. Unknown to myself (or I wouldn't have let him sleep so close to the campfire), he had brought some dynamite with him. A few well-placed sticks of this explosive scattered the cultists and drove their "god" away—at least long enough for us to charge in and free the prisoners. It didn't take long for them to regroup, however, and we were forced to flee for our lives.

During our struggle to escape I struck up a friendship with one of the people whom the prospector and I had saved from becoming a sacrifice to the cult's gods: Mr. Lacy O'Malley. *[Editor's Note: I had allowed myself to become captured in order to observe the cult's inner workings. I was just about to liberate myself when Mr. Jackson arrived on the scene.]* Once he learned that I was a reporter, he instantly offered me a job at the *Epitaph*.

Once back in Tombstone, I became enmeshed in the daily production of the *Epitaph* and had little opportunity to engage in any real field work until now. The result is this fine travel guide which you now hold in your hands.

And now onto the meat of this document, *The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Union*. Enjoy!



The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Union

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You Can't Go Home Again

My name is Josiah Jackson. The more faithful readers of the *Tombstone Epitaph* might recognize my name from the occasional article I've published in that finest of papers. More careful readers might even recall seeing my name alongside various other titles associated with the *Epitaph*, from Copy Editor, to Front Page Editor, to Obituary Editor. I've spent most of my time behind the scenes here at the *Epitaph*, but now it's my turn in the limelight.

Unlike most of my fellow journalists here at the *Epitaph*, I am not a Southerner by birth. In fact, I didn't even come to the Confederacy until after the war had begun. I was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, went on to Harvard for my formal education and then worked for a time in papers in New York and Baltimore. I had always dreamed of heading out West to seek adventure, and I wasn't about to let some damned fool war stand between me and my dream. So West I went and I've hardly looked back since that day.

As a man gets on in years he comes to realize the importance of things like family and roots. The past twelve years have been exciting, terrifying, and most of all interesting. If I had it to do all over again I'd do the exact same thing. However, time has made me wonder what has become of the places and people of my youth.

They say you can never go home again, that the place you once called home inevitably changes into something you can hardly recognize. I decided to find out if that old saw holds true, and the folks at the *Tombstone Epitaph* were kind enough to pay me to write about my journey. Out here in the Weird West we get news from the other side of the Mississippi, but only after it has been filtered through the dry, government-controlled papers and news services. I suggested, and the publishers agreed, that it was time for the *Epitaph* to get the real story on just what's going on Back East.

Thus it came that yours truly embarked on a voyage home—one that turned out to be a voyage of discovery. What I found will no doubt shock and amaze you, dear readers. We all know that dangerous, evil things lurk out here in the Weird West, and that malevolent forces are at work in our daily lives.

As it turns out, things Back East in the Union are just as bad. Actually I think they're worse, because in the East, no one believes that anything is wrong at all! As you shall see, they are sorely mistaken on this point.

Heading East

One thing that I had forgotten about the East is that while it looks small on a map, they sure do stuff a lot of people and places into that small space. It would be impossible for me to visit all of it, much less find out the nasty little secrets of every city east of the Mississippi. My trip took me through just four cities in the Union with occasional side trips to nearby locales: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington D.C.

I've written this book as a kind of travelogue, detailing the places I visited, the interesting people I met and, most importantly, the dark truths I uncovered. It can also serve as a fine travel guide for those of you who want to head back and see the sights for yourself, especially if you want to visit any of the four cities I spent most of my time in.

Although I spent several months on my journey through the East, I fear I have only scratched the surface of what my old home has become. There are a great many loose ends to be tied up, and if any of you have a curious streak in you and want to investigate further, please do! Just take good notes and tell us all about it when you get back, and we may publish your work!



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Crossing Enemy Lines



84 The most obvious problem with visiting the old Union is how to get there if, like me, you happen to be a loyal citizen of the Confederacy. While it isn't easy, it's not really quite as hard as you might think, at least not if you start your voyage out here in the West.

Both sides guard their borders pretty carefully, but there are certainly huge gaps where anyone and a herd of cattle can cross from one nation to the other without anyone noticing or caring. Now, if you were to try the same thing along the Virginia border, you might have some serious difficulties. Once you've made it into the Disputed Territories or the Union proper, the next logical step is to make your way to a railroad and catch a train east.

All of the major rail lines heading East go through Chicago before they break off and head to the various major cities along the Atlantic

seaboard. Of course the Great Rail Wars make rail travel less than perfectly safe.

Be prepared to raise arms in defense of your passenger car against all comers. I myself was fortunate enough to have an uneventful trip, but some of my fellow passengers told me harrowing tales of raiders and bandits, especially through Colorado and Kansas.

Chicago really is the gateway city, once you're there you can rest easy, at least when it comes to worrying about bandits and rail gangs. This rail hub is an armed camp, with cannons guarding every approach, cavalry patrols guarding the roads, and even one of the Union's fancy new flying carriages hovering over the city keeping a watch on everything. Yes sir, you've never felt safer than when you're in Chicago—unless of course you happen to be from the Confederacy.

There are no passenger cars that go from west of Chicago to the east. You invariably have to switch trains and go through the main ticketing area. That means you have to talk to a government official of some sort, either Customs or someone associated with the railroad you're traveling on (usually Union Blue, but occasionally Wasatch or Iron Dragon). These fellows are required by law to ask you where you're from, what your business is, and check your name against a long list of wanted criminals and known spies.

As long as you're not particularly notorious and don't have a suitcase full of explosives and weapons, you can normally make it through this checkpoint without problems. A few dollars helps the transition go smoothly, but make sure you use Federal currency! After that it's a smooth ride anywhere you want to go.

Sailing the Ocean Blue

For those who do not want to put up with the long train ride or just prefer the open seas, you can also travel east by ship. Now, this prospect has its own dangers and, worse yet, when something goes wrong there's nowhere to run unless you're a really good swimmer. Not surprisingly, there aren't any direct passenger ships taking folks from the Confederacy into Union ports. In fact, the Union navy tends to try and sink any ship that happens to be



The author uncovered a disturbing Masonic plot. See page 71.

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flying the Naval Jack (and quite a few others they suspect have "rebel sympathies").

If you must go by ship, you either need to find some smugglers willing to give you a lift or get yourself onto a ship flying the Union flag. The former can be dangerous, expensive, and unreliable. The latter doesn't have any of those problems, but you might get arrested.

New Orleans presents your best bet when it comes to catching a ship headed east. There are plenty of folks willing to risk the Union Navy if the price is right, and even some U.S. flag ships with captains willing to transport a few passengers who just happen to be from the Confederacy.

Once you arrive in the North, how you proceed depends on how you arrive. Coming into port on a legitimate ship means meeting with the customs officials and explaining who you are and where you're coming from.

As long as you've got a plausible story, some Federal currency, and don't mouth off, you shouldn't have any troubles here. No troubles at all unless you try some fool trick like smuggling in heavy weapons or strange ghost rock devices. That takes lots more explaining and money.

Of course, smugglers tend not to use ports, and like to avoid customs if at all possible. Most smugglers drop you off in some secluded cove or along some deserted beach. Then it's up to you to hoof it back to civilization. It may not be convenient, but at least you avoid those awkward questions and expensive bribes.

Under a Sky of Blue

Although I may not have visited every city or even state in the eastern United States, I did see enough to form some accurate judgments about what life there is like. Based on what I have seen, I have tried to convey what the average traveler from the West might expect to encounter on a visit.

In the interest of making this little book more useful as a guide to those who would follow in my footsteps, I have gathered these general observations here in the front of the book so I don't have to repeat myself as I describe specific locales. This should make it easier for the would-be traveler to access tourist information when necessary.

The War

Here in the Weird West we know there's a war going on, and we see parts of that war often enough. Back East the war seems to dominate every minute of every day in one way or another. The United States is a nation under siege, not only from our Confederate forces in the South but, more recently, the British Empire. All of Federal society revolves around fighting these various enemies in one way or another.

Every city's economy now revolves around the war in one way or another. Whether they grow food, make uniforms, or manufacture guns, the workers in the U.S. sell most of their product directly to the Army. The sad thing is, most of them are paying taxes that help pay for all these government purchases, so in a way they're selling to themselves.

Every family has at least one young man, usually more, who has died or been wounded in service. For some these familial sacrifices are a badge of honor, for others a source of sorrow and antipathy towards the government. Very few young men join voluntarily anymore, so the army has to get most of its raw recruits through the draft. Draft riots in New York and other cities have caused as much damage and death as some minor battles.

As you walk down the street and talk to folks, you find that most of them stay up to date on the war through the papers. Although anyone you asks wishes it would end, few of them want to see the Confederacy live on as a separate country. These days though, most would not mind a bit if Sherman and the army burned every square inch of the South and everyone in it too, just so long as the war ended and the Union won.

Governor Samuel Tilden's peace movement has a small but solid base of support, but popular opinion flows with the tides of war. The more victories the Union scores, the less popular Tilden becomes. The reverse holds true when Union forces suffer defeat. The sole exception to this is the public reaction to the recent Sixth Battle of Manassas, where Confederate forces employed their secret poison gas weapon to great and terrible effect.

Although the gas drove the Union from the field, it also enraged the U.S. population.



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Grieving parents of a war casualty.

This heinous tactic, coupled with the British invasion and capture of Detroit, has nearly driven the peace effort into the ground in most states. The government quickly capitalized on public outrage, launching a propaganda campaign across the country decrying the Rebels and their tactics.

Posters on every street corner depict the Confederate soldiers as devils and monsters, an image not at all helped by the picture of the inhuman gas masks worn by the Army of Northern Virginia at Sixth Manassas. The public wants revenge, and for now at least, peace seems very little more than a dream.

The Press

Every day the papers carry news of the war, even if there isn't really any news to report that day. Interviews with brave soldiers, public details about the latest weapons, and photographs of the heroic generals all feed the public appetite for knowledge and hope.

Once upon a time I worked for some of these papers. Back then we published what we saw fit, and we weren't afraid to be critical of the government or the military when they did something wrong. Today you seldom (if ever) see the papers strongly criticize the government—especially President Grant, or his two friends Sheridan and Sherman (he has always hated the press).

One would imagine that at least some of the major papers would be behind the peace movement or at least critical of the way Grant has managed the war. In fact, looking through some back issues of the *Washington Evening Star* I noticed that, up until a few years ago some papers were.

Ever since the British supported the Confederate raid on Saint Albans and captured Detroit, the papers have fallen in line behind the White House 100%. Some of this might be patriotism, but I have some evidence that the Grant administration is doing its best to eat away at that First Amendment the Federals are so proud of. At least a few of the major papers have government “attachés” as part of their editorial board. For “attaché” read “censor.”

The Law

Out here on the frontier we have law of a certain sort, but it tends to be relatively fast and loose. Back East the arm of the law is much longer and much stronger. Every large city in the Union has a well trained, established police force that can include hundreds, sometimes thousands of officers. What's more, these uniformed law enforcers usually have plenty more laws to enforce than your frontier town.

Cities Back East do not care for lawlessness, public drunkenness, and gunfights in their streets. Many cities have laws against gambling and prostitution, and strict controls on when and where you can drink. Unlike out here where such laws often get ignored, Back East they tend to hold to them pretty closely. That's not to say such vices don't go on; they do, just not out in the open. Only in the most lawless slums do you find the kind of atmosphere so common in places like Dodge City and Tombstone.

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Carrying Firearms

As for brawling and gun fighting, well, let us say that carrying a six-gun in a holster at your hip is not the latest fashion in New York or Boston. The police frown on openly carrying weapons of any sort.

Most cities have laws of some sort that limit when and where you can carry a gun. Although it's still perfectly legal to own weapons in the United States, Back East they often require you to obtain permits and sometimes even register your weapons with the local authorities.

The Origins of Law

Most of these laws have come into existence since the war began. Ever since President Lincoln tried to revoke the writ of habeas corpus, the government has been trying to curtail civil liberties.

While the government itself has not passed many restrictive laws, they have left the door wide open for the states to crack down. Most of the western states have declined to take advantage of these openings, but the states Back East have gone forward full steam with these opportunities.

Although different states have varying versions of these harsh laws, all of them amount to the same thing once you clear away the legal mumbo jumbo. In New York Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Maryland it is illegal to openly brandish or display a firearm of any sort within borders of any city, town, or village.

Of course you can carry your pistol hidden under your coat or tucked away deep inside of your boot, but as soon as anyone sees it you're in violation of the law. In many cities, the "anyone seeing it" includes the police officer who searches you on the street. He can arrest you if he finds any sort of gun, no matter where it's hidden.

Many of these same states also have strict laws aimed at those who cause an kind of public disturbance. Most of these laws came into being in direct response to the various draft and food riots that have accompanied the war effort.

The police have extended these public nuisance laws to any group of suspicious or rowdy individuals. This means that your average bar brawl ends up not with a few broken noses and a night in the drunk tank, but rather with the police arresting everyone, and most of the brawlers serving four or five years in jail.

These police state tactics (the kind of thing we would never tolerate out here in the West) seem to have made the urban eastern U.S. a less violent, safer place. Well as any reader of the *Epitaph* knows, looks can be, and often are, very deceiving.

The streets of New York and Boston may not have gunslingers and cowboys walking around with arsenals on their hips, but they are just as dangerous. In fact they're probably more dangerous because Back East you can't see the danger coming.

Death comes not in a bar fight or a duel at high noon, but from a knife in the back or poison in your drink. The method may be more subtle or less obvious, but the end result is just as lethal.

The criminal element remains strong in the east, despite the police's best efforts. The only difference is that Back East the criminals and ruffians have learned to be sneaky about it.

When something bad does happen to you, don't expect the police to come running to your aid if you have a Southern accent. The law enforcement may care about what happens to the local folks (or they may not) but they definitely don't care what happens to a "swamp running Rebel."

Many police officers are veterans of the war. They may have a limp, but they're still fast and strong enough to beat down a disrespectful Southerner, or simply allow a group of thieves to rob you blind while they turn away; obviously witnessing nothing illegal.

The U.S. Marshals still have their place Back East, but for the most part they concentrate on fighting interstate crime. They track criminals who flee local jurisdiction and coordinate efforts against gangs and other big scale criminal activity. The Federal Marshals don't have the clout or the reputation in the East that they have out here. Of course everyone respects their authority, but no one gives them much thought either. Their real fear and awe is reserved for the Agency.

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The Agency

In the Weird West, the Agency concentrates its efforts on hunting down the strange and fearsome. After one of these mysteries is discovered or "taken care of," the Agency then makes sure no one knows about it. In the East they do the same thing plus—a whole lot more—and they do it well.

Originally known as the Pinkertons, the Agency spied for the Union Army from the beginning. They provided information about what the Confederacy was up to, and they tried their best to stop the South from learning what the Federals were up to. Seventeen years later, they are a whole lot bigger, and a fair sight more proficient at all of these tasks (as if they needed to be any better).

Every city and most large towns have an Agency Field Office; usually somewhere quiet and away from the hustle and bustle. The Agency watches the local population for signs of sedition, espionage, and of course, weirdness. If they get a whiff of any of the above, they swoop down like hawks, scoop everybody involved up, and whisk them away to their secluded, windowless, solid stone buildings. More often than not those whisked away never show up again.

As you can imagine, this habit of making troublesome folks disappear has earned the Agency quite a reputation. To its credit they seem to be somewhat discriminating about who they snatch.

They don't waste their time with thugs and petty criminals, or even with breaking up riots. As they say, their brief is to protect the U.S. from foreign threats (which somehow includes the weird and supernatural). Still, you don't want to cross these boys in black if you can help it. Their legal authority is straight from Washington, and the local authorities have no say over what they can and cannot do.

The prevalence of these vigilant and ruthless watchmen may well be the primary reason that so little overt weirdness has manifested itself Back East. Of course that just makes the weirdness more covert, not any less dangerous. Just because the Agency can keep it under wraps doesn't mean it's not there, as you shall soon find out if you read on.

Getting Around

After you've lived in the wide open spaces of the West, moving from city to city in the eastern United States seems almost as easy as walking to a neighbor's house. Not only are the cities closer together, but every town seems to have its own railway line. That's an exaggeration, but not much of one. Trains run nearly round the clock all up and down the Atlantic seaboard, and fares tend to be very reasonable. Although supplies and war materials take up most of the cars, there is usually a passenger train or two headed wherever you want to go on any day.

Before the war began, the North already had a better railway system than the South. Since the war started it has only gotten better. The military immediately saw the importance of trains to the war effort, and the coming of the Great Rail Wars only made this fact more obvious. Union Blue may be a little behind in the race west, but back home they and scores of smaller lines have quite a network.

The most amazing thing to me about the East is that I could be in Boston on any given morning and be in Washington D.C. that very same evening. Trains leave every few minutes to somewhere interesting and it is even theoretically possible to live in one city and work in another, all thanks to the trains. Few people own horses in the east, but they all know their local train schedules by heart. If you head out that way, I advise you learn to use them as well.

Security on the rails is tight—but not too tight. No one is going to search your bags (unless you give them cause) or ask too many questions about where you're headed or what your business is. With hourly trains from New York to Boston and Philadelphia, there's just too much coming and going for the government to keep careful track.

For those who prefer to travel under their own power, there are roads linking everything together as well. You can take your horse and probably even find a cheap place to stable it once you get into a city. Just be warned, a lone figure or posse riding through the countryside in sombreros and chaps is bound to draw a lot of attention.

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The Atmosphere Back East

I myself avoided the high seas and hopped a train in from Chicago, deciding to go all the way and ride Union Blue. I tell you truly, traveling east is like going to an entirely different country, maybe an entirely different world. The further along I went, the denser everything seemed to get. It didn't take me long to start missing the wide open spaces of my adopted home in Arizona territory.

As I rolled into the Great Lakes region, all I saw was mile after mile of wheat, corn, and more wheat, broken up by long stretches of corn. This wasn't so bad, kind of boring, but nothing too terrible. It was very flat, but also obviously very fertile. I had, of course, come this way 16 years before, but I had forgotten just how much farmland there is in the Midwest. I thought to myself, "who on earth eats all this food?" It wouldn't be long before I found out.

I passed through a number of cities on my way east, but I never got off the train or saw much of them. You could tell when a city was nearby because the otherwise bright blue sky would take on a brownish tinge. Every city has its factories and industrial center, and I'm sure the locals are used to the foul air by now. After the lean desert air of the southwest, you can't help but notice the dirtiness of the atmosphere in these Northern cities.

My fellow passengers were no more cheery than the landscape they rode through. All sat silent, eyes downcast as if they were going to a funeral. I tried, unsuccessfully, to strike up conversations with any and all who cared to listen. None did, and soon enough I learned to keep my mouth shut, and turn my eyes to the floor.

As I look back on my trip east I can say that for all its wonders and "civilization," the East must be the most depressing place on Earth. Maybe it was just the weather, but I think there is something more to it than that. Many of the people I met seemed to have had the spark of life extinguished in them. They were like the living dead, going through the motions of life but not really experiencing it.

In most of the cities, the lifeless workers crowd the streets of every city, shuffling along from home to work, to the market and back

home again. Perhaps life is different when the sun shines down upon them in the glory of Summer. I don't know because Summer was gone by the time I arrived there.

I mention all this now because, as I continue with the rest of this book, I won't mention the teeming masses as often as I should. Know then that these sad souls fill the scene of every locale I describe, and stand awkwardly by in the background of every conversation I had.

The mere thought of them depresses me because, more than anything, they remind me of the fact that in the cities of the East, you never really are quite alone. There's always someone watching you with those cold and distant, dead eyes. Not judging, commenting, or prying, just watching.

Remember that I grew up here not two decades ago and my memories are nothing like what I saw there today. The world has changed a great deal in the last 16 years, so much so that I hardly think I recognize it anymore. As they say, you can't go home again.



U.S. gunboats enforcing the blockade.



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The Great Lakes

I've never spent much time in the mid-west, the states bordering on the Great Lakes. I decided that it would be worth my time to take a quick jaunt through the region. After all, this is the breadbasket of the Union. While much of the industrial might may be further east, those workers wouldn't be anywhere without the food grown in places like Iowa, Indiana, and Ohio.

There aren't a lot of big cities in the Great Lakes regions, and the small farm communities seem rather dull to the outsider. Still, I found a few interesting tidbits worthy of including in this account. In general the folks of the mid-west are a quiet, conservative lot. They mostly live a life tied to the land and to the ever-changing seasons.

Most of these country folk do not like outsiders or "city folk," and most of them have no love for the Confederacy either. They are strong-willed, territorial people who quickly put aside whatever personal differences they have to present a united front against the outsider. Odds are they aren't looking for trouble, but they'll quickly deal with anyone who brings it on their own.

Chicago

Chicago is the exception that proves the rule. It's a bustling, cosmopolitan place, at least when compared to the rest of the region. Chicago's main source of livelihood is the fact that it is a major railhead. When the Mississippi was clear for commerce all the way to the Gulf of Mexico, and Canadian and British ships weren't raiding on Lake Michigan, Chicago had an even brighter future. Today, despite its prime lake-front location and extensive ports, the city relies almost entirely on the railroads to make its fortune.

The city itself is all low brick and wood buildings, none of the massive structures you might find in a New York or Boston. Because it is such an important transportation hub, the Union Army has a strong presence in the city, as does the Navy. A number of forts surround the city, but they are there mainly to protect the rail yards and warehouses.

I found Chicago to be an interesting cross between the frontier towns of the West and the urban environments Back East. The people here still possess that feeling of optimism, or at least adventure that we're so familiar with in Tombstone and like places. At the same time they have the Eastern habits of focusing on business, working under a clock, and making sure the trains run on time. Unfortunately, as it grows, the city seems to be sinking down into the urban malaise so common in Eastern cities.

Union Blue HQ

Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain's railroad, Union Blue, maintains a massive headquarters building in Chicago. It is easily the most impressive building in the city, although not very pretty to look at from my point of view. The five story, three-block-long granite building houses offices, stores of weapons and supplies, and even a large facility for repairing and designing trains.

The building is off limits to anyone not employed by Union Blue. Last summer a group of Wasatch thugs attacked the building using some sort of underground tunneling device. Fortunately for Union Blue, the attackers miscalculated and came up just outside of the building instead of in its repair facility as they had intended. A combination of Union Blue and Union Army soldiers repelled the attack and even managed to capture Wasatch's digging machine.



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Chamberlain is always looking to hire loyal Union men and women to help him with his railroad project. The headquarters building has a staff devoted to hiring new employees in all fields, from engineers, to guards, to other, more specialized tasks. Rumor is that the railroad has contacts in the Agency who run background checks on anyone applying for especially sensitive jobs.

The Dragon's Lair

Less than half a mile from the Union Blue facility, Iron Dragon rails maintains its own train yard and depot. The locals call this place the Dragon's Lair. There are not a lot of Chinese folks living in Chicago, but those that do live in the region immediately surrounding the Iron Dragon rail depot, forming a Chinatown. Westerners venturing there suddenly feel like they've stepped into another country.

The Lair itself has a small army of guards protecting it from outsiders. Of course the main cargo depots and train stations are open to the public, but the repair facilities, warehouses, and offices are strictly off limits. When it comes to guards the Lair has an edge up on everyone but Union Blue. Since it's illegal to carry firearms in

Chicago city limits, the Chinese guards are all martial arts experts. Even though they're armed only with swords and other hand weapons, that's all they need to handle most intruders.

The Dragon and Union Blue have an uneasy truce in Chicago. Since Union Blue has the backing of the U.S. Army, Kang knows he has to tread lightly in the area. All the same, they get in their hits when they can do so without getting caught. I've heard tell that Heng Tsai, the big boss in Chicago, pays good money for any information on Union Blue plans. Evidently, he likes to hire westerners to do his dirty work in Chicago since the army has a harder time tracing it back to him that way.

McCullen's Outfitters

They say that the three most important things in real estate are location, location, and location. Well, Hank McCullen must have had that in mind when he founded his eponymous McCullen's Outfitters. It started 20 years ago as a general store located near a train station, catering to the needs of travelers. Since then it has grown into a massive complex containing a huge store selling anything you could ask for (except firearms), a 200-room hotel, a restaurant,



Who are the mysterious press gangs? And why are their victims never heard from again?

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two bars, and a "gentlemen's club" where gambling and other vices are catered to.

Located in the center of the rail district, McCullen's is the perfect stop-over place for travelers heading east or west. You'll find all manner of interesting folk to talk to there, from ghost-rock prospectors to New York aristocrats, and everything in between. Rooms range from \$1.50 to \$3 a night, Union currency only. In the general store you can get your hands on almost any item you can dream of, especially since McCullen's is a licensed Smith and Robard's outlet.

Church of the Traveler

Not too far from McCullen's is the rather strange Church of the Traveler. The church itself consists of seven old passenger cars strung together in a line and sitting on an abandoned stretch of track. The church's pastor, Lucky Greene, bought the cars and the tracks about five years ago when he started his church.

Lucky Greene is a non-denominational Christian pastor who holds services in his train/church every day except Saturdays. Each day, services are held in a different car. His sermons and prayers center around those who work on the railroads or are just traveling them. He always ends his service with a blessing of protection.

Many of the local railroad employees, especially those from Union Blue, have become devotees of Pastor Greene's. They swear by his blessings and say that everyone who Greene blesses before they head off on a job comes back alive. I went to one service just before I left town, and found the Pastor's combination of train, gambling, and sports metaphors confusing but entertaining. On the plus side, I survived my ensuing journey without incident.

The Lake Smugglers

Lake Michigan dominates the east side of Chicago. Locals still spend warm days by the lake relaxing, but the lake is no longer the center of commerce it once was. British ships have blockaded access to the Atlantic through the Great Lakes, although the Union Navy

pretty much controls the region around Chicago itself. Some companies still use the Lakes for local commerce, particularly with other Northern states, so the docks are not entirely dead.

They're certainly not dead when it comes to smugglers. Every month significant quantities of food, supplies, and even ghost rock go missing from Chicago's warehouses. Smugglers steal from the Union warehouses and then sell the stuff to either the Brits or the Confederacy. The Army and Union Blue check train cargoes closely, so most of the smuggling of these stolen goods takes place by boat.

The Navy has tried to crack down on this ring of thieves but so far they have met with little success. They estimate that for every ship carrying contraband that they capture, five or six others escape them.

Press Gangs

Straight out of a pirate story, there are now gangs of men in Chicago who make their living by kidnapping defenseless young men and forcing them to work the railroads, at least that's the story I heard. The papers had several reports of men disappearing and I personally talked to one man who just barely escaped such a gang.

The problem is, no one can figure out which railroad these thugs work for. Union Blue, Iron Dragon—all the major railroads—deny any association with the press gangs. Frankly, the rail barons don't need slave labor anyway.

They attack at night, in groups of five or more, and no one ever remembers what their faces look like. Those whom they take are never heard from again. The only reason we know they're forcing their victims to work the rails is that they openly state as much.

The army and local police have both looked into the matter. No one can imagine that Union Blue would stoop to such tactics. For now, the locals have taken to blaming the British for the kidnappings, more out of anger at the attack on Detroit than because of any real proof or hard evidence. Half fearing falling prey to such a gang, I decided to board a train and see some other sites.



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An artist's rendition of a Timber Terror attacking a lumberjack.

Wisconsin

Just north of Chicago is Wisconsin, a beautiful state along the shores of Lake Michigan. Although there is some industry in cities like Milwaukee, most of the folks in these parts make their living from agriculture of one type or another. They grow a lot of wheat here, along with dairy products of all kinds. The state has seen little violence in the past few decades—from Indians, British, or Confederates—although they have provided thousands and thousands of soldiers for the agonizingly long war effort.

The U.S. Navy has begun to increase its presence in the state, especially in Milwaukee. The city is also connected by rail to Chicago, a well traveled stretch of track that funnels a constant stream of goods down into the city. Milwaukee has suffered from the British blockade, but it has managed to divert most of its shipping business to the railroads.

Timber Terrors

Timber is an important export, and the military in particular has a number of uses for the lumber of Wisconsin's many forests. Work has begun on a new naval yard in Milwaukee to provide coastal patrol vessels for the lake. The demand for quality lumber is greater than ever and has led lumber companies to expand their operations into previously untouched forests.

Recently lumberjacks all over the state have noticed an astounding increase in accidents and fatalities. Saws break, limbs are cut off, and heavy tree limbs seemingly fall of their own accord—often right on some poor worker's head. Some have even reported seeing strange figures in the woods late at night. On one case an entire team of lumberjacks was murdered in their sleep.

Whether these attackers are Indians or something worse remains to be seen. Several lumber companies have posted rewards for information leading to the death or capture of whoever is responsible for the continuing attacks.



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Minnesota

I had not originally planned to include Minnesota on my itinerary but I heard a rather interesting story about Vikings on Lake Superior and thought I had to check it out. Minnesota joined the Union a scant three years before the war began, but it has always been a loyal supporter of the Union cause. In fact, it was the first state to send troops to the Union Army. Unfortunately this caused problems back home since as soon as the 22,000 soldiers headed south, the neighboring Sioux took it upon themselves to attack.

Ever since, Minnesota has had on-again off-again problems with the Sioux Nations, although nothing too major since the 1860's. Like Wisconsin, Minnesota is a valuable source of resources for the Union war effort. The state provides lumber, iron ore, and grain to fuel the war effort and feed the hungry people of the North.



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The Vikings of Duluth



86 the Wisconsin border.

Once Duluth was an important transportation hub, but it has begun to die off since the British closed access through the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. This loss of income, coupled with the presence of British naval vessels and the attack on Detroit, has obviously caused the citizenry of Duluth to develop a rather negative attitude towards Queen Victoria and all her subjects.

Some of the residents have found a rather violent way to vent these negative feelings, specifically by sinking and looting British ships on lake Superior.

Many of the recent immigrants to Minnesota come from Scandinavian countries. Encouraged by the Homestead act, they came to America seeking a better life for themselves and their families. Blaming the British for their troubles, they have fallen back on their heritage for inspiration.

These latter day Vikings have traded in their longships for steam boats, but they still act the part and even use some of the methods originally associated with Vikings. They also dress the part, sometimes even wearing horned helmets and naming their ships things like "Thor's Hammer."

The Viking ships, armed with weapons that somehow "went missing" from the local Union Army forts, gladly set upon any ship that doesn't have an American flag. Small, fast, and extremely deadly, these Viking ships are masters of the ambush and have sunk scores of vessels over the past year. The British have aptly nicknamed them the "Scourge of the North."

The British have threatened to attack Duluth, but the strong U.S. Naval presence there has thus far dissuaded them. The local army know of the Vikings and even encourages them. The British have put a \$1,000 bounty on the head of Lief Johnson, the Viking leader. So far they've found no takers.



One of the fearless Vikings of Duluth.

Indiana

Traveling across Indiana, I was struck by just how flat and featureless the Union heartland really is. In the heart of it all is Indianapolis, a sprawling city that serves as both a center for the numerous surrounding farm communities, and an industrial center in its own right. In fact, the smoke-filled skies and masses of bedraggled factory workers stand in stark contrast to the relatively idyllic life of the many farmers throughout the rest of the state.

Indiana takes pride in its support of the Union cause. Young farm boys have gone to war for nearly two decades, and the stalwart yeomen of the heartland seem willing to carry on as long as necessary. It does mean that old work patterns have changed though. Women in Indiana (and elsewhere) work as much as men, whether it be tilling fields or toiling in the factories. Likewise children start working much earlier than they probably ought to, and old folks often work until the day they die.

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The Four Seasons



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One bit of respite from all this hard work, at least in the countryside, comes from the quarterly Season Festivals. This is a relatively new tradition, dating back to 1865. The first of these festivals was

sponsored by Indiana's largest seller of seed, Smith & Smith Seeds. The festivals caught on and have become big social events for farm communities across the state.

The Festivals are full of everything you might expect from such events: dances, pageants, music, plenty of food, rallies to support the war, and the occasional political speech. The Festivals always take place on the first day of each season. No matter what day of the week that falls on, everyone seems more than willing to take a day or two off to celebrate life. In Indianapolis, even some factories shut down.

I attended one of these festivals in a small community not too far from Indianapolis. What I found most strange about it was a certain pagan aspect to the festivities that only I seemed to notice. The festivals often centered around the slaughtering of either a pig or cow which the participants subsequently cooked and ate. Not so unusual, except that the killing always takes place in a corn or wheat field—and the participants try to drain as much of the animal's blood into the field as possible before butchering the beast.

Then there are the songs. Apparently Smith & Smith Seed originally provided little songbooks for the festivals, full of lighthearted little ditties supposedly written by some New York musician. The songs are certainly pleasant enough, but they contain a lot of seemingly nonsensical words.

I happened to take one of the songbooks with me when I left. In Boston I showed the songbook to a friend of mine at Harvard. To my surprise, he said they were obviously from some Indo-European language but he could not identify it for sure. He was sure however that they had meaning. Why would Smith & Smith include a lost language in their songs? Who is Smith & Smith anyway? Their head office is in Indianapolis but they refused to see me. This was a mystery I had to leave unsolved for the time being as I headed off into Ohio.

Ohio

One of the most populous states in the Union, Ohio is truly emblematic of the Union lifestyle. Within this one state you can find nearly all aspects of the Northern economy and culture.

Outside of the cities, agriculture reigns supreme. The rich soil of the state's farmland provides for acres upon acres of wheat, corn, and other products to feed the hungry soldiers and city dwellers.

The cities themselves are centers for industry and thousands have moved to them seeking jobs, including many European immigrants. In the southeast there are the coal mines, so important for both the nation's factories and for fueling trains and steamships. These cities of industry are not pretty places. The people who live their work hard for little pay. But it is their industrial outpouring that keeps the Union fighting.

Old Soldiers

No state in the Union has provided more soldiers to the United States Army than Ohio. For whatever reason, the Ohioans seem to breed strong, young men willing to die for their country. Now, after so many years of war, Ohio has the largest number of veterans in the U.S.

Four years ago these war veterans decided to band together and organize a kind of mutual friends society called the Ohio Sons of the Union. The Sons of the Union are dedicated men who gladly fought for their country and would keep on fighting were they able. Almost all of them suffered some kind of permanent wound during the war.

Unlike some soldiers who come to blame their own government for their misery, the Sons of the Union reserve all their hate (of which there is plenty) for the Confederacy. The group organizes efforts to support the war, helps care for widows and orphans, and has become quite a powerful political force in the state. No statewide election has been won without the support of the Sons—and they always elect candidates in favor of the war.



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Rumors of corruption within the ranks of the organization have recently surfaced. At least one newspaper man investigating the group turned up dead, lynched by unknown assailants who pinned a note bearing the word "traitor" to his chest. Suspicion fell upon the Sons, but there was no proof.

Cleveland



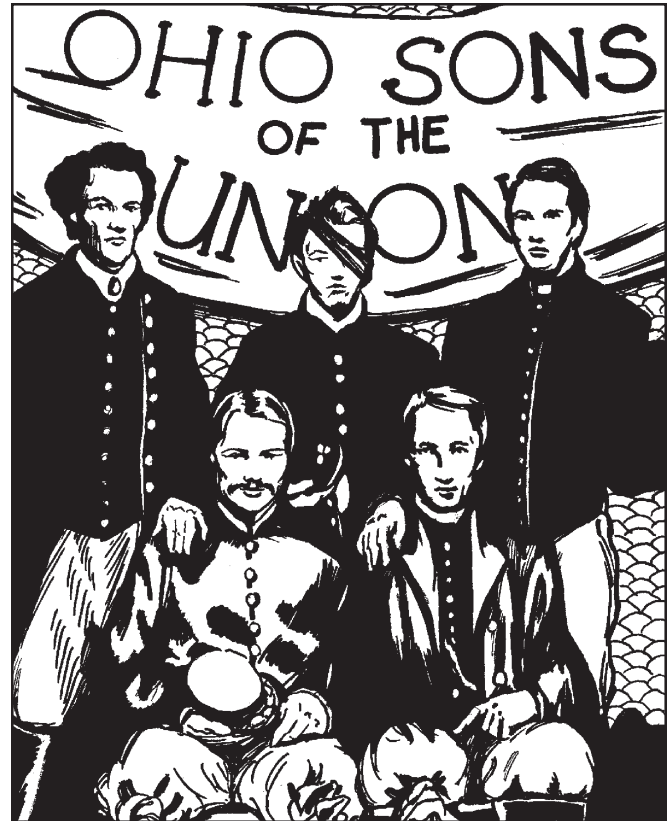
87 The city of Cleveland boasts the largest industrial center in the Great Lakes and rivals even New York and Boston when it comes to total output of manufactured goods. The city's iron smelting business is particularly successful and has become a vital part of the Union war machine. Located on the shore of Lake Erie, almost directly across from British-controlled Detroit, Cleveland is also a tempting target for the Queen's navy.

The Lake batteries that line Cleveland's waterfront keep British raiders at bay, allowing the locals to work in relative peace. Peace is just what Cleveland's largest company, the Flynn Company, likes. The mysterious Flynn company has been buying up other businesses at an astonishing rate for the past three years. Some estimate that the Flynn company now owns as much as ten percent of the entire city, and controls well over half of the city's iron and steel concerns.

The Flynn Company is run by a shadowy Board of Directors, the membership of which remains a mystery. They certainly contribute large amounts of cash to the local politicians, and thus avoiding any unfortunate questions about who they are and about their more questionable business practices. Some estimate that within five years every family in the city will have at least one member employed by Flynn.

Cincinnati

Located just across the Ohio river from Confederate-held Kentucky, Cincinnati is a major Union Army stronghold. Home base to the Union's Army of the Ohio, this city has given over most of its energy to feeding and supporting the troops and fending off Rebel



A portrait of some of the Ohio Sons of the Union.

attacks. Most of the city's industrial base has moved on further north. Shelling from across the river makes life above ground in the city very dangerous.

Most of the residents have taken to the hills, or rather into the hills. Almost everyone has an underground shelter of some sort where they flee to when the bombs start exploding. Over the years the locals have made these underground houses quite comfortable, laying down carpet, installing nice furniture, and otherwise converting caves and tunnels into homes. Today, underground passages nearly parallel the city's above ground streets, allowing residents to move about to visit neighbors and local merchants.

Recently there have been a number of unexplained cave-ins in these tunnels. This wouldn't be so strange, except that the cave-ins always bury someone alive. There has not been a collapse where at least one person did not die. Some have grown fearful of the tunnels, but most prefer them to the chance of getting blown to pieces by an errant shell.



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The North East

After my brief visit to the Great Lakes region, I was anticipating my return to my home in the northeast. I was sure there would be many changes, but I think I was unprepared for many of the sights I would witness. The area has grown tremendously, and it wasn't like I remembered or expected. Out West, you can almost watch the cactus plants grow faster than most towns, but in the larger areas Back East, things are always on the rise.

New England

New England contains six states in a space that can't be any bigger than the entire territory of Arizona. The smallest of these, Rhode Island, is about the size of the old Wright place in Montana. My own tours of these places was quite brief, but my impressions of it were very vivid.

The people these days are remarkably taciturn. My own attempts to strike up conversations with the locals were met with one word responses. I would have chalked this up to a dislike of strangers, except even the conversations between each other were as brief. I was told by an abnormally helpful innkeeper that this sort of attitude stretches back to their Puritan roots.

New England, when compared to New York, Maryland and Pennsylvania, is still quite undeveloped. The country is divided into hundreds of farms, but it contains few large-scale industrial centers. Unlike the flat, wide-open feeling of the West, New England possesses rolling hills draped with an ever present mist, much like the British Isles. As I looked out the window on several early mornings, I could just make out the dim shapes of the farmers tilling their soil in the thick fog.

New Bedford, Massachusetts

I visited New Bedford because I dimly recalled that it was the center for whaling in America. In one respect or another, every aspect of daily life in New Bedford revolved around the whaling ships and their prized catches, both for industry and consumer needs.

Years ago, huge ships took to the sea every day to hunt these massive leviathans of the deep, and in the evenings they would return with the day's fortunes—although I would venture to guess that the whales never considered the hunting fortunate.

Today, the harbors stand empty. When oil was discovered in Pennsylvania in 1859, the whaling industry slowly died away. The only remains of it are the plethora of carved scrimshaw still for sale in the shops and stores.

The proud hunting ships were sold to the Union Navy. As part of the effort to blockade the Southern ports, they were scuttled at the bottom of several Southern harbors in order to impede the Confederate Navy. The massive warehouses, once built to store products made from the whale, have been converted into steam-driven cotton mills.

Newport, Rhode Island

The tiny town of Newport has become the vacation resort for the rich and powerful of the East. My own humble expense account could not procure me lodgings in this elite spot for more than a day. Each day, visitors make their way to the sandy seashore for their new hobby, "sun-bathing." Undoubtedly, this is just a passing fancy for people who have more wealth than sense. I can't imagine what countless hours basking in the hot sun could do to your complexion.

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Norumbega, Rhode Island



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I have never spent any night more terrifying than one I spent at this tiny town. Locals claim that Norumbega was once the site of an ancient Indian metropolis. According to them, primordial

Indians climbed thin, crystal spires and sacrificed their foes to dark, pagan gods.

These Indians were wiped out by their frightened neighbors. All that remains of their culture is the name Norumbega.

Proud of its heritage, the town advertises its haunted houses and queer spots. For a slight fee, tour guides lead people through any number of old mansions, dark groves, or hidden caves. For a slightly higher fee, one can spend the night at one of these places. I talked to a few who underwent such an experience and they exclaimed that they had spent the entire night awake, afraid of the strange shapes and sounds they experienced.

Midnight Stroll

My own fear stemmed from the goings on of a local cult. Rumor had it that it a group of twisted souls continued the practices of the ancient Indians in order to acquire their magical power. I was awakened one night by the sound of strange, arcane chants from the street. A group of hooded shapes passed underneath the window and slowly headed to the shore.

Curiosity got the better of me, and I followed this cowed procession down to the beach. Several other visitors joined me behind the cover of an exceptionally large bush. The cultists seemed to be performing some odd ceremony near the sea. Suddenly, dozens of humanoid shapes emerged from the waters.

The moonlight did not shed much detail upon their visages, but I could at least make out that these beasts were not human! Terror overcame my curiosity, and I fled back to the hotel. The other tourists likewise made for their lodgings.

I am ashamed to say that I hid the rest of the night in a closet, clutching a broom for protection. I left the accursed place the next day. I recommend to anyone this very thing: do not go to Norumbega!

Boston



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I have little but fond memories of my time in Cambridge and Boston as a young man and I was excited to see what had become of the place. As my train rumbled along beside the Charles River, through the newly emerging region of Back Bay, and into the city proper, I could not help but notice how the city had changed since the war began. The so-called Industrial Revolution began, for America anyway, right here in Boston when the first textile mills were built back in the 40's and 50's. Apparently the city just doesn't know when to quit.

Vast tracts of Boston have been given over entirely to industry of one sort or another. Belching foul smoke, and even stranger looking gasses, into the air, five-story, red brick buildings the size of small towns lined the railway. Some of the larger factories even have their own railheads to facilitate getting their product out to either market or to support the war effort.

Sprawling neighborhoods of shoddy brick and wood homes surround these factories, home to every sort of poor person. The Irish are here in particularly large numbers and they provide most of the city's work force. The Potato Blight of the late 40's started the mass Irish immigrations, and they have been coming ever since. Even with a 17-year long war going on, it seems the U.S. is still more appealing than Ireland. Apparently in recent years it has also begun to look more appealing to the Italians as well.

The thing that strikes someone from the West about Boston is how old everything here is. I guess it's all pretty young by European standards, but as far as America is concerned, Boston is about as old as they come.

The streets are close and crowded and not a one of them seems to run straight for more than a few yards. I remember how easy it was to get lost here when I was a young man. Today it's even worse. The buildings are taller (averaging some six or seven stories), the streets more crowded, and the constant smog, fog, and overcast sky makes it impossible to tell if you're headed east, west, or straight to nowhere.

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Layout

Boston sprawls over a rudely-shaped peninsula surrounded by Boston Harbor on two sides and the Charles River on the third. About a dozen different neighborhoods make up the city, and the folks in each section tend to be pretty territorial. From an outsider's point of view, the differences between these areas of the city aren't quite so obvious, but you can pick up on them if you try.

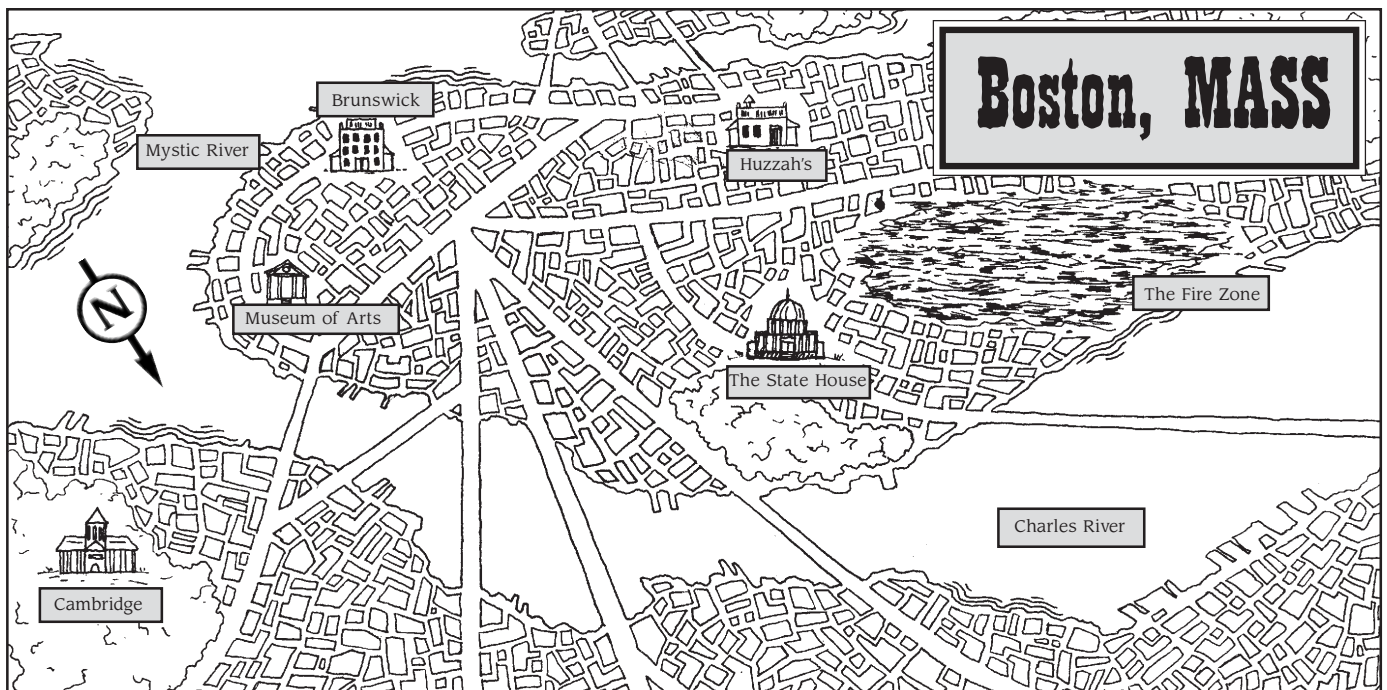
Starting at the top of the map and working our way down, there's the **North End**, which used to be actually separated from the rest of Boston by a canal, so some locals called it the Island of North Boston. Poor housing and slums abound here, since Irish immigrants, and more recently, Italians have pretty much taken over this area. The North End is a great place to hide if you're a local—and a dangerous place to mess around in if you're not. It also houses Boston's oldest church and the former home of that famous patriot Paul Revere.

South and east of there you'll find the **Waterfront** district, which is pretty much everything you would expect from such a place. Constantly shrouded in fog or mist of some

sort, unsavory sea dogs spend their time working the docks or drinking in the local taverns. Much of the crime in Boston can trace its way back to the Waterfront and its inhabitants. Many gangs and criminal organizations having their headquarters in the misty warrens of this neighborhood.

South of here you come to Boston's small but very active **Chinatown**. Chinese immigrants have not come to Boston in the same numbers they have in say, the Great Maze, but they do rule their own small maze of streets here in south-east Boston. Iron Dragon has a recruiting center here, and the Triads are very active, especially in the harbor districts where Chinese workers unload many of the incoming ships. One seldom if ever sees any non-Chinese in Chinatown. Even the police steer clear of the place.

Far from the water and all the way to the South is of course, the **South End**, a more recent addition to the Boston landscape. This region is one of the few places in the city where the roads are laid out in a nice, easy to navigate grid pattern. All the same, it's almost as easy to get lost here because everything looks the same: street after street of red-brick row houses.



A view of Boston.

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This middle class neighborhood houses many of the city's managers, lawyers, and other upscale—but not wealthy—families. Recently a number of factories have moved into the region, befouling the air and bringing with them some cheaper housing for the workers. As a result, anyone who can afford it has fled north a little ways.

The truly wealthy live just north of the South End in an area just recently reclaimed from the swamps: **Back Bay**. Away from the hustle and bustle of the city center, here the streets run straight, the sun occasionally breaks through the clouds and mist, and the rich seek refuge from the poverty, despair, and bleakness of the rest of Boston.

Big, new, fancy houses are *de riguer* in Back Bay, especially since most of the old, rich, family homes were lost in the Great Fires of '72. The police presence here is stronger than anywhere in the city. Strangers and even Bostonians from other neighborhoods routinely get questioned and then asked to leave. There are even small guard houses at every major thoroughfare which

leads into the region. The Boston Brahmins (as the rich are known here) don't want anything or anyone disturbing their peace and quiet.

North and East of here is the Beacon Hill and Boston Common area, but I'll explain more about them in a minute. Further on you come to the **West End**, which is right across the river from Cambridge. Since the beginning of the War this region of the city has been given over almost entirely to industrial concerns of one sort or another. Textile mills, foundries, arsenals, boot makers, machine shops, and anything else you might imagine occupy every square foot of this region.

The streets wind through this industrial jungle like game trails. Sometimes a public street seems to run through a factory which has built to either side and above the public right of way. Most factories operate around the clock so there are always people coming and going here, although seldom anyone who's at all interested in speaking with you.

Across the river from the West End lies that sacred repository of knowledge: **Cambridge**, home to Harvard University. Connected to Boston by several bridges across the Charles, Cambridge is almost an integral part of the city proper. The city's focal point is Harvard Square. With its winding streets and impressively academic architecture, Cambridge has a certain Old World charm that is inescapable. Also inescapable is the serious atmosphere that envelopes both Harvard University and the 12-year old Massachusetts Institute of Technology, both of which have large faculties devoted to the study of new and better ways to win the war with the South.

All of these regions surround the center of Boston, the so-called **Downtown**. Here all the different peoples of the city come together in a confusing mishmash of language, culture, and attitude. Centered around City Hall Plaza, the Downtown area is home to banks, the headquarters of major industries, the city and state government, prostitutes, beggars, hustlers, police, lawyers, businessmen, and anyone else you can imagine. On certain days, large, open markets close some of Downtown's streets and shoppers flock to the region to buy everything from dresses and fruit, to war souvenirs and strange artifacts from Out West and beyond.



Boston boasts a strong Mason Lodge.

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Where to Stay

If ever you travel to Boston and wish to stay somewhere luxurious, you must absolutely rent a room at the Hotel Brunswick. Recently renovated, each room sports its very own bathroom with running hot water. Last year, the Brunswick outfitted each room with its own gas lamps—there are even plans to install those electrical lamps in the near future. It's amazing to see the amenities out East.

The Hotel Brunswick is located right near the **Museum of Arts**. I strolled through those hallowed halls myself, awestruck at the collections. Several rooms were jam-packed with ancient sculptures and vases, all depicting the heathen gods of yesteryear. I noticed that a lot of those sculptures were of naked men and wondered whether that was practical attire or not. A good reporter, however, does not pass judgement. The Museum has also gathered quite a lot of modern paintings by all the masters—Rubens, Dow, Corot, Troyon, Allston.

Boston provides a rather unique form of nighttime entertainment. It seems that Boston is blessed with numerous **singing clubs**. I personally attended performances of the Apollo & Boyston Club and the Orpheus Musical Society. Though the singers were all purely amateurs, I must declare that their presentations were top notch.

The most lively and enjoyable tavern I uncovered was **Huzzah's**, located only a few blocks away from the Hotel Brunswick. The bar is tended by a number of peculiar characters beloved by all native Bostonians. It is said that nearly everyone knows each other's name at Huzzah's. My own experiences were rather mixed, I must confess. The bar is owned by one Samuel, "Emergency," MacLone, whose womanizing ways are infamous. Unfortunately, Samuel's eyesight is so poor that he rarely sees who he's womanizing. The bar is also run by an old man, "Sarge," who has flashbacks of his days in the war of 1812. How a man this old could continue to work is absolutely beyond me. While I was in the bar, Sarge experienced quite a vivid flashback, picked up an old rifle and bayoneted a patron. The victim was not seriously hurt, and everyone started to laugh, for reasons I could not understand. So I left.

Beacon Hill and the Fire Zone

My first stop that crisp October morning had to be Beacon Hill and Boston Common, the region that has always been the physical and spiritual center of Boston. Here the city's elite built fine homes and beautiful public buildings. The great, green sward of Boston Common offered a pleasant sylvan environment for the city's residents, rich and poor, to recreate. Today the rich have fled the hill for Back Bay, and even the majestic domed State House stands all but abandoned, particularly at night.

The cause of all this neglect and despair? The Great Fires of 1872. Up until that infamous day the locals tell me that Beacon Hill continued to be the heart and soul of Boston. The cause of the fire remains a mystery, and although many theories abound, I believe none of them are true. I have cause to believe something much more sinister is afoot on Beacon Hill.

The first Fire of 1872 burned out a huge section of downtown Boston, destroying over 700 buildings, mostly warehouses, commercial buildings, and blocks of private housing. The firefighters managed to save some of the more famous local buildings from that first fire, and slowly the rebuilding began. The rubble had hardly been cleared away when another fire swept through the region yet again, although you would have thought there was nothing left to burn. Indeed there was more to burn, enough for a third and a fourth fire to sweep through the region in the next year.

Not surprisingly then, the people of Boston finally got sick of fighting fires. Five years later the whole region in the city's center still lies in ashes. The domed State House on Beacon Hill's south slope still houses the Massachusetts State Legislature, but now the congressmen and senators look out on a field of ashes and destruction. Armed guards are present, and nothing is permitted to grow within 100 yards of the building for fear it will catch fire.

The locals now call this region the Fire Zone, and not just because of its incendiary past. Few plants grow in the region and those that do have a frightening habit of bursting into flame late in the night when no one is looking. The same is true for wooden buildings or



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anything else flammable and rooted into the ground. Today the region is a maze of charred brick and stone walls. This is all that remains of the architectural style Charles Bullfinch helped launch at the turn of the century.

Squatters, homeless, and the insane make their homes in the Fire Zone. The place has become a haven for criminals of all sorts, chiefly because the Boston Police refuse to patrol the region. They see no reason to waste their time or risk their lives policing such a wasteland. Many of the Fire Zone's residents live underground, in the old cellars of the burned out homes.

Rumors persist that the folk of the Fire Zone, or Ashen as the locals call them, have dug a network of tunnels that honeycomb all of Beacon Hill. Every morning the Ashen leave the Fire Zone to find food and forage out in the rest of the city. Many are beggars, others perform the most menial labor, but most are thieves of one sort or another.

I talked to several Bostonians who live near the Fire Zone, and they spoke of some sort of

organizing force among the Ashen. Apparently there is some fellow known as the Burned King who holds some sway over the Ashen. Some say the Burned King is a former State Senator who disappeared from his State House office late one night just before the Great Fire. Others claim that the Burned King is the former priest who presided at Trinity Church, one of the buildings destroyed in the very first fire. Still others claim that there is no Burned King at all, that he's just a bogeyman created by the Ashen to scare people away.

Harvard

More than a little discouraged by what I found in and around Beacon Hill, I decided to head across the river to my other favorite haunt of old: Cambridge. Unlike the rest of Boston, Cambridge seemed to have changed very little since I saw it last. Harried young men still populated Harvard Square, worried about whether they knew their Virgil well enough for the afternoon lectures.

I looked up some of my old classmates from my days here and found them involved in some rather interesting, if strange, projects. Intrigued by what I found going on, I eventually managed to wrangle a brief interview with the man himself, Randal Crosby, head of Harvard's brand new Psychic Research Foundation.

Randal Crosby

Working out of a basement deep within the ivy covered walls of Harvard, Randal Crosby is on the cutting edge of a field of inquiry few of his comrades can appreciate. Faithful readers of the *Epitaph* know that there is often more to life than meets the eye, but Back East most folks are pretty skeptical about such things. Professor Crosby may be skeptical (like any good scientist) but he also has an open mind when it comes to new possibilities.

The Psychic Research Foundation came into being entirely do to a grant of funds from none other than William Crosby, Professor Randal Crosby's uncle. William Crosby was one of the



Professor Randal Crosby and a student.



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first to head into the Great Maze and seek his fortune among the Ghost Rock veins.

Unlike so many of his contemporaries, Crosby managed to make it out both alive and rich. Unfortunately, he also contracted a mysterious and fatal disease, a product of too much exposure to the same mysterious ore that made him rich.

A Harvard graduate himself, William left his entire estate (rumored to be some \$7,000,000) as an endowment for Harvard, with the stipulation that it go towards funding a program aimed at uncovering the deeper mysteries of the universe. The endowment also left Randal in charge of the program, even though at the time Randal was busy teaching English Composition to freshmen and he had no appropriate experience.

That was back in 1871. Six years later, Randal has made a nice little setup for himself. He and about a dozen students spend their days and nights looking for evidence of the supernatural, from ghosts, to ghost rock, and beyond. They have managed to acquire quite a library of rare occult texts which they keep locked away in a vault somewhere beneath the campus. Unfortunately, they wouldn't let me anywhere near it.

Crosby and his students spend just as much time debunking false stories as they do collecting information on real paranormal events. In fact, they have become famous in the Boston area for uncovering a number of fake spiritualists, psychics, and so-called magicians. It seems that the papers refuse to publish any of their evidence that the supernatural does exist, but are more than happy to help decry fakers and frauds.

The good professor was pretty tight-lipped about what he and his students have discovered recently. Although Crosby did not mention it, one of his students told me that the Foundation recently had a rather traumatic visit from a group of mysterious government men in black, and things got quite unpleasant. Ever since then Crosby has kept to himself.

Occasionally, when he's had a little too much to drink, he'll spout out dire warnings of some cataclysmic event coming to Boston, but none of his students can figure out what he means. Unfortunately, neither could I.

the Fire Zone and decided to poke around some of my other favorite places. First I headed Downtown, to what has become the governmental and financial center of the city.

Although dominated by older government buildings and new, red-brick law offices, one building struck me as most unusual. Right in the middle of downtown stood a brand new, white-marble temple belonging to the Fraternal Order of Freemasons.

I confess that up until this point I knew little and cared even less about the Freemasons. Seeing this building, so prominently placed, my interest began to grow. I asked around and did some research. The more I studied, the more interested I became. It seems that nearly every wealthy businessman in Boston (the so called Boston Brahmins) is a member of the Freemasons. At first it seemed to me little more than an exclusive men's club, but the closer I looked, the harder it became to understand.

Boston's Freemasons openly acknowledge their membership in the organization. Many of them wear rings or other jewelry with the Masonic symbol boldly emblazoned for all the world to see. However, even though they admit they are members, none of them are willing to discuss what they actually do.

Word has it that the Freemasons have a number of secret rituals that they undergo. They also have "degrees" or ranks, a total of 33. Confronted with questions, Freemasons say that the rituals are just symbolic. Outsiders disagree, claiming that the Freemasons are up to no good.

Not just anyone can join the Freemasons in their rituals. The order has to accept you personally, usually on the recommendation of another member of substantial rank. Only men can join the order, and Catholics are strongly discouraged. It seems the Masons don't take kindly to anyone who holds an allegiance to the Pope. In general, the members are men of means, not only the wealthy and powerful, but middle class business owners and industrial managers.



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The Temple Builders

After spending a few days across the river I ventured back into Boston proper. I had gotten over my dismay at the discovery of



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The Irish Immigrant Army



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While I don't have any Irish in me, my mother always said I was full of blarney, so I felt comfortable heading into Boston's North End. While there, I found something very interesting.

Tens of thousands of Irish live in the North End. Most of them work either on the docks along the Waterfront or in one of the West Side's many new factories, pumping out materiel for the war effort. Every family has sent at least one son off to war, and entire regiments have come out of the North End. Recently, however, the local Irish have started their own army.

The Boston Police are a relatively new organization, but even so they have already become riddled with corruption, just like everything else in this city. A decade ago the Irish had begun to fill the ranks of the police, but then all of a sudden the police force stopped accepting Irish applicants. This

coincided with the coming to power of Chief of Police Horace Brown, a Boston Brahmin, and I might add, a prominent Mason.

Irish community leaders claim that Masonic anti-Catholic sentiments have kept them out of the police and government. So, they have taken matters into their own hands. The Irish Immigrant Army is the name of an unofficial band of Irish vigilantes who keep the streets of the North End safe, at least for the local population.

They run a kind of protection racket: all the locals pay them a monthly fee in return for protection. But unlike other groups of thugs, the IIA actually cares about the people and really does protect them. They provide a good service to those whom they care about.

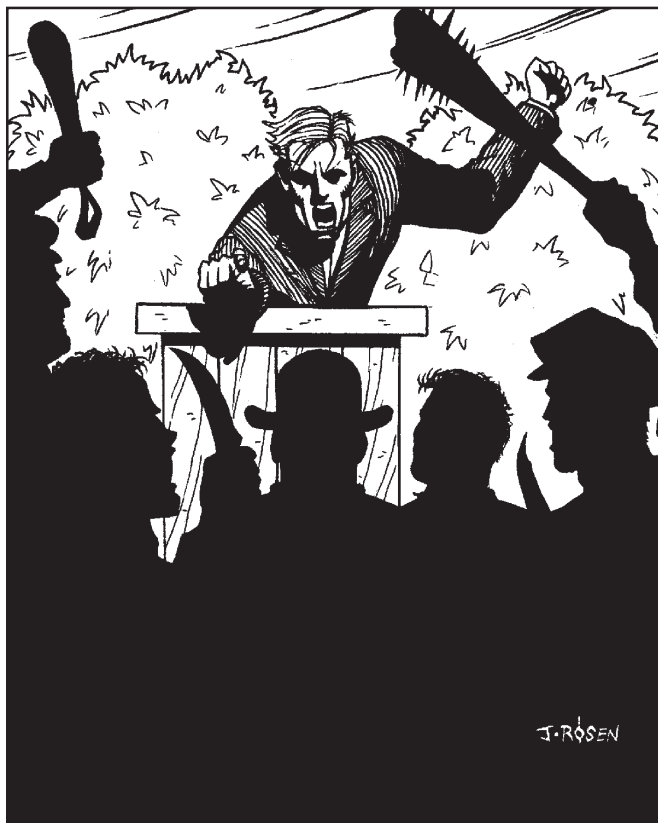
While the Boston police don't approve of the Army, they haven't done much to stop it either. The Irishmen don't carry firearms: just knives and clubs for the most part. As long as they stay that way and don't leave the North End, Boston authorities seem content to let them keep the peace however they can.

I talked with several members of the IIA, including Michael Nugent, the group's leader. They are a suspicious, very secretive group and I have no doubt there is more to them than meets the eye. However, not being Irish myself, they were not inclined to let me in on said secrets—nor did I push the matter for fear of drawing unwanted attention to myself.

Michael is a burly young man—not yet 30—who emigrated from Ireland less than a decade ago. He's a fiery speaker and brave leader who puts on a pleasant, although rough and tumble, public face. He is well respected by the locals, and he is also trusted to follow through with that which he promises.

Being Catholic as well, the Italians suffer just as much discrimination as the Irish do at the hands of the from the Masonic-run Police department. The North End's Italian population also pays tribute to the IIA, and the Army seems happy to help them out as well (although Irish get preferential treatment over the Italians).

The Italians seem to be organizing as well, and have rallied around a secret society known as the Black Hand. The Black Hand seems more involved in criminal pursuits than its Irish counterpart.



Michael Nugent giving one of his famous speeches.

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The Witch Trials



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I had been in town a week before I heard about what must be the strangest event of the year in Boston. We've all heard tales of the Salem witch trials way back when. Lots of innocent men and women died at the end of a rope. Though the current witch trials have not yet reached such an intensity, I fear it won't be long before such travesties occur.

The Dropsies

Several months ago an illness began to plague the poorer classes of Boston. The disease at first seemed to plague only the homeless, but it soon spread among some of the tenements of the poorer areas. The symptoms were weakness, languidness, a pale color and a loss of appetite. Unless treated, small children or the very weak simply died.

A crowd formed late one Sunday night, and they became convinced that witchcraft lay behind their suffering. They began to break into the homes of several Wise Women (women with unusual knowledge of healing, and supposedly with the ability to tell fortunes. The crowd imprisoned a Wise Woman named Cotton Mother.

Perhaps cooler heads would have prevailed the next day if some Irish immigrants had not called upon a Mr. Christopher Hopkins, the self-proclaimed "Witch Finder General." Hopkins is a British expatriate, now residing in a Boston. Hopkins claims to be the descendant of Matthew Hopkins—an infamous English Witch Hunter. While Oliver Cromwell led the revolt against the English crown in 1645, it seems that Matthew Hopkins discovered that witchcraft was afoot in the hills of England. Ever since that time, the Hopkins family has followed Matthew's notorious footsteps.

Christopher is a tall, gaunt man, well over six feet. He cloaks his body in black garments that make him appear almost as a priest. His large, yet soft and slender hands betray his aristocratic roots. His hazel eyes burn with the fire of a zealot. Long blonde hair cascades down onto his shoulders. Yet what really sets this man apart from all others is his piercing, strident voice. Even his whispers could carry



The Witch Hunter General, Christopher Hopkins.

clear across a crowded room. His passionate rhetoric stirred even my blood; one can only image its effect on more humble listeners.

The Trials Are About to Begin

After questioning Cotton Mother, Hopkins declared that there were many more minions of the devil about and that everyone must unite in order to rout them out. Hopkins' subsequent investigations have turned up several poor souls whose only crime seems to be an innocent birthmark or harmless philter.

Hopkins is creating a council of citizens and fellow "witch hunters" to try these poor souls. The legitimate authorities have not really given any attention to the situation because it is contained within the North End. Despite the fact that Hopkins has no legal authority, he appears bent on passing judgment on half a dozen wretches. I sincerely hope that someone will stop this superstitious crusade before anyone comes to serious harm.



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New York City

New York rests on the island of Manhattan, a flat piece of land sandwiched between the Hudson and East rivers. Crammed into a dozen or so square miles are masses of people, buildings, businesses, theaters, factories spouting foul, black smoke, and just about anything else you care to think of.

Neighborhoods

New York City is a much easier place to get around in than Boston. The entire island is covered in a simple grid pattern of numbered streets (running east-west) and avenues (running north-south). While there are a few areas where things get confusing, in general it's not very difficult to find your way again.

At the tip of the island, jutting out into New York Harbor, is the **Financial District**, home to Wall Street and the New York Stock Exchange. This island of commerce houses the headquarters for some of the Union's largest shipping and import companies as well as a number of banks and other powerful businesses. A bustling place during the day, this area becomes quiet once the sun sets and the rich head north to their expensive homes on Fifth Avenue and the Upper West Side.

North of the Financial District is the **Bowery** and **Five Points**, two regions of the city crowded with tenement housing, poor immigrant workers, and the factories and sweatshops where they earn their meager living. This is a dangerous area for outsiders and it has one of the highest crime rates in the city. A good place to go if you're looking to steer clear of the police or find someone to do "unsavory" jobs for you.

Midtown is home to many of the city's shops and restaurants, as well as New York's public buildings such as City Hall. This is the true melting pot of New York, where people

from all over the city come together to relax, shop, and do business. The growing number of theaters here have served to liven up the region's night life as well. Less honest folk sometimes prowl the region looking for easy prey, but the police keep the region pretty well patrolled at all hours.

Central Park rests in the center of the city's upper side, dividing the region into two areas, the Upper East and Upper West Sides. Central Park is another area where all of the city can come together and recreate. Even at night, the dark, wooded paths are relatively safe. The park offers privacy and an excess of natural surroundings, two things very hard to find anywhere else in the city. The region all around the park has become quite fashionable with the city's middle and upper classes.

However, just a few blocks east and you're in the **Upper East Side**, another district full of tenements and poor immigrant workers. Families cram together into tiny, three-room walk-ups in conditions barely suitable for human existence. Meanwhile on the other side of the park, in the Upper West Side, more affluent middle and upper class brick houses line the streets. The two districts are as different as night and day.

North of the park the city is still growing. Since the war and the subsequent Great Rail Wars, the region in and around **Harlem** has become a kind of industrial wasteland: railway stations, warehouses, coaling stations, and train depots occupy much of the land.

Getting around from neighborhood to neighborhood in New York is quite easy. The city has recently begun building a series of "elevated trains" for use within the city. The trains run on tracks on raised rails that run several dozen feet above the normal streets.

While only a few lines are working now, someday the whole city will be made accessible by this mass transit system.



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Places to Go

There are more hotels, boarding houses, and rooms for rent in New York than anywhere I've ever been. Visitors should have no problem finding a place to stay, from Bowery flop houses at \$1 a night, to luxury Fifth Avenue Hotels that charge as much as \$50 a night for a suite and first class treatment. As for restaurants, bistros, cafés, and places to wet your whistle, there are plenty of them as well.

I stayed in the **Carrington Hotel** in Midtown, close to the action. The hotel has 100 clean rooms and the proprietors don't ask too many

questions. The bar and restaurant on the first floor is a popular hangout for actors and those in the theater business. You're always likely to find some interesting conversation. Rooms average \$3 a night.

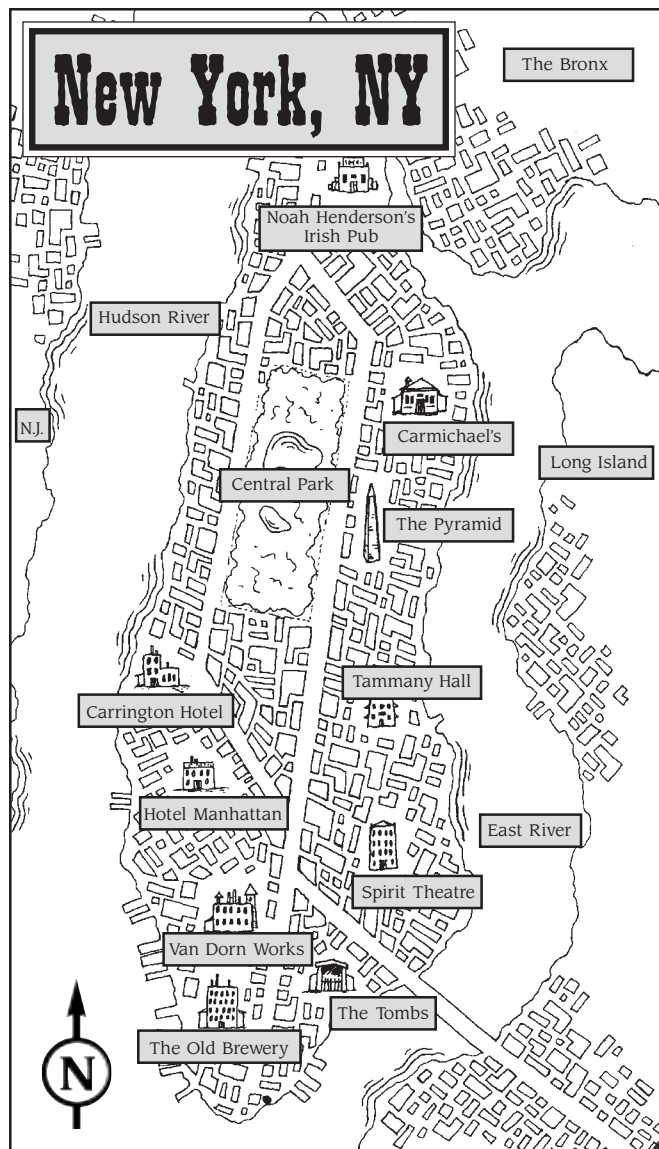
Those on a budget might try the **Hotel Manhattan**, a rooming house on the edge of the Bowery. This seems one of the safer places in the region. It's relatively rat free and it has a low crime rate. Still, I'd sleep with a knife at hand and the door locked (and barred if possible). Rooms here are usually run around \$1.50 a night.

Most restaurants in New York serve palatable if somewhat bland food. One establishment I especially enjoyed was **Carmichael's**, a bar and restaurant just a few blocks off central park on the East side. They have two dining rooms (one for fancy meals, one for normal fare), a lovely bar that hosts dancing most nights, and a billiards room for those who are more inclined to game than dance.

A simple meal in Carmichael's will run you about \$1 while the fancy meals cost five times that much. The drinks are strong and the company light. The sprawling establishment attracts folks from all over the city, making for a very eclectic mix of guests. I highly recommend a visit to this pleasant establishment for a night of fine dining and fine conversation.

More adventuresome diners might want to go a little further east and north to find **Noah Henderson's Irish Pub**. Although Henderson doesn't sound Irish to me, the clientele certainly is. Every night this simple pub is packed with Irish workers from the surrounding factories, singing songs from the homeland and having a dandy time of it. Outsiders are welcome, at least early in the evening. Later on things can get a little rough, so be careful if attending during the evening hours.

Those traveling into the city by train arrive in **Grand Central Station**. This enormous edifice is the transportation hub of the city. Trains arrive and depart at all hours of the day and night. It's possible to catch a train here headed for any of the major cities on the eastern seaboard, Chicago, or anywhere in between. Once you have arrived at this regal station, it's possible to hire a cab to nearly any portion of the city for under \$2.



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Tammany Hall



95 The city and even state of New York are not really a democracy anymore, at least not in the way we would normally think of one. Sure, they still hold elections and politicians still strive to win votes, but for the past 25 years or so, the outcome of these elections has been predetermined by a handful of very powerful, unscrupulous, political leaders. Unlike Boston, where the rich families with their Masonic ties control everything, the New York leaders rose up from the immigrant working classes. Unfortunately, this hasn't made them any less corrupt or elitist—and it's probably made them even more greedy.

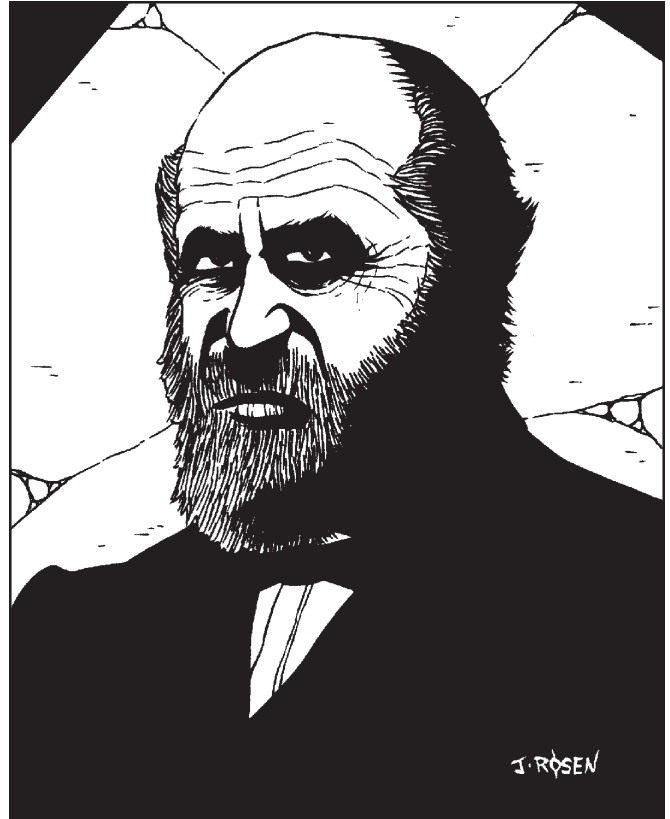
The center of New York political life is Tammany Hall, a seemingly innocuous meeting hall located on East 17th Street at the north-east corner of Union Square. Tammany Hall truly came to power with the swelling of New York's immigrant population. The society helps new immigrants get citizenship, lands them a job in one of the factories, and then signs them up to vote.

The grateful immigrant seldom thinks twice about casting his vote the way Tammany Hall asks (if indeed it bothers to ask instead of casting the vote for him). By the 1850's the society had enough votes to swing every election in the city. Ever since then Tammany Hall, not City Hall, has been the real seat of government.

Boss Tweed

Since 1868 one man has used the power of Tammany Hall to become the virtual dictator of New York: William Macy "Boss" Tweed. This ill-educated, former chair-maker has gone from fireman, to alderman, to absolute ruler of the city.

As leader of Tammany Hall, he currently holds the offices of alderman, state senator, supervisor, school commissioner, deputy commissioner of public works, and deputy street commissioner. Of course the titles are meaningless, he just uses them to draw extra paychecks. Everyone knows that Tweed is Boss and they do what he says.



The infamous Boss Tweed.

In 1871 a cartoonist at *Harper's Weekly* named Thomas Nast penned a few cartoons very critical of Tweed that outlined the depths of the Boss's corruption. Nast disappeared a few days later and Tweed managed to have the ensuing police investigation quashed. Rumor has it that there was more than enough evidence to have Tweed put away for life, but none of it ever surfaced. Ever since Nast's fatal mistake, no one has dared to openly criticize the Boss, and his power continues to grow.

Tweed's Power

Tweed and his cronies control every new public building project and always give the contracts to building companies they own, inflating the cost by at least 85% just to line their own pockets.

They also receive bribes and graft from all of the city's business leaders, factory owners, and other politicians. Some estimates put Tweed's fortune at well over \$200,000,000, all skimmed from the public.

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Since the Nast incident, Tweed has become much more reclusive. He was once quite a public figure, meeting with clients and allies openly, and attending public events. Now he hardly ever leaves his Fifth Avenue home unless attended by a mob of bodyguards and hanger's on. Even then he only goes to some private home or club, safe from the public.

Tammany Hall's power over the press and all of New York has increased as the War goes on. Boss Tweed has close ties to Washington and the president. Although by all accounts the two men hate one another, each sees that the other has his uses. Tweed makes sure that New York, the center of Union commerce, keeps running smoothly and keeps turning out products to support the war effort. Tweed may be a crook, but he's also a patriot. He has no love for the Confederacy and has even sponsored several efforts to remove all people of Southern birth from the city.

I have heard one Tammany Hall member boast that Tweed plans to replace Grant with a Tammany Hall man in the next election. This would be quite a feat, but Tweed does have money, political know-how, and persistence. He may just be able to pull it off. If so, then the whole country will be his to rob blind. Frankly, I can't think of a better man for the job, at least from a Confederate point of view.

Edward Taylor's Spirit Theater

One of my fondest memories from my early years in New York is of my numerous trips to the theater. As I perused the papers for announcements about current shows I saw something I simply could not pass up, especially after years of involvement with the *Tombstone Epitaph*: Edward Taylor's Spirit Theater.

It seems that a fad known as Spiritism has swept the East like a plague. The practitioners of this art engage in fortune telling, mysticism, and the act of summoning spirits. Their power to communicate with the dead and predict

coming events is nothing less than astounding.

Little shops devoted to this mystical profession litter the streets of most every city in the East, but New York must be the

capitol of the spiritualists. Whether these mediums and spiritualists are for real or not is a true mystery, and Edward Taylor's Spirit Theater is just one of the more interesting attractions associated with this movement.

Located just a few blocks east of Washington Square, the Spirit Theater is one of newest dramatic shows. The building was once a simple, brick apartment building, but the new owners gutted the old structure, added a marble facade and turned the four story building into a rather stylish, intimate theater. Tickets cost as much as \$2, depending on the seats you want, but I assure you the show is worth the price.

Edward Taylor, the sole owner and proprietor of the theater is also its only performer. I hear that some nights he even sells the tickets himself (although a middle-aged man sold me mine, proof that Taylor has at least one employee). Taylor performs one show a night, six days a week (never on Sundays).

What it is that fills this hundred seat theater night after night? Not high drama, beautiful music, or uproarious comedy. No, Edward Taylor fills the house because he claims to be able to communicate with the dead.

I've been told that each night's performance is much like the one I saw. Taylor took the stage wearing a somber, black suit and a red carnation. A handsome man in his mid-30s, with dark hair and a neatly-trimmed beard and mustache, Taylor spoke with a deep, calming voice, putting us all instantly at ease and making it easy to trust him.

On the stage he had set a circular table with seven wooden chairs. The table had a silken cover, but it did not reach the floor, so the audience could see clearly that there was no chicanery going on underneath.

Taylor invited six members of the audience to come up on stage. He made a point of turning his back and didn't pick anyone himself.

Evidently, most nights they line up for the honor of going up on stage, so it's first come, first serve. Taylor then sat down with his six volunteers and began what he called a seance—a ritual to communicate with the dead.

As the seance began the lights in the hall dimmed. Slowly at first, then more quickly, the temperature dropped until I almost wanted to put my top coat back on. All the while, Taylor chanted nonsense syllables.



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The Spirits Speak

All of a sudden Taylor's head jerked back, mouth open wide. Something was coming out of his mouth! I later learned that the substance is called "ectoplasm" and that it supposedly comes from the "spirit world." This ectoplasm flowed out of Taylor's mouth and floated in front of him like a hot air balloon. The great glob of slimy, grey-white stuff just hung there, attached to Taylor's mouth by a thin tendril.

Well, you can imagine how amazed we all were. A few in the audience who had never seen the show before stood up or screamed, and at least two of them fainted dead away. The rest of us paid them no mind because, soon enough, the ectoplasm started speaking. Part of it shaped itself into the form of an old man's head and turned to one of the six volunteers at the table.

The ectoplasm spoke in a preternaturally loud voice, as if talking through some sort of amplifying device. I found out later that the man he was speaking to was Robson McCoy, a prominent New York businessman and factory owner. The ectoplasm had apparently assumed the form of Mr. McCoy's dead father and proceeded to give the startled son some very frank advice about his business and personal life, including the fact that he should stop carrying on with his partner's daughter! The show went on like this for another hour, with the spirit medium speaking to each of the six people on stage, transforming itself and offering advice, comfort, and information to each one.

Finally the substance withdrew back into Taylor's mouth and he nearly collapsed forward onto the table. The lights came back up and the hall's temperature warmed appreciably. Taylor, his voice hoarse, thanked us for coming and then slipped through the curtains backstage.

The Spirit Theater has become quite a popular destination for some of the city's wealthy and powerful. Even Boss Tweed himself has been known to frequent the place on occasion. Of course, everyone wants to get up on stage and talk to the spirits, but apparently all efforts to bribe or cajole Edward Taylor into reserving spots at the table have failed. He never even seems willing to leave the theater itself. During the day the doors remain locked and he accepts no visitors.

Mysterious Visitors

I did speak to several locals who claim that they have seen fancy carriages arriving at the theater very late at night. Elegant looking men and women step out, hiding their faces with hat or cape, and walk quickly back into the rear of the building. An hour or so later they leave, get in the waiting carriage and speed off into the night. Who can say what phenomenal price Taylor demands for these private consultations? I tried to arrange one for myself but proved unsuccessful.

What is really going on at Edward Taylor's Spirit Theater? I don't know. Most of the city's theater critics and commentators have dismissed the show as a fraud. If Mr. Taylor's show is a fraud, then it's still worth the price of admission, because it's the best fraud I've ever seen. The fact that Taylor is so very secretive tends to make me think that he could be a charlatan with some very ingenious mechanical tricks up his sleeve. On the other hand, what I saw seemed so real, so genuinely supernatural, that I think there's something very real going on here, that the dead really do speak in Manhattan, at least when Edward Taylor's around.

The Bowery

I thought that, having seen some of the culture and politics that New York has to offer, I should take a look at the seedier side of things. I ventured into New York's worst slum, Five Points.

Located near the Bowery, and not too very far from the docks that line New York's southern tip, Five Points is truly one of the most singularly frightening places I have ever been.

I mentioned before the dead-eyed look that so many of the East's poor get, as if they're hardly there at all, mentally or spiritually anyway. Well, in Five Points I found it even worse because here they all had a kind of dead-eyed predatory look. Make eye contact with one of these fellows and he'll just as likely knife you as say hello. Few of them have jobs of any sort, even in the factories that surround the region. They rely on less legal means for getting by.



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Most ironic of all is the fact that all this crime and depravity takes place just a few blocks from the city's central prison, a facility built in the '30's called The Tombs (because it was modeled on ancient Egyptian tomb architecture). Many of the Five Points residents have spent some time in the Tombs, almost as a rite of passage into manhood.

Cannibals in the Brewery

The center of it all is the Old Brewery, a massive tenement hotel with rooms as cheap as \$2 a month. This warren of dark rooms and narrow hallways houses nearly 1,200 lost souls, and it's host to at least one murder every day (and usually quite a bit more). The *Epitaph* has carried stories about any number of terrifying places and the Old Brewery matches up to any of them. Death pervades the atmosphere in this place and I would never enter the place again without a posse of armed men. New York laws against firearms be damned!

Anyone can rent one of the many lower rooms in the Old Brewery (although you'll usually have to share it with five or six others). The upper floors are reserved for the Brewery's permanent residents. While there aren't any doormen or signs saying do not enter, the locals all know better. People disappear in the upper reaches of the Old Brewery.

The most shocking rumor about the upper residents is that they are a tribe of cannibals! I don't mean some tribe from darkest Africa or South America, but once normal Americans who have turned to cannibalism to meet their daily needs. The upper residents have a habit of throwing their refuse down into the lower levels. This includes an unmistakably human femur with definite bite marks on it that I saw myself!

There's less proof that a fortune in gold lays hidden somewhere in the Old Brewery, a stash of loot taken from all the building's victims over time. From the looks of the residents I'd bet you couldn't find an ounce of gold among the whole 1,200—but you never can be sure. Everyone has a story about the hidden gold, but no one seems to know where to find it.



A mysterious member of the Patchwork Gang?

The Van Dorn Works

Having seen the depths to which humanity can sink in the city, I decided to look into what it was that drew all of these people to New York in the first place, namely the jobs. My quest led me to the Van Dorn Works. Built just ten years ago in the city's Bowery district, The Van Dorn Works was the lifelong dream of industrialist and innovator Caspar Van Dorn. Van Dorn made a small fortune selling supplies to the Union army, mostly as a middle man for various New York state farmers. He saw however that the real money was in manufacturing, especially since the army became more machine-oriented with each passing year of the war.

Unable to decide which wartime industry to go into, Van Dorn decided to go into them all. He spent most of his fortune and borrowed several fortunes more to set up the ambitious Van Dorn Works, a combination textile mill, machine shop, and foundry. He knocked down several city blocks, replacing rotting wooden



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buildings with an imposing, four-story, brick structure that did nothing to beautify the local landscape.

Van Dorn hired hundreds of workers, mostly unemployed immigrants fresh off the boats from Europe. They worked hard and demanded little, and Van Dorn's industrial concern quickly flourished. With the help of friends in Tammany Hall, and contacts in the War Department, he managed to win lucrative government contracts, providing the army with uniforms, boots, parts for steam engines, brass casing for ammunition, and carriages for cannon.

In 1875 Van Dorn passed away, leaving no known heirs. What happened after that remains a bit of a mystery. Business continued as normal in the factory. They kept producing goods, the government kept paying for them, and the workers kept working. The managers kept managing, but none would say who they worked for beyond the estate of Caspar Van Dorn.

The Works itself is everything you would expect from a giant factory: soot-covered walls, dull-eyed laborers, and cramped, hot, and dangerous working conditions. Men, women, and even children, work 16 hours or more at a time, tending to the needs of the great machines that occupy the factory floor. Inside, the noise of the machinery drowns out all conversation that isn't shouted at the top of your lungs.

What was so odd about the factory was not the machinery or the harsh conditions, but the workers themselves. I could not reach any of the factory's managers or owners to arrange a tour, so I decided to simply show up one morning. Dressed like one of the workers, I managed to slip in with a number of other laborers as they trudged in for a day's work. No one seemed to pay me any notice at all. I kept my head down and my mouth shut, just like the rest of them.

The Working Dead

As I wandered through the maze of steam, smoke, steel, and brick I noticed that these particular employees seemed very accident prone. Everyone had a splint, or a bandage, or some sign of recent injury. Many of the dressings looked old, and far from clean, but



An artist's rendition of the Working Dead.

the workers did not seem to mind, nor did their injuries inhibit their ability to work in any way. The work, while hot and tiring, was not very dangerous.

The other strange thing I noticed was how eerily silent it was, despite all the noise. What I mean is, no one was talking. The men, women, and children who worked there exchanged not a word as they went about their work. Everyone seemed to know what to do and how to do it. They did not talk amongst themselves, take any kind of rest breaks, or ever leave their posts to chat about last night's adventures at the bar. Stranger yet, when I tried to talk to them they completely ignored me, not even looking up from their work to acknowledge my presence.

The final shock came when, in trying to get the attention of one of these silent laborers, I accidentally tugged on the dirty bandage that covered his right arm and shoulder. The rotten cloth tore away revealing a series of metal plates that had been bolted right into the man's flesh! Still he refused to look at me, even when I let out a surprised and disgusted

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yelp. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw two men in red uniforms approaching me. Knowing they meant trouble, I turned tail and ran, escaping into the relatively clean air of the Bowery.

Something more than general weariness and malaise has infected the minds of the Van Dorn Works laborers. I tried to inform the local authorities about what was going on there, but as you can imagine they had no time for a rustic reporter like me.

Friday Night Fights

One of the more interesting nights that I spent in New York was at the prize fights. Many men—especially those from less fortunate ethnic groups—will enter into the sport of boxing in order to make money.

The boxing match—which is nothing more than a fist-fight in a roped-off ring—is composed of several rounds, each lasting for a few minutes. The number of rounds in the fight depends on how long the boxers can endure the punishing onslaught of the other fighter—the last man standing is the winner.

During the match, each contestant maneuvers around his opponent in an odd kind of dance, looking for the best opportunity to strike the other fighter. The fight is brutal and bloody, and it must certainly take a man of great stature to endure such a pounding for the duration of the event.

Each match fills the small venue with uproarious fans who are there to support their favorite fighter. Gambling and drinking are always associated with the fight, and I'm convinced it makes the event more enjoyable—or more tolerable—to many who attend.

Those who are good at this grueling sport can go on to become something of a celebrity. When this level of fame is achieved the fighter can usually make a healthy living.

However brutal this may seem to most people, I certainly have a great deal of respect for these men. They are tough, well-conditioned, and work hard for what they earn—and for a chance at fame and fortune.

Franklin Henderson

Having been more horrified than I anticipated about the working conditions of at least a few thousand New York laborers, I set out to see what other folks were doing about the problem. The now defunct National Labor Union had once been quite powerful in New York (as compared to other unions anyway) but now they were no more. Organized labor is having a hard time, but all inquiries did point me towards one figure: Franklin Henderson.

Henderson used to be an organizer for the National Labor Union. He always put people before profit and he had a reputation for hating factories and industrial processes in general. When the NLU went under, Franklin got together a few of his old friends and formed his own worker's group, the so-called Labor Legion.

In truth, Franklin's Legion is no more than a few hundred burly, young men who prefer working for Henderson over slaving away in some factory. Ostensibly the Legion exists to search out the injustices and maltreatments in the work force. Henderson has known ties to Tammany Hall and he has gotten out the vote for the political machines on more than one occasion.

The Legion has no headquarters building—no permanent facility of any kind. Most days they meet in Central Park. Central Park truly is an oasis of leisure and calm in the otherwise industrial city of New York. In the '50's this was one of the worst areas of the city, home to beggars and shanty towns. The city bought all the land and changed the area into a paradise with pleasant paths, lakes and streams, all under the shade of trees. Compared to a forest or wooded glen, I suppose the park pales in comparison, but within the city it is a modern marvel.

Sunday in the Park

Henderson and his Legion meet in the park because, as it turns out, Henderson hates every other inch of the city. Talking with Henderson by one of the park's lakes, I soon discovered that everything about the burly, bald, 40-year



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old man is radical in some way or another. He believes that the cities and their industrial wastelands are what created the Civil War and what will ultimately be the downfall of man. He advocates a return to an entirely agrarian society. Only then, he says, can we know peace.

When asked why he lives in the city, Henderson claimed that the city is where he is needed. He feels that it is his sacred calling to free the working men and women of America from the bonds of Industry. If that means cooperating with the "Tammany Devils" and "Union Saps" then so be it. Ultimately, he wants to tear the whole thing down and make the entire city like Central Park.

Henderson went on to describe a number of attacks that mysterious unknown parties have made on New York factories over the past three years. Henderson did not claim responsibility for these attacks but it wasn't hard for me to read between the lines.

If I had to bet, Henderson and his Labor Legion are behind these attacks which have reportedly caused over \$1,000,000 in damages, and seriously hampered at least one Federal military campaign.

The attacks themselves are unusual because they seem to be carried out with pure brute force and there are never any witnesses. I went to the scene of one of these ruined factories, a small establishment that employed a hundred laborers and made belt buckles.

The factory had been locked up tight for the evening. When the manager returned the next day it was still locked tight but everything inside had been smashed to pieces, including heavy machinery. No explosives were used, no fires set, and not a pane of glass was even broken. Somehow the attackers had slipped in without breaking anything, destroyed the interior and then locked up behind them as they left.

What is most surprising is that Henderson seems able to keep out of trouble—thanks to his contacts in Tammany Hall. The Democratic machine relies on Henderson to deliver votes, and as long as he does they keep the police off his back. This seems a classic case of looking only at the short term returns if ever there was one.

Henderson's power continues to grow, and the mysterious attacks on industry become



Franklin Henderson enjoying a day in the park.

more numerous and more destructive. All the while the man who's probably behind it all sits in the park and feeds stale bread to ducks.

Castles on Fifth

Maybe Henderson spends so much time in Central Park because from there he can see some of the people whose life work he's devoted himself to destroying. New York's Fifth Avenue runs through the island of Manhattan like a spinal cord, keeping the whole city in line.

Boss Tweed himself moved into a fine new house on Fifth just last year. Every major New York industrialist, banker, and wealthy family lives on Fifth Avenue. This wasn't always the case mind you, but in the past five or ten years it has become so. Fifth Avenue is more than just a fashionable address, it has become a kind of fortified refuge.

Once, rich but not ostentatious, three and four-story brownstone houses lined the street.

Ever since the local population got out of

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control in the New York Draft riots of 1863 things have begun to change. During that first riot the raging mob attacked many of the wealthy homes along Fifth Avenue, including the residences of two former mayors and other prominent residents. When the second riots happened in '71, the mob again vented its fury on some of the wealthiest neighborhoods in the city.

The fear of crime and riot gave birth to a new architectural style among the city's elite, termed by one unkind critic Neo-Fortificationism. Desiring to keep their fashionable addresses, the very rich bought up whole blocks of brownstones and tore them all to the ground. They then put up high stone walls with iron spikes and even guard towers. Behind the heavy iron gates sit heavy walled four and five story homes that do look more like forts than mansions.

The father of their architectural style is a dashing young architect and designer named Percy Lawler, and his designs have made him a

wealthy man. A friend of mine once said that the rich in America don't know what they like until someone else tells them what's fashionable. Percy Lawler came on the scene just after the '71 riot. He offered a way for the city's aristocracy to feel safe and fashionable at the same time.

Lawler's designs now dominate Fifth Avenue from Washington Square all the way north to Central Park. The residents seldom leave Fifth Avenue itself except to travel to the countryside. Of course, the rest of the city's residents have more trouble using Fifth Avenue. Anyone who looks even slightly out of place gets a rude questioning at the very least from well-compensated police officers and may well find themselves under arrest for loitering.

The Cuckold's Mark

I managed to borrow a fine suit from a friend and actually make my way into one of the famous Fifth Avenue homes for one of the nightly parties. There is a party of some sort every evening on Fifth Avenue, even Sunday.

I noticed that a number of these wealthy people had some sort of skin condition. They tried to hide it under scarves, makeup, and carefully placed collars, but I must have met thirty men and women with this same reddish-green rash poking through somewhere.

As always in such cases, it was one of the servants who tipped me off as to what was going on. It seems that the local gentry suffer from a rather embarrassing and very easily caught social disease referred to as the Cuckold's Mark.

The Mark manifests itself as a green and red tinged rash that erupts in small patches on the subject's body. Servants report that those with the rash lose many of their inhibitions, and that their grasp of reality becomes tenuous.

Whatever the symptoms, this Cuckold's Mark might just be nature or God's way of punishing these rich folk for their hubris. Whatever the cause, I'd be careful who you associate with should you ever find yourself in a Fifth Avenue castle.



An unfortunate victim of the Cuckold's Mark.



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The New York Masons



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Completed just this past year, the New York Masonic Lodge, the Pyramid as the locals call it, stands at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 42nd street, right in the heart of the city. Nearly 15 stories tall, the building looks like a very narrow, four-sided pyramid, rising up above the city like an obelisk. The bottom three stories have windows much like any other building, but the rest of its height is simply four, blank, grey marble faces rising to a sharp point protruding into the New York skyline.

A pair of 10-foot high, bronze doors, each engraved with the Masonic seal, gives access to the main area of the temple. Side doors allow more discreet access, and they are also made of bronze inlaid with the seal. Of course, only Freemasons may enter the building, and armed guards stand just inside each of those doors to prevent unwanted visitors from poking their noses inside.

Freemasonry does not have the hold in New York that it does in Boston (or Philadelphia or Washington for that matter). Part of the reason for this is that political bosses in Tammany Hall depend on the immigrant vote too much to be closely associated with Freemasons. After all, almost all of the Irish and Italian immigrants are Catholic, as are many of the Germans who have swarmed to New York in recent years. While the Fifth Avenue crowd is well represented in the lodges ranks, the powerful politicians have steered clear of the group. They fear that those types of connections would lead to poor public support.

Recently, it seems that this resentment has boiled over into the streets. About two months ago, a group of "immigrant thugs" (as the local paper put it) brutally attacked the Masonic lodge and some of its members. Later that night, a tenement building where many of the thugs lived burned to the ground, killing hundreds.

Tammany Hall seems decidedly aloof from the whole affair and the police did little to investigate either crime. This may be just the first battle in a war between the Masons and the immigrant population that put Tweed in power.

New Jersey

As I traveled by train from New York southwards towards Philadelphia, I was struck by the rather undeveloped nature of New Jersey. Unlike its two neighboring states, New Jersey does not possess any large cities. Instead, the countryside is broken only here and there by small hamlets, hardly the size of Tombstone. New Jersey's only true cities worthy of the name, Newark and Camden, lie next to New York and Philadelphia, respectively.

The Leeds Devil

Despite New Jersey's rather plain appearance, she does not lack for mystery. Several passengers on my train informed me about the infamous Leeds Devil, born over a century ago. According to them, a Mrs. Leeds of Burlington, New Jersey was secretly a witch. One stormy night in 1735, she gave birth to a beautiful baby son. As the midwife cleaned the child, the boy's shape began to change. The baby transformed into a monster with the head of a horse, the wings of a bat, the body of a snake and the feet of a pig.

Ever since that dreaded year, the "Leeds Devil" has been spotted all over New Jersey, and even Philadelphia on a few occasions. These tales rarely amount to anything more than an appearance of the monster, but more recent stories indicate a more ominous element to the Leeds Devil myth. The passengers, speaking in hushed tones, mentioned that the Devil has been seen more frequently in recent days. Some say that the Devil is behind the disappearance of several children in the area. Undoubtedly, my sources said, the creature plans to sacrifice them to his Dark Lord.

When I asked where the Leeds Devil could be found, they seemed to shudder a slight bit and mutter something about the Pine Barrens. Later research indicated that the Pine Barrens make up a large forest of scraggly pines, weeds, bushes, and swamps throughout central New Jersey. If anything could escape detection, it would be inside this hellacious place.

Unfortunately, I could not confirm whether there was any increase in child kidnappings.



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The Mid-Atlantic

As I traveled from New York southward to Philadelphia, I felt a great change was taking place in the atmosphere. It was as if the air seemed just a little less thick, the people just a little more alert, and the daylight just a little brighter. After the gloominess of Boston and the oppressiveness of New York, I wondered what redeeming value could any of the Union cities offer. All I had seen up until my journey to the Philadelphia was filthy factories, a debauched elite, and a downtrodden underclass.

Philadelphia



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When my train pulled up late one evening into the Pennsylvania Railroad depot on Market Street, I was startled to see a veritable beehive of activity. The station was crammed with dozens upon dozens of trains, coming from every conceivable destination. Hundreds upon hundreds of passengers arriving and departing. People hurrying from one place to another. I had seen such a frenzy before in the congested streets of Boston and New York, but the quality of it is much different in Philadelphia. In the other cities, the people walk as if weighed down by the burdens of war. Here, the citizens race around with a sense of optimism and anticipation.

I did not expect so much business in the station at that late hour. I was astonished to discover that this station was only one of many throughout the city. Its lines covered only those trains coming south from New York and east from the Ohio. Even more surprising was the fact that the clamor when my train had pulled in was only a pale echo compared to the din rising from the other half of the station. For every civilian arriving that night, there must have been at least a dozen Union soldiers

getting on a train on the other side of the depot. I saw hundreds of cannons roll pass my window on their way to cargo trestles. Crate after crate of rifles and ammunition was lifted into a seemingly endless stream of trains.

I had always supported my adopted country in her war for independence, but at that moment I sincerely wondered how long the Confederacy could last against such an onslaught. The sight before my eyes was a testament to the dedication and ability of the North's resolve—both morally and industrially.

Despite my interest in all of this, the hour was nearly eleven o'clock. My back complained after the long ride down from New York. Eastern trains, comfortable compared to their Western counterparts, still have a long way to go before they are fit for human inhabitation. When I departed the station, I expected to find a city almost asleep and streets practically deserted. Instead, I found streets filled with people and gas lamps glowing merrily. It was so bright, and so crowded, that I thought that it must be day, and the sun was hidden behind an eclipse. As I took a steam-powered coach to my hotel, the Continental, I noticed that the stores and restaurants were all open and busy.

My stay in Philadelphia would later unravel these apparent riddles for me. Since the Confederates briefly seized Washington in 1871, many of the Union's vital offices were transferred north into Philadelphia. Block after block of the city is dedicated to one nameless department after another.

Philadelphia also serves as the staging ground for all troops and supplies in this theater of the war. Although currently a tense stalemate grips both sides, the Union appears to be heavily fortifying all of its positions. As a consequence, soldiers and supplies pour through

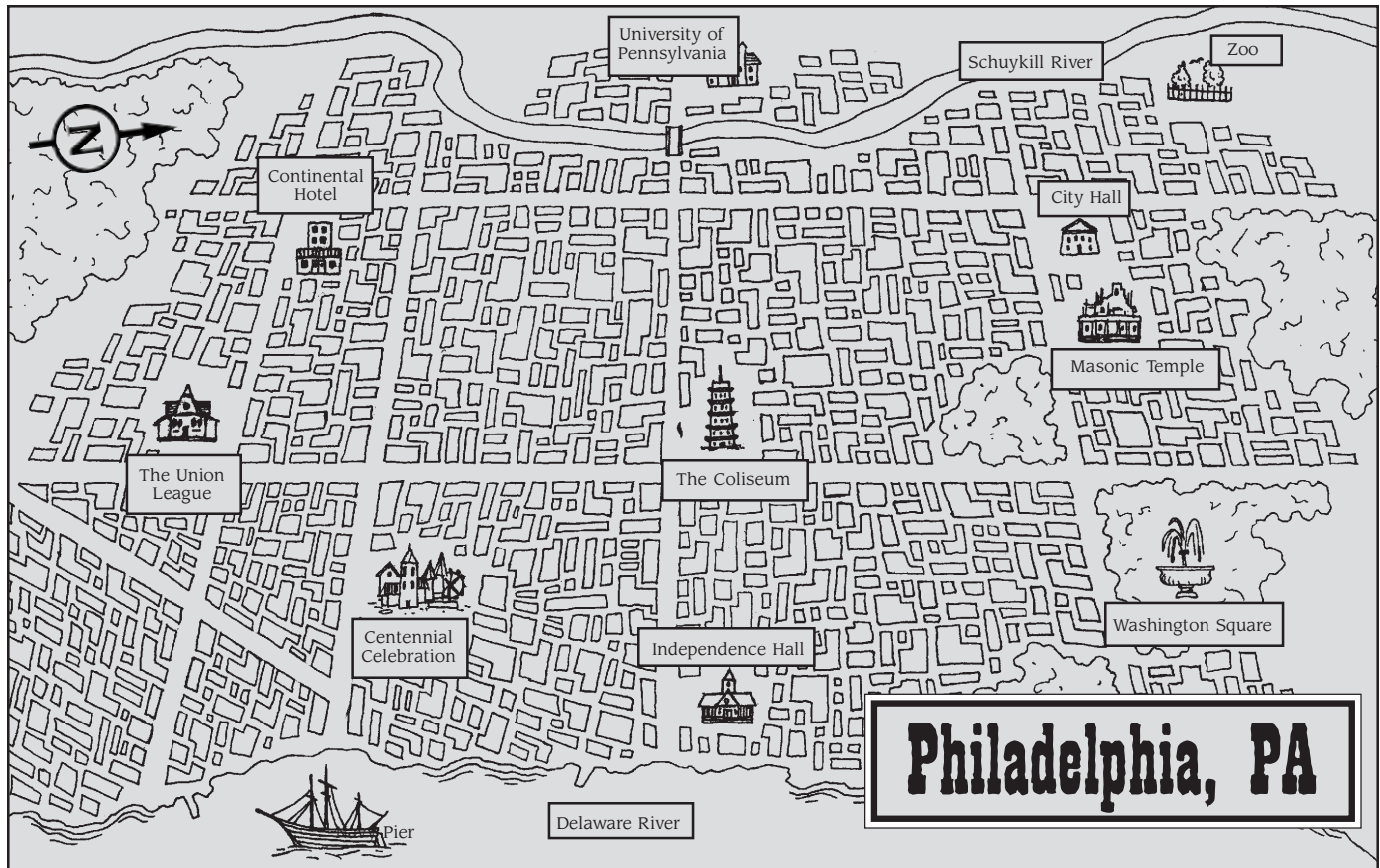
Philadelphia's stations and ports around the clock.

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In addition to the transplanting of government offices, nearly all the international governments have moved their consulates to Philadelphia. Although the Confederacy has honored all of her treaties with foreign powers, the Army of Northern Virginia did inadvertently destroy almost all the embassies in Washington back in '71. In order to prevent any further mishaps, the governments tacitly agreed to move their diplomatic offices to a safer haven in Philadelphia.

All of these imports transformed Philadelphia into a booming metropolis. Opportunity abounds for nearly any who wish it. German immigrants, and some Irish, arrived each day in search of a new chance in Philadelphia. Businesses come each day from around the Union in search of new government contracts. Housing is cheap and available for even those of meager means. The clean streets are lit all throughout the night with gas lamps and new electric arc lamps. The labor problems so pervasive further orth are barely felt here.

The City of Brotherly Love

I should, at this point, pause to mention a few idiosyncrasies of the city which first attracted my attention. Despite Philadelphia's international character and its burgeoning population, it remains down deep a conservative town.

Philadelphia was originally settled as a Quaker colony several centuries ago by William Penn. He received the land from the British King Charles II in 1681. Penn had hoped that Philadelphia (Greek for the land of brotherly love) would give his Quakers the religious freedom they deserved.

Because of these religious origins, many of Philadelphia's laws place rather stiff tariffs on purveyors of liquor and other nightly entertainments. Because of these taxes, alcohol establishments are rather infrequent compared to the size of the city—quite an unfortunate fact for a thirsty man on the go. Consequently, many Union soldiers have dubbed Philadelphia, “the stockade.”

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Philadelphia is a "City of Homes." In Boston and New York, tenements and apartment buildings are squeezed together on every block. Philadelphia has nothing comparable to this phenomenon. Instead of growing upwards, Philadelphia has grown outwards. Because of the vast amount of railroad tracks and the frequency of trains, people from all directions can easily travel into the city four times an hour. There is no need to live in cramped crowded conditions in order to be closer to a place of employment. A simple train ride suffices. The common people tend to live in nicely kept, two-story brick houses. White shutters and small gardens adorn the front of each house. This rather plain and uniform appearance has added to Philadelphia's reputation for dullness, I think.

While the Irish have immigrated mainly to Boston, the Germans have begun to call Philadelphia home. Many of the menial labor jobs are now filled by the burgeoning numbers of German immigrants. These new citizens have greatly influenced the face of Philadelphia society. German opera is now performed at the many theaters. The German language is being taught at the schools. German art is proudly displayed in the art houses. German restaurants seem to be built every night.

Lastly, the entire town seems to be burning with war fever. I am told that before 1877, the peace movement was actually quite strong in Philadelphia. But the recent British invasion of Detroit appears to have strengthened their resolve to defeat both the British and the C.S.A. Many I spoke with seemed to consider the Confederacy as nothing more than a puppet of the hated British. I suppose this sudden change of heart must be due to Philadelphia's historical heritage. The city, after all, was the cradle of liberty for the American colonies. It was here that the ideas of freedom, to which both Union and Confederacy aspire, were forged on the anvil of British oppression. While Boston can always claim a part in the American revolution, Philadelphians fervently believe that their city was the driving force behind the first War for Independence. Because of this, there has always been a deep suspicion of Britain. The recent, and I might add foolish, British aggression in Detroit has only fanned these long simmering passions.

Layout

When William Penn first designed his colony, he wanted to create an orderly city. Because of Penn's early plans, Philadelphia's streets were placed perpendicular to one another, in a grid. As a result of this pattern, one can easily travel around Philadelphia. The roads running north and south are numbered from one to thirty-five, while the east-west streets are mostly named after trees (Spruce, Pine, Chestnut, Walnut). Two major streets, Market and Broad, divide the city into four quarters. Market, which runs east-west, caters primarily to merchants, stores and restaurants. Broad, which lies north-south, has traditionally been residential, though this is slowly giving way to some commercial development.

Philadelphia lies at the point where two rivers meet: the Schuylkill and the Delaware. Goods and materials from western Pennsylvania flow down the Schuylkill. The Delaware, which feeds into the Atlantic, is the major waterway in Philadelphia. At the **Waterfront**, dozens of ships unload and load their cargo each day. Much material is transported directly to waiting trains in the nearby depot. Enormous coal barges dump their loads into bins on the wharves, where thousands of workers pick through the chunks. Most of the coal heavers and dock wallopers live in **Kensington**, whose haggard neighborhoods reflect the nature of its blue collar inhabitants. The Waterfront also contains the Old Navy Yards, where warships have been built for over a century. I was told that the Delaware river is protected at its mouth by an enormous, well-armed fortress, League Island. The place has been dubbed impregnable by several sailors.

The German and Irish immigrants call **South Philadelphia** home. Factories dot the area, surrounded by the ubiquitous brick houses. Smoke spews endlessly from those places, undoubtedly building more weapons for the war effort. The workers cram themselves into tiny housing, fitting several families into a home built for only one. Behind these humble houses lies a shantytown of sorts. Shelters made from cast off metal and wood hardly look like they would be able stand a strong wind. These noxious areas possess no electricity, gas or

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even water, yet people continue to dwell there. The worst areas of South Philadelphia have been dubbed **Southwark**.

Central Philadelphia is the site of Penn's original city. Cobblestone roads mark the beginning of the historic city's territory. This part of Philadelphia, stretching from around the Waterfront, all the way to the Schuylkill, houses those Philadelphians of better means. Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of this area is the town squares. Penn originally designed these squares in order to break the monotony of a city and provide some country delight in the midst of dwelling. Central Philadelphia's proudest claim is that she contains Independence Hall, where we first cast aside the chains of British oppression. While large stores, such as John Wanamaker's, remain consigned to Market Street, banks and other financial institutions fill up Chestnut Street. Several theaters, museums and conservatories lie along Walnut Street, which lies a block south of Chestnut. **North Philadelphia** is lined with endless brick homes. Its slums resemble South Philadelphia, but lack the immigrants.

West Philadelphia, lying across the Schuylkill, still retains some of the area's original sylvan charm. The prestigious University of Pennsylvania recently moved there from a Central location, undoubtedly looking for more room to grow. The great Centennial Exposition, inaugurated in 1876, and still running, lies northwest of the University by several miles. This huge fair stretches across miles of a beautiful park, called Fairmount Park. It does not yet come close to the manicured attractiveness of New York's Central Park, but it does have its points of admiration.

Germantown, Chestnut Hill, and Manayunk all lie in the northwestern area. Each was an independent town, until Philadelphia absorbed each in the course of its growth. German-speaking Dutch and Swiss settled Germantown in 1683 because of religious intolerance in their countries. Most of the area's original families have departed. Germantown is now where many of the city's wealthy build their massive houses. The most powerful and aristocratic families have their homes in nearby Chestnut Hill. These huge mansions possess names such as "Druim Moir", "Greystock" and "Hope Lodge." Manayunk lies above the

Schuylkill. Thousands of Philadelphia's ubiquitous row homes cut straight lines into the steep hill over the muddy river.

Places to Go

Here are some of the sites of the City of Brotherly Love.

Accommodations

If you cornered me to say which hotel is the finest in Philadelphia, I suppose I would confess it was the Continental at 9th and Chestnut. The nearby Atlas and Colonnade Hotels are almost of equal caliber. The best way to experience Philadelphia is to stay in one of the many inns which have popped up in response to the influx of visitors to the Centennial Celebration. Many older couples have converted their houses into small hotels, providing guests with three solid meals and truly amicable company. I myself stayed in quite a few.

Navy Pier

There are many good restaurants, but perhaps the most unique dining experience one can have is at the Navy Pier. Years ago, the U.S. Navy once built their warships at that very spot. Eventually, the Navy transferred most of its shipbuilding farther north, in New England. A entrepreneurial restaurant owner, George Felder, purchased the property and developed it. He bought several derelict ships which were no longer sea-worthy, but still quite safe if left to float in the water. Felder renovated the boats into several different restaurants. Each ship was decorated to fit the theme of the restaurant. Currently, Navy Pier is one of the most popular destinations for tourists and native Philadelphians alike for dining. If you decide to try it, expect to wait quite a while.

Union League

The Union League boasts an excellent dining room, but one can attend only at the behest of an active League member. The Union League was founded in 1862 by wealthy Philadelphians in order to raise money for



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the war against the South. I've been told in confidence that membership is now almost a prerequisite for anyone trying to secure large government contracts. The League built its handsome, French renaissance-style building for its headquarters in 1865. If given the opportunity, I recommend that you eat there, but there is only one drawback—no Southerners allowed.

Zoological Society of Philadelphia

Philadelphia possesses so many landmarks from America's history that I almost overlooked one of the latest additions to the city: a zoo. Several years ago, a group of philanthropists purchased property in West Philadelphia in order to build a wild habitat for animals. These men hoped that everyone could come to see and experience a part of wildlife which city dwellers had long forgotten. Currently, the Zoological Society possesses a monkey house, a beaver dam, a deer preserve, bear pits, a buffalo range, an aviary and a Tropical House for animals from warmer climes. Their biggest attraction is the so-called "demon of the West"—a bunch of scraggly wolves. I wonder what they would think of a wendigo.

Coliseum

If you want to get a good look at Philadelphia in its entirety, just go up the Coliseum tower. The Coliseum is a gigantic tower made of steel and marble standing in the middle of the city. Originally built in New York, the Coliseum was transferred stone by stone to Philadelphia in 1876. At its highest point, the Coliseum is 166 feet high! A special lift, powered by an Otis ghost-rock engine, carries passengers to balconies at different heights. At each level, you can peer through looking glasses to see any point in the city.

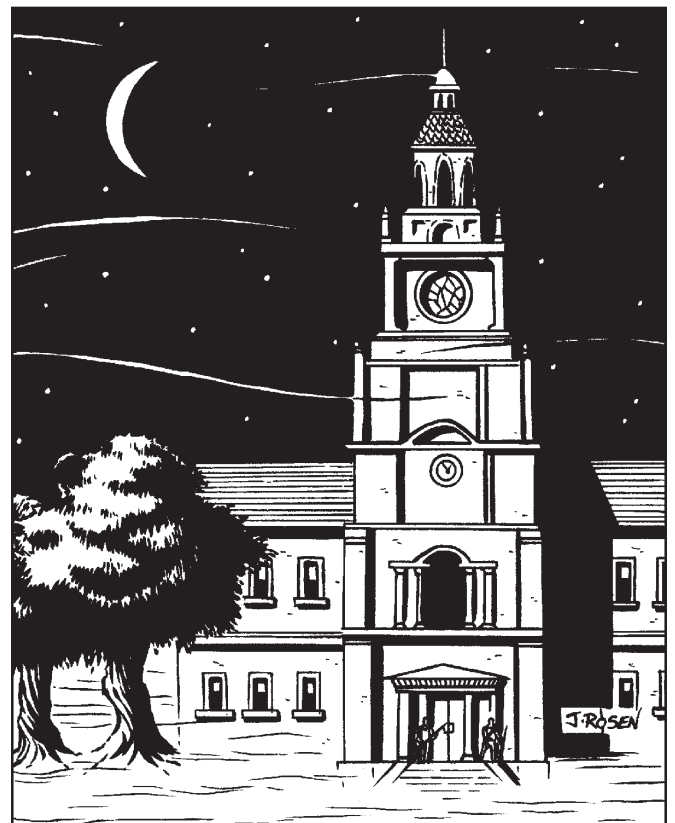
Independence Hall

On the next day after my arrival, my very first destination was Philadelphia's most famous landmark: Independence Hall. The Union government has taken great pains to preserve this monument, as well as many of the other buildings around it. After all, it was here that

our brave forefathers made real the words of freedom so long uttered by those under British rule. Although the Union has clearly used Independence Hall as a rallying effort in their war against the South, it cannot hold sole claim to the ideals fostered in that place. Without the words of James Madison, Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, and others, who knows whether the South would have ever possessed the courage to defy the Union and secede.

When I arrived at Independence Hall, I was surprised to hear the sound of steam whistles cutting through the December air. Independence Hall lies only a scant half mile away from the Waterfront. After hiring a local tour guide—a fellow named Thomas Hodkins—I soon set off.

My guide led me to a small, three story building. Its plain exterior bespoke of its old origins, but I admitted that I did not know its significance. Thomas explained that this was Carpenter's Hall. Before the First War for Independence, in 1770 to be exact, the local carpenter's built the house to hold their frequent meetings and to store their records.



Independence Hall.

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Over the next few years, Carpenter's Hall became the center for meetings of patriotic citizens. On September 5, 1774, 55 delegates from across the colonies gathered there to discuss their dissatisfaction with British rule.

At this very first Continental Congress, Patrick Henry uttered the immortal words, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." Standing in Independence Hall, I could almost hear those words being spoken.

A few blocks away, I could make out the spire of Independence Hall jutting into the sky. Thomas explained, as we walked, that Pennsylvania had originally built Independence Hall to be the State House.

Although plans for its erection were drafted in 1729, Independence Hall was not completed until 1734. Independence Hall consists of a central tower flanked by eastern and western wings. Its exterior is made of brick inlaid with marble. Dozens of Union soldiers surrounded the building, but none opposed our entrance.

On the ground floor, I encountered a large, cracked bell. In 1753, Pennsylvania had commissioned a bell to be made for the tower. The speaker of the Pennsylvania assembly, a devout Christian man, ordered that a passage from the bible be inscribed upon it: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the Land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Unfortunately, the bell cracked in its first test.

But I must admit that the powerful quote upon its exterior gives the bell a certain character which far outweighs this flaw. I was rather pleased to see several additional guards posted near the bell to protect this national treasure.

The eastern wing contained the chamber where the Continental Congress composed the Declaration of Independence. I saw with my own eyes the chair upon which John Hancock sat while he presided over the contentious Continental Congress.

On July 4th, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was read to a waiting crowd. The bell rang proudly to announce the news of freedom to the entire city. The western wing contained many historical curios, such as the writing utensils of the past, the medical equipment, and so forth.

Washington Square

Thomas next led me south by one block to one of Philadelphia's lovely squares, Washington Square. A beautiful fountain and a well kept park nicely softened the urban landscape. The trees, devoid of leaves because of the season, suggested that it would be quite a beautiful place in the spring and fall months. Thomas reminded me that there were several other squares such as this scattered throughout the city.

Washington Square's most important distinction is that it is the center for the Union's international relations. Nearly every foreign country is represented by an embassy there. Huge, bright flags announced the nationality of each building.

The embassies were larger versions of the ubiquitous row homes, with each one adjoining its neighbor by a common wall. I could only imagine the tricks of espionage that were perpetrated because of that!

One embassy stood out from the west. It flew no flag. Dozens of Union soldiers stood out front. Sandbags and barbed wire separated the embassy from the street, and several of the windows were covered with wood planks. Underneath these planks, I could just make out the dim remains of broken glass scattered along the ground.

I also saw burn marks which had scorched the brick exterior. I asked Thomas if there had been a fire here recently. He smiled coyly and said that there had been, but that it had been well deserved. I wondered what he could have meant by this remark, so I continued to question him of his meaning.

It turns out that this was the British embassy. When the invasion of Detroit (a most foolhardy expedition in my opinion) reached the headlines of the city's *Evening Bulletin*, a crowd of Philadelphians had besieged the place with rocks and bottles. A few threw flaming torches. The city police barely prevented the crowd from breaking out into a full-scale riot.

Ever since then, Union soldiers have been posted in order to protect the sovereignty of the British embassy. I wonder whether those guards are intended to keep rioters out as much as they are designed to keep the British in.

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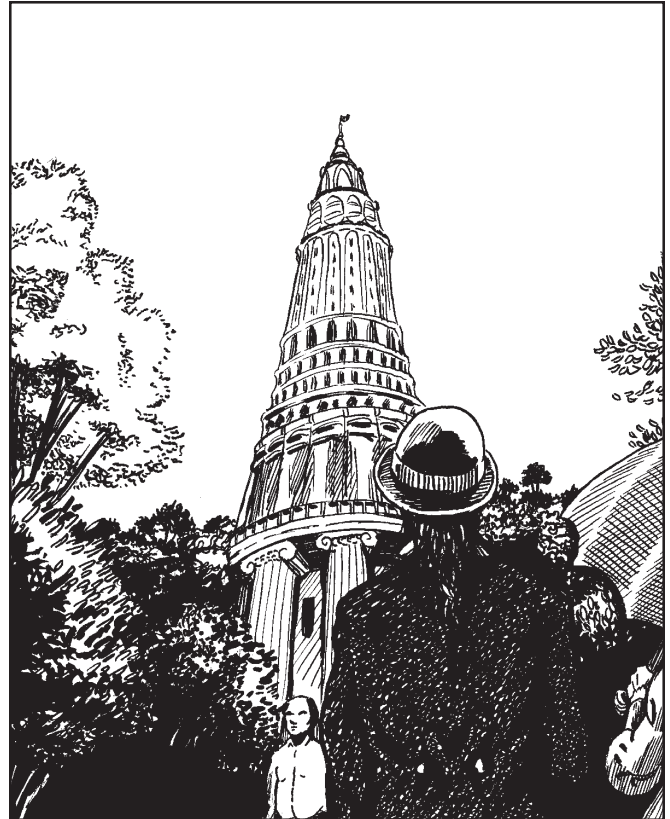
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City Hall

After paying Thomas for his efforts, I realized that it was almost noon. For lunch, I ate in the café on the top floor of John Wanamaker's. The food was excellent, but the store itself was unlike anything I had seen. Practically anything you could imagine was on sale somewhere in the store. Ready-wear-clothing, murphy beds, velocipedes, anything!

I discovered the skeleton of a truly huge edifice several blocks west. The building, perhaps done, was covered with hideous gargoyles and thin spires. I was told by a friendly passerby that the building was supposed to be the new city hall. Once completed, the Philadelphia city hall would be the largest municipal building in the world. I assured my new found friend that even if the building wasn't the largest, it would certainly be the ugliest. My remark did not strike his humor, so he walked away. The building's design is certainly peculiar. It has a strange, almost chaotic outline. Perhaps this is due to the architect's plans or perhaps it is because the building is not quite done.



The new City Hall has an unusual style of architecture.

The Masonic Temple



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A relatively recent Masonic temple stood within eyesight of City Hall. Like other temples, it proclaims to be the model of Solomon's great temple. Its facade was covered with numerous columns and

arcane designs. The Philadelphia branch of the Masons once boasted members such as Benjamin Franklin, but now initiates seem to keep a lower profile, given recent developments.

On the morning of November 8th, a man was found nailed to the Masonic temple, some twenty feet off the ground. His identity could not be confirmed because the head had been badly scorched. The tongue had been cut out and laid on the steps. No one claimed responsibility, and the police have not yet made any arrests. An editorial in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* surmised that the victim must have been a Mason, and that this murder is yet another reason why the "pagan Masons should be cleansed from the city." Two other

murders have been committed on the outskirts of the city along similar lines, but it is impossible to tell whether any of these crimes are related. The Masons have no comment.

When I inquired at the Temple, I was brusquely turned away. Although normally open for visitors during the day, the temple was closed.

The University of Pennsylvania

The next day, I traveled outside the central city, into less urban West Philadelphia. After hiring a carriage, I crossed over what was truly a monumental bridge—the Fairmount Bridge. It possessed two roadways on two separate levels! Pedestrians could walk on both levels. Arched colonnades alongside made the bridge beautiful as well as functional. Although this was not the most direct route to the University, I was pleased with the diversion.

Soon my carriage brought me to the site of the University of Pennsylvania, America's oldest university. Its origins stretch back to 1740,

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when a local Reverend wanted to educate the city's children. Benjamin Franklin joined the movement and guided the newly-formed school, named the Philadelphia Academy, into becoming one of America's finest learning institutions. In 1779, it was renamed the University of Pennsylvania.

By 1802, the University had outgrown its old facilities. The University moved to the mansion originally erected to be the home for the President. When the capitol of the fledgling United States moved to Washington, the presidential residence remained empty. In 1872, the University transported itself across the Schuylkill to West Philadelphia, its current site.

Currently, the University consists of four buildings made from a peculiar green serpentine stone: College Hall, Medical Hall, the Medical Laboratory, and the University Hospital. Plans have recently been announced to create a special institution for the study of ancient man. This new facility, backed in part by funds from the Union, will include a special Museum to house valuable artifacts.

The Archaeology Department

With the approval for the plans to establish a department devoted to the study of antiquities and ancient civilizations, the University of Pennsylvania will certainly become a forerunner in this new field. Many of the scholars devoted to this trade will now have the facilities to store and study the precious artifacts that are uncovered from around the world.

As the scholars uncover ancient treasures from various exotic sites, the study and field of archaeology has expanded dramatically. There are even professors that have devoted their entire professional career to this budding science.

But the founding of the new department at the university will undoubtedly draw thieves and cultists attention to this storehouse of ancient knowledge. The artifacts that are intended to advance academia—as many underhanded individuals know too well—are also very valuable or dangerous in the wrong hands.

The Clay Bandits

A week before my arrival in the city, some criminals had broken into College Hall and stolen several relics which dated back centuries. I have been told that these works of ancient art can be worth hundreds of dollars to certain collectors. But this sort of crime requires an expertise far exceeding the normal criminal mind. The common thug would have no idea where to sell such things, even if he could figure out their worth. To most thieves, the relics would appear to be no more than old clay tablets.

According to the professor, the tablets were written by ancient Babylonians several thousand years ago. Professor Winthrop even claimed that he could have translated them, too, if he was given enough time. When I jokingly dismissed the tablets as mere "heathen work," the professor grew somewhat agitated. He instructed me that the writers of those tablets were as civilized as anyone today, and that opinions such as my own would spell the ruination of academics.

After my profuse apologies, the interview continued. I did learn one new piece of



Professor Winthrop studies the clay tablets.



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information: the clay tablets had been kept in a sub-basement, several levels beneath the surface. What struck me as very strange was that the bandits descended several levels underground, overlooking many other valuables, such as jewelry and other gold artifacts, in favor of these seemingly worthless clay tablets. I believed these thieves must have been searching specifically for the tablets. When I pointed this out to Professor Winthrop, he grunted quizzically.

Despite the somewhat unsuccessful interview, I discovered the source of Professor Winthrop's irritation. He informed me that one of his colleagues, Professor Thomas Gerlach, had recently become ill. As a result, Professor Winthrop was having to cover Professor Gerlach's classes and responsibilities.

Ghosts and Mummery

I have heard about a very interesting way that the Philadelphians bring in the new year. After Christmas, Philadelphians flock to the graveyards to honor those who have died. As I've said, Philadelphians are just obsessed with their past. At night, however, people avoid being outside after dark. During the week between Christmas and New Year's, Philadelphians believe that the spirits of the dead who are jealous of the Christmas celebration and the attention given to other graves return to haunt the city each night.

I'm not exactly clear what the Philadelphians think the ghosts will do to them if they are caught outside at night, but from what I've gathered, the Philadelphians treat this tradition with a grain of salt. I personally will reserve judgement on the whole bizarre proceeding until I can investigate these findings a little more.

On New Year's Day, the city hosts an enormous festival. People from all over the city dress up in ornate masquerade costumes and parade down the street. Some of the parade is actually quite organized. Social clubs spend much of their year designing costumes, music and even dance routines in order to compete for modest prizes put up by the city and local businesses. From what I've heard, these dances are not simple matters. They are elaborate



One of the mysterious "mummers," performing the dance.

artifacts which take months to master. One who does this is called a "mummer."

I believe that mummery originally was a British term for dressing in a costume, but I'm afraid I must admit some ignorance on the subject. Revelers line the city streets to watch the spectacle, though even they must wear masks or they are not allowed to participate in the event.

The stated reason for this "mummer's day" is to scare away the envious ghosts of the dead and begin the New Year with joy. No one in the East, however, actually believes in such supernatural phenomena (unless, of course, they happened to have visited Tombstone lately). I think that this parade is just an excuse to be merry. I might also note that New Year's Day is one of the few days when Philadelphia's rather stringent attitudes toward liquor are relaxed enough for the locals to participate to their fullest enjoyment.

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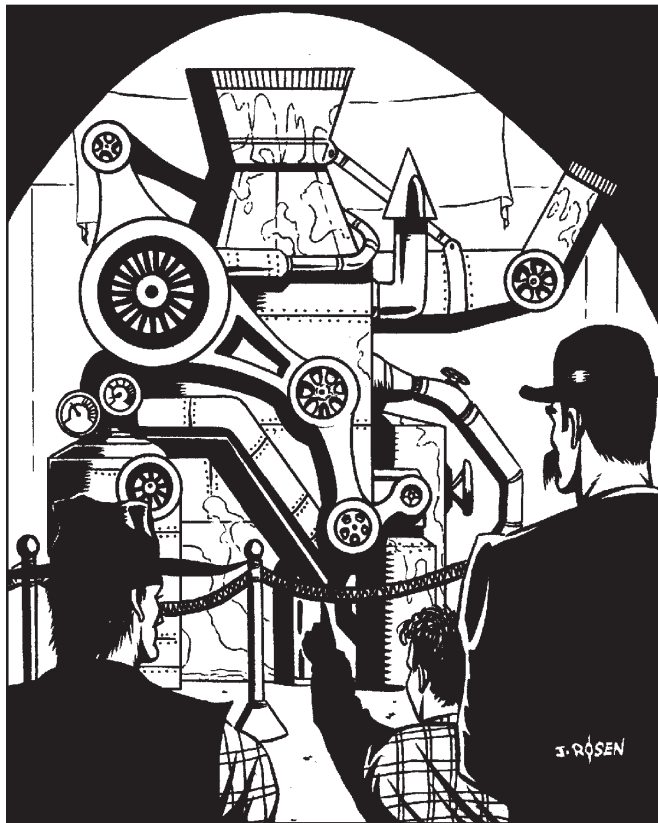
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The Centennial Celebration

Although all Americans have heard of Independence Hall, that is not the place which has made Philadelphia so famous throughout the Union over the past year. On May 10, 1876, the Union president Grant opened up the ceremonies of Philadelphia's Centennial celebration.

Philadelphians had been eagerly planning the 100-year celebration of America for quite some time. After all, Philadelphia was the city in which America was born; where else should there be a celebration of her hundredth birthday? City and state leaders planned an exposition of a scale never seen before in America. The Union government pledged an additional half million dollars to the amount already raised locally. Philadelphia hoped that the Centennial exposition would make her the jewel of the Union. Despite the cloud of war that must have hung heavily over Philadelphia's head, the city broke ground on July 4, 1874.



The incredible Corliss engine.

The fair was an immediate success. Since the opening on May 10, 1876, over 10 million people have paid to see the incredible sites of the exposition. Despite the chill air, I noticed several thousand other attendees to the fair while I was there. A quick perusal of the various advertisements revealed that train companies offered incredible discounts for traveling to Philadelphia if the admission to the exposition was bought at the same time. Affordable hotels have popped up all over the fringes of the fair, providing modest accommodations for affordable prices. Through the Centennial celebration, Philadelphia transformed itself into a resort.

Layout

I was amazed once I entered the grounds. There are five principal buildings of immense size, each devoted to a different subject: the Main Building, the Art Gallery, Machinery Hall, the Agricultural Building, and the Horticultural Building. The Main Building, the largest of these facilities, covers 21 acres! That's almost enough land for a farmer to support his family! Because the fair was originally planned to be temporary, each of the major buildings was designed to be put up and taken down with a minimum of effort. As a result, the buildings consist of individual modules which only the most discerning eye would notice. Glass and steel make up the bulk of the building material, although the exteriors have been greatly adorned with sculpture and lighting.

In addition to the five major buildings, there are also smaller houses built by each state in the Union. These state "houses" contain products and displays of each particular state. Dozens of foreign states have erected similar houses to honor their own achievements. Besides these, one can find numerous eateries which offer food from all over the world. I drank an afternoon coffee at the Turkish café and I ate an authentic French dinner at the Three Brothers restaurant. Statues and fountains complete the ornamentation of the fair.

When I entered the Main Building, my mouth dropped open in amazement. Every nation in the world (save for the Confederacy) represented itself. The Union had on display its fine

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mass-produced goods, such as clothing and tools. Germany offered numerous decorative swords, toys from Nuremberg, lanterns from Leipzig, medical instruments, and chemicals. The Austrian-Hungarian state showed its fine stained glass from Bohemia, precious amber, and colorful meerschaums. Distant Japan exhibited beautiful laquered ware, such as cabinets and tables. Egypt was displaying a model of the great Pyramids at Gizeh, as well as the fine cotton produced around the Nile. These are just a small fraction of the things I saw that day.

The Machinery Hall was just as impressive. Smith and Robard's was nicely represented by its famed rocket packs. I stood next to the Corliss engine, which converted ghost rock into enough energy to power the entire fair grounds with electricity. The Germans exhibited their massive Krupp guns—full 1,200 pounders! These enormous guns looked as if they could topple any sort of fortification. The Wasatch company demonstrated its new fireproof suits. A huge steam hammer pulverized solid granite into dust. A local Philadelphia inventor, Edward Winter, proudly showed his clockwork men. These robotic men did all sorts of tasks which a flesh and blood man could do, except that they never tired and never complained. The most interesting sight was the Electro-Magnetic Organ, which played automatically. The inventor explained that he had coded signals onto metal rolls as bumps, which special feelers in the organ would read. The bumps translated into an electrical signal which created one of the tones.

The Horticultural Hall was a wonder to behold. Exotic plants had been shipped in from all over the world. The designers created special rooms to keep the plants in conditions as close to their home climates. In just 50 feet, I traveled from distant Mexico, to the exotic South Seas, to China and back to America. The Union had its own building, proudly flaunting its vast armory. Even I, a Confederate, must admit that I beheld these fearsome weapons with more than a little trepidation. Once again, a nagging thought had me wonder whether the C.S.A. could ever survive against such might.

It would be impossible for me to describe every detail of this great exhibition. I spent nearly a full week wandering throughout the fairground. I never saw the same thing twice in that entire time.



An artist's conception of The Phantom of the Fair.

The Phantom of the Fair

Despite the truly amazing grandiosity of the Fair, people still needed to weave tales regarding its existence in order to provide something supernatural. I culled this tale from a number of sources, so forgive me if the details are lacking.

According to some, a furtive male figure had been seen stalking around the fair grounds almost since the inception of the exhibition. This mysterious person, dubbed the "Phantom" by all, at first followed the guards on their rounds after the fair had been closed for the night.

One guard confided to me that he once felt that someone was right behind him. The Phantom grew bolder with time. Some say that he began to lurk in the shadows at dusk. Others have seen him leaping from roof top to roof top in the flickering electric lights of the evening.

Whatever the case is, the Phantom is a true mystery.



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No one ever saw the Phantom clearly. He wore a mask, he was deformed, he was a madman, he was a woman—I heard a dozen theories. I would have chalked this tale up to mass hysteria, except for some things I heard from another newspaper reporter who worked for the *North American*. On condition of anonymity, he told me that bodies had shown up strangled all over the city ever since the exhibition began. The necks were not only black and blue from the strangulation, but they were also broken by a tremendous force. The police strenuously denied that there was any connection between the murders. Instead, the killings were passed off as normal occurrences among the lower elements of society. All of the victims were poor immigrants. The newspaper reporter thought that the murders were related to the fair because they occurred almost exactly in a widening circle around the exhibition with each passing month.

When I later scoured through the newspapers to find any mention of these strangulations, I found nothing at all.



Who, or what, are the cloud pirates?

Gettysburg

Inspired by the story of the Phantom, I decided to experience more local flavor, so one night I traveled down to notorious Southwark. I discovered a local tavern, which served homemade beer so awful, I thought I was out West!

I heard a harrowing tale from a man I'll call Jonas, and one that I can neither confirm nor deny. As his story involved the Men in Black, I thikn I'll no repeat it here. *Epitaph* reposters like myself enough visits from them as it is.

I did, however, check the status of the town of Gettysburg at the state surveyors office. It seems that the Union government has labeled the entire town and surrounding area a special military base. I couldn't find out anything else.



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On the Way To Cape May

Despite the bitter winter winds, I decided to visit the shore of New Jersey. Philadelphians tell me that it is practically a ritual for all citizens to travel to the beaches at least once a summer. The train ride to Atlantic city last only an hour and three quarters and the fare is only a pittance. Even in the middle of December, trains still ran once every other hour. I was surprised to see quite a few other passengers on their way to the ocean.

Once at the shore, I decided to continue south, to the very tip of New Jersey. The town there, Cape May, boasts a large lighthouse which warns passing ships of the dangerous shoals. On this leg of my journey, I needed to hire my own carriage.

The town itself was quaint and neat. Many fishermen make their homes there, although a few Philadelphians have also purchased territory. A virtual fleet of boats exits each daybreak into the brackish Atlantic waters, and each sunset they come floating back. Hungering for seafood, I made my way to one of the local eateries.

As is my wont, I struck up conversation with some of the inhabitants. A group of fishermen regaled me with a quite a story. As soon as they learned that I was a reporter, they were anxious to share their supernatural

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experience. It was almost comical to see them weave their story. None of them could finish a sentence without another adding some sort of detail. Once one had spoken for a few minutes, another would pick up the job of narmen of the good fishing boat *Orca*.

Cloud Pirates



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The *Orca* was out late one evening collecting crab and lobster traps when a sudden squall came on. The fishermen decided to wait out the storm rather than try to make it back to port. Since all of them had grown up fishing in these waters, they felt they could make it back to shore without any problem even at night. The *Orca* tossed to and fro, but otherwise was unharmed.

One of the fishermen (which one is up to considerable debate amongst the crew) noticed a large ship off the port (or starboard, depending on the speaker). Its masts were broken and its sails in tatters. There wasn't a single lantern lit on the whole thing. The sailors said they could barely make out the outline from the dying light of the sunset.

Suddenly, a huge cloud descended out of the cloud banks until it floated right above the ship. Unlike the dark storm clouds above, this cloud glowed a greenish yellow hue. The sailors heard a strange moaning over the drizzling rain and the swirling wind. The cloud's strange nimbus pulsed once, twice, a third time, and then shapes began to drop down out of it.

At this point, the sailors degenerated into an argument over what sort of shapes came from the cloud. One says that it was flying serpents. Another, men on winged horses. Another, huge bats. Another, pirates. Whatever these shapes were, they dropped onto the ship. When the shapes landed on the damaged ship's deck, fire broke out in different places.

The stunned fishermen sprang into action. Despite the phantasms, each of them knew what fire meant on a ship: death. By now, the storm had abated and the glowing cloud had ascended back into the heavens. The fishermen opened their sails and caught the waning breezes of the storm. The *Orca* got closer and closer to the burning ship. The fishermen

hoped that they might just save a few lives before the ship sank. At two hundred yards, the burning ship simply exploded in a fireball. Smoldering bits of wood crashed down onto the *Orca*, but did no lasting damage. As the *Orca* cut her way through the floating debris, the sailors saw no sign of life. They searched for several minutes in the hopes that they would find some survivors from the wreckage, but after no life was spotted they broke off their search.

Again, the sailors debated the import of it all. One said that maybe the ship had been abandoned beforehand. The others shouted him down. The rest agreed that the strange cloud bank must have snatched away the poor sailors.

Intrigued, I inquired about this tale. It turns out that there is a fable of a secret land, called Mangoria. This island remains hidden because it floats in the sky. The Mangorians survive by raiding ships on the open seas. The crews of these ships are always killed in the process. A few are kidnapped to be sacrificed to the dark Mangorian gods.

The Real Enigma

When I returned to Philadelphia the next day, I followed up the sailor's claims that a boat had been destroyed off Cape May. After scouring back over several years of newspapers, I found no mention of any ship disappearing in those waters. I immediately chalked up their tale as a local work of fiction, and went about my business as usual—but I was still intrigued by the stories.

What was fascinating, however, was the number of derelict ships found over the past several years. Starting in 1863, small boats and ships have been found floating adrift in New Jersey waters roughly at the rate of one a month. There is never any sign of a struggle. Its as if the people on the boats just jumped into the water and drowned themselves.

On the brighter side, 1863 also marks a point when the fishing industry in southern New Jersey began growing at a truly fantastic rate. It seems that each year since then has outproduced the previous in terms of fish caught.

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Pittsburgh

While Philadelphia dominates the eastern half of the state, Pittsburgh controls the western half. Pittsburgh has become the leading producer of iron. The small town is filled with foundries, rolling mills, machine shops, all smelting, casting and forging for the Union war effort. I could see the haze from all the factories from several dozen miles away. Pittsburgh is a dank, depressing place which I do not recommend to any of our readers as a place to visit. Two companies, Bethlehem Iron and Cambria Iron, own nearly all of the businesses in that city.

In June of this year, Pittsburgh suffered under a particularly violent and brutal railroad strike. The mobs became so unruly that the local militia was driven out of town. The resulting riots caused a great deal of damage to several facilities. Because of this calamity, Pittsburgh has been under martial law ever since.

I should also mention that since a huge oil field was found in 1859 in Western Pennsylvania, that area has fulfilled the Union's oil needs.

Groundhog Day

Approximately mid-way between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia lies a town with a peculiar practice—the sleepy hamlet of Quarryville, Pennsylvania. On February 2 of every year, a group called the Slumbering Groundhog Lodge goes out into the fields in search of a groundhog's

112 burrow. They prod the poor little animal out of his hibernation to see if he will come out of his hole. If the groundhog comes out, sees his shadow, and re-enters his cave, there will be six more weeks of winter. If the groundhog does not return to his sleep, spring is supposed to be arriving shortly. It is my suspicion, although I am no expert on groundhogs, that this creature will almost always return to his hole and resume his slumbering hibernation. No one quite knows where this practice started, though a few residents informed me that the custom originated in Europe.

This quaint holiday took a turn for the worse around 10 years ago. They went out, as

usual, into the fields. When a particularly choice groundhog hole was found, one person began to jab his stick into it. Suddenly, a massive, rodent, at least the size of a horse, leaped out of the ground, bit the poor man's head off, and slunk back down into the earth. Within moments, huge beasts were erupting from the ground all over the fields. The hapless fled back to the safety of their homes.

Ever since this day, the giant rodents haunt the county every February 2. The residents have tried everything to rid themselves of this nuisance, but they cannot ever seem to locate where these monsters live. The rodents are so large that they are quite capable of breaking into houses and attacking anyone within. Usually, the locals flee the area for that day and return after the rodents have spent their rage. From time to time, a few brave souls attempt to make a stand against the groundhog invasion. Few survive the experience.

The Molly Maguires

While western Pennsylvania is the center for oil and iron production, eastern Pennsylvania contains huge reserves of coal. The counties lying northwest of Philadelphia are almost entirely devoted to coal mining.

As often happens, the mining companies began taking advantage of the local workers. Naturally, the miners complained, but the companies ignored them. Anyone deemed a "rabble-rouser" was quickly dismissed. It seems that the miners fought back by forming a sort of secret society called the Molly Maguires. Under cover of night, these masked hooligans have committed every possible felony—assault, arson, robbery, rape, and even murder.

A stalwart Agency operative (from the company's security division), by the name of James McParlen, was hired to infiltrate their ranks. Several years of surveillance resulted in a series of high publicized trials last year. Although the leadership of the Molly Maguires was seemingly exposed and sentenced, the organization sporadically continues its campaign of terror.



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Delaware

I passed through tiny Delaware on my way to Washington, and I am not joking when I call this state tiny. In most people's opinions, this state is so small it could pass for a large county. Delaware dubs herself the "first state" because her representative was the very first to sign the Declaration of Independence over a hundred years ago. Little seems to have changed in Delaware since then, and considering its size, one has to wonder just how much could change.

Delaware's largest city, and state capitol, Wilmington, has undergone tremendous growth since the beginning of the Civil War. It seems that Hellstromme Industries has built an enormous research and development facility at Wilmington, partly in conjunction with the Union government. Hellstromme's complex is guarded with as tight a security as I have ever seen.

The locals say they don't mind; Hellstromme donates a lot of money to the state and keeps taxes low. I am certain that if the folks of Delaware had heard just a portion of the tales I have heard of Dr. Hellstromme, they would reconsider their ties with this man. For their sake, I hope they are right, and Hellstromme doesn't turn on them in the near future.

Bison Bob's Weird West Extravaganza

In Wilmington, I saw a flyer sloppily pasted to a wall of a traveling circus, "Bison Bob's Weird West Extravaganza." The flyer promised to all who attended, "feats beyond imagination," "sights to thrill," and "spectacles galore." My interest was piqued, so I attended Bison Bob's circus that evening.

What I saw was a conglomeration of acrobats, sharpshooters and magicians, all claiming to be Indians or Cowboys. I sincerely doubt that any of them have been any further West than Ohio. The "Indians" wore face paint so ludicrous that even a greenhorn sodbuster would recognize it for a fraud. The cowboys



Performers in Bison Bob's Weird West Extravaganza.

were certainly good at lassoing stationary objects, but I doubt they could handle a bull at full bore.

The freak show, which supposedly contained the "hideous denizens of the Great plains", was nothing more than a bunch of actors wearing makeup and some elaborately tailored costumes. I wonder what any of these people would do if they came face to face with a Mojave rattler.

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Maryland

Traveling due west from Washington, I had the opportunity to see much of Maryland. Before the war, I'm told that it was a beautifully cultivated state filled with fertile farms and livestock. I expected most of Maryland to be virtual fortress to protect the Union against any possible Confederate incursion. I was surprised to find that this wasn't exactly the case.

Most Maryland residents go about their lives as if nothing was transpiring. When I inquired about the thunder that I heard in the distance, but could not discern a single cloud in the sky, I was informed that it was merely an artillery duel. I could not believe the utter acceptance of peril that accompanied that statement; these poor souls were used to war.

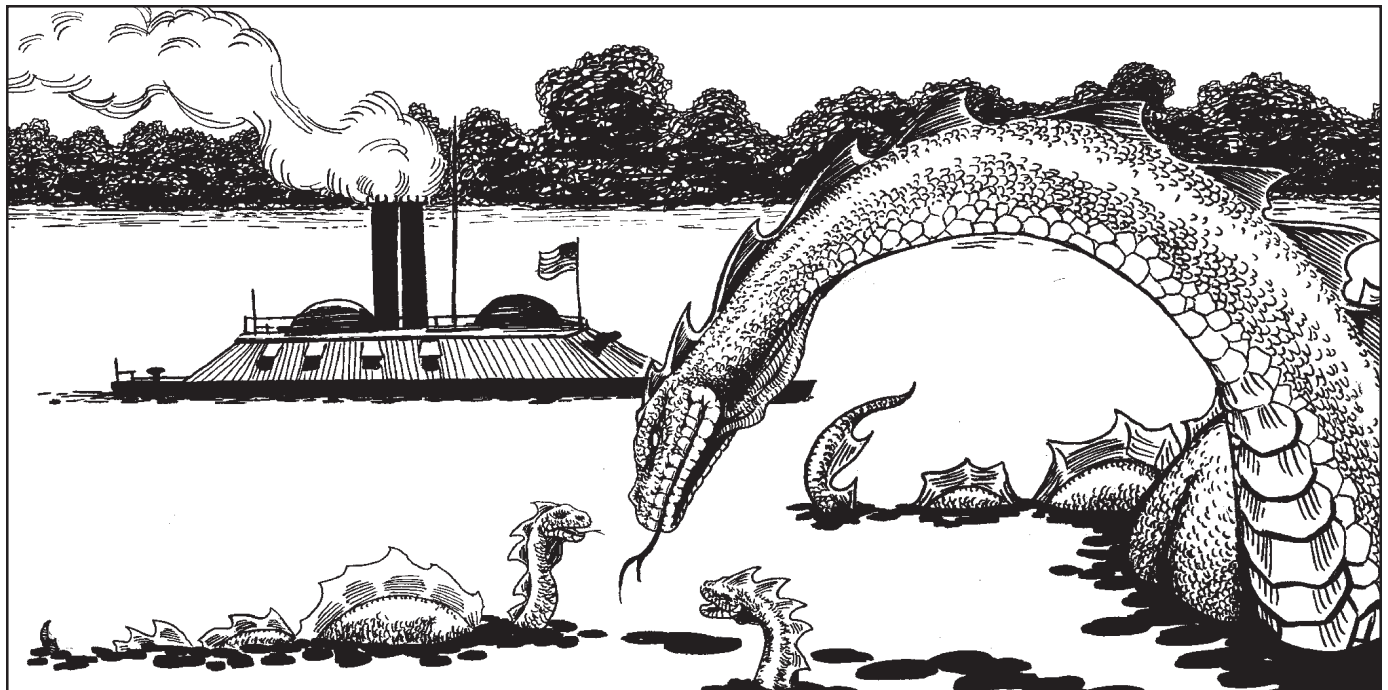
Many of my *Epitaph* colleagues had told me that Maryland had Confederate sympathies and would join the secession, if at all possible. I would like to disabuse anyone of this notion. Whatever sympathy Maryland might have felt towards the South has slowly been bled away by years of conflict. Maryland, unfortunately, seems as staunchly Union as anywhere I have found.

The largest city in Maryland outside of Washington is Baltimore. While Washington is the political capital, Philadelphia the international capital, and New York the industrial capital, Baltimore has become the center for commercial enterprise with its large port and easy access to the sea.

Many corporations now have their centers in Baltimore because it is so conveniently placed between Philadelphia and Washington, with easy access to both metropolitan areas. As Baltimore's small harbor fills the warehouses with all sorts of goods, her railyards ship the products to the other states of the Union.

Chessie

I was informed that the waters of Maryland's Chesapeake Bay are haunted by a huge sea serpent. The locals have affectionately named her Chessie and consider her a local treasure. A special section of the Baltimore newspaper would record the most recent sightings of the monster, and the locals clamber to read the latest story. Usually, someone would see perhaps Chessie's head, back or tail, but never the full creature.



An artist's rendition of Chessie.

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114 Popular opinion has recently turned against the mysterious beast because of her connection to several boat sinkings. It seems that Chessie has been sighted near several boats just before or after they sunk. Some of these ships exploded in a fireball, others simply sprung huge leaks. The attacks were at first limited to commercial vessels, though several Union ships have been sunk in the past several weeks. The Union has offered a large reward for this creature, dead or alive.

West Virginia

When Virginia seceded from the Union back in 1861, some folks in the western half weren't too pleased. Angered by their eastern neighbors' "rash decision," they themselves seceded from Virginia in 1862 and formed West Virginia. Although technically a Union state, many West Virginians' sympathies lie with the South. Currently, West Virginians serve on both sides of the war.

Early in the war, the Confederacy attempted to retake West Virginia, but the Union rebuffed all their attacks. Today, few military operations are ever conducted in West Virginia because of one major problem: terrain. Precipitous mountains, rugged stream beds, and raging rivers makes most of West Virginia all but impassable.

The locals have managed to carve out quite an extensive series of paths and roads in the mountains, but these aren't listed on any map. In the past year, the Union has begun quite an aggressive campaign of laying track, undoubtedly in order to transfer troops to the massive war effort more quickly. I would guess that the Union hopes to use West Virginia as a major launching point for an offensive some day.

The Hatfields and the McCoys

Whenever I brought up the subject of the War, West Virginians didn't think about the conflict between North and South; they assumed I was speaking of the Hatfield and McCoy feud. These two immense families live along the Tug



A mysterious footprint in the hills of West Virginia.

Valley on the border between Kentucky and West Virginia. Some sort of disagreement sparked up between the two and there's been outright violence ever since.

The problem should have been contained rather quickly by local authorities, but for some odd reason, the feud began to absorb the entire community. Pretty soon, nearly everyone in the area had chosen a side and begun to take up arms.

The Union attempted to quell the dispute with militia, and the Confederacy tried the same on the Kentucky side, but to no avail. Whenever someone tried to make peace between the two families, both would temporarily unite against him!

Everyone in West Virginia is a pretty fair shot, considering all the hunting they do. And a whole group of West Virginians can be as effective as a whole battalion of sharpshooters. After heavy losses, the Union and the Confederacy decided to allow the feud to burn itself out. It's been several years now, and there's no end in sight.



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Washington, District of Columbia



114 Finally I came to the last, and undoubtedly most strange and frightening of my destinations. Anyone who wishes to enter the capitol must provide papers proving their United States citizenship and proof of a current residence within the Union. Naturally enough, I had obtained forged papers, and was more than a little nervous about what might happen were they to find me out.

Fortunately, the soldier responsible for checking papers scarcely gave them a glance. Three hours later and I was entering the city. Unlike the other urban environments I had visited, Washington D.C. did not have the industrial haze that seemed until this point omnipresent within the Union. In fact, Washington does not have very much in the way of actual industry. So close to enemy lines, any factory that once stood in the region was long ago burned by Confederate troops.

Instead of smog filling the air, the atmosphere abounds with balloons. The Union first started using hot air balloons for observation purposes at the beginning of the war. Since then they have made great advances in the field of flight, substituting hydrogen, helium and aerified ghost rock to create flying air carriages.

As we all know, the Confederacy responded with its own force of ornithopters, and the arms race in the sky had begun. Only time will tell where this new arms race will lead, but so far it is leading to the air.

To protect the Union capital from Confederate air attacks, the entire sky above the city has been "mined" with balloons. Attached to the ground by ropes, these balloon mines sprout up from the roofs of every large building in the city. The Washington Air Defense Regiment maintains the minefield, raising and lowering them when the weather changes and creating passages for the Union air carriages to enter and leave the city.

You can see the blue balloons from miles away, but as you get closer to the city you begin to notice more down to earth signs of the war. Nothing seems to grow in and around Washington. It has all been trampled, shot, or burned to the ground—and not given time or peace to grow again. Patches of yellowed grass and sad looking undergrowth pop up from time to time, but there is not a tree to be seen within miles of or within the city itself.

As the train rumbles into the city proper you pass under the sights of enormous rifled cannons and heavily fortified bunkers. Along the roads march columns of blue-coated soldiers entering or leaving the city on some sort of Army business. Armored gun emplacements and guardhouses watch every approach. Scores of rail lines run down from the north into the capitol, most of them carrying boxcars full of war supplies, arms, ammunition, and more soldiers.

When the Confederates overran Washington back in '71 they caused an immense amount of damage. During the fighting much of the city caught fire, and in the wake of the battle the Confederate victors lit a few more fires of their own. The newly remodeled Capitol building, finished in 1863 was one of the first structures set aflame. Even the White House suffered so much damage that it had to be torn down. When the Union finally recaptured their once beautiful capitol, much of it lay in ruins.

A City Rebuilt

Over the past six years the United States government has rebuilt its ruined capitol, but not in its former image. The new city reflects the darker times. Washington is now a city devoted entirely to winning the war against the South (and now seemingly the British as well). Every public building from the Capitol



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on down looks like and acts as a fortress. Thick, steel plates have replaced the now vanished marble facades. Cannons and rifles hold center stage where statues and friezes once greeted visitors. It seems quite obvious that the Yankees have no intention of letting the District of Columbia fall into enemy hands ever again.

Passenger trains disembark right in the center of town, in the brand new Union Station, just a few short blocks from Capitol Hill. Soldiers in blue stand at the platforms, watching over every person who gets on and off the trains. Here again they checked my papers, and once more my heart leaped into my throat. Although they perused my documents more closely here, I still managed to pass inspection.

After that I was free to go about my business. Although most of the population of Washington seems to be in uniform, there are still over a hundred thousand civilians living in the District. Most of them are employed by the government or the army in some way, or support themselves by catering to the Union's needs. The city has its poor just like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, they just are not so much in evidence. This is largely because there are no factories or tenement housing in the District.

Four years ago, President Grant decided that slums were a breeding ground for sedition and

pro-Confederate sympathies. He had all of the tenements in Northeast Washington torn down and replaced with army-style barracks for the poor. He even installed reserve soldiers to maintain order in the areas. Thus the poor of Washington live much like soldiers, except they have to buy their own food and clothing. Still, the conditions are far better, if less private, than places like the Old Brewery in New York.

Neighborhoods

As cities go, Washington D.C. is not really that big, especially compared to New York or Philadelphia. Since the Confederate invasion in 1871 the face of the city has changed dramatically, so much so that old time residents returning to the city might hardly recognize its layout.

The diamond shaped capitol is divided into five distinct areas. At the center of it all is **Capitol Hill** and the **National Mall**. Capitol Hill holds of course, the Capitol building and is surrounded by other government office buildings and official structures such as the White House, the Agency Headquarters, and the War Department. The National Mall is a rectangular open area about a mile long that



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once had green grass. Now it's merely a muddy strip of earth running between the Capitol and the George Washington Memorial Air Spire. The Army of the Potomac uses the mall for training exercises and military parades.

The rest of the city is unevenly divided into four districts, each corresponding to its geographical relationship to Capitol Hill. **North West** is the more wealthy region of the city. Once it housed some of the finer homes in the city as well as dozens of middle class neighborhoods. It escaped from the Confederate burning relatively unharmed and continues to be a region of family oriented neighborhoods. It once housed the various embassies to the U.S., but all of these have been moved to Philadelphia.

North East is the poorer section of the city, home to most of President Grant's barracks-style housing for the lower classes. The region also has a large number of warehouses and processing facilities designed to help support the army. Most visitors to Washington end up staying in one of the hotels or rooming houses in North East since there are few such facilities anywhere else in the city.

South East is Washington's industrial area. Although the city does not produce much anymore, the army maintains a number of machine shops and repair facilities that help keep Union equipment functioning properly. It is also home to the newly refurbished Navy Yard, which has built ships for the U.S. Navy since 1799. There is a strong Naval presence here and most of the Navy's mid-Atlantic fleet put in here for repairs or coal at one time or another.

Finally there is **South West**, which used to be home to some of the city's most respectable homes and institutions. Georgetown University is here, although it is still struggling to recover from the damage suffered during the Rebel invasion. Few students want to come study in a war zone. Located along the Potomac just opposite Virginia, entrenched guns and fortifications now occupy most of South West. Likewise the entire river in this area, once the sight of boat races and pleasure yachting, is now home to thousands of torpedoes that have been placed to repel would be invaders.

Places To Go

Washington is probably the least hospitable of the cities I visited, and offers the smallest choice of places to stay and recreate. Although the Confederates burned or ransacked many of the city's nicer hotels, **Willard Hotel**, not too far from Capitol Hill, has managed to recover nicely.

This fine establishment hosted Lincoln himself when he first came to Washington before his inauguration. Whatever your feelings about the dead Union president, the hotel still offers fine rooms at almost reasonable prices (\$2 to \$10 a night).

In North West there is the **Wisconsin Arms**, located on Wisconsin Avenue and nicely located between North West and Georgetown. The rooms are a little small for the price (\$1.50) but the restaurant downstairs serves fine meals at bargain prices and offers a clientele of locals who somehow don't seem to be either soldiers or politicians (which is a rather rare thing in this city).

Budget-minded travelers can always try the **Public Barracks** in North East. Built along the lines of an army barracks, for 50¢ a night you can share a room with 20 other men and sleep on a cot. Coffee and stale bread for breakfast is an additional 5¢ (which almost seems too much, considering the quality of the bread). It's actually relatively safe, since armed soldiers patrol the Barracks night and day—only a foolish man would attempt anything in this area of the city.

The city does not offer much in the way of recreation unless you like drinking and playing billiards with soldiers (and soldiers do love their whisky and pool). There are a few fine gentlemen's clubs, such as the **Capital Union**, but only the wealthiest and most powerful of the city's residents (like Congressmen) are allowed entrance.

I did find one place that caught my fancy, a billiard's hall in North West called the **Full Moon**. Open till early in the morning, the place seems a favorite with the city's shadier crowd, including a few gentlemen who I swore were off-duty employees of the Agency. The drinks were strong and cheap and the company interesting.

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The Long Arm of the Law

Crime is also much less prevalent in Washington, principally because the entire city is effectively under martial law. Washington has no police force. Since 1868 the U.S. Army has assumed the responsibility for maintaining law and order within the Union capital. The Army has divided the city into 14 districts, each under the command of an Army colonel who has 500 troops to enforce the laws in his district. That's a total of 7,000 trained soldiers just to police the city!

As you might imagine, the army is brutally effective at this task. Squads of soldiers patrol the streets, armed to the teeth, and ready to shoot anyone that resists their authority. Petty street crime, robberies, and other threats so common in most cities scarcely exist in the District. Likewise, I'm told spies and saboteurs have a hard time operating there as well. After all, the Agency has its headquarters there and works hand in hand with the military police force to ferret out any Rebel infiltrators.

Of course the soldiers must still abide by the standard U.S. system of justice: a trial by your peers. However, in the district the only folks who have time to serve on a jury are wounded soldiers not yet fit enough to return to duty. Battle-hardened veterans tend to take a dim view of anyone accused of a crime while they themselves were out bleeding for the nation. Even obviously innocent defendants take a grave risk when they put their fates in the hands of such a jury.

Washington D.C. has a strict curfew of nine o'clock. Anyone caught on the streets after that hour better have a good reason and some sort of pass from the local Army commander. If you don't, you'll be picked up and taken to the district holding cells. If you're lucky you'll just pay a \$50 fine and spend the night there. If you cause the soldiers any trouble you might never leave.

The same holds true for carrying a firearm of any kind within the District of Columbia. Unless you're a soldier, an Agency operative, or a Federal Marshal, you have no right to bear arms in the Union Capitol. Offenders not only have their weapons confiscated, they receive a \$200 fine and 30 days in jail.

The Congress

At the center of the city sits the new U.S. Capitol building, home to both houses of Congress. Although the Confederates set fire to the building (which Lincoln had only finished in 1863), Grant had the building rebuilt in its former image with a few changes. Steel plates protect the walls, hidden under a thin layer of marble and white plaster. Thus the building looks mostly like its old, majestic self, but it is much more resilient. Looking at it, you would never dream it was an impregnable fortress.

Access to the building is through one of two sets of giant steel doors embossed with the Great Seal of the United States: an eye in a pyramid with the words "New Order of the Ages" in Latin. The entryway leading to these doors and the vestibule beyond is a deathtrap of hidden firing holes and deadly defensive apparati that would make any medieval castle architect green with envy.

The public is still allowed access to the Capitol building, at least while congress is in session. The public enters through one of the two main sets of doors where armed guards search them carefully for weapons of any kind. There is always an Agency man on hand as well, although you might not see him.

The congressmen themselves are not nearly as impressive as the building in which they work. The Republican-led Congress supports the President with a strong majority and seldom fails to pass any legislation he sends up to Capitol Hill. There is however a vociferous opposition movement, especially within the more reactionary House of Representatives. The so-called "doves" are chiefly Democrats who propose making peace with the South and letting both sides get on with their lives.

Although the Senators and Representatives may not debate the course of the war very much, they do have rancorous political feuds about how and where to spend all the money needed to fight the war. Every Congressman wants the next government contract for boots or cannons, or steamships to go to his home district. Of course since they have the majority, the Republicans tend to get more than their fair share of these prize federal commitments, but that is the way of politics.



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The Cloakroom Phantom



115 More interesting than all the political debates between parties is the so-called Cloakroom Phantom. I'd heard rumors of this mysterious, phantom figure from some of my journalist friends, but no Congressman would comment on the topic (dismissing it as foolishness). If the senators and representatives wouldn't talk themselves, I knew that at least some of their regular staffers might.

I guessed right, and I found a certain staff member from Maryland who gave me the inside story on the Cloakroom Phantom. About two years ago, a Capitol Hill guard spotted a figure in a dark cloak moving into the Senatorial Cloakroom where Senators can break and discuss matters out of the public eye.

Since that time dozens of staffers and guards have reported seeing the figure. No one has ever seen a face, just a dark form moving around a corner or ducking into a restricted area. The figure doesn't even make any noise as it walks along the polished marble floors of the Capitol. No one has ever seen the person enter through one of the main entrances.

For a while they thought he might be using the tunnels that the Congressmen use to get from their offices to the chambers without being accosted by weather or the public. However, extra guards placed at the tunnel entrances turned up no evidence of the phantom. No one even saw him down there.

While the sightings of the Phantom in motion are intriguing, the few instances of the Phantom being sighted "in action" give rise to even more interesting speculations. My staffer source told me that about three months before, one of the guards reported seeing the Phantom apparently talking to one of the Senators in the Cloakroom! Shocked, the guard withdrew and reported what he saw to his watch commander.

Apparently there have been other reports of the Phantom speaking with congressmen, but all of them deny it. No one who claims to have seen such encounters will speak openly of it for fear of losing their job or worse. To this day not a single member of congress has acknowledged the existence of the Phantom and all of them refuse to speak about it.



Who is the Cloakroom Phantom, and what does he want?

The White House

President Grant has rebuilt the White House much like he did the Capitol. Beneath the white plaster and fluted columns of the presidential residence, the structure is every bit as much a fortress as the rest of the city. Steel armor reinforces every exterior wall. Hidden guns lurk behind many of the seemingly innocuous windows and under cover on the building's roof.

The public is not allowed in the White House under any conditions. Whenever President Grant goes out a large military escort accompanies him, but these days he seldom leaves the building. Telegraph wires run directly into the White House, allowing him contact with his generals throughout the country. Grant seldom holds the kinds of state dinners or other social events that pre-war presidents enjoyed so much. In fact, Grant usually makes the trip to Philadelphia when he meets with foreign dignitaries, rather than subject them to the risks of life in the District.

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Apparently there is a network of underground passages that connect the White House to other important buildings such as the Capitol, the Congressional offices, and the Agency Headquarters building. Naturally, these tunnels are off limits to the public but allegedly they are so extensive that it is possible to travel anywhere in the city underground.

The Agency Head Office

Since I already mentioned it, I reckon now is as good a time as any to talk about old Allan Pinkerton's fancy new building. The locals call the place The Castle because it is just that: a solid looking granite castle built by an Englishman named

114 Smithson to house a museum of some sort. Well, when everyone moved back into the city after the rebels were driven out, the Agency decided that the castle (which had escaped unharmed) was the perfect place for their new

headquarters (the old ones having not fared nearly so well).

Everyone in D.C. is cautious of The Castle, even members of Congress. Rumor has it that some people that are taken are never heard from again. Ostensibly the Agency exists to provide intelligence about the South and fend off incursions by foreign agents. Well, in D.C. they don't just keep an eye on the spies, they keep an eye, or two, on everybody.

As far as anyone can tell there are no rules that govern the Agency, not in real life anyway. Sure they have some stuff set down on paper but no one pays any attention. There is no Senate oversight committee and even Grant doesn't always seem able to control what they do. Why is the Agency so powerful? Because Alan Pinkerton knows how to cover his butt.

Agency spies are everywhere in D.C. Not just agents but other folks who are more than willing to rat out their friends. The Agency pays well for good information, and if they can't buy you off they're more than willing to blackmail you. They probably even resort to torture if they have to.

Supposedly The Castle has files on every politician, government official, and army officer in the entire city, as well as information on most of the important folks in the U.S.

Since they have the dirt on everyone (and everyone in Washington's got some dirt) no one has the guts to mess with them. The few times folks have made a scene or publicly decried the Agency techniques the loud mouths have either shut up quick, been jailed, or just disappeared.

The George Washington Memorial Air Spire

Aside from the Capitol building and the White House, without a doubt the most recognizable landmark in the city is the 500-foot tall, granite and steel George Washington Memorial Air Spire. Originally the building was intended to be a stone obelisk built as a monument to the first president. After building about a third of the structure from 1848 to 1855 construction ceased. In 1875 they began anew, but instead of building the rest of the



The Agency's Castle.

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obelisk in stone they created a steel skeleton that reached up into the sky.

Two years later, once the building was completed, its true purpose became apparent. The spire helped launch the first three air carriages employed by the Union Army in the recent offensive: the *Meade*, the *Lyon*, and the *Sedgewick*.

The three great air ships use the spire as a mooring station, much like a traditional ship uses a dock. With the help of the spire the Union can load and unload the air carriages with personnel, equipment, supplies, and munitions without the craft ever having to set down.

The top of the spire forks out into three 50-foot-long steel arms. This allows up to three air carriages to dock at the same time. A system of machine powered pulleys and lifts allow easy access up and down the spire. Iron plating now covers the entire steel skeleton, protecting the spire from attacks and allowing the army to keep the exact cargo of the air carriages a secret.

Even though the spire stands at one end of the mall, surrounded by public areas, no one can come within 100 yards of the structure without permission. A series of 10-foot iron fences and fortified guard stations surround the spire, keeping all would be spies and saboteurs at bay.

Strangest of all, there are no gates in the fences surrounding the spire. The only way to get in is through the air or (apparently) from under the ground. Rumor has it that there is an extensive underground network of munitions dumps, ghost rock hordes, and other supplies for the airships hidden beneath the spire. Certainly no one ever comes or goes in public view.

The Army of the Potomac

Everywhere you go in Washington you see soldiers. Soldiers on patrol, soldiers on the march, soldiers building some new fortification, and soldiers relaxing and recreating. The entire city is really little more than an armed camp. The exact number of soldiers in Washington is of course a secret, but it's not hard to make some relatively accurate general estimates. The Army of the Potomac, based out of Washington D.C. has at least 60,000 soldiers.

This figure does not include various support troops and hangers on associated with the army. There are another 20,000 or so reserves and garrison troops assigned specifically to the task of protecting and maintaining order in the District. Add in another 5,000 or so here on special assignment for one reason or another, and you have almost 95,000 army personnel in the city. That figure is easily twice as high as the city's current civilian population.

A soldier's life in D.C. may not be as hard as life on campaign (although most of these troops have some real fighting under their belts, especially after last year's offensive). At the same time, it's no picnic either. Only a few score miles from the enemy front lines, D.C. is a city always on the verge of some crisis.

City of Forts

Once upon a time the army lived in tents pitched on the mall or in fields throughout the city. After years of fighting, however, the Army has built permanent barracks for every soldier in the city. Scattered throughout the city are various forts, each home to a regiment of Union soldiers. Some of these forts are nothing more than collections of brick and wooden buildings where the soldiers eat and sleep. Others, like Fort Tenleytown are true fortifications designed to help repel invaders.

Fort Tenleytown is located in the Northwest of the city, not too far from the Maryland border. Sitting atop the highest point in the city, the Fort is the keystone of the city's northern defense network. The fort itself is a mass of stone and iron walls topped with rifled cannon and sniper's nests. Right now they're in the process of building another air spire for mooring air carriages to. Word has it that the spire should be done by the end of the year, allowing the city to double its airship support capacity.

That's just one example of the dozens of forts scattered throughout the city, all of them constantly under improvement. The Federals have no intention of letting the Confederacy take the city one more time. The next army to march on Washington is in for the fight of its life, no matter what fancy machines they bring with them.

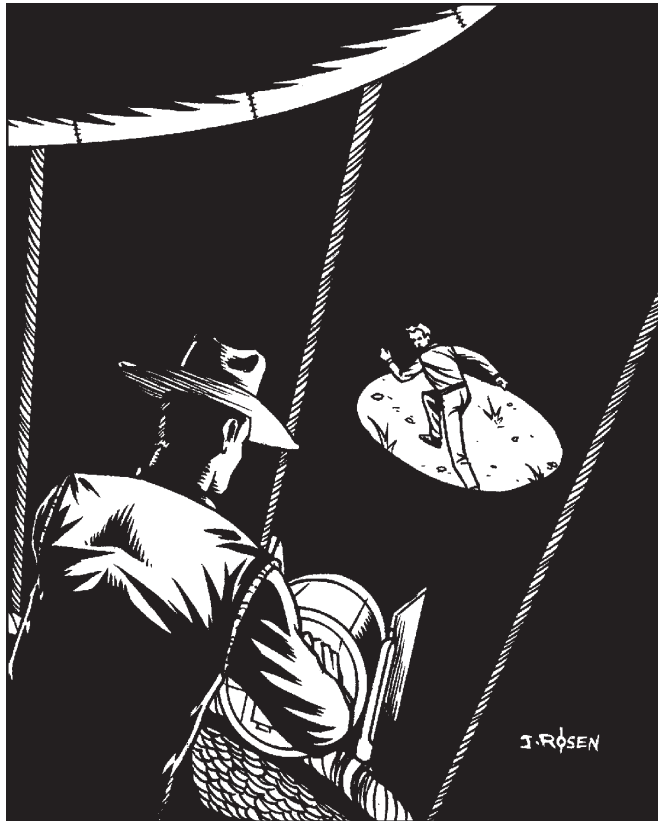


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A balloon sentry spotlights a suspicious character.

The Society for Peace



116 What surprised me most of all in Washington, a city so entirely devoted to the pursuit of war, was a small, but growing, group of men and women called the Society for Peace. The Society bases its efforts out of a large private home located on Massachusetts Avenue. A married couple, Jacob and Charlotte Winston, founded the Society in 1872 in the wake of the Confederate withdrawal from the capitol.

The Winstons had made their fortune the old fashioned way: they inherited it. The couple, now in their late 60s, have lost three sons to the war: two were soldiers, and one a civilian casualty in the 1871 bombardment of D.C.

The Winstons decided that they had had their fill of war. They began to oppose the war, donating generously to anti-war efforts. They gathered about them a number of other wealthy and upper-middle class families who had also lost their sons.

Today the Society claims to have several thousand members, and boasts an annual budget that would make many companies envious. The Society spends its money trying to convince Congressmen, generals, and the President himself that the war needs to end. In their early days they made some real inroads into the Congressional ranks. However, they lost almost all of that ground when the British invaded Detroit and the Confederates used poison gas in the latest offensive.

The Grieving Parents

I myself went to see the Winstons, posing as a reporter from my old paper in Boston. They readily agreed to see me and I came for lunch at their palatial headquarters on Massachusetts Avenue. The mansion, set well back from the street behind an ivy-covered brick wall and well manicured lawn, looked like it belonged in the English countryside.

The Winstons are a polite, distinguished looking couple. They welcomed me warmly and offered the usual pleasantries. Then they surprised me a great deal by addressing me by my true name and title! They knew who I was, my whole history, and even that I worked for the *Epitaph*. I dumbly tried to deny it, but they had me cold. They told me not to worry, they would not reveal my identity to the authorities (or the Agency, which is what I feared).

As it turned out the Winstons seemed to know almost as much as the Agency. They seemed to have "friends" everywhere. These nameless friends keep them well informed about everything that goes on in Washington. I gathered that they had "friends" not only in Congress and the White House, but in the Army—and even the Agency.

They assured me that they simply want an end to bloodshed everywhere. They intimated that there are greater threats to the world than the petty feuds between Americans over territory and war. They dream of an America divided into two nations, but united in friendship.

As a final interesting note, I noticed that Mr. Winston was the only influential man I had met in Washington who did not wear a Masonic ring.

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The Freemasons

The Freemasons Revealed

I had seen them in every major city I visited on my journey. I had seen how they practically ran the city of Boston, and that their influence in New York and Philadelphia could not be ignored. In Washington their presence was as inescapable as the Army or the Agency. Everywhere you went you saw their sign.

Their lodge in Washington was the grandest I have seen, even more impressive than the Pyramid in New York. Located near Dupont Circle in the North West region of the city, the temple occupies an entire city block and stands at least seven stories high. Reportedly its interior can hold several thousand Masons at one time. Apparently some Masons actually live in the building, and there is a private club for high ranking members, a library, and even athletic facilities.

Unlike the temple in New York, this one is openly and actively attended. Many of the Army of the Potomac's officers are members of the lodge, as well as prominent members of government, including most of the country's Senators and Representatives. A squad of soldiers guards the temple at all times, all of whom are members of the order.

The Nature of Masonry

Before I come to the threat posed by the Freemasons (and yes, I believe them to be a threat), I feel obligated to talk a little about what it is they do. I found not one but two sources willing to talk to me about Masonry. One was a Freemason named Henry Plimpton, a kind of unofficial spokesman for the order. The other was a man who shall, for his own safety, remain nameless but who was once a high ranking member of the order.

There are a few things which both men agreed upon so I shall take them to be true. The Masons are a fraternal order, meaning they only accept men and then only by invitation. One can apply to join, but another Mason has to vouch for you. Once the Masons have approved your membership you undergo an initiation ritual. During this ritual the initiate swears to keep the secrets of the Masons, inviting pain, misfortune, and even death upon himself should he fail to uphold his sacred oath and trust.

Once a member, you continue to participate in a number of different rituals that are meant to help symbolically guide you on the path to spiritual enlightenment. The Masons deny that they are a religion, but rather that they are supporters of all religions. They claim that their teachings carry on the traditions of the ancient Mystery Cults of Greece, Rome, and Early Christianity and Judaism. As the Mason advances in knowledge he becomes closer to realizing the divine truth about God and the soul.

There are in fact ranks within the Masonic Order. Some say there are but four, others seven, but most agree that there are in fact 33 ranks (or Degrees) within the Masonic hierarchy. Each Degree offers new insights into the Masons' secret rituals. As you might expect, the higher your Degree, the more influence you have within the order.

These rituals are the private side of Masonry, hidden from all outsiders. Publicly the Masons do good work; contributing to charities, helping provide relief to war widows and orphans, and even providing free food to the poor. Although many outsiders find all the secret rituals suspicious or even frightening, the Masons' public acts of aid have helped improve their tarnished image. I desired to break through this facade and find the truth.



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The Party Line

According to Mr. Plimpton, that is all there is to the society. The members are simply gentlemen interested in expanding their spiritual horizons and helping the community.

Plimpton firmly denies any assertion that the Masons have any grand schemes to control the United States government. He says that the beliefs of Masonry appeal to many thinking men and that the people should take comfort in the fact their leaders concern themselves with the more spiritual and moral aspects of life.

Asked about the need for secrecy, Plimpton states that the rituals are scarcely secret. The mystery is necessary so that the uninitiated do not misunderstand or corrupt Masonic teachings. Should someone unqualified try to teach Masonic ideas outside of the proper context, those ideas would undoubtedly be transferred inaccurately. The secrecy is simply a way to ensure that their message does not get perverted.



The secret Masonic handshake.

This is the version of Masonry's nature the Masons want you to believe: a simple men's club with benign religious overtone. Certainly on the face of things there is no evidence to dispute their claim. In fact, I would not be surprised if, for a long while, that is all the Masons ever really were.

Another Version

My other source, my secret source, is an older man who had been a Mason from the age of twenty. A person of good birth and upbringing, he was the son of one of Washington's elite families. He had in his ancestry a number of Senators, ambassadors, and even a cabinet member. He joined the Masonic lodge in Washington because that was simply what one did. It was fashionable and even fun.

He describes how in the early days the rituals were often hurried through or even glossed over. No one paid them much mind nor did they care much for "spiritual enlightenment." They were there to socialize, have a few drinks and a good meal, and relax away from prying eyes. Sure, political deals were made in the lodge and business contracts agreed to, but there was no Masonic element to these hidden dealings. No one was telling the members what to do.

Then came the war, and all of Washington became a much more serious place. Soon thereafter, in '64, the whole character of the Lodge began to change. The meetings took on a more serious tone, the occasions more solemn. Drunken socializing transformed into serious discussions about how best to win the war and reunite the Union. Slowly the society became centered around efforts to help defeat the South.

They began to look towards expanding their ranks, finding as many influential men in the Army and government as they could to join the order. The rituals became more and more important as well, and now none of the members laughed at them. New members felt they were no longer joining a social club but rather a secret group dedicated to preserving the Union. They were told that the secrecy was necessary in order to prevent Confederate spies from learning their true purpose.

Then the highest ranked members of the order began to pass down suggestions

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which soon became orders. The Masons began to take an active hand in politics and the Army, ensuring that their own members won elections or received promotions. In some places, like Boston, they were able to seize control of the city. In others, like New York, they met with resistance from local political powers.

My source went along willingly with all of this. He is a patriot, and despises the Confederacy. Naturally I didn't tell him of my own allegiances. As he advanced through the ranks of the Masons he soon reached the level where he was part of the decision making process, determining what orders would be given. Heady with power, it took him some time to realize the truth about what was going on.

Everyone had always assumed that the five Exalted Master Masons of the Washington Lodge were the ones in charge of the whole order. Although their identities remained a secret it was assumed that they included men like President Grant and General Sherman. Well, my source never did find out who these five men are, but he did discover something else: they are not the Order's ultimate authority.

The Devil's Own?

He claims that the five Exalted Masters receive their orders from the Devil himself. He describes one evening when he stayed late in the Washington Temple to work when he heard chanting coming from one of the chambers.

He approached the chamber and peered within. There he saw the five, their faces masked as always, bowing down in a circle, speaking in a strange tongue. Suddenly the room filled with a sulfurous smell and an acrid red smoke. Then came a voice so terrifying that my source nearly fainted in fear. The voice spoke in a language that sounded like Latin, but may have been some infernal tongue.

He could not tell anyone in the Order what he had seen, knowing that none would believe him. He began to withdraw slowly so the others wouldn't suspect betrayal. He feigned illness, missed rituals, and even turned to heavy drinking. Eventually he had withdrawn from the order in all but name.

Others who have come forward with tales about the Masons have wound up dead or

missing. My friend himself participated in the abduction of one of these traitorous individuals. He naturally fears for his life, but he is dying already, the victim of too much drink. He told me his story from his death bed, and while he lives yet, it won't be too long before he dies.

I know now that there is more to these Masons than meets Mr. Plimpton would have us believe. One cannot doubt that the order has a great deal of influence Back East, whether or not they are in league with Satan. Lodges have begun popping up further west in places like Chicago and St. Louis. It won't be too long before we find them in the West.

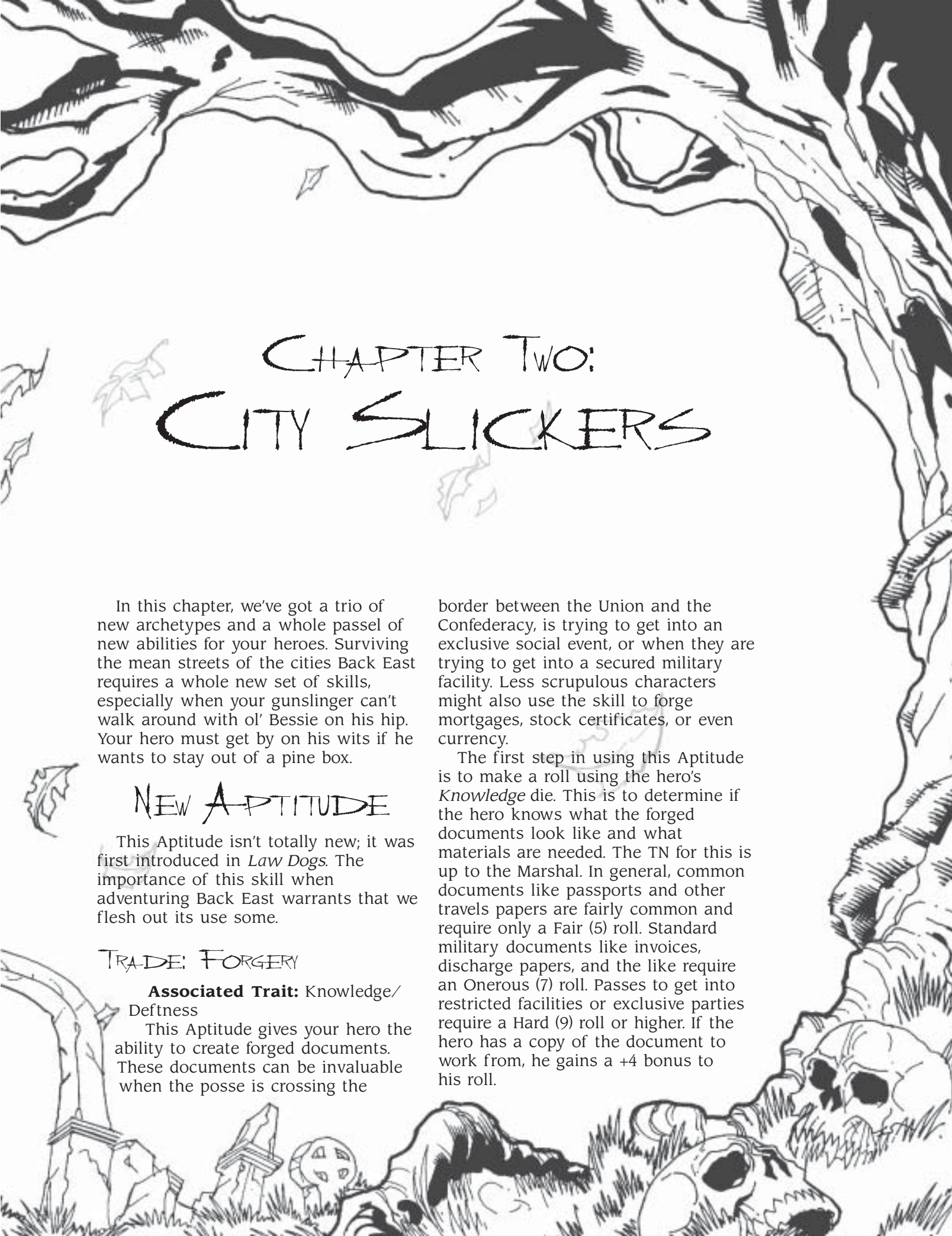
The Extent of Masonic Influence

It is impossible for me to accurately gauge just how powerful the Masons are in America since the evidence is so contradictory. For a "secret society" their activities are very public. Most conspiratorial movements keep themselves hidden from view, pulling strings behind the scenes. The Masons, while they certainly keep plenty of secrets, also operate right out in the open, building grand temples and lodges in prominent locations. Members even wear rings or other insignia, flaunting their membership in the fraternity.

In their own defense, they point out all of these things, saying that there is no way they could be so terrible and malicious as their critics maintain and still be so public. Besides, why would so many prominent, upstanding American men join an organization devoted to evil or secretive ends? Perhaps that is the society's true genius. They hide in plain sight.

Without a doubt, Masonry has extended its tendrils into every aspect of the Union's ruling classes. The President, the top generals of the Army, most of Congress, the wealthy land owners and industrialists of the north-east, all of them belong to the Masons. The question is, does that mean anything? I don't have the answers, but whoever discovers them will uncover the greatest secret in the Union. For now that's not going to be me. After all I'd learned I decided it was time for me to really go home: back to Tombstone.





CHAPTER TWO: CITY SLICKERS

In this chapter, we've got a trio of new archetypes and a whole passel of new abilities for your heroes. Surviving the mean streets of the cities Back East requires a whole new set of skills, especially when your gunslinger can't walk around with ol' Bessie on his hip. Your hero must get by on his wits if he wants to stay out of a pine box.

NEW APTITUDE

This Aptitude isn't totally new; it was first introduced in *Law Dogs*. The importance of this skill when adventuring Back East warrants that we flesh out its use some.

TRADE: FORGERY

Associated Trait: Knowledge/
Deftness

This Aptitude gives your hero the ability to create forged documents. These documents can be invaluable when the posse is crossing the

border between the Union and the Confederacy, is trying to get into an exclusive social event, or when they are trying to get into a secured military facility. Less scrupulous characters might also use the skill to forge mortgages, stock certificates, or even currency.

The first step in using this Aptitude is to make a roll using the hero's *Knowledge* die. This is to determine if the hero knows what the forged documents look like and what materials are needed. The TN for this is up to the Marshal. In general, common documents like passports and other travels papers are fairly common and require only a Fair (5) roll. Standard military documents like invoices, discharge papers, and the like require an Onerous (7) roll. Passes to get into restricted facilities or exclusive parties require a Hard (9) roll or higher. If the hero has a copy of the document to work from, he gains a +4 bonus to his roll.



If the hero succeeds at this roll, he's ready to get to work. If he fails, he must spend 1d20 hours asking around among his contacts and make a Fair (5) *streetwise* roll. If he succeeds at this, he can make another *trade: forgery* roll. Each raise on the *streetwise* roll cuts the investigation time by an hour. Failing the *streetwise* roll means the hero must spend another 1d20 hours nosing around and roll again. This continues until he succeeds or gives up.

Success at the first *trade: forgery* roll doesn't provide the materials needed, the hero must collect them. Simple documents may just require a piece of paper, more complex documents may require special paper, inks, and perhaps a special printing press. Exactly what's needed and how much it costs is up to the Marshal.

Once all the materials are in place, the forger must make a second *trade: forgery* roll using her *Deftness* die type to actually create the document or the plates used to print it. Record the total the hero gets on this roll. This is the TN anyone examining the documents must make with a *scrutinize* roll to realize they are a forgery. Simply record the documents on your hero's equipment list as passport (or pass, or invitation) (X), where X is the *trade: forgery* total.

The TN to notice the forgery might be even higher at the Marshal's discretion. A soldier who has just spent seven hours checking paper in a crowded railroad station isn't likely to give the papers more than a cursory glance. In this case the TN might go up by +4 or more.

FIGHTIN' MANEUVERS

There are many places Back East where your hero won't be able to carry his shootin' irons with him. In these situations, he may want to try a few fancy maneuvers to get himself out of trouble.

Your hero must have the *fightin': brawlin'* or *fightin': wrasslin'* Aptitude to learn these maneuvers. He may learn one maneuver for each level he has in these two Aptitudes. Each maneuver costs one character point to purchase. Learning these maneuvers after character creation costs double and requires a teacher who knows the maneuver or for the maneuver to have been successfully used against the hero.

BEAR HUG

This maneuver takes only a single action to perform. If the attacker hits his target with a raise, he can wrap him up in a bear hug. This pins the victim's arms at his sides, he can't do anything other than try to break free or perform a head butt.

On each of the attacker's actions, including the one on which the bear hug was initiated, he must roll his *Strength* versus his target's *Vigor*. If the attacker wins, he inflicts the difference

between the rolls in Wind damage. For each 12 points of Wind inflicted in this way, the target takes an actual Wound to the guts as his ribs begin to crack.

On each of the victim's actions, he may attempt to break free. This requires the target to beat his attacker in a contest of *Strength*.

BACK BREAKER

This maneuver takes three actions to perform. On the first action, the attacker must hit with a raise to grab his opponent tightly. On the second action, he must win a contest of *Strength* to lift the target above his head. On the third action he drops the poor sod over his knee.

This inflicts STR+3d6 damage to the target. Even if the damage is canceled, the victim must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid being stunned. Going bust on this roll means the victim's back has broken and he is paralyzed from the waist down.

EYE GOUGE

The attacker must hit with two raises to try this maneuver. Roll a contest of the attacker's *Strength* versus the defender's *Vigor*. If the attacker wins, the victim takes 1d6 Wind and is at -4 to all rolls for the next hour due to his watering eyes. Going bust on the *Vigor* roll means the target has been permanently blinded in one eye.

HEAD BUTT

This maneuver takes only an action. The attacker must hit with a raise. Roll a contest of the attacker's *Strength* versus the defender's *Vigor*. If the attacker wins, the defender takes the difference in Wind and must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid stun. The attacker automatically takes 1d4 Wind from the head butt.

PILE DRIVER

This maneuver takes three actions to perform. On the first action, the attacker must hit with a raise and grab his opponent. On the second action, he must win a contest of *Strength* to lift

CITY SUCKERS

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his opponent and turn him upside down (the victim gets +4 to his *Strength* to resist this). On the third action, the attacker dumps his victim on his head.

This inflicts STR+4d6 damage to the target's noggin. Even if the damage is canceled, the victim must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll to avoid being stunned. Going bust on this roll means the victim's neck has broken and he is paralyzed from the neck down.

NEW KNACK

Here's a knack for you spiritual types.

MEDIUM

5

Heroes with this knack have an open line to the spirit world. They can contact the denizens of the Hunting Grounds for information and guidance.

Whenever your hero uses this power, the Marshal should draw a card, but not show it to you. On a Deuce, the spirits can't help you. On a Joker, they mislead your character. On any other result, the power functions as described.

White: The medium can ask the spirits a single question which can be answered either "yes" or "no."

Red: The medium can contact the soul of a single deceased person. The medium can then question this spirit for up to ten minutes. The soul does not know anything which it did not know before it died, and it does not have to answer the medium.

Blue: As above, but the medium can question the spirit for up to thirty minutes. In addition, the medium can force a hostile spirit to answer her questions. Whenever the soul refuses to answer, roll a contest of *Spirit*. If the medium wins, the spirit must answer the question truthfully. However, the spirit does not have to volunteer any information it was not specifically asked for.

ARCHAEOLOGIST

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 2d8

Shootin': pistol 3

Nimbleness 3d10

Climbin' 2

Fightin': brawl'n', whip 3

Sneak 3

Strength 4d6

Quickness 3d6

Vigor 2d6

Cognition 2d10

Search 3

Knowledge 1d12

Academia: archeology 4

Area Knowledge: (home county) 2

Language: Latin, Greek 2

Trade: forgin' 3

Mien 4d6

Overawe 2

Smarts 2d8

Streetwise 2

Spirit 3d6

Guts 3

Wind: 12

Edges:

Luck o' the Irish 3

Hindrances:

Big Britches -3

Curious -3

Enemy (rival archeologist) -3

Gear: Whip, Colt .45

Peacemaker, 50 rounds of .45
ammo, backpack, leather
journal, \$218

PERSONALITY

Give me enough money to do the legwork, and I can find any artifact on this planet. The Holy Grail? Sure, I can find it. I just hope you have a very healthy bank account because it won't come cheap.

Yes, I heard about those fake Etruscan urns that surfaced last year. I understand that the collector who bought them lost quite a bit of money. You can never be too cautious when you're dealing in antiques. You should only deal with reputable archeologists like myself.

Quote: "'X' marks the spot."



PUGILIST

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 3d6

Nimbleness 3d10

- Climbin' 1
- Dodge 3
- Fightin': brawl in' 5
- Sneak 1

Strength 4d12

Quickness 3d6

Vigor 4d8

Cognition 2d8

- Scrutinize 2
- Search 1

Knowledge 1d6

- Area Knowledge: (home county) 2

Mien 4d10

- Overawe 2
- Performin': actin' 1

Smarts 2d6

- Ridicule 2
- Streetwise 2

Spirit 3d6

- Guts 2

Wind: 20

Edges:

- Thick-skinned 3
- Tough as Nails 3

Hindrances:

- Bad ears -3
- Illiterate -3
- Stubborn -2

Special Abilities:

- Fightin' Maneuvers:** Bear hug, back breaker, head butt

Gear: Good suit, gold watch, derby, \$220

PERSONALITY

Many people tell me that getting my face pounded isn't much of a living. I don't know. It doesn't seem any worse than working in a dark, hot, smoky factory all day long, and the money's better. Besides, I'm the one doing most of the pounding.

Eventually someone younger and stronger will come along, but until then, I'm the champ.

Quote: "Put `em up."



SPIRITUALIST

TRAITS & APTITUDES

PERSONALITY

Deftness 3d8

- Filchin' 2
- Shootin': pistol 1
- Sleight o' Hand 2

Nimbleness 2d6

- Climbin' 1
- Fightin': brawl' 2
- Sneak 1

Strength 2d6

Quickness 4d6

Vigor 2d6

Cognition 2d8

- Scrutinize 3
- Search 3

Knowledge 3d10

- Academia: occult 3
- Area Knowledge: (home county) 2
- Language: English 2

Mien 4d10

- Performin' 2
- Persuasion 3
- Tale-tellin' 2

Smarts 2d6

- Streetwise 2

Spirit 4d12

- Guts 2

Wind: 18

Edges:

- Medium 5
- Purty 1
- "The Voice" (soothing) 1

Hindrances:

- All Thumbs -2
- Big Mouth -3
- Curious -3
- Superstitious -2

Gear: Crystal ball, tarot cards, bones, Remington 2-shot Derringer, 50 rounds of .41 ammo, \$210

Most nights the spirits cooperate, but sometimes they don't. That's when I have to fall back on my acting skills. I'm not out to cheat anyone, but I've got to eat, you see. Besides most people ask the same questions and get the same answers all the time: Should I remarry? Where did I leave my keys? What's it like in the afterlife?

It doesn't take much effort to fake it. Of course, on the nights when the spirits are helpful I always try to give my customers their money's worth.

Unless, of course, the spirit has some really bad news. The only repeat customer is a happy customer.

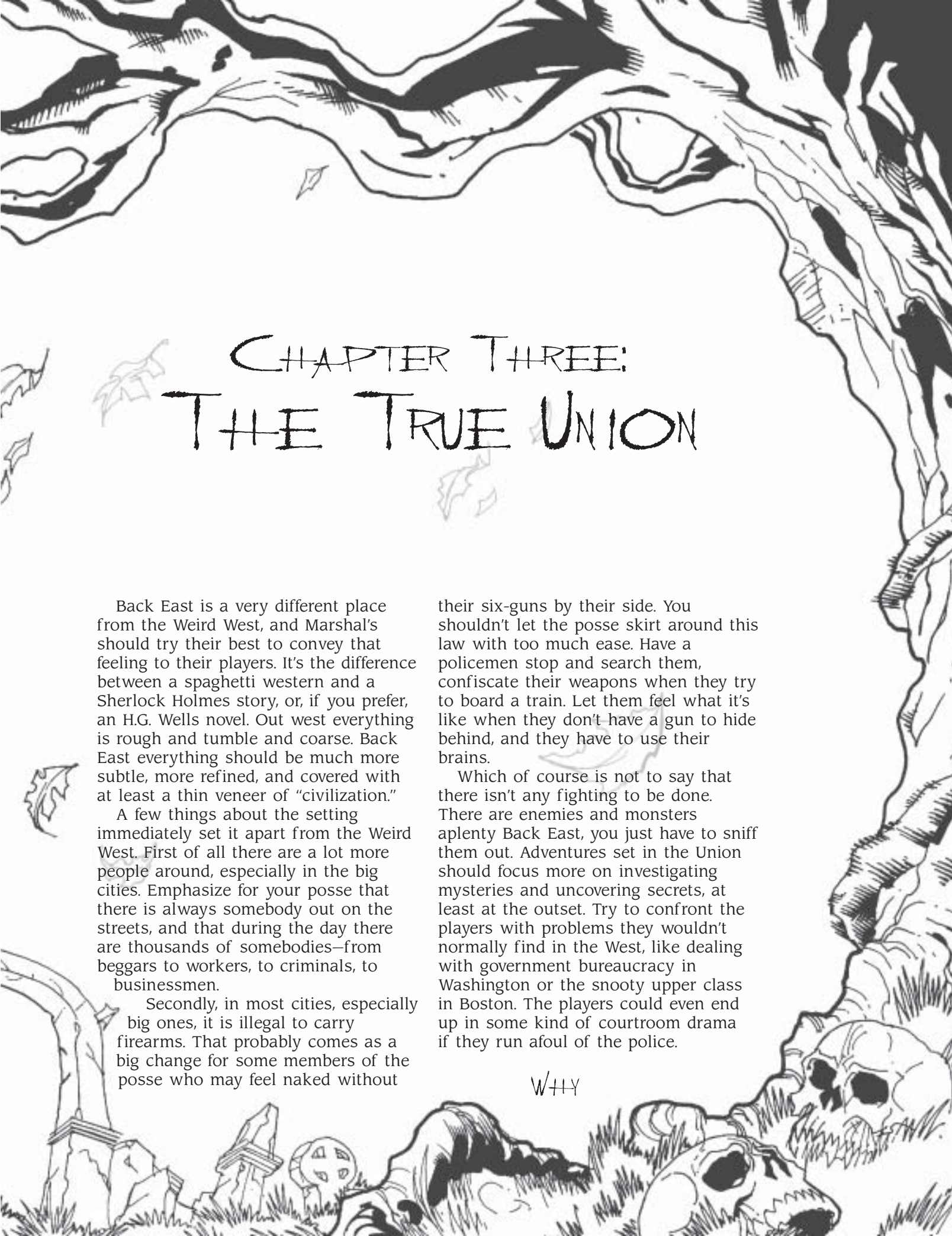
Quote: "I feel a presence from beyond."



THE MARSHAL'S HANDBOOK







CHAPTER THREE: THE TRUE UNION

Back East is a very different place from the Weird West, and Marshal's should try their best to convey that feeling to their players. It's the difference between a spaghetti western and a Sherlock Holmes story, or, if you prefer, an H.G. Wells novel. Out west everything is rough and tumble and coarse. Back East everything should be much more subtle, more refined, and covered with at least a thin veneer of "civilization."

A few things about the setting immediately set it apart from the Weird West. First of all there are a lot more people around, especially in the big cities. Emphasize for your posse that there is always somebody out on the streets, and that during the day there are thousands of somebodies—from beggars to workers, to criminals, to businessmen.

Secondly, in most cities, especially big ones, it is illegal to carry firearms. That probably comes as a big change for some members of the posse who may feel naked without

their six-guns by their side. You shouldn't let the posse skirt around this law with too much ease. Have a policemen stop and search them, confiscate their weapons when they try to board a train. Let them feel what it's like when they don't have a gun to hide behind, and they have to use their brains.

Which of course is not to say that there isn't any fighting to be done. There are enemies and monsters aplenty Back East, you just have to sniff them out. Adventures set in the Union should focus more on investigating mysteries and uncovering secrets, at least at the outset. Try to confront the players with problems they wouldn't normally find in the West, like dealing with government bureaucracy in Washington or the snooty upper class in Boston. The players could even end up in some kind of courtroom drama if they run afoul of the police.

W+Y

GO BACK EAST?

There are innumerable reasons for a posse to head Back East. If they work closely with either of the two warring governments, they could be called east for some specific mission, like uprooting spies in Washington or looking into the corruption of Tammany Hall in New York. Perhaps someone hires them to deliver a package to their friend at Harvard for examination.

It is of course entirely possible to set an entire campaign in the East, there is certainly plenty to do there. However, most Marshal's probably prefer to use the East as an occasional break from the games set in the Weird West. When sending a posse towards the Atlantic, it is best to have some sort of specific goal in mind, otherwise they might get lost in all there is to see back there.

CROSSING THE LINE

These days both the Union and the Confederacy have unofficial internal borders that divide the east half of the country from the West. For the Union, this is the western Illinois border. Once the posse crosses this line, the official presence of the US government is much more strongly felt than it is out West. This border is patrolled by Yankee troops, and they often take a serious interest in what those who cross it heading east are up to.

If your posse crosses into Illinois on foot draw a card from the Action Deck. If the card drawn is a Jack or higher, your heroes have run into a Union cavalry patrol (use the Soldier archetype for the troopers). The patrol halts the group and questions them about their business. Any heroes with a Southern accent (Fair (5) *performin'* roll to hide), Mexicans, and Indians are automatically suspect (time to earn those *ferner* points), as are any characters caught near the Missouri border.

If the troopers become suspicious of the heroes for any reason, they attempt to detain them. The posse is locked up for 1d6 days while the soldiers attempt to confirm their identities (which may or may not be possible). While incarcerated, the heroes' belongings are thoroughly searched. If the troopers find anything to indicate the heroes are from the South or have obvious arcane artifacts, the Agency is contacted—then the heroes have some 'splainin' to do.

THE GREAT LAKES

Josiah Jackson's first visits in the East are through the Great Lakes region of the North. Josiah starts in Chicago, then he moves on to Wisconsin, Indiana and Ohio.

CHURCH OF THE TRAVELER

Lucky Greene is in fact just what he claims to be: a man who's found God in his own peculiar way. His sermons might be strange but the blessings are real.

Anyone who attends one of Pastor Greene's services receives the blessing. This is a miracle just like *benediction*, except that it lasts for a whole month. The effects of the blessing disappear as soon as the recipient swears, takes the Lord's name in vain, commits fornication or adultery, or drinks a drop of whiskey.

THE PRESS GANGS

The Press Gangs are indeed bands of mysterious figures who kidnap lone young men and force them to work on the railroads. The reason no one can figure out what line they work for is that no living soul rides their railroad.

The press gangs work for a ghost train that came into existence after Chicago's worst ever train accident back in 1869. Hundreds died when two trains got routed onto the same track. Ever since, the ghosts of the dead have hungered for vengeance and more company.

The train only appears during the full moon, and even then it is invisible to all but those near death or dead drunk. The Press Gangs manifest themselves during the full moon as well, when they seek out new passengers and workers for their Hellish railroad. Every month the train re-enacts its deadly finale. Anyone caught on board when this happens joins the ranks of the damned in their eternal cycle.

The only way to save someone trapped by the Gangs is to follow a press gang back to the site of the crash (just a few miles north of the city). As long as one keeps the gang members in sight, they can see them, and ultimately the train. As long as the victim gets pulled from the train before the crash, he can return to a normal life. The press gang ghosts have the same stats as veteran walkin' dead when they're manifested during the full moon. The rest of the time they are insubstantial and immune to all attacks.

WISCONSIN TIMBER TERRORS

Deep in the forests of Wisconsin, the lumber barons have awakened an angry force of nature. Hundreds of years ago a lost tribe of natives lived in the forests of Wisconsin. They got into an unfortunate conflict with some rival tribes and were slaughtered to a man. Their spirits came to rest in the trees that they loved, and ever since they have lived on as peaceful sylvan spirits. Now that the loggers have come, their peace is shattered, and they have grown wrathful.

Their wrath is tremendous, and they attack anyone who harms the forest with unbridled hatred. The spirits will stop at nothing to protect their natural habitat.

Although the descriptions may sound like some sort of ape-man, what the witnesses describe as fur is actually moss. The spirits can inhabit moss and assume a humanoid form that is almost impervious to physical attacks of any type. These Timber Terrors usually only attack those actively involved in cutting down trees.



PROFILE: TIMBER TERROR

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d12, Q:3d12, S:4d8, V:2d12

Dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 4d12, sneak 4d12

Mental: C:2d12, K:1d6, M:4d12, Sm:1d8, Sp:2d8

Overawe 4d12

Pace: 12

Size: 9

Wind: 24

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: The timber terror incorporates sharp rocks into its body for claws (STR+2d6).

Damage Resistant: The terror takes quarter damage from all attacks except magic and explosives.

Vulnerability: The terror takes double damage from fire.

Description: A mass of moss in the shape of a human with glowing green eyes.

THE VIKINGS OF DULUTH

The Vikings, led by Lief Johnson, are turning out to be pretty effective pirates. Their contacts in the military provide them with weapons and ammunition, and many of the Vikings are themselves former soldiers. They currently have at their disposal two ironclad steamships (which they cobbled together themselves) and half a dozen steam launches. They have even managed to capture a state-of-the-art British Navy steamer, but they are still busy repairing it and making it ready for battle again.

The Vikings gladly take on anyone who wants to help, although they do not like Confederates at all. Anyone who joins their ranks must swear loyalty to the U.S. flag and death to all the Union's enemies. Unlike normal soldiers, the Vikings are in it for patriotism and the booty. They try to take their prizes intact. Although they never allow a British officer to live, they will ransom back normal seamen.

THE FOUR SEASONS FESTIVAL

The Smith & Smith Seed company is actually a front for a rather insidious cult headed by twin brothers William and Herbert Smith. The twins are just patsies in the service of their dark god, an ancient Indian (as in India the country) incarnation of Kali. The festival and its songs are in fact hymns to the bloody goddess and the sacrifices are in her honor. Those who participate in the ceremony receive her dark blessing. This has the same effect as the *bless crops* miracle.

Of course, the true ritual goes far beyond sacrificing a few cows and pigs every season. The goddess demands a human sacrifice in order to bestow her blessing. Most folks don't realize this. The cult has a few devotees in each

town who know the truth, but each season this inner circle grows as more and more folks fall under the goddess' sway. Most of the victims are transients or others that won't be missed.

A side effect of the goddess' blessing is that anyone who eats the crops within a few days of harvest begins to fall under the goddess' spell. This process takes a very long time, but over the course of the years it has won more and more converts.

The cult now has close to a thousand members spread out around the state, but it is centered in Indianapolis. They are very protective of their secret rituals. Anyone who asks too many questions is likely to find themselves the guest of honor at next year's festival.

THE OHIO SONS OF THE UNION

The Sons of the Union is nothing more than it seems: an organization of thousands of veterans who have banded together to influence state and national politics. The group is decidedly xenophobic, especially when it comes to the Confederacy. Most of its members would rather see the entire South burned to the ground than see peace. They make sure that their Congressmen and Senators vote to support the war at every turn. They are also responsible for keeping Ohio's Army enlistment rates the highest in the country.

THE FLYNN COMPANY

The mysterious Flynn Company began as a banking venture by James Flynn, a native of Cleveland. He put his money into coal and iron, and as the city's industry took off so did his company. Flynn looked like he was going to be sitting on the top of the world, Cleveland's most successful entrepreneur. Unfortunately, Flynn had picked the wrong partners.

His original investors were a group of criminals from New York who moved out to Ohio to escape the long arm of the law. They decided a legitimate front would be helpful so they invested some of their stolen loot in Flynn's company.

When it took off, being the thieves they were, they decided they wanted more than their fair share—they wanted the whole thing.

Unwilling to give up his life's work and new fortune, Flynn came up with a murderous scheme to take care of the five thugs. He invited them over to dinner, ostensibly to make final arrangements for their "buy out" of the company. He poisoned them all, burying them in his back yard.

No one was more surprised than Jim when the five corpses rose from the dead, broke into his house and tore him to pieces—after making him sign over all his interest in the company to its "Board of Directors" (them). Ever since then the undead quinumvirate has ruled the company and led it on a run of hostile take-overs.

The undead businessmen control almost all of Cleveland's arms business as well as other vital military industries. Their manitous want the war to continue, and that means plenty of arms for the union army. The posse might become involved by coming to the aid of a smaller company against which the Flynn company is trying its strong arm tactics, or they might go up against them in an effort to sabotage the Union war effort.

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BOSTON

Fear Level 2

Boston, one of the Union's largest industrial centers, and home to some of its wealthy and most powerful business leaders, suffers under a constant miasma of depression and discontent. As with many such cities, the Reckoners have influenced the very climate so that the air is never quite clean and the clouds never quite disappear completely. As a result the whole place suffers under a constant depressive air, leading to paranoia and uncalled for aggressiveness. The depressing air also means that all characters receive a -2 modifier on all Mien-based skills. Nobody really wants to hear or cares about what you've got to say.

THE FIRE ZONE

Fear Level 3

The Fire Zone is a nasty, dangerous place, just as Josiah suggests. The fires of 1872 turned this place into a Deadland and the Reckoners aren't



willing to let go of it. They make sure that nothing grows here ever again. Any kind of wood left in the Fire Zone for more than eight hours spontaneously combusts. Needless to say, this has kept developers out of the zone for five years and counting with no chance to move in in the future.

At least 200 beggars and thieves live in primitive underground tunnels that link the basements of the old Beacon Hill homes. Who would choose to live under such conditions, even if you were a beggar? Why the reanimated, badly burned corpses of the people who died in the fire of course! Outsiders are definitely not welcome in this city of the crispy fried dead. When they go out on the streets to beg, their repulsive appearance helps contribute to the general depressing miasma that engulfs the city. They only attack those who enter the Fire Zone, and even then they prefer the cover of night. They have the stats of typical walkin' dead.

There is no Burned King, despite rumors to the contrary. The Ashen

think there is some sort of god who has resurrected them and who causes the wood to ignite of its own accord. They worship this imaginary Burned King by stealing and making offerings to it. Every year on the anniversary of the Great Fire they offer a sacrifice to their god by kidnapping as many living folks as they can get and then burning them alive. Thus they create more of their own kind and perpetuate the horror of the place for the Reckoners. During these yearly rituals the Fear Level raises to 4.

THE ASHEN

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, Q:2d10, S:3d8, V:2d8

climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Overawe 6d6

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Terror: 10

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR), Claw (STR+1d4)

Immunity-Fire: Ashen are immune to fire damage of any sort.

Undead

Description: Crispy, charred humans wrapped in bandages and charred clothes.

RANDAL CROSBY

The Psychic Research Foundation is just what it claims to be: a group of men and women uncovering the truth about the supernatural. Although their charter calls for them to seek out strangeness across the world, they have found more than enough grist for their mill right at home in and around Boston proper.

Randal Crosby is a skeptical man, but he has by now seen too much to doubt the existence of supernatural forces. He and his students have seen ghosts, fought the living dead, and even seen magic at work. Some of his students have even started down the path of becoming magicians themselves (something Crosby doesn't approve of, and he will not tolerate that kind of research or activities for very long).



The Foundation does not see itself as champions of goodness—it exists to uncover the truth. They are happy enough to prove that a certain ghost exists and are unwilling to try and make it go away just because it bothers the local living population. In fact, they try to preserve supernatural beings and occurrences for further study in their extensive laboratories.

Crosby gladly follows up any promising lead that the posse or anyone else might bring him. Presented with the proper credentials (like a letter of introduction from a noted academic) he is even willing to allow outsider to peruse his first class occult library.

Even he doesn't know all the valuable information he has, including spell books that any Huckster or black magician would love to take home. It could turn out to be a very dangerous book.

The Agency has recently begun to take a keen interest in Professor Crosby, especially since he began publishing some of the Foundations findings. Ghost stories and second hand accounts are one thing, but if he ever gets too close to revealing some of the world's more dangerous secrets, the agents are poised to step in and try to shut the foundation down. They have even placed one of their operatives in the Foundation as a research assistant, just to keep tabs on the Professor.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d10, N:2d8, Q:2d4, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, shootin': pistol 2d10, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d10, M:3d12, Sm:4d12, Sp:1d8

Academia: Boston history, English Literature, occult lore 5d10, bluff 2d12, guts 3d8, language: Ancient Greek, English, French, German, Latin 4d10 scrutinize 5d10.

Edges: Dinero 3

Hindrances: None

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Description: Crosby is a taciturn man with dark hair and a long, unkempt beard.

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IRISH IMMIGRANT ARMY

One group that knows the secret of breaking the Freemasons mind control technique (see page 118) is the Irish Immigrant Army. As Josiah suggests, there is more to Nugent's group than just protecting the streets for decent Irish and other immigrant groups. Nugent's organization is also secretly devoted to breaking the Masonic stranglehold on Boston.

Most of the Irish and other immigrants moved to America in search of a better life, a life that included democracy. In Boston there is no democracy.

The Masons now control every elected office in the city. While this isn't unusual for modern day politics, Nugent and his followers are mad that they've been totally excluded from the process. They wouldn't mind a corrupt system if they could play a part in it, but as it is they can't, so they have to overthrow the system.

Nugent is a careful, patient man. He knows he's not ready to move against the Masons, not yet anyway. He has concentrated on building a base of support for now, but he is almost ready to move into the next phase.

He has the total support of the immigrant population and he has stockpiled large numbers of rifles and even some heavier weapons. Most importantly, he has gained the support of the local Catholic Church, the one organization the Masons have not penetrated.

Nugent has even managed to sneak a few spies into the ranks of the Masons. Friendly priests provide blessings to break the Masonic mind control rituals, allowing Nugent limited access to the Masons' plans and more extensive knowledge for their power base.

Nugent is trying to find the names of the most important members of the order, especially the five mysterious leaders. Once he has more information he will begin to move against them,



assassinating and murdering the leaders if need be.

MICHAEL NUGENT

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d12, Q:2d10, S:4d8, V:2d8

Climbin' 1d12, dodge 3d12, fightin' brawlin', knife 5d12, shootin': pistol, shotgun 3d10, sneak 4d12

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:4d6, Sp:3d8

Area knowledge: Boston 3d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 5d6, leadership 4d8, overawe 5d8, scrutinize 3d6, streetwise 6d6

Edges: Luck of the Irish, "the stare," "the voice"

Hindrances: Obligation (to Irish immigrants) -3, stubborn

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: Blackjack (STR+1d4), crucifix, and a large knife.

Description: Michael is a burly Irishman with cheeks that are nearly as red as his hair. He has a deep, booming voice, and he radiates an air of confidence.

THE WITCH TRIALS

The Boston Witch Trials are nothing but a sham orchestrated by Christopher Hopkins. None of the accused are witches at all.

CHRISTOPHER HOPKINS

Christopher Hopkins is indeed the direct descendant of Matthew Hopkins, one of the most infamous witch finders of Europe. Matthew Hopkins ruthlessly hunted down and executed many men and women who were guilty of nothing. This streak of ruthlessness passed down through the generations. Though at times blinded by zeal, the Hopkins clan always maintained that they fought for the good of all mankind.

Through the decades, the Hopkins were in fact responsible for the elimination of many supernatural monsters and beasts which plagued Europe. The eldest son of the clan assumed the honorary title "Witch Finder General" and hunted down supernatural threats across the world. The rest of the family engaged in more mundane activities, such as gathering information. The Hopkins family collected their knowledge into special diaries and ledgers, which were passed down to each successive generation. Today, the Hopkins' library ranks among the foremost resources in the world for anything in the occult.

A DARK SIDE

Unlike his forbearers, Christopher has never felt compelled to destroy the minions of Satan. At a young age, Christopher became fascinated with the power that witches claimed Satan could offer. Using his family's resources and good name, Christopher set out across

the world to gather his own knowledge of the supernatural.

When Christopher reached the age of sixteen, he was first initiated into a witches' coven. After killing his older brother, Christopher assumed the role of the family Witch Finder General. With this guise, Christopher pursues any leads which might lead to power.

In public, Christopher continues to pose as the great monster and witch hunter. Yet all of his investigations are in fact secret, fact-finding missions for his own intentions.

When Christopher actually uncovers a real witches' coven, he offers them the chance to follow him. If they accept, and they usually do, Christopher sends off the witches and warlocks to different parts of Europe in order to hide them.

Christopher then frames several innocent people with witchcraft and executes them in order to satisfy the public. Many innocent people have fallen prey to Hopkins' evil plan.

Meanwhile, Christopher ensconces the real witches and warlocks safely in hidden nests known only to him. Slowly but surely, Christopher is building himself a virtual empire of the supernatural.

Over the years, Christopher has become somewhat jaded in his approach. He has acquired massive knowledge of the occult, but he still feels that he has yet to encounter the true Devil. His pursuit of the Devil has become an obsession that pervades almost every aspect of his life.

Christopher attended hundreds of sabbats and summoned dozens of creatures claiming to be the Devil, but in the end he finds that each of these beasts are nothing more than lying spirits. In frustration, Christopher has tried every means of debauchery known to man. He has followed every black ritual written in his family's history, yet still no Satan.

In his travels, Christopher caught wind of something strange in the Americas. Well meaning contacts in the Explorer's Society confided that they had seen, with their own eyes, fantastic creatures living in the American West. Christopher set off for the New World, in hopes that he might find the way to

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summon the one true Devil and end his search for ultimate power.

PROFILE:

CHRISTOPHER
HOPKINS

Corporeal: D: 3d6, N:2d8, Q:2d8, S:2d6, V:3d10

Climbin' 2d8, fightin': brawlin', knife, sword 5d8, horse ridin' 4d8, shootin': pistol 4d6, sleight o' hand 4d6, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 1d8, throwin': knife 2d6,

Mental: C:3d10, K:4d10, M:3d8, Sm:3d12, Sp:6d12

Academia: European history, occult 5d10, area knowledge: Europe 3d10, faith: Reckoners 6d12, medicine 2d10, Overawe 6d8, Persuasion 5d8, Science: alchemy 4d10, Scrutinize 3d10, Search 2d10, Trackin' 3d10

Edges: Arcane background (Alchemist) 3, arcane background (Black Magician/Warlock) 3, friends in high places (covens) 5, keen 3, renown (famous Witch Hunter) 3

Hindrances: Big britches -3, bloodthirsty -2, ferner -3, grim servant o' death -5, high falutin' -2

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolts o' Doom 4, Cloak 'o Evil 4, Forewarnin' 5, Pact 5, Stun 4, Zombie 5

Gear: A selection of elixirs (see *Smith and Robards* for details), a throwing knife in his boot, and a .44 Army pistol.

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE DROPSIES

Christopher was inadvertently responsible for causing the hysteria in Boston. On the trip to America, Christopher wanted to bring some support for his adventure. He managed to trap and control a half dozen nosferatu in Hungary.

Christopher has rendered these normally feral monsters into his personal slaves. Naturally, though, these

creatures needed to feed after the long trip to America.

Christopher had not yet established himself a source of blood for his monsters, so he let them hunt on their own in the poorer sections of Boston. He strictly ordered the nosferatu only to feed and not to kill.

At first, the weakened vampires fed only on children. As their strength returned, the creatures began to hunt adults, and the terror quickly began to spread through the city.

The victims naturally were weakened and pale after losing so much blood. Although the nosferatu were obeying Christopher and not killing anyone, Christopher realized that the victims' symptoms were beginning to cause a panic among the poor.

THE TRIALS

Christopher realized that the fear in the slums might provide him with an opportunity to garner some power. Christopher has his human hirelings spread rumors about witchcraft in order to fan the flames of innuendo and superstitions.

Once the people's ire was stirred, it became an easy matter to point their anger against the Wise Women. After all, Wise Women did seem to have witch-like powers of healing and divination.

Hopkins is using his search for witches as a front for his own investigations into Boston's occult circles and mysterious organizations. He knows that a few of these Wise Women do possess certain powers, and he is determined to gain them for himself in order to increase his sinister powers.

Hopkins also realizes that it is only a matter of time before Boston's authorities and the Agency notice his little crusade. Because of this, Hopkins wants to depart from Boston before any trials actually proceed. He hopes to set up several patsies to take the fall for the entire situation so that he can travel safely to the Weird West.

Passage out West is his ultimate goal in the end. Once he is out West, Hopkins can continue his pursuit of the Devil which he hopes will lead him to the source of his ultimate power. Once he has this power, he feels that nothing can stop him.

HOPKIN'S SERVANTS

Here are the stats for Hopkin's pet nosferatu. He has six of the creatures under his control

PROFILE: NOSTERATU

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d10, Q:4d12, S:3d12+2, V:2d10

Dodge 2d10, climbin' 4d10, fightin' brawlin' 4d10, sneak 5d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:1d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d4
Overawe 4d8

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4), bite (STR; once a nosferatu successfully bites a victim, it holds on and does STR damage every round. The only way to break free is to win an opposed test of *Strength*. On the up side, the nosferatu has to use its hands to hold its victim and can't claw them)

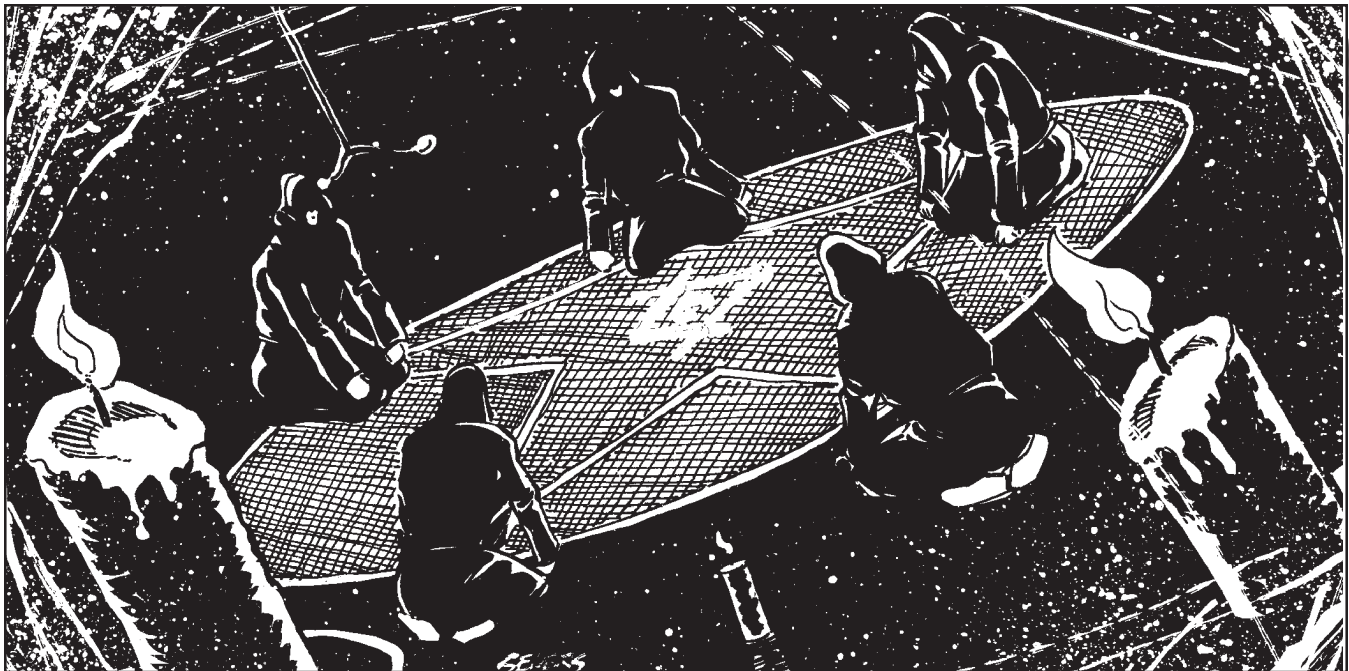
Infection: Any person slain by a nosferatu's bite rises as a nosferatu in 1d6 hours

Undead: Focus: Head/Neck. The only way to permanently put down a nosferatu is to decapitate it, or expose it to sunlight. Nosferatu can be stunned.

Weakness—Sunlight: Nosferatu take 3d6 damage per round from the light of the sun. This is massive damage.

Weakness—Wooden Stakes: A wooden stake through the heart totally paralyzes a nosferatu until the stake is removed.

Description: Nosferatu are hideous looking emaciated humanoids, with pale skin, red eyes and elongated canine teeth and talons.



THE HEROES' POSSE

The Marshal can easily involve any posse in the Witch Trials. One of the posse members, perhaps a huckster or an shaman, might be accused of witchcraft, or of using black magic.

Hopkins and his men would quickly capture and incarcerate the hero, "for his own protection." The other members of the posse would somehow need to break their comrade out of captivity, or prove his innocence. Both of which could prove to be a challenging adventure, with difficulties arising from the success or failure.

WITCHCRAFT

A few word on witchcraft might be in order here. witches do have mysterious and evil powers, but witchcraft doesn't work the way witches think it does.

Most witches and warlocks (at least those in the world of *Deadlands*) believe that their power derives from the Devil. A pact with Satan supposedly gives them their dark powers. In fact, unbeknownst to all of them, they are nothing more than pawns of the Reckoners. Most witch covens don't even know any real magic. They just keep doing their evil deeds, hoping that the Lord of Lies will notice them and grant them power.

When a coven of witches "summon up the Lord of Hell" in their dark ceremonies, the leader of the coven often secretly plays the part of Satan. No one really notices this during the chaos of the ritual chanting, dancing, and sacrifice of an innocent person or animal. Hallucinogens taken prior to the rituals don't contribute to alertness either.

Many witch covens are led by complete charlatans, who use their coven memebbers for personal enrichment, sexual favors, or just as a big fat power trip.

THE REAL DEAL

Of course, not all the witches are fakes, and not all their dark prayers are unanswered. Sometimes the Reckoners take notice, and the witches are granted arcane powers.

Even then, they Reckoners do not show their direct hand. They are content to let the witches believe that they are in fact serving Satan.. It's all an elaborate joke, really.

What is *not* a joke are the powers that the Reckoners sometimes grant especially devoted witch servants. They may find it amusing to make humans dance around naked, chanting prayers to Lucifer, but they do know useful servants when they see them.

Witches and warlocks favored by the Reckoners have access to Black Magic, and they possess certain powers in addition to their evil spells. Witches use these abilities automatically, so the Marshal doesn't need to do any more die rolling for skill checks.

By the way, none of this applies to the Appalachian witches of the Confederacy, who are their own type of abomination. See *Back East: The South* for more details on them.

FAMILIAR

Witches and warlocks throughout history have used animals in their schemes. With this gift, the character obtains one of the following animals: cat, dog, ferret, fox, owl, rat, raven, rooster.

The animal obeys the witch completely and without hesitation, even if it means death. The witch does not need to speak to communicate; the animal instinctively knows her wishes simply through the thoughts that the witch projects to the familiar.

Perhaps the most potent aspect of this Gift is that the witch can perceive everything that the animal can. If the witch wishes to do this, she must place herself in a deep trance first. During this time, she can see, hear, feel and taste everything that the animals experiences. While the witch remains in her trance, she suffers any damage the animal does. She is also completely defenseless from attacks in her surroundings while she remains in this deep trance.

PAST LIVES

In a few covens, witches and warlocks claim that they have access to the memories of their ancestors. Some say that they are actually the reincarnated form of someone else. Others say that they speak with the ghosts of their forebears.

Whatever the case, the net result is that the witch has access to the memories of a past life. The Marshal

should flesh out the personality of this relative as much as possible.

Because the witch has access to the ancestor's memories and thoughts, she may also use any of the *Knowledge* aptitudes of the past life whenever she wishes. Whenever the witch communes with her ancestor, she tends to take on the other person's mannerisms and voice patterns.

FLYING SALVE

The most widely known image of a witch is an old hag riding a broom. In fact, the concept of the broom was only a later addition to the witch's repertoire. Originally, witches created flying salve and spread it on whatever was handy.

Because women were always associated with witchcraft and the broom was always emblematic of a woman, witches started flying on broomsticks. This misrepresentation is certainly one of the myths the witches have allowed to circulate freely in order to maintain the true secret of their flying powers.

Making this stuff is a nasty process. A witch would take the fat of a human infant and mix it with the blood of a pure virgin girl. The resultant mass is boiled for 13 hours, while the witch occasionally adds bits of herbs, such as nightshade. Lastly, the witch puts a bit of her hair or skin into the salve in order to empower the mixture with her own personal dark desires.

This relic is available only to witches and warlocks. It is a closely guarded secret among their cults.

Power: The lengthy ritual produces enough salve to enable one object of roughly broomstick size to fly and carry the weight of one person and another 50 or so pounds. While riding the broom, the witch has a pace of 36 in the air.

Taint: The foul salve tends to seep into the skin of anyone using it, and it emits a horrible smell. If a hero uses the salve or even rides something covered with it, he stinks like rotten cabbage, and will be treated by other people with disdain and even open hatred. Treat the hero as if *ugly as sin* for one week after he has used the salve.

NEW ENGLAND

Josiah's travels through the New England states led him to many unusual places, but Norumbega was certainly one of the most unusual.

NORUMBEGA

Although Norumbega is a legendary ancient Indian city, the most truly terrifying thing about modern day Norumbega is its souvenirs. Several years ago, the small town of Springfield was struggling just to get by.

The farming was tough and the fishing wasn't any easier. The citizens saw that some other towns were booming because they had become vacation spots. Springfield wanted the same success, but realized that they had to set themselves apart in order to attract any attention. And what do people love more than anything else? To be scared!

The mayor, Ford Gregstaff, organized the town into one large "haunted house." They renamed the town Norumbega to make it sound spookier. They invented ghost stories for different spots around town and rigged gimmicks in order to scare many of the tourists passing through.

The coup de grace, though, was the mysterious "cult." Gregstaff simply had a couple dozen citizens dress up in cloaks and march out to the beach. Ford leads the group in a nonsense "prayer" to dark gods. Out in the surf, a few other accomplices wait in the water, dressed up in monster costumes. Once a week, Greggstaff leads the little procession in order to attract the tourists' attention.

Thus far, Norumbega is a smashing success. Hundreds of visitors now come to Norumbega in order to get a good fright—although they never find out that the whole thing is a fraud. The Agency investigated briefly, but as soon as Greggstaff let them in on the gag, they allowed Norumbega to keep functioning. Norumbega has become quite adept at one "dark art": special effects. The citizens have become quite good at producing some rather convincing "supernatural" phenomenon.

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NEW YORK

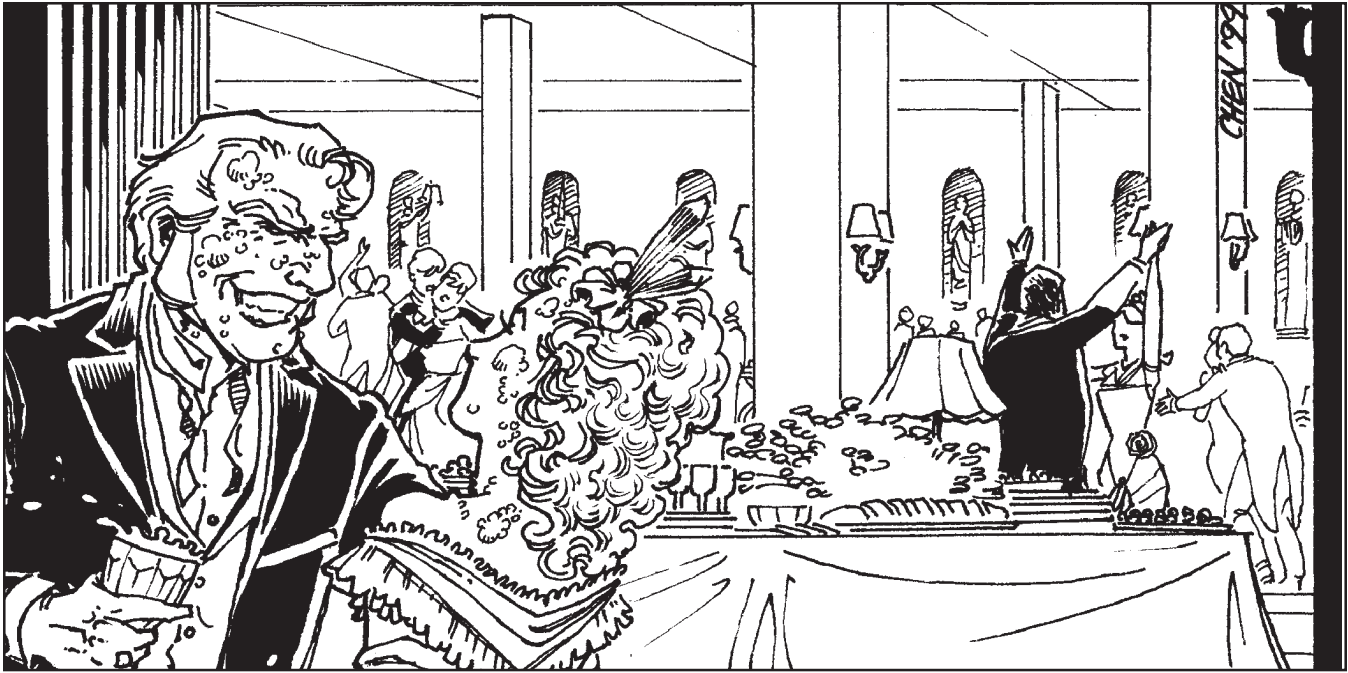
Fear Level 1

As in Boston, the Industrial presence dominates the New York psyche. However, here the power of the Reckoners has manifested itself differently than in the depressed New England port city. There is a kind of manic fever that besets all New Yorkers to one degree or another. The need to be doing something, to get ahead in the world permeates everyone and everything. This has led to a very "dog-eat-dog" atmosphere in the city. "Help me or get outta my way" is the way everyone here thinks, at least on some level. As a result, everyone in the city receives a -2 modifier on all rolls related to acting calm, resisting temptation, or trying to calm someone else down. When to apply this penalty is left up to your discretion, Marshal.

BOSS TWEED AND TAMMANY HALL

Just as Josiah suggests, Boss Tweed and the Tammany Hall political machine do indeed control every aspect of politics in New York. Tweed accepts bribes, corrupts every system he comes in contact with and now has absolute control over the city's entire government, including the New York police. He is also the most paranoid man in the city since he narrowly avoided being arrested and jailed back in 1871.

Tweed came up in the world through his own ability, that is, the ability to manipulate others. By 1870 he was on top of the world and worth close to \$200 million. He was not, as he found out, invincible. When cartoonist Thomas Nast began to lampoon him in *Harper's Magazine* it attracted undo attention. Despite Tweed's influence in the courts, the District Attorney was ready to indict him.



A SECRET SAVIOR

Then a mysterious figure approached Tweed—one of New York's five leading Masons. The Mason said that he could take care of Nast and the indictment if Tweed would join the Masonic Lodge. Desperate, Tweed agreed. He underwent the rite of initiation and fell under the spell of the Masons. Nast turned up dead, the indictment disappeared, and Tweed escaped his fate.

A simple man from a poor family, Tweed did not have much use for the Masons after that. His surprisingly strong will allowed him to resist the Masonic mind control, and eventually the spell wore off since he refused to attend any more meetings.

Tweed now realizes that the Masons did something to him—although he doesn't understand it. Tweed fears their power more than anything—even going to jail—and thus he has become a kind of recluse.

He now rules from a distance and is secretly trying to figure out a way to deal with the Masonic threat. Tweed has absolutely forbidden any of his Tammany Hall men from joining the

order. Attempts to send in spies or bribe members have proved utterly futile. The Masons have a lock on the big money industrialists and Fifth Avenue aristocrats, while Tweed has a lock on the immigrant vote and the true political power in the city.

WAR IN THE STREETS

The hostility between Tweed and the Masons has recently turned violent. Tammany Hall thugs attacked the Masonic Lodge, hurting several members. In response, the Masons burned down an important Tammany Hall ward office and the adjoining tenement building. Now both sides are bringing in hired guns for the continuation of the war. Mercenary posses can find work from either side.

FORT TWEED

Tweed's Fifth Avenue home is, like all of the castles on Fifth, hidden behind forbidding stone walls and guarded by a small army of private soldiers. In Tweed's case he has actually armed them with military grade rifles, and given them orders to shoot trespassers on sight. The house does not connect to the tunnel system that links the other homes on Fifth Avenue.

BOSS TWEED

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:2d4, Q:1d6, S:2d6, V:1d8

Climbin' 1d4, shootin' pistol 4d6, sneak2d4

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d10, M:3d10, Sm:3d12, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: New York 5d10, bluff 5d12, gamblin' 4d12, guts 3d6, leadership 6d10, overawe 5d10, persuasion 5d10, scrutinize 4d10, streetwise 4d12,

Edges: Dinero 5, friends in high places: Tammany Hall 5

Hindrances: Big 'un -1, enemy: Masons -4, greedy

Pace: 4

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Fine cigars, gold watch, and a 2-shot Derringer.

Description: A large, heavysset man with a constant glower.

EDWARD TAYLOR'S SPIRIT THEATER

Fear Level 3

Edward Taylor has never spoken to a dead spirit in his entire life. In fact, it's a well guarded secret that Edward Taylor can barely speak at all without help.

Taylor is a simpleton, barely aware of his surroundings. He worked in the city's sewer system. One day in the sewers Taylor found something, or rather something found Taylor, a gelatinous creature with the ability to read and control minds. The abomination forced its way down Taylor's throat, and took up residence in his stomach and intestines.

The creature spent the next few months learning what it could of the world, and then decided that it might enjoy spreading its wings a little. It took Taylor and left the Bowery, making a fair amount of money at card games and other gambling endeavors where mind reading comes in handy.

It built the theater with the money, and now its plan is beginning to come to fruition. It gets some folks up on stage and pulls memories of their dead loved ones straight from their brains. Then the creature comes forth from

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Taylor's mouth just like ectoplasm supposedly comes forth from the mouths of true mediums. The monster can alter its appearance to look somewhat like the memories it has stolen and match the voice as well.

Using this simple trick, the creature easily convinces the audience that it's a spirit from the netherworld. It then proceeds to tell the folks what they want to hear plus some of its own messages as well.

The abomination's ultimate goal is to spread as much chaos and discontent as possible. In addition to telling the subjects some of what they want to hear, the abomination also adds in other little gems designed to cause all sorts of trouble.

He tells husbands their wives are cheating on them, others that their business partners are scheming against them. His rumors and innuendo have disrupted many prominent lives in New York and beyond.

By reading the minds of all the folks who enter its presence, the creature has also learned a number of important secrets about what is really going on in New York, from the Masons to Tammany Hall. The more it learns, the more chaos it can sow by revealing sensitive information to the right people—or to the wrong people, depending on how you look at the information.

The creature can never fully leave Taylor's body, and if Taylor dies so does it. They are, in effect, one creature. Their symbiotic relationship has, in some dark and devious way, helped both creatures to survive in this world.

As its power and influence continue to grow, the creature has decided that it needs some protection, not only for its own money (it doesn't trust banks) but for its safety as well. He has hired a number of thugs from the Bowery to watch over the theater for him, all of them armed with stout clubs. There are at least two men on duty at the theatre at all times.

THE EDWARD TAYLOR ABOMINATION

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d10, Q:2d8, S:3d6,
V:4d12

Dodge 4d10, sleight o' hand 4d6, sneak
3d10

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d12, M:3d10, Sm: 4d12,
Sp: 2d8

Area knowledge: New York 6d12, bluff
6d12, disguise 4d12, overawe 5d10,
performin' 6d10, persuasion 4d10,
scrutinize 6d10

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Terror: 8

Special Abilities:

Apparition: The abomination can partially expose itself through Taylor's mouth and assume the general form and voice of anyone it knows of, including knowledge gained through telepathy.

Telepathy: By making a Smarts roll against a Fair (5) TN, Taylor can read the surface thoughts of anyone within 100 yards. He can read deeper memories by making more difficult rolls, in general a TN of 7 or 9 depending on how deep he wants to probe.

Telepathic Defense: The creature's greatest defense is its telepathic ability. With it, it has ample warning of anyone within 100 yards who is trying to hurt him. The creature gets to make a Smarts roll against a TN of 5 every time someone tries to attack it. If it succeeds, it automatically dodges the attack. Of course things like explosives may have an area of effect that Taylor can't escape. However, since it knows where you're going to shoot or throw a punch as soon as you do, he can easily avoid those attacks all day long.

Description: The abomination is nothing more than an oozing, gelatinous creature.

THE OLD BREWERY

Fear Level 4

There is probably no more dangerous place in all of New York than the Old Brewery. There are rooms to rent and the posse might even consider staying here, especially if they are on the run from the law. Because of the reputation that the Old Brewery holds, the authorities won't come around unless it is absolutely necessary. Even then, they will come in such force that they could handle most any situation that arises.

The desk clerk provides a key to the room for cash up front. He also tips off some of his friends if any new guests look rich, easy pickings, or both.

Remember that rich in the Bowery means having \$10 in your pocket. The rooms are dirty, stinking affairs with walls so thin you can hear a gnat snoring three doors down.

What the clerk won't do is give you a room on either of the top floors of the building. Those are permanently occupied by the current lords and masters of the Old Brewery, the so-called cannibals. In fact the cannibals aren't really cannibals in the traditional sense of the word, although they do have a need for a constant supply of human flesh.

A dozen of the meanest, toughest, nastiest thugs in the Bowery decided to join forces to become the toughest gang around. They celebrated their decision with an orgy of killing that culminated in an act so despicable that even the residents of the Old Brewery were shocked. In a show of drunken solidarity, they all drank the blood of one of their victims, a young prostitute whom they had kidnapped.

As it turns out, the prostitute was an monster who preyed on her patrons. By consuming her blood they transformed themselves into abominations.

On the plus side, this transformation made them stronger, meaner, and nastier than before. On the down side, they found that their flesh was beginning to peel away in strips. Fortunately (from their point of view) they discovered that they could take the skin off other folks to replace the flesh they lose.

The result is a dozen brutes with patchwork skin and fiery red eyes. They ooze pus and blood from the seams where different patches of skin meet.

In fact it's the sticky pus that holds them together. They need to constantly replace their skin, usually once a week. The process is quite simple, they just set upon some poor resident of the Old Brewery and skin him alive.

The new flesh has to come from a living body—the flesh from a deceased body doesn't work for their dire masquerade. Sometimes they do in fact eat what's left over, but most of the time they just cook the meat up and sell it to other, more desperate residents.

The residents who know them call the group the Patchwork Gang (although not to their faces) and they are all deathly scared of them. The Patchwork Gang tends to stay in their rooms on the upper floors of the Brewery, but about twice a month they'll step out for a ravenous night on the town.

This inevitably leads to several dozen robberies, assault, and murders in the neighboring regions of the city. The police are dimly aware that some gang is behind the periodic attacks, but have not traced them to the Old Brewery. Knowing of the Brewery's reputation, they likely will not pursue an investigation in the near future.

Having become abominations, it is almost impossible to kill these twelve Patchwork villains. The only way to destroy them finally is to strip them of every shred of skin. Then they collapse into a pile of bones and muscle, never to rise again.

PROFILE:

THE PATCHWORK GANG

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d10, Q:4d8, S:2d12, V: 3d10

Climbin' 3d10, fightin' knife: 5d10, filchin' 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle shotgun 3d10, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d4, M: 3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d4

Area knowledge: The Bowery: 4d6, scroungin' 4d8, search 3d6, streetwise 4d8

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Terror: 10

Special Abilities:

Immune—Normal Damage:

The patchwork gang suffers no ill effects from damage except from fire, explosions, and any attacks aimed at actually removing the skin from their bodies. The best way to kill them is to wrestle them to the ground and skin them alive. Once all the flesh is removed they die immediately, never to rise again.

Description: The patchwork gang members are hideous in appearance. They look like pus-oozing, quilted humans.



VAN DORN WORKS

Fear Level 4

Caspar Van Dorn was a greedy old bastard who cared nothing for his workers and loved only his money. Hundreds died working in his factory, probably the most unsafe of such facilities in the country.

This was enough to gain the attention of the Reckoners and push the building well along the path towards becoming a Deadland. The factory became itself became possessed by a powerful spirit. After the spirit possessed the factory, the lives of the workers were thrust into a greater level of Hell and torment.

The Van Dorn Works is now more than the sum of its parts: it's alive and it needs workers to help preserve its life. In essence, the workers are the life blood of the evil factory. The Works has the limited ability to possess anyone within its confines, but only for a short period of time.

It first used this ability to take control of one of the factory managers. He forced the manager to call aside some of the other workers, subdue them, and physically and mentally bind them to some of the machinery in the factory.

The manager then proceeded to cut into the frightened workers and replace parts of their bodies with mechanical devices the factory had created. These devices, replacing bones and even organs, allow the Works to control the workers' minds much more effectively than simply attaching the workers to the machinery.

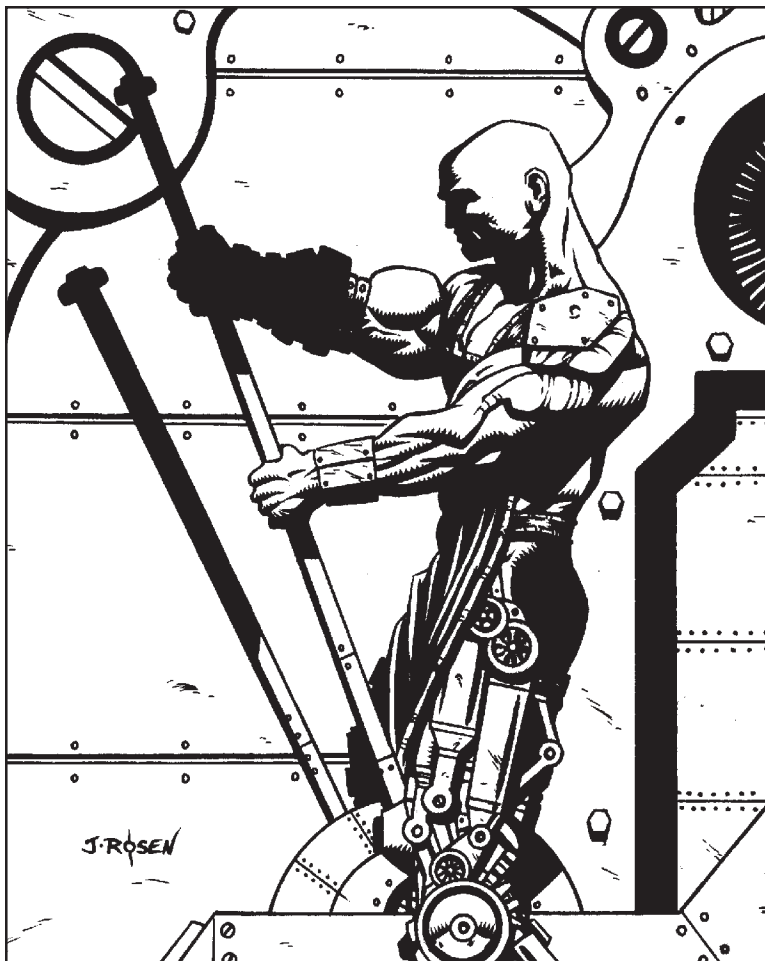
By the end of the week the Works had managed to subdue and implant the entire staff of the factory, a total of 652 workers: men, women, and children. Once implanted, the workers become little more than mindless servants.

The Works controls their every move, makes sure they get enough food and water to keep them alive, and works them night and day. Their lives are nothing more than the relentless duties performed in the factory.

The only problem is, as soon as they step outside the factory the Workers start hemorrhaging blood and die within minutes. The manitou's power cannot extend their lives beyond its domain. Thus the Works maintains a few servants that it controls without the aid of implants, but through greed and bribery.

These are dark-souled individuals willing to do anything for money, including work for a demonic machine. The Works pays them well and makes it easy enough to rationalize what they're doing—it always speaks to them through a Worker even though it could communicate with them telepathically.

Inside the factory the Workers can do little but work. However, the Works has a number of special security Workers, dressed in red suits, whom it uses to drive off outsiders. It has no qualms about using these tough men to kill, usually by beating someone to death with lengths of lead pipe. The only way to destroy the manitou and eliminate this Deadland is to destroy all the machinery within the factory, a job that begs for explosives.



The Works can try to possess anyone within the building, although it has a hard time these days since it uses so much energy and effort in maintaining control of all of the Workers. A character needs to make a Fair (5) *Spirit* roll every hour they are in the factory in order to avoid being possessed by the Works.

Due to the load placed on the Works in controlling its own workers, it can only attempt to possess each member of the posse once per hour. If the character fails the check, the Marshal gets to determine their next action and their next action only. It can be anything that is not directly suicidal (it can make you shoot your friends but not yourself). After the character attempts the action, the Works loses control of the character, and may attempt to regain control during the next hour (if the character remains inside of the factory).

PROFILE: WORKERS

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:2d10, Q: 2d8, S:3d12, V:4d12

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10

Mental: C:1d4, K:1d6, M:1d4, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d6

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage Resistant: Their metal implants help protect the workers from damage. They always suffer half damage from physical attacks except for fire.

Immune to Mental Attacks: Since the Works controls their every move, the workers cannot be affected by any kind of spell, intimidation, or anything else that target's the victim's mind.

Gear: There is always a steel rod or some other object at hand to use as a club.

Description: The Van Dorn Work's workers look like humans that have plates of metal and various mechanical attachments added to their bodies. They walk around in a trance performing their duties

THE TRUE UNION

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without any sign of thought or emotion.

THE LABOR LEGION

Labor leader Franklin Henderson isn't the man he used to be. At one time he was a union organizer and scab beater, but these days Henderson has taken on a radical new approach and direction to his life.

Twenty years ago, Henderson helped carve out Central Park from the rest of the city. What he didn't know is that while working on the park he unwittingly released an evil nature spirit that a shaman had imprisoned there centuries before. The spirit formed a link with Henderson which has been growing stronger ever since.

For years Henderson was a tough guy doing dirty work for the unions. When the NLU went under Henderson was at a loss as to what to do. It seemed that the young union movement had died on the vine. He went to his old haunt, Central Park for some deep, introspective thinking (a new thing for Henderson, who was a man of action instead of deep thought).

That's where his old "friend" the nature spirit possessed him. In the ensuing melding of soul and spirit, the aims and psyches of both Henderson and the nature spirit became as one.

Suddenly it was all very clear to Henderson. Industry, the rape of the land, and the city itself were behind the working man's problems. They all had to go. He would need help of course, and it would take time, but eventually the whole city would have to be destroyed and returned to a state of nature, just as had been done with Central Park. Thus Henderson, with the help of his new symbiotic bond with the nature spirit, began his new crusade in the city.

Henderson assembled his old cronies, the toughest of his union fellows, and formed the Labor Legion. Thus began their campaign to save the land from



the city, although none of his followers know what their true goal is. They're just in it for the easy money.

The Legion supports itself in two ways: bribes from Tammany Hall to help get out the vote (something Henderson is still very good at), and by stealing money from factory owners. Henderson and the Legion are in fact behind many of the raids on the factories. Henderson uses his new found powers to open doors or bypass walls. He does this out of sight of his followers, who aren't the type of guys who ask a lot of questions.

PROFILE:

FRANKLIN HENDERSON

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:4d12, Q:4d10, S:5d12+8, V:4d10+6
Bow 3d10, climbin' 4d10, fightin': brawlin' 7d12, filchin' 4d10, lockpickin' 5d10, sneak 5d12
Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:1d12, Sp:3d10
Animal handlin': 5d10, area knowledge: New York 4d8, bluff 3d12, demolition 5d8, leadership 4d10, overawe 4d10,

persuasion 4d10, streetwise 4d12, survival 4d12, trackin' 5d8

Pace: 12

Size: 6 (12)

Wind: 20

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Animal Control: With an Onerous (7) *Mien* roll, Henderson can control animals within his line of sight, giving them orders that they must follow.

Animate Plants: Henderson also has the ability to animate and control plants, causing vines to grab and tree limbs to swing like clubs.

Tendrils: Finally he can turn his fingers into vine-like tendrils which he can use to pick almost any known lock.

Weakness-Fire: Henderson suffers double damage from fire attacks.

Earth Strength: While his feet are on the earth, Henderson has an effective size of 12 for wound purposes, even though his physical size remains 6. He must touch the bare earth for at least an hour each day or he goes into a coma. Touching the earth restores him from that state.

Description: Henderson maintains his original appearance when in the presence of strangers. When he performs his terrorist acts, the nature spirit takes on some of its own

features, manifested through Henderson. He may sprout tree limbs, or other natural features.

FIFTH AVENUE PLAGUE

The famed architect and interior designer Percy Lawler was once nothing more than a draftsman named Henry Lodge, working for a low-end designer of tenement housing. When his former employer fired him, Percy went into a homicidal rage, killed his old boss, and burned the man's home down with his wife and children inside.

He was soon thereafter shot down in the street by the police. A sad waste of a talented youth, and just another incident of the violence that is spreading through the growing city.

Well, the Reckoners weren't going to waste him. They jumped right in and brought the young man back. With the help of his manitou, Percy soon became the preeminent architect in New York City. He plays wonderfully to the fears and vices of his clients, helping them hide away from the world behind stone walls. His commissions have made him a very wealthy man and introduced him into the guarded ranks of high society.

Lawler himself started organizing the orgiastic parties that have become almost nightly fare among the New York elite. Percy's homes promote and spawn fear and desperate behavior. He introduced the Cuckold's Mark into the upper classes as well. This sexually transmitted disease has now infected at least 30% of the Fifth Avenue population, including many of the servants. The green and red rashes appear all over the victim's body, waxing and waning over time. Eventually they cover the entire body (usually after two or three years). There is no cure (at least not a natural one).

EFFECTS OF THE DISEASE

The Mark's only physical effect is to make the victim's skin hypersensitive to all kinds of stimuli. It is the disease's mental effects that have proved so dangerous. For the first six to 12 months the victim doesn't really notice

the effects except that they begin to hear voices in their head from time to time, especially when they are around others with the Mark.

After a year the Mark's full effects begin to manifest themselves on the victim. Anyone with the Mark in its final stage can automatically hear the thoughts of anyone else with the full blown Mark.

This has driven a number of victims quite insane, but the rest have formed a rather curious cult centered around their ability to hear each others' thoughts and, of course, those of their "master" Percy Lawler.

LAWLER'S DARK SECRET

As the progenitor of this disease, Lawler can read the thoughts of all its victims (no matter what stage) and hide his dark secret from them (he cannot contract the disease). The victims in the final stage have come to depend on Lawler for guidance, believing that only he can truly understand them and protect them.

Many have given him full power of attorney over their financial dealings, making Lawler one of the wealthiest men in New York. He has taken full advantage of this power to further his own ends.

Lawler plans to spread the disease into the rest of the population of New York, and eventually on to the rest of the country. He has already begun establishing low and high-end cat houses staffed with infected ladies. Should he succeed he will drive tens of thousands of people mad, and control many times more. He is a very dangerous man, and unless he is revealed only trouble will come of this.

CONTRACTING THE MARK

Anyone having a roll in the hay (okay, there's not much hay in New York, but you know what we mean) with an infected person must make an Onerous

(7) *Vigor* roll to avoid infection. As long as the heroes control themselves while on Fifth Avenue, they have nothing to worry about.

PHILADELPHIA

Fear Level 1

Philadelphia's exterior appearance does not reflect the true situation of the city. When Washington briefly fell into Confederate hands, many countries moved their embassies to Philadelphia, hoping that they would now be far out of the war's reach.

Because of the presence of so many diplomats in the City of Brotherly Love, foreign eyes are constantly scrutinizing Philadelphia in order to gauge the stability and health of the Union as a whole. The Union government, realizing the situation, has been obsessed with making Philadelphia the finest city in the nation. The Union hopes that Philadelphia's outward glitter will convince the other countries that the Union is not only surviving the Confederate rebellion, but that the Union will eventually triumph over their Southern enemies.

The Union and the Agency also use Philadelphia as a way of disseminating misinformation to the Confederates. The government leaves the borders of Philadelphia surprisingly open, so that Confederate spies might easily find their way into the city. Thus far, the Confederacy has attributed this openness to "Yankee stupidity," when in fact the foolishness is on their part. Much of the military operations in the city, upon which the Confederacy constantly spies, are in fact one large ruse.

The Agency staffs several buildings in Central Philadelphia, pretending that these offices are actually part of military intelligence. The undercover Agency operatives are approached on a weekly basis by Confederate sympathizers and spies looking to bribe

or blackmail them for information. The operatives in turn gleefully provide a number of seemingly accurate papers, which in fact are nothing but deceptions.

This elaborate ruse has completely stymied Confederate intelligence. Even the multitude of crates which Josiah saw in the train station are part of this misinformation war. Many of these munitions crates were completely empty. But their sheer numbers certainly impresses many of the travelers coming through the Philadelphia depots.

The Union hopes that the impression of Union strength might help discourage the South and bolster the North's flagging interest in the War. Psychological warfare has always been a viable tactic, and the North is using their industrial might to their advantage.

THE INDUSTRY

Not all of the city's industrial activity is spurious. Philadelphia has become one of the largest manufacturers in the Union, second only to New York in quantity of material produced. Because of the plethora of jobs, people have been moving into Philadelphia in huge numbers. According to the recent census, Philadelphia may outgrow New York within five years.

The Union has also poured a lot of funds into improving the living conditions of the dock and factory workers. Faced with labor riots and strikes over the past five years, the Union government is slowly learning that it must take a hand in helping the working class. As a result, the labor unrest so common in New York is still fairly small in Philadelphia. The recently formed Knights of Labor is the only real organization that has arisen to complain about the perceived oppression of the lower classes. But even the Knights of Labor would quickly collapse if not for its outside funding.

On the surface, Philadelphia seems like a typical industrial city, far away from the supernatural terror of the Weird West. But the Reckoning's effects have been felt even in the City of

Brotherly Love. The arcane currents lying beneath the surface can mainly be traced to the Order of the Pietists. Their story begins with the theft of the clay tablets, reported by Josiah.

THE CLAY BANDITS

Professor Gardiner Winthrop knows far more about the clay tablets than he lets on to Josiah. Winthrop and a number of other professors at the University of Pennsylvania have translated these ancient documents and discovered that they are working magical spells. The theft of these tablets concerns Winthrop greatly because he fears that they might end up in the wrong hands. Even worse, Winthrop is worried that someone will find out what he and the other professors have been doing.

The story of the tablets begins ten years earlier in 1867, before the University had moved to its current location. Professor Thomas Gerlach happened upon a black market art dealer while traveling through Europe. Being a man of considerable means, Gerlach perused the man's wares in search of a new decoration for his Chestnut Hill residence. He came upon several clay tablets written in a strange pictographic language. Thrilled by the mystery, Gerlach purchased the tablets and returned to Philadelphia.

Gerlach and his close friend Winthrop began the arduous chore of translating the unknown language. Both believed that the texts were probably written by the ancient Babylonians before the time of Moses, but no one had yet cracked the Babylonian pictographic language. Overwhelmed by the task, Gerlach and Winthrop requested help from an unlikely source.

THE ORDER OF PIETISTS

Since both scholars wanted to claim the sole credit for translating the language, they wanted to keep their work a complete secret. They recognized, however, that they could not accomplish this alone. Gerlach suggested, and Winthrop agreed, that

they should turn to a secret club called the Order of the Pietists. Originally, the Pietists had been founded by a German mystic, Joannes Kelpius, in 1694 when he emigrated to Pennsylvania. The Pietists were devoted to the study of astrology and alchemy to predict the Second Coming and prepare for it.

As the years passed, the nature of the Pietists changed. In the early 18th century, the only ones interested in esoteric, magical knowledge were in fact intellectuals. At the time, it was fashionable for the educated elite to search for supernatural revelations. During the 18th century, the face of intellectualism slowly started to turn away from its arcane roots in search of more tangible sciences, such as physics, chemistry and mathematics. The Pietists stopped being a mystical fraternity and started becoming a glorified reading group. The club remained secret about its membership and rituals, but there was hardly anything scandalous in its operations. The Pietists convened several times a month to discuss the latest scientific discoveries and literary accomplishments.

Because of the Pietists' secret nature, Winthrop and Gerlach (both members) thought that it would be the perfect place to ask for advice on translating the obscure texts. Once the riddle of the tablets was solved, the professors promised they would credit everyone involved. In the meantime, they begged the other Pietists to keep the project a secret.

Despite the combined effort of so many minds, the tablets remained a puzzle for years. A breakthrough occurred on the night of July 3rd, 1863. Several Pietists were struck with inspiration on how to translate bits of the tablets. At the next meeting, the tablets were almost completely translated. The Pietists had no idea that on that very day, the Last Sons had slaughtered the Old Ones and freed the manitous. The sudden inspiration was in fact created by the Reckoners themselves. The Reckoners needed the



tablets to be translated and used by a mortal in order to fulfill their diabolical plans.

THE TABLETS OF DESTINY

Some of the tablets recorded certain simple magical spells. The Pietists scoffed at them slightly, but out of curiosity they tried to enact one of the rituals. A few words spoken, and suddenly the room was filled with buzzing locusts! The spell worked! Utterly shocked by the discovery, the Pietists decided to experiment with each of the tablets.

One of the spells purported to be able to bring the dead back to life. Thrilled at the prospect of such a thing,

the Pietists were determined to resurrect the most famous Philadelphian scholar of all, Benjamin Franklin. But the Reckoners had not provided the Pietists with all the keys to understanding the tablets. The Pietists did not realize that the tablet would bring back a soul, but not a body. One of the participants would be permanently possessed by the summoned soul as part of the ritual. As the Pietists chanted the ancient Babylonian words, the Reckoners conspired yet again. The spirit, which returned to Earth, was not that of Benjamin Franklin, but that of a manitou. The newly summoned manitou immediately took over the body of poor Thomas Gerlach. The manitou has also assumed the identity of Benjamin Franklin so the Pietists remain ignorant of its true nature.

THE GREAT BEAST OF THE SEA

Under the direction of "Benjamin Franklin," the Pietists have changed their goals. Whereas before the Pietists were harmless intellectuals, they have now become ruthless collectors of the occult. With gentle prodding from the manitou, the Pietists are currently obsessed with the acquisition of supernatural power.

The manitou's real plan for the Pietists involves an ancient statue found on the site of City Hall. Before plans for the new building were even under way, the manitou led the Pietists to a vast underground chamber, which once lay deep under the ocean. Inside the cavern, the Pietists discovered a massive statue of a hideous creature. The creature had the body of a leopard, the feet of a bear and seven lion heads. Each head sprouted a single bony horn, except for the central head, which possessed three. The manitou told the Pietists that this creature was an ancient pagan idol and that one of tablets possessed a spell, which when used in front of the statue, would give the Pietists unlimited power.

In fact, the tablet does nothing of the sort. The spell brings the terrible beast to life. Once the spell is complete, the

creature will tear out of the chamber and spread chaos through the city. The Reckoners hope that the resulting fear and terror will allow them to spread their vile influence even further across the planet. The spell has only one limitation—a mortal must rouse the Beast from its summons.

ORGANIZATION

Pietists consists of 35 members, each of whom is an expert in a particular academic field. Since the arrival of "Benjamin Franklin," all of the Pietists have acquired limited occult abilities.

Though Gardiner Winthrop was recently elected head of the Pietists, the manitou has managed to insinuate himself in a position of leadership. Meetings are held irregularly on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania. Since the theft of the tablets, the Pietists have grown more conscious about security and are considering finding a permanent meeting site.

For game purposes, treat the Pietists as if they were black magicians with two major differences. Because the Pietists cannot fully translate the tablets, their black magic is not always reliable. As a result, they need to make a Fair (5) *faith* check whenever they attempt to use black magic. All of the Pietists know all black magic spells at level 2.

Secondly, the Pietists do not believe that they are evil in any way. The Pietists fashion themselves as scholars delving into ancient arcane arts. If the Pietists ever knew the true origin of their powers, they would immediately desist using it.

GARDINER WINTHROP

Gardiner Winthrop is a man who looks like he is caught in a runaway freight train. He isn't sure how things have gotten to this point and he's not very comfortable with the direction of the Pietists. Gardiner is suspicious of "Benjamin Franklin," but he chalks that up to the fact that Benjamin has been dead for almost 100 years, and coming back from the dead can't be easy.

Winthrop kept copious notes on the translations of the tablets, which he

has hidden amongst the books of his Germantown house. He has also begun creating a dictionary of symbols so that he can translate any future Babylonian tablets.

PROFILE:

GARDINER WINTHROP

Corporeal: D:2d4 N:2d6 Q:2d4 S:2d6 V:3d6

Climbin' 1d6, sneak 1d6, swimmin' 1d6

Mental: C:4d10 K:4d12 M:3d8 Sm:2d6 Sp:4d8

Academia: history, philosophy, literature, occult 4d12, faith 4d8, language: German, Ancient Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Latin, Sumerian 4d12, search 1d10, scrutinize 2d10

Edges: Arcane Background : Pietist 3, rank: Pietists 2

Hindrances: Obligation: University of Pennsylvania -1

Size: 6

Pace: 6

Wind: 14

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolts o' doom 2, dark protection 2, stun 2

Gear: Gardiner wears a rumpled suit, and a pair of wire-frame glasses

Description: Gardiner is an unimposing man, and appears exactly as one would picture a college professor.

THOMAS GERLACH

The manitou currently inhabiting Thomas Gerlach's body is outwardly calm and distinguished. He acts the part of Benjamin Franklin as much as possible, though the manitou is not privy to any of Franklin's true memories. Since no one around him ever truly knew Ben Franklin anyway, no one questions his actions or motives. Certainly the manitou realizes that is one advantage to playing a man who has been dead for almost 100 years.

Because of these gaps in knowledge, the manitou has had to put off the Pietists from questioning him further,

claiming that "death takes a lot of memory from a gentleman." The manitou is zealously eager to maintain its role because it knows that it has a key part in summoning the Beast.

Although sometimes frustrated with the Pietists, he's confident that they will eventually accomplish his goals. Secretly, the manitou's twisted spirit thirsts for death and destruction. His lust for violence has become so great that he stalks the streets at night, looking for victims.

If he is ever discovered in his nightly excursions, the manitou attacks ferociously in order to protect his identity. Though he realizes these attacks could jeopardize his plans, this has not stopped the manitou from killing innocent victims.

PROFILE:

THOMAS GERLACH

Corporeal: D:2d6 N:3d6 Q:2d8 S:3d6
V:4d10

Climbin' 1d6, fightin' brawlin' 2d6, sneak
5d6, swimmin' 1d6, throwin' bolts o'
doom 5d6

Mental: C:3d12 K:4d6 M:3d12 Sm:4d10
Sp:5d12

Academia: history 2d6, bluff 4d10, faith
5d12, language: French, Greek, Latin
4d6, performin' 4d12, persuasion 4d12,
search 2d12, science: chemistry,
physics 2d6, scrutinize 2d12

Edges: Arcane Background (Black
Magic) 3

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2

Size: 6

Pace: 6

Wind: 22

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolt o' doom 4, dark
protection 4, pact 4, puppet 4, scrye
4, stun 4

Possessed: Although Thomas
Gerlach is not technically dead, he
is possessed by a manitou.
Because of this, Gerlach can ignore
any Wind damage done by physical

attacks. In addition, Gerlach can
ignore 2 levels of wound modifiers
per area.

Gear: Large knife, Colt Navy pistol, and
20 rounds of .36 ammo.

Description: Gerlach is a thin man
with a pinched face. He wears a small
pair of granny glasses.

A FLY IN THE OINTMENT

The ingredients of the spell on the
special tablet specified that an
enormous temple be built right above
the statue. The Pietists used their
influence from their everyday lives in
order to have this building erected.

To the public, this facility will be the
new City Hall. The Pietists, however,
know that this "City Hall" acts as a
lightning rod for magical power. The
strange angles and shapes of the
building are created in order to tap into
the magic of the heavens and empower
the spell. The spell's queer requirements
are the reason why City Hall appears to
be so hideous.

At this point, the Knights of Labor
enter the picture. The Knights of Labor
are a growing power amongst the
humbler classes in Philadelphia.
Hundreds of workers have already
joined its growing ranks. Yet none
realize that the Knights of Labor are
being bankrolled by the Freemasons.

If Freemason money wasn't supporting
the Knights, the organization
undoubtedly would fade away in a short
amount of time. A year ago, the
Freemasons recruited Clay Harrison, the
leader of the Knights, with the hopes
that he would organize the working
class in Philadelphia to destabilize the
city's political structure, and in turn
hamper the Union's war effort. Clay is
unaware that the Masons are a British
front (see page 118).

Clay heard about the Pietists' tablets
through an informant. Interested in
acquiring the tablets both for the
Knights and the Masons, he ordered a
few trusted thugs to break into the
Academy and steal them.

Currently, Clay is completely unaware
of the tablets' true purpose. He can't
translate them in the least. All Clay
knows is that they are very powerful.
He is reluctant to hand them over to the

Masons because he wants to keep their power to himself if he can figure out how to use them.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR

The Knights currently possess as a headquarters a rather dilapidated old warehouse near the Waterfront in Southwark. Most members feel that the Knights are nothing more than another labor union that has popped up in the last few years.

Clay identifies any promising young members and binds them to his service through secret initiations (modeled in part after the Masonic rituals). None of the Knights possess any magical capabilities, not even Clay. They depend on brute force for their needs.

Clay himself is a giant of a man and a veteran of many back-alley street brawls. His bestial appearance belies his cunning mind. The Masons recruited him specifically because of his connections to the working class. If Clay were to discover the Masons' true nature, he would rebel against them in a moment.

PROFILE: CLAY HARRISON

Corporeal: D:3d8 N:4d6 S:4d10 Q:3d6
V:3d10

Climbin' 2d6, fightin': brawlin', knife 5d6,
shootin': pistol 1d8, throwin': knife 3d8,
sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d6 K:1d8 M:3d6 Sm:1d6 Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Philadelphia 3d8,
language: German 1d8, leadership 2d6,
search 1d6, streewise 2d8

Edges: Brawny, thick-skinned

Hindrances: Enemy -4 (Agency,
Philadelphia police); obligation -4
(Masons)

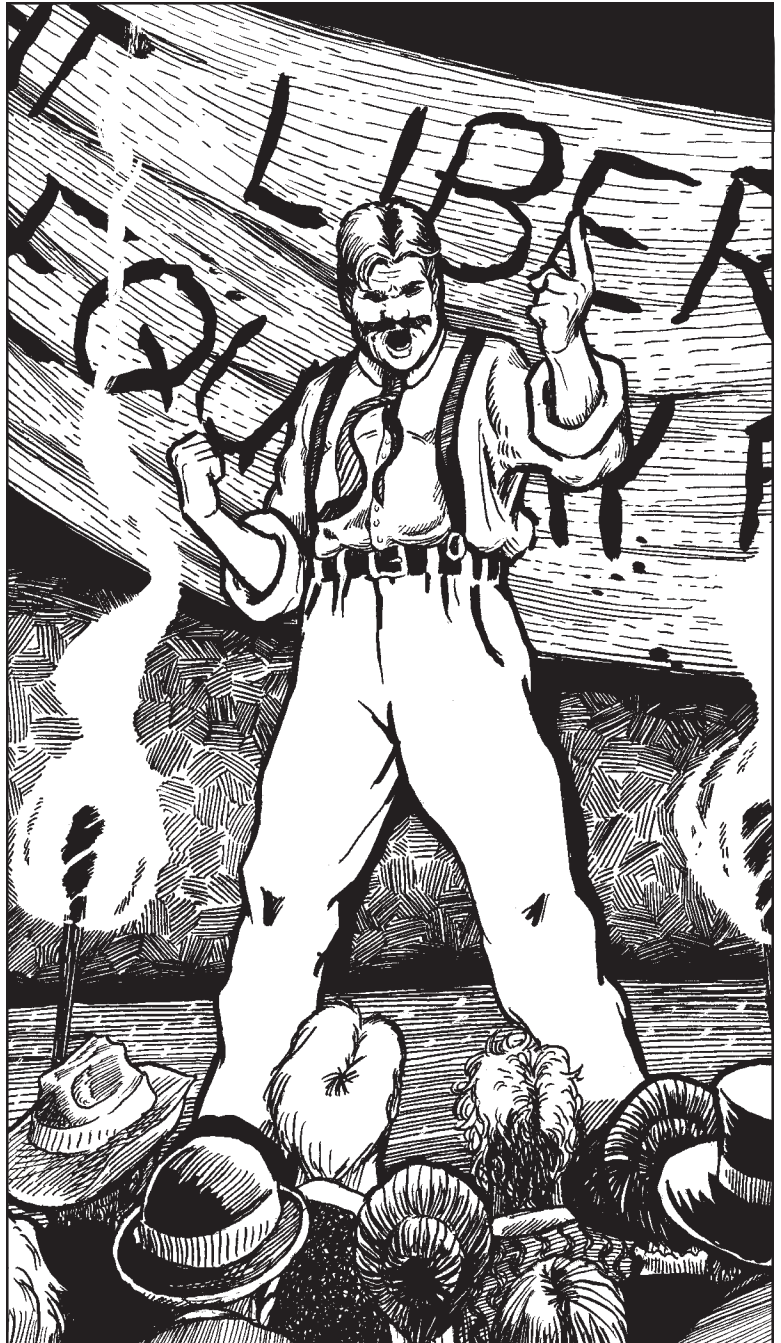
Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

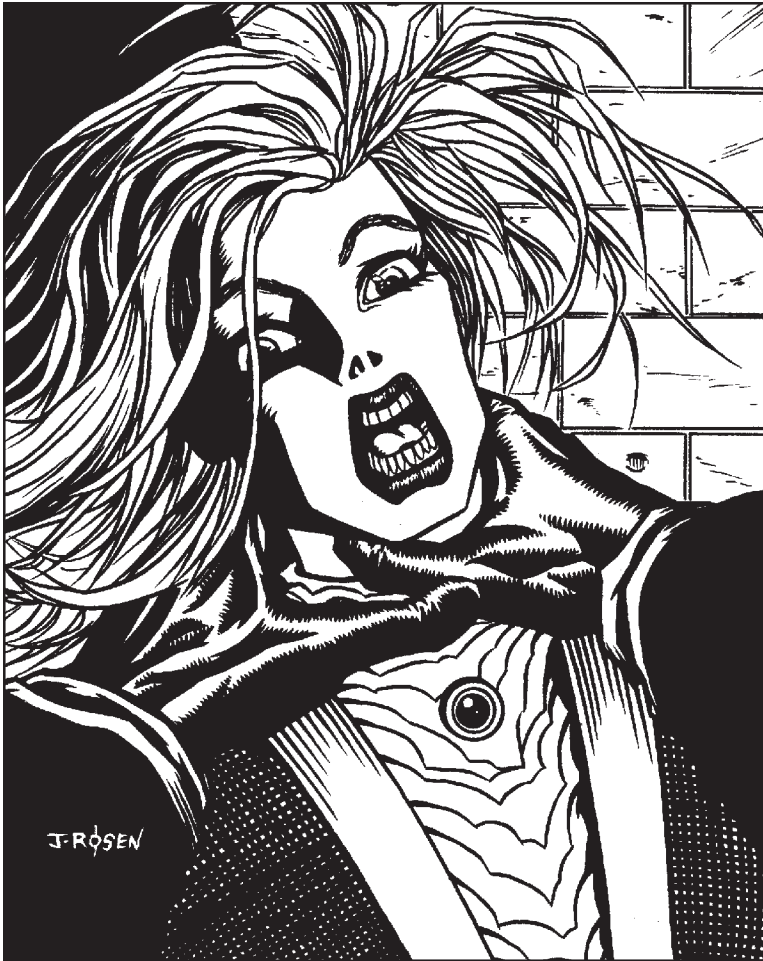
Gear: A Bowie knife, a Colt Old-Line,
and 30 rounds of .22 ammo.

Description: Clay Harrison is a
boisterous man of decent size and
build. He usually dresses well, and
sports a handlebar moustache.



THE POSSE

The Pietists are desperate to recover the tablets and the Knights are equally eager to translate them. Both organizations are more than willing to hire an outside party to do their work. Either Clay Harrison or Gardiner Winthrop could contact anyone arriving in Philadelphia who looked capable of accomplishing the job. You could easily involve the heroes' posse by having either Harrison or Winthrop hire them, Marshal.



Should the Pietists gain the tablets back, it is probable that Gerlach would encourage them to cast the spell prematurely to try to resurrect the Beast. The Knights would be liable to do the same, if only they could get the knowledge to translate the tablets and use the incantations to further their own ends.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FAIR

The Centennial Exhibition is haunted, but the Phantom is not a supernatural creature. It's a machine created by one of the participants of the fair.

The (mad) scientist Edward Wintner had become fascinated with creating artificial life after his wife died in

November, 1863. Before then, he had been a humble chemist working for the Union government on experimental forms of gunpowder. After his wife's death, Wintner was transformed into a different man, and he began to experiment with ways to manipulate life with the hopes of bringing his wife back to life.

His wife's death (from pneumonia) convinced Wintner that flesh is too weak and fragile. He became consumed with creating better, stronger bodies. Possessed by this thought, Wintner left his secure job with the Union War Department in order to work full-time on his "vision." Wintner raised funds by doing odd jobs with some rather unsavory characters, and he eventually procured enough money to build his own laboratory and start his mad experiments.

At first, Wintner created crude, steam powered humanoids, but he could not seem to endow them with any sort of intelligence. Wintner tried everything—even placing human brains into the humanoid's head—but nothing was working for him.

Eventually, he created a perfect clockwork model of the human brain. Wintner believed that the clockwork brain, once activated, would be able to outperform a human mind in every capacity. Despite the ingenious design, Wintner could not get the clockwork device to operate. Though the design seemed flawless, Wintner could not figure out what was wrong.

In a burst of inspiration, Wintner realized that he needed power—and lots of it—in order to activate the clockwork brain. The latest in *New Science Magazine* indicated that the soul had some sort of electrical current which could be measured with the appropriate tools. In other words, humans lived and breathed because of electricity!

Wintner thought that if he could shock his clockwork men with enough electricity, they too would live and breathe. But Wintner's private laboratory could not provide the energy he sought.

At that time, Wintner noticed an advertisement for the Centennial Exhibition. One of the major attractions was going to be the Corliss Engine, the

most powerful ghost rock converter that has ever been built. Wintner realized that the Corliss Engine might provide just enough energy to animate his creations and bring his dream to life. Wintner entered himself into the exhibition as a pretext for gaining access to the Corliss Engine and its ultimate power source.

Late one night, Wintner connected his clockwork man, now with an improved human body, to the Corliss energy. One flip of the switch and suddenly it moved! The clockwork man's mind was at first a blank slate, with no memories or knowledge.

Wintner stayed up each night into the wee hours, teaching the clockwork man language, history and science. During the day, Wintner hid his creation away while he performed for the exhibition audiences. Over time, the clockwork man became self sufficient and could teach himself far faster than Wintner.

Yet, what Wintner doesn't realize is that his clockwork man has no concept of morality. The creation is intrigued with notions of "good" and "evil", but he is frustrated with the inability to find a true definition of either.

Driven by this puzzle, the clockwork man began wandering the fairgrounds and observing humans in the evenings—their behavior, their religions, and their pastimes. As the weeks passed, the clockwork man became more daring. Now he walks Philadelphia at night, keeping to the shadows.

What is most horrifying is that the clockwork man has begun experimenting with humans in order to discover the nature of "good" and "evil." He kidnaps unsuspecting victims, interrogates them, and sometimes tortures them.

When finished with his studies, the clockwork man disposes of his subjects by strangling them. Wintner remains ignorant of everything; he believes that his clockwork man is merely investigating the outside world at night. He had no idea of the clockwork man's dementia.

PROFILE: ED WINTNER

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d4, S:2d6, Q:3d4, V:2d8

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Climbin' 1d4, sneak 1d4

Mental: C:2d8, K:4d12, M:1d6, Sm:4d10, Sp:3d6

Academia: history of science 2d12, mad science 3d12, medicine: general 2d12, science: chemistry 5d12, engineering 5d12, physics 5d12, search 1d8, scroungin' 3d10, tinkerin' 3d10

Edges: Arcane background (Mad Scientist) 3, friends in high places (Underworld contacts) 2, mechanically inclined 1

Hindrances: Clueless -3, curious -3, stubborn -2

Size: 6

Pace: 4

Wind: 14

Gear: Wintner wears a tattered suit, and he carries a gold pocket watch.

Description: Wintner is a short man of average build. He's fifty, but he could easily pass for younger, his brown hair has just a sprinkling of gray.

PROFILE: CLOCKWORK MAN

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:4d10, S:6d12, Q:3d10, V:4d10

Climbin' 4d10, dodge 3d10, fightin' brawlin' 3d10, sneak 3d10, swimmin' 1d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:1d8, M:2d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:1d6

Edges: None

Hindrances: Clueless -3, Curious -3, Obligation -1 (tries to obey Wintner)

Size: 7

Pace: 10

Wind: NA

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

Mechanical Man: Because of the Clockwork Man's construction, he feels little pain. As a result, he ignores all Wind damage from physical combat. He may also ignore 2 levels of wound modifiers per area. The Clockwork Man does not heal, but instead he must be repaired. A *tinkerin'* or other appropriate Aptitude is needed instead of *medicine* for healing.

Description: The Clockwork Man could pass for human under dim

light, but not otherwise. His plastic features do not ever express any emotion. His skin is cold and clammy to the touch. His eyes glow slightly from his internal engines.

THE REST OF PENNSYLVANIA

Fear Level 1

The rest of Pennsylvania is fairly quiet—with a few notable exceptions.

GETTYSBURG

Fear Level 6

The town of Gettysburg, the battlefield, and the surrounding 5 miles are that most fearsome of places, a Deadland. The Agency has the entire area blocked off with high fences and barbed wire, and a special detachment of 50 Union cavalry patrol the perimeter of the place. Only Agency operatives are allowed within, and even they don't go in very often.

Anyone captured trying to enter the "Gettysburg National Military Preserve" is shipped to the Agency's headquarters in Washington D.C. for a rather vigorous round of 20 questions. Any non-Agency personal exiting the preserve are shot on sight. No exceptions.

What's inside the Military Preserve? Well, we'll leave that one up to you Marshal. Just remember that it's a Deadland. When you enter this place, you're on the Reckoners home turf.

GROUNDHOG DAY

The stories of the giant groundhogs are just that: stories. A few of Pennsylvania's farmers were having a little fun at Josiah's expense, and he bought the whole story lock stock and barrel..

MOLLY MAGUIRES

The Molly Maguires are a secret society whose goal is to improve the working and safety conditions of the average miner. None of the members of the society are aware that they are being funded by the Confederates, and if they were to find out, it would cause a tremendous uproar among the Northern politicians, labor unions, and the general public.

At the beginning of the war, the Confederacy realized that the Union had many more resources than they did. In order to interfere with the Union war effort, some Irish Confederate spies were sent into the hills of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. They were under strict orders to rile the miners up and decrease coal production, thus creating a disturbance in the resources that helped fuel the Northern war effort. The creation of the Molly Maguires was beyond the wildest hopes of anyone in the Confederate secret service, and so far it is working flawlessly.

NEW JERSEY

Fear Level 1

There are definitely some strange things going on in New Jersey.

THE CLOUD PIRATES

The fishermen of the *Orca* are surprisingly accurate in their description of the "cloud pirates." What they didn't know is that glowing green cloud is one of the Union's top secret inventions, and it's being tested for use in the war effort. It would be a great advantage in the blockade of the Southern ports if the new weapon can be approved for production.

With the recent success of air carriages in military operations, the Union has been looking for new weapons for the air. The latest development is a huge, flying platform, held aloft by a combination of balloons and propellers. The platform can hold up to 500 men in arms, as well as act as a mobile platform for several ornithopters.

The Union at first hoped that these could be used as a way of delivering assault groups behind enemy lines, but the number of Confederate ornithopters and the vulnerable nature of the platform made this impractical.

Instead, the Union navy hopes to use the flying platform as a way of quickly seizing enemy ships. They'll use the platform's ornithopters to swoop below the clouds and spot any possible targets. Next, the platform slowly descends onto the spotted ship for the attack. Finally, the soldiers shimmy down ropes to drop onto the ship's deck and seize the vessel.

The Union has been running tests of this strategy off the coast of Cape May for some time. The *Orca* spotted the platform practicing on an old derelict ship, and the crew mistook the incident as something more mysterious than it really was.

ATTACK OF THE JELLY MEN

However, something dark and ominous does lurk in the Atlantic waters. Since the Reckoning, a strange, humanoid species has arisen off the Jersey shores. The locals did not notice these creatures until an alarming number of people were disappearing off the beaches. The monsters were kidnapping people from land and sea in order to satisfy their twisted hunger for human flesh.

Frightened by the disappearances, fishermen began sailing heavily armed. One ship managed to fight off an attack and even capture one of the beasts. At first, they wanted to kill the thing, but calmer heads prevailed. The fishermen recognized that killing one of the things wasn't going to chase off the rest. The fishermen took it back to port and hid it until they could find a way to communicate.

After the two species learned to converse, the fishermen discovered what the creature wanted—human victims. The creature also promised that it would help the fishermen gain riches, if the fishermen helped to deliver the monsters human prey. The greedy fishermen readily agreed.



Currently, the fishermen sacrifice one human every other week to the monsters. They search out an indigent or a tourist. In return, the monsters give the fishermen treasures lost under the sea and bountiful catches of fish.

The fishermen dubbed the monsters “jelly-men” because their appearance resembles that of a jelly fish. The jelly-men are humanoid in shape, but their skin is almost entirely translucent. The jelly-men's internal organs glow slightly, and they eat by absorbing their food slowly into their body mass. One can normally see what they've eaten recently (shark, a human hand, etc.). This does not have any game effects; it's just gross.

PROFILE: JELLY MEN

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d10, Q:2d10, S:4d8, V:3d8

Dodge 2d10, fightin': spear 3d6, fightin': tentacle 5d6, swimmin' 5d10, throwin': spear 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Area Knowledge: the oceans 3d6

Size: 6

Pace:

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Paralytic Tentacles: The Jelly Men hunt their prey with two, long tentacles which are attached to their hands. The tips of the tentacles are covered with small, bony poison hooks. In order to strike, a Jelly Man needs to make an opposed roll of its *fightin': tentacle* skill versus the opponent's *Nimbleness*. If the Jelly Man succeeds, it does 2d6 Wind damage. The tentacles can lash out up to 10 feet.

Pliant Skin: The Jelly Men's skin is quite pliant in order to deal with the deep ocean's enormous pressure. Treat the Jelly Men as if they possessed Armor 1.

Gear: Spear (Hand to Hand: Defensive Bonus +2, Speed 1, Damage STR+2d8, Thrown: Shots 1, Speed 1, ROF 1, Damage STR+1d10, Range Inc. 5)

Description: See above.

MARYLAND

Fear Level 1

After Josiah finished his tour through Pennsylvania, he moved on to Maryland to investigate the rumors of a tremendous monster in the bay area.

CHESSIE

Chessie is not a sea serpent, but a new type of submersible designed by Phineas Thorton. Two years ago, Phineas received some funding in order to perfect the designs he had made for a submarine.

Phineas never realized that his funding came from the Confederate government. When the Confederates came to collect his invention, Phineas was horrified to think that one of his creations would become a weapon of

war. After a brief scuffle, Phineas managed to get on board his ship and take off.

Ever since then, Phineas has lived in the waters of the Chesapeake, coming ashore only occasionally for supplies. In the mean time, the Confederates have come up with their own sub design, and are no longer hunting Thornton, but he has no idea about that.

For Thornton's submersible, use the statistic from *Smith & Robards*. The boat has high capacity bilge pumps, auxiliary air tanks, and an air float. Thornton's boat runs almost silently.

WASHINGTON D.C.

Fear Level 2

Here, just miles from the front lines, war is the end all and be all of existence. No conversation goes far before some aspect of war comes up. You can't look anywhere without seeing a fortification, a soldier, a balloon mine, or something military in origin. On top of that there are the patrolling air carriages and Union lookouts stationed on the roofs of most tall buildings; watching for any signs of Confederate activity. The city is truly a fort instead of a city, and it is an impressive sight.

With well over a hundred thousand soldiers gathered here, spoiling for a fight, the District of Columbia is ready to explode into conflict at a moment's notice. All that penned up rage and anger has attracted the attentions of the Reckoners who have managed to alter the city's psyche. There is always a -2 modifier on all rolls aimed at somehow stopping aggression, whether it be trying to talk someone out of a fight or trying to control your own temper.

THE AGENCY

Fear Level 1

As Josiah Jackson suggests, the Agency does indeed keep tabs on everyone within the city. They do indeed have files on most government officials, but they seldom use these files to blackmail their subjects. The Agency has no desire to control the U.S. government—they just want to ensure it survives. The only time they would use

their information against say, a Congressman, would be if they had absolute proof that the Congressman was somehow harming the Union. Then they might blackmail him into stepping down from office rather than make a public arrest.

Deep within the Castle they have a whole floor devoted to the art and science of interrogation. They have never failed to break a subject given enough time and they are not afraid to use any means they deem necessary. The agents bring in anyone they think is suspicious and question them until there is nothing left to learn. Then, using a combination of hypnosis and drugs, they can blank the subject's mind of all memories about their little stay in the Castle.

In Washington proper, the Agency has little time to pursue supernatural targets since they are constantly on the lookout for Rebel spies and saboteurs. Counter-espionage keeps their numbers spread fairly thin and they simply do not have time to truly investigate every ghost story and monster sighting.

THE CLOAKROOM PHANTOM

The mysterious Cloakroom Phantom is indeed in contact with many key congressmen from both houses. They deny that the Phantom exists for several reasons—not the least of which being that the Phantom really is a ghost! The congressmen don't want to admit that they believe in such things, much less speak with them. Equally important, they have sworn to the Phantom that they won't reveal his secrets.

The ghost is none other than the shade of John Brown, the radical abolitionist who tried to start a slave rebellion in the South back in 1859. He was hanged in Virginia for treason, and ever since his spirit has wandered the Earth seeking revenge. For years the ghost haunted Virginia, scaring slave owners and helping blacks escape.

When the South finally abolished slavery the ghost still found no rest. His hatred for the Confederacy and all it stands for has kept him tied to the



mortal world, and still he seeks revenge. Besides, the longer he stays near the fighting the more powerful he seems to become. Originally he could do little more than make his voice heard and occasionally appear for brief periods. Now he can maintain a human form (albeit not a solid one) for prolonged periods, have conversations with others, and even attack the living with his death grip (by claspings his ghostly hand around a living person's heart he can sometimes stop its beating).

The ghost is now convinced that if the South is utterly destroyed he will be powerful enough to resurrect himself and return to the mortal world. For that to happen, the Union needs to press home every victory and kill every Confederate from the Mason-Dixon Line to the Gulf of Mexico.

The ghost constantly watches over the peace-loving members of Congress, spying on every one of their indiscretions. He keeps them awake at night with strange sounds, leaves cryptic messages scrawled on their

bedroom walls, and all the other things you might expect of a ghost. Once he has the congressman on the edge of sanity he reveals his true self to the frightened lawmaker. He then threatens to tell the congressman's fellow members or the press about whatever sins he has seen the man commit. If however, the congressman agrees to become more hawkish in his votes, John Brown not only keep his secrets but stops haunting him.

One by one Brown is going through Congress ensuring that they all continue to support the war. He even shows up on days of important votes to make sure his "friends" vote as promised (this is when he is most often spotted by outsiders). The only way to end John Brown's warmongering is for a person of faith to perform a series of exorcisms banishing Brown from the Congress and the city. Brown can also be destroyed by burning his remains.

PROFILE:

JOHN BROWN'S

SPECTRE

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:4d10, Q:3d8, S:2d10,
V: 1d12

Sneak 6d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d10, M:4d12, Sm: 2d6,
Sp: 2d10

Area knowledge: Washington D.C.,
Virginia 5d10, overawe 6d12,
persuasion 7d12, ridicule 6d6, search
4d8, trackin' 5d8

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 22

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Incorporeal: John Brown has no physical form and thus is immune to all forms of physical attacks. Likewise he cannot make any physical attacks either. This ability also allows him to pass right through any solid object.

Invisibility: Normally Brown can't be seen, but animals can sense his presence. If he chooses to be seen, anyone can see him (he can't appear to just one person).

Poltergeist: Brown can move objects up to ten pounds around with alarming speed. This is an attack just like throwing something except Brown uses his Smarts instead of a throwing skill. If he ever goes bust he cannot levitate until the next sunset.

Touch o' Death: If Brown makes a successful attack using his Nimbleness he can cause a target 3d6 damage, bypassing any armor or other protection. He can only do this three time per day.

Description: It's John Brown, back from Hell and ready to party. See the picture at the beginning of this chapter to get a idea of what he looks like.

THE SOCIETY FOR PEACE

Jacob and Charlotte Winston's Society for Peace is both exactly what it seems and much more. Their children did die in the war and they do sincerely want peace between the North and the South. They are probably the first truly organized lobbying group to establish headquarters in Washington. Certainly they are the richest. Not only are they supported by generous contributions from the Winstons and the other wealthy members, they receive a significant annual contribution from the Confederate States of America.

The Winstons in fact are the center of a spy network that has agents throughout the Capitol and even in other cities in the North. They have uncovered numerous facts about the Army of the Potomac, from troop strengths and dispositions of forces to new secret weapons.

The Winstons have provided the South with a full description of Washington's defense network, including the arrangement of river and balloon mines. At the same time, they act as agents of disinformation, passing on false leads through their contacts.

The Agency knows that there is a Confederate spy network operating in Washington but they are at a loss as to who might be in it. They are wary of the Winstons because of their peaceful stance on the war, but they do not suspect that the two socialites could be traitors. The Winstons have too many friends in Congress for the Agency to bother them too openly.

Confederate citizens visiting the Union who have ties to the CSA government might find themselves steered toward the Winstons as a contact. They are always looking for competent agents and the posse might just fit the bill. They can provide anything a spy might need, from safehouses, to false papers, transportation, and even weapons.

PROFILE: JACOB WINSTON

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, Q:1d10, S:1d8, V:2d6

Horse ridin' 4d6 shootin': shotgun 3d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d10, M:2d12, Sm: 3d10, Sp:2d4

Area Knowledge: Washington D.C. 4d10, bluff 4d10, disguise 3d10, gamblin' 4d10, performin' 4d12, persuasion 5d12, ridicule 6d10

Edges: Dinero 4, friends in high places (Washington society & CSA government) 4

Hindrances: Cautious, self righteous, outlaw (spy) -5

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 10

Description: Winston is a dapper, middle-aged man with thinning gray hair.

PROFILE:

CHARLOTTE WINSTON

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d6, Q:3d8, S: 2d4, V:2d8

Climbin' 2d6, horse ridin' 4d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d10, M:3d12, Sm: 2d10, Sp:2d6

Area Knowledge: Washington D.C. 5d10, bluff 4d10, demolition 3d10, disguise 3d10, leadership 4d12, performin' 4d12, persuasion 6d12, ridicule 2d10



Edges: Dinero 4, friends in high places (Washington society & CSA government) 4

Hindrances: High Falutin', outlaw (spy) -5, stubborn

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Description: Charlotte is an attractive woman in her 40s. She looks younger than her husband.

THE MASONS

The Order of the Freemasons has been in America for a long time, but, it has changed considerably in recent years. Back in England the group has been well established since the early 1700's. From there it spread to America and the other colonies and has a strong influence throughout British society.

ONE BAD APPLE...

In 1861 Sir Lionel Thompson, a retired army officer and well respected member of society, was unceremoniously booted from the British Masonic lodge, and banned from ever practicing Freemasonry in the British Empire again. Sir Lionel had become a recent devotee of some of the more esoteric teachings of Masonry and had decided that the Order needed to be reformed. He was himself a high-ranking Mason and began to alter some of the rituals he presided over. His alterations changed the simple symbolism of Masonic rites into something more akin to black magic.

The other members found the whole practice distasteful, and when Sir Lionel suggested a ceremony involving the ritual slaughter of a goat, that was the last straw. Banished from both Masonry and as it turned out, society, Sir Lionel went into seclusion. Throughout the mid-1860's he researched the roots of Masonry, the Templars, and Hermetic Magic, struggling to find meaning in his life. He gathered about him a few like minded souls to help in his quest.

Well, wouldn't you know it, he found it. From the summer of 1863 on his research got easier and easier, thanks to the Reckoning. His small band of followers grew to two dozen and soon the group of them became very accomplished at performing ritual magic. Although nothing like the power a potent huckster can wield, Sir Lionel's group was more than happy with what they could do.

This Masonic ritual magic requires large numbers of participants to make it work, at least five and many more for more powerful effects. Already his small group of followers was drawing unwanted attention from the British authorities. He knew that he was going to have to take his band of Masonic magicians and find greener pastures.

THE MOVE TO AMERICA

Sir Lionel did not want to leave his homeland, and he certainly didn't want to go anywhere that they did not speak English. The obvious choices were Canada and one of the Americas. Canada was still too much under British rule and his enemies could hurt him there. The Confederacy didn't appeal to him either, due to the slavery issue. That left the USA.

That's when it hit him, a way to both increase the power of his order and help the Crown at the same time. He would do the ultimate service, something that could not fail to win him the praise and respect of his peers. He would win back the American Colonies for England! He knew it wouldn't be easy, but, being the classic Victorian soldier, he never let a little thing like adversity bother him.

He planned his moves very carefully ahead of time. In 1869 he divided his 20 odd followers into four groups, each consisting of at least five members (the minimum number required for Masonic magic). Each group went to a different city and insinuated itself into the existing Masonic lodges. One way or another they would find a way to subtly alter existing Masonic rituals to incorporate true Masonic magic.

All four groups met with initial success. They established themselves in the lodges, and then cast their mind control spells over the memberships. Sir Lionel devised the system whereby each group of Five was able to keep their identities a secret. Those who knew their faces had their memories erased. Now each of the Union's four greatest city's has a cadre of Five Exalted Masons who call the shots in the city.

The Masons have been training a second generation of Exalted Masons, skilled in Masonic magic, who will expand the group's power into other cities. Recent setbacks in New York and Philadelphia have put these expansion plans on hold for the moment, but Sir Lionel anticipates a great leap forward in the next year, possibly even an expansion out West.

MASONIC MIND CONTROL

Why were the Brits able to take over the America Masonic Lodges so easily? The answer is simple, really. They brought something previously unseen to Masonic ritual: real magic. The Masons have always performed rituals as part of their initiation. The Brits subtly altered the rituals and turned simple rites of passage into magical brainwashing sessions.

Anyone who undergoes a Masonic initiation ritual falls under their spell. Thereafter he must make a Foolproof (3) *Spirit* roll in order to resist obliging the request of a Mason of higher rank. Every additional ritual the Mason has participated in increases the TN by 2. Thus if a Mason has participated in just four rituals he has a TN of 11 when trying to resist the requests of his betters. Eventually it becomes impossible to resist. For each month that goes by without the Mason participating in any ritual the TN goes down by 2. Not surprisingly, the Masons demand regular attendance at rituals—they usually hold one or two a week.

The brainwashed Mason doesn't realize what's been done to him. Obeying the orders of other Masons is an instinctive reaction, not a conscious decision. The Masons seldom use their power over a subject until he has attended at least five rituals. By that time he is totally under their sway.

The only known way to break the Masonic brainwashing is to have a priest of truly deep faith perform a blessing on the Mason. This requires the priest to make a *Faith* roll against the current TN the Mason needs to resist orders. The TN for this act of Faith can never be higher than 13.

THE WASHINGTON MASON

Sir Lionel himself heads the Washington D.C. lodge and gives out instructions to all of the other lodges as well. In the nation's capital his efforts have met with great success, second only to Boston in the amount of control he has been able to establish. As in the other cities, Sir Lionel and his four

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fellow Exalted Masters all live in the lodge itself. The lodge, like so many buildings in D.C., is heavily fortified and has a bevy of armed guards protecting it. It even has its own cannons hidden on the roof (although no one knows about them).

FIENDS IN HIGH PLACES

Using the same ritual mind control techniques described in the Boston section, Sir Lionel has managed to ensnare about a third of the Congress in his web and a number of officers within the Army of the Potomac. Following his current predictions, he should have a majority in both houses of Congress within the next two or three years with a little luck.

Unfortunately, Sir Lionel has had much less luck with the Executive branch. Although Grant is ostensibly a Mason, neither he nor his closest advisors attend rituals or participate in Masonic business. Thus Sir Lionel has no control over them, as much as he would like to. He hopes that in the next election one of his congressmen might win the nation's highest office, thus increasing their political power.

GHOSTS & MASON

Sir Lionel is aware of the presence of the ghost of John Brown, and he's a little worried about it. He has managed to ward the lodge against the ghost and he has similarly warded all of his members against Brown's influence. Unfortunately, he cannot seem to convince any of the congressmen already under Brown's sway to join the lodge (Brown has forbidden them to do so). Sir Lionel wants to get rid of Brown but he has no idea how to do it.

MEN IN BLACK

The other big threat in Washington comes from the Agency. They have ways of determining if any of their



members have fallen under occult influences and they perform random security checks on all of their employees. Sir Lionel has only managed to suborn a half-dozen or so Agency operatives and all but one of them have subsequently been uncovered.

The Agency suspects that the Masons are up to no good, but they have not had any more luck infiltrating the Masons than the Masons have had infiltrating them. They are aware that a mysterious cabal called the Five runs the lodge and would dearly love to know just who these Five are. They do not even begin to suspect that they might be British. If they did, they would redouble their efforts against the Masons. For now they have taken a hands off approach, not wanting to ruffle too many feathers in Congress

without more proof of Masonic wrongdoing.

THOMPSON'S PLAN

Once Sir Lionel overcomes the current obstacles facing him and takes hold of the reigns of government, he plans to implement some radical changes in U.S. foreign policy. He will force the government to make peace with Great Britain and even cede Detroit to them.

He also hopes to make peace with the Confederates but not until he no longer needs the distraction of the war to hold power. He dreams of one day actually returning the nation to England, although he hasn't quite figured out how he would convince the American people that this is a good idea.

SIR LIONEL THOMPSON

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d6, Q:1d10, S:2d6, V:1d12

Fightin': sword 4d6, horse ridin' 3d6
shootin': pistol 4d8

Mental: C:1d10, K:3d12, M:3d10, Sm:2d12, Sp:4d12+4

Academia: occult, masonry 6d12, guts 6d12+4, language: Ancient Greek Aramaic, Hebrew 4d12, Latin, leadership 5d10, persuasion 4d10 scrutinize 3d10

Edges: Arcane background: Masonic Magic, dinero 5, friends in high places 5, Rank (leader of Masons) 3

Hindrances: Enemies (Tammany Hall, the Pinkertons, The IIA, John Brown, and many more), ferner (English)

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 28

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Sir Lionel can cast most Black Magic spells at level 3 or better.

Gear: Cane, gem-encrusted Masonic ring, and ceremonial robes.

Description: Sir Lionel is always impeccably dressed in the latest men's fashions. A normally sedate individual, his eyes take on a manic look whenever he speaks of the Masons or his homeland.

BOSTON MASONS

The Boston Freemasons have a solid lock on politics, government, and industry within Boston. Here in Massachusetts the Masons face little opposition and their position shows no signs of weakening.

No one gets elected to office, wins a government contract, or even has their building plans approved without the permission of the Masons. Five Grand Master Masons run the Boston Temple and issue orders directly to the membership.

THE BOSTON FIVE

These Five are some of the wealthiest and most powerful men in Boston, although no one knows this. In fact, they are not originally from Boston, but rather they hail from England where there were prominent members of the Masonic lodges there.

The Five moved to Boston in 1869 on orders from their Lodge in New York. There, with letters of introduction, they joined the local Masonic group (then just a men's club with no insidious goals). A year later they had taken over the lodge and commanded the building of a new, much grander temple than their current lodgings.

The membership gladly agreed and paid for the building to be built in record time. Since then, membership has soared and in no time the Masons had taken over many important positions throughout the city.

CHAINS OF COMMAND

The Boston Masons take their orders from the lodge in Washington, D.C. The Boston Five do not have any current plans beyond cementing their hold on Boston and extending the Masonic influence into neighboring cities in New England. Right now they are concerned with the growing power of the Irish Immigrant Army, and they are taking measures to meet this threat if necessary.

However, the IIA has slipped in importance since the Witch Trials began. The Five don't understand what's happening with the Witch trials and

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they have no control over them. They fear that the wild accusations might some day spread to the Masons. Although they're powerful, they're not strong enough to hold off angry mobs for very long.

THE MEN IN THE MASKS

Few of the members ever see the Boston Five. They keep to themselves, and actually live in the Temple itself. Even their true identities remain a mystery since they always wear masks of some kind during rituals. Supposedly the masks are just part of the ritual. The real reason for this subterfuge is that the true identity of the Five changes from time to time. One or more of them will return to England or set off on some other Masonic mission and leave a replacement to stand in for him. In fact none of the current Five was here when they Lodge was founded.

Joining the Lodge requires approval of the Five. Even once a person joins, the lodge seems to be little more than a men's club since the new member sees nothing unusual until he is completely under the sway of the Five. Then the strange orders and monetary demands begin, and by then it is too late to resist.

NEW YORK MASONS

The Masonic conspiracy is having a hard time of it in New York. In fact, they are on the verge of falling apart completely. First came the betrayal of Boss Tweed back in 1871 and Tweed's subsequent aggressive stance towards the Masons. The Mason's now have almost no influence in Tammany Hall, despite rumors to the contrary.

RASH DECISIONS

Then things just got worse when the Cuckold's Mark started showing up among the Fifth Avenue elite, many of whom were the Lodge's most important

contributors. The Mark breaks Masonic conditioning in its final stages and it has already deprived the order of several key members. The lodge has now forbidden its members to attend any of the wild Fifth Avenue parties or have anything to do with Percy Lawler.

All that is left to the lodge is an assortment of upper-middle and lower-upper class businessmen who aren't part of the Tammany Hall network and not high class enough to join the Fifth Avenue set. While this gives the order a firm base on which to stand, it does not give them any real power in the city. They do not control any of the elected offices or major industries. They have managed to make some inroads into the police force, although there they meet with stiff competition from Tammany Hall.

THE NEW YORK FIVE

As in other cities Back East, five secretive masons run the entire Lodge. As in Boston, these five men are all British and live within the lodge itself. The true identity of the five changes over time, but the local members believe that the Five are always the same men hidden behind those plain white masks.

The New York Five have called out to the head lodge in Washington but haven't received much more than moral support. They were told that they have to find their own way out of their problems, at least for the time being. Left on their own, the Five decided to take Masonry into an area of enterprise previously avoided by the order: organized crime.

A LIFE OF CRIME

In the streets of the Bowery and the tenement housing Tammany Hall may control the votes, but the gangs and criminals control the streets. In the past year the New York lodge has begun recruiting heavily among the gang leaders spread throughout the city.

Before now there was no over-arching organized crime. The Mafia exists but has little authority or power within the city, and none at all outside of Italian neighborhoods.

The Masons are now well on their way to becoming the preeminent organizing force of criminal activities in the city. The more gangs they take over the easier it becomes to suborn others. Naturally these are not the type of men who can publicly walk into the prominently located Masonic Temple known as the Pyramid, thus secret tunnels link the temple to other, less noteworthy, structures nearby.

Masonic organized crime in New York runs a number of protection rackets and gambling rings throughout the city. Recently they have extended their protection business to the docks where they now have a great deal of influence. Things are almost to the point where nothing comes into the city by ship without the Masons knowing about it and taking a piece for themselves.

The other lodges are not too happy with the New Yorkers for becoming so involved in criminal enterprises. However, the New York Five have made the case that crime was the only power vacuum that they could fill, especially in the face of Tammany Hall and Percy Lawler's machinations. Once their criminal empire has grown they hope to be able to use its power to either sway the electoral process and put some of their own members in office or somehow get rid of Lawler (or both).

PHILADELPHIA MASON'S

The terrified Philadelphia Masons have ceased many of their activities because of the recent murders. The Masons believe that some group or organization may have discovered their British connections and is bent on destroying them. The Masons assume that the Agency's Men in Black aren't the culprits, or else the Union government would be shutting their doors.

MURDERED MASONS

The murders began the night of November 5, the very day the British invaded Detroit. The first Freemason victim was hung and eviscerated on the edifice of the Philadelphia Mason temple. His tongue was found nailed to the steps of the temple. Since that fateful night, one Freemason member a week has been found killed in a similar manner somewhere around the city. The Masons still do not know who is committing these murders.

When the British invasion reached the headlines of the Philadelphia evening papers, the populace burned with rage. Philadelphia had a special reason to hate the British because she was the center for the American revolution a hundred years ago. As Philadelphians slept, their outrage and shame called out for vengeance and retribution.

The spirits of those who had given their lives in the Revolutionary War heard their call. Thirteen spirits returned to their bodies buried deep in Valley Forge, where they had died serving under George Washington. These thirteen spirits represent each of the original colonies. These creatures of vengeance are known as the Spirits of '76

The thirteen rotten skeletons clawed their way to the surface. The pits of their skulls glowed with an unholy light. Their old, moldy uniforms hung in tatters around their filthy bones. Their souls burned with only one thought: kill the British. Since that fateful night, the Spirits of '76 have been hunting down the British controlled Masons one by one.

Currently, the spirits have restricted their pogrom to the Masons and British sympathizers, but their attacks will soon widen to include anyone who criticizes the Union. The spirits' definition of "criticize" is so broad that they might kill just about anyone; after all, who hasn't complained about the Union at least once?

SPIRITS OF '76

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, Q:3d10, S:3d10, V:3d8



Fightin': knife 4d10, shootin': musket 6d8, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:5d12, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d8

Area Knowledge (original 13 colonies) 4d8, overawe, 5d12, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8, trackin' 3d8

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Chilling touch: Occasionally the spirits find it necessary to incapacitate true American patriots. They can often render a person unconscious with their bone chilling touch. If a person is touched by a spirit of '76, he must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* check or suffer 2d8 Wind damage.

Immunity to Normal Attacks: The spirits cannot be destroyed by normal means. If they receive enough damage to be "killed," their bones are temporarily blown apart. The next night, the destroyed spirit reassembles himself and walks the earth again. Magical attacks, however, can kill them.



Deadlands Dispatch

Issue #3

Character Info, Errata, and The Big Picture of the Deadlands Universe

Welcome to Pinnacle's regular update on the Deadlands universe. In this issue we talk about the growing Confederate submersible menace and the rising tensions between miners in Deadwood and the Sioux.

— The Big Picture —

Reb Subs Attack Boston Harbor!

Last November the *CSS Manassas*, a Confederate submersible under the command of Admiral James Bruning, slipped into Boston Harbor and sank a number of Union ships. Before escaping in the confusion, the wily commander stopped and attached a message to a dock which thanked the people of Boston for their hospitality. Needless to say, the Union authorities were not amused by the Admiral's sense of humor.

Since then, security at all major Union harbors has been stepped up. Where possible, large nets have been placed across the channels leading into the harbors, and the waters are patrolled by ships equipped with the latest underwater listening devices from Fort 51.

Despite these precautions, Admiral Bruning was recently able to repeat his daring exploit, and he once again slipped his submersible into Boston Harbor. In an attack that lasted nearly two hours, the *Manassas* repeatedly gave Union patrol vessels the slip while sinking five ships and heavily damaging three others. The Confederate ship then seemed to simply vanish.

Union authorities could give no explanation for how the Southern vessel could have penetrated the harbor's defenses or how it managed to escape once the patrol vessels were alerted to its presence. The only public comment has come from Commander James Pickering. He stated, "The recent, unfortunate events in Boston Harbor are currently under review, and we will design appropriate countermeasures from what we learn."

Ships Continue to Disappear

Ships continue to disappear in the area that has been dubbed "The Devil's Triangle." A number of ships have been discovered without their crews and some ships have vanished completely and are believed lost.

Union officials accuse the Confederate submersible fleet for these disappearances. The Confederate government denies these charges, calling them "hogwash." Southern officials point out that at least four Confederate ships have been lost in the same area, and that their submersibles have insufficient berths to take prisoner the crews of the missing ships.

Tensions High in Deadwood

Tensions between the inhabitants in Deadwood and the Sioux Nations have hit an all-time high. This was brought about by a discovery made by miner Bo Spotswood.

Spotswood has a small claim in the Black Hills. The amount of ghost rock he mined from it was small, but recently he found something else on his claim: a skeletal Indian clutching a shriveled heart.

This strange find was taken back to town and put on display at the Big Horn Store. When the Sioux wicasas heard of this, they demanded that the remains, including the heart, be turned over to them immediately. So far Spotswood has refused to do so, and many of the miners in town have rallied behind him in support. The Sioux elders have threatened dire consequences if the remains are not relinquished, but so far they have taken no action. The number and size of the Sioux patrols around Deadwood has increased, though.

— Needful Thangs —

New Elixirs

Here's a handful of new elixirs to aid your heroes and perplex your enemies.

Fear Gas

Cost: \$50/dose
Duration: 1d6 rounds
Reliability: 16
Hand: 3 of a Kind
Speed: 1

This elixir comes in a glass container which is thrown at the target. When the container shatters, it releases a strong gas which causes those affected by it to experience visions of the things which they fear most.

A single dose releases a cloud 5 yards in diameter. All those within it must make an Onerous (11) *guts* check. Those who fail must roll 5d6 on the Scart Table. Temporary effects like the Heebie-Jeebies end as soon as the gas wears off. Permanent effects like phobias and heart attacks are just that: permanent.

Side Effects

Minor: The dose is weaker than normal. Those in the cloud only have to make a Hard (9) TN with their *guts* rolls.

Major: As above, but the TN drops to Fair (5).

Serious: The gas has the reverse effect, making the target fearless. Everyone affected by the

gas is immune to the effects of all *guts* checks and *overawe* attempts until the gas wears off.

Regeneration Ointment

Cost: \$150/dose
Duration: Permanent
Reliability: 16
Hand: Flush
Speed: 1 day

This new elixir from Smith & Robards has become quite popular with factory workers in the North. Many employers keep a supply of regeneration ointment on hand to deal with serious industrial accidents.

Regeneration ointment can be used to reattach a severed limb (one that has taken a maiming wound and the Marshal has ruled came off). Simply swab the ointment on the end of the severed limb and on the portion of the body where it is to be reattached, and stitch the limb back on (this requires a Fair (5) *medicine* roll). The ointment immediately begins to reforge the connections between body and limb. Within a day, the limb's wound level drops by one and it has become permanently reattached to the body.

The severed limb must be reattached within an hour of being amputated. The ointment does not allow the transplanting of limbs from one person to another, or the attachment of a limb to an inappropriate place. You can't attach an arm to a leg stump, for instance.



Side Effects

Minor Side Effect: The reattachment process takes longer than usual. The limb is unusable for a week.

Major Side Effect: The process wasn't a complete success. The victim's *Deftness* and *Nimbleness* are lowered by a die type for any actions which rely on the severed limb.

Serious Side Effect: Idle hands are the Devil's playthings. The ointment has allowed a manitou to possess the limb. The Marshal can spend a blue chip to gain control of the limb for 1d10 minutes. During this time, the possessed limb tries to cause as much trouble as possible for its owner and his friends.

Spirit Salve

Cost: \$200/dose

Duration: 1d4 rounds

Reliability: 14

Hand: Full House

Speed: 1

This salve was originally created for use by the Agency's field operatives, but Smith & Robards now offers it for sale to the general public. Of course, the general public tends to think that the salve's supposed powers are all hokum.

Spirit salve can be used to coat a weapon and give it a supernatural aura for a brief time. This means the weapon can injure supernatural baddies who can only be harmed by magical damage. It does not allow the user to hurt a creature who can only be injured through a specific weakness; only those who are normally immune to physical damage.

A single dose is enough to coat six bullets or the cutting edge of an average sword. Once applied, the salve evaporates quickly, so once the duration expires, the hero had better have a back up plan.

Side Effects

Minor Side Effect: The salve's effects are reduced. Reduce the weapon's damage by one half.

Major Side Effect: This batch is even more volatile than usual. It evaporates completely after only a single round.

Serious Side Effect: The spiritual nature of the salve actually heals the creature. Each wound inflicted using the salve heals a wound the target has already suffered.

Two-Part Nitro

Cost: \$50/dose

Duration: Instant

Reliability: 16

Hand: 4 of a Kind

Speed: 2

Some heroes like to carry a weapon with a little more stopping power than a Colt .45. Dynamite and nitroglycerin both fit that bill, but both of these can be as dangerous to the user as to his target.

Two-part nitro is a binary explosive. A dose comes in two separate vials, each of which contains one half of the explosive's formula. Individually each half of the explosive is stable and poses no threat. When the two parts are mixed together, however, they create a highly volatile liquid with as much explosive power as nitroglycerin.

The vials are designed so that the stoppers can be removed and the mouth of one vial is inserted into the other, allowing the chemicals to mix. Attaching the vials and giving the chemicals sufficient time to react requires two actions in combat. Once this is done, the liquid can be used just like nitroglycerin. The explosive does 3d20 damage with a Burst Radius of 10 yards.

Side Effects

Minor Side Effect: The chemicals aren't fully mixed. Reduce damage by half.

Major Side Effect: The chemicals didn't react. This vial is a dud.

Serious Side Effect: The reaction takes place too quickly. The vial explodes in the user's hands for full damage.

Vanishing Creme

Cost: \$500/dose

Duration: 1d10 minutes

Reliability: 14

Hand: 4 of a Kind

Speed: 1 minute

This amazing creme actually makes objects coated with it transparent.

A single dose of vanishing creme is enough to coat a single, human-sized object or a number of smaller objects (exactly how many is up to the Marshal). It takes one minute to apply a full dose of cream.

Once coated, the object is invisible for the creme's duration. All attacks made toward an invisible target suffer a -10 modifier (provided the attacker has some general idea of the target's location to begin with).

Side Effects

Minor Side Effect: A faint outline of the object can still be seen. All attacks and *Cognition* rolls to spot the user suffer only a -6 penalty.

Major Side Effect: As above, but the creme also causes a rash. The itching causes a -2 penalty to all of the user's actions.

Serious Side Effect: The user gets a rash, but doesn't become invisible.

Profile

Richard Dakan & Jack Emmert

Richard "Ricko" Dakan makes his living as a freelance writer and game designer. He's based in his home town of Sarasota, Florida (home to Pee Wee Herman and the world's second whitest beaches, you gotta be famous for something).

When he's not contemplating the evil machinations of Freemason's in our nation's capitol he's writing for other games like *Dune*, *Star Trek*, *Legend of the Five Rings*, and anything else that comes along. When he's not doing that, he studies and teaches martial arts, and drinks single malt scotch and quality bourbon. When

he's not writing, he— um—helps kids or something like that.

Jack Emmert discovered gaming several decades ago in the dusty bins of a local hobby shop outside of Philadelphia—and he's never stopped gaming since.

In between gaming sessions, Jack has received a M.A. in ancient history from the University of Chicago and an M.A. in Greek and Latin from Ohio State University. Jack is currently working towards a Ph.D. in Classics; his areas of research include ancient religions. He has written and edited several different gaming supplements.

DEADLANDS, REVISED EDITION

A black and white illustration of a pumpkin-headed figure, possibly a scarecrow or a person in a costume, holding a large scythe. The figure is positioned in the center, appearing to be in a graveyard or a field of pumpkins. The background features a large, full moon in a cloudy sky, and several large pumpkins are visible in the foreground. The overall mood is spooky and Halloween-themed.

JULY, 1999

BE AFRAID...BE VERY AFRAID