

RIVERS of LONDON

the Roleplaying Game

Underground, Overground

The Case File Collection

GM PLAIN TEXT HANDOUTS

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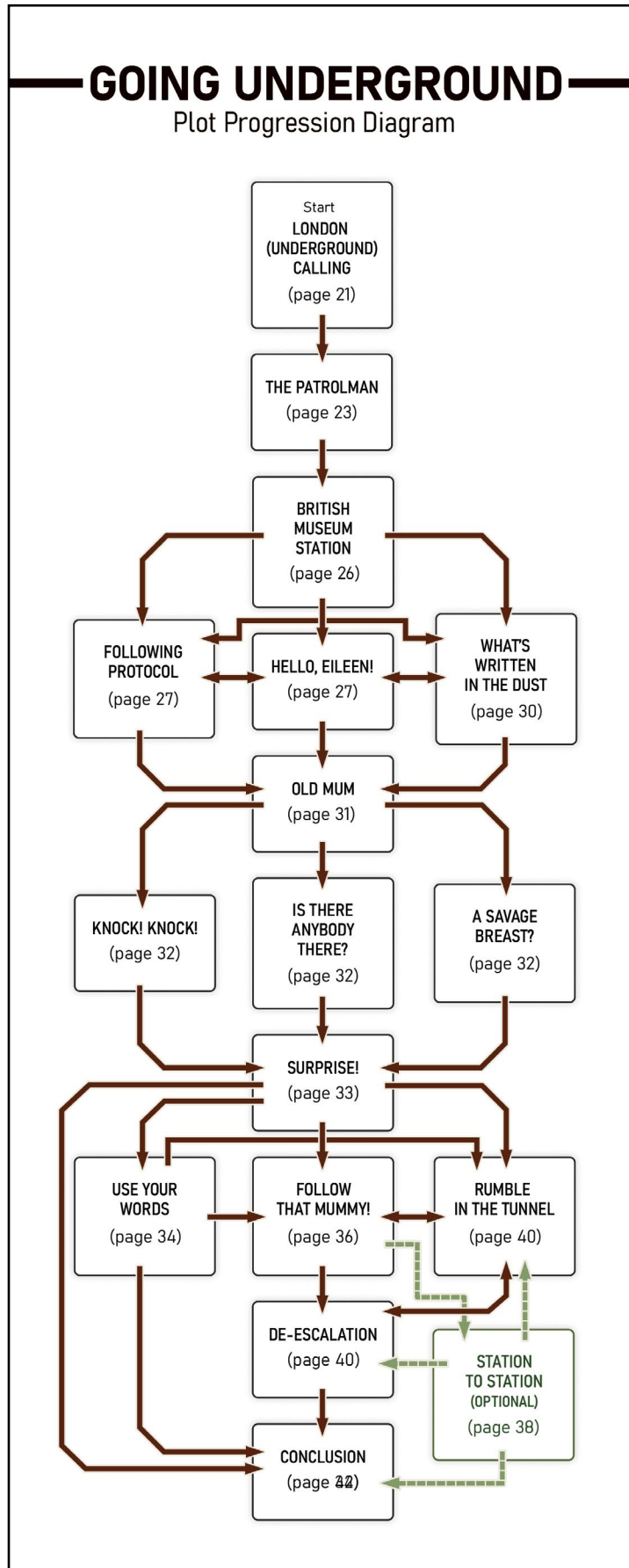
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HANDOUT: UNDERGROUND 1

BRITISH MUSEUM STATION

 ADD TO LIST

Opened: 30th July 1900 (Central London Railway)

Closed: 24th September 1933 (Central London Line)

ORIGINALLY BUILT TO SERVE the [British Museum](#) in nearby Great Russell Street, British Museum station became obsolete when replacement platforms opened a short distance away at [Holborn](#) station, creating the transport interchange between the [Central](#) and [Piccadilly](#) Lines still in use today.

However, British Museum station continued to serve London even after its closure. During World War II, the platforms were walled off from the train lines and an additional floor was added so that, between September 1941 and the end of the war, the station acted as a double-decker air raid shelter, complete with childcare facilities.

Following the war, the station was repurposed yet again, this time as an emergency command post and administrative offices for the military. These closed sometime during the 1960s. The walls between the platforms and the lines were removed, along with the platforms themselves, and the station became a storage area. The station building, on the eastern corner of Bloomsbury Court and High Holborn, survived until 1989, when it was demolished to make way for a new development, blocking all access from street level.

A popular urban legend associated with the station claims that it is haunted by the screaming ghost of an ancient Egyptian princess—or priestess—called Amen-Ra, also known as the “[Unlucky Mummy](#).” Rumours also abound of a secret tunnel linking the station and the British Museum—all of which the museum’s staff strenuously deny.

 SHARE

 DISCOVER MORE 

HANDOUT: UNDERGROUND 2

BRUCE BUCKLER'S STATEMENT

You won't laugh at me, right? You promise? Honest? Okay, then.

I've worked on the Underground since I was a boy, walking the tracks looking for damage and any other safety concerns. My usual line's the Piccadilly but they were shorthanded on the Central tonight, so I volunteered to do an extra shift to help out. You hear all sorts of stories in this game—you know, ghosts and other odd things creeping about in the tunnels. But I'm not a credulous man, so I never really believed that anything was haunting the old British Museum station, especially not this Amun-Ra character.

Anyway, I was singing to myself as I wandered into what's left of the station—just to cheer myself up, you know, cos I was feeling a bit isolated down there. Never had that happen before. I spotted this pile of cement bags that hadn't been stacked properly at the far end of the eastbound platform, so I kept on singing and started to rearrange them so there was no danger of them falling on the track.

That's when I heard it—a creaking noise coming from somewhere further up the tunnel. Then there was this weird groaning, wailing noise. I don't know, it sort of sounded like what I'd been singing but... wrong, y'know? I looked round, and there it was! A face... a horrible face, looming at me out of the darkness! But more like a kid's painting of a face than a real one, if that makes sense...

I stumbled back, lost my footing, and landed on my backside. Just as well the power was off, or I'd probably have fried myself. I don't remember much after that, but I must have picked myself up and run back here—all I wanted was to be out of that tunnel and to hear people laughing. Proper weird, it was, cos I've always been totally fine with my own company—you have to be in this job. Then the sergeant here came to talk to me and said he knew some specialists who'd want to see me, and, well, the rest you know.

EILEEN ADKINS' STATEMENT

Me and my friend, Madge, we'd gone to the pictures to see this new film—Bulldog Jack. Have you heard of it? Ever so funny, it was. Anyway, in it, this group of thieves are using a secret tunnel from the British Museum to steal stuff. The tunnel came out at what they were callin' Bloomsbury station, but we all knew it was really British Museum, seeing as they were both closed and everything.

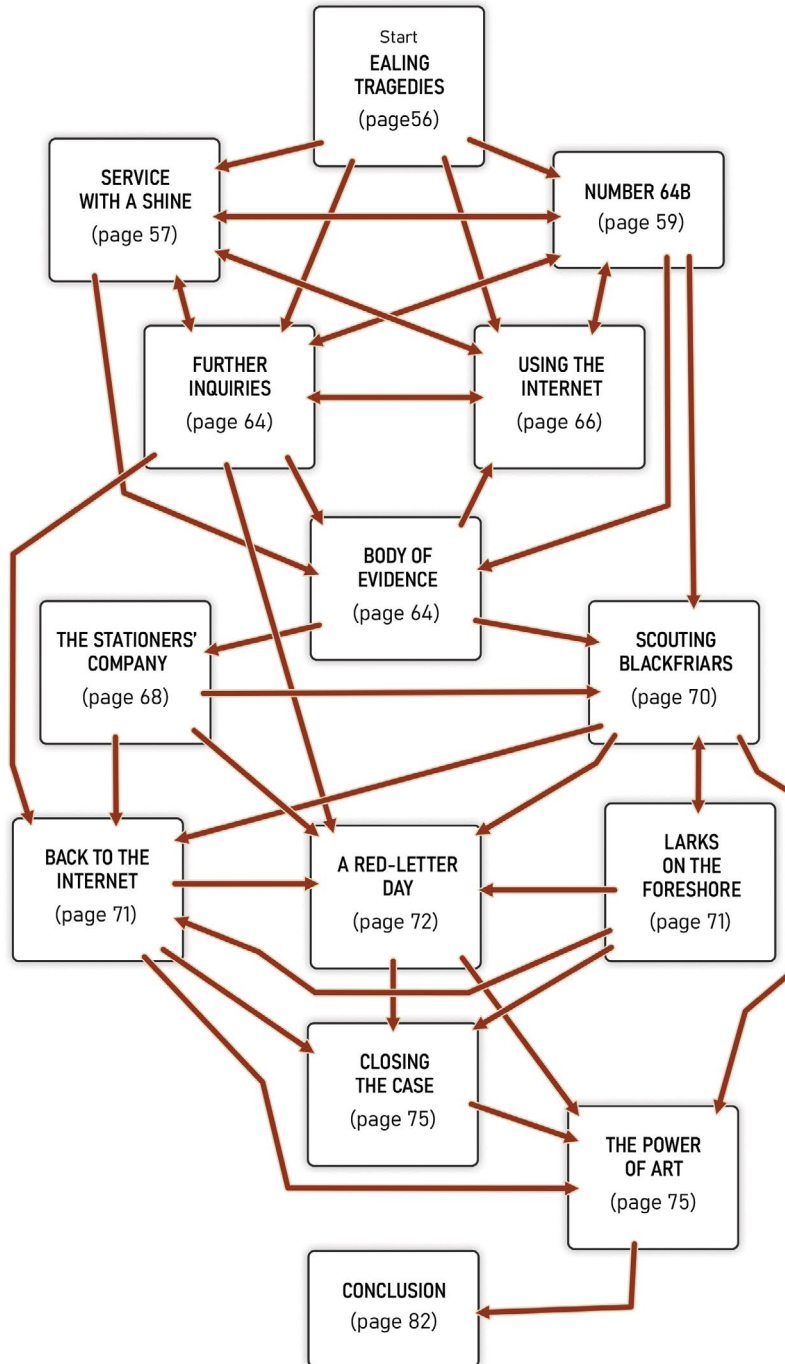
At one point, the hero, Jack, sneaks onto the tracks to get to this Bloomsbury station to find the villains' lair, and my friend, Madge, when we was goin' home after the film, said she bet there wasn't a secret tunnel entrance at British Museum—it was all made up. I said there was because my Uncle Ralph worked at the museum as a caretaker and he said there was all sorts of tunnels and whatnot under the building, and no one knew where most of 'em went.

We was standin' on Holborn station at the time, so I told her straight—I said, "Marjorie Elizabeth Morris, I'm going to wait until the last train's gone, then I'm going to take a leaf out of Bulldog Jack's book and go down there and find that tunnel." She said I was stupid because it was far too dangerous, and she was having none of it. She caught the train home and left me. I did it, anyway, just to show her. That'll teach me, eh?

To cut a long story short, I always carried a torch [flashlight], so getting down to the old station wasn't a problem. But then I tripped and sprained my ankle in that tunnel back there—the one where they used to turn the trains round. It hurt like the blazes, I can tell you. Next thing I know, there's this loud creaking noise and something comes striding out of the darkness towards me. Well, that was it, wasn't it? I was so shocked, I put my hand out—right onto the third rail. Poof! Gone. Last thing I remember is that really strange face staring at me. Next thing I know, I'm back here but my body's nowhere to be seen. One of life's little mysteries, I suppose...

THE FONT OF ALL EVIL

Plot Progression Diagram



HANDOUT: FONT 1

- Edgar Marsh, age 29. Born in Wilton, near Ross-on-Wye, in Herefordshire; has lived in Ealing for the past three years.
- Single, no dependents, not even a pet.
- Work history patchy, at best; primarily light service jobs, like serving in local eateries or working low-end retail—nothing that paid well enough to maintain even a frugal London lifestyle.
- However, Edgar didn't need to earn much, as, despite a poor relationship with their parents, the Marshes kept a steady trickle of support going, paid monthly into Edgar's savings account.
- Attempts to reach Edgar's parents have so far only reached their housekeeper, who made it clear that they are away on a cruise and have been out of the country for six weeks.
- Has a younger sister, Vanessa, currently studying Medieval Literature at Durham University. She has been informed of the situation by Durham Constabulary officers, face-to-face.

HANDOUT: FONT 2

Adrian Shine's Statement

I arrived to open the garage this morning around 5 o'clock. I get in early to handle the morning crowd—there are always customers dropping off or picking up before they head into work. Anyway, when I turned into the courtyard and walked towards my shed, I could see that Edgar's door was open. Just a bit, but still. I reckoned he might have left already and forgotten to secure it properly. Sorry, not he. They.

We often bump into each other. I took over this place two years ago, this past February. Edgar was already here and for the first couple of weeks I remember seeing them leaving their house early, always dressed like they were doing something outdoors. Manual work or community cleaning or something. One day, about a fortnight in, I literally bumped into them as they came out of their gate. I spilled a coffee, Edgar apologised profusely and offered to get me a fresh one. Introductions were made, pronouns were explained, but things never really went beyond that. Shy type, I reckoned, so I didn't look to push it.

Anyway, so we knew each other's habits well enough and given the time I reckoned they'd gone out. So, I nipped through the gate to have a look and make certain everything was okay. I could smell something wasn't right when I got to the door. The light was on inside and when I nudged the door open, I could see blood and... Edgar's body. I wasn't thinking straight, because I walked right in and checked them, looked for a pulse or something. But their skin was cold... lips were blue. I pulled my mobile out and dialled 999.

Guy on the end of the line asked me not to touch anything. He confirmed the address and the basic details, then asked me to step out but stay around until someone arrived. So, I did. I opened the garage up and got on with the morning's chores and pick-ups. Then the police arrived, and, well... here we are.

HANDOUT: FONT 4

The Printer's Mark

The printer's mark associates the type with **Thomas Helgreen**, who worked in London under the auspices of the Company from 1706 through to 1720, when he failed to renew his membership and disappeared from all available records.

Thomas Helgreen, originally of Norwich, had good standing with the Company and mainly produced flyers and pamphlets for various "entertainments" on the South Bank. For example, theatres and baiting halls advertised their events with flyers printed by Helgreen's hand. He fell out of sight, and favour, after allegedly producing a piece of Jacobite propaganda for a gentleman called **Edward Haswell**, who ended his days with his neck on a block. The propaganda was damning, denouncing **King George**, and cursing his lineage. There are no known copies of it in existence. Helgreen is said to have disposed of all his possessions by casting them into the **Fleet** and fleeing London before he met the same fate as Haswell.

HANDOUT: FONT 5



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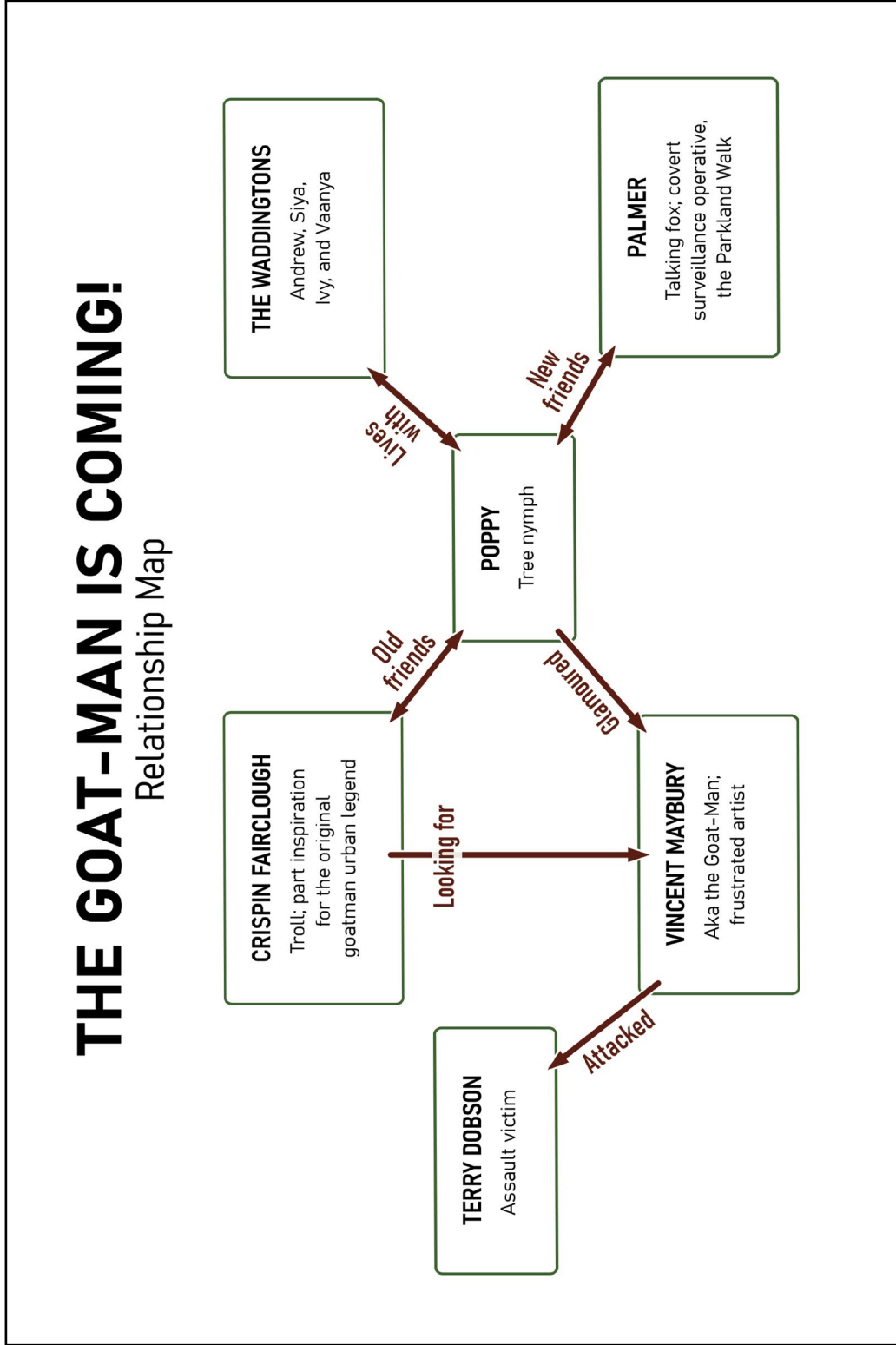
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TATE MODERN

OFFSET London

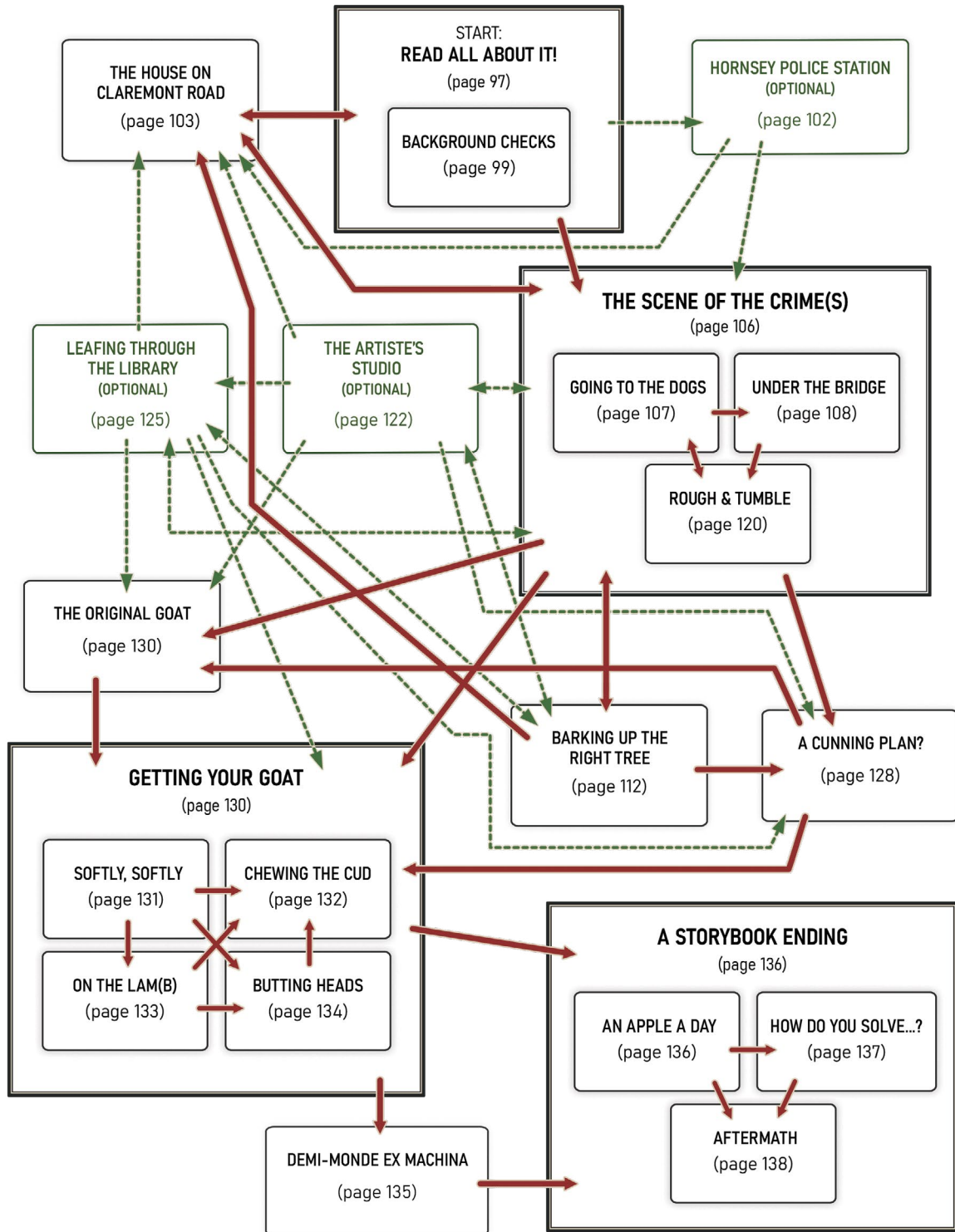
THE GOAT-MAN IS COMING!

Relationship Map



THE GOAT-MAN IS COMING!

Plot Progression Diagram



THE CROUCH END WEEKLY ADVERTISER

RETURN OF THE GOAT-MAN!



After an absence of more than 30 years, it appears that the goatman—or is it Goat-Man?—has returned to this part of the Parkland Walk. Readers of a certain age may remember the urban legend from the 1970s and '80s, when children used to dare each other to walk the disused railway track at night in the hope of spotting the mysterious “beast.”

Sightings began again two days ago, and we have it on reliable authority that one local dog walker had a violent close encounter with the beast within the last 24 hours. While the attack is something of a surprise, the Goat-Man's return is not wholly unexpected, as graffiti, along with ads in this newspaper—reproduced below—have been proclaiming it for the last month. Speculation is rife that this is nothing more than a publicity stunt gone awry—though publicity for what, no one seems entirely certain!

Yesterday

THE GOAT-MAN IS COMING!

THE PARKLAND WALK

Location: Haringey, London

Opened: 1984

Length: 5 km (3 miles) total

Follows the route of the defunct Finsbury Park to Alexandra Palace train line. Rich in both native and non-native plants and animals, it is a fine example of how to rewild a former industrial site. Consists of two sections, North and South: the longer Parkland Walk South runs from Oxford Road to Holmesdale Road, while Parkland Walk North runs from Cranley Gardens to Muswell Hill. For safety reasons, not to mention the presence of a protected bat roost in the tunnels at Highgate High Level station, the intervening section between Highgate and Cranley Gardens is closed to the public; multiple alternative routes linking the two sections are clearly signposted.

Declared a Local Nature Reserve by Haringey Council in 1990, the walk's most notable feature is the Spriggan, a statue of an oak-leaf crowned sprite celebrating both nature and Crouch End's links to permaculture. Also of supernatural note are tales of a "goatman" who haunted the abandoned tracks in the decade before the walk opened. As well as its butterflies, foxes, and the occasional muntjac deer, the route is additionally famous for its graffiti, especially between Crouch Hill and Crouch End, the area surrounding the Spriggan.

THE CROUCH END WEEKLY ADVERTISER

ACTING THE GOAT?

Many of you who grew up around Crouch End during the 1970s and 1980s may remember a spooky story about a strange creature called “the goatman.” But was the goatman real or just a figment of some very overactive teenage imaginations?

Like all good stories, there actually appears to have been a grain of truth in this one. Back in the early 1970s, a man called Harry Richards lived in a commune on New Road, where he kept a trio of goats. “They were called Nanny, Billy, and Gruff,” Harry says. “Not exactly original, I know, but it made me smile.” After work, Harry would load the goats into the back of his battered Morris Traveller and drive down to what we now know as the Parkland Walk. Back then, though, it was just a recently decommissioned stretch of railway line. “The goats loved foraging down there and it was good exercise for them—and me,” he adds.

Harry says he never saw any ghosts or monsters during his time in Crouch End, although he understands why people might believe there was. “Even though it was surrounded by houses, parts of it were pretty wild and isolated back then. Occasionally you’d come across some unsavoury types, but we never had any problems. People seemed to like seeing the goats and hearing their bells. It’s funny to think we might have been responsible for the goatman stories. Every now and again, we’d bump into groups of kids doing that dare where they’d chant for him to come and get them. The looks on their faces when we came round the corner were priceless—I don’t think we were quite what they were expecting!”

Harry left the squat in 1980 and took Nanny, Billy, and Gruff with him to Hackney, where he lives to this day. Although the original trio are long gone, Harry still keeps two goats, Sid and Nancy, in a nearby allotment. “Their milk is really good for you, and I’ve always been partial to a bit of homemade goat’s cheese.”

Two months ago



Terry Dobson's Statement

I usually take Rex down to the Parkland Walk twice a day—once after breakfast, then again in the evening. We were running a little late the other night because Rex didn't seem all that keen on going out, so it was shortly after 11 o'clock by the time we got there. We went up onto the walk via the Stanhope Road steps like we always do and headed in the direction of the tunnels. Not that we go all the way up to them, you understand—there are a lot of brambles and it's quite slippery underfoot around there, so we usually turn back when we get to the Holmesdale Road exit.

We were about two-thirds of the way along the path when Rex started kicking up quite the ruckus. The next thing I knew, this strange figure came charging out of the bushes, bleating furiously. He barrelled into me, knocking me over. It was rather dark down there and it all happened so quickly that I didn't get a good look at him, but I'm positive that he had hairy legs and a bare chest. He stank like wet wool, as well as something quite eyewatering—bleach, perhaps? There might have been horns, but on that I can't be sure. He did look odd, though. When I was a teen, I thought I'd seen the goatman, but this one looked nothing like what I remember from back then. Thankfully, Rex saw him off before he could have another go. I was a bit muddy and bruised but none the worse for wear, all things considered, so we came home, and I had a nice stiff whisky before bed—purely for medicinal purposes, you understand.

The next day, I was in two minds as to whether I should report it or not. It took me most of the morning to pluck up the courage, and even then, I still felt a bit stupid telling that young Welsh policeman what had happened, especially with all of that graffiti about the goatman coming back. I wasn't sure that he would believe me. It was the right thing to do, though, wasn't it? We don't want anyone getting really hurt, now do we?

Clip 1

A shot showing the Goat-Man in his splattered hoodie and mask outlining the next stage of his art installation. **"It's time to move from the static to the organic, taking mark making to its arboreal extreme in the creation of a living monument to the power of collective imagination!"** The camera angle is a little slanted and the speaker seems to be crouching down slightly, as if the action camera is resting on a nearby stump rather than on a tripod.

Clip 2

Multiple shots of someone's hands, presumably the Goat-Man's, inexpertly digging letters into the bark of various trees, accompanied by swearing when the knife slips and subsequent pauses while he wipes away the blood from the self-inflicted nicks and cuts using the sleeves of his hoodie. The knife has a thick wooden handle and a shortish blade. It looks very sharp.

Clip 3

A child's voice screaming, **"No! Stop it! You're hurting my trees!"** The image swings round from hands carving the letter "a" into a tree to a long shot of a thin blonde child of around 6 or 7 running towards the cameraman; she is wearing dungarees and has a furious expression on her face. The person wearing the camera hisses back, **"What the hell are you doing out on your own at this time of night, kid? Go on, get out of it! I'm busy creating my legacy here."** The child stops running, cocks her head to the right, and narrows her eyes, her hands balled into tight fists at her side; she is obviously concentrating very hard. **"You're not a goatman! I remember the goatmen, and you're not them. But if that's what you want so badly, you can jolly well go and be that, can't you, you horrid, nasty man!"**

Clip 4

Loud bleating noises are accompanied by bouncing images of someone running along the path, followed shortly afterwards by whirling shots of tree branches, the sky, and bushes, which must be from when the Goat-Man removed the camera's head strap and threw it away. In the background, there is also the sound of a child giggling and clapping her hands in delight.



Poppy's Statement

I was fast asleep when I got this pain in my tummy. It woke me up! Then I got another and another and another, and I knew someone was hurting my trees. You shouldn't hurt people's trees. It's not nice. People should be nice. Are you nice? I hope you're nice.

Ooh, so, anyway, I knew I had to find out who was being naughty, even if it was after my bedtime. I got dressed ever so quietly so I wouldn't wake anybody, then came up here to see that horrible painty man cutting my tree! My tree! That's ever so naughty!

Andrew says that naughty people should be punished. He says it never did him any harm when he was a boy. And it didn't, 'cos he's still my lovely friend, even though he's all grown up and everything now. I didn't know what to do to the naughty man at first, but then it came to me! He's been pretending ever so hard about being the goatman. He's not Crispin or Mr Harry, though, and I couldn't turn him into them or Billy or Nanny or Gruff. But I could make him think he was!

So, I did.

And then he ran away.

On Fairies and Their Abodes

Regarding Dryads and Other Tree Nymphs...

...for, as one knows, the Greek “dry” refers entirely—at least, in antiquity, though the modern layman displays greater laxity in his use of such terminology—to those spirits of the oak tree; the meliae, the ash tree; the meliades, the apple tree—and, because the word from which their name is derived, “melas,” in addition means “sheep,” the protectors of our ovine flocks; and the daphnaie, the laurel. While our learned Greek forebears have described them as beautiful young women, the tree nymph’s appearance varies greatly and may be assumed to be of their own choosing, for many of the true fae take particular care to array themselves in the garb that most closely represents their nature.

Tree nymphs are adjudged to be fickle of temperament, though this appears to be a seasonal affliction, with the innocent and uncomprehending childlike—on occasion, childish—behaviour of spring’s first flush giving way to more moderate and seemly behaviour as the year grows old; and so, in direct contrast to her youthful spring vigour, by winter, the nymph may be described as in her dotage. Whether the nymph lives with its tree—or within it—is a vexed topic of discussion amongst scholars. As referenced elsewhere in this treatise, my personal belief is that certain of the fae, given as they are to the “adoption” of a suitable family, seek the convenience of shelter, succour, and concealment amongst humankind; thus may the nymph pass the changing seasons in a degree of warmth, comfort, and protection not afforded by all but the most benevolent of climates.

Alas, the supranatural forces that give rise to these fair nymphs are poorly understood, though it appears that there must first be a tree—in the form of a sturdy and robust sapling, at the very least—before there can be a nymph; it may be that some form of natural potentia—the potentia silvestris, as postulated by Dr Polidori, perhaps?—gives them life, though my own hypothesis is that the causes are many and complex, and may depend, in part, on the presence of our own inimitable species. Forming, conceivably, a continuum with those august and powerful beings, the genii locorum, it appears that tree nymphs are more akin to hamadryads than dryads in the mythological sense, in that the death of their tree—deliberate or through the tree’s inexorable and inevitable senescence; and, moreover, the destruction of any such groves that they care for—assures their own demise.

No evidence has thus far come to light that a tree blessed by a nymph’s presence exceeds its God-given allotted time upon this Earth. And while some—perhaps as a balm for the sorrow engendered by the loss within a human lifetime of those wedded to the shorter-lived species—theorise that seedlings from a nymph’s tree may display a greater propensity to acquire a nymph of their own in comparison to “ordinary” trees, such a supposition has, to my knowledge, yet to be proven; though, as always when dealing with the fair folk, wonders may never cease to amaze.

Crispin Fairclough

- Classification: troll.
- Place of Birth: Preston, Lancashire.
- Last known address: Ravenscourt Urban Farm, Hammersmith (1984–)
 - 1974: ran away from home, age 14 (family dispute).
 - Slept rough in the area of the disused Highgate to Finsbury Park railway line until early 1984.
- Family: none listed, at Mr Fairclough's request.
- Employment status: caretaker, Ravenscourt Urban Farm, Hammersmith.



Crispin Fairclough's Statement

You want to know why I've come back here tonight? Because I'm not having some clod [fool] tarnishing my reputation, that's why! I used to sleep rough out here when I were a lad, before your Mr Nightingale fixed me up with that gradely [fine, good] job at Ravenscourt. Lots of places you could doss [bed] down here for the night, back then. Not now, though, not since the walk opened. There's really only the tunnels, and they're fastened off because of the bats.

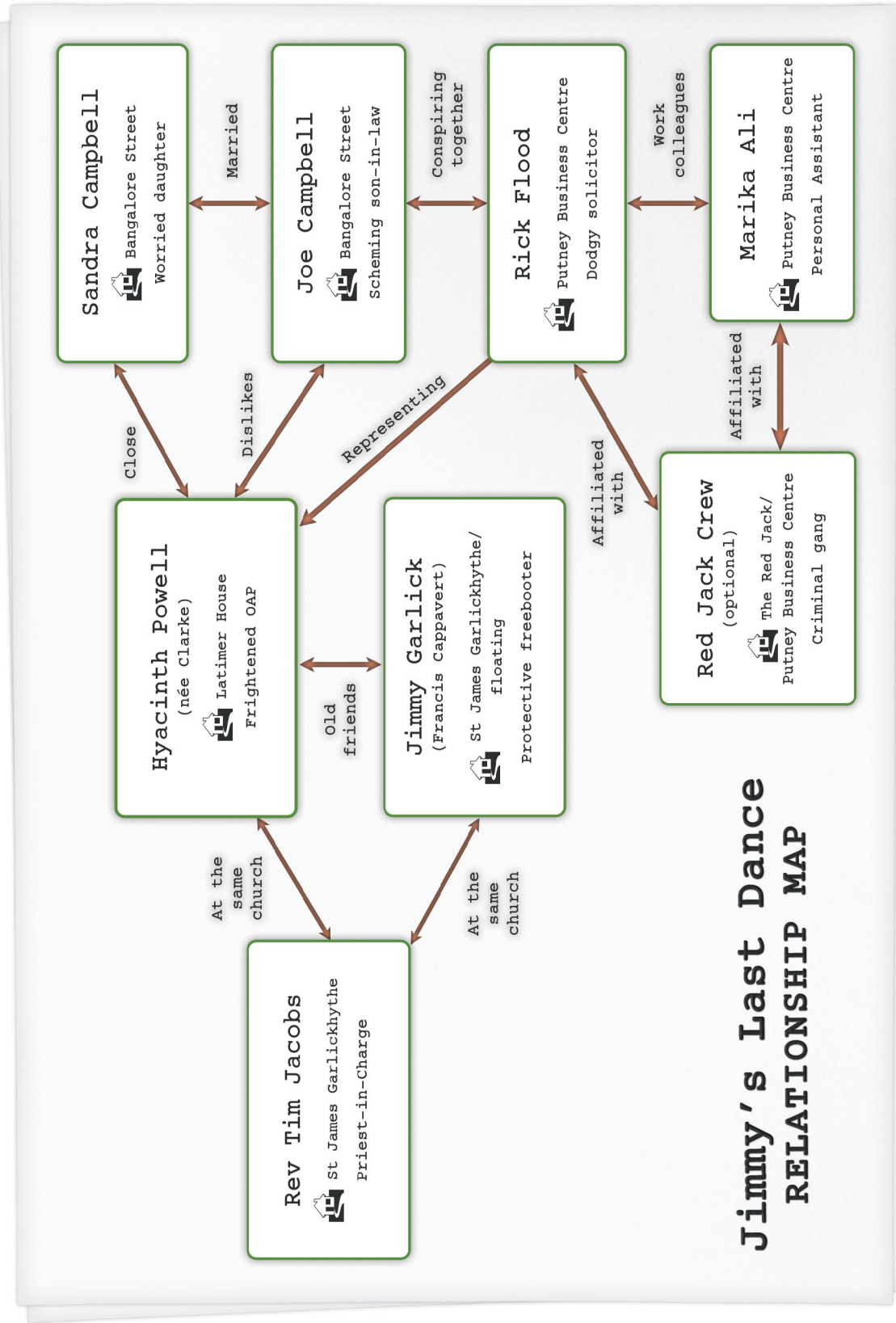
Back then, I was reet [really] sensitive about... well, pretty much everything, if I'm honest. Especially 'ow I looked, on account of being a troll. I'd sleep during the day and come out at night to go through the bins for food. I begged a bit, too. But people tend to be scared of big, hulking blokes [men] asking them for money, so I never made much. Later, young Poppy used to bring me food and clothes from her adopted family, so life got a bit easier.

The main thing that kept me 'ere were the wildlife, but especially the goats. This Rasta man used to bring his three down of an evening and I loved to watch them. They're survivors, you know, and I admired them back then 'coz, unlike me, they didn't give a stuff about what anybody thowt of them. But I was also embarrassed because, you know: goats, trolls—it's all a bit stereotypical, really, innit?

I'm not sure how all that nonsense about the goatman started, but it didn't do my self-esteem any good having kids yelling that stupid chant at all hours of the night. They called me a beast, which just made me even more self-conscious. In all that time, I never hurt anyone, though—I might have shouted at some of 'em every now and again, but I mostly tried to keep meself to meself and let them get on with it as best I could.

There's a few folk like us know it was me as was the goatman, so I don't take kindly to this barmpot [idiot] creating a reet fuss. I have a reputation to maintain, and I'm not having anyone saying that it's me that's been attacking folk. I've come down here to find whoever's up to no good, so I can have a quiet word with them and send them on their way. All friendly-like, of course—I don't want any aggro [trouble].

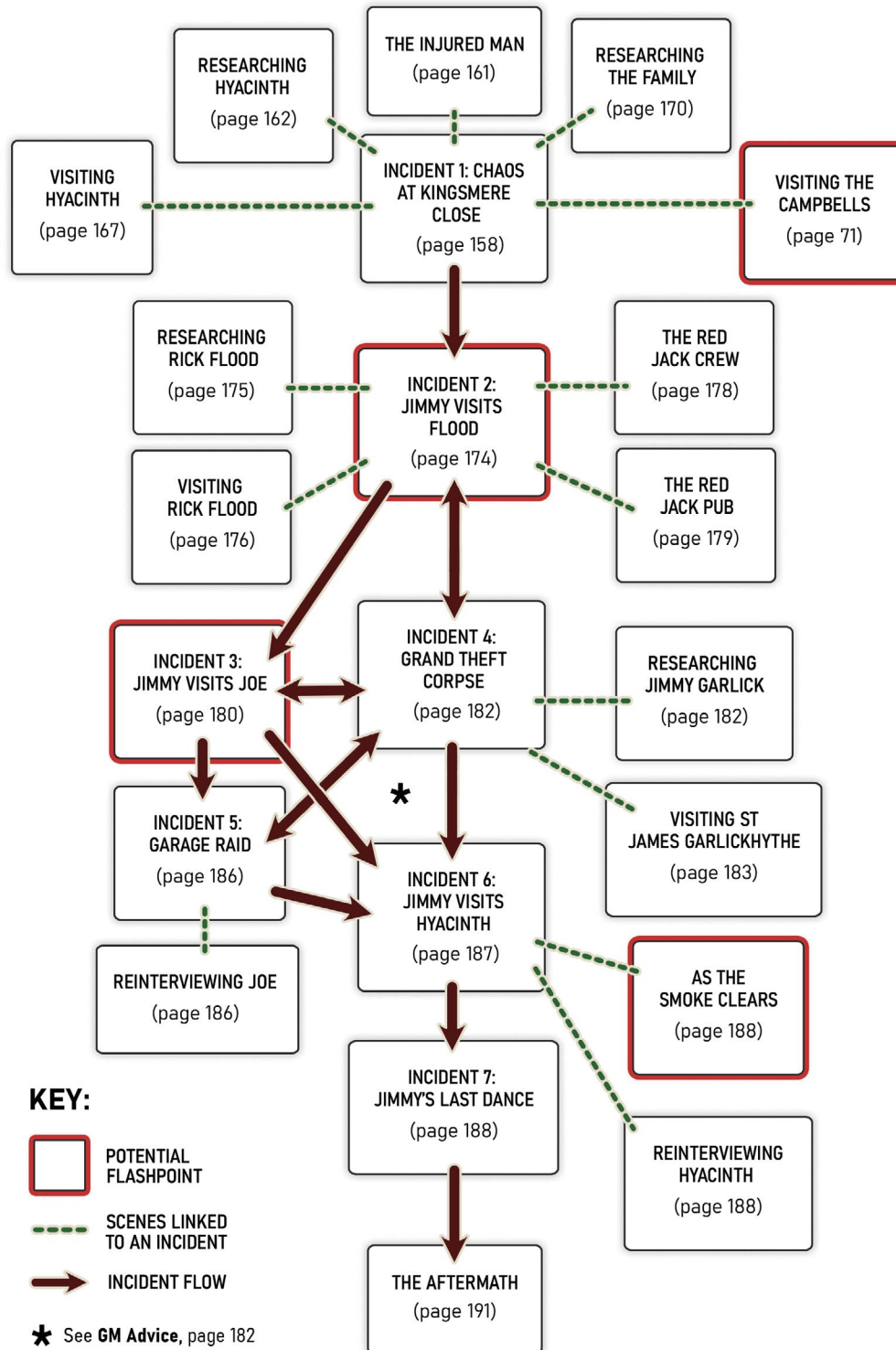
RELATIONSHIP MAP



Jimmy's Last Dance
RELATIONSHIP MAP

JIMMY'S LAST DANCE

Plot Progression Diagram





Officer Rogers' Statement

PC Hayes and I responded to a call at approximately 11:13 am this morning. On arriving at the scene, we immediately saw that the property's front door was hanging open; it had clearly been forced from the outside. The ground floor window was also broken; lying on the paving underneath it was a young IC3 male who had been the victim of a violent assault. Officer Hayes provided emergency medical aid while I called for an ambulance and dispersed the crowd of onlookers. Following that, I carried out a brief inspection of the property's interior, found no one, and rejoined Hayes. We then waited for the ambulance to arrive.

As PC Hayes supervised the attending paramedics, I spoke with a witness, Ms Lettie Hannay, who reported seeing a middle-aged IC3 male heading into the house at around 11:00 am. She stated that he was dressed in peculiar old-fashioned clothing that she described as "something straight out of one of those pirate films"—a strange-looking leather coat, a white shirt with puffy sleeves, three-quarter length breeches, and a tricorn hat. The man knocked on the front door, then a minute later kicked it in. Soon after that, Ms Hannay heard shouting. She saw an IC1 male exiting the property via the side gate, then a man burst out of the ground floor window. That was when she decided to call the police.

Having taken Ms Hannay's statement, I radioed into Wandsworth Police Station to update them on the situation and request a records check on the house. Someone there must have passed the information up the line, because not long after, DS Guleed arrived to take a look around. She told me that she had requested specialist assistance and that we were to cooperate with you fully. As to the property, it's owned by a Mrs Hyacinth Powell, but that's all I've got on her at the moment.

If you wish to interview the injured man, PC Hayes accompanied him to St George's Hospital, Blackshaw Road. He's still in Accident & Emergency, awaiting treatment.

Hyacinth Powell (née Clark)

Age: 88

Place of Birth: Mandeville, Jamaica

Registered homeowner: Kingsmere Close, Putney

Current address: Latimer House Nursing Home, Putney

Marital status: Widow; husband Leonard Powell (deceased)

Dependents: One adult daughter, Sandra Campbell
(Husband: Joe Campbell, general contractor; also
of Jamaican heritage)

The Campbells' address: Bangalore Street, Putney

Employment status: Retired; formerly an NHS midwife

Subject of a Removal Order. If Order goes ahead,
Mrs Powell will be deported to Jamaica.

Appeal has been lodged by her solicitor,
Richard Flood (Putney Business Centre).

Arrests: Witchcraft, 1952 (Fraudulent Mediums Act 1951,
repealed); not prosecuted

Other: Multiple parking tickets; all fines paid

Hyacinth Clark Powell

- Arrested 1952 on charges pertaining to the Fraudulent Mediums Act 1951.
 - See RR 52119 for further details.
- Last known address: Kingsmere Close, Putney.
 - Lived in Putney most of her life, apart from her childhood when she lived with her family in Friday Street, Vintry Ward, City of London.
- Father: William Clark, jobbing plumber and electrician; came to London from Jamaica in 1930. Brought his family, including Hyacinth, over soon afterwards.
- Husband: Leonard Powell, bus conductor.

COMPLAINT REPORT

NAME	DATE
Hyacinth Clark	1952
COMPLAINT	
Obtaining money through fraud and deception (under the Fraudulent Mediums Act 1951)	
COMPLAINANT'S NAME	COMPLAINANT'S OCCUPATION
Howell Martin	Railway Engineer, King's Cross St Pancras

Howell Martin (hereafter, the Complainant) alleges that Hyacinth Clark (HC) convinced his daughter, Dilys Martin (DM), that she could foretell the future and speak with the dead. According to the Complainant, DM went to HC after her mother died, when she was feeling lonely and abandoned. HC claims to have put DM in touch with her mother and for many months held seances at her council home in Putney. When the Complainant found out he was outraged, physically attacked HC, and brought the matter to the attention of the authorities.

The Complainant alleges that HC was assisted by what he describes as a "Dark Man," who threatened him with a bladed implement and forced him to leave HC's house during the incident when HM allegedly assaulted HC. This could be a neighbour, of course, or some similar non-magical assistant. Traces of vestigia in the street where the Complainant claims he was attacked might be suggestive of outside interference. However, the evidence is inconclusive.

HC shows no sign of being a practitioner or of having demi-monde connections. It is my belief the accusation was maliciously brought by the Complainant, who resented Hyacinth's influence over his daughter.

[Complainant later fined for assault as a result of his actions-TN]

PROSECUTING WITCHES

Henry VIII was the first to define witchcraft as a felony, and there has been a Witchcraft Act of one kind or another on the statute book since 1542. The 1735 Witchcraft Act remained in force up until 1951, when it was replaced by the Fraudulent Mediums Act.

The 1951 Act was an attempt to reframe the issue from wicked deeds to wicked frauds. People traditionally went to mediums to solve problems. They might want to know any number of things, from learning how they stood in a legal dispute to discovering who was stealing from them; from finding missing goods to knowing which horse would win at the races. Charlatans stepped in to take advantage, and in the late 19th and early 20th century, this became organised fraud. Spiritualism and table-turning became popular, and the crystal ball became an essential part of the mystic's kit—con artists repackaging themselves as spiritualists, appealing to the moneyed middle-classes.

The government was embarrassed at still having a Witchcraft Act on the books, as it implied the Crown believed in ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties. Fraud was safer; the Crown understood fraud. And so the Fraudulent Mediums Act was born.

Under the new Act, the Crown had to prove that the accused was attempting to deceive and make money specifically from deception; someone claiming to perform purely for entertainment was safe from prosecution. Not many cases were brought to court under the Act, but those that were brought were usually successful. Spiritualists allegedly performing for entertainment purposes were dismayed when the Fraudulent Mediums Act was replaced in 2008 with EU legislation that didn't require the Crown to make its case. Instead, under Schedule 4 of the snappily titled Consumer Protection from Unfair Trading Regulations 2008, the medium instead had to show that they didn't mislead or take advantage of their customers.

Spooky Sites: **ST JAMES GARLICKHYTHE**

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THERE HAS BEEN A CHURCH at Garlickhythe since the 12th century, though the original was heavily damaged in 1666 during the [Great Fire of London](#) and was subsequently rebuilt by the famed architect, [Sir Christopher Wren](#). Located in the city's [Vintry Ward](#), St James Garlickhythe was one of 52 churches Wren rebuilt, and is sometimes called Wren's Lantern due to its many windows. However, the steeple was probably designed by Wren's pupil, the alleged occultist [Nicholas Hawksmoor](#). "Garlickhythe" refers to the nearby wharf (hythe) where, in times long past, merchants sold garlic. St James Garlickhythe is the official church for over a dozen of London's livery companies and the British Army Intelligence Corps, as well as being the burial place of six London Mayors and a stop on [the pilgrim's road](#) that ends at [Santiago de Compostela](#), Spain.

In 1855, a mummified corpse first found in 1838 beneath the chancel floor was rediscovered during a clear-out of the vaults under St James Garlickhythe. As church records had been destroyed during the Great Fire of 1666, there was no way to tell who this lost soul was, except that his interment potentially pre-dated the conflagration. For many years afterwards, Jimmy Garlick, as he came to be known, was displayed in the church in a glass-fronted case with the attached notice:

**Stop Stranger Stop As You Pass By
As You Are Now So Once Was I
As I Am Now So Shall You Be
So Pray Prepare To Follow Me**

The choirboys used to take Jimmy out each Sunday and prop him up in a pew. This tradition continued for almost 100 years, only coming to an end in 1941 when a bombing raid damaged his case. After a brief residence in the belltower, Jimmy Garlick is now kept in a chamber of the church crypt, out of public view. The 1941 raid was not the first St James Garlickhythe had to endure; a near miss during the First World War inspired the church's annual Bomb Sermon, and the area roundabout was badly damaged during the 1940s Blitz.

Nobody knows who Jimmy Garlick was. Some say he's a Roman general, a legendary King of the Britons, a Lord Mayor, [Dick Whittington](#), or any one of a dozen different London characters. Forensic science has established he died at some point between 1641 and 1801 and was probably an older man.

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“Jimmy Garlick”

Found 1838—mummified corpse, St James Garlickhythe (chancel).

Rediscovered 1855 (crypt).

Identity unknown. **Francis Cappavert—RR 35131**

Ref: 35131 Francis Cappavert

Francis, son of James Cappavert—"a moore Christian," according to the parish ledger of St Olave's Church on Hart Street—and Jennifer Soames, a maidservant, was born in 1621. He was trained as a servant but ran off to join the army and fought for Parliament. When Colonel Hewson asked for a volunteer to assist Charles I's executioner, Francis stepped forward, claiming 100 pounds and a king's head. With that money, Francis struck out for the Caribbean. When the Anglo-Spanish War erupted in 1654, he signed on aboard a privateer sailing with Christopher Myngs' squadron out of Jamaica. There was loot to be had, and Francis didn't intend to die poor.

Having risen to the rank of Captain, when Francis returned to London in 1660, he was in possession of a respectable fortune, seized during the sack of Puerto Caballos and Coro. He soon joined the Worshipful Company of Vintners and established himself as a businessman. Despite his Puritan links, he became owner and operator of The King's Head Tavern on Garlick Hill, not far from the Cloak Lane junction, and famous in Francis' day for bare-knuckle boxing matches. Francis grew to be an important member of the St James Garlickhythe community but vanished from the records around 1666.

It is speculated by one fellow scholar of the Society that Francis may have perished attempting to save St James Garlickhythe from the Great Fire. His tavern, The King's Head, was also significantly damaged during the blaze.

Of greater interest to the Society, Francis was both a cunning man and a conjurer with links to, variously, Arthur Dee (John Dee's son), the Parisian Satanist and poisoner La Voisin, and Sir Isaac Newton.