

John William Polidori's

# THE VAMPYRE

Before there was Dracula. Before Carmilla and Varney. Way before Lestat and Louis. Predating Buffy. Even before Bill and Eric. Edward Cullen wasn't even dead yet...

*There was Ruthven*

Resurrected by ENG 425  
Spring 2010

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Information:  
[cajsa.baldini@asu.edu](mailto:cajsa.baldini@asu.edu)

THE  
**VAMPIRE;**

**A Tale.**

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*The First Vampire Novel. Ever.*  
1816

by John William Polidori

EDITED BY ENG 425: STUDIES IN ROMANTICISM  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CAJSA C. BALDINI



SPRING 2010

# ENG 425 | *The Vampyre* 1816 Project

Spring 2010

This annotated edition and its accompanying audiobook version of John William Polidori's novella *The Vampyre. A Tale* (1816) was produced by course participants in ENG 425: Studies in Romanticism, Spring 2010 at Arizona State University under the direction of Dr. Cajsa C. Baldini. The copy text used is in the public domain. All rights belong to course participants, who have released this work for personal and educational use. Individual assignments/ contributions to the project are as listed below.

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Contact: [cajsa.baldini@asu.edu](mailto:cajsa.baldini@asu.edu)

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Director	Assistant Directors
Cajsa C. Baldini	Todd Butler, Paul Garns

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Team	Voice/Readers	Producer
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2	Neil Hynes	Graeme Fox
3	Victoria Ryan	Beth Rosenfield
4	Elizabeth Huntley	Dallas Ellenwood
5	Erik Schimmel	Katie Lehman
6	Hanna Jones	Sydney Lines

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9	Matt Bartos	Tim Butler
10	Emily Yeaton	Tim Butler
11	Teena Garrison	Tim Butler
12	Adam Gurley	Tim Butler

### **Biographer**

Joey LaGrafte
---------------

### **Bibliographers/Researchers (2)**

Polidori: Life, work, and aftermath	Influence on vampire fiction
Beverly Tryk	Annika Oberg

### **Score/Composer**

Adam Gurley
-------------

### **Marketing/Public Relations**

Victoria Ryan	Beth Rosenfeld
---------------	----------------

### **Audio Editor**

Deanna Marquez
----------------

### **Art/Illustrations**

Katie Lehman
--------------

### **Annotators/Editors**

<b>Text</b>	
1	Katie Senzig
2	Amanda Barnes

3	Amanda Barnes
4	Nichole VanEnwyck
5	Mollie Connelly
6	Jonathan McMullin
7	Lidia Pérez
8	Lidia Pérez
9	Erin Shadle
10	Graeme Fox
11	Jeffery Wheatley
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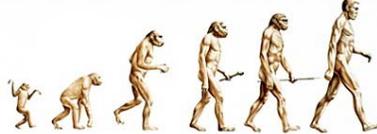
**Tech Support**

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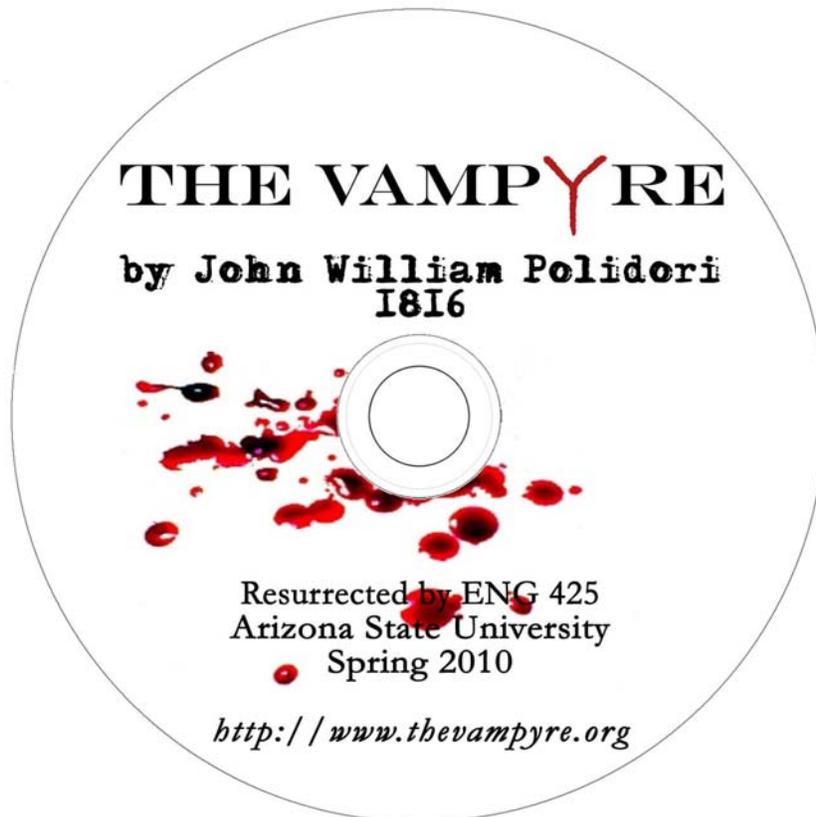
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**John William Polidori**  
7 September 1795 – 24 August 1821

Portrait by F. G. Gainsford, now in the  
National Portrait Gallery, London.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER  
FROM GENEVA.

“I breathe freely in the neighbourhood of this lake; the ground upon which I read has been subdued from the earliest ages; the principal objects which immediately strike my eye, bring to my recollection scenes, in which man acted the hero and was the chief object of interest. Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is the bust of Rousseau<sup>1</sup>--here is a house with an inscription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney,<sup>2</sup> the residence of Voltaire;<sup>3</sup> where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible, character, received, like the hermits of old, the visits of pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe. Here too is Bonnet's<sup>4</sup> abode, and, a few steps beyond, the house of that astonishing woman Madame de Staël<sup>5</sup>: perhaps the first of her sex, who has really proved its often claimed equality with, the nobler man. We have before had women who have written interesting-novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them; but never since the days of Heloise<sup>6</sup> have those faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman. Though even here, as in the case of Heloise, our sex have not been backward in alledging the existence of an Abeilard<sup>7</sup> in the person of M. Schlegel as the inspirer of her works. But to proceed: upon the same side of the lake, Gibbon, Bonnivard, Bradshaw<sup>8</sup>, and others mark, as it were, the stages for our progress; whilst upon the other side there is one house,

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<sup>1</sup> An 18<sup>th</sup> Century Enlightenment philosopher who is believed to have said, “*If ever there was in the world a warranted and proven history it is that of vampires.*”

<sup>2</sup> A part of Geneva that lies between the Jura mountains and the Swiss border.

<sup>3</sup> Another 18<sup>th</sup> Century Enlightenment philosopher from France.

<sup>4</sup> A Swiss naturalist and philosopher who was born in Geneva. Bonnet believed all knowledge stemmed from sensations.

<sup>5</sup> Born Anne Louise Germaine de Staël, Madame de Staël was a very influential writer both in literary criticism and in politics.

<sup>6</sup> A French abbess, writer, and scholar who lived in the twelfth century and was best known for her excellent reading and writing skills in all the classical languages.

<sup>7</sup> In reference to the tragic love affair between Heloise and Abelard in which Heloise's uncle tears the two lovers apart.

<sup>8</sup> Gibbon was a member of English Parliament as well as a historian who wrote *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Bonnivard was another historian whose life became the inspiration for Byron's “The Prisoner of Chillon.”

built by Diodati<sup>9</sup>, the friend of Milton.<sup>10</sup> which has contained within its walls, for several months, that poet whom we have so often read together, and who--if human passions remain the same, and human feelings, like chords, on being swept by nature's impulses shall vibrate as before--will be placed by posterity in the first rank of our English Poets. You must have heard, or the Third Canto of Childe Harold will have informed you, that Lord Byron resided many months in this neighbourhood. I went with some friends a few days ago, after having seen Ferney, to view this mansion. I trod the floors with the same feelings of awe and respect as we did, together, those of Shakespeare's dwelling at Stratford. I sat down in a chair of the saloon, and satisfied myself that I was resting on what he had made his constant scat<sup>11</sup>. I found a servant there who had lived with him; she, however, gave me but little information. She pointed out his bed-chamber upon the same level as the saloon and dining-room, and informed me that he retired to rest at three, got up at two, and employed himself a long time over his toilette; that he never went to sleep without a pair of pistols and a dagger by his side, and that he never eat animal food. He apparently spent some part of every day upon the lake in an English boat. There is a balcony from the saloon which looks upon the lake and the mountain Jura; and I imagine, that it must have been hence, he contemplated the storm so magnificently described in the Third Canto; for you have from here a most extensive view of all the points he has therein depicted. I can fancy him like the scathed pine, whilst all around was sunk to repose, still waking to observe, what gave but a weak image of the storms which had desolated his own breast.

The sky is changed!--and such a change; Oh, night!  
And storm and darkness, ye are wond'rous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the lire thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers thro' her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!  
And this is in the night:--Most glorious night!

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<sup>9</sup> Diodati was the first theologian to translate the Bible from Greek and Hebrew sources into Italian.

<sup>10</sup> Milton was a poet most famous for his epic poem *Paradise Lost*.

<sup>11</sup> Treasure; money.

Thou wer't not sent for slumber! let me be  
 A sharer in thy far and fierce delight,--  
 A portion of the tempest and of me!  
 How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comet dancing to the earth!  
 And now again 'tis black,--and now the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young; earthquake's birth,  
 Now where the swift Rhine cleaves his way between  
 Heights which appear, as lovers who have parted  
 In haste, whose mining depths so intervene,  
 That they can meet no more, tho' broken hearted;  
 Tho' in their souls which thus each other thwarted,  
 Love was the very root of the fond rage  
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed--  
 Itself expired, but leaving; them an age  
 Of years all winter--war within themselves to wage.<sup>12</sup>

I went down to the little port, if I may use the expression, wherein his vessel used to lay, and conversed with the cottager, who had the care of it. You may smile, but I have my pleasure in thus helping my personification of the individual I admire, by attaining to the knowledge of those circumstances which were daily around him. I have made numerous enquiries in the town concerning him, but can learn nothing. He only went into society there once, when M. Pictet took him to the house of a lady to spend the evening. They say he is a very singular man, and seem to think him very uncivil. Amongst other things they relate, that having invited M. Pictet and Bonstetten to dinner, he went on the lake to Chillon<sup>13</sup>, leaving a gentleman who travelled with him to receive them and make his apologies. Another evening, being invited to the house of Lady D---- H----, he promised to attend, but upon approaching the windows of her ladyship's villa, and perceiving the room to be full of company, he set down his friend, desiring him to plead his excuse, and immediately returned home. This will serve as a contradiction to the report which you tell me is current in England, of his having been avoided by his countrymen on the continent. The case happens to be directly the reverse, as he has been generally sought by them, though on most occasions, apparently without success. It is said, indeed, that upon

<sup>12</sup> Stanzas 92-94 of Byron's Third Canto of *Childe Harold Pilgrimage*.

<sup>13</sup> A castle in Switzerland between Lake Geneva and the Alps where many writers, including Lord Byron, frequented.

paying his first visit at Coppet<sup>14</sup>, following the servant who had announced his name, he was surprised to meet a lady carried out fainting; but before he had been seated many minutes, the same lady, who had been so affected at the sound of his name, returned and conversed with him a considerable time--such is female curiosity and affectation! He visited Coppet frequently, and of course associated there with several of his countrymen, who evinced no reluctance to meet him whom his enemies alone would represent as an outcast.

Though I have been so unsuccessful in this town, I have been more fortunate in my enquiries elsewhere. There is a society three or four miles from Geneva, the centre of which is the Countess of Breuss, a Russian lady, well acquainted with the agrémens de la Société, and who has collected them round herself at her mansion. It was chiefly here, I find, that the gentleman who travelled with Lord Byron<sup>15</sup>, as physician<sup>16</sup>, sought for society. He used almost every day to cross the lake by himself, in one of their flat-bottomed boats, and return after passing the evening with his friends, about eleven or twelve at night, often whilst the storms were raging in the circling summits of the mountains around. As he became intimate, from long acquaintance, with several of the families in this neighbourhood, I have gathered from their accounts some excellent traits of his lordship's character, which I will relate to you at some future opportunity. I must, however, free him from one imputation attached to him--of having in his house two sisters as the partakers of his revels.<sup>17</sup> This is, like many other charges which have been brought against his lordship, entirely destitute of truth. His only companion was the physician I have already mentioned. The report originated from the following circumstance: Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelly,<sup>18</sup> a gentleman well known for extravagance of doctrine, and for his daring, in their profession, even to sign himself with the title of ATHeos<sup>19</sup> in the Album at

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<sup>14</sup> Swedish city; birthplace of Romantic writer Madame de Stael; located in French speaking part of Switzerland, Romandie.

<sup>15</sup> George Gordon, Lord Byron, 1788-1824; 19<sup>th</sup> Century celebrity; believed to be the inspiration for *The Vampyre* after a falling out with Polidori

<sup>16</sup> John Polidori

<sup>17</sup> Lord Byron was known for his amoral personal and sexual conduct and caused many scandals.

<sup>18</sup> Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792-1822; Romantic poet and writer; believed in "free love," and left his wife, Harriet, to explore his passion for Ms. Mary Godwin and later her sister Claire Clairmont. The misspelling of Shelley's name is Polidori's.

<sup>19</sup> Meaning "Atheistic" or "Impious"

Chamouny, having taken a house below, in which he resided with Miss M. W. Godwin<sup>20</sup> and Miss Clermont,<sup>21</sup> (the daughters of the celebrated Mr. Godwin<sup>22</sup>) they were frequently visitors at Diodati,<sup>23</sup> and were often seen upon the lake with his Lordship, which gave rise to the report, the truth of which is here positively denied.

Among other things which the lady, from whom I procured these anecdotes, related to me, she mentioned the outline of a ghost story by Lord Byron. It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr. P. B. Shelly, the two ladies and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work, which was entitled *Phantasmagoriana*, began relating ghost stories; when his lordship having recited the beginning of *Christabel*, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelly's mind, that he suddenly started up and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon enquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived) he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression. It was afterwards proposed, in the course of conversation, that each of the company present should write a tale depending upon some supernatural agency, which was undertaken by Lord B., the physician, and Miss M. W. Godwin.<sup>24</sup> My friend, the lady above referred to, had in her possession the outline of each of these stories; I obtained them as a great favour, and herewith Forward them to you, as I was assured you would feel as much curiosity as myself, to peruse the ebauches<sup>25</sup> of so great a genius, and those immediately under his influence."

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<sup>20</sup> The future Mary Godwin Shelley, author of *Frankenstein*, which she composes during this stay.

<sup>21</sup> Mary Godwin's sister, who had a sexual liaison with Lord Byron, resulting in her pregnancy as well as a relationship with Percy Shelley.

<sup>22</sup> William Godwin, 1756-1836; journalist, political philosopher, anarchist.

<sup>23</sup> Villa in Coligny, a suburb of Geneva. Former home of Charles Diodati, the close friend of John Milton.

<sup>24</sup> *Editor's note*: Since published under the title of "Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus."

<sup>25</sup> Ébache, meaning "first draft or attempt"

## THE VAMPYRE.

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### INTRODUCTION.

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THE superstition upon which this tale is founded is very general in the East. Among the Arabians it appears to be common: it did not, however, extend itself to the Greeks until after the establishment of Christianity; and it has only assumed its present form since the division of the Latin and Greek churches;<sup>26</sup> at which time, the idea becoming prevalent, that a Latin body could not corrupt if buried in their territory, it gradually increased, and formed the subject of many wonderful stories, still extant, of the dead rising from their graves, and feeding upon the blood of the young and beautiful. In the West it spread, with some slight variation, all over Hungary, Poland, Austria, and Lorraine, where the belief existed, that vampyres nightly imbibed a certain portion of the blood of their victims, who became emaciated, lost their strength, and speedily died of consumptions; whilst these human blood-suckers fattened--and their veins became distended to such a state of repletion, as to cause the blood to flow from all the passages of their bodies, and even from the very pores of their skins.

In the *London Journal*, of March, 1732, is a curious, and, of course, credible account of a particular case of vampyrism, which is stated to have occurred at Madreyga, in Hungary. It appears, that upon an examination of the commander-in-chief and magistrates of the place, they positively and unanimously affirmed, that, about five years before, a certain Heyduke,<sup>27</sup> named Arnold Paul, had been heard to say, that, at Cassovia, on the frontiers of the Turkish Servia, he had been tormented by a vampyre, but had found a way to rid himself of the evil, by eating some of the earth out of the vampyre's grave, and rubbing himself with his blood. This precaution, however, did not prevent him from becoming a vampyre<sup>28</sup> himself; for, about twenty or thirty days after his death and burial, many persons complained of having been tormented by him, and a deposition was made, that four

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<sup>26</sup> When the Christian Church divided into Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic—the Great Schism.

<sup>27</sup> Possibly “haiduc” which is Romanian for outlaw.

<sup>28</sup> *Editor's note:* The universal belief is, that a person sucked by a vampyre becomes a vampyre himself, and sucks in his turn.

persons had been deprived of life by his attacks. To prevent further mischief, the inhabitants having consulted their Hadagni,<sup>29</sup> took up the body, and found it (as is supposed to be usual in cases of vampyrism) fresh, and entirely free from corruption, and emitting at the mouth, nose, and ears, pure and florid<sup>30</sup> blood. Proof having been thus obtained, they resorted to the accustomed remedy. A stake was driven entirely through the heart and body of Arnold Paul, at which he is reported to have cried out as dreadfully as if he had been alive. This done, they cut off his head, burned his body, and threw the ashes into his grave. The same measures were adopted with the corpses<sup>31</sup> of those persons who had previously died from vampyrism, lest they should, in their turn, become agents upon others who survived them.

This monstrous rodomontade<sup>32</sup> is here related, because it seems better adapted to illustrate the subject of the present observations than any other instance which could be adduced. In many parts of Greece it is considered as a sort of punishment after death, for some heinous crime committed whilst in existence, that the deceased is not only doomed to vampyrise, but compelled to confine his infernal visitations solely to those beings he loved most while upon earth--those to whom he was bound by ties of kindred and affection.--A supposition alluded to in the "Giaour."<sup>33</sup>

But first on earth, as Vampyre sent,  
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;  
Then ghastly haunt the native place,  
And suck the blood of all thy race;  
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
At midnight drain the stream of life;  
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
Must feed thy livid living corse,  
Thy victims, ere they yet expire,  
Shall know the demon for their sire;

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<sup>29</sup> *Editor's note:* Chief bailiff

<sup>30</sup> Excessively red; blooming

<sup>31</sup> Corpses

<sup>32</sup> Extravagantly boastful or arrogant saying or speech

<sup>33</sup> Poem written by Lord Byron and published in 1813. It is Turkish for "infidel" and tells the story of Leila, a woman in a harem, who falls in love with a Giaour and is drowned by her husband. It is told by several narrators, who predict the Giaour's fate to be vampirism as punishment for his actions.

As cursing thee, thou cursing them,  
 Thy flowers are withered on the stem.  
 But one that for thy crime must fall,  
 The youngest, best beloved of all,  
 Shall bless thee with a father's name--  
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!  
 Yet thou must end thy task and mark  
 Her cheek's last tinge--her eye's last spark,  
 And the last glassy glance must view  
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;  
 Then with unhallowed<sup>34</sup> hand shall tear  
 The tresses of her yellow hair,  
 Of which, in life a lock when shorn  
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn--  
 But now is borne away by thee  
 Memorial of thine agony!  
 Yet with thine own best blood shall drip;  
 Thy gnashing tooth, and haggard lip;  
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,  
 Go--and with Gouls<sup>35</sup> and Afrits<sup>36</sup> rave,  
 Till these in horror shrink away  
 From spectre more accursed than they.

Mr. Southey<sup>37</sup> has also introduced in his wild but beautiful poem of "Thalaba,"<sup>38</sup> the vampyre corpse of the Arabian maid Oneiza, who is represented as having returned from the grave for the purpose of tormenting him she best loved whilst in existence. But this cannot be supposed to have resulted from the sinfulness of her life, she being portrayed throughout the whole of the tale as a complete type of purity and innocence. The veracious<sup>39</sup> Tournefort<sup>40</sup> gives a long account in his travels of several astonishing cases of vampyrism, to

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<sup>34</sup> Secular or profane; unblessed

<sup>35</sup> Alternate spelling of "Ghouls"

<sup>36</sup> Alternate spelling of "Afreets," demons in Muslim mythology

<sup>37</sup> Robert Southey, 1774-1843. Poet Laureate in England from 1813-1843.

<sup>38</sup> Southey's epic poem divided into 12 books which describes many myths and superstitious beliefs.

<sup>39</sup> Habitually speaking of disposed to speak the truth; observant of the truth.

<sup>40</sup> Joseph Pitton de Tournefort, 1656-1708. French Botanist who traveled through Europe and published information on his travels which included information on vampire mythos as well as plants.

which he pretends to have been an eyewitness; and Calmet,<sup>41</sup> in his great work upon this subject, besides a variety of anecdotes, and traditionary narratives illustrative of its effects, has put forth some learned dissertations, tending to prove it to be a classical, as well as barbarian error.

Many curious and interesting notices on this singularly horrible superstition might be added; though the present may suffice for the limits of a note, necessarily devoted to explanation, and which may now be concluded by merely remarking, that though the term Vampyre is the one in most general acceptance, there are several others synonymous with it, made use of in various parts of the world: as Vroucolocha,<sup>42</sup> Vardoulacha, Goul, Broucoloka,<sup>43</sup> &c.

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#### THE VAMPYRE.

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IT happened that in the midst of the dissipations attendant upon a London winter, there appeared at the various parties of the leaders of the ton a nobleman, more remarkable for his singularities, than his rank. He gazed upon the mirth around him, as if he could not participate therein. Apparently, the light laughter of the fair only attracted his attention, that he might by a look quell it, and throw fear into those breasts where thoughtlessness reigned. Those who felt this sensation of awe, could not explain whence it arose: some attributed it to the dead grey eye, which, fixing upon the object's face, did not seem to penetrate, and at one glance to pierce through to the inward workings of the heart; but fell upon the cheek with a leaden ray that weighed upon the skin it could not pass. His peculiarities caused him to be invited to every house; all wished to see him, and those who had been accustomed to violent excitement, and now felt the weight of ennui, were pleased at having something in their presence capable of engaging their attention. In spite of the deadly hue of his face, which never gained a warmer tint, either from the

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<sup>41</sup> Antoine Augustin Calmet, 1672-1757. A French clergyman who wrote many works concerning the Bible and religious academics, including a treatise discussing the possibility of vampires existing.

<sup>42</sup> Term originated from the "Levant" or the Eastern Mediterranean from Lord Byron's, *The Works of Lord Byron*.

<sup>43</sup> Term of Greek origin from Lord Byron's, *The Works of Lord Byron*.

blush of modesty, or from the strong emotion of passion, though its form and outline were beautiful, many of the female hunters after notoriety attempted to win his attentions, and gain, at least, some marks of what they might term affection: Lady Mercer, who had been the mockery of every monster shewn in drawing-rooms since her marriage, threw herself in his way, and did all but put on the dress of a mountebank,<sup>44</sup> to attract his notice:--though in vain:-- when she stood before him, though his eyes were apparently fixed upon her's, still it seemed as if they were unperceived; --even her unappalled impudence was baffled, and she left, the field. But though the common adultress could not influence even the guidance of his eyes, it was not that the female sex was indifferent to him: yet such was the apparent caution with which he spoke to the virtuous wife and innocent daughter, that few knew he ever addressed himself to females. He had, however, the reputation of a winning tongue; and whether it was that it even overcame the dread of his singular character, or that they were moved by his apparent hatred of vice, he was as often among those females who form the boast of their sex from their domestic virtues, as among those who sully it by their vices.

About the same time, there came to London a young gentleman of the name of Aubrey: he was an orphan left with an only sister in the possession of great wealth, by parents who died while he was yet in childhood. Left also to himself by guardians, who thought it their duty merely to take care of his fortune, while they relinquished the more important charge of his mind to the care of mercenary subalterns,<sup>45</sup> he cultivated more his imagination than his judgment. He had, hence, that high romantic feeling of honour and candour, which daily ruins so many milliners'<sup>46</sup> apprentices. He believed all to sympathise with virtue, and thought that vice was thrown in by Providence merely for the picturesque effect of the scene, as we see in romances: he thought that the misery of a cottage merely consisted in the vesting of clothes, which were as warm, but which were better adapted to the painter's eye by their irregular folds and various coloured patches. He thought, in fine, that the dreams of poets were the realities of life. He was handsome, frank, and rich: for these reasons, upon his entering into the gay circles, many mothers surrounded him, striving

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<sup>44</sup> To deceive or joke in order to attract the attention of others.

<sup>45</sup> Of military rank below the captain.

<sup>46</sup> One who creates, designs, or sells women's headdresses.

which should describe with least truth their languishing or romping favourites: the daughters at the same time, by their brightening countenances when he approached, and by their sparkling eyes, when he opened his lips, soon led him into false notions of his talents and his merit. Attached as he was to the romance of his solitary hours, he was startled at finding, that, except in the tallow<sup>47</sup> and wax candles that flickered, not from the presence of a ghost, but from want of snuffing, there was no foundation in real life for any of that congeries of pleasing pictures and descriptions contained in those volumes, from which he had formed his study. Finding, however, some compensation in his gratified vanity, he was about to relinquish his dreams, when the extraordinary being we have above described, crossed him in his career.

He watched him; and the very impossibility of forming an idea of the character of a man entirely absorbed in himself, who gave few other signs of his observation of external objects, than the tacit assent to their existence, implied by the avoidance of their contact: allowing his imagination to picture every thing that flattered its propensity to extravagant ideas, he soon formed this object into the hero of a romance<sup>48</sup>, and determined to observe the offspring of his fancy, rather than the person before him. He became acquainted with him, paid him attentions, and so far advanced upon his notice, that his presence was always recognised. He gradually learnt that Lord Ruthven's affairs were embarrassed, and soon found, from the notes of preparation in ---- Street, that he was about to travel. Desirous of gaining some information respecting this singular character, who, till now, had only whetted his curiosity, he hinted to his guardians, that it was time for him to perform the tour, which for many generations has been thought necessary to enable the young to take some rapid steps in the career of vice towards putting themselves upon an equality with the aged, and not allowing them to appear as if fallen from the skies, whenever scandalous intrigues are mentioned as the subjects of pleasantries or of praise, according to the degree of skill shewn<sup>49</sup> in carrying them on. They consented: and Aubrey immediately mentioning his intentions to Lord Ruthven, was

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<sup>47</sup> Solid, white fat obtained from cattle, horses, or sheep used in a variety of products, including candles.

<sup>48</sup> A tale in verse, embodying the adventures of some hero of chivalry, esp. of those of the great cycles of mediæval legend, and belonging both in matter and form to the ages of knighthood; also, in later use, a prose tale of a similar character.

<sup>49</sup> To look or gaze upon.

surprised to receive from him a proposal to join him. Flattered by such a mark of esteem from him, who, apparently, had nothing in common with other men, he gladly accepted it, and in a few days they had passed the circling waters<sup>50</sup>.

Hitherto, Aubrey had had no opportunity of studying Lord Ruthven's character, and now he found, that, though many more of his actions were exposed to his view, the results offered different conclusions from the apparent motives to his conduct. His companion was profuse in his liberality;-- the idle, the vagabond, and the beggar, received from his hand more than enough to relieve their immediate wants. But Aubrey could not avoid remarking, that it was not upon the virtuous, reduced to indigence by the misfortunes attendant even upon virtue, that he bestowed his alms;-- these were sent from the door with hardly suppressed sneers; but when the profligate<sup>51</sup> came to ask something, not to relieve his wants, but to allow him to wallow in his lust, or to sink him still deeper in his iniquity<sup>52</sup>, he was sent away with rich charity. This was, however, attributed by him to the greater importunity of the vicious, which generally prevails over the retiring bashfulness of the virtuous indigent. There was one circumstance about the charity of his Lordship, which was still more impressed upon his mind: all those upon whom it was bestowed, inevitably found that there was a curse upon it, for they were all either led to the scaffold, or sunk to the lowest and the most abject misery. At Brussels and other towns through which they passed, Aubrey was surprized at the apparent eagerness with which his companion sought for the centres of all fashionable vice; there he entered into all the spirit of the *faro*<sup>53</sup> table: he betted, and always gambled with success, except where the known sharper<sup>54</sup> was his antagonist, and then he lost even more than he gained; but it was always with the same unchanging face, with which he generally watched the society around: it was not, however, so when he encountered the rash youthful novice, or the luckless father of a numerous family; then his very wish seemed fortune's law—this apparent abstractedness of mind was laid aside, and his eyes sparkled with more fire than that of the cat whilst dallying with the half-dead

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<sup>50</sup> The English Channel.

<sup>51</sup> Given to or characterized by licentiousness; debauched.

<sup>52</sup> Unrighteous acts or doings, sins; wrongful acts, injuries.

<sup>53</sup> A gambling game at cards, in which the players bet on the order in which certain cards will appear when taken singly from the top of the pack.

<sup>54</sup> A cheat, swindler, rogue; one who lives by his wits and by taking advantage of the simplicity of others; esp. a fraudulent gamester.

mouse. In every town, he left the formerly affluent youth, torn from the circle he adorned, cursing, in the solitude of a dungeon, the fate that had drawn him within the reach of this fiend; whilst many a father sat frantic, amidst the speaking looks of mute hungry children, without a single farthing<sup>55</sup> of his late immense wealth, wherewith to buy even sufficient to satisfy their present craving. Yet he took no money from the gambling table; but immediately lost, to the ruiner of many, the last gilder he had just snatched from the convulsive grasp of the innocent: this might but be the result of a certain degree of knowledge, which was not, however, capable of combating the cunning of the more experienced. Aubrey often wished to represent this to his friend, and beg him to resign that charity and pleasure which proved the ruin of all, and did not tend to his own profit;--but he delayed it--for each day he hoped his friend would give him some opportunity of speaking frankly and openly to him; however, this never occurred. Lord Ruthven in his carriage, and amidst the various wild and rich scenes of nature, was always the same: his eye spoke less than his lip; and though Aubrey was near the object of his curiosity, he obtained no greater gratification from it than the constant excitement of vainly wishing to break that mystery, which to his exalted imagination began to assume the appearance of something supernatural.

They soon arrived at Rome, and Aubrey for a time lost sight of his companion; he left him in daily attendance upon the morning circle of an Italian countess, whilst he went in search of the memorials of another almost deserted city. Whilst he was thus engaged, letters arrived from England, which he opened with eager impatience; the first was from his sister, breathing nothing but affection; the others were from his guardians, the latter astonished him; if it had before entered into his imagination that there was an evil power resident in his companion, these seemed to give him sufficient reason for the belief. His guardians insisted upon his immediately leaving his friend, and urged, that his character was dreadfully vicious, for that the possession of irresistible powers of seduction, rendered his licentious<sup>56</sup> habits more dangerous to society. It had been discovered, that his contempt for the adulteress had not originated in hatred of her character; but that he had required, to enhance his gratification, that his victim, the partner of his guilt, should be hurled from the pinnacle of unsullied virtue, down to the lowest abyss of infamy and

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<sup>55</sup> The quarter of a penny; the coin representing this value.

<sup>56</sup> Disregarding the restraints of chastity; libertine, lascivious, lewd.

degradation: in fine, that all those females whom he had sought, apparently on account of their virtue, had, since his departure, thrown even the mask aside, and had not scrupled to expose the whole deformity of their vices to the public gaze.

Aubrey determined upon leaving one, whose character had not yet shown a single bright point on which to rest the eye. He resolved to invent some plausible pretext for abandoning him altogether, purposing, in the mean while, to watch him more closely, and to let no slight circumstances pass by unnoticed. He entered into the same circle, and soon perceived, that his Lordship was endeavouring to work upon the inexperience of the daughter of the lady whose house he chiefly frequented. In Italy, it is seldom that an unmarried female is met with in society; he was therefore obliged to carry on his plans in secret; but Aubrey's eye followed him in all his windings, and soon discovered that an assignation had been appointed, which would most likely end in the ruin of an innocent, though thoughtless girl. Losing no time, he entered the apartment of Lord Ruthven, and abruptly asked him his intentions with respect to the lady, informing him at the same time that he was aware of his being about to meet her that very night. Lord Ruthven answered, that his intentions were such as he supposed all would have upon such an occasion; and upon being pressed whether he intended to marry her, merely laughed. Aubrey retired; and, immediately writing a note, to say, that from that moment he must decline accompanying his Lordship in the remainder of their proposed tour, he ordered his servant to seek other apartments, and calling upon the mother of the lady, informed her of all he knew, not only with regard to her daughter, but also concerning the character of his Lordship. The assignation was prevented. Lord Ruthven next day merely sent his servant to notify his complete assent to a separation; but did not hint any suspicion of his plans having been foiled by Aubrey's interposition.

Having left Rome, Aubrey directed his steps towards Greece, and crossing the Peninsula, soon found himself at Athens. He then fixed his residence in the house of a Greek; and soon occupied himself in tracing the faded records of ancient glory upon monuments that apparently, ashamed of chronicling the deeds of freemen only before slaves, had hidden themselves beneath the sheltering soil or many coloured lichen. Under the same roof as himself, existed a being, so beautiful and delicate, that she might have formed the model for a painter, wishing; to pourtray on canvass the promised hope of the

faithful in Mahomet's paradise<sup>57</sup>, save that her eyes spoke too much mind for any one to think she could belong to those who had no souls. As she danced upon the plain, or tripped along the mountain's side, one would have thought the gazelle a poor type of her beauties; for who would have exchanged her eye, apparently the eye of animated nature, for that sleepy luxurious look of the animal suited but to the taste of an epicure.

The light step of Ianthe often accompanied Aubrey in his search after antiquities, and often would the unconscious girl, engaged in the pursuit of a Kashmere butterfly, show the whole beauty of her form, floating as it were upon the wind, to the eager gaze of him, who forgot the letters he had just decyphered upon an almost effaced tablet, in the contemplation of her sylph-like<sup>58</sup> figure. Often would her tresses falling, as she flitted around, exhibit in the sun's ray such delicately brilliant and swiftly fading hues, its might well excuse the forgetfulness of the antiquary, who let escape from his mind the very object he had before thought of vital importance to the proper interpretation of a passage in Pausanias.<sup>59</sup> But why attempt to describe charms which all feel, but none can appreciate?--It was innocence, youth, and beauty, unaffected by crowded drawing-rooms and stifling balls. Whilst he drew those remains of which lie wished to preserve a memorial for his future hours, she would stand by, and watch the magic effects of his pencil, in tracing the scenes of her native place; she would then describe to him the circling dance upon the open plain, would paint, to him in all the glowing colours of youthful memory, the marriage pomp she remembered viewing in her infancy; and then, turning to subjects that had evidently made a greater impression upon her mind, would tell him all the supernatural tales of her nurse. Her earnestness and apparent belief of what she narrated, excited the interest even of Aubrey; and often as she told him the tale of the living vampyre, who had passed years amidst his friends, and dearest ties, forced every year, by feeding upon the life of a lovely female to prolong his existence for the ensuing months, his blood would run cold, whilst he attempted to laugh her out of such idle and horrible fantasies; but Ianthe cited to him the names of old men, who had at last detected one living among themselves, after

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<sup>57</sup> According to the Qur'an, paradise or *Jannah* is a lavish and peaceful existence reserved for those whose deeds make them worthy of it.

<sup>58</sup> "One of a race of beings or spirits supposed to inhabit the air." Also refers to "a graceful woman or girl; usually with implication of slender figure and light airy movement." (OED).

<sup>59</sup> A 2<sup>nd</sup> Century Greek geographer and traveler.

several of their near relatives and children had been found marked with the stamp of the fiend's appetite; and when she found him so incredulous, she begged of him to believe her, for it had been, remarked, that those who had dared to question their existence, always had some proof given, which obliged them, with grief and heartbreaking, to confess it was true. She detailed to him the traditional appearance of these monsters, and his horror was increased, by hearing a pretty accurate description of Lord Ruthven; he, however, still persisted in persuading her, that there could be no truth in her fears, though at the same time he wondered at the many coincidences which had all tended to excite a belief in the supernatural power of Lord Ruthven.

Aubrey began to attach himself more and more to Ianthe; her innocence, so contrasted with all the affected virtues of the women among whom he had sought for his vision of romance, won his heart; and while he ridiculed the idea of a young man of English habits, marrying an uneducated Greek girl, still he found himself more and more attached to the almost fairy form before him. He would tear himself at times from her, and, forming a plan for some antiquarian research, he would depart, determined not to return until his object was attained; but he always found it impossible to fix his attention upon the ruins around him, whilst in his mind he retained an image that seemed alone the rightful possessor of his thoughts. Ianthe was unconscious of his love, and was ever the same frank infantile being he had first known. She always seemed to part from him with reluctance; but it was because she had no longer any one with whom she could visit her favourite haunts, whilst her guardian was occupied in sketching or uncovering some fragment which had yet escaped the destructive hand of time. She had appealed to her parents on the subject of Vampyres, and they both, with several present, affirmed their existence, pale with horror at the very name. Soon after, Aubrey determined to proceed upon one of his excursions, which was to detain him for a few hours; when they heard the name of the place, they all at once begged of him not to return at night, as he must necessarily pass through a wood, where no Greek would ever remain, after the day had closed, upon any consideration. They described it as the resort of the vampyres in their nocturnal orgies, and denounced the most heavy evils as impending upon him who dared to cross their path. Aubrey made light of their representations, and tried to laugh them out of the idea; but when he saw them

shudder at his daring thus to mock a superior, infernal power, the very name of which apparently made their blood freeze, he was silent.

Next morning Aubrey set off upon his excursion unattended; he was surprised to observe the melancholy face of his host, and was concerned to find that his words, mocking the belief of those horrible fiends, had inspired them with such terror. When he was about to depart, Ianthe came to the side of his horse, and earnestly begged of him to return, ere night allowed the power of these beings to be put in action;--he promised. He was, however, so occupied in his research, that he did not perceive that day-light would soon end, and that in the horizon there was one of those specks which, in the warmer climates, so rapidly gather into a tremendous mass, and pour all their rage upon the devoted country.--He at last, however, mounted his horse, determined to make up by speed for his delay: but it was too late. Twilight, in these southern climates, is almost unknown; immediately the sun sets, night begins: and ere he had advanced far, the power of the storm was above--its echoing thunders had scarcely an interval of rest--its thick heavy rain forced its way through the canopied foliage, whilst the blue forked lightning seemed to fall and radiate at his very feet. Suddenly his horse took fright, and he was carried with dreadful rapidity through the entangled forest. The animal at last, through fatigue, stopped, and he found, by the glare of lightning, that he was in the neighbourhood of a hovel that hardly

lifted itself up from the masses of dead leaves and brushwood which surrounded it. Dismounting, he approached, hoping to find some one to guide him to the town, or at least trusting to obtain shelter from the pelting of the storm. As he approached, the thunders, for a moment silent, allowed him to hear the dreadful shrieks of a woman mingling with the stifled, exultant mockery of a laugh, continued in one almost unbroken sound;--he was startled: but, roused by the thunder which again rolled over his head, he, with a sudden effort, forced open the door of the hut. He found himself in utter darkness: the sound,

however, guided him. He was apparently unperceived; for, though he called, still the sounds continued, and no notice was taken of him. He found himself in contact with some one, whom he immediately seized; when a voice cried, "Again baffled!" to which a loud laugh succeeded; and he felt himself grappled by one whose strength seemed superhuman: determined to sell his life as dearly as he could, he struggled; but it was in vain: he was lifted from his feet and hurled

with enormous force against the ground:--his enemy threw himself upon him, and kneeling upon his breast, had placed his hands upon his throat—when the glare of many torches penetrating through the hole that gave light in the day, disturbed him;--he instantly rose, and, leaving his prey, rushed through the door, and in a moment the crashing of the brandies, as he broke through the wood, was no longer heard. The storm was now still; and Aubrey, incapable of moving, was soon heard by those without. They entered; the light of their torches fell upon the mud walls, and the thatch loaded on every individual straw with heavy flakes of soot. At the desire of Aubrey they searched for her who had attracted him by her cries; he was again left in darkness; but what was his horror, when the light of the torches once more burst upon him, to perceive the airy form of his fair conductress brought in a lifeless corse.<sup>60</sup> He shut his eyes, hoping that it was but a vision arising from his disturbed imagination; but he again saw the same form, when he unclosed them, stretched by his side. There was no colour upon her cheek, not even upon her lip; yet there was a

stillness about her face that seemed almost as attaching as the life that once dwelt there:--upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were the marks of teeth having opened the vein:--to this the men pointed, crying, simultaneously struck with horror, “A Vampyre! a Vampyre!” A litter<sup>61</sup> was quickly formed, and Aubrey was laid by the side of her who had lately been to him the object of so many bright and fairy visions, now fallen with the flower of life that had died within her. He knew not what his thoughts were--his mind was benumbed and seemed to shun reflection, and take refuge in vacancy--he held almost unconsciously in his hand a naked dagger of a particular construction, which had been found in the hut. They were soon met by different parties who had been engaged in the search of her whom a mother had missed. Their lamentable cries, as they approached the city, forewarned the parents of some dreadful catastrophe. --To describe their grief would be impossible; but when they ascertained the cause of their child’s death, they looked at Aubrey, and pointed to the corse. They were inconsolable; both died broken-hearted.

Aubrey being put to bed was seized with a most violent fever, and was often delirious; in these intervals he would call upon Lord Ruthven and upon Ianthe--by some unaccountable combination he seemed to

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<sup>60</sup> corpse

<sup>61</sup> “A ‘bed’ or substratum of various materials” (OED).

beg of his former companion to spare the being he loved. At other times he would imprecate<sup>62</sup> maledictions<sup>63</sup> upon his head, and curse him as her destroyer. Lord Ruthven, chanced at this time to arrive at Athens, and, from whatever motive, upon hearing of the state of Aubrey, immediately placed himself in the same house, and became his constant attendant. When the latter recovered from his delirium, he was horrified and startled at the sight of him whose image he had now combined with that of a Vampyre; but Lord Ruthven, by his kind words, implying almost repentance for the fault that had caused their separation, and still more by the attention, anxiety, and care which he showed, soon reconciled him to his presence. His lordship seemed quite changed; he no longer appeared that apathetic being who had so astonished Aubrey; but as soon as his convalescence began to be rapid, he again gradually retired into the same state of mind, and Aubrey perceived no difference from the former man, except that at times he was surprised to meet his gaze fixed intently upon him, with a smile of malicious exultation playing upon his lips: he knew not why, but this smile haunted him. During the last stage of the invalid's recovery, Lord Ruthven was apparently engaged in watching the tideless waves raised by the cooling breeze, or in marking the progress of those orbs, circling, like our world, the moveless sun;--indeed, he appeared to wish to avoid the eyes of all.

Aubrey's mind, by this shock, was much weakened, and that elasticity of spirit<sup>64</sup> which had once so distinguished him now seemed to have fled for ever. He was now as much a lover of solitude and silence as Lord Ruthven; but much as he wished for solitude, his mind could not find it in the neighbourhood of Athens; if he sought it amidst the ruins he had formerly frequented, Ianthe's form stood by his side--if he sought it in the woods, her light step would appear wandering amidst the underwood, in quest of the modest violet;<sup>65</sup> then suddenly turning round, would show, to his wild imagination, her pale face and wounded throat, with a meek smile upon her lips. He determined

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<sup>62</sup> *Imprecate*: To invoke or call down (evil or calamity) upon a person.

<sup>63</sup> *Maledictions*: A curse; the utterance of a curse; the condition of being under a ban or curse.

<sup>64</sup> Elasticity of spirit: the ability of ones spirit to rebound from change or harm.

<sup>65</sup> Ianthe's...modest violet: In Greek mythology, Ianthe was a young woman who was said to be so beautiful that when she died the god's made purple violets grow on her grave. Ianthe is also the nickname given by Lord Byron to his intimate friend, Lady Charlotte Harley, and by Percy Shelley to his first-born daughter.

to fly<sup>66</sup> scenes, every feature of which created such bitter associations in his mind. He proposed to Lord Ruthven, to whom he held himself bound by the tender care he had taken of him during his illness, that they should visit those parts of Greece neither had yet seen. They travelled in every direction, and sought every spot to which a recollection could be attached: but though they thus hastened from place to place, yet they seemed not to heed what they gazed upon. They heard much of robbers, but they gradually began to slight these reports, which they imagined were only the invention of individuals, whose interest it was to excite the generosity of those whom they defended from pretended dangers. In consequence of thus neglecting the advice of the inhabitants, on one occasion they travelled with only a few guards, more to serve as guides than as a defence. Upon entering, however, a narrow defile,<sup>67</sup> at the bottom of which was the bed of a torrent,<sup>68</sup> with large masses of rock brought down from the neighbouring precipices, they had reason to repent their negligence; for scarcely were the whole of the party engaged in the narrow pass, when they were startled by the whistling of bullets close to their heads, and by the echoed report of several guns. In an instant their guards had left them, and, placing themselves behind rocks, had begun to fire in the direction whence the report came. Lord Ruthven and Aubrey, imitating their example, retired for a moment behind the sheltering turn of the defile: but ashamed of being thus detained by a foe, who with insulting shouts bade them advance, and being exposed to unresisting slaughter, if any of the robbers should climb above and take them in the rear, they determined at once to rush forward in search of the enemy. Hardly had they lost the shelter of the rock, when Lord Ruthven received a shot in the shoulder, which brought him to the ground. Aubrey hastened to his assistance; and, no longer heeding the contest or his own peril, was soon surprised by seeing the robbers' faces around him--his guards having, upon Lord Ruthven's being wounded, immediately thrown up their arms and surrendered.

By promises of great reward, Aubrey soon induced them to convey his wounded friend to a neighbouring cabin; and having agreed upon a

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<sup>66</sup> To fly: to flee, to leave.

<sup>67</sup> *Defile*: A narrow way or passage along which troops can march only by files or with a narrow front; *esp.* (and in ordinary use) a narrow pass or gorge between mountains.

<sup>68</sup> *Torrent*: A stream of water flowing with great swiftness and impetuosity, whether from the steepness of its course, or from being temporarily flooded; more *esp.* applied (as in Fr.) to a mountain stream which at times is full of rushing water and at other times is more or less dry.

ransom, he was no more disturbed by their presence--they being content merely to guard the entrance till their comrade should return with the promised sum, for which he had an order. Lord Ruthven's strength rapidly decreased; in two days mortification<sup>69</sup> ensued, and death seemed advancing with hasty steps. His conduct and appearance had not changed; he seemed as unconscious of pain as he had been of the objects about him: but towards the close of the last evening, his mind became apparently uneasy, and his eye often fixed upon Aubrey, who was induced to offer his assistance with more than usual earnestness--"Assist me! you may save me--you may do more than that--I mean not my life, I heed the death of my existence as little as that of the passing day; but you may save my honour, your friend's honour."--"How? tell me how? I would do any thing," replied Aubrey.--"I need but little--my life ebbs apace--I cannot explain the whole--but if you would conceal all you know of me, my honour were free from stain in the world's mouth--and if my death were unknown for some time in England-- I--I--but life."--"It shall not be known."--"Swear!" cried the dying man, raising himself with exultant violence, "Swear by all your soul reveres, by all your nature fears,<sup>70</sup> swear that, for a year and a day you will not impart your knowledge of my crimes or death to any living being in any way, whatever may happen, or whatever you may see."--His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets: "I swear!" said Aubrey; he sunk laughing upon his pillow, and breathed no more.

Aubrey retired to rest, but did not sleep; the many circumstances attending his acquaintance with this man rose upon his mind, and he knew not why; when he remembered his oath a cold shivering came over him, as if from the presentiment of something horrible awaiting him. Rising early in the morning, he was about to enter the hovel in which he had left the corpse, when a robber met him, and informed him that it was no longer there, having been conveyed by himself and comrades, upon his retiring, to the pinnacle of a neighbouring mount, according to a promise they had given his lordship, that it should be exposed to the first cold ray of the moon that rose after his death. Aubrey

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<sup>69</sup> *Mortification*: Death of part of the body, esp. of an extremity; localized necrosis of tissue; gangrene; an instance of this. Also (*rare*): withering or blight of a plant. Also, extreme embarrassment or emotional discomfort.

<sup>70</sup> *Swear by all your soul...fears*: A passage reminiscent of the Edmund Burke's 'sublime', which stresses intense emotions including reverence, fear and horror as part of the 'sublime experience'.

astonished, and taking several of the men, determined to go and bury it upon the spot where it lay. But, when he had mounted to the summit he found no trace of either the corpse or the clothes, though the robbers swore they pointed out the identical rock: on which they had laid the body. For a time his mind was bewildered in conjectures, but he at last returned, convinced that they had buried the corpse for the sake of the clothes.

Weary of a country in which he had met with such terrible misfortunes, and in which all apparently conspired to heighten that superstitious melancholy that had seized upon his mind, he resolved to leave it, and soon arrived at Smyrna. While waiting for a vessel to convey him to Otranto, or to Naples, he occupied himself in arranging those effects he had with him belonging to Lord Ruthven. Amongst other things there was a case containing several weapons of offence, more or less adapted to ensure the death of the victim. There were several daggers and ataghans.<sup>71</sup> Whilst turning them over, and examining their curious forms, what was his surprise at finding a sheath apparently ornamented in the same style as the dagger discovered in the fatal hut—he shuddered--hastening to gain further proof, he found the weapon, and his horror may be imagined when he discovered that it fitted, though peculiarly shaped, the sheath he held in his hand. His eyes seemed to need no further certainty--they seemed gazing to be bound to the dagger; yet still he wished to disbelieve; but the particular form, the same varying tints upon the haft and sheath were alike in splendour on both, and left no room for doubt; there were also drops of blood on each.

He left Smyrna, and on his way home, at Rome, his first inquiries were concerning the lady he had attempted to snatch from Lord Ruthven's seductive arts. Her parents were in distress, their fortune ruined, and she had not been heard of since the departure of his lordship. Aubrey's mind became almost broken under so many repeated horrors; he was afraid that this lady had fallen a victim to the destroyer of Ianthé. He became morose and silent; and his only occupation consisted in urging the speed of the postilions,<sup>72</sup> as if he were going to save the life of some one he held dear. He arrived at Calais; a breeze, which seemed obedient to his will, soon wafted him to the English shores; and he hastened to the mansion of his fathers,

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<sup>71</sup> *Ataghan*: A long dagger worn by Turks and Moors in their belt in a scabbard of silver or gold.

<sup>72</sup> *Postilion*: A guide or forerunner for the post, or for a messenger.

and there, for a moment, appeared to lose, in the embraces and caresses of his sister, all memory of the past. If she before, by her infantine caresses, had gained his affection, now that the woman began to appear, she was still more attaching as a companion.

Miss Aubrey had not that winning grace which gains the gaze and applause of the drawing-room assemblies. There was none of that light brilliancy which only exists in the heated atmosphere of a crowded apartment. Her blue eye was never lit up by the levity<sup>73</sup> of the mind beneath. There was a melancholy charm about it which did not seem to arise from misfortune, but from some feeling within, that appeared to indicate a soul conscious of a brighter realm. Her step was not that light footing, which strays where'er a butterfly or a colour may attract--it was sedate and pensive.<sup>74</sup> When alone, her face was never brightened by the smile of joy; but when her brother breathed to her his affection, and would in her presence forget those griefs she knew destroyed his rest, who would have exchanged her smile for that of the voluptuary<sup>75</sup>? It seemed as if those eyes,--that face were then playing in the light of their own native sphere. She was yet only eighteen, and had not been presented to the world<sup>76</sup>, it having been thought by her guardians more fit that her presentation should be delayed until her brother's return from the continent, when he might be her protector. It was now, therefore, resolved that the next drawing-room, which was fast approaching, should be the epoch of her entry into the "busy scene."<sup>77</sup> Aubrey would rather have remained in the mansion of his fathers, and fed upon the melancholy which overpowered him. He could not feed interest about the frivolities of fashionable strangers, when his mind had been so torn by the events he had witnessed; but he determined to sacrifice his own comfort to the protection of his sister. They soon arrived in town, and prepared for the next day, which had been announced as a drawing-room.

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<sup>73</sup> *Levity*: As a physical quality: The quality or fact of having comparatively little weight; lightness.

<sup>74</sup> *Her step...Pensive*: Compare to Edmund Burke's theories of picturesque vs. sublime.

<sup>75</sup> *Voluptuary*: One who is addicted to sensuous pleasures; one who is given up to indulgence in luxury or the gratification of the senses; a sybarite.

<sup>76</sup> Presented to the world: young women in the 1800's were introduced into society as debutantes upon achieving a marriageable age, in the hopes of attracting a suitor.

<sup>77</sup> *Busy scene*: the circuit of balls, drawing rooms, and other social events attended by those who have been introduced into society.

The time had nearly elapsed, when, upon the last day of the year, one of his guardians entering his room, began to converse with his physician upon the melancholy circumstance of Aubrey's being in so awful a situation, when his sister was going next day to be married. Instantly Aubrey's attention was attracted; he asked anxiously to whom. Glad of this mark of returning intellect, of which they feared he had been deprived, they mentioned the name of the Earl of Marsden.<sup>78</sup> Thinking this was a young Earl whom he had met with in society, Aubrey seemed pleased, and astonished them still more by his expressing his intention to be present at the nuptials, and desiring to see his sister. They answered not, but in a few minutes his sister was with him. He was apparently again capable of being affected by the influence of her lovely smile; for he pressed her to his breast, and kissed her cheek, wet with tears, flowing at the thought of her brother's being once more alive to the feelings of affection. He began to speak with all his wonted<sup>79</sup> warmth,<sup>80</sup> and to congratulate her upon her marriage with a person so distinguished for rank and every accomplishment; when he suddenly perceived a locket upon her breast; opening it, what was his surprise at beholding the features of the monster who had so long influenced his life. He seized the portrait in a paroxysm<sup>81</sup> of rage, and trampled it under foot. Upon her asking him why he thus destroyed the resemblance of her future husband, he looked as if he did not understand her--then seizing her hands, and gazing on her with a frantic expression of countenance, he bade her swear that she would never wed this monster, for he---- But he could not advance--it seemed as if that voice again bade him remember his oath--he turned suddenly round, thinking Lord Ruthven was near him but saw no one. In the meantime the guardians and physician, who had heard the whole, and thought this was but a return of his disorder, entered, and forcing him from Miss Aubrey, desired her to leave him. He fell upon his knees to them, he implored, he begged of them to delay but for one day. They, attributing this to the insanity they imagined had taken possession of his mind, endeavoured to pacify him, and retired.

Lord Ruthven had called the morning after the drawing-room, and had been refused with every one else. When he heard of Aubrey's ill

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<sup>78</sup> *Marsden*: A small village in West Yorkshire, United Kingdom.

<sup>79</sup> *wonted*: An archaic usage meaning "accustomed" or "customary" (OED).

<sup>80</sup> *warmth*: In this usage it refers to enthusiasm or cordiality (OED).

<sup>81</sup> *paroxysm*: A violent or emotional outburst.

health, he readily understood himself to be the cause of it; but when he learned that he was deemed insane, his exultation and pleasure could hardly be concealed from those among whom he had gained this information. He hastened to the house of his former companion, and, by constant attendance, and the pretence of great affection for the brother and interest in his fate, he gradually won the ear of Miss Aubrey. Who could resist his power? His tongue had dangers and toils to recount--could speak of himself as of an individual having no sympathy with any being on the crowded earth, save with her to whom he addressed himself;--could tell how, since he knew her, his existence, had begun to seem worthy of preservation, if it were merely that he might listen to her soothing accents;--in fine,<sup>82</sup> he knew so well how to use the serpent's art,<sup>83</sup> or such was the will of fate, that he gained her affections. The title of the elder branch falling at length to him, he obtained an important embassy, which served as an excuse for hastening the marriage, (in spite of her brother's deranged state,) which was to take place the very day before his departure for the continent.

Aubrey, when he was left by the physician and his guardians, attempted to bribe the servants, but in vain. He asked for pen and paper; it was given him; he wrote a letter to his sister, conjuring<sup>84</sup> her, as she valued her own happiness, her own honour, and the honour of those now in the grave, who once held her in their arms as their hope and the hope of their house, to delay but for a few hours that marriage, on which he denounced<sup>85</sup> the most heavy curses. The servants promised they would deliver it; but giving it to the physician, he thought it better not to harass any more the mind of Miss Aubrey by, what he considered, the ravings of a maniac. Night passed on without rest to the busy inmates of the house; and Aubrey heard, with a horror that may more easily be conceived than described, the notes of busy preparation.

Morning came, and the sound of carriages broke upon his ear. Aubrey grew almost frantic. The curiosity of the servants at last overcame their vigilance, they gradually stole away, leaving him in the custody of an helpless old woman. He seized the opportunity, with one bound

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<sup>82</sup> *in fine*: "To sum up" (OED).

<sup>83</sup> *the serpent's art*: A possible allusion to Genesis in the Old or New Testament. The serpent/Satan entices and tricks Eve into eating the forbidden fruit.

<sup>84</sup> *conjuring*: A solemn appeal (OED).

<sup>85</sup> *denounced*: To declare something as bad.

was out of the room, and in a moment found himself in the apartment where all were nearly assembled. Lord Ruthven was the first to perceive him: he immediately approached, and, taking his arm by force, hurried him from the room, speechless with rage. When on the staircase, Lord Ruthven whispered in his ear--"Remember your oath, and know, if not my bride to day, your sister is dishonoured.<sup>86</sup> Women are frail!" So saying, he pushed him towards his attendants, who, roused by the old woman, had come in search of him. Aubrey could no longer support himself; his rage not finding vent, had broken a blood-vessel, and he was conveyed to bed. This was not mentioned to his sister, who was not present when he entered, as the physician was afraid of agitating her. The marriage was solemnized,<sup>87</sup> and the bride and bridegroom left London.

Aubrey's weakness increased; the effusion of blood<sup>88</sup> produced symptoms of the near approach of death. He desired his sister's guardians might be called, and when the midnight hour had struck, he related composedly what the reader has perused<sup>89</sup>--he died immediately after.

The guardians hastened to protect Miss Aubrey; but when they arrived, it was too late. Lord Ruthven had disappeared, and Aubrey's sister had glutted the thirst of a VAMPYRE!

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<sup>86</sup> . . . *your sister is dishonoured*: Referring to the belief that if an unmarried woman had sexual relations with a man, she was ostracized from society.

<sup>87</sup> *solemnized*: An obsolete usage meaning "observed" or "performed" (OED).

<sup>88</sup> *effusion of blood*: An obsolete phrase referring to a large pouring out of blood (OED).

<sup>89</sup> *perused*: A double meaning: having "read" and referring to the reader being "worn out." Obsolete (OED).

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EXTRACT OF A LETTER,  
CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT  
OF  
LORD BYRON'S RESIDENCE  
IN THE  
ISLAND OF MITYLENE.

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ACCOUNT  
OF  
LORD BYRON'S RESIDENCE, &c.<sup>90</sup>

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“The world was all before him, where to choose his place of rest, and Providence his guide.”<sup>91</sup>

IN Sailing through the Grecian Archipelago, on board one of his Majesty's vessels, in the year 1812, we put into the harbour of Mitylene, in the island of that name. The beauty of this place, and the certain supply of cattle and vegetables always to be had there, induce many British vessels to visit it--both men of war and merchantmen; and though it lies rather out of the track for ships bound to Smyrna<sup>92</sup>, its bounties amply repay for the deviation of a voyage. We landed; as usual, at the bottom of the bay, and whilst the men were employed in

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<sup>90</sup> *Editor's note:* What follows is a fabricated account. In a letter that surfaced in 1895, Byron writes that “neither of these performances are mine” and states that he has never resided in Mitylene, although he has visited it (presumably in his 1809 travels). For the letter, see Byron. “To the editor Galignani's *Messenger*...” 27 April 1819. In Newcomen, George. Letter. *The Academy* ns. 47 (1895): 172. This account is thus of questionable authorship. It must not be assumed that Polidori wrote it, for he had spent ample time traveling with Byron and would not be inclined to write such an obviously fictitious account.

<sup>91</sup> *Editor's note:* Milton, John. *Paradise Lost*: 12.647-648.

<sup>92</sup> *Editor's note:* A port city in modern-day Turkey (OED).

watering, and the purser bargaining for cattle with the natives, the clergyman and myself took a ramble to the cave called Homer's School, and other places, where we had been before. On the brow of Mount Ida (a small monticule so named) we met with and engaged a young Greek as our guide, who told us he had come from Scio with an English lord, who left the island four days previous to our arrival in his felucca.<sup>93</sup> "He engaged me as a pilot," said the Greek, "and would have taken me with him; but I did not choose to quit Mitylene, where I am likely to get married. He was an odd, but a very good man. The cottage over the hill, facing the river, belongs to him, and he has left an old man in charge of it: he gave Dominick, the wine-trader, six hundred zechines for it, (about £250 English currency,) and has resided there about fourteen months, though not constantly; for he sails in his felucca very often to the different islands."

This account excited our curiosity very much, and we lost no time in hastening to the house where our countryman had resided. We were kindly received by an old man, who conducted us over the mansion. It consisted of four apartments on the ground-floor--an entrance hall, a drawing-room, a sitting parlour, and a bed-room, with a spacious closet annexed. They were all simply decorated: plain green-stained walls, marble tables on either side, a large myrtle in the centre, and a small fountain beneath, which could be made to play through the branches by moving a spring fixed in the side of a small bronze Venus in a leaning posture; a large couch or sofa completed the furniture. In the hall stood half a dozen English cane chairs, and an empty book-case: there were no mirrors, nor a single painting. The bedchamber had merely a large mattress spread on the floor, with two stuffed cotton quilts and a pillow--the common bed throughout Greece. In the sitting-room we observed a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us, filled with books and papers, which were then in a large seaman's chest in the closet: it was open, but we did not think ourselves justified in examining the contents. On the tablet of the recess lay Voltaire's, Shakspeare's, Boileau's, and Rousseau's works complete; Volney's *Ruins of Empires*; Zimmerman, in the German language; Klopstock's *Messiah*; Kotzebue's novels; Schiller's play of the *Robbers*; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, an Italian edition, printed at Parma in 1810; several small pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn, but no English book of any description.

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<sup>93</sup> *Editor's note*: A small boat usually propelled by sails (OED).

Most of these books were filled with marginal notes, written with a pencil, in Italian and Latin. The Messiah was literally scribbled all over, and marked with slips of paper, on which also were remarks.

The old man said: “The lord had been reading these books the evening before he sailed, and forgot to place them with the others; but,” said he, “there they must lie until his return; for he is so particular, that were I to move one thing without orders, he would frown upon me for a week together; he is otherways very good. I once did him a service; and I have the produce of this farm for the trouble of taking care of it, except twenty zechines which I pay to an aged Armenian who resides in a small cottage in the wood, and whom the lord brought here from Adrianople;<sup>94</sup> I don’t know for what reason.”

The appearance of the house externally was pleasing. The portico<sup>95</sup> in front was fifty paces long and fourteen broad, and the fluted marble pillars with black plinths<sup>96</sup> and fret-work<sup>97</sup> cornices,<sup>98</sup> (as it is now customary in Grecian architecture,) were considerably higher than the roof. The roof, surrounded by a light stone balustrade,<sup>99</sup> was covered by a fine Turkey carpet, beneath an awning of strong coarse linen. Most of the house-tops are thus furnished, as upon them the Greeks pass their evenings in smoking, drinking light wines, such as “lachrymal Christi,”<sup>100</sup> eating fruit, and enjoying the evening breeze.

On the left hand as we entered the house, a small streamlet glided away, grapes, oranges and limes were clustering together on its borders, and under the shade of two large myrtle bushes, a marble scat with an ornamental wooden back was placed, on which we were told, the lord passed many of his evenings and nights till twelve o’clock, reading, writing, and talking to himself. “I suppose,” said the old man, “praying” for he was very devout, “and always attended our church twice a week, besides Sundays.”

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<sup>94</sup> Originally a city in the Ottoman Empire; now known as Edirne in Turkey.

<sup>95</sup> Covered walkway, leading to a building entrance.

<sup>96</sup> Platforms that the columns rest on.

<sup>97</sup> Interlaced decorative designed carved or overlaid in either metal or wood.

<sup>98</sup> Molding. *cornice*, Italian for ledge or frame.

<sup>99</sup> A row of repeating balusters - small posts that support the upper rail of a railing.

<sup>100</sup> Latin: “Tear of Christ”. Here, refers to a popular wine from Mt Vesuvius in Italy. Named after the myth that Christ cried over Lucifer’s fall, his tears covered the ground, leaving it fertile.

The view from this seat was what may be termed “a bird’s-eye view.” A line of rich vineyards led the eye to Mount Calcla, covered with olive and myrtle trees in bloom, and on the summit of which an ancient Greek temple appeared in majestic decay. A small stream issuing from the ruins descended in broken cascades, until it was lost in the woods near the mountain’s base. The sea smooth as glass, and an horizon unshadowed by a single cloud, terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty chesnut and palm-trees, several small islands were distinctly observed, studding the light blue wave with spots of emerald green. I seldom enjoyed a view more than I did this; but our enquiries were fruitless as to the name of the person who had resided in this romantic solitude: none knew his name but Dominick, his banker, who had gone to Candia.<sup>101</sup> “The Armenian,” said our conductor, “could tell, but I am sure he will not,”--“And cannot you tell, old friend?” said I--“If I can,” said he, “I dare not.” We had not time to visit the Armenian, but on our return to the town we learnt several particulars of the isolated lord. He had portioned<sup>102</sup> eight young girls when he was last upon the island, and even danced with them at the nuptial feast.<sup>103</sup> He gave a cow to one man, horses to others, and cotton and silk to the girls who live by weaving these articles. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children. In short, he appeared to us, from all we collected, to have been a very eccentric and benevolent character. One circumstance we learnt, which our old friend at the cottage thought proper not to disclose. He had a most beautiful daughter, with whom the lord was often seen walking on the sea-shore, and he had bought her a piano-forte, and taught her himself the use of it.

Such was the information with which we departed from the peaceful isle of Mitylene; our imaginations all on the rack, guessing who this rambler in Greece could be. He had money it was evident: he had philanthropy of disposition, and all those eccentricities which mark peculiar genius. Arrived at Palermo<sup>104</sup>, all our doubts were dispelled. Falling in company with Mr. FOSTER, the architect, a pupil of WYATT’S,<sup>105</sup> who had been travelling in Egypt and Greece, “The

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<sup>101</sup> Candia Conavese, a province in Italy.

<sup>102</sup> Archaic definition: to give a dowry.

<sup>103</sup> Traditional, following Greek wedding.

<sup>104</sup> An ancient city in Italy.

<sup>105</sup> The most renowned architect in England in the late 18<sup>th</sup> and early 19<sup>th</sup> century.

individual,” said he, “about whom you are so anxious, is Lord Byron; I met him in my travels on the island of Tenedos<sup>106</sup>, and I also visited him at Mitylene.”

We had never then heard of his lordship’s fame, as we had been some years from home; but “Childe Harolde<sup>107</sup>” being put into our hands we recognized the recluse of Calca in every page. Deeply did we regret not having been more curious in our researches at the cottage, but we consoled ourselves with the idea of returning to Mitylene on some future day; but to me that day will never return. I make this statement, believing it not quite uninteresting, and in justice to his lordship’s good name, which has been grossly slandered.<sup>108</sup> He has been described as of an unfeeling disposition, averse to associating with human nature, or contributing in any way to sooth its sorrows, or add to its pleasures. The fact is directly the reverse, as may be plainly gathered from these little anecdotes. All the finer feelings of the heart, so elegantly depicted in his lordship’s poems, seem to have their seat in his bosom. Tenderness, sympathy, and charity appear to guide all his actions: and his courting the repose of solitude is an additional reason for marking him as a being on whose heart Religion hath set her seal, and over whose head Benevolence hath thrown her mantle. No man can read the preceding pleasing “traits” without feeling proud of him as a countryman. With respect to his loves or pleasures, I do not assume a right to give an opinion. Reports are ever to be received with caution, particularly when directed against man’s moral integrity; and he who dares justify himself before that awful<sup>109</sup> tribunal where all must appear,<sup>110</sup> alone may censure the errors of a fellow-mortal. Lord Byron’s character is worthy of his genius. To do good in secret, and shun the world’s applause, is the surest testimony of a virtuous heart and self-approving conscience.

THE END

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Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.

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<sup>106</sup> A small island in the Aegean Sea.

<sup>107</sup> A lengthy narrative poem by Byron written between 1812 and 1818.

<sup>108</sup> Refers to Byron’s public image, one of excess and debauchery.

<sup>109</sup> Awe-inspiring

<sup>110</sup> Judgment by God and St. Peter at the “Pearly Gates.”

## John William Polidori: Biography

By Joseph LaGraffe

Dr. John William Polidori was born September 7, 1795 to Gaetano Polidori, an Italian political émigré scholar, and Anna Maria Pierce, an English governess. He was the eldest of eight children, he had three brothers and four sisters. His sister Frances married Italian scholar Gabrielle Rossetti, thus John was the uncle of Maria Francesca Rossetti, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Michael Rossetti and Christina Rossetti though they were all born after his death.<sup>111</sup> Polidori only lived for 26 years, but he led a very rich life becoming a part of the life of one of the most influential artists of his time.

Little is known about Polidori's young life. The first information that is available about him is in regard to his time at university. Polidori was one of the earliest pupils at recently established Ampleforth College from 1804, and in 1810 went up to the University of Edinburgh, where he wrote a thesis on sleepwalking and received his degree as a doctor of medicine on 1 August 1815 at the age of 19.<sup>112</sup> In 1816 Polidori went into the service of Lord Byron as a personal physician, it is also joked that he was Byron's "paid friend". Previous to his departure on the tour of Europe, publisher John Murray offered Polidori £500.00 to take notes on their journey together, to be published after he left Byron service. At the Villa Diodati, a house Byron rented by Lake Geneva in Switzerland, the pair met with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, and her husband-to-be, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and their companion Mary's stepsister Claire Clairmont.<sup>113</sup> During this time he participated in the famous ghost-story competition that led to Mary Shelley's writing of *Frankenstein*, and to Polidori's own novel *Ernestus Berchtold* (1819).<sup>114</sup> This is also the time that Polidori began work on *The Vampyre* which is loosely based on Lord Byron himself.

Dismissed by Byron, Polidori travelled in Italy and then returned to England. His novella, *The Vampyre*, which featured the main character Lord Ruthven, was published in the April 1819 issue of *New Monthly Magazine* without his permission. Whilst in

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<sup>111</sup> Wikipedia, [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John\\_William\\_Polidori](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_William_Polidori)

<sup>112</sup> Absolute Astronomy  
[http://www.absoluteastronomy.com/topics/John\\_Polidori](http://www.absoluteastronomy.com/topics/John_Polidori)

<sup>113</sup> Serving History [http://www.servinghistory.com/topics/John\\_Polidori::sub::Biography](http://www.servinghistory.com/topics/John_Polidori::sub::Biography)

<sup>114</sup> Encyclopedia.com  
<http://www.encyclopedia.com/doc/1054-PolidoriJohnWilliam.html>

London he lived on Great Pulteney Street (Soho). Much to both his and Byron's chagrin, "The Vampyre" was released as a new work by Byron. Byron even released his own Fragment of a Novel in an attempt to clear up the mess, but, for better or worse, *The Vampyre* continued to be attributed to him.<sup>115</sup>

Polidori wrote one more major work before his death in 1821 entitled "The Fall of the Angels" a Byron-based theological epic. He killed himself by drinking cyanide, however, it was ruled by the coroner that he died of "natural causes".

In a strange coincidence, Polidori's real fame did not come until after his death, being resurrected much like his lead character Lord Ruthven. After his death the aforementioned journal was published, after being severely bowdlerized by his sister Charlotte, by William Rossetti. His name and image have been featured in many movies and novels in the 20<sup>th</sup> century:

### **Novels**

Tim Robbins, *The Stress of Her Regard*

Paul West, *Lord Byron's Doctor*

Frederico Andahazi, *Merciful Women* or *Las Padosas*

Emmanuel Carrere, *Gothic Romance* or *Bravoure*

Peter Ackroyd, *The Casebook of Doctor Frankenstein*

Tom Holland, *Lord of the Dead*

Howard Brenton, "Bloody Poetry"

### **Film**

*Gothic*, directed by Ken Russell (1986)

*Haunted Summer* directed by Ivan Passer (1988)

*Remando al viento* (English title: *Rowing with the Wind*) directed by Gonzalo Suárez (1988)

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<sup>115</sup> See Note 111.