

Making Meaning in English: Appendix 3

# Gothic Literature Reader



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## 1: from *The Castle of Otranto* by Horace Walpole (1764)

*This is widely considered the first truly gothic novel. The nightmarish fear of being chased by a demonical character (Manfred) is powerfully captured here, and the setting and descriptive detail are definitively gothic.*

1 The lower part of the castle was hollowed into several intricate cloisters; and it was  
2 not easy for one under so much anxiety to find the door that opened into the cavern.  
3 An awful silence reigned throughout those subterraneous regions, except now and  
4 then some blasts of wind that shook the doors she had passed, and which, grating on  
5 the rusty hinges, were re-echoed through that long labyrinth of darkness. Every  
6 murmur struck her with new terror; yet more she dreaded to hear the wrathful voice  
7 of Manfred urging his domestics to pursue her.

8 She trod as softly as impatience would give her leave, yet frequently stopped  
9 and listened to hear if she was followed. In one of those moments she thought she  
10 heard a sigh. She shuddered, and recoiled a few paces. In a moment she thought she  
11 heard the step of some person. Her blood curdled; she concluded it was Manfred.  
12 Every suggestion that horror could inspire rushed into her mind. She condemned her  
13 rash flight, which had thus exposed her to his rage in a place where her cries were  
14 not likely to draw anybody to her assistance. Yet the sound seemed not to come  
15 from behind. If Manfred knew where she was, he must have followed her. She was  
16 still in one of the cloisters, and the steps she had heard were too distinct to proceed  
17 from the way she had come. Cheered with this reflection, and hoping to find a  
18 friend in whoever was not the Prince, she was going to advance, when a door that  
19 stood ajar, at some distance to the left, was opened gently: but ere her lamp, which  
20 she held up, could discover who opened it, the person retreated precipitately on  
21 seeing the light.

22 Isabella, whom every incident was sufficient to dismay, hesitated whether  
23 she should proceed. Her dread of Manfred soon outweighed every other terror. The  
24 very circumstance of the person avoiding her gave her a sort of courage. It could  
25 only be, she thought, some domestic belonging to the castle. Her gentleness had  
26 never raised her an enemy, and conscious innocence made her hope that, unless

27 sent by the Prince's order to seek her, his servants would rather assist than prevent  
28 her flight. Fortifying herself with these reflections, and believing by what she could  
29 observe that she was near the mouth of the subterraneous cavern, she approached  
30 the door that had been opened; but a sudden gust of wind that met her at the door  
31 extinguished her lamp, and left her in total darkness.

32 Words cannot paint the horror of the Princess's situation. Alone in so dismal  
33 a place, her mind imprinted with all the terrible events of the day, hopeless of  
34 escaping, expecting every moment the arrival of Manfred, and far from tranquil on  
35 knowing she was within reach of somebody, she knew not whom, who for some  
36 cause seemed concealed thereabouts; all these thoughts crowded on her distracted  
37 mind, and she was ready to sink under her apprehensions. She addressed herself to  
38 every saint in heaven, and inwardly implored their assistance. For a considerable  
39 time she remained in an agony of despair.

40 At last, as softly as was possible, she felt for the door, and having found it,  
41 entered trembling into the vault from whence she had heard the sigh and steps. It  
42 gave her a kind of momentary joy to perceive an imperfect ray of clouded  
43 moonshine gleam from the roof of the vault, which seemed to be fallen in, and from  
44 whence hung a fragment of earth or building, she could not distinguish which, that  
45 appeared to have been crushed inwards. She advanced eagerly towards this chasm,  
46 when she discerned a human form standing close against the wall.

47 She shrieked, believing it the ghost of her betrothed Conrad. The figure,  
48 advancing, said, in a submissive voice -

49 "Be not alarmed, Lady; I will not injure you."

50 Isabella, a little encouraged by the words and tone of voice of the stranger,  
51 and recollecting that this must be the person who had opened the door, recovered  
52 her spirits enough to reply -

53 "Sir, whoever you are, take pity on a wretched Princess, standing on the brink  
54 of destruction. Assist me to escape from this fatal castle, or in a few moments I may

55 be made miserable for ever."

56 "Alas!" said the stranger, "what can I do to assist you? I will die in your  
57 defence; but I am unacquainted with the castle, and want - "

58 "Oh!" said Isabella, hastily interrupting him; "help me but to find a trap-door  
59 that must be hereabout, and it is the greatest service you can do me, for I have not a  
60 minute to lose."

61 Saying these words, she felt about on the pavement, and directed the  
62 stranger to search likewise, for a smooth piece of brass enclosed in one of the  
63 stones.

64 "That," said she, "is the lock, which opens with a spring, of which I know the  
65 secret. If we can find that, I may escape - if not, alas! courteous stranger, I fear I shall  
66 have involved you in my misfortunes: Manfred will suspect you for the accomplice of  
67 my flight, and you will fall a victim to his resentment."

68 "I value not my life," said the stranger, "and it will be some comfort to lose it  
69 in trying to deliver you from his tyranny."

70 "Generous youth," said Isabella, "how shall I ever requite - "

71 As she uttered those words, a ray of moonshine, streaming through a cranny  
72 of the ruin above, shone directly on the lock they sought.

73 "Oh! transport!" said Isabella; "here is the trap-door!" and, taking out the  
74 key, she touched the spring, which, starting aside, discovered an iron ring. "Lift up  
75 the door," said the Princess.

76 The stranger obeyed, and beneath appeared some stone steps descending  
77 into a vault totally dark.

78 "We must go down here," said Isabella. "Follow me; dark and dismal as it is,  
79 we cannot miss our way; it leads directly to the church of St. Nicholas. But, perhaps,"  
80 added the Princess modestly, "you have no reason to leave the castle, nor have I

81 farther occasion for your service; in a few minutes I shall be safe from Manfred's  
82 rage - only let me know to whom I am so much obliged."

83 "I will never quit you," said the stranger eagerly, "until I have placed you in  
84 safety - nor think me, Princess, more generous than I am; though you are my  
85 principal care -"

86 The stranger was interrupted by a sudden noise of voices that seemed  
87 approaching, and they soon distinguished these words -

88 "Talk not to me of necromancers; I tell you she must be in the castle; I will  
89 find her in spite of enchantment."

90 "Oh, heavens!" cried Isabella; "it is the voice of Manfred! Make haste, or we  
91 are ruined! and shut the trap-door after you."

92 Saying this, she descended the steps precipitately; and as the stranger  
93 hastened to follow her, he let the door slip out of his hands: it fell, and the spring  
94 closed over it. He tried in vain to open it, not having observed Isabella's method of  
95 touching the spring; nor had he many moments to make an essay. The noise of the  
96 falling door had been heard by Manfred, who, directed by the sound, hastened  
97 thither, attended by his servants with torches.

## 2: from *Vathek* by William Beckford (1786)

*This novel typifies the gothic fixation with the exotic in terms of setting and narrative: in this instance conjuring the mystery of the orient. This extract is largely descriptive, as is much of the text, and serves to remind the reader of Beckford's extravagant interest in all things architectural.*

1 The Caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement, at finding  
2 themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious  
3 and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length  
4 growing familiar to the grandeur of the objects at hand, they extended their view to  
5 those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually  
6 diminished till they terminated in a point, radiant as the sun when he darts his last  
7 beams athwart the ocean; the pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron,  
8 exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them; they, however, went on,  
9 and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were  
10 continually burning; between the several columns were placed tables, each spread  
11 with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A  
12 throng of Genii and other fantastic spirits of each sex danced in troops, at the sound  
13 of music which issued from beneath.

14 In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing,  
15 who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without “avoided each other,  
16 and, though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered  
17 at random, unheeding of the rest, as if alone on a desert which no foot had trodden.

18 Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of  
19 the Giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres  
20 never withdrew their hands from their hearts.

21 “Perplex not yourselves,” replied he bluntly, “with so much; at once you will  
22 soon be acquainted with all; let us haste and present you to Eblis.”

23 They continued their way through the multitude but, notwithstanding their  
24 confidence at first, they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention  
25 the various perspectives of halls and of galleries that opened on the right hand and

26 left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in  
27 pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long  
28 curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in striking confusion;  
29 here the choirs and dances were heard no longer; the light which glimmered came  
30 from afar.

31         After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening  
32 through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of  
33 leopards; an infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armour,  
34 had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of  
35 which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young  
36 man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant  
37 vapours; in his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained  
38 some resemblance to that of an angel of light; in his hand, which thunder had  
39 blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranabad, the Afrits,  
40 and all the powers of the abyss to tremble; at his presence the heart of the Caliph  
41 sank within him, and for the first time he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar,  
42 however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis; for  
43 she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild  
44 than might be imagined, but such as transfused through the soul the deepest  
45 melancholy, said:

46         “Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst  
47 my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords; the treasures of the pre-adamite  
48 Sultans, their bickering sabres, and those talismans that compel the Dives to open  
49 the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these;  
50 there, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient to gratify it; you  
51 shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortress of Aherman, and the  
52 halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and  
53 the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that  
54 contemptible being whom ye denominate the Father of Mankind.”



### 3 Extracts from *The Monk* by Matthew Lewis (1796)

- *Written in the 1790s gothic heyday, and phenomenally successful, The Monk was so popular that 'it seemed to create an epoch in our literature' (Sir Walter Scott). In the first extract, from early in the novel, the 'hero', Lorenzo, dreams of his beloved Antonia, only for a monstrous creature to intervene and subject her to his more lewd advances.*
- *By the time of the next passage, some 250 pages further, Ambrosio, the eponymous Monk, has come some way to embodying the fantastic creature of Lorenzo's dream, aided by the literally bewitching Matilda.*
- *The third extract typifies the anti-Catholicism of so much gothic fiction, and the next shows the further stage of Ambrosio's descent into evil: his rape of the innocent, beautiful Antonia.*
- *The final excerpt, from the conclusion of the novel, describes the infernal punishment which awaits the now powerless Monk.*

1 The night was now fast advancing. The Lamps were not yet lighted. The faint beams  
2 of the rising Moon scarcely could pierce through the gothic obscurity of the Church.  
3 Lorenzo found himself unable to quit the Spot. The void left in his bosom by  
4 Antonia's absence, and his Sister's sacrifice which Don Christoval had just recalled to  
5 his imagination, created that melancholy of mind which accorded but too well with  
6 the religious gloom surrounding him. He was still leaning against the seventh  
7 column from the Pulpit. A soft and cooling air breathed along the solitary Aisles: The  
8 Moonbeams darting into the Church through painted windows tinged the fretted  
9 roofs and massy pillars with a thousand various tints of light and colours: Universal  
10 silence prevailed around, only interrupted by the occasional closing of doors in the  
11 adjoining Abbey.

12 The calm of the hour and solitude of the place contributed to nourish Lorenzo's  
13 disposition to melancholy. He threw himself upon a seat which stood near him, and  
14 abandoned himself to the delusions of his fancy. He thought of his union with  
15 Antonia; He thought of the obstacles which might oppose his wishes; and a thousand  
16 changing visions floated before his fancy, sad 'tis true, but not unpleasing. Sleep  
17 insensibly stole over him, and the tranquil solemnity of his mind when awake for a  
18 while continued to influence his slumbers.

19 He still fancied himself to be in the Church of the Capuchins; but it was no longer  
20 dark and solitary. Multitudes of silver Lamps shed splendour from the vaulted Roof;

21 Accompanied by the captivating chaunt of distant choristers, the Organ's  
22 melody swelled through the Church; The Altar seemed decorated as for some  
23 distinguished feast; It was surrounded by a brilliant Company; and near it stood  
24 Antonia arrayed in bridal white, and blushing with all the charms of Virgin Modesty.

25 Half hoping, half fearing, Lorenzo gazed upon the scene before him. Sudden the door  
26 leading to the Abbey unclosed, and He saw, attended by a long train of Monks, the  
27 Preacher advance to whom He had just listened with so much admiration. He drew  
28 near Antonia.

29 'And where is the Bridegroom?' said the imaginary Friar.

30 Antonia seemed to look round the Church with anxiety. Involuntarily the Youth  
31 advanced a few steps from his concealment. She saw him; The blush of pleasure  
32 glowed upon her cheek; With a graceful motion of her hand She beckoned to him to  
33 advance. He disobeyed not the command; He flew towards her, and threw himself at  
34 her feet.

35 She retreated for a moment; Then gazing upon him with unutterable delight;--'Yes!'  
36 She exclaimed, 'My Bridegroom! My destined Bridegroom!' She said, and hastened  
37 to throw herself into his arms; But before He had time to receive her, an Unknown  
38 rushed between them. His form was gigantic; His complexion was swarthy, His eyes  
39 fierce and terrible; his Mouth breathed out volumes of fire; and on his forehead was  
40 written in legible characters--'Pride! Lust! Inhumanity!'

41 Antonia shrieked. The Monster clasped her in his arms, and springing with her upon  
42 the Altar, tortured her with his odious caresses. She endeavoured in vain to escape  
43 from his embrace. Lorenzo flew to her succour, but ere He had time to reach her, a  
44 loud burst of thunder was heard. Instantly the Cathedral seemed crumbling into  
45 pieces; The Monks betook themselves to flight, shrieking fearfully; The Lamps were  
46 extinguished, the Altar sank down, and in its place appeared an abyss vomiting forth  
47 clouds of flame. Uttering a loud and terrible cry the Monster plunged into the Gulph,  
48 and in his fall attempted to drag Antonia with him.

49 He strove in vain. Animated by supernatural powers She disengaged herself from his  
50 embrace; But her white Robe was left in his possession. Instantly a wing of brilliant  
51 splendour spread itself from either of Antonia's arms. She darted upwards, and  
52 while ascending cried to Lorenzo,  
53 'Friend! we shall meet above!'  
54 At the same moment the Roof of the Cathedral opened; Harmonious voices pealed  
55 along the Vaults; and the glory into which Antonia was received was composed of  
56 rays of such dazzling brightness, that Lorenzo was unable to sustain the gaze. His  
57 sight failed, and He sank upon the ground.

\*

1 It was now that Ambrosio repented of his rashness. The solemn singularity of the  
2 charm had prepared him for something strange and horrible. He waited with fear  
3 for the Spirit's appearance, whose coming was announced by thunder and  
4 earthquakes. He looked wildly round him, expecting that some dreadful Apparition  
5 would  
6 meet his eyes, the sight of which would drive him mad. A cold shivering seized his  
7 body, and He sank upon one knee, unable to support himself.  
8 'He comes!' exclaimed Matilda in a joyful accent.  
9 Ambrosio started, and expected the Daemon with terror. What was his surprise,  
10 when the Thunder ceasing to roll, a full strain of melodious Music sounded in the air.  
11 At the same time the cloud dispersed, and He beheld a Figure more beautiful than  
12 Fancy's pencil ever drew. It was a Youth seemingly scarce eighteen, the perfection of  
13 whose form and face was unrivalled. He was perfectly naked: A bright Star sparkled  
14 upon his forehead; Two crimson wings extended themselves from his shoulders; and  
15 his silken locks were confined by a band of many-coloured fires, which played round  
16 his head, formed themselves into a variety of figures, and shone with a brilliance far  
17 surpassing that of precious Stones. Circlets of Diamonds were fastened round  
18 his arms and ankles, and in his right hand He bore a silver branch, imitating Myrtle.

19 His form shone with dazzling glory: He was surrounded by clouds of rose-coloured  
20 light, and at the moment that He appeared, a refreshing air breathed perfumes  
21 through the Cavern. Enchanted at a vision so contrary to his expectations, Ambrosio  
22 gazed upon the Spirit with delight and wonder: Yet however beautiful the Figure, He  
23 could not but remark a wildness in the Daemon's eyes, and a mysterious melancholy  
24 impressed upon his features, betraying the Fallen Angel, and inspiring the Spectators  
25 with secret awe.

26 The Music ceased. Matilda addressed herself to the Spirit: She spoke in a language  
27 unintelligible to the Monk, and was answered in the same. She seemed to insist  
28 upon something which the Daemon was unwilling to grant. He frequently darted  
29 upon Ambrosio angry glances, and at such times the Friar's heart sank within him.  
30 Matilda appeared to grow incensed. She spoke in a loud and commanding tone, and  
31 her gestures declared that She was threatening him with her vengeance. Her  
32 menaces had the desired effect: The Spirit sank upon his knee, and with a submissive  
33 air presented to her the branch of Myrtle. No sooner had She received it, than the  
34 Music was again heard; A thick cloud spread itself over the Apparition; The blue  
35 flames disappeared, and total obscurity reigned through the Cave. The Abbot moved  
36 not from his place: His faculties were all bound up in pleasure, anxiety, and surprise.  
37 At length the darkness dispersing, He perceived Matilda standing near him in her  
38 religious habit, with the Myrtle in her hand. No traces of the incantation, and the  
39 Vaults were only illuminated by the faint rays of the sepulchral Lamp.

\*

1 The Nuns were employed in religious duties established in honour of St. Clare, and to  
2 which no Prophane was ever admitted. The Chapel windows were illuminated. As  
3 they stood on the outside, the Auditors heard the full swell of the organ,  
4 accompanied by a chorus of female voices, rise upon the stillness of the night.

5 This died away, and was succeeded by a single strain of harmony: It was the voice of  
6 her who was destined to sustain in the procession the character of St. Clare. For this  
7 office the most beautiful Virgin of Madrid was always selected, and She upon whom

8 the choice fell esteemed it as the highest of honours. While listening to the Music,  
9 whose melody distance only seemed to render sweeter, the Audience was wrapped  
10 up in profound attention. Universal silence prevailed through the Crowd, and every  
11 heart was filled with reverence for religion. Every heart but Lorenzo's. Conscious  
12 that among those who chaunted the praises of their God so sweetly, there were  
13 some who cloaked with devotion the foulest sins, their hymns inspired him with  
14 detestation at their Hypocrisy. He had long observed with disapprobation and  
15 contempt the superstition which governed Madrid's Inhabitants. His good sense had  
16 pointed out to him the artifices of the Monks, and the gross absurdity of  
17 their miracles, wonders, and supposititious reliques. He blushed to see his  
18 Countrymen the Dupes of deceptions so ridiculous, and only wished for an  
19 opportunity to free them from their monkish fetters. That opportunity, so long  
20 desired in vain, was at length presented to him. He resolved not to let it slip, but  
21 to set before the People in glaring colours how enormous were the abuses but too  
22 frequently practised in Monasteries, and how unjustly public esteem was bestowed  
23 indiscriminately upon all who wore a religious habit. He longed for the moment  
24 destined to unmask the Hypocrites, and convince his Countrymen that a sanctified  
25 exterior does not always hide a virtuous heart.

\*

1 With every moment the Friar's passion became more ardent, and Antonia's terror  
2 more intense. She struggled to disengage herself from his arms: Her exertions were  
3 unsuccessful; and finding that Ambrosio's conduct became still freer, she shrieked  
4 for assistance with all her strength. The aspect of the Vault, the pale glimmering of  
5 the Lamp, the surrounding obscurity, the sight of the Tomb, and the objects of  
6 mortality which met her eyes on either side, were ill-calculated to inspire her  
7 with those emotions by which the Friar was agitated. Even his caresses terrified her  
8 from their fury, and created no other sentiment than fear. On the contrary, her  
9 alarm, her evident disgust, and incessant opposition, seemed only to inflame the  
10 Monk's desires, and supply his brutality with additional strength. Antonia's shrieks  
11 were unheard: Yet She continued them, nor abandoned her endeavours to escape,

12 till exhausted and out of breath She sank from his arms upon her knees, and once  
13 more had recourse to prayers and supplications. This attempt had no better success  
14 than the former. On the contrary, taking advantage of her situation, the Ravisher  
15 threw himself by her side: He clasped her to his bosom almost lifeless with  
16 terror, and faint with struggling. He stifled her cries with kisses, treated her with  
17 the rudeness of an unprincipled Barbarian, proceeded from freedom to freedom,  
18 and in the violence of his lustful delirium, wounded and bruised her tender limbs.  
19 Heedless of her tears, cries and entreaties, He gradually made himself Master of her  
20 person, and desisted not from his prey, till He had accomplished his crime and the  
21 dishonour of Antonia.

22 Scarcely had He succeeded in his design than He shuddered at himself and the  
23 means by which it was effected. The very excess of his former eagerness to possess  
24 Antonia now contributed to inspire him with disgust; and a secret impulse made him  
25 feel how base and unmanly was the crime which He had just committed. He started  
26 hastily from her arms. She, who so lately had been the object of his adoration, now  
27 raised no other sentiment in his heart than aversion and rage. He turned away from  
28 her; or if his eyes rested upon her figure involuntarily, it was only to dart upon her  
29 looks of hate. The Unfortunate had fainted ere the completion of her disgrace: She  
30 only recovered life to be sensible of her misfortune. She remained stretched upon  
31 the earth in silent despair: The tears chased each other slowly down her cheeks, and  
32 her bosom heaved with frequent sobs. Oppressed with grief, she continued for some  
33 time in this state of torpidity. At length She rose with difficulty, and dragging her  
34 feeble steps towards the door, prepared to quit the dungeon.

\*

1 The Fiend answered by a malicious laugh: 'Our contract? Have I not performed my  
2 part? What more did I promise than to save you from your prison? Have I not done  
3 so? Are you not safe from the Inquisition--safe from all but from me? Fool that you  
4 were to confide yourself to a Devil! Why did you not stipulate for life, and power,  
5 and pleasure? Then all would have been granted: Now, your reflections come too  
6 late. Miscreant, prepare for death; You have not many hours to live!'

7 On hearing this sentence, dreadful were the feelings of the devoted Wretch! He sank  
8 upon his knees, and raised his hands towards heaven. The Fiend read his intention  
9 and prevented it--

10 'What?' He cried, darting at him a look of fury: 'Dare you still implore the Eternal's  
11 mercy? Would you feign penitence, and again act an Hypocrite's part? Villain, resign  
12 your hopes of pardon. Thus I secure my prey!'

13 As He said this, darting his talons into the Monk's shaven crown, He sprang with him  
14 from the rock. The Caves and mountains rang with Ambrosio's shrieks. The Daemon  
15 continued to soar aloft, till reaching a dreadful height, He released the sufferer.

16 Headlong fell the Monk through the airy waste; The sharp point of a rock received  
17 him; and He rolled from precipice to precipice, till bruised and mangled He rested  
18 on the river's banks. Life still existed in his miserable frame: He attempted in vain to  
19 raise himself; His broken and dislocated limbs refused to perform their office, nor  
20 was He able to quit the spot where He had first fallen. The Sun now rose above the  
21 horizon; Its scorching beams darted full upon the head of the expiring Sinner.

22 Myriads of insects were called forth by the warmth; They drank the blood which  
23 trickled from Ambrosio's wounds; He had no power to drive them from him, and  
24 they fastened upon his sores, darted their stings into his body, covered him with  
25 their multitudes, and inflicted on him tortures the most exquisite and  
26 insupportable. The Eagles of the rock tore his flesh piecemeal, and dug out his  
27 eyeballs with their crooked beaks. A burning thirst tormented him; He heard the  
28 river's murmur as it rolled beside him, but strove in vain to drag himself towards the  
29 sound. Blind, maimed, helpless, and despairing, venting his rage in blasphemy and  
30 curses, execrating his existence, yet dreading the arrival of death destined to yield  
31 him up to greater torments, six miserable days did the Villain languish. On the  
32 Seventh a violent storm arose: The winds in fury rent up rocks and forests: The sky  
33 was now black with clouds, now sheeted with fire: The rain fell in torrents; It swelled  
34 the stream; The waves overflowed their banks; They reached the spot where  
35 Ambrosio lay, and when they abated carried with them into the river the Corse of  
36 the despairing Monk.

#### 4 Extracts from *The Italian* by Ann Radcliffe (1797)

*Ann Radcliffe's novel may be seen as something of a riposte to The Monk, which she saw as excessively horrific. Certainly, The Italian is milder, but it has its moments: the first extract helps create the rather eerie atmosphere; the second is laden with typically gothic intimations of doom and despair, despite the actual setting of Vivaldi's wedding.*

1 Vivaldi again examined the walls, and as unsuccessfully as before; but in one corner  
2 of the vault lay an object, which seemed to tell the fate of one who had been  
3 confined here, and to hint his own: it was a garment covered with blood. Vivaldi and  
4 his servant discovered it at the same instant; and a dreadful foreboding of their own  
5 destiny fixed them, for some moments, to the spot. Vivaldi first recovered himself,  
6 when instead of yielding to despondency, all his faculties were aroused to devise  
7 some means for escaping; but Paulo's hopes seemed buried beneath the dreadful  
8 vestments upon which he still gazed. 'Ah, my Signor!' said he, at length, in a faltering  
9 accent, 'who shall dare to raise that garment? What if it should conceal the mangled  
10 body whose blood has stained it!'

11 Vivaldi, shudderingly, turned to look on it again.

12 'It moves!' exclaimed Paulo; 'I see it move!' as he said which, he started to  
13 the opposite side of the chamber. Vivaldi stepped a few paces back, and as quickly  
14 returned; when, determined to know the event at once, he raised the garment upon  
15 the point of his sword, and perceived, beneath, other remains of dress, heaped high  
16 together, while even the floor below was stained with gore.

17 Believing that fear had deceived the eyes of Paulo, Vivaldi watched this  
18 horrible spectacle for some time, but without perceiving the least motion; when he  
19 became convinced, that not any remains of life were shrouded beneath it, and that it  
20 contained only articles of dress, which had belonged to some unfortunate person,  
21 who had probably been decoyed hither for plunder, and afterwards murdered. This  
22 belief, and the repugnance he felt to dwell upon the spectacle, prevented him from  
23 examining further, and he turned away to a remote part of the vault. A conviction of  
24 his own fate and of his servant's filled his mind for a while with despair. It appeared  
25 that he had been ensnared by robbers, till, as he recollected the circumstances



26 which had attended his entrance, and the several peculiar occurrences connected  
27 with the arch-way this conjecture seemed highly improbable. It was unreasonable,  
28 that robbers should have taken the trouble to decoy, when they might at first have  
29 seized him; still more so, that they would have persevered so long in the attempt;  
30 and most of all, that when he had formerly been in their power, they should have  
31 neglected their opportunity, and suffered him to leave the ruin unmolested. Yet  
32 granting that all this, improbable as it was, were, however, possible, the solemn  
33 warnings and predictions of the monk, so frequently delivered, and so faithfully  
34 fulfilled, could have no connection with the schemes of banditti. It appeared,  
35 therefore, that Vivaldi was not in the hands of robbers; or, if he were, that the monk,  
36 at least, had no connection with them; yet it was certain that he had just heard the  
37 voice of this monk beneath the arch; that his servant had said, he saw the vestments  
38 of one ascending the steps of the fort; and that they had both reason, afterward, to  
39 believe it was his shadowy figure which they had pursued to the very chamber  
40 where they were now confined.

41 As Vivaldi considered all these circumstances, his perplexity encreased and  
42 he was more than ever inclined to believe, that the form, which had assumed the  
43 appearance of a monk, was something superhuman.

44 As Vivaldi expressed his incredulity, however, he returned to examine the  
45 garment once more, when, as he raised it, he observed, what had before escaped his  
46 notice, black drapery mingled with the heap beneath; and, on lifting this also on the  
47 point of his sword, he perceived part of the habiliment of a monk! He started at the  
48 discovery, as if he had seen the apparition, which had so long been tempting his  
49 credulity. Here were the vest and scapulary, rent and stained with blood! Having  
50 gazed for a moment, he let them drop upon the heap; when Paulo, who had been  
51 silently observing him, exclaimed, 'Signor! that should be the garment of the demon  
52 who led us hither Is it a winding-sheet for us, Maestro? Or was it one for the body he  
53 inhabited while on earth!'

\*

1 As the appointed hour drew near, her spirits sunk, and she watched with melancholy  
2 foreboding, the sun retiring amidst stormy clouds, and his rays fading from the  
3 highest points of the mountains, till the gloom of twilight prevailed over the scene.  
4 She then left her apartment, took a grateful leave of the hospitable Abbess, and  
5 attended by the lay-sister, quitted the convent.

6 Immediately without the gate she was met by Vivaldi, whose look, as he put  
7 her arm within his, gently reproached her for the dejection of her air. They walked in  
8 silence towards the chapel of San Sebastian. The scene appeared to sympathize with  
9 the spirit of Ellena. It was a gloomy evening, and the lake, which broke in dark waves  
10 upon the shore, mingled its hollow sounds with those of the wind, that bowed the  
11 lofty pines, and swept in gusts among the rocks. She observed with alarm the heavy  
12 thunder clouds, that rolled along the sides of the mountains, and the birds circling  
13 swiftly over the waters, and scudding away to their nests among the cliffs; and she  
14 noticed to Vivaldi, that, as a storm seemed approaching, she wished to avoid  
15 crossing the lake. He immediately ordered Paulo to dismiss the boat, and to be in  
16 waiting with a carriage, that, if the weather should become clear, they might not be  
17 detained longer than was otherwise necessary.

18 As they approached the chapel, Ellena fixed her eyes on the mournful  
19 cypresses which waved over it, and sighed. 'Those,' she said, 'are funereal  
20 mementos-not such as should grace the altar of marriage! Vivaldi, I could be  
21 superstitious-Think you not they are portentous of future misfortune? But forgive  
22 me; my spirits are weak.'

23 Vivaldi endeavoured to soothe her mind, and tenderly reproached her for the  
24 sadness she indulged. Thus they entered the chapel. Silence, and a kind of gloomy  
25 sepulchral light, prevailed within. The venerable Benedictine, with a brother, who  
26 was to serve as guardian to the bride, were already there, but they were kneeling,  
27 and engaged in prayer.

28 Vivaldi led the trembling Ellena to the altar, where they waited till the  
29 Benedictines should have finished, and these were moments of great emotion. She  
30 often looked round the dusky chapel, in fearful expectation of discovering some  
31 lurking observer, and, though she knew it to be very improbable, that any person in  
32 this neighbourhood could be interested in interrupting the ceremony, her mind

33 involuntarily admitted the possibility of it. Once, indeed, as her eyes glanced over a  
34 casement, Ellena fancied she distinguished a human face laid close to the glass, as if  
35 to watch what was passing within; but when she looked again, the apparition was  
36 gone. Notwithstanding this, she listened with anxiety to the uncertain sounds  
37 without, and sometimes started as the surges of the lake dashed over the rock  
38 below, almost believing she heard the steps and whispering voices of men in the  
39 avenues of the chapel. She tried, however, to subdue apprehension, by considering,  
40 that if this were true, an harmless curiosity might have attracted some inhabitants of  
41 the convent hither, and her spirits became more composed, till she observed a door  
42 open a little way, and a dark countenance looking from behind it. In the next instant  
43 it retreated, and the door was closed.

## 5: 'Darkness' by Lord Byron (1816)

*'Darkness' is a poem written on the theme of an apocalyptic end of the world. 1816 was known as the Year Without a Summer, because Mount Tambora had erupted in the Dutch East Indies the previous year, casting enough sulphur into the atmosphere to reduce global temperatures and cause abnormal weather across much of north-east America and northern Europe.*

1 I had a dream, which was not all a dream.  
2 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
3 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
4 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
5 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
6 Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,  
7 And men forgot their passions in the dread  
8 Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
9 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:  
10 And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,  
11 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
12 The habitations of all things which dwell,  
13 Were burnt for beacons; cities were consum'd,  
14 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes  
15 To look once more into each other's face;  
16 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
17 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:  
18 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;  
19 Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour  
20 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks  
21 Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.  
22 The brows of men by the despairing light  
23 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
24 The flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
25 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
26 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd;

27 And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
28 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
29 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
30 The pall of a past world; and then again  
31 With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
32 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd  
33 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
34 And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes  
35 Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd  
36 And twin'd themselves among the multitude,  
37 Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.  
38 And War, which for a moment was no more,  
39 Did glut himself again: a meal was bought  
40 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
41 Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;  
42 All earth was but one thought—and that was death  
43 Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
44 Of famine fed upon all entrails—men  
45 Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;  
46 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,  
47 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,  
48 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
49 The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,  
50 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
51 Lur'd their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,  
52 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
53 And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
54 Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.  
55 The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two  
56 Of an enormous city did survive,  
57 And they were enemies: they met beside  
58 The dying embers of an altar-place

59       Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things  
60       For an unholy usage; they rak'd up,  
61       And shivering scrap'd with their cold skeleton hands  
62       The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
63       Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
64       Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
65       Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
66       Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—  
67       Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
68       Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
69       Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
70       The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
71       Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—  
72       A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
73       The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,  
74       And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;  
75       Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
76       And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropp'd  
77       They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
78       The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,  
79       The moon, their mistress, had expir'd before;  
80       The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,  
81       And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need  
82       Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

## 6: From *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley (1818)

*Frankenstein is of course one of the most famous gothic novels, and has been referred to many times in this book. Here, Frankenstein beholds with horror the fruits of his labours: the unnamed Creature. His subsequent dream, mingling disgust with desire, is also quintessentially gothic.*

1 It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils.  
2 With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life  
3 around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my  
4 feet. I was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes,  
5 and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished  
6 light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a  
7 convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

8         How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the  
9 wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs  
10 were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! - Great  
11 God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his  
12 hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these  
13 luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed  
14 almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his  
15 shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.

16         The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human  
17 nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life  
18 into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had  
19 desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished,  
20 the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart.  
21 Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room,  
22 and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind  
23 to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I  
24 threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of  
25 forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest  
26 dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of  
27 Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss

28 on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to  
29 change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud  
30 enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I  
31 started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth  
32 chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of  
33 the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch -  
34 the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and  
35 his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he  
36 muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have  
37 spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but  
38 I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the  
39 house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up  
40 and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each  
41 sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I  
42 had so miserably given life.

43         Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again  
44 endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him  
45 while unfinished; he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were  
46 rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have  
47 conceived.

48         I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and  
49 hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others, I nearly sank to the ground  
50 through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror, I felt the  
51 bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for  
52 so long a space were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the  
53 overthrow so complete!



## 7: From *Northanger Abbey* by Jane Austen (1818)

*Jane Austen, not really considered a gothic author, wrote Northanger Abbey as a parody of the gothic writers and readers she had encountered. In this excerpt, her heroine, Catherine, immersed as she is in the gothic, allows her imagination to run wild in the appropriate setting of Northanger Abbey at night.*

1 The night was stormy; the wind had been rising at intervals the whole afternoon;  
2 and by the time the party broke up, it blew and rained violently. Catherine, as she  
3 crossed the hall, listened to the tempest with sensations of awe; and, when she  
4 heard it rage round a corner of the ancient building and close with sudden fury a  
5 distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an Abbey. – Yes, these were  
6 characteristic sounds; – they brought to her recollection a countless variety of  
7 dreadful situations and horrid scenes, which such buildings had witnessed, and such  
8 storms ushered in; and most heartily did she rejoice in the happier circumstances  
9 attending her entrance within walls so solemn! – She had nothing to dread from  
10 midnight assassins or drunken gallants. Henry had certainly been only in jest in what  
11 he had told her that morning. In a house so furnished, and so guarded, she could  
12 have nothing to explore or to suffer; and might go to her bedroom as securely as if it  
13 had been her own chamber at Fullerton. Thus wisely fortifying her mind, as she  
14 proceeded up stairs, she was enabled, especially on perceiving that Miss Tilney slept  
15 only two doors from her, to enter her room with a tolerably stout heart; and her  
16 spirits were immediately assisted by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. ‘How much  
17 better is this’ said she, as she walked to the fender ‘how much better to find a fire  
18 ready lit, than to have to wait shivering in the cold till all the family are in bed, as so  
19 many poor girls have been obliged to do, and then to have a faithful old servant  
20 frightening one by coming in with a faggot! How glad I am that Northanger is what it  
21 is! If it had been like some other places, I do not know that, in such a night as this, I  
22 could have answered for my courage: – but now, to be sure, there is nothing to  
23 alarm one.’

24 She looked round the room. The window curtains seemed in motion. It could  
25 be nothing but the violence of the wind penetrating through the divisions of the  
26 shutters; and she stepped boldly forward, carelessly humming a tune, to assure  
27 herself of its being so, peeped courageously behind each curtain, saw nothing on

28 either low window seat to scare her, and on placing a hand against the shutter, felt  
29 the strongest conviction of the wind's force. A glance at the old chest, as she turned  
30 away from this examination, was not without its use; she scorned the causeless fears  
31 of an idle fancy, and began with a most happy indifference to prepare herself for  
32 bed. 'She should take her time; she should not hurry herself; she did not care if she  
33 were the last person up in the house. But she would not make up her fire; that  
34 would seem cowardly, as if she wished for the protection of light after she were in  
35 bed.' The fire, therefore, died away, and Catherine, having spent the best part of an  
36 hour in her arrangements, was beginning to think of stepping into bed, when, on  
37 giving a parting glance round the room, she was struck by the appearance of a high,  
38 old fashioned black cabinet, which, though in a situation conspicuous enough, had  
39 never caught her notice before. Henry's words, his description of the ebony cabinet  
40 which was to escape her observation at first, immediately rushed across her; and  
41 though there could be nothing really in it, there was something whimsical, it was  
42 certainly a very remarkable coincidence! She took her candle and looked closely at  
43 the cabinet. It was not absolutely ebony and gold; but it was Japan, black and yellow  
44 Japan of the handsomest kind; and as she held her candle, the yellow had very much  
45 the effect of gold. The key was in the door, and she had a strange fancy to look into  
46 it; not however with the smallest expectation of finding anything, but it was so very  
47 odd, after what Henry had said. In short, she could not sleep till she had examined it.  
48 So, placing the candle with great caution on a chair, she seized the key with a very  
49 tremulous hand and tried to turn it; but it resisted her utmost strength. Alarmed, but  
50 not discouraged, she tried it another way; a bolt flew, and she believed herself  
51 successful but how strangely mysterious! – the door was still immovable. She  
52 paused a moment in breathless wonder. The wind roared down the chimney, the  
53 rain beat in torrents against the windows, and everything seemed to speak the  
54 awfulness of her situation. To retire to bed, however, unsatisfied on such a point,  
55 would be vain, since sleep must be impossible with the consciousness of a cabinet so  
56 mysteriously closed in her immediate vicinity. Again therefore she applied herself to  
57 the key, and after moving it in every possible way for some instants 15 with the  
58 determined celerity of hope's last effort, the door suddenly yielded to her hand: her  
59 heart leaped with exultation at such a victory, and having thrown open each folding

60 door, the second being secured only by bolts of less wonderful construction than the  
61 lock, though in that her eye could not discern any thing unusual, a double range of  
62 small drawers appeared in view, with some larger drawers above and below them,  
63 and in the centre, a small door, closed also with lock and key, secured in all  
64 probability a cavity of importance.

65 Catherine's heart beat quick, but her courage did not fail her. With a cheek  
66 flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, her fingers grasped the handle  
67 of a drawer and drew it forth. It was entirely empty. With less alarm and greater  
68 eagerness she seized a second, a third, a fourth; each was equally empty. Not one  
69 was left unsearched, and in not one was anything found. Well read in the art of  
70 concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape  
71 her, and she felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The place in the middle  
72 alone remained now unexplored; and though she had 'never from the first had the  
73 smallest idea of finding any thing in any part of the cabinet, and was not in the least  
74 disappointed at her ill success thus far, it would be foolish not to examine it  
75 thoroughly while she was about it.' It was some time however before she could  
76 unfasten the door, the same difficulty occurring in the management of this inner lock  
77 as of the outer; but at length it did open; and not in vain, as hitherto, was her search;  
78 her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed back into the further part of the  
79 cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were  
80 indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and her cheeks grew pale.  
81 She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance  
82 sufficed to ascertain written characters; and while she acknowledged with awful  
83 sensations this striking exemplification of what Henry had foretold, resolved  
84 instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

85 The dimness of the light her candle emitted made her turn to it with alarm;  
86 but there was no danger of its sudden extinction, it had yet some hours to burn; and  
87 that she might not have any greater difficulty in distinguishing the writing than what  
88 its ancient date might occasion, she hastily snuffed it. Alas! it was snuffed and  
89 extinguished in one. A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect.  
90 Catherine, for a few moments, was motionless with horror. It was done completely;  
91 not a remnant of light in the wick could give hope to the rekindling breath. Darkness

92 impenetrable and immoveable filled the room. A violent gust of wind, rising with  
93 sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. Catherine trembled from head to  
94 foot. In the pause which succeeded, a sound like receding footsteps and the closing  
95 of a distant door struck on her affrighted ear. Human nature could support no more.  
96 A cold sweat stood on her forehead, the manuscript fell from her hand, and groping  
97 her way to the bed, she jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by  
98 creeping far underneath the clothes. To close her eyes in sleep that night, she felt  
99 must be entirely out of the question. With a curiosity so justly awakened, and  
100 feelings in every way so agitated, repose must be absolutely impossible. The storm  
101 too abroad so dreadful! She had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now  
102 every blast seemed fraught with awful intelligence. The manuscript so wonderfully  
103 found, so wonderfully accomplishing the morning's prediction, how was it to be  
104 accounted for? – What could it contain? – to whom could it relate? – by what means  
105 could it have been so long concealed? – and how singularly strange that it should fall  
106 to her lot to discover it! Till she had made herself mistress of its contents, however,  
107 she could have neither repose nor comfort; and with the sun's first rays she was  
108 determined to peruse it. But many were the tedious hours which must yet intervene.  
109 She shuddered, tossed about in her bed, and envied every quiet sleeper. The storm  
110 still raged, and various were the noises, more terrific even than the wind, which  
111 struck at intervals on her startled ear. The very curtains of her bed seemed at one  
112 moment in motion, and at another the lock of her door was agitated, as if by the  
113 attempt of somebody to enter. Hollow murmurs seemed to creep along the gallery,  
114 and more than once her blood was chilled by the sound of distant moans. Hour after  
115 hour passed away, and the wearied Catherine had heard three proclaimed by all the  
116 clocks in the house, before the tempest subsided, or she unknowingly fell fast  
117 asleep.

## 8: 'The Eve of Saint Agnes' by John Keats (1820)

*Keats based his poem on the folk belief that a girl could see her future husband in a dream if she performed certain rites on the eve of St. Agnes; that is she would go to bed without any supper, undress herself so that she was completely naked and lie on her bed with her hands under the pillow and looking up to the heavens and not to look behind. Then the proposed husband would appear in her dream, kiss her, and feast with her.*

- 1 St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
- 2 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
- 3 The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
- 4 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
- 5 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
- 6 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
- 7 Like pious incense from a censer old,
- 8 Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
- 9 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.
- 10 His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
- 11 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
- 12 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
- 13 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
- 14 The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
- 15 Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
- 16 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
- 17 He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
- 18 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.
- 19 Northward he turneth through a little door,
- 20 And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
- 21 Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
- 22 But no—already had his deathbell rung;
- 23 The joys of all his life were said and sung:
- 24 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:

25 Another way he went, and soon among  
26 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,  
27 And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

28 That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;  
29 And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,  
30 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
31 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:  
32 The level chambers, ready with their pride,  
33 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:  
34 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
35 Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,  
36 With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

37 At length burst in the argent revelry,  
38 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
39 Numerous as shadows haunting faerily  
40 The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay  
41 Of old romance. These let us wish away,  
42 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,  
43 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
44 On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,  
45 As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

46 They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
47 Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
48 And soft adorings from their loves receive  
49 Upon the honey'd middle of the night,  
50 If ceremonies due they did aright;  
51 As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
52 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;  
53 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
54 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

55 Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:  
56 The music, yearning like a God in pain,  
57 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,  
58 Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train  
59 Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain  
60 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
61 And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,  
62 But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:  
63 She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

64 She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,  
65 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:  
66 The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs  
67 Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort  
68 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;  
69 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,  
70 Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,  
71 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
72 And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

73 So, purposing each moment to retire,  
74 She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,  
75 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire  
76 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,  
77 Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores  
78 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,  
79 But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
80 That he might gaze and worship all unseen;  
81 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

82 He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:  
83 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
84 Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:

85 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,  
86 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
87 Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
88 Against his lineage: not one breast affords  
89 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
90 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

91 Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,  
92 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
93 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,  
94 Behind a broad half-pillar, far beyond  
95 The sound of merriment and chorus bland:  
96 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,  
97 And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,  
98 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;  
99 They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

100 "Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;  
101 He had a fever late, and in the fit  
102 He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:  
103 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit  
104 More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!  
105 Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,  
106 We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,  
107 And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;  
108 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

109 He follow'd through a lowly arched way,  
110 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,  
111 And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"  
112 He found him in a little moonlight room,  
113 Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
114 "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,



115 "O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
 116 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,  
 117 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."  
  
 118 "St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—  
 119 Yet men will murder upon holy days:  
 120 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
 121 And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,  
 122 To venture so: it fills me with amaze  
 123 To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!  
 124 God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays  
 125 This very night: good angels her deceive!  
 126 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."  
  
 127 Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,  
 128 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
 129 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone  
 130 Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,  
 131 As spectacl'd she sits in chimney nook.  
 132 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told  
 133 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook  
 134 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,  
 135 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.  
  
 136 Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,  
 137 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart  
 138 Made purple riot: then doth he propose  
 139 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:  
 140 "A cruel man and impious thou art:  
 141 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream  
 142 Alone with her good angels, far apart  
 143 From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem  
 144 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

145 "I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"  
146 Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace  
147 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,  
148 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
149 Or look with ruffian passion in her face:  
150 Good Angela, believe me by these tears;  
151 Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
152 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,  
153 And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

154 "Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?  
155 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,  
156 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;  
157 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,  
158 Were never miss'd."—Thus plaining, doth she bring  
159 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;  
160 So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,  
161 That Angela gives promise she will do  
162 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

163 Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
164 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide  
165 Him in a closet, of such privacy  
166 That he might see her beauty unespy'd,  
167 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,  
168 While legion'd faeries pac'd the coverlet,  
169 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-ey'd.  
170 Never on such a night have lovers met,  
171 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

172 "It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:  
173 "All cates and dainties shall be stored there  
174 Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame

175 Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,  
176 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
177 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.  
178 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer  
179 The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,  
180 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."  
  
181 So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.  
182 The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;  
183 The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear  
184 To follow her; with aged eyes aghast  
185 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,  
186 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain  
187 The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;  
188 Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.  
189 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.  
  
190 Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,  
191 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
192 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,  
193 Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:  
194 With silver taper's light, and pious care,  
195 She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led  
196 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,  
197 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;  
198 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.  
  
199 Out went the taper as she hurried in;  
200 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:  
201 She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin  
202 To spirits of the air, and visions wide:  
203 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!  
204 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,

205 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;  
 206 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell  
 207 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.  
  
 208 A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,  
 209 All garlanded with carven imag'ries  
 210 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
 211 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
 212 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
 213 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;  
 214 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
 215 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
 216 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.  
  
 217 Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
 218 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
 219 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;  
 220 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
 221 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
 222 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:  
 223 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,  
 224 Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:  
 225 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.  
  
 226 Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,  
 227 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;  
 228 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;  
 229 Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees  
 230 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:  
 231 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
 232 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,  
 233 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
 234 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

235 Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
 236 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,  
 237 Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd  
 238 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;  
 239 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;  
 240 Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;  
 241 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;  
 242 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
 243 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.  
  
 244 Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,  
 245 Porphyro gaz'd upon her empty dress,  
 246 And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced  
 247 To wake into a slumberous tenderness;  
 248 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,  
 249 And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,  
 250 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
 251 And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,  
 252 And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slept.  
  
 253 Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon  
 254 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set  
 255 A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon  
 256 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—  
 257 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!  
 258 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
 259 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,  
 260 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—  
 261 The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.  
  
 262 And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
 263 In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,  
 264 While he forth from the closet brought a heap

265 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;  
266 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
267 And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;  
268 Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd  
269 From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,  
270 From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

271 These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand  
272 On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
273 Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand  
274 In the retired quiet of the night,  
275 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—  
276 "And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!  
277 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:  
278 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,  
279 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

280 Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm  
281 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
282 By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm  
283 Impossible to melt as iced stream:  
284 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;  
285 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:  
286 It seem'd he never, never could redeem  
287 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;  
288 So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

289 Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—  
290 Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,  
291 He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
292 In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy":  
293 Close to her ear touching the melody;—  
294 Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:

295 He ceas'd—she panted quick—and suddenly  
296 Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:  
297 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

298 Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
299 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:  
300 There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd  
301 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep  
302 At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
303 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;  
304 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;  
305 Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,  
306 Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

307 "Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now  
308 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
309 Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;  
310 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:  
311 How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!  
312 Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
313 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!  
314 Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,  
315 For if thy diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

316 Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far  
317 At these voluptuous accents, he arose  
318 Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star  
319 Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;  
320 Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
321 Blendeth its odour with the violet,—  
322 Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows  
323 Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet  
324 Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

325 'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:  
 326 "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"  
 327 'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:  
 328 "No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!  
 329 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—  
 330 Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?  
 331 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
 332 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—  
 333 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."  
  
 334 "My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!  
 335 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?  
 336 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed?  
 337 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest  
 338 After so many hours of toil and quest,  
 339 A famish'd pilgrim,—sav'd by miracle.  
 340 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest  
 341 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well  
 342 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.  
  
 343 "Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,  
 344 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:  
 345 Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—  
 346 The bloated wassaillers will never heed:—  
 347 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;  
 348 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—  
 349 Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:  
 350 Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
 351 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."  
  
 352 She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
 353 For there were sleeping dragons all around,  
 354 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—



355 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—  
356 In all the house was heard no human sound.  
357 A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;  
358 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,  
359 Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;  
360 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.  
  
361 They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;  
362 Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;  
363 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
364 With a huge empty flaggon by his side:  
365 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,  
366 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:  
367 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—  
368 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;—  
369 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.  
  
370 And they are gone: ay, ages long ago  
371 These lovers fled away into the storm.  
372 That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,  
373 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form  
374 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,  
375 Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old  
376 Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;  
377 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
378 For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

## 9: 'The Raven' by Edgar Allan Poe (1845)

'The Raven' is often noted for its musicality, stylized language, and supernatural atmosphere. It tells of a talking raven's mysterious visit to a distraught lover, tracing the man's slow fall into madness. The lover, often identified as a student, is lamenting the loss of his love, Lenore.

1 Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
2 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
3 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
4 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
5 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—  
6 Only this and nothing more."

7 Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;  
8 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
9 Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
10 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
11 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
12 Nameless *here* for evermore.

13 And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
14 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
15 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
16 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
17 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—  
18 This it is and nothing more."

19 Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
20 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
21 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
22 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
23 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—  
24 Darkness there and nothing more.

25 Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,

26 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
 27 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
 28 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"  
 29 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—  
 30 Merely this and nothing more.

31 Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 32 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
 33 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
 34 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
 35 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—  
 36 'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

37 Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
 38 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;  
 39 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
 40 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
 41 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—  
 42 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

43 Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 44 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 45 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
 46 Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—  
 47 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
 48 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

49 Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
 50 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
 51 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 52 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
 53 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
 54 With such name as "Nevermore."

55 But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
56 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
57 Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—  
58 Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before—  
59 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”  
60 Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

61 Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
62 “Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store  
63 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
64 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—  
65 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
66 Of ‘Never—nevermore’.”

67 But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
68 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;  
69 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
70 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
71 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
72 Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

73 This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
74 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;  
75 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
76 On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,  
77 But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o’er,  
78 *She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

79 Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
80 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
81 “Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
82 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;  
83 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”  
84 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

85       “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
 86   Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
 87       Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 88       On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
 89   Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”  
 90           Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

91       “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 92   By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
 93       Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
 94       It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 95   Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”  
 96           Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

97       “Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—  
 98   “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!  
 99       Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 100   Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
 101   Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”  
 102           Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

103       And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting  
 104   On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
 105       And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,  
 106       And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
 107   And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
 108           Shall be lifted—nevermore!

## 10: From *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë (1847)

*Emily Brontë's complex, darkly atmospheric novel of human passion displays many gothic characteristics. In this extract, Lockwood, the chief narrator and representative of 'conventional normality', finds himself alone at night for the first time in Heathcliff's sinister home, Wuthering Heights.*

1 This time, I remembered I was lying in the oak closet, and I heard distinctly the gusty  
2 wind, and the driving of the snow; I heard, also, the fir-bough repeat its teasing  
3 sound, and ascribed it to the right cause: but it annoyed me so much, that I resolved  
4 to silence it, if possible; and, I thought, I rose and endeavoured to unhasp the  
5 casement. The hook was soldered into the staple: a circumstance observed by me  
6 when awake, but forgotten. I must stop it, nevertheless!" I muttered, knocking my  
7 knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate  
8 branch; instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand!  
9 The intense horror of nightmare came over me: I tried to draw back my arm, but the  
10 hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed, "Let me in – let me in!" "Who  
11 are you?" I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself. "Catherine Linton," it  
12 replied, shiveringly (why did I think of Linton? I had read Earnshaw twenty times for  
13 Linton); "I'm come home: I'd lost my way on the moor!" As it spoke, I discerned,  
14 obscurely, a child's Face looking through the window. Terror made me cruel; and,  
15 finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the  
16 broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the  
17 bedclothes: still it wailed, "Let me in!" and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost  
18 maddening me with fear. "How can W' I said at length. "Let me go, if you want me to  
19 let you in! "The fingers relaxed. I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the  
20 books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable  
21 prayer. I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour; yet, the instant I  
22 listened again, there was the doleful cry moaning on! "Begone!" I shouted. "I'll never  
23 let you in, not if you beg for twenty years." It is twenty years," mourned the voice:  
24 "twenty years. I've been a waif for twenty years!" Thereat began a feeble scratching  
25 outside, and the pile of books moved as if thrust forward. I tried to jump up, but  
26 could not stir a limb; and so yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright. To my confusion, I  
27 discovered the yell was not ideal: hasty footsteps approached my chamber door;

28 somebody pushed it open, with a vigorous hand, and a light glimmered through the  
29 squares at the top of the bed. I sat shuddering yet, and wiping the perspiration from  
30 my forehead: the intruder appeared to hesitate, and muttered to himself. At last, he  
31 said in a half-whisper, plainly not expecting an answer "Is any one here?" I considered  
32 it best to confess my presence, for I knew Heathcliff's accents, and feared he might  
33 search further if I kept quiet. With this intention, I turned and opened the panels. I  
34 shall not soon forget the effect my action produced.

35 Heathcliff stood near the entrance, in his shirt and trousers: with a candle  
36 dripping over his fingers, and his Face as white as the wall behind him. The first creak  
37 of the oak startled him like an electric shock! the light leaped from his hold to a  
38 distance of some feet, and his agitation was so extreme that he could hardly pick it  
39 up.

40 "It is only your guest, sir," I called out, desirous to spare him the humiliation  
41 of exposing his cowardice further. I had the misfortune to scream in my sleep, owing  
42 to a frightful nightmare. I'm sorry I disturbed you."

43 "Oh, God confound you, Mr. Lockwood! I wish you were at the commenced  
44 my host, setting the candle on a chair, because he found it impossible to hold it  
45 steady. 'And who showed you up to this room?' he continued, crushing his nails into  
46 the palms, and grinding his teeth to subdue the maxillary convulsions. "Who was it?  
47 I've a good mind to turn them out of the house this moment!"

48 "It was your servant, Zillah," I replied, flinging myself on to the floor, and  
49 rapidly resuming my garments. I should not care if you did, Mr. Heathcliff; she richly  
50 deserves it. I suppose that she wanted to get another proof that the place was  
51 haunted, at my expense. Well, it is – swarming with ghosts and goblins! You have  
52 reason in shutting it up, I assure you. No one will thank you for a doze in such a  
53 den!"

54 "What do you mean?" asked Heathcliff, "and what are you doing? Lie down  
55 and finish out the night, since you are here; but, for Heaven's sake! don't repeat that  
56 horrid noise; nothing could excuse it, unless you were having your throat cut!"

## 11: 'Goblin Market' by Christina Rossetti (1862)

*The poem tells the story of Laura and Lizzie who are tempted with fruit by goblin merchants. In a letter to her publisher, Rossetti claimed that the poem, which is interpreted frequently as having features of remarkably sexual imagery, was not meant for children. However, in public Rossetti often stated that the poem was intended for children, and went on to write many children's poems.*

- 1 Morning and evening
- 2 Maids heard the goblins cry:
- 3 "Come buy our orchard fruits,
- 4 Come buy, come buy:
- 5 Apples and quinces,
- 6 Lemons and oranges,
- 7 Plump ungeck'd cherries,
- 8 Melons and raspberries,
- 9 Bloom-down-cheek'd peaches,
- 10 Swart-headed mulberries,
- 11 Wild free-born cranberries,
- 12 Crab-apples, dewberries,
- 13 Pine-apples, blackberries,
- 14 Apricots, strawberries;—
- 15 All ripe together
- 16 In summer weather,—
- 17 Morns that pass by,
- 18 Fair eves that fly;
- 19 Come buy, come buy:
- 20 Our grapes fresh from the vine,
- 21 Pomegranates full and fine,
- 22 Dates and sharp bullaces,
- 23 Rare pears and greengages,
- 24 Damsons and bilberries,
- 25 Taste them and try:
- 26 Currants and gooseberries,



27 Bright-fire-like barberries,  
28 Figs to fill your mouth,  
29 Citrons from the South,  
30 Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;  
31 Come buy, come buy.”

32 Evening by evening  
33 Among the brookside rushes,  
34 Laura bow’d her head to hear,  
35 Lizzie veil’d her blushes:  
36 Crouching close together  
37 In the cooling weather,  
38 With clasping arms and cautioning lips,  
39 With tingling cheeks and finger tips.  
40 “Lie close,” Laura said,  
41 Pricking up her golden head:  
42 “We must not look at goblin men,  
43 We must not buy their fruits:  
44 Who knows upon what soil they fed  
45 Their hungry thirsty roots?”  
46 “Come buy,” call the goblins  
47 Hobbling down the glen.

48 “Oh,” cried Lizzie, “Laura, Laura,  
49 You should not peep at goblin men.”  
50 Lizzie cover’d up her eyes,  
51 Cover’d close lest they should look;  
52 Laura rear’d her glossy head,  
53 And whisper’d like the restless brook:  
54 “Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,  
55 Down the glen tramp little men.  
56 One hauls a basket,  
57 One bears a plate,

58 One lugs a golden dish  
59 Of many pounds weight.  
60 How fair the vine must grow  
61 Whose grapes are so luscious;  
62 How warm the wind must blow  
63 Through those fruit bushes.”  
64 “No,” said Lizzie, “No, no, no;  
65 Their offers should not charm us,  
66 Their evil gifts would harm us.”  
67 She thrust a dimpled finger  
68 In each ear, shut eyes and ran:  
69 Curious Laura chose to linger  
70 Wondering at each merchant man.  
71 One had a cat’s face,  
72 One whisk’d a tail,  
73 One tramp’d at a rat’s pace,  
74 One crawl’d like a snail,  
75 One like a wombat prowl’d obtuse and furry,  
76 One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.  
77 She heard a voice like voice of doves  
78 Cooing all together:  
79 They sounded kind and full of loves  
80 In the pleasant weather.

81 Laura stretch’d her gleaming neck  
82 Like a rush-imbedded swan,  
83 Like a lily from the beck,  
84 Like a moonlit poplar branch,  
85 Like a vessel at the launch  
86 When its last restraint is gone.

87 Backwards up the mossy glen  
88 Turn’d and troop’d the goblin men,

89 With their shrill repeated cry,  
90 "Come buy, come buy."  
91 When they reach'd where Laura was  
92 They stood stock still upon the moss,  
93 Leering at each other,  
94 Brother with queer brother;  
95 Signalling each other,  
96 Brother with sly brother.  
97 One set his basket down,  
98 One rear'd his plate;  
99 One began to weave a crown  
100 Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown  
101 (Men sell not such in any town);  
102 One heav'd the golden weight  
103 Of dish and fruit to offer her:  
104 "Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.  
105 Laura stared but did not stir,  
106 Long'd but had no money:  
107 The whisk-tail'd merchant bade her taste  
108 In tones as smooth as honey,  
109 The cat-faced purr'd,  
110 The rat-faced spoke a word  
111 Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;  
112 One parrot-voiced and jolly  
113 Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly;"—  
114 One whistled like a bird.  
  
115 But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:  
116 "Good folk, I have no coin;  
117 To take were to purloin:  
118 I have no copper in my purse,  
119 I have no silver either,

120 And all my gold is on the furze  
121 That shakes in windy weather  
122 Above the rusty heather.”  
123 “You have much gold upon your head,”  
124 They answer’d all together:  
125 “Buy from us with a golden curl.”  
126 She clipp’d a precious golden lock,  
127 She dropp’d a tear more rare than pearl,  
128 Then suck’d their fruit globes fair or red:  
129 Sweeter than honey from the rock,  
130 Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,  
131 Clearer than water flow’d that juice;  
132 She never tasted such before,  
133 How should it cloy with length of use?  
134 She suck’d and suck’d and suck’d the more  
135 Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;  
136 She suck’d until her lips were sore;  
137 Then flung the emptied rinds away  
138 But gather’d up one kernel stone,  
139 And knew not was it night or day  
140 As she turn’d home alone.

141 Lizzie met her at the gate  
142 Full of wise upbraidings:  
143 “Dear, you should not stay so late,  
144 Twilight is not good for maidens;  
145 Should not loiter in the glen  
146 In the haunts of goblin men.  
147 Do you not remember Jeanie,  
148 How she met them in the moonlight,  
149 Took their gifts both choice and many,  
150 Ate their fruits and wore their flowers

151 Pluck'd from bowers  
152 Where summer ripens at all hours?  
153 But ever in the noonlight  
154 She pined and pined away;  
155 Sought them by night and day,  
156 Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey;  
157 Then fell with the first snow,  
158 While to this day no grass will grow  
159 Where she lies low:  
160 I planted daisies there a year ago  
161 That never blow.  
162 You should not loiter so."  
163 "Nay, hush," said Laura:  
164 "Nay, hush, my sister:  
165 I ate and ate my fill,  
166 Yet my mouth waters still;  
167 To-morrow night I will  
168 Buy more;" and kiss'd her:  
169 "Have done with sorrow;  
170 I'll bring you plums to-morrow  
171 Fresh on their mother twigs,  
172 Cherries worth getting;  
173 You cannot think what figs  
174 My teeth have met in,  
175 What melons icy-cold  
176 Piled on a dish of gold  
177 Too huge for me to hold,  
178 What peaches with a velvet nap,  
179 Pellucid grapes without one seed:  
180 Odorous indeed must be the mead  
181 Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink  
182 With lilies at the brink,

183 And sugar-sweet their sap.”

184 Golden head by golden head,  
185 Like two pigeons in one nest  
186 Folded in each other’s wings,  
187 They lay down in their curtain’d bed:  
188 Like two blossoms on one stem,  
189 Like two flakes of new-fall’n snow,  
190 Like two wands of ivory  
191 Tipp’d with gold for awful kings.  
192 Moon and stars gaz’d in at them,  
193 Wind sang to them lullaby,  
194 Lumbering owls forbore to fly,  
195 Not a bat flapp’d to and fro  
196 Round their rest:  
197 Cheek to cheek and breast to breast  
198 Lock’d together in one nest.

199 Early in the morning  
200 When the first cock crow’d his warning,  
201 Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,  
202 Laura rose with Lizzie:  
203 Fetch’d in honey, milk’d the cows,  
204 Air’d and set to rights the house,  
205 Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,  
206 Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,  
207 Next churn’d butter, whipp’d up cream,  
208 Fed their poultry, sat and sew’d;  
209 Talk’d as modest maidens should:  
210 Lizzie with an open heart,  
211 Laura in an absent dream,  
212 One content, one sick in part;  
213 One warbling for the mere bright day’s delight,

214 One longing for the night.  
215 At length slow evening came:  
216 They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;  
217 Lizzie most placid in her look,  
218 Laura most like a leaping flame.  
219 They drew the gurgling water from its deep;  
220 Lizzie pluck'd purple and rich golden flags,  
221 Then turning homeward said: "The sunset flushes  
222 Those furthest loftiest crags;  
223 Come, Laura, not another maiden lags.  
224 No wilful squirrel wags,  
225 The beasts and birds are fast asleep."  
226 But Laura loiter'd still among the rushes  
227 And said the bank was steep.  
  
228 And said the hour was early still  
229 The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill;  
230 Listening ever, but not catching  
231 The customary cry,  
232 "Come buy, come buy,"  
233 With its iterated jingle  
234 Of sugar-baited words:  
235 Not for all her watching  
236 Once discerning even one goblin  
237 Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;  
238 Let alone the herds  
239 That used to tramp along the glen,  
240 In groups or single,  
241 Of brisk fruit-merchant men.  
  
242 Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;  
243 I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:

244 You should not loiter longer at this brook:  
 245 Come with me home.  
 246 The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,  
 247 Each glowworm winks her spark,  
 248 Let us get home before the night grows dark:  
 249 For clouds may gather  
 250 Though this is summer weather,  
 251 Put out the lights and drench us through;  
 252 Then if we lost our way what should we do?"

253 Laura turn'd cold as stone  
 254 To find her sister heard that cry alone,  
 255 That goblin cry,  
 256 "Come buy our fruits, come buy."  
 257 Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?  
 258 Must she no more such succous pasture find,  
 259 Gone deaf and blind?  
 260 Her tree of life droop'd from the root:  
 261 She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;  
 262 But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,  
 263 Trudg'd home, her pitcher dripping all the way;  
 264 So crept to bed, and lay  
 265 Silent till Lizzie slept;  
 266 Then sat up in a passionate yearning,  
 267 And gnash'd her teeth for baulk'd desire, and wept  
 268 As if her heart would break.

269 Day after day, night after night,  
 270 Laura kept watch in vain  
 271 In sullen silence of exceeding pain.  
 272 She never caught again the goblin cry:  
 273 "Come buy, come buy;" —  
 274 She never spied the goblin men



275 Hawking their fruits along the glen:  
276 But when the noon wax'd bright  
277 Her hair grew thin and grey;  
278 She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn  
279 To swift decay and burn  
280 Her fire away.

281 One day remembering her kernel-stone  
282 She set it by a wall that faced the south;  
283 Dew'd it with tears, hoped for a root,  
284 Watch'd for a waxing shoot,  
285 But there came none;  
286 It never saw the sun,  
287 It never felt the trickling moisture run:  
288 While with sunk eyes and faded mouth  
289 She dream'd of melons, as a traveller sees  
290 False waves in desert drouth  
291 With shade of leaf-crown'd trees,  
292 And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

293 She no more swept the house,  
294 Tended the fowls or cows,  
295 Fetch'd honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,  
296 Brought water from the brook:  
297 But sat down listless in the chimney-nook  
298 And would not eat.

299 Tender Lizzie could not bear  
300 To watch her sister's cankerous care  
301 Yet not to share.  
302 She night and morning  
303 Caught the goblins' cry:  
304 "Come buy our orchard fruits,

305 Come buy, come buy;" —  
306 Beside the brook, along the glen,  
307 She heard the tramp of goblin men,  
308 The yoke and stir  
309 Poor Laura could not hear;  
310 Long'd to buy fruit to comfort her,  
311 But fear'd to pay too dear.  
312 She thought of Jeanie in her grave,  
313 Who should have been a bride;  
314 But who for joys brides hope to have  
315 Fell sick and died  
316 In her gay prime,  
317 In earliest winter time  
318 With the first glazing rime,  
319 With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.  
  
320 Till Laura dwindling  
321 Seem'd knocking at Death's door:  
322 Then Lizzie weigh'd no more  
323 Better and worse;  
324 But put a silver penny in her purse,  
325 Kiss'd Laura, cross'd the heath with clumps of furze  
326 At twilight, halted by the brook:  
327 And for the first time in her life  
328 Began to listen and look.  
  
329 Laugh'd every goblin  
330 When they spied her peeping:  
331 Came towards her hobbling,  
332 Flying, running, leaping,  
333 Puffing and blowing,  
334 Chuckling, clapping, crowing,  
335 Clucking and gobbling,

336 Mopping and mowing,  
337 Full of airs and graces,  
338 Pulling wry faces,  
339 Demure grimaces,  
340 Cat-like and rat-like,  
341 Ratel- and wombat-like,  
342 Snail-paced in a hurry,  
343 Parrot-voiced and whistler,  
344 Helter skelter, hurry skurry,  
345 Chattering like magpies,  
346 Fluttering like pigeons,  
347 Gliding like fishes,—  
348 Hugg'd her and kiss'd her:  
349 Squeez'd and caress'd her:  
350 Stretch'd up their dishes,  
351 Panniers, and plates:  
352 "Look at our apples  
353 Russet and dun,  
354 Bob at our cherries,  
355 Bite at our peaches,  
356 Citrons and dates,  
357 Grapes for the asking,  
358 Pears red with basking  
359 Out in the sun,  
360 Plums on their twigs;  
361 Pluck them and suck them,  
362 Pomegranates, figs." —  
  
363 "Good folk," said Lizzie,  
364 Mindful of Jeanie:  
365 "Give me much and many: —  
366 Held out her apron,

367 Toss'd them her penny.  
368 "Nay, take a seat with us,  
369 Honour and eat with us,"  
370 They answer'd grinning:  
371 "Our feast is but beginning.  
372 Night yet is early,  
373 Warm and dew-pearly,  
374 Wakeful and starry:  
375 Such fruits as these  
376 No man can carry:  
377 Half their bloom would fly,  
378 Half their dew would dry,  
379 Half their flavour would pass by.  
380 Sit down and feast with us,  
381 Be welcome guest with us,  
382 Cheer you and rest with us." —  
383 "Thank you," said Lizzie: "But one waits  
384 At home alone for me:  
385 So without further parleying,  
386 If you will not sell me any  
387 Of your fruits though much and many,  
388 Give me back my silver penny  
389 I toss'd you for a fee." —  
390 They began to scratch their pates,  
391 No longer wagging, purring,  
392 But visibly demurring,  
393 Grunting and snarling.  
394 One call'd her proud,  
395 Cross-grain'd, uncivil;  
396 Their tones wax'd loud,  
397 Their looks were evil.  
398 Lashing their tails

399 They trod and hustled her,  
 400 Elbow'd and jostled her,  
 401 Claw'd with their nails,  
 402 Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,  
 403 Tore her gown and soil'd her stocking,  
 404 Twitch'd her hair out by the roots,  
 405 Stamp'd upon her tender feet,  
 406 Held her hands and squeez'd their fruits  
 407 Against her mouth to make her eat.  
  
 408 White and golden Lizzie stood,  
 409 Like a lily in a flood,—  
 410 Like a rock of blue-vein'd stone  
 411 Lash'd by tides obstreperously,—  
 412 Like a beacon left alone  
 413 In a hoary roaring sea,  
 414 Sending up a golden fire,—  
 415 Like a fruit-crown'd orange-tree  
 416 White with blossoms honey-sweet  
 417 Sore beset by wasp and bee,—  
 418 Like a royal virgin town  
 419 Topp'd with gilded dome and spire  
 420 Close beleaguer'd by a fleet  
 421 Mad to tug her standard down.  
  
 422 One may lead a horse to water,  
 423 Twenty cannot make him drink.  
 424 Though the goblins cuff'd and caught her,  
 425 Coax'd and fought her,  
 426 Bullied and besought her,  
 427 Scratch'd her, pinch'd her black as ink,  
 428 Kick'd and knock'd her,  
 429 Maul'd and mock'd her,

430 Lizzie utter'd not a word;  
431 Would not open lip from lip  
432 Lest they should cram a mouthful in:  
433 But laugh'd in heart to feel the drip  
434 Of juice that syrupp'd all her face,  
435 And lodg'd in dimples of her chin,  
436 And streak'd her neck which quaked like curd.  
437 At last the evil people,  
438 Worn out by her resistance,  
439 Flung back her penny, kick'd their fruit  
440 Along whichever road they took,  
441 Not leaving root or stone or shoot;  
442 Some writh'd into the ground,  
443 Some div'd into the brook  
444 With ring and ripple,  
445 Some scudded on the gale without a sound,  
446 Some vanish'd in the distance.  
  
447 In a smart, ache, tingle,  
448 Lizzie went her way;  
449 Knew not was it night or day;  
450 Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,  
451 Threaded copse and dingle,  
452 And heard her penny jingle  
453 Bouncing in her purse,—  
454 Its bounce was music to her ear.  
455 She ran and ran  
456 As if she fear'd some goblin man  
457 Dogg'd her with gibe or curse  
458 Or something worse:  
459 But not one goblin scurried after,  
460 Nor was she prick'd by fear;

461 The kind heart made her windy-paced  
462 That urged her home quite out of breath with haste  
463 And inward laughter.

464 She cried, "Laura," up the garden,  
465 "Did you miss me?  
466 Come and kiss me.  
467 Never mind my bruises,  
468 Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices  
469 Squeez'd from goblin fruits for you,  
470 Goblin pulp and goblin dew.  
471 Eat me, drink me, love me;  
472 Laura, make much of me;  
473 For your sake I have braved the glen  
474 And had to do with goblin merchant men."

475 Laura started from her chair,  
476 Flung her arms up in the air,  
477 Clutch'd her hair:  
478 "Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted  
479 For my sake the fruit forbidden?  
480 Must your light like mine be hidden,  
481 Your young life like mine be wasted,  
482 Undone in mine undoing,  
483 And ruin'd in my ruin,  
484 Thirsty, canker'd, goblin-ridden?"—  
485 She clung about her sister,  
486 Kiss'd and kiss'd and kiss'd her:  
487 Tears once again  
488 Refresh'd her shrunken eyes,  
489 Dropping like rain  
490 After long sultry drouth;  
491 Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,

492 She kiss'd and kiss'd her with a hungry mouth.  
493 Her lips began to scorch,  
494 That juice was wormwood to her tongue,  
495 She loath'd the feast:  
496 Writhing as one possess'd she leap'd and sung,  
497 Rent all her robe, and wrung  
498 Her hands in lamentable haste,  
499 And beat her breast.  
500 Her locks stream'd like the torch  
501 Borne by a racer at full speed,  
502 Or like the mane of horses in their flight,  
503 Or like an eagle when she stems the light  
504 Straight toward the sun,  
505 Or like a caged thing freed,  
506 Or like a flying flag when armies run.  
  
507 Swift fire spread through her veins, knock'd at her heart,  
508 Met the fire smouldering there  
509 And overbore its lesser flame;  
510 She gorged on bitterness without a name:  
511 Ah! fool, to choose such part  
512 Of soul-consuming care!  
513 Sense fail'd in the mortal strife:  
514 Like the watch-tower of a town  
515 Which an earthquake shatters down,  
516 Like a lightning-stricken mast,  
517 Like a wind-uprooted tree  
518 Spun about,  
519 Like a foam-topp'd waterspout  
520 Cast down headlong in the sea,  
521 She fell at last;  
522 Pleasure past and anguish past,



523 Is it death or is it life?  
524 Life out of death.  
525 That night long Lizzie watch'd by her,  
526 Counted her pulse's flagging stir,  
527 Felt for her breath,  
528 Held water to her lips, and cool'd her face  
529 With tears and fanning leaves:  
530 But when the first birds chirp'd about their eaves,  
531 And early reapers plodded to the place  
532 Of golden sheaves,  
533 And dew-wet grass  
534 Bow'd in the morning winds so brisk to pass,  
535 And new buds with new day  
536 Open'd of cup-like lilies on the stream,  
537 Laura awoke as from a dream,  
538 Laugh'd in the innocent old way,  
539 Hugg'd Lizzie but not twice or thrice;  
540 Her gleaming locks show'd not one thread of grey,  
541 Her breath was sweet as May  
542 And light danced in her eyes.  
  
543 Days, weeks, months, years  
544 Afterwards, when both were wives  
545 With children of their own;  
546 Their mother-hearts beset with fears,  
547 Their lives bound up in tender lives;  
548 Laura would call the little ones  
549 And tell them of her early prime,  
550 Those pleasant days long gone  
551 Of not-returning time:  
552 Would talk about the haunted glen,  
553 The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,

554 Their fruits like honey to the throat  
555 But poison in the blood;  
556 (Men sell not such in any town):  
557 Would tell them how her sister stood  
558 In deadly peril to do her good,  
559 And win the fiery antidote:  
560 Then joining hands to little hands  
561 Would bid them cling together,  
562 “For there is no friend like a sister  
563 In calm or stormy weather;  
564 To cheer one on the tedious way,  
565 To fetch one if one goes astray,  
566 To lift one if one totters down,  
567 To strengthen whilst one stands.”

## 11: From *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* by Robert Louis Stevenson (1886)

*A seminal story in the development of the gothic, Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde combines horror with astute psychological insight. In this passage, the inventive doctor (an enquiring scientist, not unlike Frankenstein), narrating the tale, encounters for the first time his evil doppelganger, or double, Mr Hyde.*

1 I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I knew well that I  
2 risked death; for any drug that so potently controlled and shook the very Fortress of  
3 identity, might by the least scruple of an overdose or at the least inopportunitiy in  
4 the moment of exhibition, utterly blot out that immaterial tabernacle which I looked  
5 to it to change. But the temptation of a discovery so singular and profound, at last  
6 overcame the suggestions of alarm. I had long since prepared my tincture; I  
7 purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular  
8 salt which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required; and late  
9 one accursed night, I compounded the elements, watched them boil and smoke  
10 together in the glass, and when the ebullition had subsided, with a strong glow of  
11 courage, drank off the potion.

12         The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea,  
13 and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then  
14 these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great  
15 sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably  
16 new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in  
17 body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual  
18 images running like a mill race in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an  
19 unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath  
20 of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original  
21 evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced and delighted me like wine. I stretched  
22 out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was  
23 suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

24         There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me  
25 as I write, was brought there later on and for the very purpose of these  
26 transformations. The night, however, was far gone into the morning – the morning,  
27 black as it was, was nearly ripe for the conception of the day-the inmates of my

28 house were locked in the most rigorous hours of slumber; and I determined, flushed  
29 as I was with hope and triumph, to venture in my new shape as far as to my  
30 bedroom. I crossed the yard, wherein the constellations looked down upon me, I  
31 could have thought, with wonder, the first creature of that sort that their unsleeping  
32 vigilance had yet disclosed to them; I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my  
33 own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of  
34 Edward Hyde.

35 I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that  
36 which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now  
37 transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good  
38 which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all,  
39 nine tenths a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and  
40 much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so  
41 much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the  
42 countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the  
43 other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on  
44 that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly  
45 idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This,  
46 too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of  
47 the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided  
48 countenance, I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was  
49 doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde,  
50 none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I  
51 take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of  
52 good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

53 I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment  
54 had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond  
55 redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine;  
56 and hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once  
57 more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the  
58 character, the stature and the face of Henry Jekyll.

59           That night I had come to the fatal cross roads. Had I approached my discovery  
60 in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while under the empire of  
61 generous or pious aspirations, all must have been otherwise, and from these agonies  
62 of death and birth, I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend. The drug had no  
63 discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of  
64 the prison house of my disposition; and like the captives of Philippi, that which stood  
65 within ran forth. At that lime my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition,  
66 was alert and swift to seize the occasion; and the thing that was projected was  
67 Edward Hyde. Hence, although I had now two characters as well as two appearances,  
68 one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old Henry Jekyll, that incongruous  
69 compound of whose reformation and improvement I had already learned to despair.  
70 The movement was thus wholly toward the worse.

## 12. Extracts from Dracula by Bram Stoker (1897)

*Every bit as famous as Frankenstein, and just as frequently filmed, Dracula represents the gothic horror story par excellence.*

### Extract 1: Harker's diary: at the Golden Krone Hotel

1 Count Dracula had directed me to go to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I found, to  
2 my great delight, to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I  
3 could of the ways of the country. I was evidently expected, for when I got near the  
4 door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the usual peasant dress—white  
5 undergarment with a long double apron, front, and back, of coloured stuff fitting  
6 almost too tight for modesty. When I came close she bowed and said, 'The Herr  
7 Englishman?'

8 'Yes,' I said, 'Jonathan Harker.' She smiled, and gave some message to an elderly  
9 man in white shirtsleeves, who had followed her to the door. He went, but  
10 immediately returned with a letter:

11 'My friend.—Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you.  
12 Sleep well tonight. At three tomorrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a  
13 place on it is kept for you. At the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and  
14 will bring you to me. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy  
15 one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land.—Your friend,  
16 Dracula.'

17 4 May—I found that my landlord had got a letter from the Count, directing him to  
18 secure the best place on the coach for me; but on making inquiries as to details he  
19 seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he could not understand my  
20 German. This could not be true, because up to then he had understood it perfectly;  
21 at least, he answered my questions exactly as if he did.

22 He and his wife, the old lady who had received me, looked at each other in a  
23 frightened sort of way. He mumbled out that the money had been sent in a letter,  
24 and that was all he knew. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, and could tell  
25 me anything of his castle, both he and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that

26 they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. It was so near the time of  
27 starting that I had no time to ask anyone else, for it was all very mysterious and not  
28 by any means comforting.

29 Just before I was leaving, the old lady came up to my room and said in a hysterical  
30 way: 'Must you go? Oh! Young Herr, must you go?' She was in such an excited state  
31 that she seemed to have lost her grip of what German she knew, and mixed it all up  
32 with some other language which I did not know at all. I was just able to follow her by  
33 asking many questions. When I told her that I must go at once, and that I was  
34 engaged on important business, she asked again:

35 'Do you know what day it is?' I answered that it was the fourth of May. She shook  
36 her head as she said again:

37 'Oh, yes! I know that! I know that, but do you know what day it is?'

38 On my saying that I did not understand, she went on: 'It is the eve of St. George's  
39 Day. Do you not know that tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil  
40 things in the world will have full sway? Do you know where you are going, and what  
41 you are going to?' She was in such evident distress that I tried to comfort her, but  
42 without effect. Finally, she went down on her knees and implored me not to go; at  
43 least to wait a day or two before starting.

44 It was all very ridiculous but I did not feel comfortable. However, there was business  
45 to be done, and I could allow nothing to interfere with it. I tried to raise her up, and  
46 said, as gravely as I could, that I thanked her, but my duty was imperative, and that I  
47 must go. She then rose and dried her eyes, and taking a crucifix from her neck  
48 offered it to me. I did not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have  
49 been taught to regard such things as in some measure idolatrous, and yet it seemed  
50 so ungracious to refuse an old lady meaning so well and in such a state of mind. She  
51 saw, I suppose, the doubt in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck and said,  
52 'For your mother's sake,' and went out of the room.

53 I am writing up this part of the diary whilst I am waiting for the coach, which is, of

54 course, late; and the crucifix is still round my neck. Whether it is the old lady's fear,  
55 or the many ghostly traditions of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I  
56 am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind as usual. If this book should ever reach  
57 Mina before I do, let it bring my goodbye. Here comes the coach!



## Extract 2: Harker's diary: Through the Borgo Pass

1 When it grew dark there seemed to be some excitement amongst the passengers,  
2 and they kept speaking to him, one after the other, as though urging him to further  
3 speed. He lashed the horses unmercifully with his long whip, and with wild cries of  
4 encouragement urged them on to further exertions. Then through the darkness I  
5 could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though there were a cleft in the  
6 hills. The excitement of the passengers grew greater. The crazy coach rocked on its  
7 great leather springs, and swayed like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. I had to hold  
8 on. The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly along. Then the mountains  
9 seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to frown down upon us. We were  
10 entering on the Borgo Pass. One by one several of the passengers offered me gifts,  
11 which they pressed upon me with an earnestness which would take no denial. These  
12 were certainly of an odd and varied kind, but each was given in simple good faith,  
13 with a kindly word, and a blessing, and that same strange mixture of fear-meaning  
14 movements which I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of the cross and  
15 the guard against the evil eye.

16 Then, as we flew along, the driver leaned forward, and on each side the passengers,  
17 craning over the edge of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. It was evident  
18 that something very exciting was either happening or expected, but though I asked  
19 each passenger, no one would give me the slightest explanation. This state of  
20 excitement kept on for some little time. And at last we saw before us the Pass  
21 opening out on the eastern side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in  
22 the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. It seemed as though the mountain  
23 range had separated two atmospheres, and that now we had got into the  
24 thunderous one. I was now myself looking out for the conveyance which was to take  
25 me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the  
26 blackness, but all was dark. The only light was the flickering rays of our own lamps, in  
27 which the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a white cloud. We could see  
28 now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle.  
29 The passengers drew back with a sigh of gladness, which seemed to mock my own  
30 disappointment. I was already thinking what I had best do, when the driver, looking

31 at his watch, said to the others something which I could hardly hear, it was spoken  
32 so quietly and in so low a tone, I thought it was 'An hour less than the time.' Then  
33 turning to me, he spoke in German worse than my own.

34 'There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected after all. He will now come on to  
35 Bukovina, and return tomorrow or the next day, better the next day.' Whilst he was  
36 speaking the horses began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the driver  
37 had to hold them up.

38 Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a universal crossing of  
39 themselves, a calèche<sup>1</sup>, with four horses, drove up behind us, overtook us, and drew  
40 up beside the coach. I could see from the ash of our lamps as the rays fell on them,  
41 that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. They were driven by a tall  
42 man, with a long brown beard and a great black hat, which seemed to hide his face  
43 from us. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red in  
44 the lamplight, as he turned to us.

45 He said to the driver, 'You are early tonight, my friend.'

46 The man stammered in reply, 'The English Herr was in a hurry.'

47 To which the stranger replied, 'That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to  
48 Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend. I know too much, and my horses are  
49 swift.'

50 As he spoke he smiled, and the lamplight fell on a hard- looking mouth, with very red  
51 lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. One of my companions whispered to  
52 another the line from Burger's 'Lenore'.

53 'Denn die Todten reiten Schnell.' ('For the dead travel fast.')

54 The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with a gleaming  
55 smile. The passenger turned his face away, at the same time putting out his two  
56 fingers and crossing himself. 'Give me the Herr's luggage,' said the driver, and with

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<sup>1</sup> A type of horse drawn carriage

57 exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in the caleche. Then I  
58 descended from the side of the coach, as the caleche was close alongside, the driver  
59 helping me with a hand which caught my arm in a grip of steel. His strength must  
60 have been prodigious.

### Extract 3: Harker's diary: The blue flame

1 Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the roadway  
2 till we passed as through a tunnel. And again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly  
3 on either side. Though we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it  
4 moaned and whistled through the rocks, and the branches of the trees crashed  
5 together as we swept along. It grew colder and colder still, and ne, powdery snow  
6 began to fall, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a white blanket. e  
7 keen wind still carried the howling of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we went  
8 on our way. The baying of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they  
9 were closing round on us from every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses  
10 shared my fear. e driver, however, was not in the least disturbed. He kept turning his  
11 head to le and right, but I could not see anything through the darkness.

12 Suddenly, away on our le I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the  
13 same moment. He at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the ground,  
14 disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, the less as the howling of  
15 the wolves grew closer. But while I wondered, the driver suddenly appeared again,  
16 and without a word took his seat, and we resumed our journey. I think I must have  
17 fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the incident, for it seemed to be repeated  
18 endlessly, and now looking back, it is like a sort of awful nightmare. Once the flame  
19 appeared so near the road, that even in the darkness around us I could watch the  
20 driver's motions. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose, it must have been  
21 very faint, for it did not seem to illumine the place around it at all, and gathering a  
22 few stones, formed them into some device.

23 Once there appeared a strange optical effect. When he stood between me and the  
24 frame he did not obstruct it, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. It startled  
25 me, but as the effect was only momentary, I took it that my eyes deceived me  
26 straining through the darkness. Then for a time there were no blue flames, and we  
27 sped onwards through the gloom, with the howling of the wolves around us, as  
28 though they were following in a moving circle.

29 At last there came a time when the driver went further afield than he had yet gone,

30 and during his absence, the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to snort  
31 and scream with fright. I could not see any cause for it, for the howling of the wolves  
32 had ceased altogether. But just then the moon, sailing through the black clouds,  
33 appeared behind the jagged crest of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw  
34 around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth and lolling red tongues, with long,  
35 sinewy limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrible in the grim  
36 silence which held them than even when they howled. For myself, I felt a sort of  
37 paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels himself face to face with such horrors  
38 that he can understand their true import.

39 All at once the wolves began to howl as though the moon- light had had some  
40 peculiar effect on them. The horses jumped about and reared, and looked helplessly  
41 round with eyes that rolled in a way painful to see. But the living ring of terror  
42 encompassed them on every side, and they had per- force to remain within it. I  
43 called to the coachman to come, for it seemed to me that our only chance was to try  
44 to break out through the ring and to aid his approach, I shouted and beat the side of  
45 the caleche, hoping by the noise to scare the wolves from the side, so as to give him  
46 a chance of reaching the trap. How he came there, I know not, but I heard his voice  
47 raised in a tone of imperious command, and looking towards the sound, saw him  
48 stand in the roadway. As he swept his long arms, as though brushing aside some  
49 impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and back further still. Just then a heavy  
50 cloud passed across the face of the moon, so that we were again in darkness.

#### Extract 4: Harker's diary: The Count surprises Harker whilst shaving

1 I only slept a few hours when I went to bed, and feeling that I could not sleep any  
2 more, got up. I had hung my shaving glass by the window, and was just beginning to  
3 shave. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count's voice saying to  
4 me, 'Good morning.' I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the  
5 reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me. In starting I had cut  
6 myself slightly, but did not notice it at the moment. Having answered the Count's  
7 salutation, I turned to the glass again to see how I had been mistaken. This time  
8 there could be no error, for the man was close to me, and I could see him over my  
9 shoulder. But there was no reflection of him in the mirror! The whole room behind  
10 me was displayed, but there was no sign of a man in it, except myself.

11 This was startling, and coming on the top of so many strange things, was beginning  
12 to increase that vague feeling of uneasiness which I always have when the Count is  
13 near. But at the instant I saw that the cut had bled a little, and the blood was  
14 trickling over my chin. I laid down the razor, turning as I did so half round to look for  
15 some sticking plaster. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a sort of  
16 demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away and his hand  
17 touched the string of beads which held the crucifix. It made an instant change in him,  
18 for the fury passed so quickly that I could hardly believe that it was ever there.

19 'Take care,' he said, 'take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous that you  
20 think in this country.' Then seizing the shaving glass, he went on, 'And this is the  
21 wretched thing that has done the mischief. It is a foul bauble of man's vanity. Away  
22 with it!' And opening the window with one wrench of his terrible hand, he flung out  
23 the glass, which was shattered into a thousand pieces on the stones of the courtyard  
24 far below. Then he withdrew without a word. It is very annoying, for I do not see  
25 how I am to shave, unless in my watch-case or the bottom of the shaving pot, which  
26 is fortunately of metal

#### Extract 5: Harker's diary: A night time visit

1 I suppose I must have fallen asleep; I hope so, but I fear, for all that followed was  
2 startlingly real – so real that now, sitting here in the broad, full sunlight of the  
3 morning, I cannot in the least believe that it was all sleep.

4 I was not alone. The room was the same, unchanged in any way since I came  
5 into it; I could see along the floor, in the brilliant moonlight, my own footsteps  
6 marked where I had disturbed the long accumulation of dust. In the moonlight  
7 opposite me were three young women, ladies by their dress and manner. I thought  
8 at the time that I must be dreaming when I saw them, for, though the moonlight was  
9 behind them, they threw no shadow on the floor. They came close to me and looked  
10 at me for some time, and then whispered together. Two were dark, and had high  
11 aquiline noses like the Count, and great dark, piercing eyes, that seemed to be  
12 almost red when contrasted with the pale yellow moon. The other was fair, as fair as  
13 can be, with great, wavy masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. I  
14 seemed somehow to know her face, and to know it in connection with some dreamy  
15 fear, but I could not recollect at the moment how or where. All three had brilliant  
16 white teeth, that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous lips. There  
17 was something about them that made me uneasy, some longing and at the same  
18 time some deadly fear. I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would  
19 kiss me with those red lips. It is not good to note this down, lest some day it should  
20 meet Mina's eyes and cause her pain, but it is the truth. They whispered together,  
21 and then they all three laughed – such a silvery, musical laugh, but as hard as though  
22 the sound could never have come through the softness of human lips. It was like the  
23 intolerable, tingling sweetness of water-glasses when played on by a cunning hand.

24 The fair girl shook her head coquettishly, and the other two urged her on. One said:  
25 'Go on! You are first, and we shall follow; yours is the right to begin.' The  
26 other added.

27 'He is young and strong; there are kisses for us all.' I lay quiet, looking out  
28 under my eyelashes in an agony of delightful anticipation.

29 The fair girl advanced and bent over me till I could feel the movement of her  
30 breath upon me. Sweet it was in one sense, honey-sweet, and sent the same tingling

31 through the nerves as her voice, but with a bitter underlying the sweet, a bitter  
32 offensiveness, as one smells in blood.

33 I was afraid to raise my eyelids, but looked out and saw perfectly under the  
34 lashes. The fair girl went on her knees, and bent over me, fairly gloating. There was a  
35 deliberate voluptuousness which was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched  
36 her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal, till I could see in the moonlight  
37 the moisture shining on the scarlet lips and on the red tongue as it lapped the white,  
38 sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range of my  
39 mouth and chin and seemed about to fasten on my throat. Then she paused and I  
40 could hear the churning sound of her tongue as it licked her teeth and lips, and could  
41 feel the hot breath on my neck. Then the skin of my throat began to tingle as one's  
42 flesh does when the hand that is to tickle it approaches nearer – nearer. I could feel  
43 the soft, shivering touch of the lips on the supersensitive skin of my throat, and the  
44 hard dents of two sharp teeth, just touching and pausing there. I closed my eyes in a  
45 languorous ecstasy and waited – waited with beating heart.

46 But at that instant another sensation swept through me as quick as lightning.  
47 I was conscious of the presence of the Count, and of his being as if lapped in a storm  
48 of fury. As my eyes opened involuntarily I saw his strong hand grasp the slender neck  
49 of the fair woman and with giant's power draw it back, the blue eyes transformed  
50 with fury, the white teeth champing with rage, and the fair cheeks blazing red with  
51 passion. But the Count! Never did I imagine such wrath and fury even in the demons  
52 of the pit. His eyes were positively blazing. The red light in them was lurid, as if the  
53 flames of hell-fire blazed behind them. His face was deathly pale, and the lines of it  
54 were hard like drawn wires; the thick eyebrows that met over the nose now seemed  
55 like a heaving bar of white-hot metal. With a fierce sweep of his arm, he hurled the  
56 woman from him, and then motioned to the others, as though he were beating them  
57 back; it was the same imperious gesture that I had seen used to the wolves. In a  
58 voice which, though low and almost a whisper, seemed to cut through the air and  
59 then ring round the room, he exclaimed:

60 'How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I  
61 had forbidden it? Back, I tell you all! This man belongs to me! Beware how you  
62 meddle with him, or you'll have to deal with me.'



63           The fair girl, with a laugh of ribald coquetry, turned to answer him: 'You  
64 yourself never loved; you never love!' On this the other women joined, and such a  
65 mirthless, hard, soulless laughter rang through the room that it almost made me  
66 faint to hear; it seemed like the pleasure of fiends.

67           The Count turned, after looking at my face attentively, and said in a soft  
68 whisper: 'Yes, I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so?  
69 Well, now I promise you that when I am done with him, you shall kiss him at your  
70 will. Now go! go! I must awaken him, for there is work to be done.'

71           'Are we to have nothing tonight?' said one of them, with a low laugh, as she  
72 pointed to the bag which he had thrown upon the floor, and which moved as though  
73 there were some living thing within it. For answer he nodded his head. One of the  
74 women jumped forward and opened it. If my ears did not deceive me there was a  
75 gasp and a low wail, as of a half-smothered child. The women closed round, whilst I  
76 was aghast with horror but as I looked they disappeared, and with them the dreadful  
77 bag. There was no door near them, and they could not have passed me without my  
78 noticing. They simply seemed to fade into the rays of the moonlight and pass out  
79 through the window, for I could see outside the dim, shadowy forms for a moment  
80 before they entirely faded away.

81           Then the horror overcame me, and I sank down unconscious.

#### Extract 6: Mina's diary – Harker sees Dracula in London

1 I am always anxious about Jonathan, for I fear that some nervous t may upset him  
2 again. So I turned to him quickly, and asked him what it was that disturbed him. He  
3 was very pale, and his eyes seemed bulging out as, half in terror and half in  
4 amazement, he gazed at a tall, thin man, with a beaky nose and black moustache  
5 and pointed beard, who was also observing the pretty girl. He was looking at her so  
6 hard that he did not see either of us, and so I had a good view of him. His face was  
7 not a good face. It was hard, and cruel, and sensual, and big white teeth, that looked  
8 all the whiter because his lips were so red, were pointed like an animal's. Jonathan  
9 kept staring at him, till I was afraid he would notice. I feared he might take it ill, he  
10 looked so fierce and nasty. I asked Jonathan why he was disturbed, and he  
11 answered, evidently thinking that I knew as much about it as he did, 'Do you see who  
12 it is?'

13 'No, dear,' I said. 'I don't know him, who is it?' His answer seemed to shock and thrill  
14 me, for it was said as if he did not know that it was me, Mina, to whom he was  
15 speaking. 'It is the man himself!'

16 The poor dear was evidently terrified at something, very greatly terrified. I do believe  
17 that if he had not had me to lean on and to support him he would have sunk down.  
18 He kept staring. A man came out of the shop with a small parcel, and gave it to the  
19 lady, who then drove off. The dark man kept his eyes fixed on her, and when the  
20 carriage moved up Piccadilly he followed in the same direction, and hailed a hansom.  
21 Jonathan kept looking after him, and said, as if to himself, 'I believe it is the Count,  
22 but he has grown young. My God, if this be so! Oh, my God! My God! If only I knew!  
23 If only I knew!' He was distressing himself so much that I feared to keep his mind on  
24 the subject by asking him any questions, so I remained silent. I drew away quietly,  
25 and he, holding my arm, came easily. We walked a little further, and then went in  
26 and sat for a while in the Green Park. It was a hot day for autumn, and there was a  
27 comfortable seat in a shady place. After a few minutes' staring at nothing, Jonathan's  
28 eyes closed, and he went quickly into a sleep, with his head on my shoulder. I  
29 thought it was the best thing for him, so did not disturb him. In about twenty

30 minutes he woke up, and said to me quite cheerfully,  
31 'Why, Mina, have I been asleep! Oh, do forgive me for being so rude. Come, and  
32 we'll have a cup of tea somewhere.' He had evidently forgotten all about the dark  
33 stranger, as in his illness he had forgotten all that this episode had re- minded him  
34 of. I don't like this lapsing into forgetfulness. It may make or continue some injury to  
35 the brain. I must not ask him, for fear I shall do more harm than good, but I must  
36 somehow learn the facts of his journey abroad. The time is come, I fear, when I must  
37 open the parcel, and know what is written. Oh, Jonathan, you will, I know, forgive  
38 me if I do wrong, but it is for your own dear sake.

#### Extract 6: Dr Seward's diary – Lucy's transformation

1 There was a long spell of silence, big, aching, void, and then from the Professor a  
2 keen 'S-s-s-s!' He pointed, and far down the avenue of yews we saw a white figure  
3 advance, a dim white figure, which held something dark at its breast.

4 The figure stopped, and at the moment a ray of moonlight fell upon the masses of  
5 driving clouds, and showed in startling prominence a dark-haired woman, dressed in  
6 the ceremonies of the grave. We could not see the face, for it was bent down over  
7 what we saw to be a fair-haired child. There was a pause and a sharp little cry, such  
8 as a child gives in sleep, or a dog as it lies before the re and dreams. We were  
9 starting forward, but the Professor's warning hand, seen by us as he stood behind a  
10 yew tree, kept us back. And then as we looked the white figure moved forwards  
11 again. It was now near enough for us to see clearly, and the moonlight still held. My  
12 own heart grew cold as ice, and I could hear the gasp of Arthur, as we recognized the  
13 features of Lucy Westenra. Lucy Westenra, but yet how changed. The sweetness was  
14 turned to adamant, heartless cruelty, and the purity to voluptuous wantonness.

15 Van Helsing stepped out, and obedient to his gesture, we all advanced too. e four of  
16 us ranged in a line before the door of the tomb. Van Helsing raised his lantern and  
17 drew the slide. By the concentrated light that fell on Lucy's face we could see that  
18 the lips were crimson with fresh blood, and that the stream had trickled over her  
19 chin and stained the purity of her lawn death robe.

20 We shuddered with horror. I could see by the tremulous light that even Van Helsing's  
21 iron nerve had failed. Arthur was next to me, and if I had not seized his arm and held  
22 him up, he would have fallen.

23 When Lucy, I call the thing that was before us Lucy because it bore her shape, saw us  
24 she drew back with an angry snarl, such as a cat gives when taken unawares, then  
25 her eyes ranged over us. Lucy's eyes in form and colour, but Lucy's eyes unclean and  
26 full of hell re, instead of the pure, gentle orbs we knew. At that moment the remnant  
27 of my love passed into hate and loathing. Had she then to be killed, I could have  
28 done it with savage delight. As she looked, her eyes blazed with unholy light, and the

29 face became wreathed with a voluptuous smile. Oh, God, how it made me shudder  
30 to see it! With a careless motion, she flung to the ground, callous as a devil, the child  
31 that up to now she had clutched strenuously to her breast, growling over it as a dog  
32 growls over a bone. The child gave a sharp cry, and lay there moaning. There was a cold-  
33 bloodedness in the act which wrung a groan from Arthur. When she advanced to him  
34 with out- stretched arms and a wanton smile he fell back and hid his face in his  
35 hands.

36 She still advanced, however, and with a languorous, voluptuous grace, said, 'Come to  
37 me, Arthur. Leave these others and come to me. My arms are hungry for you. Come,  
38 and we can rest together. Come, my husband, come!'

39 There was something diabolically sweet in her tones, something of the tinkling of  
40 glass when struck, which rang through the brains even of us who heard the words  
41 addressed to another. As for Arthur, he seemed under a spell, moving his hands  
42 from his face, he opened wide his arms. She was leaping for them, when Van Helsing  
43 sprang forward and held between them his little golden crucifix. She recoiled from it,  
44 and, with a suddenly distorted face, full of rage, dashed past him as if to enter the  
45 tomb.

46 When within a foot or two of the door, however, she stopped, as if arrested by some  
47 irresistible force. Then she turned, and her face was shown in the clear burst of  
48 moon- light and by the lamp, which had now no quiver from Van Helsing's nerves.  
49 Never did I see such baffled malice on a face, and never, I trust, shall such ever be  
50 seen again by mortal eyes. The beautiful colour became livid, the eyes seemed to  
51 throw out sparks of hell fire, the brows were wrinkled as though the folds of flesh  
52 were the coils of Medusa's snakes, and the lovely, blood-stained mouth grew to an  
53 open square, as in the passion masks of the Greeks and Japanese. If ever a face  
54 meant death, if looks could kill, we saw it at that moment.

**Extract 7: Mina Harker's diary – The death of Dracula**

1 All at once two voices shouted out to 'Halt!' One was my Jonathan's, raised in a high  
2 key of passion. The other Mr. Morris' strong resolute tone of quiet command. The  
3 gypsies may not have known the language, but there was no mistaking the tone, in  
4 whatever tongue the words were spoken. Instinctively they reined in, and at the  
5 instant Lord Godalming and Jonathan dashed up at one side and Dr. Seward and Mr.  
6 Morris on the other. The leader of the gypsies, a splendid looking fellow who sat his  
7 horse like a centaur, waved them back, and in a fierce voice gave to his companions  
8 some word to proceed. They lashed the horses which sprang forward. But the four  
9 men raised their Winchester rifles, and in an unmistakable way commanded them to  
10 stop. At the same moment Dr. Van Helsing and I rose behind the rock and pointed  
11 our weapons at them. Seeing that they were surrounded the men tightened their  
12 reins and drew up. The leader turned to them and gave a word at which every man  
13 of the gypsy party drew what weapon he carried, knife or pistol, and held himself in  
14 readiness to attack. Issue was joined in an instant.

15 The leader, with a quick movement of his rein, threw his horse out in front, and  
16 pointed first to the sun, now close down on the hill tops, and then to the castle, said  
17 some- thing which I did not understand. For answer, all four men of our party threw  
18 themselves from their horses and dashed towards the cart. I should have felt terrible  
19 fear at seeing Jonathan in such danger, but that the ardor of battle must have been  
20 upon me as well as the rest of them. I felt no fear, but only a wild, surging desire to  
21 do something. Seeing the quick movement of our parties, the leader of the gypsies  
22 gave a command. His men instantly formed round the cart in a sort of undisciplined  
23 endeavour, each one shouldering and pushing the other in his eagerness to carry out  
24 the order.

25 In the midst of this I could see that Jonathan on one side of the ring of men, and  
26 Quincey on the other, were forcing a way to the cart. It was evident that they were  
27 bent on finishing their task before the sun should set. Nothing seemed to stop or  
28 even to hinder them. Neither the levelled weapons nor the flashing knives of the  
29 gypsies in front, nor the howling of the wolves behind, appeared to even attract

30 their attention. Jonathan's impetuosity, and the manifest single- ness of his purpose,  
31 seemed to overawe those in front of him. Instinctively they cowered aside and let  
32 him pass. In an instant he had jumped upon the cart, and with a strength which  
33 seemed incredible, raised the great box, and flung it over the wheel to the ground. In  
34 the meantime, Mr. Morris had had to use force to pass through his side of the ring of  
35 Szgany. All the time I had been breathlessly watching Jonathan I had, with the tail of  
36 my eye, seen him pressing desperately forward, and had seen the knives of the  
37 gypsies flash as he won a way through them, and they cut at him. He had parried  
38 with his great bowie knife, and at first I thought that he too had come through in  
39 safety. But as he sprang beside Jonathan, who had by now jumped from the cart, I  
40 could see that with his le hand he was clutching at his side, and that the blood was  
41 spurting through his fingers. He did not delay notwithstanding this, for as Jonathan,  
42 with desperate energy, attacked one end of the chest, attempting to prize off the lid  
43 with his great Kukri knife, he attacked the other frantically with his bowie. Under the  
44 efforts of both men the lid began to yield. e nails drew with a screeching sound, and  
45 the top of the box was thrown back.

46 By this time the gypsies, seeing themselves covered by the Winchesters, and at the  
47 mercy of Lord Godalming and Dr. Seward, had given in and made no further  
48 resistance. The sun was almost down on the mountain tops, and the shadows of the  
49 whole group fell upon the snow. I saw the Count lying within the box upon the earth,  
50 some of which the rude falling from the cart had scattered over him. He was deathly  
51 pale, just like a waxen image, and the red eyes glared with the horrible vindictive  
52 look which I knew so well.

53 As I looked, the eyes saw the sinking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to  
54 triumph.

55 But, on the instant, came the sweep and ash of Jonathan's great knife. I shrieked as I  
56 saw it shear through the throat. Whilst at the same moment Mr. Morris's bowie  
57 knife plunged into the heart.

58 It was like a miracle, but before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath,

59 the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight.

60 I shall be glad as long as I live that even in that moment of final dissolution, there  
61 was in the face a look of peace, such as I never could have imagined might have  
62 rested there.

63 The Castle of Dracula now stood out against the red sky, and every stone of its  
64 broken battlements was articulated against the light of the setting sun.

65 The gypsies, taking us as in some way the cause of the extraordinary disappearance  
66 of the dead man, turned, without a word, and rode away as if for their lives. Those  
67 who were unmounted jumped upon the leiter-wagon and shouted to the horsemen  
68 not to desert them. The wolves, which had withdrawn to a safe distance, followed in  
69 their wake, leaving us alone.

70 Mr. Morris, who had sunk to the ground, leaned on his elbow, holding his hand  
71 pressed to his side. The blood still gushed through his fingers. I flew to him, for the  
72 Holy circle did not now keep me back, so did the two doctors. Jonathan knelt behind  
73 him and the wounded man laid back his head on his shoulder. With a sigh he took,  
74 with a feeble effort, my hand in that of his own which was unstained.

75 He must have seen the anguish of my heart in my face, for he smiled at me and said,  
76 'I am only too happy to have been of service! Oh, God!' he cried suddenly, struggling  
77 to a sitting posture and pointing to me. 'It was worth for this to die! Look! Look!'

78 The sun was now right down upon the mountain top, and the red gleams fell upon  
79 my face, so that it was bathed in rosy light. With one impulse the men sank on their  
80 knees and a deep and earnest 'Amen' broke from all as their eyes followed the  
81 pointing of his finger.

82 The dying man spoke, 'Now God be thanked that all has not been in vain! See! The  
83 snow is not more stainless than her forehead! The curse has passed away!' And, to  
84 our bitter grief, with a smile and in silence, he died, a gallant gentleman.