History of the Vampire in Folklore, Literature, and Film:
Part I

Presented by Dr. Megan Bryan,
PhD in English from the University of York, UK
“A demon has no body, although for purposes of his own he may energize, assume, or seem to assume a body, but it is not his real and proper body. So the vampire is not strictly a demon, although his foul lust and horrid propensities be truly demoniacal and of hell. Neither may the vampire be called a ghost or phantom, strictly speaking, for an apparition is intangible...The vampire has a body, and it is his own body. He is neither dead nor alive; but living in death. He is an abnormality; the androgyne in the phantom world; a pariah among the fiends.”

From *The Vampire: His Kith and Kin* (1928)
After a subject by the name of Peter Plogojowitiz had died, ten weeks past—he lived in the village of Kisilova, in the Rahm District—and had been buried according to the Raetzian custom, it was revealed that in this same village of Kisilova, within a week, nine people, both old and young, died also, after suffering a twenty-four-hour illness. And they said publicly, while they were yet alive, but on their deathbed, that the above-mentioned Plogojowitiz, who had died ten weeks earlier, had come to them in their sleep, laid himself on them, and throttled them, so that they would have to give up the ghost. The other subjects were very distressed and strengthened even more in such beliefs by the fact that the dead Peter Plogojowitiz’s wife, after saying that her husband had come to her and demanded his opanki, or shoes, had left the village of Kisilova and gone to another. And since with such people (which they call vampires) various signs are to be seen—that is, the body undecomposed, the skin, hair, beard and nails growing—the subjects resolved unanimously to open the grave of Peter Plogojowitiz and to see if such above-mentioned signs were really to be found on him. To this end they came here to me and, telling of these events, asked me and the local pope, or parish priest, to be present at the viewing. And although I at first disapproved, telling them that the praiseworthy administration should first be dutifully and humbly informed, and its excited opinion about this should be heard, they did not want to accommodate themselves to this at all, but rather gave this short answer: I could do what I wanted, but if I did not accord them the viewing and the legal recognition to deal with the body according to their custom, they would have to leave house and home, because by the time a gracious resolution was received from Belgrade, perhaps the entire village—and this was already supposed to have happened in Turkish times—could be destroyed by such an evil spirit, and they did not want to wait for this. Since I could not hold such people from the resolution they had made, either with good words or with threats, I went to the village of Kisilova, taking along the Gradisk pope, and viewed the body of Peter Plogojowitiz, just exhumered, finding, in accordance with thorough truthfulness, that first of all I did not detect the slightest odor that is otherwise characteristic of the dead, and the body, except for the nose, which was somewhat fallen away, was completely fresh. The hair and beard—even the nails, of which the old ones had fallen away—had grown on him; the old skin, which was somewhat whitish, had peeled away, and a new fresh one had emerged under it. The face, hands, and feet, and the whole body were so constituted, that they could not have been more complete in his lifetime. Not without astonishment, I saw some fresh blood in his mouth, which, according to the common observation, he had sucked from the people killed by him. In short, all the indications were present that such people (as remarked above) are said to have.

- Kisilova is modern day Serbia
- Peasant vampire
- Epidemic of illness
- Strangles victim as well as draining blood—“suffocation” feeling
- Body undecomposed, with “fresh skin” grown
- Staked and blood flowed

---

Michael Ranft, *De Masticatione Mortuorum In Tumulis*, 1728
SHOEMAKER OF BRESLAU

In the year 1591, on the twentieth of September, a Friday, early in the morning in the garden behind his house, a well-to-do shoemaker in the city of Breslau cut his throat—for what reason, no one knew. He had cut the veins of his throat with his knife, and was obliged to die from the wound. When his wife had seen this and told her sisters, they were all most distraught about this sudden misfortune, but sought to conceal it however they could, considering it a great disgrace.

For the ghost was there right after sundown, and since no one was free of it, everyone looked around constantly for it. The ones most bothered were those who wanted to rest after heavy work; often it came to their bed, often it actually lay down in it and was like to smother the people. Indeed, it squeezed them so hard—that not without astonishment—people could see the marks left by its fingers, so that one could easily judge the so-called stroke [that the shoemaker was alleged to have died from].

The corpse had lain in the grave now into the eighth month, from September 22, 1591, to April 18, 1592, when the grave was opened, by high command. Present were the entire council, the innkeepers, and other functionaries. In the opened grave they found the body complete and undamaged by decay, but blown up like a drum, except that nothing was changed and the limbs all still hung together. They were—which was remarkable—not stiffened, like those of other dead people, but one could move them easily. On his feet the skin had peeled away, and another had grown, much purer and stronger than the first, and as almost all sorcerers are marked in an out-of-the-way place, so that one does not notice it easily, so did he have on his big toe a mole like a rose. No one knew the meaning of this. There was also no stench to be noticed, except that the clothes in which he was wrapped had a repulsive smell. The wound in his throat gaped open and was reddish and not changed in the slightest. The body was guarded day and night on its bier, from the fourth to the twenty-fourth of April, except that in the day he was put out in the air, whereas in the evening he was put in a house there. Everyone could see him up close, and every day many citizens, and many people from the neighboring areas, went there. Nonetheless the exhumation did not help: the ghost, which they had hoped to banish by this means, caused still more unrest.

Whereupon, on the seventh, the council had the hangman take the corpse out of the other grave. Then its head was cut off, its hands and feet dismembered, after which the back was cut open and the heart taken out, which looked as good as that of a freshly slaughtered calf. Everything together was burned on a pyre built up of seven klaters* of wood and of many pitch rings. But so that no one would gather the ashes or the bones and keep them for sorcery, as tends to happen otherwise, the guards were not allowed to let anyone near. Early in the morning, when the stack of wood had burned up, the ashes, in a sack, were thrown into the flowing water, whereupon, through God’s help, the ghost stayed away and was never seen again.

- Breslau is modern day Poland
- Well off vampire, but not aristocratic
- Death by suicide
- Strangles victim as well as draining blood—“suffocation” feeling
- Body undecomposed, with “fresh skin” grown
- Odd mole on toe (“Devil’s mark”)
- Corpse bloated with blood
- Head removed and heart and body burned

Johann Georg Theodor Grässe, *Sagenbuch des preussischen Staats*, 1868
Ex-soldier in Serbia

Led to investigative report commissioned by local authorities called “Visum et Repertum” (Seen and Discovered)

Cited by Robert Southey in *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801)

Made vampire by encounter with vampire in Turkish Serbia – thought blood of vampire would protect them

Body undecayed

Fresh blood in eyes, nose, mouth, and ears

New skin grown

Stake through heart and body burned

People attacked by vampire or who eat livestock attacked by vampire pass on condition

Throttled and pain in chest
...AND FRIENDS!

...and with few or none had been dissected, there was found:

1. A woman by the name of Stava, twenty years old, who had died in childbirth two months ago [there is in Horst's account, after a three-day illness, and who had herself said, before her death, that she had painted herself with the blood of a vampire; whereas both she and her child—which had died right after birth and because of a careless burial had been half eaten by dogs—must also become vampires. She was quite complete and undecayed. After the opening of the body there was found in the cavitate pectoris a quantity of fresh extravascular blood. The vasa [vessels] of the arteriae and venae, like the venticulus cordis, were not, as is usual, filled with coagulated blood, but the whole visera, that is, the pulmo [lung], hepatic [liver], stomaca, intestini, were quite fresh as they would be in a healthy person. The uterus was however quite enlarged and very inflated externally, for the placenta and lochis had remained in place, wherefore the same was in complete putredine. The skin on her hands and feet, along with the old nails, fell away on their own, but on the other hand completely new nails were evident, along with a fresh and vivid skin.

2. There was a woman by the name of Miliza (sixty years old, incidentally), who had died after a three-month sickness and had been buried ninety-three days earlier. In the chest much liquid blood was found, and the other visera were, like those mentioned before, in a good condition. During her dissection, all the haemorrhages which were standing around marvelled greatly at her plumpness and perfect body, uniformly stating that they had known the woman well, from her youth, and she had, throughout her life, looked and been very lean and dried up, and they emphasized that she had come to this surprising plumpness in the grave. They also said that it was she who had started the vampires this time, because she had eaten of the flesh of those sheep that had been killed by the previous vampires.

3. There was an eight-day-old child which had lain in the grave for ninety days and was similarly in a condition of vampirism.

4. The son of a haiduk, sixteen years old, was dug up, having lain in the earth for nine weeks, after he had died from a three-day illness, and was found like the other vampires.

5. Joachim, also the son of a haiduk, seventeen years old, had died after a three-day illness. He had been buried eight weeks and four days and, on being dissected, was found in a similar condition.

6. A woman by the name of Ruscha who had died after a ten-day illness and had been buried six weeks previously, in whom there was much fresh blood not only in the chest but also in fando ventriculus. The same showed itself in her child, which was eighteen days old and had died five weeks previously.

7. No less did a girl of ten years of age, who had died two months previously, find herself in the above-mentioned condition, quite complete and undecayed, and had much fresh blood in her chest.

8. They caused the wife of the Hidack to be dug up, along with her child. She had died seven weeks previously, her child—who was eight weeks old—twenty-one days previously, and it was found that both mother and child were completely decomposed, although earth and graves were like those of the vampires lying nearby.

9. A servant of the local corporal of the haiduks, by the name of Rhode,

10. The wife of the local bariatract, along with her child, having died five weeks previously, were also completely decomposed.

11. With Stanche, a haiduk, sixty years old, who had died six weeks previously, I noticed a profuse liquid blood, like the others, in the chest and stomach. The entire body was in the oft-named condition of vampirism.

12. Miliza, another, twenty-five years old, who had lain for six weeks in the earth, also was found in the condition of vampirism mentioned.

13. Stanoicka [sic], the wife of a haiduk, twenty years old, died after a three-day illness and had been buried sixteen days previously. In the dissection I found that she was in her countenance quite red and of a vivid color, and, as was mentioned above, she had been throttled, at midnight, by Milloe, the son of the haiduk, and there was also to be seen, on the right side under the ear, a bloodshot blue mark, the length of a finger. As she was being taken out of the grave, a quantity of fresh blood flowed from her nose. With the dissection I found, as mentioned often already, a regular fragrant fresh bleeding, not only in the chest cavity but also in the ventriculus cordis. All the visera found themselves in a completely good and healthy condition. The hypodermis of the entire body, along with the fresh nails on hands and feet, was as though completely fresh. After the examination had taken place, the heads of the vampires were cut off by the local gypsies and then burned along with the bodies, and then the ashes were thrown into the river Morava. The decomposed bodies, however, were laid back into their own graves. Which I attest along with those assistant medical officers provided for me. Actum aperere.

(LEJ) Johannes Fluchinger, Regiment Medical Officer of the Foot Regiment of the Honorable B. Fürstenbush.

(LEJ) J. H. Sigel, Medical Officer of the Honorable Morall Regiment.

(LEJ) Johann Friedrich Baumgarten, Medical Officer of the Foot Regiment of the Honorable B. Fürstenbush.

The undersigned attest herewith that all which the Regiment Medical officer of the Honorable Fürstenbush Regiment had observed in the matter of vampires—along with both of the medical officers who have signed with him—is in every way truthful and has been undertaken, observed, and examined in our own presence. In confirmation thereof is our signature in our own hand, of our own making. Belgrade, January 26, 1732.

LEJ Büttener, Lieutenant Colonel of the Honorable Alexandrian Regiment.

LEJ J. H. von Lindenfels, Officer of the Honorable Alexandrian Regiment.

PUBLISHED IN NUREMBERG IN 1732
Pitton de Tournefort, French botanist of 18th c. cited by Byron in “The Giaour” (1813)

Greek vampire – unpleasant character and murder victim

Not actual blood drinker, but mischief maker

Sees belief in vampirism as mass hysteria

The butcher of the town, quite old and very maladroit, began by opening the belly rather than the chest. He rummaged about for a long time in the entrails, without finding what he sought, and finally someone informed him that it was necessary to cut into the diaphragm. The heart was torn out to the admiration of all the bystanders. But the body stank so terribly that incense had to be burned, but the smoke, mixed with the exhalations of this carrion, did nothing but increase the stench, and it began to inflame the minds of these poor people. Their imagination, struck by the spectacle, filled with visions. They took it into their heads to say that a thick smoke was coming from the body, and we did not dare say that it was the incense. People kept calling out nothing but “Vrykolakas!” in the chapel and in the square before it, this being the name they give to these supposed revenants. The noise spread through the streets as if it were being reared, and this name seemed to be invented to shake the vault of the chapel. Several of the bystanders claimed that the blood of this unfortunate man was quite red, and the butcher swore that the body was still warm, from which they concluded that the deceased had the severe defect of not being quite dead, or, to state it better, of letting himself be reanimated by the devil, for that is exactly the idea they have of a vrykolakas. They caused this name to resound in an astonishing manner. And then there arrived a crowd of people who processed loudly that they had plainly seen that the corpse had not become stiff, when they carried it from the fields to the church to bury it; and as a result it was a true vrykolakas. That was the refrain.

Two do not doubt that they would have maintained that the body did not stink, if we had not been present, so stunned were these poor people from the business, and so persuaded of the return of the dead. As for us, who had placed ourselves near the cadaver to make our observations as precisely as possible, we almost perished from the great stench that emerged from it. When they asked us what we thought of the deceased, we answered that we thought him quite adequately dead. But because we wanted to cure—or at the least not to irritate their stricken imaginations—we represented to them that it was not surprising if the butcher had perceived some warmth in rummaging about in the entrails, which were putrefying; that it was not extraordinary if fumes were emitted, just as such emerge from a dung heap when one stirs it up; and as for the pretended red blood, it was still evident on the hands of the butcher that this was nothing but a striking noise.

After all our reasoning, they were of a mind to go to the seashore and burn the heart of the deceased, who in spite of this execution became less docile and made more noise than ever. They accused him of heating people at night, of breaking in doors, and even roofs; of breaking windows, tearing up clothes, and emptying pitchers and bottles. He was a very thirsty dead man: I believe that he did not spare any house but that of the consul, with whom we lodged. However, I have never viewed anything so pitiful as the state of this island. Everyone’s head was turned: the wisest people were struck like the others. It was a regular illness of the brain, as dangerous as madness or rage. One saw entire families abandon their houses and come from the outlying areas of the town into the square, carrying their pallets, to pass the night there. Everyone...
complained of some new insult, and there were nothing but groans at the coming of night. The most intelligent ones withdrew to the country.

In so general a possession, we chose not to say anything. They would have treated us not just as fools but as infidels. How is one to bring an entire population back to its senses? Those who believed in their soul that we doubted the truth of the matter, came to us to reproach us for our incredulity and claimed to prove—by authoritative passages taken from the Shield of Faith of Père Richard, a Jesuit missionary—that there was such a thing as a vrykolakas. He was a Latin, they said, and therefore you should believe him. Nor should we have got anywhere by denying the conclusion. They made a scene every morning, by a faithful recitation of the new jests committed by this nightbird, who was even accused of having committed the most abominable sins.

Those citizens who were most zealous for the public good believed that the most essential part of the ceremony had been deficient. The mass should not have been said, according to them, until after the heart of this unfortunate man had been torn out. They maintained that, with this precaution, the devil could not have failed to have been surprised, and that without a doubt he would not have returned. Whereas in starting with the mass, they said, he had had all the time necessary to flee and to come back afterward at his convenience.

After all these reasonings, they found themselves in the same difficulty as the first day. They meet night and day, debate, and organize processions for three days and three nights. They oblige the popes to fast, and one sees them running among the houses, the aspergillum in their hand, sprinkling holy water and washing the doors with it. With it they even filled the mouth of this poor vrykolakas.

We said so often to the administrators of the town, that in a similar situation, in Christendom, one would not fail to establish a watch at night, to observe what would happen in the town, that finally they arrested a few vagabonds who certainly had had a hand in these disorders. But apparently they were either not the principal agents, or else they were released too soon, for two days later, to make up for the fast that they had undergone in prison, they began again to empty the jugs of wine of those who were so foolish as to leave their houses during the night. Whereupon people were obliged to take recourse again to prayer.

One day, as they recited certain prayers, after having planted I don’t know how many naked swords in the grave of the corpse—which they disinterred three or four times a day, according to the caprice of whoever came by—an Albanian, who happened to find himself in Mykonos, took it upon himself to say, in a professorial tone, that it was extremely ridiculous to use the swords of Christians in such a case as this. Can you not see, you poor blind people, he said, that the guard of these swords, forming a cross with the handle, prevents the devil from leaving this corpse! Instead, why don’t you rather use Turkish sabres?* The opinion of this clever man was of no use: the vrykolakas did not appear to be any more tractable, and everyone was in a strange dismay. They didn’t know which saint to call upon, but with one voice, as though they had given one another the word, they began to cry out: throughout the village, where they had waited too long—it was necessary to burn up the vrykolakas entirely. After that they defied the devil to return to set up quarters there. It was better to resort to such an extreme than to have the island deserted. And in fact there were already whole families who were packing up, with the intention of retiring to Syra or Tinos. So then they carried the vrykolakas, by the order of the administrators, to the tip of Saint George’s Island, where a great funeral pyre had been prepared, with tar, out of fear that the wood, as dry as it was, would not burn fast enough for them on its own. The remains of this unfortunate cadaver were thrown on and consumed in a short time (this was the first of January, 1701). We saw the fire as we returned from Delos. You could call it a true fire of rejoicing, for one no longer heard the complaints against the vrykolakas. They were content to observe that the devil had certainly been caught this time, and they composed a few songs to ridicule him.

In the whole archipelago people are persuaded that it is only the Greeks of the Orthodox Church whose corpses are reanimated by the devil. The inhabitants of the island of Santorini are terribly afraid of such types of werewolves, and the people of Mykonos, after their visions had dissipated, were equally afraid of prosecution by the Turks and by the bishop of Tinos. Not a single one wanted to be present at Saint George, when they burned the body, out of fear that the bishop would exact a sum of money from them for having cremated and buried the deceased without his permission. As for the Turks, it is certain that, at their first visit, they did not fail to make the community of Mykonos pay for the blood of this poor devil, who became in every way an abomination and horror to his country. And after that, is it not necessary to point out that the Greeks of today are not the great Greeks, and that there is among them only ignorance and superstition!

- Religious remedies in region with conflux of religion (Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, Islam, pagan)
- Body fully burned to banish vampire – just the heart won’t do
SIGNS OF VAMPIRISM

▪ Suspected after mass death in village - association with plagues
▪ Attack family first, and then spread to rest of village
▪ Comes at night to smother or throttle sleeper in bed
▪ No signs of decay on body – hair and nails have grown
▪ Supple limbs and fresh skin, sometimes with “Devil’s mark”
▪ Blood on mouth or bloated corpse (hence blood-drinking belief)
▪ Often suicides or those who had died violently, or engaged in “immoral” behavior
▪ Also people born with any physical abnormalities.
▪ Creature originating in Eastern regions (Eastern Europe, the Levant) with history of conflict and instability

“Thanks be to God, we are by no means credulous. We avow that all the light which science can throw on this fact discovers none of the causes of it. Nevertheless, we cannot refuse to believe that to be true which is juridically attested, and by persons of probity.” – Dom Calmet, 1746
KILLING A VAMPIRE (AGAIN!)

- Head cut off, dismembered body, heart removed and burned
- Also good, old-fashioned stake through the heart (usually in conjunction with beheading or burning)
- Mouth can also be filled with garlic, an effective deterrent!

13th century grave of a “vampire” discovered in Bulgaria in 2014 – an iron rod has been hammered through the chest and the left leg was removed and placed beside the corpse

17th century grave of a “vampire” discovered in Poland on 6 September 2022. She had a sickle around her neck to prevent her from rising again
“But first, on earth as vampire sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse:
Thy victims ere they yet expire
Shall know the demon for their sire,
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.”

From “The Giaour” by Lord Byron
(1813)
“...overweening and petulant, too fond of putting himself forward face to face with those two heroes of our poetical literature [Byron and Shelley], and too touchy when either of them declined to take him at his own estimation. I will allow that this judgment of Polidori is, so far as it goes, substantially just; and that some of the recorded anecdotes of him prove him deficient in self-knowledge, lacking prudence and reserve, and ignoring the distinction between a dignified and a quarrelsome attitude of mind.”
"We will each write a ghost story," said Lord Byron, and his proposition was acceded to. There were four of us. The noble author began a tale, a fragment of which he printed at the end of his poem Mazeppa...Poor Polidori had some terrible idea about a skull-headed lady who was so punished for peeping through a key-hole...The illustrious poets also, annoyed by the platitude of prose, speedily relinquished their uncongenial task."

“The tale which lately appeared, and to which his lordship’s name was wrongfully attached, was founded upon the ground-work upon which this fragment was to have been continued. Two friends were to travel from England into Greece; while there, one of them should die, but before his death, should obtain from his friend an oath of secrecy with regard to his decease. Some short time after, the remaining traveller returning to his native country, should be startled at perceiving his former companion moving about in society, and should be horrified at finding that he made love to his former friend’s sister. Upon this foundation I built the Vampyre, at the request of a lady, who denied the possibility of such a ground-work forming the outline of a tale which should bear the slightest appearance of probability. In the course of three mornings, I produced that tale, and left it with her. From thence it appears to have fallen into the hands of some person, who sent it to the Editor in such a way, as to leave it so doubtful from his words, whether it was his lordship’s or not, that I found some difficulty in vindicating it to myself.”

John Polidori, Introduction to “Ernestus Berchtold, or the Modern Oedipus” (1819)
“A cursed and trashy tale…entitled *The Vampyre* was lately advertised in your name…I recollected your telling me something about a picnic of that kind at Diodati so I thought it possible that Dolly might have purloined your tale and was now covering his nakedness with it. The moment, however, I saw this Vampyre, I who…know your style, swore the whole to be a vile imposture and Dolly’s whole and sole doing…Now, however, he publishes a letter in the papers stating that though *The Vampyre* in ‘its present form’ is not yours, yet the ‘groundwork’ is ‘certainly’ yours. To this he has put his damned Italian polysyllabic name…I think it would be advisable for you to send to Murray…a note to be published in the papers, totally depriving the Doctor of any copyright in groundwork: or he will continue making use of your name – I fear he is a sad scamp, but you know I told you that you were wrong in taking him, you know I did.”

— *John Cam Hobhouse, “Letter to Lord Byron, May 3, 1819.”*
Mourn, Hellas, mourn! and o'er thy widowed brow,
For aye the cypress wreath of sorrow twine;
And in thy new-formed beauty, desolate, throw
The fresh-culled flowers on his sepulchral shrine.
Yes, let that heart, whose fervour was all thine,
In consecrated urn lamented be!
That generous heart whose genius thrilled divine
Hath spent its last most glorious throb for thee —
Then sank amidst the storm that made thy children free.

—from Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s “Stanzas on the Death of Lord Byron,” 1824
“It happened that in the midst of the dissipations attendant upon a London winter, there appeared at the various parties of the leaders of the ton a nobleman, more remarkable for his singularities, than his rank. He gazed upon the mirth around him, as if he could not participate therein. Apparently, the light laughter of the fair only attracted his attention, that he might by a look quell it, and throw fear into those breasts where thoughtlessness reigned. Those who felt this sensation of awe, could not explain whence it arose: some attributed it to the dead grey eye, which, fixing upon the object's face, did not seem to penetrate, and at one glance to pierce through to the inward workings of the heart; but fell upon the cheek with a leaden ray that weighed upon the skin it could not pass. His peculiarities caused him to be invited to every house; all wished to see him, and those who had been accustomed to violent excitement, and now felt the weight of ennui, were pleased at having something in their presence capable of engaging their attention. In spite of the deadly hue of his face, which never gained a warmer tint, either from the blush of modesty, or from the strong emotion of passion, though its form and outline were beautiful, many of the female hunters after notoriety attempted to win his attentions, and gain, at least, some marks of what they might term affection.”

- Opening paragraph of “the Vampyre”
“At Brussels and other towns through which they passed, Aubrey was surprized at the apparent eagerness with which his companion sought for the centres of all fashionable vice.”

“His guardians insisted upon his immediately leaving his friend, and urged, that his character was dreadfully vicious, for that the possession of irresistible powers of seduction, rendered his licentious habits more dangerous to society...that all those females whom he had sought, apparently on account of their virtue, had, since his departure, thrown even the mask aside, and had not scrupled to expose the whole deformity of their vices to the public gaze.”
“But why attempt to describe charms which all feel, but none can appreciate?—It was innocence, youth, and beauty, unaffected by crowded drawing-rooms and stifling balls.”

“Often as she told him the tale of the living vampyre, who had passed years amidst his friends, and dearest ties, forced every year, by feeding upon the life of a lovely female to prolong his existence for the ensuing months...She detailed to him the traditional appearance of these monsters, and his horror was increased, by hearing a pretty accurate description of Lord Ruthven.”

“Dismounting, he approached, hoping to find some one to guide him to the town, or at least trusting to obtain shelter from the pelting of the storm. As he approached, the thunders, for a moment silent, allowed him to hear the dreadful shrieks of a woman mingling with the stifled, exultant mockery of a laugh, continued in one almost unbroken sound.”

“There was no colour upon her cheek, not even upon her lip; yet there was a stillness about her face that seemed almost as attaching as the life that once dwelt there:—upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were the marks of teeth having opened the vein:—to this the men pointed, crying, simultaneously struck with horror, 'A Vampyre! a Vampyre!'”
“It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover.”

“Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other.”

“The constitution of Darvell, which must from his appearance have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled: his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue, yet he was evidently wasting away.”
“The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us, not a vestige of a town or even cottage was within sight or hope, and this ‘city of the dead’ appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.”

“The tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with age:—upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty.”

“I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this—conceal my death from every human being.”

“I felt Darvell’s weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead! I was shocked with the sudden certainty which could not be mistaken—his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering…”