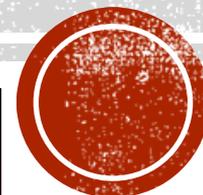




# HISTORY OF THE VAMPIRE IN FOLKLORE, LITERATURE, AND FILM: PART II

PRESENTED BY DR. MEGAN BRYAN,  
PHD IN ENGLISH FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF YORK, UK



# BYRON IMMORTAL



LORD BYRON IN ALBANIAN DRESS,  
PAINTED BY THOMAS PHILLIPS, 1813

“The male vampire certainly should have been a most attractive demon to the second generation of Romantics, for here was the personification of a most peculiar kind of exiled man, eternally outcast yet dependent on others, a lover yet incapable of loving, a superman yet a pathetic weakling, a Napoleon among men. Here was the gothic Don Juan, Milton’s Satan reborn, the Romantic artist himself. He was, in fact, the psychic vampire, whose needs of self-perpetuation depended on the destruction of others...To a considerable extent the myth’s currency is a tribute to this one man [Lord Byron].”

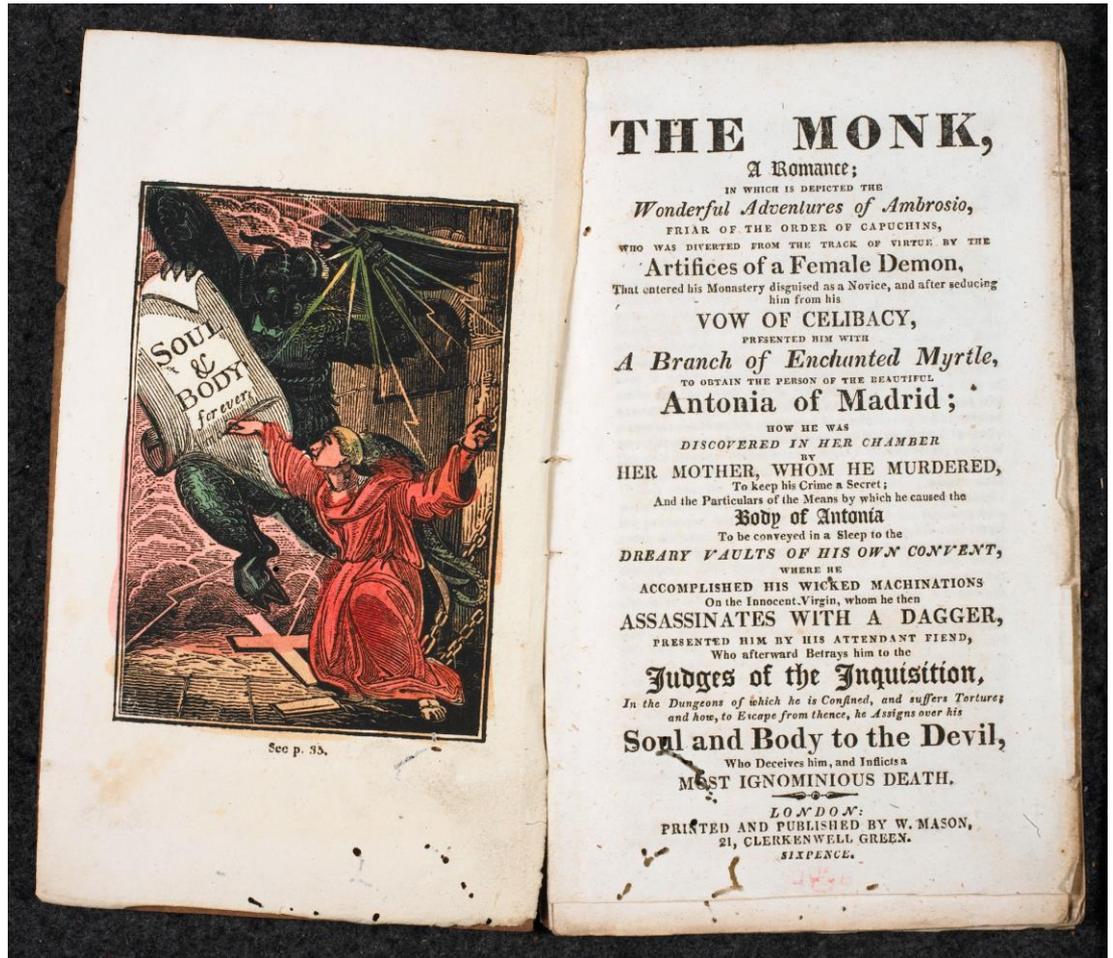
FROM JAMES B. TWITCHELL’S *THE LIVING DEAD: A STUDY OF THE VAMPIRE IN ROMANTIC LITERATURE* (1981)



# GOthic FATIGUE?

“The horrible and the preternatural have usually seized on the popular taste, at the rise and decline of literature. Most powerful stimulants, they can never be required except by the torpor of an unawakened, or the languor of an exhausted, appetite... We trust, however, that satiety will banish what good sense should have prevented; and that, wearied with fiends, incomprehensible characters, with shrieks, murders, and subterraneous dungeons, the public will learn, by the multitude of the manufacturers, with how little expense of thought or imagination this species of composition is manufactured.”

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,  
“REVIEW OF MATTHEW G. LEWIS  
‘THE MONK’,” (1797)



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 1796, THE ABOVE TITLE PAGE IS FROM THE 1818 EDITION OF “THE MONK” BY MATTHEW LEWIS, SUMMARIZING AND HIGHLIGHTING ITS LURID CONTENTS FOR THE CONTEMPORARY APPETITE



# THE VAMPIRE AND THE CITY

## The Vampyre.

(NO SUPERSTITION.)

THE bloodshot moon glares on the close-crowded graves,  
Through the foul mist that over the sepulchres waves,  
On the tombs where the City, with people o'erspread,  
In the midst of the living hath buried its dead.

A glimmering vapour creeps over the ground,  
You may see whence it issues—yon newly-raised mound ;  
Mark what spectre ascends in that horrible light—  
Lo, the Vampyre Infection is rising to-night !

The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! Avoid him ! His breath  
Is the reek of the charnel, the poison of death :  
He has broken his prison of pestilent clay,  
And the grave yields him up, on the living to prey.

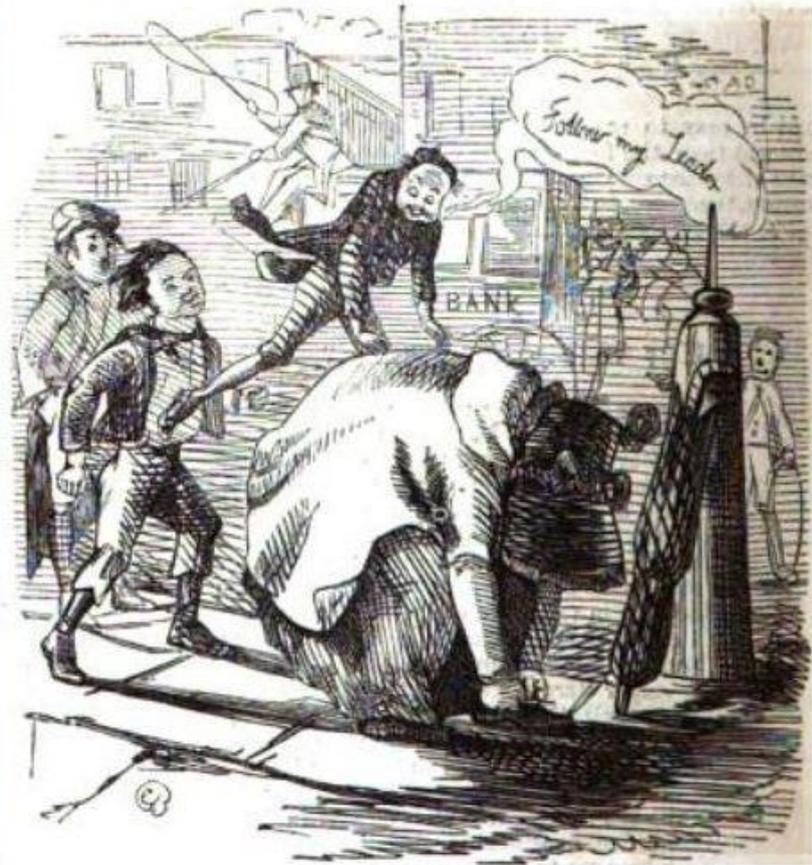
The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! Behold where he flies  
To the couch where his wife, in her widowhood, lies :  
Of her lost one—her husband—she dreams in her rest,  
Whilst the Vampyre is fixing his fangs in her breast.

The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! His infant child sleeps ;  
To its innocent cradle he stealthily creeps,  
And his bite its pure cheek with a plague-spot distains,  
And corrupts his own blood in his little one's veins.

The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! Nor mercy, nor ruth,  
Saves his kindred and friends from his venomous tooth :  
He is bound to a task which he cannot evade ;  
He is sent by a mandate which must be obeyed.

The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! Beneath a stern doom,  
On his terrible errand he breaks from the tomb ;  
To work vengeance and woe is his mission of dread,  
Upon those 'mid the living who bury their dead.

## "TAKING A BACK."



A FRIENDLY WARNING TO ELDERLY LADIES.



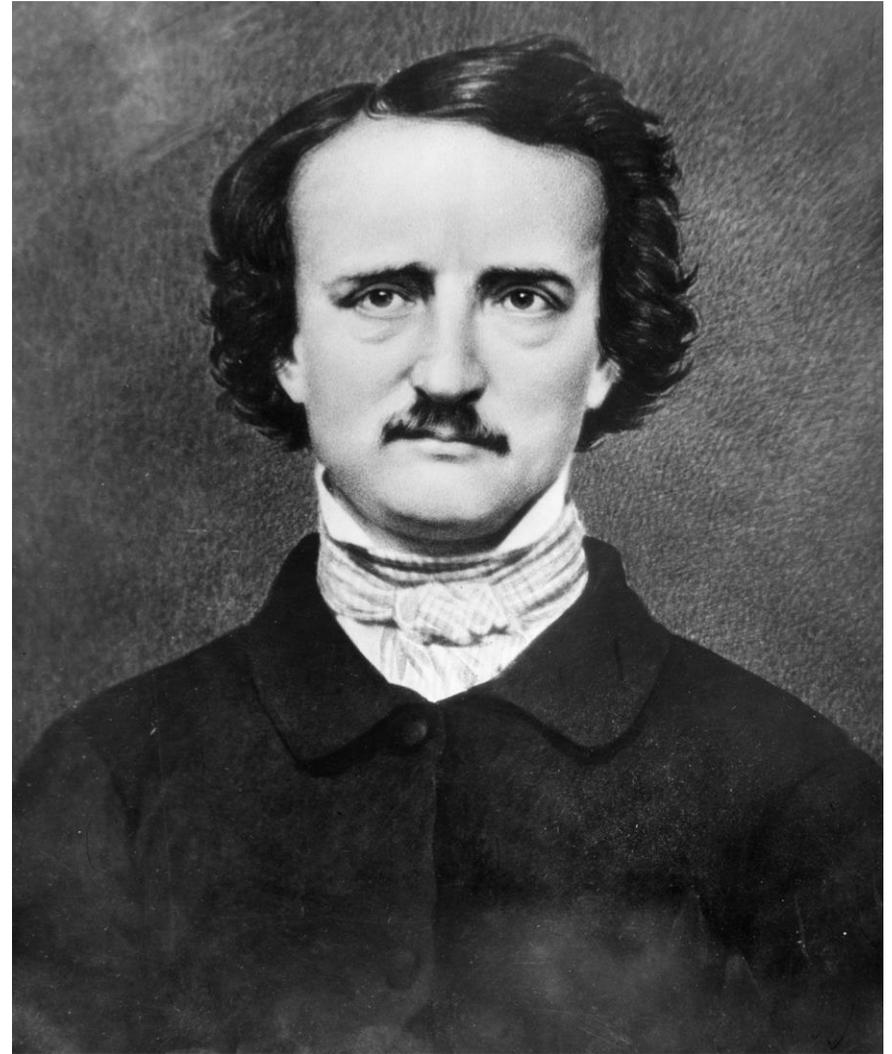
# A NEW FORMAT FOR FICTION: MAGAZINES

- Daily newspapers devoted to politics
- Monthly magazines devoted to variety, amusement, and fiction.
- Reviews, published every three months, which were somber, substantial, and highly respectable. **“TO BE AN EDINBURGH REVIEWER IS, I SUSPECT, THE HIGHEST RANK IN MODERN LITERARY SOCIETY” – WILLIAM HAZLITT, 1818**
- “Magazines offered a broader and more sophisticated consideration of political events than the newspapers, and they possessed an immediacy and variety that the reviews could not match. They were the most exuberant and original of the periodicals, while their preoccupation with violence, scandal, and hysteria made them a natural outlet for terror fiction.” – **ROBERT MORRISON AND CHRIS BALDICK, EDITORS OF *TALES OF TERROR FROM BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE*, 1995**
- *Blackwood’s Magazine* began running serials in 1820, specializing in what would popularly be known as “sensation fiction.”



# EDGAR ALLAN POE: "HOW TO WRITE A BLACKWOOD ARTICLE"

- "Sensations are the great things after all. Should you ever be drowned or hung, be sure and make a note of your sensations--they will be worth to you ten guineas a sheet. If you wish to write forcibly, Miss Zenobia, pay minute attention to the sensations."
- "The first thing requisite is to get yourself into such a scrape as no one ever got into before. The oven, for instance--that was a good hit. But if you have no oven or big bell, at hand, and if you cannot conveniently tumble out of a balloon, or be swallowed up in an earthquake, or get stuck fast in a chimney, you will have to be contented with simply imagining some similar misadventure. I should prefer, however, that you have the actual fact to bear you out. Nothing so well assists the fancy, as an experimental knowledge of the matter in hand..." Here I assured him I had an excellent pair of garters, and would go and hang myself forthwith. "Good!" he replied, "do so--although hanging is somewhat hackneyed. Perhaps you might do better...However, my instructions will apply equally well to any variety of misadventure, and on your way home you may easily get knocked in the head, or run over by an omnibus, or bitten by a mad dog, or drowned in a gutter."



DAGUERRETYPE OF EDGAR ALLAN  
POE TAKEN IN NOVEMBER 1848  
PROBABLY BY EDWIN H. MANCHESTER



# “NOVEL READING A CAUSE OF FEMALE DEPRAVITY”

## NOVEL-READING A CAUSE OF FEMALE DEPRAVITY.

“ But woman no redemption knows;  
“ The wounds of honour never close!  
“ Pity may mourn but not restore,  
“ And woman falls to rise no more.”

Those who first made novel-reading an indispensable branch in forming the minds of young women have a great deal to answer for. Without this poison instilled, as it were, into the blood, females in ordinary life would never have been so much the slaves of vice. The plain food, wholesome air, and exercise they enjoy, would have exempted them from the tyranny of lawless passion; and, like their virtuous grandmothers, they would have pointed the finger of shame at the impure and

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ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN “THE MONTHLY MIRROR” IN 1797 AND  
REPRINTED IN “LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE” (1817)



# PENNY DREADFULS, OR "PENNY PACKETS OF POISON"

"Another very fruitful scourge of early demoralization is to be looked for in the quantities of penny and halfpenny romances that are sold in town and country. One of the worst of the most recent ones is denominated, 'Charley Wag, or the new Jack Shepherd, a history of the most successful thief in London.' To say that these are not incentives to lust, theft, and crime of every description is to cherish a fallacy. Why should not the police, by act of Parliament, be empowered to take cognizance of this shameful misuse of the art of printing?"

BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, "PROSTITUTION IN LONDON" IN "LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR: VOLUME FOUR" BY HENRY MAYHEW (1861)

"The police court reports in the newspapers are alone sufficient proof of the harm done by 'penny dreadfuls'. It is an almost daily occurrence with magistrates to have before them boys who, having read a number of 'dreadfuls', followed the examples set forth in such publications, robbed their employers, bought revolvers with the proceeds and finished by running away from home and installing themselves in the back streets as 'highwaymen'. This and many other evils the 'penny dreadful' is responsible for. It makes thieves of the coming generation, and so helps fill our gaols."

ALFRED HARMSWORTH, THE HALFPENNY MARVEL 1 (1893)

THE  
**PEOPLE'S PERIODICAL**  
AND  
FAMILY LIBRARY.  
EDITED BY E. LLOYD.

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No. 8, Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 28, 1846. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

**THE STRING OF PEARLS.**  
A ROMANCE.  
*(Continued from our last.)*

The captain ordered the boat to proceed up the river towards the Temple stairs, where Hector's master had expressed his intention of proceeding, and then the faithful animal saw the direction in which they were going, he lay down in the bottom of the boat perfectly satisfied, and gave himself up to that repose, of which he was evidently so much in need.

It cannot be said that Colonel Jeffery suspected anything of a very serious nature had happened; indeed, their principal anticipation, when they came to talk it over, consisted in the probability that Thornhill had, with an impetuosity of character they knew very well he possessed, interposed to redress what he

considered some street grievance, and had got himself into the custody of the civil power in consequence.

"Of course," said the captain, "Master Hector would view that as a very serious affair, and finding himself denied access to his master, you see he has come off to us, which was certainly the most prudent thing he could do, and I should not be at all surprised if he takes us to the door of some watch-house, where we shall find our friend snug enough."

The tide was running up; and that Thornhill had not saved the turn of it, by dropping down earlier to the vessel, was one of the things that surprised the captain. However, they got up quickly, and as at that hour there was not much on the river to impede their progress, and as at that time the Thames was not a thoroughfare for little stinking steam-boats, they soon reached the ancient Temple stairs.

The dog, who had until then seemed to be asleep, suddenly sprang up, and seizing the hat again in his mouth, rushed again on shore, and was closely followed by the captain and colonel.

He led them through the Temple with great rapidity, pursuing with admirable tact the precise path that his master had taken towards the entrance to the Temple in Fleet-street, opposite Chancery-lane. Dashing across the road then, he stopped with a low growl at the shop of Sweeney Todd—a proceeding

which very much surprised those who followed him, and caused them to pause to hold a consultation ere they proceeded further. While this was proceeding, Todd suddenly opened the door, and aimed a blow at the dog with an iron bar, but the latter dexterously avoided it, and, but that the door was suddenly closed again, he would have made Sweeney Todd regret such an interference.

"We must inquire into this," said the captain; "there seems to be mutual ill-will between that man and the dog."

They both tried to enter the barber's shop, but it was fast on the inside; and after repeated knockings, Todd called from within, saying—

"I won't open the door while that dog is there. He is mad, or has a spite against me—I don't know nor care which—it's a fact, that's all I am aware of."

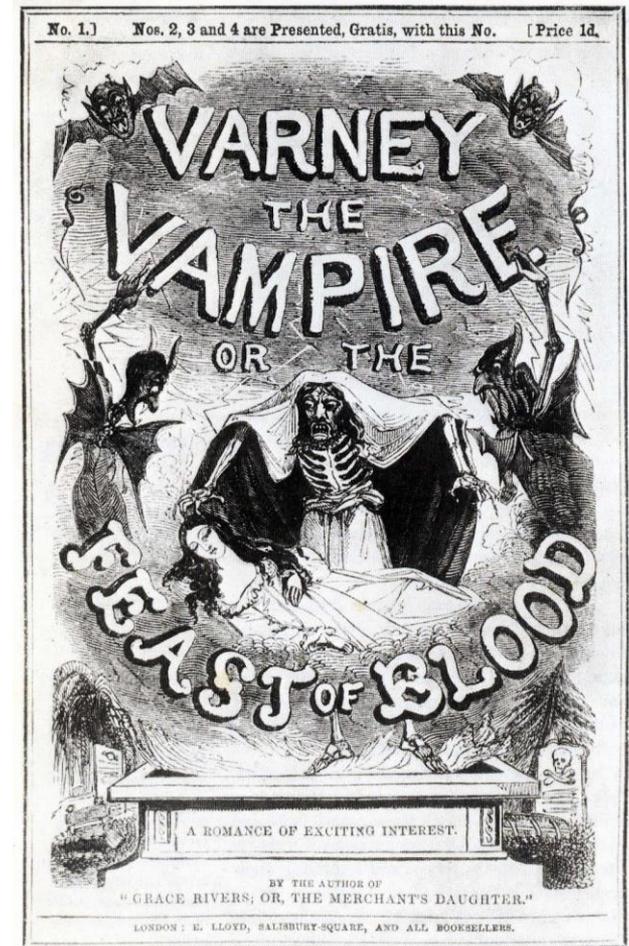
"I will undertake," said the captain, "that the dog shall do you no harm; but open the door, for in we must come, and will!"

"I will take your promise," said Sweeney Todd; "but mind you keep it, or I shall protect myself and take the creature's life; so, if you value it, you had better hold it fast."

The captain pacified Hector as well as he could, and likewise tied one end of a silk handkerchief round his neck, and held the other firmly in his grasp, after

# “VARNEY THE VAMPIRE” (1845-47)

- “The bed in that old chamber is occupied. A creature formed in all fashions of loveliness lies in a half sleep upon that ancient couch—a girl young and beautiful as a spring morning.”
- “A tall figure is standing on the ledge immediately outside the long window...feeling for an entrance, and clattering against the glass with its long nails, that appear as if the growth of many years had been untouched.”
- “The figure turns half round, and the light falls upon the face. It is perfectly white—perfectly bloodless. The eyes look like polished tin; the lips are drawn back, and the principal feature next to those dreadful eyes is the teeth—the fearful looking teeth—projecting like those of some wild animal, hideously, glaringly white, and fang-like. It approaches the bed with a strange, gliding movement...But her eyes are fascinated. The glance of a serpent could not have produced a greater effect upon her than did the fixed gaze of those awful, metallic-looking eyes that were bent on her face. Crouching down so that the gigantic height was lost, and the horrible, protruding, white face was the most prominent object, came on the figure...Her bosom heaves, and her limbs tremble, yet she cannot withdraw her eyes from that marble-looking face. He holds her with his glittering eye.”
- “The glassy, horrible eyes of the figure ran over that angelic form with a hideous satisfaction—horrible profanation. He drags her head to the bed's edge. He forces it back by the long hair still entwined in his grasp. With a plunge he seizes her neck in his fang-like teeth—a gush of blood, and a hideous sucking noise follows. *The girl has swooned, and the vampyre is at his hideous repast!*”



COVER OF  
**VARNEY THE VAMPIRE**  
(1845),  
ARTIST UNKNOWN



# A DIFFERENT KIND OF VAMPIRE...



ILLUSTRATION FROM  
*VARNEY THE VAMPIRE*  
(1845),  
ARTIST UNKNOWN

- “But never yet, in all my long career—a career extending over centuries of time—never yet have I felt the soft sensation of human pity till I looked on thee, exquisite piece of excellence. Even at the moment when the reviving fluid from the gushing fountain of your veins was warming at my heart, I pitied and I loved you. Oh, Flora! even I can now feel the pang of being what I am!...I am one who has witnessed time's mutations on man and on his works, and I have pitied neither; I have seen the fall of empires, and sighed not that high reaching ambition was toppled to the dust. I have seen the grave close over the young and the beautiful—those whom I have doomed by my insatiable thirst for human blood to death, long ere the usual span of life was past, but I never loved till now.”

“Can such a being as you,” said Flora “be susceptible of such an earthly passion?”

“And wherefore not?”

“Love is either too much of heaven, or too much of earth to find a home with thee.”
- “It is a condition with my hateful race, that if we can find one human heart to love us, we are free. If, in the face of Heaven, you will consent to be mine, you will snatch me from a continuance of my frightful doom, and for your pure sake, and on your merits, shall I yet know heavenly happiness. Will you be mine?”

“No, no, no!” shrieked Flora, “never!”

“Enough,” said Varney, “I am answered. It was a bad proposal. I am a vampyre still....Then am I doomed yet, perhaps, for many a cycle of years, to spread misery and desolation around me; and yet I love you with a feeling which has in it more of gratefulness and unselfishness than ever yet found a home within my breast. I would fain have you, although you cannot save me...Believe me, that if my victims, those whom my insatiable thirst for blood make wretched, suffer much, I, the vampyre, am not without my moments of unutterable agony.”



# THE “SENSATIONAL” CHARLES DICKENS

“If any one writes a novel, a play, or a poem, which relates anything out of the ordinary experiences of the most ordinary people — some tragedy of love or revenge, some strange (though not impossible) combination of events, or some romance of guilt and misery — he is straightway met with a loud exclamation of ‘Sensational!’ This foolish word has become the orthodox stone for flinging at any heretic author who is bold enough to think that life has its tremendous passes of anguish and crime, as well as its little joys and little sorrows — its strange adventures and vicissitudes, as well as its daily progresses from Brixton to the Bank...and who holds that the more vividly-coloured part of the grouping is as legitimate a subject for artistic treatment as the more drab-hued section. But the anti-sensational critic will tell you that, if you would write a novel or a play that is fit to be read by any one with tastes superior to those of a butcher-boy, you must confine yourself strictly to the common events of common lives, have nothing whatever to say to any of the extremes of passion or of action, leave murder to the penny papers, be ignorant of suicide, have no idea that there are dark shadows in the world, and shun a mystery as you would the measles...Life itself is similarly sensational in many of its aspects, and nature is similarly sensational in many of her forms, and art is always sensational when it is tragic.”

CHARLES DICKENS, “THE SENSATIONAL  
WILLIAMS” (1864)



CHARLES DICKENS C.  
1867-8



# THE “SENSATIONAL” SHERIDAN LE FANU

- “May [the author] be permitted a few words also of remonstrance against the promiscuous application of the term 'sensation'...No one, it is assumed, would describe Sir Walter Scott's romances as 'sensation novels;' yet in that marvellous series there is not a single tale in which death, crime, and, in some form, mystery, have not a place.”
- “The author trusts that the Press, to whose masterly criticism and generous encouragement he and other humble labourers in the art owe so much, will insist upon the limitation of that degrading term to the peculiar type of fiction which it was originally intended to indicate, and prevent, as they may, its being made to include the legitimate school of tragic English romance, which has been ennobled, and in great measure founded, by the genius of Sir Walter Scott.”

SHERIDAN LE FANU, INTRODUCTION TO  
“UNCLE SILAS” (1864)



SHERIDAN LE FANU C. 1870



# “CARMILLA” (1872)



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID HENRY FRISTON FOR *CARMILLA* (1872)

“I live in your warm life, and you shall die—die, sweetly die—into mine. I cannot help it; as I draw near to you, you, in your turn, will draw near to others, and learn the rapture of that cruelty, which yet is love; so, for a while, seek to know no more of me and mine, but trust me with all your loving spirit.’ And when she had spoken such a rhapsody, she would press me more closely in her trembling embrace, and her lips in soft kisses gently glow upon my cheek...Sometimes after an hour of apathy, my strange and beautiful companion would take my hand and hold it with a fond pressure, renewed again and again; blushing softly, gazing in my face with languid and burning eyes, and breathing so fast that her dress rose and fell with the tumultuous respiration. It was like the ardor of a lover; it embarrassed me; it was hateful and yet over-powering; and with gloating eyes she drew me to her, and her hot lips traveled along my cheek in kisses; and she would whisper, almost in sobs, ‘You are mine, you *shall* be mine, you and I are one for ever.’”



# CARMILLA'S POWERS

- “Now the truth is, I felt rather unaccountably towards the beautiful stranger. I did feel, as she said, ‘drawn towards her,’ but there was also something of repulsion. In this ambiguous feeling, however, the sense of attraction immensely prevailed. She interested and won me; she was so beautiful and so indescribably engaging.”
- “From these foolish embraces, which were not of very frequent occurrence, I must allow, I used to wish to extricate myself; but my energies seemed to fail me. Her murmured words sounded like a lullaby in my ear, and soothed my resistance into a trance, from which I only seemed to recover myself when she withdrew her arms.”
- “I soon saw that it was a sooty-black animal that resembled a monstrous cat. It appeared to me about four or five feet long for it measured fully the length of the hearthrug as it passed over it; and it continued to-ing and fro-ing with the lithe, sinister restlessness of a beast in a cage. I could not cry out, although as you may suppose, I was terrified. Its pace was growing faster, and the room rapidly darker and darker, and at length so dark that I could no longer see anything of it but its eyes. I felt it spring lightly on the bed. The two broad eyes approached my face, and suddenly I felt a stinging pain as if two large needles darted, an inch or two apart, deep into my breast. I waked with a scream. The room was lighted by the candle that burnt there all through the night, and I saw a female figure standing at the foot of the bed.”



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID HENRY  
FRISTON FOR *CARMILLA* (1872)



# RELIGION IN CARMILLA

- “‘You pierce my ears,’ said Carmilla, almost angrily, and stopping her ears with her tiny fingers. ‘Besides, how can you tell that your religion and mine are the same; your forms wound me, and I hate funerals. What a fuss! Why you must die—everyone must die; and all are happier when they do... Well, *her* funeral is over, I hope, and *her* hymn sung; and our ears shan't be tortured with that discord and jargon. It has made me nervous.’...Her face underwent a change that alarmed and even terrified me for a moment. It darkened, and became horribly livid; her teeth and hands were clenched, and she frowned and compressed her lips, while she stared down upon the ground at her feet, and trembled all over with a continued shudder as irrepressible as ague. All her energies seemed strained to suppress a fit...and at length a low convulsive cry of suffering broke from her, and gradually the hysteria subsided. ‘There! That comes of strangling people with hymns!’ she said at last. ‘Hold me, hold me still. It is passing away.’”
- “‘All this,’ said my father, ‘is strictly referable to natural causes. These poor people infect one another with their superstitions, and so repeat in imagination the images of terror that have infested their neighbors... We are in God’s hands: nothing can happen without his permission, and all will end well for those who love him. He is our faithful creator; He has made us all, and will take care of us.’ ‘Creator! Nature!’ said [Carmilla] in answer to my gentle father. ‘And this disease that invades the country is natural. Nature. All things proceed from Nature—don’t they? All things in the heaven, in the earth, and under the earth, act and live as Nature ordains? I think so.’”



ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FITZGERALD FOR *CARMILLA* (1872)



# CARMILLA'S DEATH

- “The grave of the Countess Mircalla was opened; and the General and my father recognized each his perfidious and beautiful guest, in the face now disclosed to view. The features, though a hundred and fifty years had passed since her funeral, were tinted with the warmth of life. Her eyes were open; no cadaverous smell exhaled from the coffin. The two medical men, one officially present, the other on the part of the promoter of the inquiry, attested the marvelous fact that there was a faint but appreciable respiration, and a corresponding action of the heart. The limbs were perfectly flexible, the flesh elastic; and the leaden coffin floated with blood, in which to a depth of seven inches, the body lay immersed.”
- “Here then, were all the admitted signs and proofs of vampirism. The body, therefore, in accordance with the ancient practice, was raised, and a sharp stake driven through the heart of the vampire, who uttered a piercing shriek at the moment, in all respects such as might escape from a living person in the last agony. Then the head was struck off, and a torrent of blood flowed from the severed neck. The body and head was next placed on a pile of wood, and reduced to ashes, which were thrown upon the river and borne away, and that territory has never since been plagued by the visits of a vampire.”
- “I may mention, in passing, that the deadly pallor attributed to that sort of revenants, is a mere melodramatic fiction. They present, in the grave, and when they show themselves in human society, the appearance of healthy life.
- “How they escape from their graves and return to them for certain hours every day, without displacing the clay or leaving any trace of disturbance in the state of the coffin or the cerements, has always been admitted to be utterly inexplicable. The amphibious existence of the vampire is sustained by daily renewed slumber in the grave. Its horrible lust for living blood supplies the vigor of its waking existence. The vampire is prone to be fascinated with an engrossing vehemence, resembling the passion of love, by particular persons. In pursuit of these it will exercise inexhaustible patience and stratagem, for access to a particular object may be obstructed in a hundred ways. It will never desist until it has satiated its passion, and drained the very life of its coveted victim. But it will, in these cases, husband and protract its murderous enjoyment with the refinement of an epicure, and heighten it by the gradual approaches of an artful courtship. In these cases it seems to yearn for something like sympathy and consent. In ordinary ones it goes direct to its object, overpowers with violence, and strangles and exhausts often at a single feast.”
- “Assume, at starting, a territory perfectly free from that pest. How does it begin, and how does it multiply itself? I will tell you. A person, more or less wicked, puts an end to himself. A suicide, under certain circumstances, becomes a vampire. That specter visits living people in their slumbers; they die, and almost invariably, in the grave, develop into vampires. This happened in the case of the beautiful Mircalla, who was haunted by one of those demons...the vampire, on its expulsion from its amphibious existence, is projected into a far more horrible life.”



# JACK THE RIPPER – VAMPIRE?

- “There are natures ‘mad’ only in being immeasurably bad – beings who look like men, but are rather demons, vampires, of whom society has the right to be quickly rid, without too much attention to the theories of mental experts.” **“NEWS FROM WHITECHAPEL,”** *THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*, 10 SEPTEMBER 1888.
- “It is so impossible to account, on any ordinary hypothesis, for these revolting acts of blood that the mind turns as it were instinctively to some theory of occult force, and the myths of the Dark Ages rise before the imagination. Ghouls, vampires, blood-suckers, and all the ghastly array of fables which have been accumulated throughout the course of centuries take form, and seize hold of the excited fancy.” **“A THIRST FOR BLOOD,”** *EAST LONDON ADVERTISER*, 6 OCTOBER 1888.



THE "NEMESIS OF NEGLECT", AN IMAGE OF SOCIAL DESTITUTION MANIFESTED AS JACK THE RIPPER, STALKS WHITECHAPEL IN A PUNCH CARTOON OF 1888 BY JOHN TENNIEL

