

PENGUIN



CLASSICS

MARY SHELLEY

Frankenstein

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FROM THE PAGES OF FRANKENSTEIN

"We are unfashioned creatures, but half made up." (page 24)

Thus strangely are our souls constructed, and by such slight ligaments are we bound to prosperity or ruin. (page 37)

So much has been done, exclaimed the soul of Frankenstein—more, far more, will I achieve: treading in the steps already marked, I will pioneer a new way, explore urknown powers, and unfold to the world the deepest mysteries of creation. (nage 42)

It was on a dreapy right of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anviely that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that by at my feet It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the paness, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of spanes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of open; it breathed hard, and a convideive motion agliated its limbs. (pages 51)

I bought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became fivid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms. (page 51)

Did any one indeed exist, except I, the creator, who would believe, unless his senses convinced him, in the existence of the living monument of presumption and rash ignorance which I had let loose upon the world? (page 72)

"You accuse me of murder; and yet you would, with a satisfied conscience, destroy your own creature. Oh, praise the eternal justice of man!" (page 90)

"You accuse me of murder; and yet you would, with a satisfied conscience, destroy your own creature. Oh, praise the eternal justice of man!" (page 90)

"When I looked around, I saw and heard of none like me. Was I then a monster, a blot upon the earth, from which all men fled, and whom all men disowned?" (page 107)

"Slave, I before reasoned with you, but you have proved yourself unworthy of my condescension. Remember that I have power, you believe yourself miserable, but I can make you so wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you. You are my creator, but I am your master,—obey! ("page 149)

The fiend was not here: a sense of security, a feeling that a truce was established between the present hour and irresistible, disastrous future, imparted to me a kind of calm forgetfuness, of which the human mind is by its structure pecularly susceptible, (page 163)



FRANKENSTEIN

Mary Shelley

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY KAREN KARBIENER

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Frankenstein was first published anonymously in 1818.
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Note on Mary Shelley, The World of Mary Shelley and Frankenstein, Insolred by Frankenstein, and Comments & Questions

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MARY SHELLEY

Though her life was fraught with personal tragedy, Mary Shelley was destined for literary greatness. Mary Wolstoncraft Godwin was born on August 30, 1797, to radically thinking parents: William Godwin, anarchist, philosopher, and author of the rovel The Adventures of Caleb Williams (1794), and Mary Wollstoncraft, a welk-rown protoferminist who worte A Vindication of the Rights of Woman. Mary Wollstoncraft died from complications of childbirth eleven days after her drauther was horn.

At age sixteen, Mary eloped to France with the Romantic poet Perry Byshes Bhelley, for which Mary's father temporarily disowned her. In 1816, Shelley's first wile, Harriet, whom he had abandoned for Mary, drowned herself in the Seprentine River. Mary and Percy married days after Harriet's body, pregnant with Shelley's urborn child, was discovered. The Shelleys moved to the shores of Late Geneva, and there formed a literary circle that included George Gordon, Lord Byron. The group regulary held all-right discourses on scientific and supernatural bolics. After one such discussion, in which dream that became the inspiration for Frankresterin, or. The Modern Prometheus, her first novel. Published anonymously in 1818, Frankresterin was an instant success.

Of the four children Mary had with Percy Shelley, only one lived beyond the age of three: their son Percy Florence. In June 1821, Mary nearly died from the miscarriage of a fifth child. A month later, Shelley drowned in a boating accident in the Gulf of Spezia, at the age of twenty-rine.

Mary Shelley devoted the rest of her life to writing novels, editing Shelley's poetry for posthumous publication, and traveling with her son. She died on February 1, 1851, and was buried at Bournemouth with her parents.

THE WORLD OF MARY SHELLEY AND FRANKFISTEIN

Horace Walpole's The Castle of Otranto, the first true Gothic 1765 novel is published

The French Revolution erunts, signaling the end of the French.

monarchy, the rise of the middle class, and improvements in the social status of women: this intense and violent revolt has

1789 a pro found impact on the Romantic literary movement.

Italian physician Luigi Galvani announces his discovery of

1791 "animal electricity" which manifests in the twitching of nerves

and mus cles when an electric current is applied. Mary Wollstonecraft, author of the proto-feminist essay A Vindi cation of the Rights of Woman and a member of an 1796 intellectually radical circle that includes William Blake William

Godwin Thomas Hol croft James Johnson Thomas Paine and William Wordsworth, begins an affair with Godwin. The two marry, Mary Wollstonecraft gives birth to Mary Woll 1797 stonecraft Godwin and dies from complications eleven days later. Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge publish The Lyrical Bal lads, a collaboration that helps shape the sensibilities of the Ro mantics. William Godwin publishes Memoirs of the Author of A Vindication of the Rights of 1798 Woman, an emotional biography of Mary Wollstone craft, The book which details Wollstonecraft's suicide attempts and the couple's sex life, causes much scandal. Before she begins writing Frankenstein. Mary Shelley reads the memoir sey eral times Godwin marries Mary Jane Clairmont, whose son, Charles, and daughter. Jane, join the household: also living with them

> is Fanny Imlay, Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter by Captain Gilbert Imlay an American The poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, recently expelled from Oxford for refusing to admit to writing The Necessity of Atheism, initiates a cor respondence with William Godwin.

whom he admires: Godwin, famous for his 1793 Enquiry Concerning Political Justice, is also admired by Coleridge, among others. Mary spends ten blissful months in Dundee, Scotland: she falls in love with the Scottish landscape, which will feature prominently in Frankenstein. At age sixteen, Mary elopes with Percy Shelley, taking along her stepsister. Jane. Mary's father refuses to speak to her for the next two years. Jane, who later changes her name to

Claire, becomes a semipermanent fixture in Percy and Mary's household. Percy continues to see his wife Harriet intermittently. Mary gives premature birth to an unnamed daughter who 1815 dies within days. Percy makes the acquaintance of the critic and essavist William Hazhtt and the poet John Keats. Mary gives birth to a son, William. The family relocates to Geneva, where they meet George Gordon, Lord Byron. In a friendly "ghost story" competition, Byron produces "A Fragment." His literary friend and doctor John William Pohdori writes "The Vampyre: A Tale," which is not published until 1819, when it is attributed to Byron: "The Vampyre" later

> greatly influences Bram Stoker's Dra cula (1897). At the encouragement of Percy and Byron, Mary Shelley begins writing Frankenstein. Mary's half-sister, Fanny, commits suicide. Harriet Shelley drowns herself and her unborn child, her third by Percy. Percy and Mary, who is also pregnant, marry at St. Mildred's Church in London on December 30.

1801

1812

1814

1816

William Godwin reconciles with his daughter. The Shellevs move to Great Marlow on the Thames Claire gives birth to Byron's daughter. Allegra. Mary gives birth to a daughter Clara History of a Six Weeks' Tour recounts the 1817 Shellevs' travels through France Switzerland Germany and Holland in 1814 following their elopement. Mary completes Frankenstein. Frankenstein: or The Modern Prometheus, published anonymously in three volumes is an overwhelming success. 1818 Clara Mary's daughter dies in Venice Byron begins his epic poem Don Juan. Young William, whom Percy adoringly calls "Will-mouse." 1819 dies of malaria. Mary gives birth to Percy Florence, her only child to survive infancy Percy publishes Prometheus Unbound: A Lyrical Drama. 1820 Hans Christian Ørsted discovers the connection between electricity and magnet ism. John Keats dies, and Percy elegizes him in the long poem. Adonais. Percy writes a critical essay, A Defence of Poetry, not published until 1840, that claims poets are the "unacknowledged legislators of the world." Though she is surrounded by radicals. Mary Shellev's worldview becomes increasingly conservative. Mary miscarries and nearly dies of hemorrhaging. Percy and 1822 his friend Edward Williams drown on July 8 when their boat. the Don Juan, sinks during a storm. Mary Shelley's povel Valperga is published. Richard. Brinsley's play Presumption; or, The Fate of Frankenstein onens at the English Opera House, and Mary attends a 1823 performance. Frankenstein is reprinted in two volumes, this time bearing Mary Shelley's name. Four more plays based on Frankenstein open this year, all to minimal success. Mary publishes Percy Bysshe Shelley's Posthumous Poems Percy's fa ther, Sir Timothy Shelley, tells Mary he will withhold 1824 Percy Flor ence's allowance until Mary stops publishing the late poet's writing. The Last Man, one of Mary Shelley's finest novels, chronicles 1826 the last surviving member of the human race, which has been all but wiped out by plague Mary contracts smallpox. Over the next ten years, she 1828 contributes several short stories and poems to The Keepsake and other journals. Mary Shelley's novel The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck is 1830 published She revises Frankenstein for publication in Bentley's Standard Novels. In this edition, she includes an introduction 1831 that reveals a mature and almost nostalgic attitude toward the novel and its inspiration Mary Shelley's semiautobiographical novel Lodore is published. She contributes biographical essays to Lardner's 1835 Cabinet Cyclopaedia; over the next four years she writes about the lives of historical figures 1836 William Godwin dies at the age of 80. Falkner, Mary Shelley's final novel, makes little impression on 1837 a public smitten with the work of Charles Dickens, and she stops writing novels. Queen Victoria is crowned. Mary publishes Percy Shelley's Poetical Works in four 1839 volumes. She becomes infirm and battles various illnesses for the rest of her life. Rambles in Germany and Italy, a book describing Mary's 1844 travels with her son Percy Florence and his friends, is published.

age 53. The remains of Many Woldstonecraft and William Godwin are located to the churchyard at St. Peters, Bournemouth, and the three are buried there side by side.

1910 The first film dapplation of Prankenstein, produced by Thomas Edi son, is released.

James Whele Silm dapplation of Prankenstein premieres, starting Boris Karloff as the morster, in what is perhaps the best known and most proude of the films make from

After several strokes, Mary Shelley dies on February 1, at

- Shelley's novel.

 Mary Shelley's Mathilde, a novel that deals with father1959 daughter incest, is published; it was begun in 1819 but was
- suppressed by William Godwin.

 1997 A sheep called Dolly, the first successfully cloned mammal, is born.

INTRODUCTION

Cursed Tellers, Compelling Tales—The Endurance of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein

Alone—alone—all—all—alone
Upon the wide, wide sea—
And God will not take pity on
My soul in agony!

WHO IS MEANT TO give voice to these lines, which comprise a late entry in the journal of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin Shelley (Journals vol 2 p. 573)? Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" had been one of her favorite poems since the poet had recited it in her father's study, so Shelley may simply have meant to reanimate the seafaring protagonist. These lines also speak for many of her own literary creations, including the main characters in her most popular novel. Frankenstein, Captain Robert Walton knew the poem well, attributing "passionate enthusiasm, for the dangerous mysteries of ocean, to that production of the most imaginative of modern poets" (p. 18). Coleridge's mariner experiences the utter desolation of being the last living soul on board his ship, and comes to sense that he is living under a ban that deprives him of human company. Shelley's mariner. too, mourns his isolated state, and desperately longs for a sympathetic friend. Victor Frankenstein also decries the pain of living his nightmare existence, as his loved ones die off one by one. But it is the monster who most deeply feels the utter misery of an enforced solitary existence. Declaring itself "godless" and "wretched" in the final scene, the creature is the living embodiment of these four bleak lines as it is carried out of human earshot and off the pages of

Frankenstein by Icy waves.
Even in her journal, Mary Shelley used fiction and foils to explore her innermost feelings. By her mid-twenties, the lonely misery of Coleridge's manner was all too familiar to her. Nothing in her life seemed to endure. Her mother had died as a result of giving birth to her, her haf-sister, Farny, had committed suicide about a morth after Mary's mineteenth birthday (and two morths before Percy Shelley's first wide kilder herself); sur of her five conceptions ended trajically, the last a near-fatal miscarniage, her hasband, Percy, was drowed in weaks letter later extinctions of the second of the properties of weaks letter and extensions and manners of weaks letter later extensions.

1822, six years after their marriage, and their friend Byron died two years later. Later attempts at romance (such as her interest in Aubrey Beauclerk) and even friendship (with Jane Williams, for example) tended to be short-beed, or simply ended disastrously. She outlived every major Romartic writer and attended the fundate of almost every man and the simple state of the state of the state of the state of man and vise I may will describe that soltary being's feelings, feeling myself as the last relic of a beloved race, my companions extlind before me' (Journals, vol. 2, p. 542).

Her urgent desire to "enrol myself on the page of fame" (p. 6) was

quashed upon the death of Percy, her great love and literary mentor. His loss made her surviving son all the more precious to her, and as their financial problems persisted Mary turned to writing for money rather than literary reputation. Many of Frankenstein's readers are surprised to discover that Shelley wrote steadily through her life. producing six novels after her first. Frankenstein, two verse plays, two travel works, several biographies, translations, children's stories, and edited works. In addition, she composed numerous essays, poems, and reviews and more than two dozen short stories. Most of the major writings suffered from unfavorable comparisons to Frankenstein; several of them received negative reviews or were cited as morally corrupt (The Last Man was even banned in some European countries). Most of her work has been long out of print, and until about forty years ago, Mary was not given serious consideration as a writer. She seems to have anticipated the potential uselessness of her literary labors relatively early in her career: "What folly is it in me to

neglect, gaining a place on college syllabil only in the 1960s. It is a table that possesses the compelling quality of the ancient mariner's saga, a story that nearly two centuries of readers have confirmed they cannot choose but hear."

"... go forth and prosper ..."

Werewolves, sumplies, witches, and wardnocks have heen the stiff of

write trash nobody will read," she complained in her journal in 1825.
"All my many pages—future waste paper—surely I am a fool"

What did endure was her waking nightmare: Frankenstein. First published in falls when she was in her late leners, the novel is profit you've for end in the real profit you've for end in print since its first publication. Frankenstein has lived on as Shelley's self-proclaimed Trideous progeny' design efforts to take it away from her by attributing its authorship to her inshand! It has survived more finan a centiru of academic score or

(Journals, vol. 2, p. 489).

folklore, legend, and nightmare for centuries, yet none have so haunted the public imagination as the monster created by eighteenyear-old Mary Shelley in 1816. From the start, we have been eager to help the monster live off of the page, to interpret the tale for ourselves. Within five veers of the novel's initial publication, the first of what

would eventually be more than ninety dramatizations of Frankenstein

appeared orstage. Shelley herself went to see one of the thirty-seven performances of Presumption that played in London in 1823. Lumbering violently and uttering inarticulate groans, the monster attracted record numbers of theatergoers, as well as a series of protests by the London Society for the Prevention of Vice. Many was pleased and "much amused" by Thomas Cookle's attempts to portrait the morster, and even made a favorable note about the playful to her Cookler this nameloses mode of naming the unameable (size) is after good, she wrote on September 11 (Letters, vol. 1, p. 378). A familiar yet ever-evolving presence on the Victorian stage, the morster also haunted the pages of newspapers and journals. Political cartonicists used Shelley's morster as the representation of the "our

ewlf of Irish nationalists, labor reformers, and other favored subjects of contriversy; It was often depicted as an oversized, rough-and-ready, weapon-wielding hooligan. In Annisi of the New York Stage, George Odell notes that audiences were entertained with prolographic "illusions" of the morster as early as the 1870s. And the cinema was barely len years old before the Edicon Film Company on the Company of the Company of

released somewhere in the world—though the most enduring image of the morster was the one created by Boris Kanfoff in James Whale's 1931 classic. The creature's huge, square head, oversized frame, and undersized satigated still inform most people's idea of what Shelley's morster 'realy' locks like. As strange and various as the interpretations of the creature have been, the morster has retained a surprisingly human quality. Even in been, the morster has retained a surprisingly human quality. Even in the property of the strange of the surprisingly and the strange of the surprisingly and the surprisingly surprised the surprisingly and the surprisingly surprised the surprise of th

flesh-honed monster, and in Many Shelley's Frankenstein (1994), actor. Robert De Nino, who is certainly neither ugly nor of great stature, did not wear the conventional green face paint and restored the monster's eloquent powers of speech. Like Satan in Paradise Lost, Many Shelley's monster was given a shadowy and elusive physical presence by its creator. It moves through the story faster than the even on follow it. descending olderies

more than a stock horror device. In fact, several film adaptations have avoided the use of heavy makeup and props that audiences have come to expect. Life Without a Soul (1915) stars a human-looking.

"with greater speed than the flight of an eagle" (p. 130) or rowing "with an arrowy swiftness" (p. 150). The blurriness of the scenes in which the monster appears allows us to create his image for ourselves and helps explain why it has inspired so many adaptations and reinterpretations, Certainly, too, both Milton's Satan and Shelley's creature have been made more interesting, resonant, and frightening because they have human qualities. The monster possesses familiar impulses to seek knowledge and companionship, and these pique our curiosity and awaken our sympathies. Its complex emotions intelligence, and ability to plan vengeful tactics awaken greater fears than the stumbling and grunting of a mindless beast. A closer look at Shellev's singular description of the monster's features reveals its likeness to a newborn infant rather than a "fiend" or "demon": Consider its "shrivelled complexion." "watery eyes." and "vellow skin IthatI scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath" (p. 51). The emotional range of De Niro's monster, the gentle childish expression in Karloff's eyes, eyen the actor Cooke's "seeking as it were for support-his trying to grasp at the sounds he heard" (Letters, vol. 1, p. 378), suggest that we have sensed the monster's humanity. all along Another trend in the way the monster has been reinterpreted is equally suggestive. Movie titles such as Bride of Frankenstein (1935). Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein (1948), and Dracula Vs. Frankenstein (1971) testify to the fact that the monster has taken on the name of his creator in popular culture. In Frankenstein, the monster is called plenty of names by his creator, from at best "the accomplishment of my toils" to "wretch." "miserable monster." and "filthy daemon": significantly. Victor never blesses his progeny with his own last name. Our identity of the creature as the title character does. of course, shift the focus from man to monster, reversing Shellev's intention. Reading the book, we realize that Frankenstein's lack of recognizing the creature as his own-in essence, not giving the monster his name—is the monster's root problem. Is it our instinctive human sympathy for the anonymous being that has influenced us to name him? Is it our recognition of similarities and ties between "father" and "son," our defensiveness regarding family values? Or is it simply our interest in convenience, our compelling need to label and sort? Our confusion of creator and created, as well as our interest in depicting the creature's human side, indicate an unconscious acknowledgment of a common and powerful reading of Frankenstein: that the monster and his creator are two halves of the same being who together as one represent the self divided, a mind in dramatic conflict with itself. Walton notes to his sister the possibility of living a "double existence" (pp. 24-25), bringing to mind his and Frankenstein's struggles between their creative and self-destructive energies. The monster/ creator conflation most forcefully conveys this idea of humanity's conflicting impulses to create and destroy, to love and hate. Shelley could not have chosen a subject with more relevance to twentieth- and twenty-first-century readers than humankind's own potential inhumanity to itself. Our ambitions have led us to the point where we, too, can accomplish what Victor did in his laboratory that dreary night in November; artificially create life. But will our plan to clone living organisms or produce life in test tubes have dire repercussions? We build glorious temples to progress and technology, monumental structures that soar toward the heavens; and yet in a single September morning, the World Trade Center was leveled—proving once again that man is his own worst enemy. In Frankenstein. Shellev exhibits a remarkable ability to anticipate and develop questions and themes peculiarly relevant to her future readers, thereby ensuring its endurance for almost 200 years. To understand why and how this ability developed, we must take a closer

look at her life, times, and psychological state. Certainly, Frankenstein details a fascinating experiment, introduces us to widd characters, and takes us to gorgeous, exotic places. But this exwritten by a teenager, also addresses fundamental contemporary of character based on appearance, as well as modern concerns about parental responsibility and the harmful effects of absenteeism. Articipating the alienation of everyday life, Robert Walton and the moreter speak to those of us who now live our lives in finor of screens of various kinds—computer, television, and film. Other readers may feel stabs of recognition when confronting Victor, a perfectionst workarbic who sacrifices love and triendship in the name of ambition. Franksentis in a rineteerth-centruly literary classic, but it is also fully engaged in many of the most profound philosophical, psychological, social, and spiritual questions of modern existence. ".... the spirit of the age ..."

questions regarding "otherness" and society's superficial evaluations

The endurance of Frankenstein has much to do with the particular circumstances under which the text was written; the moment in history

and place in time of its creation, as well as the particular background and preparations of its creator. In the years leading up to the story's conception on a June evening in 1816. Europe and America experienced a profound shift in sensibility that initiated the modern era. Romanticism had its beginnings in the democratic idealism that inspired the French and American Revolutions and in the progressive thought that brought on the industrial and scientific revolutions of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Though most historians cite the movement's end-dates as somewhere around the mid-nineteenth century, the strength and appeal of the "spirit of the age" (as identified by Percy Shelley in A Defence of Poetry) continue to affect our present political, social, and intellectual lives. Those exemplifying the spirit during Shelley's time railed against authoritarian government, conservative morality, classical models, personal insincerity, and moderate, "safe" behavior. In the arts, Romantics brought into their work a new emphasis on individualism, personal feelings, and expression, as exemplified by

Goya's Black Paintings and Cho-pin's Preludes; a focus on emotional, subjective response after than the objectivity and infellect favored during the Age of Reason, which can be detected in the detected firm of the properties of the properties of the properties of the celebration of spontaneous expressive intensity, seen in Turner's oil paintings and heard in Bellin's operas; and a keen interest law.

exotic and erotic, as in Delacroix's scenes inspired by his North African travels.

In Britain, the literary response to the movement was particularly, intense. Starting in the second half of the eighteenth centrary, Engish writers were strongly affected by the spirit of change in France and America and envisioned nothing liess than "the regeneration of the human race," according to poet laureate Robert Southey. "That was the period of theory and erthusiasm," wrote Many Shelley in her

Interior race, "accounting to perhatoreast router souther," rack was the period of theory and enthrasiasm," wrote Mary Shelley in he by fear and law, he has see he be governed by the and justice (Susselian top. 15-16). Bisseves kill, in that claims are (Susselian top. 15-16). Bisseves kill, in that claims are (Susselian top. 15-16). Bisseves kill, in that claims are (Susselian top. 15-16). Bisseves kill, in that claims are (Susselian top. 15-16). Bisseves kill, in that claims are (Susselian top. 15-16). Bisseves kill, in that claims are (Susselian top. 15-16). Bisseves kill, in that claims are (Susselian top. 15-16). Bisseves kill, in that claims are layer. Coercington work for postary kill, and the Arisks are often unaware of "movements" as they are large-pring or are hesistant to recognize their placement in a particular frair or "princip", what distinguished British Romantic waters is their selfconscious recognizion of a powerful creative force energiating themselves and fellow artists. "Great spirits now on earth are solururing." Keeks ware to a felror in 1816. These these will clue.

period; what dissinguished British Romantic writers is their self-conscious recognition, or a power self-with Romantic writers is their self-conscious recognition, or a power self-with the recognition of a power self-with the recognition of a power self-with the recognition of t

was a former minister turned atheist and radical philosopher; he preached his faith in human beings as rational creatures who did not need institutions or laws to exist neaceably and expounded these anarchist views in such works as An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice (1793). Godwin believed that man is not born evil but becomes vicious through circumstances that are usually set up by those wielding political power. The time was imminent to challenge traditional social order and "things as they are" (the original title of his novel Caleb Williams [1794]) and to set up a society of independentthinking individuals. The effect of his writings was enormous on Mary who eventually dedicated Frankenstein to "William Godwin, Author of Political Justice, Caleb Williams, Etc." Shelley's mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, died a few days after Mary's birth in 1797, but her spirit was very much alive in radical political circles as well as the Godwin household. (Crushed by his wife's untimely death. Godwin published Memoirs of A Vindication of the Rights of Woman in 1798 and idealized her the next year in St. Leon.) In addition to writing Thoughts on the Education of Daughters (1793) and several other texts promoting educational reform for women, Wollstonecraft published two great human rights manifestos: A Vindication of the Rights of Men (1791) and A Vindication of the Rights of Woman (1792). Considered the first great work of feminism, the latter document asserted that women constitute an oppressed class cutting across the standard social hierarchy: the discussion of the indignities and injustices suffered by women is rendered with real passion and articulateness. The monster's pleas for justice in Frankenstein derive much of their eloquence and even some of their language from Wollstonecraft's well-known work. Growing up in the Godwin household, Mary was granted immediate access to her parents' radical intellectual circles. Coleridge and Wordsworth discussed their theories of poetry the scientist Sir. Humphry Davy elaborated upon his chemical experiments; Aaron Burr, vice president of the United States, visited with the Godwins and spoke of the goals of democracy. Mary was introduced to the painter Joseph Turner, the musician Muzio Clementi, and the revolutionaries Helen Maria Williams and Lady Mount Cashell. A bright child and voracious reader she was inspired by what she heard, and she devoured an incredibly diverse selection of books. Her reading list for 1815, for example, lists seventy-six works-among them, Rousseau's Confessions (1782), D'Israeli's Despotism; or, The Fall of the Jesuits (1811), Robertson's History of America (1777), Henri-Dietrich's Systeme de la nature (in French: 1770), and her father's Life of Chaucer (1803). It is no wonder that the monster's seminal reading-Milton's Paradise Lost, Plutarch's Lives, and Goethe's The Sorrows of Young Werther, all three also on Mary's 1815 list-are works spanning centuries, continents, and subject matter. Though Wollstonecraft and Godwin both wrote novels, their talents as fiction writers were greatly subordinate to their skills as philosophers and essayists. Mary's reading lists indicate her interest in studying and exploring the literary arts, perhaps as her way of finding her own niche in this multitalented family. Like many young women her age, she particularly enjoyed the relatively new genre of Gothic literature: Before the age of twenty, she read Beckford's Vathek (1787), Radcliffe's Mysteries of Udolpho (1794), and Monk Lewis's Tales of Terror (1799). As a teenager she also read Pamela (1741) and Clarissa (1747), by Samuel Richardson, and several other epistolary novels, plus a number of the novels of sentiment by Laurence Sterne and Henry Fielding. Meeting Percy Shelley in 1812 intensified her interest in poetry as well: in the years preceding the writing of Frankenstein, she pored through the collected works of many of the poets she had first encountered in her father's study. By the time Mary reached age eighteen, then, she was very familiar with many of the philosophic, social, scientific, political, and literary issues of Romanticism, the first modern era. Though Frankenstein exhibits some of the problems of the shotgun approach to writing a book (the subplot involving Justine's trial for murder, an obvious nod

concoded a new literary recipe known today as science fiction. Clearly, her intellectual ribertance and education had well prepared her to create a work as provocative and enduring as Frankerstein.

But the creation of Frankerstein was also a matter of amazing and irre productible timing in terms of Shelley's personal growth. When she picked up her pen in the surmer of 1816, she was carrying a formidable load of psychic baggage along with that dense body of knowledge. By Mary's early tenser, strong tensions developed in her relationships with her father and stepmother, made visible by her refetilious behavior and termidable with the father and stepmother, and to keep in Strotter and the strong tensions are strong tensions.

months at a time, Mary developed an independent spirit and creative receptivity that enabled her to elope with a married man in her

Percy Shelley was, of course, no ordinary lover. Handsome, charismatic, brilliant, and idealistic, the poet had been a guest at her father's house many times and was greatly esteemed by the hard-toplease Gordwin Taking cues from her father. Many listened to

sixteenth year.

to Godwin's Political Justice, seems disconnected and underdeveloped, while the attempts at poetic landscape description are often drawn out), the novel successfully synthesizes much of the knowledge and "spirit of the age" that informed her existence. By combining never-before-combined ingredients from her diverse readings. Shelley broke from established tradition and even

Shelley's discussions of radical politics and free love, and the pretty, autom-haired daughter of the greet philosopher captured the poet's imagination as well. Convinced by Shelley that true love knew no law, determined to practice the unconventional social and artistic principles that had shaped her existence thus far, Mary left her father's house a month before her seventeenth brithday. The couple lived on the road, and from hand to mouth. Neither set of parents approved of their union. They toured Europe, who deally, exchanged ideas with revolutionaries and progressive thinkers, and had two children within two years. They finally resided at Byron's Villa Diodati in Switzerland for a few months in 1816.

Mary's addraidn of r'Shelley known boundaries, and she clurg to him tightly as he danced her through this breathless, passionate lifestly. Her put her through many emotional trials as a less-than-

faithful partner and less-than-caring father, but he also recognized her artistic potential and encouraged her to write. Energized by her declaration of independence from her father, inspired by Shellev's faith in her ability, and eager to please him at all costs. Mary must have felt that much was at stake when she pledged to write a ghost story on the night of June 16 (a story she relates with some embellishment, but great flair, in the 1831 "Author's Introduction" to Frankenstein). Her half-sister Claire, Shelley, Byron, and Byron's physician, John Polidori, had all agreed to do so as well, but Mary was the only one of the group who actually finished her tale. (Polidori ultimately incorporated Byron's idea for his story in The Vampyre: A Tale [1819].) A discussion between Byron and Shelley on the "nature and principle of life" captured the young mother's interest, and she began working on a story about a student who created a "hideous phantasm" of a human being. Shelley encouraged Mary to expand the tale, and with his assistance (plus the relatively stable home life they shared living in Marlow, England, in 1817), she completed her first novel and published it in January 1818.

Four and a half years later, Mary's personal and writing lives were irrevocably altered. Her final pregnancy ended in a near-fatal miscarriage in June 18 2 2; the next month, any hope of having another child with Shelley ended with his accidental and untimely death. The love of her life, as well as her receative insciration and publishing liaison was gone Protracted negotiations with Sir Timothy Shelley's disapproving father resulted in only a modest living allowance for her son, Percy. So Mary was forced to write for other reasons besides developing and fulfilling her aesthetic ideals. Indeed, many of her later works are notably less ambitious and innovative than Frankenstein. The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck, A Romance (1830) is a three-volume historical fiction in the style of Sir Walter Scott, who made a small fortune as a novelist in the 1810s and 1820s. Lodore (1835) and Falkner (1837) are domestic fictions that

That is not to say Frankenstein stands in Shelley's canon as the only original and provocative work. The Last Man (1826), for example. caught the attention of early Shellevan critics like Elizabeth Nitchie and Muriel Spark, and has been offered in several new editions since 1965. The novel's theme is as monumental and ambitious as Frankenstein's: the complete annihilation of the world's population

recycle many of the conventions of that genre in both novels. Mary reused literary techniques such as flashbacks and multiple viewpoints, that she had more creatively employed in Frankenstein

from the eyes of its single survivor. Lionel Verney, Mary wrestles with many of the themes of Frankenstein, including the disruptive nature of human desire and the psychological burden of family relationships. But The Last Man does not reiterate Frankenstein in any way, where her first novel allowed for a dim hope for humankind in the relenting figure of Robert Walton. The Last Man is bleak and honeless in its indictment of humanity's weakness and doom. Mary's sense of

isolation after the deaths of her husband, children, and friends clearly color this dark work, giving its proto-existentialism an authentic and close feel. "... the corpse of my dead mother in my arms

Though Shelley put much of herself into the creation of works like The

Last Man, there is still reason to consider Frankenstein her favored child. It is her first singular creative effort-History of a Six Weeks' Tour (1817) was begun earlier but had its start in a journal kept by her husband and herself. Unlike Valperga (1823), a historical novel set in thirteenth-century Tuscany. Frankenstein is set in a place and time she knew and loved; the Scottish Highlands that had inspired her as a

girl, and the French and Swiss countryside that she had explored with Shelley. Frankenstein was also the only enduring literary work she created while married to Percy. Mary herself seems to have thought of the text in this way: "I bid my hideous progeny go forth and prosper." she announced at the end of the "Author's Introduction" of 1831 (p. 9). Victor, too, made analogies between the labors of the writer and the creator, describing himself as the "miserable origin and

author" (p. 90) of the catastrophic scenario. Mary would have been pleased by the description in her obituary of Frankenstein as "the parent of whole generations" of literary descendants (Sunstein, p.

. 384). Mary's use of the word "progeny" betrays the fact that two concerns preoccupied her while writing and later reediting Frankenstein: children and motherhood, In 1815, Mary (still a Godwin) gave birth to a daughter who did not live long enough to acquire a name. "Dream that my little baby came to life again-that it had only been cold & that

we rubbed it by the fire & it lived ... awake & find no baby-I think

about the little thing all day-not in good spirits," she wrote on March 19, two weeks after the baby's death (Journals, vol. 1, p. 70). The death of her first child continued to haunt her every spring, leaving

such a dark taint on the season of renewal that Mary declared to her

half-sister, Claire: "Spring is our unlucky season" (Letters, vol. 1, p. 226). By the time Mary began writing Frankenstein in July 1816, she was nursing her second child, William. Though he was healthy, Mary's anxieties regarding the child seem to have worked their way into Frankenstein: Victor's young brother William meets a horrible death while Victor and Clerval engage in a walking tour of Ingolstadt's environs Considering how insecure Mary was about her creative and reproductive capabilities. Frankenstein can be read as "a woman's mythmaking on the subject of birth," according to Ellen Moers in the ground-breaking study Literary Women (1976). In the novel, Victor learns the hard way of the consequences of usurping the female progenitive role. As he labors to create his monster Victor experiences pain and insecurities that are typical of pregnancy's destation period: his shock at seeing his deformed and hideous progeny at birth must have been shared by most nineteenth-century women, in their ignorance and fear of the birth process. Most powerful of all (and the subject of most of the novel) are his feelings of depression and detachment after the actual birth. Even in our time. postpartum depression remains a misunderstood and often misdiagnosed condition: for Shelley in 1818 to depict the negative consequences of this disease left untreated was a revolutionary act "The idea that a mother can loathe fear, and reject her haby has until recently been one of the most repressed of psychological insights," writes Barbara Johnson in "My Monster/My Self." another important feminist essay, "What is threatening about [Frankenstein] is the way in which its critique of the role of the mother touches on primitive terrors of the mother's rejection of the child" (Johnson in Bloom, p. 61), As a writer who was also a mother (a rare combination in nineteenthcentury England, as Johnson points out). Shelley broke down longstanding rules of propriety by retelling the myth of origins from the female point of view But Frankenstein is not just a tale of the consequences of giving birth to hideous progeny; it is also concerned with the feelings of guilt, betraval, and loneliness experienced by the hideous progeny itself.

Suffering from an infection brought on when pieces of placenta remained in her uterus, Mary Wollstonecraft died in great pain on September 10, 1797, eleven days after Mary's birth. The event is described in detail by Godwin in the last chapter of Memoirs of the Author of A Vindication of the Rights of Woman, "The loss of the world in this admirable woman. I leave to other men to collect: my own I well know, nor can it be improper to describe it," wrote Godwin toward the end of his highly emotional account. "This light was lent to me for a very short period, and is now extinguished for ever!" Godwin carried a torch for Mary Wollstonecraft the rest of his life: Though he remarried and remained with his second wife for thirty-five years, his wish to be buried with Wollstonecraft was fulfilled upon his death in 1836. If it was not enough bearing the same name as her celebrated mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin was constantly reminded of her maternal heritage by Godwin and his friends. Mary was strongly encouraged to fulfill her literary legacy at an early age; at fifteen, she wrote a satiric poem entitled "Mounseer Nongtongpaw" that Godwin had published. On her birthday, Godwin planned family visits to Wollstonecraft's grave: one celebration was held among the tombs in Westminster Abbey, as he lectured on great men and women. Visitors to the Godwin household asked Mary to stand beneath John Opie's portrait of a pregnant Wollstonecraft, and even Mary's future husband, Percy, was "from the first very anxious that I should prove myself worthy of my parentage" (p. 6). Mary responded to these pressures with enthusiasm and great aspirations, reading her mother's works over and over and even "com muning" with her at Wollstonecraft's gravesite in St. Pancras churchvard, "The memory of my Mother has always been the pride & delight of my life; & the admiration of others for her, has been the cause of most of the happiness I have enjoyed." Mary wrote in 1827, "Her greatness of soul & my father['s] high talents have perpetually reminded me that I ought to degenerate as little as I could from those from whom I

derived my being" (Letters, vol. 2, pp. 3-4).

Frankenstein, then, can be read as Mary's attempt to fulfill her intellectual inheritance from Wollstonecraft. In order for mother to live on through daughter, daughter must produce a work that meets the spectacular standards of Wollstonecraft's biggest supporters, herself, and the grieving love of her life, her father. The work must also compensate for Mary's horrific crime; the murder of her namesake. Mary probably wished that she, like Victor, might find out how to bestow life on dead things; she must have also suffered from nightmares like his vision of "the corpse of my dead mother ... I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel" (np. 51-52). Shelley's overwhelming sense of quilt over her mother's death made her feel like a fiend. Indeed, if we look beyond the protective, shroudlike narratives of Robert Walton and Frankenstein to the heart of the novel, we hear Mary speaking through the voice of the monster. Like Mary, it is born into a dysfunctional family with one parent missing; it desperately craves the attention and affection of the remaining parent: and ultimately it is responsible for the death of the one who gave it life. "I have devoted my creator, the select specimen of all that is worthy of love and admiration among men, to misery: I have pursued him even to that irremediable ruin " the monster wails looking at the dead body of his creator "You hate me: but your abhorrence cannot equal that with which I regard myself" (p. 196). The monster-and Mary's-punishment for this murder is life itself, and the constant realization that they will never live up to parental expectations. Godwin's undving love for his wife, along with his demands on Mary to prove herself worthy of her namesake, also engendered a complex and problematic father-daughter relationship. Shelley admitted to her "excessive & romantic attachment to my Father" (Letters, vol. 2, p. 215)—the result of the projection of Godwin's love for Mary Senior onto Mary Junior, perhaps, or Mary's willing assumption of her mother's role in the family. The incest theme was a new and provocative ingredient in many of the Gothic novels Mary enjoyed. which may help explain why she herself included so many incestuous relationships in her works nevertheless it is difficult to avoid recognizing autobiographical elements of the passionate fatherdaughter relationship in Mathilda (1819) or the May-December romance of Caroline Beaufort and her guardian. Alphonse Frankenstein. Love for a father was declared "the first and the most religious tie" in Valperga, (vol. 1, p. 199); Ethel Lodore's "earliest feeling was love of her father" (Lodore vol. 1 p. 30). And in Frankenstein, the creature's sexually suggestive warning "I will be with you on your wedding-night" comes true: The monster enters the honeymoon suite and leaves Elizabeth "lifeless and inanimate, thrown across the bed" (p. 173). In obliterating the object of Frankenstein's affection, the monster may be acting out Mary's own lealous feelings toward her stepmother. Shelley's extremely close ties with her parents were felt by her even to her death, when she was buried beside them as she had requested. But the inscription on her gravestone-"Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, Daughter of Wilm & Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, and Widow of the late Percy Shelley'-indicates that there were three major influences on her life and work. Frankenstein is a testament to the influence of Shelley the poet, as well as Shelley the man. Though the character of Victor possesses some of Godwin's traits and some of Mary's own creative anxieties, he is most obviously modeled on Percy Shelley (and the similarity grows as Mary revises her text in 1831). The poet shares the scientist's creativity, intensity, and passion; significantly, both were also self-absorbed partners who maintained dominant roles in their relationships and were capable of putting their love second to other interests. In Frankenstein, Elizabeth suffers separation anxiety from Victor, writes him letters that are never returned, hints of her lealousy of other women (Justine, she writes, was "a great favorite of yours"; (p. 58), and eventually dies because Victor's attentions are focused elsewhere. Despite Mary's apparent openness to her husband's ideas of free love and multiple partners, she reacted strongly to rumors of his affairs; for example, she was "shocked beyond all measure" after hearing of Shelley and Claire Clairmont's alleged love child in 1821 (Letters, vol. 1, p. 204), Percy also disappointed Mary in his lack of interest in their children, "I fancy himself and only comes to you just dressed and in good humor," she writes to him during one of their sevenal separations in 1816 (Letters, vol. 1, p. 23). Significantly, Percy seems to have been oblivious to his faults as an ego-driven bover and neglectiful parent and did not even recognize these flaws in Victor's character. Instead, Victor is described as "the victim"—not the perpetation—of well in his review of Frankenstein, published posthumously in the Athenaeum in November 1832.

your affection will encrease [sic] for [William] when he has a nursery to

"... listen to me, Frankenstein ..." Was Mary herself conscious of how much of herself and her

experience she was using to create Frankenstein? The careful "Chinese box" construction of the narratives would suggest so. As we read further into the story, we must unfold several protective outer layers to get to the heart of Frankenstein and to Sheley herself. We first meet the quiet, receptive Margaret Saville, a representation of Many Shelley's most pubble, persons, we are net hen prepared to Many Shelley's most pubble, persons, we are neating about Many's deeprooted questions regarding herself as creator. In revealing these levels of her personality, Shelley prepares us—and herself—for the revealation of her "core." the guilt-idden, affection-caving creature who desperately seeks an acceptance it does not seem to find. Mary consciously obscured her presence in the text in another way.

Mary consciously obscured her presence in the text in another way. She asked her husband for help with editorial revisions. With Percy assisting in the final draft and also in the publication of Frankenstein it is no wonder that many thought that he had written the work. Since the cover and title page of the 1818 text did not include an author's name, only the dedication to Godwin-and the literary grapevinehelped indicate possible authorship. In his lengthy review for Blackwoods in late 1818. Sir Walter Scott quotes from Shellev's poem "Mutability" to demonstrate that "the author possesses the same facility in expressing himself in verse as in prose." Even into the twentieth century, critics have continued to assume Percy's importance in the shaping of this text: James Rieger's 1982 introduction to Frankenstein concludes with the claim that Percy Shellev's "assistance at every point in the book's manufacture was so extensive that one hardly knows whether to regard him as editor or minor collaborator" (p. xviii).

linguistic persona; bringing it forward again has been a long and arduous critical task. Even after her status as the author of Frankenstein was confirmed, many critics had a hard time taking her seriously as an artist in her own right. In the 1964 entry to Masterplots. the only critique that many students of the novel would read in the decade 1965-1975, the anonymous contributor describes Frankenstein as a "wholly incredible story told with little skill." He also contends that "Mary Shelley would be remembered if she had written nothing, for she was the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley under romantic and scandalous circumstances." More recently, Brendan Hennessey wrote in The Gothic Novel: "The power and vitality of Frankenstein derive partly from the fact that Mary Shelley did not guite know what she was doing" (p. 21). It has been the job of Shellev's recent critics to establish that she did. Some have even established that her famous husband is responsible for some of the text's weaknesses, as Anne Mellor details in Mary Shelley: Her Life, Her Fiction, Her Monsters (pp. 58-68, 219-224).

Shelley purposefully hid her own voice behind her husband's

"... with what interest and sympathy shall I read it in some future day!"

When Mary edited Frankenstein for republication in Colburn and Bentley's Standard Novels Series in 1831, she seems to have caught and altered many of the self-revealing details in the text. To avoid the submission, and the new Frankenstein was bound to reflect the new Many Shelley For example, in 1818 Victor possessed free will or the capacity for meaningful moral choice; it was his decision whether or not to pursue his quest for the "principle of file," to care for the morster, or to protect Elizabeth. In 1831 such choice is denied to him, he is the pawn of forces beyord his knowledge or control. Describing his eventual turn from the study of mathematics to the chemical sciences, Frankenstein speaks of "destiny" and far hanging in the stars". Thus strangely are our souls constructed, and by such slight ligaments are we bound to prosperity or unit" (p. 37). Shelley's increasing self-doubt was complicated by her loss of faith in her parents' ideals and teachings. Though Many retained the

novel's dedication to her father in 1831, she removed or toned down several passages that pushed his radical politics: Justine's final moments originally included Elizabeth's didactic pronouncements of arguments from Political Justice; she removed these in 1831 and allowed Justine to speak of her own personal courage and resolution (p. 78). Likewise, the shaping influence of A Vindication of the Rights of Woman, especially its raillery against women's "passive obedience" in chapter 2, is much less evident in the 1831 incarnation of Elizabeth. In 1818 Shelley implies that Elizabeth took part with Victor in schooling and possessed an intellect that was different, vet iust as active, as her cousin's: Victor describes the world as "a secret, which I desired to discover" while for Elizabeth it was "a vacancy, which she sought to people with imaginations of her own." In the revision, Elizabeth is presented to Victor as a "present" rather than an equal (p. 31), and she inspires rather than engages in Victor's studies: "The saintly soul of Elizabeth shone like a shrine-dedicated

suggestion of incest, the new Elizabeth is changed from Victor's blood cousin to an aristocratic Milanese founding, rescued by Caroline Beaufort from a poverty-stricken life. (It is interesting that Elizabeth and Victor confinue to use the term 'cousin' as an endearment in the 1831 text). The descriptions of Elizabeth in 1831 are also more generic and idealized than those of 1818, when Elizabeth was more closely modeled on Mary's own physical features and qualities. In the original text, Elizabeth is described as a complex, refalligher, yet fagile child: "Although she was levely and animated, ther hazel eyes, although as levely as a bird's, possessed an altractive softness." Startled, perhaps, by the image of herself in the earlier text.

The thirty-something Many Shelley who revised Frankenstein was said der, wiser, more emotionally protective, and less politically radical than the beenager who wrote the original story. By 1831, she had lost her husband, two more children, and several friends; she had abandoned hope of receiving needed support from her parents or intense fin said, Codwin other asked Many for help with its finances, she had faced slone the writen of the public, which contemmed her for her with a 1 season of lonest 1 all this bard shocked her into a state of which a 1 season of lonest 1 all this bard shocked her into a state of

being in 1831 (p. 30).

she hisself recognized that the "core" of Frankenstein had a life of its own and an existence separate from hers. And she was content to leave it at that Bidding her hideous progery to "go forth and prosper," Mary Shelley vertured through her last twenty years without ever turning back to the bat gagin. He sprung from the cabin-window, as he said this, upon the iceralit which lay close to the wessel. He was son home away to the

Shelley addresses the changes she made to her original text at the end of her 1831 "Author's htroduction." These alterations, she writes, "are entirely confined to such parts as are mere adjuncts to the story, leaving the core and substance of it unfouched" (p. 10). Mary had changed over fifteen years, and parts of the text changed with her; but

lamp in our peaceful home" (p. 33).

raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance.

something unsettling about the way the story ends-a lack of closure that points to a seguel that was never written (at least by Mary herself) . We are left wondering about the mysteriously silent Margaret Saville; did she ever receive these letters or see her brother again? Will Walton relinquish his quest and deny Frankenstein's final request to destroy the monster? If he does indeed return to civilization, can we wholly approve of this decision? Frankenstein's very last words resonate for his more ambitious listeners. His attempt and failure are necessary and contributory to eventual success. The point is to persevere to dwell in possibility Whether Walton chooses to acknowledge human limitations or defy them and why his letters drop off when they do are questions left for the reader to ponder. As she has throughout the novel. Shelley in the end has allowed for a

But the reader may have a harder time closing the book. There is

provocative discourse of open-ended indeterminacy rather than moral

didacticism. And what of the monster who is home away yet never dies? It's difficult to imagine that a creature as sociable as the monster would

leave society forever, or that a being who values its existence so highly would exterminate itself. If we take what we have seen from the

monster already as example, it is evident that what keeps him going is the need to tell his tale. To De Lacey, to Frankenstein, to Walton. and perhaps to anyone he meets in the future, the monster reveals his physical form and discloses his soul searching for the human sympathy he has lost hope in finding. Like the ancient mariner the monster knows no release from the telling of his tale. And he

continues to find those who are compelled to listen. I pass, like night, from land to land: I have strange power of speech: The moment that his face I see

I know the man that must hear me-

To him my tale I teach Karen Karbiener received a Ph.D. in English and Comparative

Literature from Columbia University and teaches at New York University She has taught courses on British and American Romanticism, as well as the connections between poetry, music, and the visual arts, at Columbia, the Cooper Union, and Colby College.

Her publications include essays on transattantic cultural influence. forgotten women poets, and Romantic opera.

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man, Did I soliidt thee From darkness to promote me?

PARADISE LOST, X, 743-745

TO WILLIAM GODWIN

Author of Political Justice, Caleb Williams, &c. THESE VOLUMES Are respectfully inscribed BY

THE AUTHOR

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE standard novels, and is electing Frankenstein for one of their series, expressed a wish that I should furnish them with some account of the origin of the story, I am the more willing to comply because I shall thus give a general answer to the complete of the story of the story of the story. I am the the question so very frequently asked me—how I, then a young gift, and to dislet upon so very hidouse and idea. It is true that I am very averse to bringing myself forward in print, but as my account will only appear as an appendage to a former production, and as it will be confined to such topics as have connection with my authorship above. Can scarcely access mesself of a present limitation.

It is not singular that, as the daughter of two persons of distinguished literary celebrity. I should very early in the have thought of writing. As a child I scribbled, and my favorite pastime during the hours given me for recreation was to 'write stories.' Still, I had a dearer pleasure than this, which was the formation of castles in the air—the including in waiking dreams—the following up priaries of thought, which had for their subject the formation of a succession of imaginary incidents. My dreams were at one more fartastic and agreeable than my writings. In the latter I was a close imitator—rather doing as without the done the properties of the subject to the subject to the subject to the subject to the control of the subject to the subject to the countrol of the subject to the subject to the subject to the countrol of them to pook out, the were my reduce when among one—my dearest of them to no book, the were my reduce when among —my dearest of them to no book, the were my reduce when among —my dearest.

I lived principally in the country as a girl and passed a considerable time in Scoland. I made occasional visits to the more picturesque parts, but my habitual residence was on the blank and dreary northern shores of the Tay, near Dundee. Blank and dreary northern shores of the Tay, near Dundee. Blank and dreary no netrospection I call them; they were not so to me then. They were the aerie² of freedom and the pleasant region where unreheeded i could commune with the creatures of my fancy. I wrote then, but in a most commonized step leasant region where unreheeded in countries near, that my true compositions, the airly flights of my imagnitation, were born and fostered. I did not make myself the heroine of my takes. Life could not figure to myself that invanishes would seve be my lot; but leas not confined to my own identify, and loud deposite the hours with creations far more interesting to me at

pleasure when free.

that age than my own sensations.

After this my life became busier, and reality stood in place of fiction. My husband, Enowever, was from the first very andous that I should prove myself worthy of my parentage and error impect on the page of fame. He was forever incling me to obtain iterary reputation, which even on my own part I cared for then, though since I have become infinitely indifferent to It. At this stme he desired that I should write, not so much with the idea that I could produce anything worthy of notice, but that he might I himself Judge how lar I possessed the promise of better things hereafter. Still I did nothing, Travelling, and the cases of a family, occupied my time; and skulp, in the way of the cases of a family, occupied my time; and skulp, in the way of attack that the production of the case of a family, occupied my time; and skulp in the way of a start of the cases of a family, occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the cases of a family, occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the case of a family occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the case of a family occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the case of a family occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the case of a family occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the case of a family occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the case of a family occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the case of a family occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the case of a family occupied my time; and skulp in the way of the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time; and the case of a family occupied my time;

In the summer of 1816 we visited Switzerland and became the neighbours of Lord Byon. At first we spent our pleasant hours on the lake or wandering on its shores; and Lord Byon, who was withing the third canto of Childe Harold, was the only one among us who put his thoughts upon paper. These, as he brought them successively to us, clotted in all the light and harmony of poetry, seemed to stamp as divine the glories of heaven and earth, whose influences we partook with him. But it proved a wet ungenial summer and incessant rain often confined us for days to the house. Some volumes of abost stories translated from the German into Erench fell into our hands 3 There was the History of the Inconstant Lover, who, when he thought to clasp the bride to whom he had pledged his yows, found himself in the arms of the pale ghost of her whom he had deserted. There was the tale of the sinful founder of his race whose miserable doom it was to bestow the kiss of death on all the younger sons of his fated house, just when they reached the age of promise. His gigantic, shadowy form, clothed like the ghost in Hamlet, in complete armour, but with the beaver up. was seen at midnight, by the moon's fitful beams, to advance slowly along the gloomy avenue. The shape was lost beneath the shadow of the castle walls: but soon a gate swung back, a step was heard, the door of the chamber opened, and he advanced to the couch of the blooming youths, cradled in healthy sleep. Eternal sorrow sat upon his face as he bent down and kissed the forehead of the boys, who from that hour withered like flowers snapped upon the stalk. I have not seen these stories since then, but their incidents are as fresh in my mind as if I had read them vesterday "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 of Mazeppa. 4 Shelley, more apt to embody ideas and sentiments in the radiance of brilliant imagery and in the music of the most melodious verse that adoms our language than to invent the machinery of a story. commenced one founded on the experiences of his early life. Poor Polidori had some terrible idea about a skull-headed lady who was so punished for peeping through a key-hole-what to see I forget: something very shocking and wrong of course; but when she was reduced to a worse condition than the renowned Tom of Coventry. he did not know what to do with her and was obliged to dispatch her to the tomb of the Capulets. the only place for which she was fitted. 5 The illustrious poets also, annoyed by the platitude of prose, speedily relinquished their uncongenial task. I busied myself to think of a story-a story to rival those which had excited us to this task. One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature and awaken thrilling horror-one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart. If I did not accomplish these things, my ghost story would be unworthy of its name. I thought and pondered-vainly. I felt that blank incapability of invention which is the greatest misery of authorship, when dull Nothing replies to our anxious invocations. "Have you thought of a story?" I was asked each morning, and each morning I was forced to reply with a mortifying negative. Everything must have a beginning, to speak in Sanchean phrase; and that beginning must be linked to something that went before. 6 The Hindus give the world an elephant to support it, but they make the elephant stand upon a tortoise. Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void, but out of chaos; the materials must, in the first place, be afforded; it can give form to dark, shapeless substances but cannot bring into being the substance itself. In all matters of discovery and invention, even of those that appertain to the imagination, we are continually reminded of the story of Columbus and his egg. Invention consists in the capacity of seizing on the capabilities of a subject and in the power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested by it. Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener. During one of these, various philosophical doctrines were discussed, and among others the nature of the principle of life, and whether there was any probability of its ever being discovered and communicated. They talked of the experiments of Dr. Darwin (I speak not of what the doctor really did or said that he did, but, as more to my purpose, of what was then spoken of as having been done by him), who preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case till by some extraordinary means it began to move with voluntary motion 8 Not thus, after all, would life be given. Perhans a corose would be reanimated: galvanism had given token of such things: perhaps the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and endued with vital warmth.

Night waned upon this talk, and even the witching hour had gone by before we retired to rest. When I placed my head on my pillow I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, giffing the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw-with shut eyes, but acute mental vision-I saw the pale student

of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life and stir with an uneasy half vital motion. Frightful must it be, for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mack the stupendous

mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist: he would rush away from his odious handiwork, horror-stricken.

He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade, that this thing which had received such imperfect animation would subside into dead matter, and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would guench forever the transient existence of the hideous comse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps: but he is awakened: he opens

his eves: behold, the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains and looking on him with vellow, watery, but speculative eyes. I opened mine in terror. The idea so possessed my mind that a thrill of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly image of my fancy for the realities around. I see them still: the very room, the dark parquet, the closed shutters with the moonlight struggling through, and the sense I had that the glassy lake and white high Alps were beyond. I could not so easily get rid of my hideous phantom: still it haunted me. I must try to think of something else. I recurred to my

ghost story-my tiresome, unlucky ghost story! Oh! If I could only contrive one which would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night! Swift as light and as cheering was the idea that broke in upon me. "I have found it! What terrified me will terrify others; and I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow." On the morrow I announced that I had thought of a story. I began that day with the words "It was on a dreary night of November," making only a

transcript of the grim terrors of my waking dream. At first I thought but of a few pages, of a short tale, but Shelley urged me to develop the idea at greater length. I certainly did not owe the suggestion of one incident, nor scarcely of one train of feeling, to my husband, and yet but for his incitement it would never have taken the form in which it was presented to the world. From this declaration I must except the preface. As far as I can recollect, it was entirely

written by him. And now, once again, I bid my hideous progeny go forth and prosper. I have an affection for it, for it was the offspring of happy days, when death and grief were but words which found no true echo in my heart. Its several pages speak of many a walk, many a drive.

and many a conversation, when I was not alone; and my companion was one who, in this world, I shall never see more. But this is for myself; my readers have nothing to do with these associations. I will add but one word as to the alterations I have made. They are

principally those of style. I have changed no portion of the story nor introduced any new ideas or circumstances. I have mended the language where it was so bald as to interfere with the interest of the narrative; and these changes occur almost exclusively in the beginning of the first volume. Throughout they are entirely confined to such parts as are mere adjuncts to the story, leaving the core and substance of it untouched.



PREFACE

THE EVENT ON WHICH this fiction is founded has been supposed, by Dr. Danvin, and some of the physiological writers of Germany, as not of impossible occurrence. I shall not be supposed as according the remotest degree of serious faith to such an imagination, yet, in assuring it as the basis of a work of fancy, I have not considered myself as merely weaving a series of supernatural terrors. The event on which the interest of the story depends is exempt from the disadvantages of a mere tale of spectres or enchantment. It was recommended by the novelly of the situations which it developes, and, imagination for the deliberation of the delibera

I have thus endeavoured to preserve the furth of the elementary principles of human nature, while I have not scrupted to innovate upon their combinations. The Illad, the tragic poetry of Greece—Shakespeare, in the Tempest and Missummer Mights Dream—and most especially Milton, in Paradise Lost, conform to this rule; and the most humble novells, who seeks to confer or necelve amusement from his between, may willout presumption, apply to prose fiction as combinations of human feeling have resulted in the highest specimens of poetry.

The circumstance on which my story rests was suspessed in casual

conversation. It was commenced parity as a source of amusement, and parity as an expedient for exerciting any untrified resources of mind. Other motives were mingled with these as the work proceeded. In an by no means indifferent to the manner in which whatever moral an am by no means indifferent to the manner in which whatever moral the reader, et ur, o'tel concern in this respect has been limited to the avoiding the enevaling effects of the novels of the present day and to the avoiding of the enevaling effects of the novels of the present day the excellence of universal virtue. The opinions which naturally spring from the character and situation of the hero are by no means to be conceived as existing always in my own conviction; nor is any inference usity to be drawn from the following pages as prejudicing

was begun in the majestic region where the scene is principally laid, and in society which cannot cease to be regreteful. I passed the summer of 1816 in the environs of Geneva. The season was cold and rainy, and in the evenings we crowded around a blazing wood fire, and occasionally amused ourselves with some German stories of glotosts, which happened to fall into our hands. These tales excited in us a playful desire of imitation. Two other friends (a tale from the pen of one of whom would be far more acceptable to the public than anything I can ever hope to produce) and myself agreed to write each a story founded on some supernatural occurrence. If

It is a subject also of additional interest to the author that this story

The weather, however, suddenly became serene; and my two friends left me on a journey among the Alps, and lost, in the magnificent scenes which they present, all memory of their ghostly visions. The following tale is the only one which has been completed.

Letter I

ST. PETERSBURGH, DEC. 11 TH, 17—2

To MRS. SAVILLE, ENGLAND

MARLOW, September 1817.

any philosophical doctrine of whatever kind.

You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings. I arrived here yesterday, and my first task

is to assure my dear sister of my welfare and increasing confidence in the success of my undertaking. I am already far north of London; and as I walk in the streets of Petersburgh. I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks. which braces my nerves, and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling? This breeze, which has travelled from the regions towards which I am advancing gives me a foretaste of those icy climes. Inspirited by this wind of promise, my day dreams become more fervent and vivid. I try in vain to be persuaded that the pole is the seat of frost and desolation: it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, Margaret, the sun is for ever visible; its broad disk just skirting the horizon, and diffusing a perpetual splendour. There-for with your leave, my sister, I will put some trust in preceding pavigators—there snow and frost are banished; and sailing over a calm sea, we may be wafted to a land surpassing in wonders and in beauty every region hitherto discovered on the habitable globe. Its productions and features may be without example, as the phenomena of the heavenly bodies undoubtedly are in those undiscovered solitudes. What may not be expected in a country of eternal hight? I may there discover the wondrous power which attracts the needle; and may regulate a thousand celestial observations, that require only this voyage to render their seeming eccentricities consistent for ever. I shall satiate my ardent curiosity with the sight of a part of the world never before visited, and may tread a land never before imprinted by the foot of man. These are my enticements, and they are sufficient to conquer all fear of danger or death, and to induce me to commence this laborious voyage with the joy a child feels when he embarks in a little boat, with his holiday mates, on an expedition of discovery up his native river. But, supposing all these conjectures to be false, you cannot contest the inestimable benefit which I shall confer on all mankind to the last generation. by discovering a passage near the pole to those countries to reach which at present so many months are requisite; or by

These reflections have dispelled the agitation with which I began my letter, and I feel my heart glow with an enthusiasm which elevates me to heaven; for nothing contributes so much to tran quillise the mind as a steady purpose-a point on which the soul may fix its intellectual eve. This expedition has been the favorite dream of my early years. I have read with ardour the accounts of the various voyages which have been made in the prospect of arriving at the North Pacific Ocean through the seas which surround the pole. You may remember that a history of all the voyages made for purposes of discovery composed the whole of our good uncle Thomas's library. My education was neglected, yet I was passionately fond of reading. These volumes were my study day and night, and my familiarity with them increased that regret which I had felt, as a child, on learning that my father's dying injunction had forbidden my uncle to allow me to embark in a seafaring life. These visions faded when I perused, for the first time, those

ascertaining the secret of the magnet, which, if at all possible, can only be effected by an undertaking such as mine.

poels whose effusions entranced my soul, and lifted it to heaven. I also became a poet, and for one year lived in a Paradise of my own creation. I imagined that I also might obtain a riche in the temple where the names of Homer and Shakspeare are consecrated. You are well acquainted with my failure, and how heavily blore the disappointment. But just at that time I inherited the fortune of my cousin, and my thoughts were turned into the channel of their learlier bent.

Six years have passed since I resolved on my present undertaking. I can, even now, remember the hour from which I dedicated myself to this great enterprise. I commenced by

inaring my body to hardship. I accompanied the whale-fishers on several expeditions to the North Sea; I voluntarily endured cold, famine, thirst, and wart of sleep; I often worked harder than the common salions during the day, and devoted my nights to the study of mathematics, the theory of medicine, and those branches of physical science from which a naval adventurer might derive the greatest practical advantage. Twice I actually lifted myself as an under-nate in a Greenland whater, and acquitted myself to admiration. I must own I felt a title proud when my captain offered me the second dignly in the vessel, and entreated me to remain with the greatest earnestness; so valable did the consider mysenfore.

And now, dear Margaret, do I not deserve to accomplish some great purpose? Wij life might have been passed in ease and luxury, but I preferred glory to every enfocement that wealth placed in my path. Oh, that some encouraging voice would arrawer in the affirmative! My courage and my resolution is firm; but my hopes thickaise and my spirits are often depressed. I am about to proceed on a long and difficult voyage, the emergencies of which will demand all my fortifute! I am required not only to raise the spirits of others, but sometimes to sustain my own, when theirs are failing.

This is the most favourable period for travelling in Russia. They fly quickly over the snow in their sledges; the motion is pleasant, and, in my opinion, far more agreeable than that of an English sage-coach. The cold is not excessive, if you are wapped in furs—a dress which I have already adopted; for there is a great difference between waking the ock: and remaining seated difference between waking the ock: and remaining seated and the cold of the control of the con

I shall depart for the latter town in a fortright or three weeks; and my interfloin is to her a ship there, which can easily be done by paying the insurance for the owner, and to engage as many sailors as It lifts necessary among hose who are accustomed to the whale-fishing. I do not intend to sail, until the month of June; and when shall return? Ah, dear sister, tow can I answer this question? If I succeed, many, many mortis, perhaps years, will pass before you and I may meet. If fall, you will see me again

Farewell, my dear, excellent Margaret. Heaven shower down blessings on you, and save me, that I may again and again testify my gratitude for all your love and kindness.—Your affectionate brother.

R WAI TON

Letter II

ARCHANGEL, MARCH 28TH, 17-...

To MRS SAVILLE ENGLAND

How slowly the time passes here, encompassed as I am by frost and snowl yet a second step is taken towards my enterprise. I have hired a vessel, and am occupied in collecting my sailors; those whom I have already engaged appear to be men on whom I can depend, and are certainly possessed of dauffless courage.

But have one want which have never yet been able to satisfy, and the absence of the object of within I now feel as a most severe exit. I have no friend, Margaret: when I am glowing with the enthusiasm of success, there will be none to participate my joy; if I am assailed by disappointment, no one will endeavour to sustain me in dejection. I shall commit my thoughts to paper, it is true; but that is a poor medium for the communication of feeling. I desire the company of a man who could sympathize with me; whose eyes would reply to mine. You may deem me romartic, whose eyes would reply to mine. You may deem me romartic, the proper in the properties of th

faults of your poor brother! I am too ardent in execution, and too impatient of difficulties. But it is a still greater will to me that I am self-educated: for the first fourteen years of my life I ran wild on a common, and read nothing but our under Thomas's books of voyages. At that age I became acquainted with the celebrated poets of our own courtry, but I was only when it had ceased to be in my power to derive its most important benefits from such a conviction that I perceived the necessity of becoming acquainted with more languages than that of my native country, Now I am when yet in the precision of the property of the prope

near me, gentle yet courageous, possessed of a cultivated as well as of a capacious mind, whose tastes are like my own, to approve or amend my plans. How would such a friend repair the

friend on the wide ocean, nor even here in Archangel, among mercharts and seamen. Yet some feelings, untailled to the dross of human nature, beat even in these rugged bosoms. My illustreart, for instance, is a man of wonderful courage and enterprise; he is madly desirous of glory; or rather, to word prises more characteristically, of advancement in his profession. He is an Englishman, and in the midst of restonal and professional pregludious, unsoftened by culturation, retains some operations of the professional pregludious, unsoftened by culturation, retains some acquainted with him on board a whale wessel finding that he was unemplowed in this city. I sasily wongood him to assist in my

Well, these are useless complaints: I shall certainly find no

enterprise. The master is a person of an excellent disposition, and is remarkablein the ship for his gentleness and the mildness of his discipline. This circumstance, added to his well known integrity and dauntless courage, made me very desirous to engage him. A vouth passed in solitude, my best years spent under your gentle and feminine fosterage, has so refined the groundwork of my character that I cannot overcome an intense distaste to the usual brutality exercised on board ship: I have never believed it to be necessary; and when I heard of a mariner equally noted for his kindliness of heart, and the respect and obedience paid to him by his crew. I felt myself peculiarly fortunate in being able to secure his services. I heard of him first in rather a romantic manner, from a lady who owes to him the happiness of her life. This, briefly, is his story. Some years ago he loved a young Russian lady of moderate fortune: and having amassed a considerable sum in prize-money, the father of the girl consented to the match. He saw his mistress once before the destined ceremony; but she was bathed in tears, and, throwing herself at his feet, entreated him to spare her, confessing at the same time that she loved another, but that he was poor, and that her father would never consent to the union. My generous friend reassured the suppliant, and on being informed of the name of her lover. instantly abandoned his pursuit. He had already bought a farm with his money, on which he had designed to pass the remainder of his life; but he bestowed the whole on his rival, together with the remains of his prize-money to purchase stock, and then himself solicited the young woman's father to consent to her marriage with her lover. But the old man decidedly refused. thinking himself bound in honour to my friend; who, when he found the father inexorable, guitted his country, nor returned until he heard that his former mistress was married according to her

inclinations. "What a noble fellow!" you will exclaim. He is so; but then he is wholly uneducated: he is as silent as a Turk, and a kind of ignorant carelessness attends him, which, while it renders his conduct the more astonishing, detracts from the interest and sympathy which otherwise he would command.

Yet do not suppose, because I complain a little, or because I can conceive a consolation for my loits which I may never know, that I am wavening in jin resolutions. Those are as fixed as fatter and my ousge is only now delayed until the weather shall parting embarkation. The whiter has been dreadfully severe; but the spring promises well, and it is considered as a remarkably early season, so that perhapse I may sall sooner than I expected. I shall do nothing rashly, you know me sufficiently to confide in my prudence and one siderateness whenever the safety of others is

committed to my care. I cannot describe to you my sensations on the near prospect of my undertaking It is impossible to communicate to you a conception of the trembling sensation, half pleasurable and half fearful with which I am preparing to depart I am going to unexplored regions, to "the land of mist and snow," but I shall kill no albatross, therefore do not be alarmed for my safety, or if I should come back to you as worn and woeful as the "Ancient Mariner?" You will smile at my allusion; but I will disclose a secret. I have often attributed my attachment to, my passionate enthusiasm for the dangerous mysteries of ocean to that production of the most imaginative of modern poets. 5 There is something at work in my soul which I do not understand. Lam practically industrious—painstaking:—a workman to execute with perseverance and labour: -but besides this, there is a love for the marvellous, a belief in the marvellous, intertwined in all my projects, which hurries me out of the common pathways of men. even to the wild sea and unvisited regions I am about to explore.

But to return to dearer considerations. Shall I meet you again, after having traversed immense seas, and returned by the most southern cape of Africa or America? I dare not expect such success, yet I cannot bear to look on the reverse of the picture. Confince for the present to write to me by every opportunity. I may receive you reters on some occasions when I need them most to support my spirits. I love you very lenderly. Remember affectionate brother board you never hear from me again.—Your affectionate brother sources.

ROBERT WALTON

Letter III

JULY 7TH 17-

To MRS. SAVILLE, ENGLAND

My dear Sister, I write a few lines in haste, to say that I am safe, and well advanced on my vospae. This letter will reach England by a merchantman row on its homeward vospae from Archanget more fortunate than I, who may not see my ranite lend, perhaps, for many years. I am, however, in good spirits: my men are bold, and apparently firm of purpose, ror do the feating sheets of lice that continually pass us, indicating the dangers of the region towards which we are advancing, appear to dismay them. We have already reached a very high latitude, but it is the height of gales, which how is speedily breads those shores which I so andersly desire to attain, breathe a degree of renovating warmth which had not be useded.

No incidents have hitherto befallen us that would make a figure in a letter. One or two stiff gales, and the springing of a leak, are accidents which experienced navigators scarcely remember to record; and I shall be well content if nothing worse happen to us during our voyage.

Adieu, my dear Margaret. Be assured that for my own sake, as well as yours, I will not rashly encounter danger. I will be cool, persevering, and prudent.

But success shall crown my endeavours. Wherefore not? Thus

far I have gone, tracing a secure way over the pathless seas: the very stars themselves being witnesses and testimonies of my triumph. Why not still proceed over the untamed yet obedient element? What can stop the determined heart and resolved will of man?

My swelling heart involuntarily pours itself out thus. But I must finish. Heaven bless my beloved sister!

I etter IV

AUGUST 5TH 17-

To MRS SAVILLE ENGLAND

So strange an accident has happened to us that I cannot forbear recording it, although it is very probable that you will see me before these papers can come into your possession.

Last Monday (July 31 st), we were nearly surrounded by ice, which closed in the ship on all sides, scarcely leaving her the sea-room in which she floated. Our situation was somewhat dangerous, especially as we were compassed round by a very thick fog. We accordingly lay to, hoping that some change would take place in the atmosphere and weather.

About two o'clock the mist cleared away, and we beheld, stetched out in every direction, vest and irregular plains of ice, which seemed to have no end. Some of my comrades groaned, and my own mind began to grow wealthful with anious thoughts, when a strange sight suddenly attracted our attention, and diverted our solicitude from our own situation. We preceived a low carriage, fixed on a sledge and drawn by dogs, pass on lowards the north, at the distance of half a mile: a being which had the shape of a man, but apparently of gigantic stature, sat in the sledge, and guided the dogs. We watched the rapid progress of the traveler with our telescopes, until he was lost among the distant inequalities of the ice.

This appearance excited our unqualified wonder. We were, as we believed, many hundred miles from any land; but this apparition seemed to denote that it was not, in reality, so distant as we had supposed. Shut in, however, by ice, it was imposted to follow his track, which we had observed with the greatest attention.

About two hours after this occurrence, we heard the ground sea; hand before night the ice broke, and freed our ship. We, however, lay to until the morning, fearing to encounter in the dark those large loose masses which float about after the breaking up of the ice. I orofited of this time to rest for a few hours.

In the morning, however, as soon as it was light, I went upon dock, and found all the salins busy on one side of the wessel, apparently talking to some one in the sea. It was, in fact, a space, the state of the saledge, like that we had seen before, within had riffled towards us in the night, on a large fragment of ice. Only one dog greanland alive, but there was a thurna being within I, whom the committee of the saledge o

On perceiving me, the stranger addressed me in English, although with a foreign accent. "Before I come on board your vessel," said he, "will you have the kindness to inform me whither you are bound?"

You may conceive my astonishment on hearing such a question addressed to me from a man on the brink of destruction, and to whom I should have supposed that my vessel would have been a resource which he would not have exchanged for the most precious wealth the earth can afford! I renlied however, that we were on a voyage of discovery towards the northern pole.

Upon hearing this he appeared satisfied, and consented to come on board, Good Gool Mangaret, if you had seen the man who thus capitulated for his safety, your surprise would have been boundless. His imbs were nearly frozen, and his body dreadfully emaciated by fatigue and suffering. Inever saw a man is so wenterbed a condition. We attempted to carry him into the calbrit, but as soom as the did quitted the fresh air, he fairned. We accordingly brought him back to the deck, and restored him to accordingly brought him back to the deck, and restored him to a small quantity, As soon as he showed signs of life we wrapped him up in blankels, and placed him near the chimney of the kitchen stove. By slow degrees he recovered, and also a little soup, which restored him wonted thin.

Two days passed in this manner before he was able to speak. and I often learned that his saidferings had deprived him of understanding. When he had in some measure recovered. It removed him to my own cabin, and attended on him as much as my duty would permit. I never saw a more interesting creature, his yees have generally an expression of wildrass, and even madness; but there are moments when, if any one performs an act of kindness towards him, or does him any the most trifling service, his whole counternance is lighted up, as it were, with a But he is generally mealenchy and despairing; and sometimes he grashes his fueth, as if impatient of the weight of woes that oppresses him.

keep off the men, who wished to ask him a thousand questions; but I would not allow him to be tormented by their idle uniosity, in a state of body and mind whose restoration evidently depended upon entire repose. Once, however, the feutemant asked, Why he had come so far upon the ice in so strange a vehicle?

His countenance instantly assumed an aspect of the deepest.

When my guest was a little recovered. I had great trouble to

gloom; and he replied, "To seek one who fled from me."

"And did the man whom you pursued travel in the same

fashion?"

"Yes."
"Then I fancy we have seen him: for the day before we picked

Then I lancy we have seen him; for the day before we picked you up, we saw some dogs drawing a sledge, with a man in it, across the ice."

This aroused the stranger's attention; and he asked a multitude of questions concerning the route which the daemon, as he called him, had pursued. Soon after, when he was alone with me, he said,—"I have, doubtless, excited your curiosity, as well as that of these good people; but you are too considerate to make inquiries."

"Certainly; it would indeed be very impertinent and inhuman in me to trouble you with any inquisitiveness of mine."

"And yet you rescued me from a strange and perilous situation; you have benevolently restored me to life."

Soon after this he inquired if I thought that the breaking up of the ice had destroyed the other sledge? I replied that I could not answer with any degree of certainty, for the ice had not broken until near midnight, and the traveller might have arrived at a place of safety before that time; but of this I could not judge.

From this time a new spirit of life arimated the decaying farme of the stranger. He manifested the greatest ageneries to be upon deck, to watch for the sledge which had before appeared; but I have persuaded him to remain in the cabin, for he is far too weak to sustain the rawness of the atmosphere. I have promised that some one should watch for him, and give him instant notice if any new object should appear in sign. own part, I begin to love him as a brother, and his constant and deep prief fils with sympathy and compassion. He must have been a noble creature in his better days, being even now in wreck so attractive and amiable.

I said in one of my letters, my dear Margaret, that I should find no friend on the wide ocean; yet I have found a man who, before his spirit had been troken by misery. I should have been happy to have possessed as the brother of my heart.

I shall continue my lournal concerning the stranger at intervals.

Such is my journal of what relates to this strange occurrence up to the present day. The stranger has gradually improved in health, but is very silent, and appears uneasy when any one except myself enters his cabin. Yet his manners are so conciliating and gentle that the sailors are all interested in him. Although they have had very little communication with him Form.

AUGUST 13TH, 17—

should I have any fresh incidents to record

once my admiration and my pity to an astonishing degree. How can I see so noble a creature destroyed by miseny, without feeling the most poligrant grief? He is so gentle, yet so wise; his mind is so cultivated; and when he speaks, although his words are cuited with the choicest art, yet they flow with rapidity and unparafleded objection.

He is now much recovered from his litness, and is continually on the deck, apparently watching for the sledge that preceded his own. Yet, although unhappy, he is not so utterly occupied by its own misesy but that he interests himself deeply in the projects of others. He has frequently conversed with me on mine, which have commanicated to him without disguists. He elettered have commanicated to him without disguists, the lettered and into every minute detail of the measures. I had taken to except if I was easily let him the grownants which he women to except if I was easily let him the grownants which he women to

use the language of my heart, to give utterance to the burning androur of my sout, and to say, with at the fenour that warmed me, how gladly I would sacrifice my fortune, my existence, my every hope, to the furtherance of my enterpise. One man's life or death were but a small price to pay for the acquirement of the knowledge which sought; for the dominion I should acquire and transmit over the elemental foes of our race. As I spoke, a dark, doom spread over my listener's counterance. At first I perceived

My affection for my quest increases every day. He excites at

that he tried to suppress his emotion; he placed his hands before his eyes; and my voice guivered and failed me, as I beheld lears trickle fast from between his fingers—a groan bust from his heaving breast I paused—a flength he spoke, in broken accents—Urhappy man! Do you share my madness? He was careful from scaling the reductive flength so for the modern's also of the intoxcating draught? Hear me—let me reveal my late, and you will dash the cup from you do you will said to be suppressed to the company of the

despise himself for being the slave of passion; and quelling the dark yranny of despit, he led me again to converse concerning myself personally. He asked me the history of my earlier years. The tale was quickly lotid: but it awakened various trains of reflection. I spoke of my desire of finding a friend—of my thirst for a more infimate sympathy with a fellow mind than had ever fallen to my lot, and expressed my conviction that a man could boast of little happiness, who did not enjoy this blessing.

Having conquered the violence of his feelings, he appeared to

"I agree with you," replied the stranger; "we are unfashioned creatures, but half made up, if one wiser, better, dearer than ourselves—such a friend ought to be—do not lend his aid to perfec tionate our weak and faulty natures. I once had a friend, the most noble of human creatures, and am entitled, therefore, to judge respecting friendship. You have hope, and the world before you, and have no cause for despair. But I—I have lost everything, and cannot begin life anew. Z

As he said this, his countenance became expressive of a calm settled grief that touched me to the heart. But he was silent, and presently retired to his cabin.

Even broken in spirit as he is, no one can feel more deeply han he does the beauties of nature. The stary sky it see, and ever sight afforded by these worderful regions, seems still to have the power of elevating his soul from earth. Such a man has a double existence: he may suffer misery, and be overwhelmed by disappointment; yet, when has retired into himself, he will be like a celestial spirit that has a halo around him, within whose crick no grief or folly ventures.

Will you smile at the orthusiasm I oppress concerning this driven wanderer? You would not I you saw him. You have been based and refined by books and reliement from the words, and you are, therefore, somewhat fasticiance; but this only renders you the more fit to appreciate the extraordinary ments of this woorderful man. Sometimes I have endeavoured to discover what quality it is which he possesses that elevates him so immeasurably above any other person lever knew Lelleve it to be an intuitive discorrent; a quick but never-failing power of judgment; a penetation into the causes of things, unequaled for clearness and precision; add to this a facility of expression, and varies where weight intensic and to this a facility of expression, and varies where weight intensical services where the precision; and to this a facility of expression, and varies where weight intensication.

AUGUST 19TH. 17—.

Yesterday the stranger said to me, "You may easily perceive, Captain Walton that I have suffered great and unparalleled misfortunes. I had determined, at one time, that the memory of these evils should die with me; but you have won me to alter my determination. You seek for knowledge and wisdom, as I once did: and I ardently hope that the gratification of your wishes may not be a serpent to sting you, as mine has been. I do not know that the relation of my disasters will be useful to you; yet, when I reflect that you are pursuing the same course, exposing yourself to the same dangers which have rendered me what I am, I imagine that you may deduce an apt moral from my tale; one that may direct you if you succeed in your undertaking, and console you in case of failure. Prepare to hear of occurrences which are usually deemed marvellous. Were we among the tamer scenes of nature. I might fear to encounter your unbelief, perhaps your ridicule; but many things will appear possible in these wild and mysterious regions which would provoke the laughter of those unacquainted with the ever-varied powers of nature:-nor can I doubt but that my tale conveys in its series internal evidence of the truth of the events of which it is composed. You may easily imagine that I was much gratified by the

offered communication; yet I could not endure that he should renew his grief by a recital of his misfortunes. I felt the greatest eagemess to hear the promised narrative, partly from curiosity, and partly from a strong desire to ameliorate his fate, if it were in my power. I expressed these feelings in my answer.

"I thank you." he replied, "for your sympathy, but it is useless; my fate is nearly fulfilled. I wait but for one event, and then I shall repose in peace. I understand your fleeling," continued he, perceiving that I wished to interrupt him; "but you are mistaken, my friend, if they you will allow me to rame you, rothing can aller my destiny. Iisten to my history, and you will perceive how irrevocably its determined."

He then told me that he would commence his narrative the next day when I should be at leisure. This promise drew from me the warmest thanks. I have resolved every right, when I am not imperatively occupied by my dulies, to record, as nearly as possible in his own words, what he has related during the day if I should be engaged, I will at least make notes. This manuscript will doubtless afford you the greatest pleasure; but to me, who know him, and who hear if from his own jips, with what interest and sympathy shall read it in some future day! Even now, as I commerce my task, his full-broad voice swells in my ears, his lustrous eyes dwell on me with all their internatively sweetness; I see his thin hard raised in animation, while he ineaments of his feet and the state of the state of

CHAPTER I

I AM BY BRTH a Genevese; and my family is one of the most distinguished of that republic. My ancestors had been for many years coursellors and syndics', and my father had filled several public situations with honour and reputation. He was respected by all who know him for his integrity and indefatigable attention to public business. He passed his younger days perpetually concepted by the public public

As the circumstanoss of his marriage illustrate his character, I cannot terfain from relating them. One of his most inimitate firefaits was a merchant, who, from a flourishing state, fell, through rumerous mischances, into poverty. This man, whose name was Beaufort, was of a proud and urbendring disposition, and could not bear to live in poverty and oblivion in the same country where he had formerly been distinguished for his rank and magnificence. Hawing paid his debts, therefore, in the most honourable manner, he retreated with his daughter to the town of Luceme, where he lived urknown and in west-chardness. My father loved Beardorf with the turest ferindship, and was deeply grieved by his retreat in these unfortunate circumstances. He bitterly deploned the false pride which led his finder do a conduct so little wortfly of the affection that unlied them. He lost no time in endeavouring to seek him out, with the hope of persuading him to

begin the world again through his credit and assistance. Beaufort had taken effectual measures to conceal himself; and it was ten months before my father discovered his abode. Overjoyed at this discovery, he hastened to the house, which was situated in a mean street, near the Reuss. But when he entered, misery and despair alone welcomed him. Beaufort had saved but a very small sum of money from the wreck of his fortunes; but it was sufficient to provide him with sustenance for some months; and in the meantime he hoped to procure some respectable employment in a merchant's house. The internal wax, consequently, spent in inaction, ris grid only to house. The internal wax, consequently, spent in inaction, ris grid only more more deep and ranking when he had leisure for reflection; more than the state of the spent of the state of the spent of the more more deep and ranking when he had leisure for reflection; more than the spent of the spent of

His daughter attended him with the greatest tenderness; but she saw with despair that their little tund was rapidly decreasing, and that there was no other prospect of support. But Caroline Beaufort possessed a mind of an uncommon mould, and her course grose to support her in her adversity. She proucred plain work, as he platled straw, and by various means contrived to earn a pittance scarcely sufficient to succord life.

Several months passed in this manner. Her father grew worse, her time was more entirely occupied in attending him, her means of subsistence decreased; and in the terth month her father died in her amms, leaving her an orphan and a beggar. This last blow overcame her; and she knelt by Beauforts coffin, weeping bitterly, when my father entered the chamber. He came like a protecting spirit to the poor girl, who committed herself to his care; and after the interment of his friend, he conducted her to Geneva, and placed her under the protection of a relation. Two years after this event Caroline became his wife.

There was a considerable difference between the ages of my parents, but his circumstance seemed to unite them only closer in bonds of devoted affection. If here was a sense of justice in my father's upight mind, witch rendered it necessary that he should approve highly to love strongly. Perhaps during former years he had suffered from the late-discovered unnorthiness of one beloved, and so was disposed to set a greater value on tried worth. There was a strow of gratitude and worship in his attachment to my mother, differing wholly from the doating fondness of age, for it was inspired by reverence for her virtues, and a desire to be the means of, in some degree recompensing her for the sorrows she had endured but which gave inexpressible grace to his behaviour to her. Everything was made to yield to her wishes and her convenience. He strove to shelter her, as a fair exotic is sheltered by the gardener, from every rougher wind, and to surround her with all that could tend to excite pleasurable emotion in her soft and benevolent mind. Her health, and even the tranquillity of her hitherto constant spirit, had been shaken by what she had gone through. During the two years that had elapsed previous to their marriage my father had gradually relinquished all his public functions: and immediately after their union they sought the pleasant climate of Italy, and the change of scene and interest attendant on a tour through that land of wonders, as a restorative for her weakened frame. From Italy they visited Germany and France I their eldest child was born in Naples, and as an infant accompanied them in their rambles. I remained for several years their only child. Much as they were attached to each other, they seemed to draw inexhaustible stores of affection from a very mine of love to bestow them upon me. My mother's tender caresses, and my father's smile of benevolent pleasure while regarding me, are my first recollections. I was their plaything and their idol and something better-their child the innocent and helpless creature bestowed on them by Heaven, whom to bring up to good, and whose future lot it was in their hands to direct to happiness or misery, according as they fulfilled their duties towards me. With this deep consciousness of what they owed towards the being to which they had given life, added to the active spirit of tendemess that animated both, it may be imagined that while during every hour of my infant life I received a lesson of patience, of charity, and of self-control. I was so guided by a silken cord that all seemed but one train of enjoyment to me.2 For a long time I was their only care. My mother had much desired to have a daughter, but I continued their single offspring. When I was about five years old, while making an excursion beyond the frontiers of Italy, they passed a week on the shores of the Lake of Como. Their benevolent disposition often made them enter the cottages of the poor. This, to my mother, was more than a duty, it was a necessity, a passion-remembering what she had suffered, and how she had been relieved-for her to act in her turn the guardian angel to the afflicted. During one of their walks a poor cot in the foldings of a vale attracted their notice as being singularly disconsolate, while the number of half-clothed children gathered about it spoke of penury in its worst shape. One day, when my father had gone by himself to Milan, my mother, accompanied by me, visited this abode. She found a peasant and his wife, hard working, bent down by care and labour. distributing a scanty meal to five hungry babes. Among these there was one which attracted my mother far above all the rest. She appeared of a different stock. The four others were dark-eyed, hardy little vagrants; this child was thin, and very fair. Her hair was the brightest living gold, and, despite the poverty of her clothing, seemed to set a crown of distinction on her head. Her brow was clear and ample, her blue eyes cloudless, and her lips and the moulding of her face so expressive of sensibility and sweetness, that none could behold her without looking on her as of a distinct species, a being heaven-sent, and bearing a celestial stamp in all her features. The peasant woman, perceiving that my mother fixed eyes of wonder and admiration on this lovely girl, eagerly communicated her history. She was not her child, but the daughter of a Milanese nobleman. Her mother was a German, and had died on giving her birth. The infant had been placed with these good people to nurse: they were better off then. They had not been long married, and their eldest child was but just born. The father of their charge was one of those Italians nursed in the memory of the antique glory of Italy-one among the schiavi ognor fre menti. I who exerted himself to obtain the

liberty of his country. He became the victim of its weakness. Whether

he had died, or still lingered in the dungeons of Austria, was not known. His property was confiscated, his child became an orphan and a beggar. She confined with her foster parents, and bloomed in their rude abode, fairer than a garden rose among dark-leaved brambles.

When my father returned from Milan he found fastor with me in the

When my father returned from Milan, he found playing with me in the half of our villa a child fairer than pictured chent—— creature who seemed to shed radiance from her looks, and whose form and motions were lighter than the chamics of the hills. The apparition was soon explained. With his permission my mother prevailed on her nustic guardians to yield their charge to her. They were fond of the sweet orphan. Her presence had seemed a blessing to frem: but it

sweet orphan. Her presence had seemed a biessing to them; but it would be unfair to her to keep her in poverty and want, when Providence afforded her such powerful protection. They consulted their village priest, and the result was that Eizabeth Laverab became the immate of my parents' house—my more than sister—the beautiful and aforder Companion of all my occupations and my beautiful.

uter vitage priess, and the resolute was that Elizapeth Laveriza became the inmate of my parents' house—my more than sister—the beautiful and adored companion of all my occupations and my pleasures. Every one loved Elizabeth. The passionate and almost reverential attachmentwith which all required her became, while I shared it, my

attacmmentwith winch air regarded ner became, while I shared it, my pride and my delight. Of the evening previous to her being prought to my home, my mother had said playfullly—II have a pretty present for my Victor-to-morve he shall have it. 7 And when, no the morrow, she presented Elizabeth to me as her promised gift, I, with childish seriousness, interpreted her words fiterally, and looked upon Elizabeth as mine—mine to protect, love, and charish. All praises heldward in the received as media to a prosession of my new Me

seriousness, interpreted her words literally, and looked upon letzabeth as mine—mine to protect, love, and cherish. All praises bestowed on her, I received as made to a possession of my own. We called each other familiarly by the name of coustin. No word, no expression could body forth the kind of relation in which she stood to me—my more than sister, since till death she was to be mine only.

CHAPTER II

WE WERE BROUGHT UP together: there was not quite a year difference in our ages. I need not say that we were strangers to any species of disunion or dispute. Harmony was the soul of our companionship, and the diversity and contrast that subsisted in our characters drew us nearer together. Elizabeth was of a calmer and more concentrated disposition; but with all my ardour. I was capable of a more intense application, and was more deeply smitten with the thirst for knowledge. She busied herself with following the aerial creations of the poets; and in the majestic and wondrous scenes which surrounded our Swiss home-the sublime shapes of the mountains: the changes of the seasons: tempest and calm: the silence of winter, and the life and turbulence of our Alpine summersshe found ample scope for admiration and delight. While my companion contemplated with a serious and satisfied spirit the magnificent appearances of things. I delighted in investigating their causes. The world was to me a secret which I desired to divine Curiosity, earnest research to learn the hidden laws of nature.

gladness akin to rapture, as they were unfolded to me, are among the

earliest sensations I can remember.

On the birth of a second son, my junior by seven years, my parents gave up entirely their wandering life, and fixed themselves in their native country. We possessed a house in Geneva, and a campagne. on Belrive, the eastern shore of the lake, at the distance of rather more than a league from the city. We resided principally in the latter. and the lives of my parents were passed in considerable seclusion. It was my temper to avoid a crowd, and to attach myself fervently to a few I was indifferent therefore to my schoolfellows in general; but I united myself in the bonds of the closest friendship to one among them. Henry Clerval was the son of a merchant of Geneva. He was a boy of singular talent and fancy. He loved enterprise, hardship, and even danger, for its own sake. He was deeply read in books of chivalry and romance. He composed heroic songs, and began to write many a tale of enchantment and knightly adventure. He tried to make us act plays, and to enter into masquerades, in which the characters were drawn from the heroes of Roncesvalles. 1 of the

No human being could have passed a happier childhood than myself. My parents were possessed by the very spirit of kindness and indulgence. We felt that they were not the tyrants to rule our lot according to their caprice, but the agents and reastors of all the many delights which we enjoyed. When I mingled with other families, I distinctly discend how pecularly fortunate my lot was, and graftfude assisted the development of fliail love.

We tempor was sometimes vident, and my osssions vetherment but.

Round Table of King Arthur, and the chivalrous train who shed their blood to redeem the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidels.

by some law in my temperature[®] they were turned, not towards childrish prussits, but on eager desire to learn, and not to learn all things indiscriminately. I confess that neither the structure of languages, nor the code of governments, nor the politics of various states, possessed attractions for me. It was the secrets of heaven and earth that I desired to learn, and whether it was the outward substance of things, or the inner spirit of nature and the mysterious sould from that coupled me, still my inquiries were directed to the metaphysical, or, in its highest sense, the physical secrets of the word.

Meanwhile Clerval occupied himself, so to speak, with the moral relations of things. The busy stage of life, the virtues of heroes, and the actions of men, were his theme; and his hope and his dream was to become one among those whose names are recorded in story, as the gallant and adventurous benefactors of our species. The sainly soul of Elzabeth shore like a shrine-dedicated lamp in our peaceful home. Her sympathy was ours; her smile, her soft voice, the sweet glance of her celestial eyes, were eyer there to bless and animate us. She was the living spirit of love to soften and attract: I might have become sullen in my study, rough through the ardour of my nature, but that she was there to subdue me to a semblance of her own gentleness. And Clerval-could aught ill entrench on the noble spirit of Clerval?-vet he might not have been so perfectly humane so thoughtful in his generosity—so full of kindness and tenderness amidst his passion for adventurous exploit, had she not unfolded to him the real loveliness of beneficence, and made the doing good the end and aim of his soaring ambition. I feel exquisite pleasure in dwelling on the recollections of childhood, before misfortune had tainted my mind, and changed its bright visions of extensive usefulness into gloomy and narrow reflections upon self. Besides in drawing the picture of my early days. Lalso record those events which led, by insensible steps, to my after tale of misery, for when I would account to myself for the birth of that passion, which afterwards ruled my destiny. I find it arise, like a

mountain river, from ignoble and almost forgotten sources; but, swelling as it proceeded, it became the torrent which, in its course, has swept away all my hopes and joys. Natural philosophy is the genius that has regulated my fate; I desire, therefore, in this narration, to state those facts which led to my predilection for that science. When I was thirteen years of age, we all went on a party of pleasure to the baths near Thonon: the inclemency

of the weather obliged us to remain a day confined to the inn. In this house I chanced to find a volume of the works of Cornelius Agrippa. 2 I opened it with apathy, the theory which he attempts to demonstrate. and the wonderful facts which he relates, soon changed this feeling into enthusiasm. A new light seemed to dawn upon my mind; and,

bounding with joy, I communicated my discovery to my father. My father looked carelessly at the title page of my book, and said, "Ah! Cornelius Agrippa! My dear Victor, do not waste your time upon this: it is sad trash." If instead of this remark, my father had taken the pains to explain to me that the principles of Agrippa had been entirely exploded, and that a modern system of science had been introduced, which possessed

much greater powers than the ancient, because the powers of the latter were chimerical, while those of the former were real and practical; under such circumstances. I should certainly have thrown Agrippa aside, and have contented my imagination, warmed as it was, by returning with greater ardour to my former studies. It is even

possible that the train of my ideas would never have received the fatal impulse that led to my ruin. But the cursory glance my father had taken. of my volume by no means assured me that he was acquainted with its contents; and I continued to read with the greatest avidity. When I returned home, my first care was to procure the whole works of this author, and afterwards of Paracelsus and Albertus Magnus.2 I read and studied the wild fancies of these writers with delight; they appeared to me treasures known to few beside myself. I have described myself as always having been embued with a fervent longing to penetrate the secrets of nature. In spite of the intense

labour and wonderful discoveries of modern philosophers. I always

came from my studies discontented and unsatisfied. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have avowed that he felt like a child picking up shells beside the great and unexplored ocean of truth.4 Those of his successors in each branch of natural philosophy with whom I was acquainted appeared, even to my boy's apprehensions, as tyrosq

The untaught peasant beheld the elements around him, and was

acquainted with their practical uses. The most learned philosopher

knew little more. He had partially unveiled the face of Nature, but her

immortal lineaments were still a wonder and a mystery. He might dissect, anatom ise, and give names; but, not to speak of a final cause, causes in their secondary and tertiary grades were utterly

engaged in the same pursuit.

unknown to him. I had gazed upon the fortifications and impediments that seemed to keep human beings from entering the citadel of nature, and rashly and ignorantly I had repined.

But here were books, and here were men who had penetrated

deeper and knew more. I look their word for all that they awrend, and became their disciple. It may appear strange that such should arise in the eighteenth century, but while I followed the routine of education in the schools of Geneva, I was, to a great degree, self taught with regard to my favourite studies. My father was not scientific, and I was

left to struggle with a child's blindness, added to a student's thirst for knowledge. Under the guidance of my new preceptors, lentered with the greatest diligence into the search of the philosopher's stone and the elbir of life; but the latter soon obtained my undivided attention. Wealth was an inferior object; but what glory would attend the discovery, if I could barish disease from the human frame, and render

discover, if I could barish disease from the human frame, and render man invalurable to any but a violent death!

Nor were these my only visions. The raising of ghosts or devils was a promise liberally accorded by my favourite authors, the fulfiment of which I most eagent sought; and if my incartations were always ursuccessful, I attributed the failure rather to my own inexperience and mistake than to a wart of skill or fidelity in my instructors. And

ursuccessful, I attributed the failure rather to my own inexperience and mistake than to a wart of skill or fidelity in my instructors. And thus for a time I was occupied by exploded systems, mingling, like an uradept, a thousand contradictory theories, and floundering desperately in a very solupy of multifactious knowledge, guided by an artent imagination and childish reasoning, till an accident again

attent integration if an children reasoning, us an accident again changed the current of my ideas.
When I was about fifteen years old we had relired to our house near Betrive, when we witnessed a most violent and terrible thunderstorm. It advanced from behind the mourtains of Jura; and the thunder brust at once with fright budness from various quarters of the heavers. It remained, while the storm lasted, watching its progress with curicistly and reliable 1st forced at the force or as synthet behalf at stream of and reliable 1st forced at the force or as synthet behalf at stream of and reliable 1st stored at the force or as synthet behalf at stream of

and delight. As I stood at the door, on a sudden I beheld a stream of fire issue from and and beautiful doak which stood about twenty yards from our house; and so soon as the dazding light vanished the oak had disappeared, and nothing remained but a blasted stump. When we visited it the next morning, we found the tree shattered in a singular manner. It was not splittered by the shock, but entirely reduced to thin histants of wood. I never beheld anything so utterly

reduced to thin fibands of wood. I never beheld anything so utterly destroyed.

Before this I was not unacquainted with the more obvious laws of electricity. On this occasion a man of great research in natural philosophy was with thus, and, excited by this catastrophe, he entered on the explanation of a theory which he had formed on the subject of electricity and galanism, which was at once new and astonishing to

on the explanation of a theory which he had formed on the subject of electricity and galamism, which was at once new and astorishing to me. All that he said threw greatly into the shade Comelius Agrippa, Abertus Magnus, and Paracelsus, he lords of nny imagination; but by some fatality the overthrow of these men disinctined me to pursue my accustomed studies. It seemed to me as if nothing would or could ever be known. All that had so long engaged my attention suddenly grew despicable. By one of those caprides of the mind, which we are

occupations; set down natural history and all its progeny as a deformed and abortive creation; and entertained the greatest distain for a would-be science, which could never even step within the threshold of real knowledge. In this mood of mind betook myself to the mathematics, and the branches of study appertaining to that science, as being built upon secure foundations, and so worthy of my consideration.

perhaps most subject to in early youth, I at once gave up my former

Thus strangely are our souls constructed, and by such slight ligaments are we bound to prosperity or ruin. When I look back, it seems to me as if this almost miraculous change of inclination and will was the immediate suggestion of the guardian angel of my life—the last effort made by the soint of oreservation to averit the storm that

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the last effort made by the spirit of preservation to avert the storm that was even then hanging in the stars, and ready to envelope me. Her victory was announced by an unusual tranquillity and gladness of soul, which followed the relinquishing of my ancient and latterly tormenting studies. It was thus that I was to be taught to associate evil with their prosecution, happiness with their disregard.

It was a strong effort of the spirit of good; but it was ineffectual. Dostiny was too potent, and her immutable laws had decreed my utter

and terrible destruction.

CHAPTER III

WHEN I HAD ATTANED the age of seventeen, my parents resolved that I should become a student at the university of probletaft. I had hitherto attended the schools of Geneva; but my father throught it necessary, for the completion of my education, that I should be made acquainted with other customs than those of my native county. My departure was therefore fixed at an early date; but before the day resolved upon could arrive, the first misforture of my life occurred—an omen, as it were, or my future misers.

Elizabeth had caught the scarlet fever; her illness was severe, and she was in the greatest danger During her illness, many arguments had been urged to persuade my mother to refrain from attending upon her She had, at first, vielded to our entreaties; but when she heard that the life of her favourite was menaced, she could no longer control her anxiety. She attended her sick bed-her watchful attentions triumphed over the malignity of the distemper-Elizabeth was saved, but the consequences of this imprudence were fatal to her preserver. On the third day my mother sickened; her fever was accompanied by the most alarming symptoms, and the looks of her medical attendants prognosticated the worst event. On her death-hed the fortifude and benignity of this best of women did not desert her. She joined the hands of Elizabeth and myself: - "My children," she said, "my firmest hopes of future happiness were placed on the prospect of your union. This expectation will now be the consolation of your father. Elizabeth. my love, you must supply my place to my younger children, Alas! I regret that I am taken from you; and, happy and beloved as I have been, is it not hard to quit you all? But these are not thoughts befitting

me; I will endeavour to resign myself cheerfully to death, and will include a hope of meeting you in another world."

She died calmly: and her countenance expressed affection even in

death. I need not describe the feelings of those whose dearest ties are rent by that most irreparable evil; the void that presents itself to the soul; and the despair that is exhibited on the countenance. It is so long before the mind can persuade itself that she, whom we saw every day, and whose very existence appeared a part of our own, can have departed for ever-that the brightness of a beloved eye can have been extinguished, and the sound of a voice so familiar, and dear to the ear, can be hushed, never more to be heard. These are the reflections of the first days; but when the lapse of time proves the reality of the evil, then the actual bitterness of grief commences. Yet from whom has not that rude hand rent away some dear connection? and why should I describe a sorrow which all have felt, and must feel?2 The time at length arrives, when grief is rather an indulgence than a necessity, and the smile that plays upon the lips, although it may be deemed a sacrilege, is not banished. My mother was dead, but we had still duties which we ought to perform; we must continue

everts, was now again determined upon. I obtained from my father a respite of some weeks. It appeared to me sacrilege so soon to leave the repose, akin to death, of the house of mounting, and to rush into the thick of life. I was new to sorrow, but it did not the less alairm set. I was unwaiting to qut the sight of those that remained to me, and, owned to the set of the She indeed veiled her grief, and strove to act the comforter to us all. She booked steadily on life, and assumed its duties with courses

our course with the rest, and learn to think ourselves fortunate, whilst

My departure for Ingolstadt, which had been deferred by these

one remains whom the spoiler has not seized.

and zeal. She devoted herself to those whom she had been taught to call her uncle and cousins. Never was she so enchanting as at this time when she recalled the sunshine of her smiles and spent them upon us. She forgot even her own regret in her endeavours to make us forget.

The day of my departure at length arrived. Clerval spent the last evening with us. He had endeavoured to persuade his father to permit him to accompany me, and to become my fellow student; but in vain. His father was a narrow-minded trader, and saw idleness and ruin in the aspirations and ambition of his son. Henry deeply felt the misfortune of being debarred from a liberal education. He said little: but when he snoke I read in his kindling eye and in his animated glance a restrained but firm resolve not to be chained to the miserable details of commerce. We sat late. We could not tear ourselves away from each other, nor persuade ourselves to say the word "Farewell" It was said: and we retired under the pretence of seeking repose, each fancying that the other was deceived; but when at morning's dawn I descended to the carriage which was to convey me away, they were all there-my father again to bless me. Clerval to press my hand once more, my Elizabeth to renew her entreaties that I would write often, and to bestow the last feminine attentions on her playmate and friend. I threw myself into the chaise that was to convey me away and indulated in the most melancholy reflections. I, who had ever been surrounded by amiable companions, continually engaged in endeavouring to bestow mutual pleasure. I was now alone. In the university, whither I was going. I must form my own friends, and be my own protector. My life had hitherto been remarkably secluded and domestic: and this had given me invincible repugnance to new countenances. I loved my brothers, Elizabeth, and Clerval; these were "old familiar faces;" but I believed myself totally unfitted for the company of strangers. Such were my reflections as I commenced my journey; but as I proceeded my spirits and hopes rose. I ardently desired the acquisition of knowledge. I had often, when at home, thought it hard to remain during my youth cooped up in one place, and had longed to enter the world, and take my station among other human beings. Now my desires were complied with and it would indeed, have been folly to repent. I had sufficient leisure for these and many other reflections during my journey to Ingolstadt, which was long and fatiguing. At length the high white steeple of the town met my eyes. I alighted, and was conducted to my solitary apartment, to spend the evening as I pleased The next morning I delivered my letters of introduction and paid a visit to some of the principal professors. Chance-or rather the evil influence, the Angel of Destruction. which asserted omnipotent sway over me from the moment I turned my reluctant steps from my father's door-led me first to M. Krempe, professor of natural philosophy. He was an uncouth man, but deeply embued in the secrets of his science. He asked me several questions concerning my progress in the different branches of science appertaining to natural philosophy. I replied carelessly, and, partly in contempt, mentioned the names of my alchymists as the principal authors I had studied. The professor stared: "Have you." he said. "really spent your time in studying such nonsense?" I replied in the affirmative. "Every minute," continued M. Krempe

with warmth, "every instant that you have wasted on those books is utterly and entirely lost. You have burdened your memory with exploded systems and useless names. Good God! in what desert land have you lived, where no one was kind enough to inform you that

these fancies, which you have so greedily imbibed, are a thousand years old, and as musty as they are ancient? I little expected, in this enlightened and scientific age, to find a disciple of Albertus Magnus

and Paracelsus. My dear sir, you must begin your studies entirely anew." So saving, he stepped aside, and wrote down a list of several

books treating of natural philosophy, which he desired me to procure: and dismissed me, after mentioning that in the beginning of the following week he intended to commence a course of lectures upon natural philosophy in its general relations, and that M. Waldman,

considered those authors useless whom the professor reprobated; but lettured, not at all the more inclined to recur to these studies in the professor. It is not such as a title squart man, with a grid voice and a any shape. M. Krempe was a title squart man, with a grid voice and a square publice counterinance, the teacher, herefore, did not proposess me professor in favour of his pursuits, in rather a too philosophical and connected a sharp of the professor is not some some professor in the connected and sharp of the professor is the professor in the professor is the connected with the results normised by the modern professors of natural the professor is the professor of the professor o

fellow-professor, would lecture upon chemistry the alternate days that

I returned home, not disappointed, for I have said that I had long

science. With a confusion of ideas only to be accounted for by my overtime youth, and my want of a guide on such matters, I had retool weterine youth, and my want of a guide on such matters, I had retool weterine youth, and my want of a guide on such matters, I had retool discoveries of recent inquires for it films, and exchanged the her derain of forgotien alchymists. Besides, I had a contempt for the uses of modern natural philosophy. Besides, I had a contempt for the uses of modern matural philosophy in masters of the science sought it was very different when the masters of the science sought to was only a science as well as the science sought fulle, were grant: but was very different when the masters of the science sought fulle, were grant: but the science was chiefled to the annihilation of those visions on which my interest in interest in the science was chiefly founded. I was required to exchange chimras of

he omitted

Such were my reflections during the first two or three days of my residence at Ingolstadt, which were chiefly spent in becoming acquainted with the localities, and the principal residents in my new abode. But as the ensuing week commenced, it hought of the information which. Krempe had given me concerning the lectures. And althought loudd not consent to go and hear that little conceiled fellow deliver sentences out of a public Inscollected what he had said to the conceiled fellow deliver sentences out of a public Inscollected what he had said to the control of t

boundless grandeur for realities of little worth.

of M. Waldman, whom I had never seen, as he had hitherto been out of town.

Partly from curiosity, and partly from idleness, I went into the lecturing room, which M. Waldman entered shortly after. This professor was very unlike his colleague. He appeared about fifty years of age, but with an aspect expressive of the greatest benevilence; a flow grey hairs covered his temples, but those at the

back of his head were nearly black. His person was short, but memarkably erect, and his voice the sweetest I had ever heard. He began his lecture by a recapitulation of the history of chemistry, and the various improvements made by different men of learning, pronouncing with ferour the names of the most distinguished discoverents. He then took a curson view of the present state of the science, and explained many of its elementary terms. After having made a few prenarative prenditurests he concluded with a parametr.

index a rew preparation, the terms of which shall never longet.—

The ancient teachers of this science,* said he, 'promised impossibilities, and performed nothing. The modern masters promise very little; they know that metals cannot be transmuted, and that the elabir of life is a chimera. But these philosophers, whose hands seem only made to dabble in dirt, and their eyes to pore over the microscope or cruzible, have indeed performed mirades. They

penetrate into the recesses of nature, and show how she works in her hiding places. They ascend into the heavens; they have discovered

how the blood circulates, and the nature of the air we breathe. They have acquired new and almost urlimited powers; they can command the thunders of havene, mimic the earthquake, and even mock the invisible world with its own shadows." Such were the professor's words—rather let me say such the words of fate, enounced to destroy me. As he went on, I felt as if my

words of tate, encured to destroy me. As ne went on, I telt as if my soul were grapping with a palpable enemy, one by one the various keys were touched which formed the mechanism of my being; chord after chord was sounded, and soon my mind was filled with one thought, one conception, one purpose. So much has been done, exclaimed the soul of Frankenstein—more, far more, will lachievs:

treading in the steps already marked, I will pioneer a new way,

explore unknown powers and unfold to the world the deepest mysteries of creation I closed not my eyes that night. My internal being was in a state of insurrection and turmoil; I felt that order would thence arise, but I had

no power to produce it. By degrees, after the morning's dawn, sleep came. I awoke, and my vesternight's thoughts were as a dream.

There only remained a resolution to return to my ancient studies, and to devote myself to a science for which I believed myself to possess a natural talent. On the same day I naid M. Waldman a visit. His manners in private were even more mild and attractive than in public:

for there was a certain dignity in his mien² during his lecture, which in his own house was replaced by the greatest affability and kindness. I gave him pretty nearly the same account of my former pursuits as I

had given to his fellow-professor. He heard with attention the little narration concerning my studies and smiled at the names of

Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus, but without the contempt that M. Krempe had exhibited. He said that "these were men to whose

indefatigable zeal modern philosophers were indebted for most of the

foundations of their knowledge. They had left to us, as an easier task.

to give new names, and arrange in connected classifications, the facts which they in a great degree had been the instruments of bringing to light. The labours of men of genius, however erroneously

directed, scarcely ever fail in ultimately turning to the solid advantage of mankind " Llistened to his statement, which was delivered without any presumption or affection; and then added that his lecture had removed my prejudices against modern chemists: Lexpressed myself

in measured terms, with the modesty and deference due from a youth to his instructor, without letting escape (inexperience in life would have made me ashamed) any of the enthusiasm which stimulated my intended labours. I requested his advice concerning the books I qualit to procure.

"I am happy." said M. Waldman, "to have gained a disciple; and if your application equals your ability, I have no doubt of your success. Chemistry is that branch of natural philosophy in which the greatest improvements have been and may be made; it is on that account that

I have made it my peculiar study, but at the same time I have not neglected the other branches of science. A man would make but a very sorry chemist if he attended to that department of human

knowledge alone. If your wish is to become really a man of science, and not merely a petty ex perimentalist, I should advise you to apply to every branch of natural philosophy, including mathematics." He then took me into his laboratory, and explained to me the uses of his various machines; instructing me as to what I ought to procure, and promising me the use of his own when I should have advanced far

me the list of books which I had requested; and I took my leave

enough in the science not to derange their mechanism. He also gave Thus ended a day memorable to me: it decided my future destiny.

CHAPTER IV

FROM THIS DAY NATURAL philosophy, and particularly chemistry, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, became nearly my sole occupation. I read with ardour those works, so full of genius and discrimination which modern inquirers have written on these subjects. Lattended the lectures, and cultivated the acquaintance, of the men of science of the university and I found even in M. Krempe a great deal of sound sense and real information, combined, it is true with a repulsive physiognomy and manners, but not on that account the less valuable. In M. Waldman I found a true friend. His gentleness was never tinged by dogmatism; and his instructions were given with an air of frankness and good nature that banished every idea of pedantry. In a thousand ways he smoothed for me the path of knowledge, and made the most abstruse inquiries clear and facile to my apprehension. My application was at first fluctuating and uncertain: it gained strength as I proceeded, and soon became so ardent and eager that the stars often disappeared in the light of morning whilst I was yet engaged in my laboratory.

As I applied so closely it may be easily conceived that my

progress was rapid. My ardour was indeed the astonishment of the students, and my proficiency that of the masters. Professor Krempe often asked me, with a sly smile, how Comelius Agrippa went on? whilst M. Waldman expressed the most heartfelt exultation in my progress. Two years passed in this manner, during which I paid no visit to Geneva, but was engaged, heart and soul, in the pursuit of some discoveries, which I hoped to make. None but those who have experienced them can conceive of the enticements of science. In other studies you go as far as others have gone before you, and there is nothing more to know; but in a scientific pursuit there is continual food for discovery and wonder. A mind of moderate capacity, which closely pursues one study, must infallibly arrive at great proficiency in that study; and I, who continually sought the attainment of one object of pursuit, and was solely wrapt up in this, improved so rapidly that, at the end of two years. I made some discoveries in the improvement of some chemical instruments which procured me great esteem and admiration at the university. When I had arrived at this point, and had become as well acquainted with the theory and practice of natural philosophy as depended on the lessons of any of the professors at Ingolstadt, my residence there being no longer conducive to my improvement, I thought of returning to my friends and my native town, when an incident happened that protracted my stay.

One of the phenomena which had peculiarly attracted my attention was the structure of the human frame, and, indeed, any animal endued with life. Whence, I often asked myself, did the principle of life

proceed? It was a bold question, and one which has ever been considered as a mystery; yet with how many things are we upon the brink of becoming acquainted, if cowardice or carelessness did not restrain our inquiries. I revolved these circumstances in my mind, and determined thenceforth to apply myself more particularly to those branches of natural philosophy which relate to physiology. Unless I had been animated by an almost supernatural enthusiasm, my application to this study would have been irksome, and almost intolerable. To examine the causes of life, we must first have recourse to death. I became acquainted with the science of anatomy: but this was not sufficient: I must also observe the natural decay and corruption of the human body. In my education my father had taken the greatest precautions that my mind should be impressed with no supernatural horrors. I do not ever remember to have trembled at a tale of superstition, or to have feared the apparition of a spirit. Darkness had no effect upon my fancy, and a churchyard was to me merely the receptacle of bodies deprived of life, which, from being the seat of beauty and strength, had become food for the worm. Now I was led to examine the cause and progress of this decay, and forced the human feelings. I saw how the fine form of man was degraded and wasted: I beheld the corruption of death succeed to the blooming cheek of life: I saw how the worm inherited the wonders of the eve and brain. I paused, examining and analysing all the minutiae of causation 4 as exemplified in the change from life to death, and death to life until from the midst of this darkness a sudden light broke in upon me-a light so brilliant and wondrous, yet so simple, that while I became dizzy with the immensity of the prospect which it illustrated, I was surprised, that among so many men of genius who had directed their inquiries towards the same science, that I alone should be reserved to discover so astonishing a secret. Remember. I am not recording the vision of a madman. The sun does not more certainly shine in the heavens, than that which I now affirm is true. Some miracle might have produced it, yet the stages of the discovery were distinct and probable. After days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life; nav. more. I became myself capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter. The astonishment which I had at first experienced on this discovery soon gave place to delight and rapture. After so much time spent in painful labour, to arrive at once at the summit of my desires was the most gratifying consummation of my toils. But this discovery was so great and overwhelming that all the steps by which I had been progressively led to it were obliterated, and I beheld only the result. What had been the study and desire of the wisest men since the creation of the world was now within my grasp. Not that like a magic scene, it all opened upon me at once: the information I had obtained was of a nature rather to direct my endeavours so soon as I should point them towards the object of my search, than to exhibit that object already accomplished. I was like the Arabian who had been buried with the dead, and found a passage to life, aided only by one alimmering, and seemingly ineffectual, light.1 I see by your eagerness, and the wonder and hope which your eyes express, my friend, that you expect to be informed of the secret with which I am acquainted: that cannot be: listen patiently until the end of my story, and you will easily perceive why I am reserved upon that subject. I will not lead you on, unquarded and ardent as I then was, to your destruction and infallible misery. Learn from me, if not by my precepts, at least by my example, how dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge, and how much happier that man is who believes his native town to be the world, than he who aspires to become greater. than his nature will allow. When I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands, I

hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation, yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it, with all its intricacies of fibres, muscles, and veins, still remained a work of inconceivable difficulty

to spend days and pights in vaults and charnel-houses. My attention was fixed upon every object the most insupportable to the delicacy of

and labour. I doubted at first whether I should attempt the creation of a being like myself, or one of simpler organisation; but my imagination was too much exalted by my first success to permit me to doubt of my

ability to give life to an animal as complex and wonderful as man. The materials at present within my command hardly appeared adequate to so arduous an undertaking; but I doubted not that I should ultimately

succeed. I prepared myself for a multitude of reverses; my operations

might be incessantly baffled, and at last my work be imperfect: yet,

when I considered the improvement which every day takes place in

science and mechanics, I was encouraged to hope my present

attempts would at least lay the foundations of future success. Nor could I consider the magnitude and complexity of my plan as any argument of its impracticability. It was with these feelings that I began the creation of a human being. As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hinderance to my speed, I resolved, contrary to my first intention, to make the being of a gigantic stature; that is to say, about eight feet in height, and proportionably large. After having formed this determination, and having spent some months in successfully collecting and arranging my materials, I.began.

No one can conceive the variety of feelings which bore me onwards, like a hurricane, in the first enthusiasm of success. Life and death appeared to me ideal bounds, which I should first break through, and pour a borrent of light into our dark world. A new species would bless me as its creation and source: many happy and excellent natures would ove their being to me. No father could claim the prantitude of his child so comprehele as a I should ridesense theirs.

impossible) renew life where death had apparently devoted the body to corruption.

These thoughts supported my spirits, while I pursued my undertaking with unremitting ardour. My cheek had grown pale with study, and my person had become emaciated with confirement. Sometimes, on the very brink of certaintly, I fallied; yet still I clung to the hope which the next day or the next hour might realise. One secret

Pursuing these reflections, I thought, that if I could bestow animation upon lifeless matter. I might in process of time (although I now found it

stury, arm my person had become emclassite with comments. Sometimes, on the wary brink of certainty, failed, yet still chang to the whole of the comments of

urneased and orderances eagenesses, business returned to her included among the unfailed among the unfailed was among the unfailed damps of the grows, or fortuned the living animal to animate the lifeless day? My limbs now trenthe and my eyes swim with the remembrance, but then a residenses, and almost frantic, impulse urged me forward; I seemed to have lost all soul or sensation but for this one pursuit. It was indeed but a passing trance that only made me feel with renewed acuteness so soon as, the unratural stimulue causing to operate. Inder terruter but my old habits.

I collected bones from charmel-houses; and disturbed, with profane fingers, the tremendous secrets of the human frame. In a sollary chareher, or rather cell, at the top of the house, and separated from all the other apartments by a gallery and staircase, lkept my workshop of fithly creation: my eye-balls were starting from their sockets in attending to the details of my employment. The dissecting room and the slaughterhouse furnished many of my materials; and often did my human rather turn with loating from my occupation, whilst, still urged on by an eagemess which perpetually increased, I brought my work near the a conclusion.

human nature turn with loating from my occupation, whist, still urged on by an eageness which perseasily increased. I prought my work near to a conclusion.

The summer months passed while I was thus engaged, heart and soul, in one pursuit. It was a most beautiful seasor, never did the fields bestow a more plentful harvest, or the wires yell a more facilities. The properties of the properties of the Ard the same feelings which made me neglect the sceners around me caused me also to forget those fireds who were so many miles.

absent and whom I had not seen for so long a time. I knew my silence disquieted them; and I well remembered the words of my father: 1 know that while you are pleased with yourself, you will think of us with affection, and we shall hear regularly from you. You must pardon me if I regard any interruption in your correspondence as a proof that your other dufies are equally neglected. I I knew well, therefore, what would be my father's feelings; but I could not lear my thoughts from my employment. Dathsome in itself.

but which had taken an irresistible hold of my imagination. I wished, as it were, to procassitate all that related to my feelings of affection until the great object, which swallowed up every habit of my nature, should be completed. I then the year that my feel my state of the I then thought that my father would be unjust if he ascribed my registed to vice, or faultiness on my part, but I am now convinced that have are lettled in concession that the band each set better feer for feer

I then thought that my father would be unjust if he ascribed my neglect to vice, or faultiness on my part, but larn now cominced that he was justified in conceiving that I should not be altogether free from blame. A human being in perfection ought always to preserve a calm and peacedful mind, and never to allow passion or a transitory desire to disturb his tranquility. I do not think that the pursuit of knowledge is an exception to this rule. If the subtly to which you apply youself has a tendency to weaken your affections, and to destroy your taste for those simple pleasures in which no alloy can possibly mix, then that study is certainly unlawful, that is to say not befitting the human mind If this rule were always observed: if no man allowed any pursuit whatsoever to interfere with the tranquillity of his domestic affections. Greece had not been enslaved: Caesar would have spared his country. America would have been discovered more gradually; and the empires of Mexico and Peru had not been destroyed.

But I forget that I am moralising in the most interesting part of my tale: and your looks remind me to proceed

My father made no reproach in his letters, and only took notice of

my silence by inquiring into my occupations more particularly than before. Winter spring and summer passed away during my labours: but I did not watch the blossom or the expanding leaves—sights which before always yielded me supreme delight—so deeply was I.

engrossed in my occupation. The leaves of that year had withered before my work drew near to a close; and now every day showed me

more plainly how well I had succeeded. But my enthusiasm was checked by my anxiety, and I appeared rather like one doomed by slavery to toil in the mines, or any other unwholesome trade, than an artist occupied by his favourite employment. Every night I was oppressed by a slow fever, and I became nervous to a most painful

degree: the fall of a leaf startled me, and I shunned my fellowcreatures as if I had been guilty of a crime. Sometimes I grew alarmed at the wreck I perceived that I had become: the energy of my

purpose alone sustained me: my labours would soon end, and I believed that exercise and amusement would then drive away incipient disease; and I promised myself both of these when my creation should be completed 2

CHAPTER V

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

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

and straight black lips. The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my hedchamber. unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded

to the turnult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt, Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms, 2 a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and vellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters. I beheld the wretch-the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtvard belonging to the house which I inhabited: where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in

sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.3

the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each

corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

complete!

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

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court, which had that night been my asylum, and Lissued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although drenched by the rain which poured from a black and comfortless sky. I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavouring, by bodily exercise, to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets, without any clear conception of where I was, or what I was doing. My heart palpitated in the sickness of fear; and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me:-Like one who, on a lonely road, Doth walk in fear and dread And having once turned round walks on And turns no more his head:

Because he knows a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread.44 Continuing thus, I came at length opposite to the inn at which the various diligences wand carriages usually stopped. Here I paused. I

knew not why: but I remained some minutes with my eyes fixed on a coach that was coming towards me from the other end of the street. As it drew nearer, I observed that it was the Swiss diligence: it stopped just where I was standing, and, on the door being opened, I perceived Henry Clerval, who, on seeing me, instantly sprung out, "My dear Frankenstein," exclaimed he, "how glad I am to see you! how

fortunate that you should be here at the very moment of my alighting!"

Nothing could equal my delight on seeing Clerval; his presence brought back to my thoughts my father, Elizabeth, and all those scenes of home so dear to my recollection. I grasped his hand, and in a moment forgot my horror and misfortune: I felt suddenly, and for the first time during many months, calm and serene joy. I welcomed my friend, therefore, in the most cordial manner, and we walked towards my college. Clerval continued talking for some time about our mutual

friends, and his own good fortune in being permitted to come to Ingolstadt. "You may easily believe," said he, "how great was the difficulty to persuade my father that all necessary knowledge was not comprised in the noble art of bookkeeping; and, indeed, I believe Heft him incredulous to the last, for his constant answer to my unwearied entreaties was the same as that of the Dutch schoolmaster in the Vicar of Wakefield:-- 1 have ten thousand florins a year without Greek, I eat heartily without Greek.'5 But his affection for me at length overcame his dislike of learning, and he has permitted me to

undertake a voyage of discovery to the land of knowledge." "It gives me the greatest delight to see you; but tell me how you left my father, brothers, and Elizabeth." "Very well, and very happy, only a little uneasy that they hear from

you so seldom. By the by, I mean to lecture you a little upon their account myself.—But, my dear Frankenstein," continued he, stopping short, and gazing full in my face, "I did not before remark how very ill you appear; so thin and pale; you look as if you had been watching for several nights." "You have guessed right; I have lately been so deeply engaged in one occupation that I have not allowed myself sufficient rest, as you

see: but I hope. I sincerely hope, that all these employments are now at an end, and that I am at length free." I trembled excessively, I could not endure to think of, and far less to allude to, the occurrences of the preceding night. I walked with a quick

pace, and we soon arrived at my college. I then reflected, and the thought made me shiver, that the creature whom I had left in my apartment might still be there, alive, and walking about, I dreaded to behold this monster; but I feared still more that Henry should see him.

could have befallen me: but when I became assured that my enemy had indeed fled. I clanned my hands for joy, and ran down to Clerval. We ascended into my room, and the servant presently brought breakfast; but I was unable to contain myself. It was not joy only that possessed me: I felt my flesh tingle with excess of sensitiveness, and my pulse beat rapidly. I was unable to remain for a single instant in the same place: I jumped over the chairs clapped my hands and laughed aloud. Clerval at first attributed my unusual spirits to joy on his arrival: but when he observed me more attentively he saw a wildness in my eyes for which he could not account; and my loud, unrestrained, heartless laughter, frightened and astonished him.

"My dear Victor," cried he, "what, for God's sake, is the matter? Do not laugh in that manner. How ill you are! What is the cause of all this?" "Do not ask me." cried I, putting my hands before my eyes, for I thought I saw the dreaded spectre glide into the room; "he can tell.-

Entreating him, therefore, to remain a few minutes at the bottom of the stairs. I darted up towards my own room. My hand was already on the lock of the door before I recollected myself. I then paused: and a cold shivering came over me. I threw the door forcibly open, as children. are accustomed to do when they expect a spectre to stand in waiting for them on the other side; but nothing appeared. I stepped fearfully in: the apartment was empty, and my bedroom was also freed from its hideous quest. I could hardly believe that so great a good fortune

Oh, save me! save me!" I imagined that the monster seized me: I struggled furiously, and fell down in a fit. Poor Clerval! what must have been his feelings? A meeting, which he anticipated with such joy so strangely turned to bitterness. But I

was not the witness of his grief; for I was lifeless, and did not recover my senses for a long, long time.

This was the commencement of a nervous fever, which confined me for several months. During all that time Henry was my only nurse. I

afterwards learned that, knowing my father's advanced age, and unfitness for so long a journey, and how wretched my sickness would make Elizabeth, he spared them this grief by concealing the extent of

my disorder. He knew that I could not have a more kind and attentive nurse than himself; and, firm in the hope he felt of my recovery, he did not doubt that, instead of doing harm, he performed the kindest action that he could towards them.

But I was in reality very ill: and surely nothing but the unbounded and unremitting attentions of my friend could have restored me to life. The form of the monster on whom I had bestowed existence was for ever

before my eyes, and I raved incessantly concerning him. Doubtless my words surprised Henry he at first believed them to be the wanderings of my disturbed imagination; but the pertinacity with which I continually recurred to the same subject, persuaded him that my disorder indeed owed its origin to some uncommon and terrible

event. By very slow degrees, and with frequent relapses that alarmed and grieved my friend, I recovered. I remember the first time I became capable of observing outward objects with any kind of pleasure, I perceived that the fallen leaves had disappeared, and that the young buds were shooting forth from the trees that shaded my window. It

was a divine spring; and the season contributed greatly to my convalescence. I felt also sentiments of joy and affection revive in my bosom; my gloom disappeared, and in a short time I became as cheerful as before I was attacked by the fatal passion. "Dearest Clerval," exclaimed I, "how kind, how very good you are to

me. This whole winter, instead of being spent in study, as you promised yourself, has been consumed in my sick room. How shall I ever repay you? I feel the greatest remorse for the disappointment of which I have been the occasion; but you will forgive me."

"You will repay me entirely, if you do not discompose yourself, but get well as fast as you can; and since you appear in such good spirits, I may speak to you on one subject, may I not?"

I trembled. One subject! what could it be? Could he allude to an object on whom I dared not even think?

"Compose yourself," said Clerval, who observed my change of color." will not merdion it, if it agitates you; but your father and cousin would be very happy if they received a letter from you in your own handwriting. They hardly know how ill you have been, and are uneasy at your long silence."

"Is that all, my dear Henry? How could you suppose that my first thoughts would not fly towards those dear, dear friends whom I love, and who are so deserving of my love."

"If this is your present temper, my friend, you will perhaps be glad to see a letter that has been lying here some days for you; it is from your cousin. I believe "5"

CHAPTER VI

CLERVAL THEN PUT THE following letter into my hands. It was from my own Elizabeth:—

"My dearest Cousin,—You have been ill, way ill, and even the constant letters of dear kind Henry am ont sufficient to reassure me on your account. You are forbidden to write—to hold a per yet one word from you, dear Victor, is necessary to calm our apprehensions. For a long time I have thought that each post would bring this line, and my persussions have restained my uncle from undertaking a journey to logistical. I have prevent his encountering the inconveniences and perhaps deared and the secondary of the perform it myself if fligure to myself that the task of attenting on your sick teed has devolved on some merchany off unce, who are a fine of the contraction of the

Get well-and return to us. You will find a happy, cheerful home, and friends who love you death; Your father's health is a and friends who love you death; Your father's health is are well; and not a care will ever cloud his herevolent countenance. How pleased you would be to remark the improvement of our Ernest!! He is now sixteen, and ful of activity and spirit. He is destrous to be a true Swiss, and to enter into foreign service, but we cannot part with him, at least until his either brother return to us. My uncle is not pleased with the idea of a millator career in a distant country, but Ernest never had your powers of application. He looks upon study as an odious fetter. —Its time is sperint in the open air, climbing the filse or rowing on —Its time is sperint in the open air, climbing the filse or rowing on provided to the country of the country of the country of point. and permit him to enter on the profession which he has selected.

"Little alteration, except the growth of our dear children, has taken place since you left us. The blue lake, and snow-clad mountains, they never change; and I think our placid home and our contented hearts are regulated by the same immutable laws. My trifling occupations take up my time and amuse me, and I am rewarded for any exertions by seeing none but happy, kind faces around me. Since you left us, but one change has taken place in our little household. Do you remember on what occasion Justine Moritz entered our family? Probably you do not; I will relate her history, therefore, in a few words. Madame Moritz, her mother, was a widow with four children, of whom Justine was the third. This girl had always been the favourite of her father; but, through a strange perversity, her mother could not endure her, and after the death of M. Moritz, treated her very ill. My aunt observed this: and when Justine was twelve years of age prevailed on her mother to allow her to live at our house. The republican institutions of our country have produced simpler and happier manners than those which prevail in the great monarchies that surround it. Hence there is less distinction between the several classes of its inhabitants; and the lower orders, being neither so poor nor so despised, their manners are more refined and moral. A servant in Geneva does not mean the same thing as a servant in France and England Justine, thus received in our family learned the duties of a servant; a condition which, in our fortunate country, does not include the idea of ignorance, and a sacrifice of the dignity of a human being.

"Justine, you may remember, was a great favourite of yours; and I recollect you once remarked, that if you were in an illhumour, one glance from Justine could dissipate it, for the same reason that Ariosto gives concerning the beauty of Angelica — she looked so frank-hearted and happy. My aunt conceived a great attachment for her, by which she was induced to give her an education superior to that which she had at first intended. This benefit was fally repaid; Justine was the most grateful title creature in the world: I do not mean that she made any professions; I never heard one pass her lips, but you could see by her eyes that she almost addred her protectness. Although her disposition was agy, and in many respects inconsiderate, yet she paid the greatest attention to every gesture of my aurt. She thought her the model of all excellence, and endeasoured to imitate her phraseology and manners, so that even now she often reminds me of the

"When my dearest aunt died, every one was too much occupied in their own grief to notice poor Justine, who had attended her during her illness with the most anxious affection. Poor Justine was very it but other trials were reserved for her

"One by one, her brothers and sister died; and her mother, with the exception of her neglected daughter, was left childless. The conscience of the woman was troubled; she began to think that the deaths of her favourites was a judgment from heaven to chastise her partiality. She was a Roman Catholic: and I believe her confessor confirmed the idea which she had conceived Accordingly a few months after your departure for Ingolstadt Justine was called home by her repentant mother. Poor girl! she wept when she guitted our house; she was much altered since the death of my aunt; grief had given softness and a winning mildness to her manners, which had before been remarkable for vivacity. Nor was her residence at her mother's house of a nature to restore her gaiety. The poor woman was very vacillating in her repentance. She sometimes begged Justine to forgive her unkindness, but much oftener accused her of having caused the deaths of her brothers and sister. Perpetual fretting at length threw Madame Moritz into a decline, which at first increased her irritability, but she is now at peace for ever. She died on the first approach of cold weather, at the beginning of this last winter. Justine has returned to us; and I assure you I love her tenderly. She is very clever and gentle, and extremely pretty as I. mentioned before, her mien and her expressions continually remind me of my dear aunt

"I must say also a few words to you, my dear cousin, of little darling William. I wish you could see him; he is very tall of his age, with sweet laughing blue eyes, dark eyeliashes, and curing hair. When he smiles, two little dimples appear on each cheek, which are rosy with health. He has already had one or two little wives, but Louisa Biron is his favourite, a pretty little girl of five years of ane.

Now, dear Victor, I dare say you wish to be indulged in a little gossip concerning the good people of Geneva. The pretty Miss Mansfeld has already received the congratulatory visits on her approaching marriage with a young Englishman, John Melboume, Esq. Her ugly sister, Manon, married M. Duvllard, the rich barker, last autum. Your Favourite schoolfellow, Louis Manoir, has suffered several misfortures since the departure of Cleval from Geneva. But he has already recovered his spirits, and is reported to be on the point of marring a very lively pretty Frenchwoman, Madame Taveniner. She is a widow, and much older than Manoir; but she is every much admired, and a favourite with everybody.

"I have written myself into better spirits, dear cousir, but my ameley tetums upon me as I conclude. Write, dearest Victor-one line—one word will be a blessing to us. Ten thousand thanks to Henry for his kindness, his affection, and his many letters: we are sincerely grateful. Adieut my cousin; take care of yourself, and, lentreat you, write!

FLIZARETH LAVENZA

"GENEVA, MARCH 18TH, 17-"

"Dear, dear Elizabeth!" I exclaimed, when I had read her letter, "I will write instantly, and relieve them from the anxiety they must feel." I wrote, and this exertion greatly fatigued me; but my convalescence had commenced, and proceeded regularly. In another fortintal was able to leave my chamber.

One of my first duties on my recovery was to introduce Clerval to the several professors of the university. In doing this, I underwent a kind of rough usage, ill befitting the wounds that my mind had sustained. Ever since the fatal night, the end of my labours, and the beginning of my misfortunes. I had conceived a violent antipathy even to the name of natural philosophy. When I was otherwise quite restored to health, the sight of a chemical instrument would renew all the agony of my nervous symptoms. Henry saw this, and had removed all my apparatus from my view. He had also changed my apartment; for he perceived that I had acquired a dislike for the room which had previously been my laboratory But these cares of Clerval were made of no avail when I visited the professors. M. Waldman inflicted torture when he praised with kindness and warmth, the astonishing progress I. had made in the sciences. He soon perceived that I disliked the subject: but not guessing the real cause, he attributed my feelings to modesty, and changed the subject from my improvement, to the science itself, with a desire, as I evidently saw, of drawing me out, What could I do? He meant to please. and he tormented me. I felt as if he had placed carefully one by one in my view those instruments which were to be afterwards used in putting me to a slow and cruel death. I writhed under his words yet dared not exhibit the pain I felt. Clerval, whose eyes and feelings were always guick in discerning the sensations of others, declined the subject, alleging, in excuse, his total ignorance; and the conversation took a more general turn. I thanked my friend from my heart, but I did not speak, I saw plainly that he was surprised, but he never attempted to draw my secret. from me: and although Hoved him with a mixture of affection and reverence that knew no bounds, yet I could never persuade myself to confide to him that event which was so often present to my recollection, but which I feared the detail to another would only impress more deeply. M. Krempe was not equally docile; and in my condition at that

time, of almost insupportable sensitiveness, his harsh blutt encomiums gave me even more pain than the benevolent approbation of M. Waldman. "D—n the fellow" cried he; "why, M. Clernal, I assure you he has outsight us all. Ay stare if you please; but it is nevertheless true. A youngster who, but a few years ago, believed in Correllus Agrippa as firmly as in the gospel, has now set himself at the head of the university, and if he is not scon public down, we shall all be out of counterance.—"All Frankenstein is modest; an excellent quality in a young man. Young man should be difficient of themselves, you know, M. Clernai: I was myself when young; but that wears out in a very short time."

M. Krempe had now commenced an eulogy on himself, which happily turned the conversation from a subject that was so annoying to me.

Clarval had never sympathised in my lastes for natural science; and his literary pursuls differed wholly from hose which had occupied me. He came to the university with the design of making himself complete master of the oriental languages, as thus he should open a field for the pian of life he had marked out for himself. Resolved to pursue no injedious career, he turned his eyes toward the East, as affording scope for his split of enterprise. The Persian, Arabic, and Sansorti languages engaged his attention, and I was easily induced to enter on the same studies. Liteness had were been inscense to me, and now that I wished to fly from reflection, and hated my former studies. I fell great relief in being the fellow-pupil with my friend, and found not only instruction but consolation in the works of the orientalists. I did not, like him, attempt a critical knowledge of their dialects, for I did not contemplate making any other use of them than temporary amusement. I read merely to understand their meaning, and they well repaid my labouse. Their melanchoty is not supported to the contemplate meaning and their position of the country. When you meet their writings, life appears to consist in a warm sun and a garden of rosses—in the smiles and froms of a file renemy, and the free that consumes your own heart. How different from the manly and heroical booterly offerece and Romel²

Summer passed away in these occupations, and my return to Geneva was those for the latter end of autume, but being delayed by several accidents, winter and snow arrived, the roads were deemed impassable, and my journey was retarded until the ensuing spring. 16st this delay very bitterly, for I longed to see my native town and my beloved finers. My return had only been delayed so long from an unwillingness to leave Clerval in a strange place, before he had become acquainted with any of its irribabilants. The winter, however, was spert cheenfully, and heady compression for its failunchess.

beauty compensates for its ollastimess. The month of May had already commenced, and I expected the letter daily which was to fix the date of my departure, when herry proposed a predestrain bur in the envirors of rigostant, that I might bid a personal farewell to the country! I had so long of the country is a considerable of the country in the country is a considerable of the country in the country is a considerable of the country in the country is a considerable of the country in the country is a country in the country in the country in the country is a country in the country in the country in the country is a considerable of the country in the country in the country is a considerable of the country in the country in the country is a considerable of the country in the country in the country is a country in the cou

We passed a fortnight in these perambulations: my health and spirits had long been restored, and they gained additional strength from the salubrious air I breathed, the natural incidents of our progress, and the conversation of my friend. Study had before secluded me from the intercourse of my fellow-creatures. and rendered me unsocial: but Clerval called forth the better feelings of my heart; he again taught me to love the aspect of nature, and the cheerful faces of children. Excellent friend! how sincerely did you love me, and endeayour to elevate my mind until it was on a level with your own! A selfish pursuit had cramped and narrowed me, until your gentleness and affection warmed and opened my senses; I became the same happy creature who, a few years ago, loved and beloved by all, had no sorrow or care. When happy, inanimate nature had the power of bestowing on me the most delightful sensations. A serene sky and verdant fields filled me with ecstasy. The present season was indeed divine; the flowers of spring bloomed in the hedges. while those of summer were already in bud. I was undisturbed by thoughts which during the preceding year had pressed upon me, notwithstanding my endeavours to throw them off, with an invincible burden Henry rejoiced in my gaiety, and sincerely sympathised in my

feelings: he everted himself to amuse me, while he expressed the sersations that filled his sout. The resources of his mind on this occasion were truly astorishing: his conversation was full of imagination; and very often, in imitation of the Persian and Anabic writers, he invented tales of wonderful fancy and passion. At other times he repeated my favourite poems, or drew me out into arguments, which he supported with great ingenuits.

We returned to our college on a Sunday afternoon: the peasants were dancing, and every one we met appeared gay and happy. My own spirits were high, and I bounded along with feelings of unbridled joy and hilarity.

CHAPTER VII

ON MY RETURN, I found the following letter from my father:—
"My dear Victor—You have probably waited impatiently for a

wy deaf vicul-—ou heve probably waited inparently in feiter to fix the deaf of your return to us, and was a first tempted to write only a few lines, merely mentioning the day on which I should expect you. But that would be a cnel kindress, and id are not do it. What would be your surprise, my son, when you expected a happy and glad welcome, to behold, on the contrary, tears and wetchedness? And how, Victor, can I relate our misforture? Absence cannot have rendered you callous to our joys and griefs; and how shall I inflict pain on my long absent son? I wish to prepare you for the woelf news, but I know it is impossible; even now your eye skims over the page, to seek the words which are to convey to you the hornble butings.

"William is dead! 1—that sweet child, whose smiles delighted and warmed my heart, who was so gentle, yet so gay! Victor, he is murdered!

"I will not attempt to console you; but will simply relate the circumstances of the transaction.

Last Thrasday (Ney 7h), I my riece, and your two brothers, went to walk in Pilaripalisk. The evening was warm and serene, and we prolonged our walk farther than usual. It was already dusk before we thought of returning; and then we discovered that William and Ernest, who had gone on before, were not to be found. We accordingly rested on a seat until they should return. Presently Ernest came, and inquired if we had seen his brother. he said, that he had been playing with him, that William had run away to hide himself, and that he vairly sought for him, and afterwards valled for him a long time but that he did not eter in

"This account rather alarmed us, and we confinued to search for him util night fell, when Elizabeth conjectured that he might, have returned to the house. He was not there. We returned again, with brorkes for loud not rest, when I thought that mysweet boy had lost himself, and was exposed to all the damps and dews of night. Elizabeth also suffered exterme anguish. About five in the morning I discovered my lovely boy, whom the right before I had seen booming and active in health, stretched on the grass livid and molloriess: the print of the murderer's finger was on his recit."

"He was conveyed home, and the anguish that was visible in my countenance betrayed the secret to Elizabeth. She was very earnest to see the corpse. At first I attempted to prevent her but she persisted, and entering the room where it lay, hastily examined the neck of the wictim, and clasping her hands exclaimed. O God! I have markered my daffine child!"

She fainted, and was restored with extreme difficulty. When she again lived, if was only to weep and sigh. She told me that that same evening William had leased her to let him wear a very valuable ministrum that she possessed of your mother. This picture is gone, and was doubtless the templation which urged the murdered to the deed. We have no trace of him at present, although our exertions to discover him are unremitted; but they will not restore me belowed William?

"Come, dearest Victor; you alone can console Elizabeth. She weeps confinally, and accuses herself unjetily as the cause of this death; her words pierce my heart. We are all unhappy, but will not that be an additional moltve for you, my son, to return and be our comforter? Your dear mother! Alas, Victor! I now say. Thank God she did not live to witness the cruel, miserable death of her younnest darfine."

"Come, Victor; not brooding thoughts of vengeance against the assassin, but with feelings of peace and gentleness, that will heal, instead of festering, the wounds of our minds. Enter the house of mourning, my friend, but with kindness and affection for those who love you, and not with hatred for your enemies.—Your affectionate and afflicted fa

ALPHONSE FRANKENSTEIN

"GENEVA MAY 12TH 17..."

Clerval, who had watched my countenance as I read this letter, was surprised to observe the despair that succeeded to the joy I at first expressed on receiving news from my friends. I threw the letter on the table, and covered my face with my hands.

"My dear Frankenstein," exclaimed Henry, when he perceived me weep with bitterness, "are you always to be unhappy? My dear friend, what has happened?" I motioned to him to take up the letter, while I walked up and

down the room in the extremest agitation. Tears also gushed from the eyes of Clerval, as he read the account of my misfortune.

"I can offer you no consolation, my friend," said he; "your disaster is irreparable. What do you intend to do?"

"To go instantly to Geneva: come with me, Henry, to order the horses."

During our walk, Clenal endeavoured to says a few words of consolation, the could only express his hareflet sympathy. "Poor William?" said he, "dear lovely child, he now sleeps with his angel mother! Who that had seen him bright and joyous in his young beauty, but must weep over his unfimely loss! To die so inserably, to feel the murderer's grasp! How much more a murderer, that could destroy such radiant innocence! Poor life fellowl one only consolation have we, his friends mourn and weep, but he is at rest. The pang is over, his sufferings are at an end for ever. A soc dovers his gentle form, and he knows no pain. He can no longer be a subject for pitly, we must reserve that for his miserable survivors."

Clerval spoke thus as we hurried through the streets; the words impressed themselves on my mind, and I remembered them afterwards in solitude. But now, as soon as the horses arrived, I hurried into a cabriolet ² and bade farewell to my friend

My journey was very melancholy. At first I wished to hurry on, for I longed to console and sympathise with my loved and sorrowing friends; but when I drew near my native town, I sakednend my progress. Loud thendry sustain the multitude of feelings that crowded into my mind. I passed through scenes familiar to my youth, but which I had not seen for nearly six years. How altered everything might be during that time! One sudden and desolating change had taken place; but at housand tittle circumstances might have by degrees worked other alterations, which, although they were done more tranquilly might not be the less decisive. Fear overcame me; I dared not advance, dreading at thousand namesses with start made me tremble, although I was unable to define them.

contemplated the lake: the waters were placid; all around was calm; and the snowy mountains, "the palaces of nature," were not changed. By degrees the calm and heavenly scene restored me, and I continued my journey towards Geneva.

The road ran by the side of the lake, which became narrower as I approached my native town. I discovered more distinctly the black sides of Jura, and the bright summit of Mort Blanc. 31 wept like a child. "Dear mourtainst my own beautiful lake! how do you welcome your wanderer? Your smrmls are clear; the sky and lake are blue and placid. Is this to prognosticate peace, or to mock any unhappiness?"

took in again beholding thy streams, thy mountains, and, more than all thy twely lake!

Yet, as I drew nearer home, grief and fear again overcame me. Night also disced around; and when I could hardly see the dark mountains, I felt still more gloomily. The picture appeared a vastand dim scene of evil, and I foresaw obscurely that I was destined to become the most weetched of human beings. Alsa! I in prochesied thu, and failed only in one since incrussance, that

I fear, my friend, that I shall render myself tedious by dwelling on these preliminary circumstances; but they were days of comparative happiness, and I think of them with pleasure. My country, my beloved country! who but a native can tell the delight I

destined to become the most wretched of human beings. Alas! I prophesied thy, and fielder only in one single circumstance, that in all the misery! Imagined and dreaded, I did not conceive the hundredth part of the anguish! was destined to endure.

It was completely dark when I arrived in the environs of Geneva; the gales of the town were already shut, and I was obliged to pass the right at Secheron.² a village at the distance

obliged to pass the night at Secheron. E willage at the distance of half a leagher from the olly. The sky was serens and, as I was unable to rest. I resolved to visit the spot where my poor William had been murdered. As I could not pass through the bown, I was obliged to cross the lake in a boat to arrive at Palipspalis. During his short vioyage is awn the lightnings playing on the saurnit of Mort Blanc in the most beautiful figures. The storm appsared to approach rapidly, and, on leading. I ascended a low hill, that I might observe its progress. It advanced, the herener were clouded, and I soon felt for air coming stowy in large drops, but its violence quickly increased.

I quitted my seat, and walked on, although the darkness and some increased every minute, and the thurder buts with a terrific crash over my head. It was echoed from Salive, the Juras, and the Alps of Savor, vivid flashes of lightning dazzed my eyes, illuminating the lake, making it appear like a vast sheet of fire, then for an instant everyfing seemed of a pitchy darkness, until the eye recovered itself from the preceding flash. The storm, as is often the case in Switzerland, appeared at once in various parts of the heavens. The most violent storm hung exactly north of the town, over that part of the lake which lies between the promotory of Beitive and the village of Copět. Another storm errightened uur with fairt flashess² and another darknend and sometimes disclosed the Mole, a peaked mountain to the east of the lake.

While I watched the tempest, so beautiful yet terrific, I wandered on with a hasty step. This noble war in the sky elevated my spirits; I clasped my hands, and exclaimed aloud, "William, dear angel! this is thy funeral, this thy dirge!" As I said these words. I perceived in the gloom a figure which stole from behind a clump of trees near me; I stood fixed, gazing intently; I could not be mistaken. A flash of lightning illuminated the object. and discovered its shape plainly to me; its gigantic stature, and the deformity of its aspect, more hideous than belongs to humanity, instantly informed me that it was the wretch, the filthy daemon, to whom I had given life. What did he there? Could he be (I shuddered at the conception) the murderer of my brother? No sooner did that idea cross my imagination, than I became convinced of its truth; my teeth chattered, and I was forced to lean against a tree for support. The figure passed me guickly, and I lost it in the gloom. Nothing in human shape could have destroyed that fair child. He was the murderer! I could not doubt it. The mere presence of the idea was an irresistible proof of the fact. I thought of pursuing the devil; but it would have been in vain, for another flash discovered him to me hanging among the rocks of the nearly perpendicular ascent of Mont Salêve, a hill that bounds Plainpalais on the south. He soon reached the summit. and disappeared.

continued, and the scene was enveloped in an impenetable dariness. Inevoked in my mind the everts which I had utill now sought to longet the whole train of my progress towards the creation; the appearance of the work of my own heats alive at my bedside; its departure. Two years had now nearly elapsed since the right on which he first received life; and was this his since the right on which he first received life and was this his was the his work and the work as departure whose delight was in comage and misery, had he not martered my bother was in comage and misery, had he not

No one can conceive the anguish I suffered during the remainder of the night, which I spent, cold and wet, in the open air. But I did not feel the inconvenience of the weather; my imagination was busy in scenes of ewl and despair. I considered the being whom I had cast among markind, and endowed with the will and power to effect purposes of horror, such as the deed which he had now done, nearly in the light of myow mampire, my own spirit let loose from the grave, and forced to destroy all that was dear to me.

Day dawned; and I directed my steps towards the town. The gates were open, and I hastened to my father's house. My first thought was to discover what I knew of the murderer, and cause instant pursuit to be made. But I paused when I reflected on the story that I had to tell. A being whom I myself had formed, and endued with life, had met me at midnight among the precipices of an inaccessible mountain. I remembered also the nervous fever with which I had been seized just at the time that I dated my creation, and which would give an air of delirium to a tale otherwise so utterly improbable. I well knew that if any other had communicated such a relation to me. I should have looked upon it as the rayings of insanity Besides, the strange nature of the animal would elude all pursuit, even if I were so far credited as to persuade my relatives to commence it. And then of what use would be pursuit? Who could arrest a creature capable of scaling the overhanging sides of Mont Salêve? These reflections determined me, and I resolved to remain silent.

It was about five in the morning when I entered my father's house. I told the servants not to disturb the family, and went into the library to attend their usual hour of rising.

Six years had elapsed, passed as a dream but for one indelible trace, and I stood in the same place where I had last embraced my father before my departure for Ingolstadt. Beloved and venerable parent! He still remained to me. I gazed on the picture of my mother, which stood over the mantel-piece. It was an historical subject, painted at my father's desire, and represented Caroline Beaufort in an agony of despair, kneeling by the coffin of her dead father. 4 Her garb was rustic, and her cheek pale; but there was an air of dignity and beauty, that hardly permitted the sentiment of pity. Below this picture was a miniature of William; and my tears flowed when I looked upon it. While I was thus engaged. Ernest entered: he had heard me arrive and hastened to welcome me. He expressed a sorrowful delight to see me: "Welcome, my dearest Victor," said he. "Ah! I wish you had come three months ago, and then you would have found us all ioyous and delighted! You come to us now to share a misery which nothing can alleviate; yet your presence will. I hope. revive our father, who seems sinking under his misfortune; and your persuasions will induce poor Elizabeth to cease her vain and tormenting self-accusations.--Poor William! he was our darling and our pride!"

Tears, urrestrained, fell from my brother's eyes; a sense of mortal agony crept over my frame. Before, I had only imagined the wretchedness of my desolated home; the reality came on me as a new, and a not less terrible, disaster. I tried to caim Emest, I inquired more minutely concerning my father and her I named my crusisin

"She most of all," said Ernest, "requires consolation; she accused herself of having caused the death of my brother, and that made her very wretched. But since the murderer has been discovered..."
"The murderer discovered! Good God! how can that he? who

could attempt to pursue him? It is impossible; one might as well try to overtake the winds, or confine a mountain-stream with a straw. I saw him too; he was free last night!"

"I do not know what you mean," replied my brother, in accents of worder," but to suff ediscovery we have made completes our misery. No one would believe it at first, and even now Efizabeth will not be convinced, notwithstanding all the evidence. Indeed, who would credit that Justine Moritz, who was so amiable, and fond of all the family, could suddenly become capable of so frightful, so applaing a crime?"

"Justine Moritz! Poor, poor girl, is she the accused? But it is wrongfully, every one knows that; no one believes it, surely, Emest?"

"No one did at first; but several circumstances came out, that have almost forced conviction upon us; and her own behaviour has been so confused, as to add to the evidence of facts a weight that. I fear, leaves no hope for doubt. But she will be tried to-day, and you will then hear all."

He related that, the morning on which the murder of poor William had been discovered, Justine had been taken iii, and confined to her bed for several days. During this interval. one of the senearts, happening be examine the apparels her had wom on the right of the murder, had discovered in her pocket the picture of my mother. Which had been judged to be the templation of the murdere. The seneart instartly showed it to one of the others, who, without saying a word to any of the family, went to a magistrate; and, upon their deposition, Justine was apprehended. On being charged with the fact, the poor gift confirmed the suspicion in a great measure by her extreme confusion of marrier.

This was a strange tale, but it did not shake my faith; and I replied earnestly, "You are all mistaken; I know the murderer. Justine, poor, good Justine, is innocent."

At that instant my father entered. I saw unhappiness deeply impressed on his counterance, but he endeavoured to welcome me cheerfully, and, after we had exchanged our mountful greeting, would have introduced some other topic than that of our disaster, had not Ermest exclaimed, "Good God, papa! Victor

says that he knows who was the murderer of poor William."

"We do also, unfortunately," replied my father; "for indeed I had
rather have been for ever ignorant than have discovered so much
deoravity and ingratitude in one I valued so highly."

"My dear father, you are mistaken; Justine is innocent."

"If she is, God forbid that she should suffer as guilty. She is to be tried to-day, and I hope, I sincerely hope, that she will be accuitted."

This speech calmed me. I was firmly convinced in my own mind that Justine, and indeed every human being, was guilless of this murder. I had no fear, therefore, that any circumstantial evidence could be brought forward strong enough to convict her. My tale was not one to amounce publicly, its asburding horor would be booked upon as madness by the vulgar. I did any one indeed exist, except I, the creator, who would believe, unless his senses convinced thim, in the existence of the living morument of presumption and rash ignorance which I had let loose upon the world?

We were soon joined by Elizabeth. Time had altered her since I last beheld her; it had endowed her with loveliness surpassing the beauty of her childish years. There was the same candour, sensibility and intellect. She welcomed me with the greatest affection. "You rarvial, my dear cousin," said she. "Ills me with hope. You perhaps will find some means to justify my poor guilless Justiler, Alast who is safe, if is the be convicted of crime? I rely on her innocence as certainty as I do upon my own. Our misfortune is doubly hard to us; we have not only lost that bowly darling boy, but this poor girl, whom I sincerely love, is to be torn away by even a worse falle. If she is condemned, I never shall know joy more. But she will not, I am sure she will not, and then I shall be happly again, even after the said death of my tittle

the same vivacity but it was allied to an expression more full of

"She is innocent, my Elizabeth," said I, "and that shall be proved; fear nothing, but let your spirits be cheered by the assurance of her acculital."

"How kind and generous you are! every one else believes in her guilt, and that made me wretched, for I knew that it was impossible: and to see every one else prejudiced in so deadly a manner rendered me hooeless and despairing." She webt.

"Dearest niece," said my father, "dry your tears. If she is, as you believe, innocent, rely on the justice of our laws, and the activity with which I shall prevent the slightest shadow of partiality."

CHAPTER VIII

WF PASSED A FEW sad hours, until eleven o'clock, when the trial was to commence. My father and the rest of the family being obliged to attend as witnesses. I accompanied them to the court. During the whole of this wretched mackery of justice I suffered living forture. It was to be decided, whether the result of my curiosity and lawless devices would cause the death of two of my fellow-beings one a smiling babe, full of innocence and joy, the other far more dreadfully murdered, with every aggravation of infamy that could make the murder memorable in horror. Justine also was a girl of merit, and possessed qualities which promised to render her life happy; now all was to be obliterated in an ignominious grave; and I the cause! A thousand times rather would I have confessed myself guilty of the crime ascribed to Justine: but I was absent when it was committed and such a declaration would have been considered as the ravings of a madman, and would not have exculpated her who suffered through me

The appearance of Justine was calm. She was dressed in mourning; and her countenance, always engaging, was rendered, by the solemnity of her feelings, exquisitely beautiful. Yet she appeared confident in innocence, and did not tremble, although gazed on and execrated by thousands; for all the kindness which her beauty might otherwise have excited, was obliterated in the minds of the spectators by the imagination of the enormity she was supposed to have committed. She was tranquil, vet her tranquillity was evidently constrained; and as her confusion had before been adduced as a proof of her quilt, she worked up her mind to an appearance of courage. When she entered the court, she threw her eyes round it and quickly discovered where we were seated. A tear seemed to dim her eve when she saw us: but she quickly recovered herself, and a look of sorrowful affection seemed to attest her utter guiltlessness.

The trial began; and, after the advocate against her had stated the charge, several witnesses were called. Several strange facts combined against her, which might have staggered any one who had not such proof of her innocence as I had. She had been out the whole of the night on which the murder had been committed, and towards morning had been perceived by a market-woman not far from the spot where the body of the murdered child had been afterwards found. The woman asked her what she did there; but she looked very strangely, and only returned a confused and unintelligible answer. She returned to the house about eight o'clock; and, when one inquired where she had passed the night, she replied that she had been looking for the child, and demanded earnestly if anything had been heard concerning him. When shown the body, she fell into violent hysterics, and kept her bed for several days. The picture was then produced, which the servant had found in her pocket; and when Elizabeth, in a faltering voice, proved that it was the same which, an

hour before the child had been missed, she had placed round his Justine was called on for her defence. As the trial had proceeded, her countenance had altered. Surprise, horror, and misery were strongly expressed. Sometimes she struggled with her tears; but. when she was desired to plead, she collected her powers, and spoke, in an audible, although variable voice.

neck, a murmur of horror and indignation filled the court.

"God knows," she said, "how entirely I am innocent. But I do not pretend that my protestations should acquit me: I rest my innocence on a plain and simple explanation of the facts which have been adduced against me; and I hope the character I have always borne will incline my judges to a favourable interpretation, where any circumstance appears doubtful or suspicious."

She then related that, by the permission of Elizabeth, she had passed the evening of the night on which the murder had been committed at the house of an aunt at Chêne, a village situated at about a league from Geneva. On her return, at about nine o'clock, she met a man, who asked her if she had seen anything of the child who was lost. She was alarmed by this account, and passed several hours in looking for him, when the gates of Geneva were shut, and she was forced to remain several hours of the night in a barn belonging to a cottage, being unwilling to call up the inhabitants, to whom she was well known. Most of the night she spent here watching: towards morning she believed that she slept for a few minutes; some steps disturbed her and she awoke. It was dawn, and she quitted her asylum, that she might again endeayour to find my brother. If she had gone near the snot where his body lay it was without her knowledge. That she had been bewildered when questioned by the marketwoman was not surprising, since she had passed a sleepless night. and the fate of poor William was yet uncertain. Concerning the picture she could give no account. "I know" continued the unhappy victim, "how heavily and fatally this

one circumstance weighs against me, but I have no power of explaining it; and when I have expressed my utter ignorance, I am only left to conjecture concerning the probabilities by which it might have been placed in my pocket. But here also I am checked, I believe that I have no enemy on earth, and none surely would have been so wicked as to destroy me wantonly. Did the murderer place it there? I know of no opportunity afforded him for so doing; or if I had, why should be

have stolen the iewel to part with it again so soon?

"I commit my cause to the justice of my judges, yet I see no room for hope. I beg permission to have a few witnesses examined concerning my character; and if their testimony shall not overweigh my supposed guilt. I must be condemned, although I would pledge my salvation on my innocence." Several witnesses were called who had known her for many years and they spoke well of her; but fear and hatred of the crime of which

they supposed her quilty rendered them timorous, and unwilling to come forward. Elizabeth saw even this last resource, her excellent dispositions and irreproachable conduct, about to fail the accused. when although violently agitated, she desired permission to address the court "I am," said she, "the cousin of the unhappy child who was

murdered, or rather his sister, for I was educated by, and have lived with his parents ever since and even long before, his birth, It may, therefore, be judged indecent in me to come forward on this occasion; but when I see a fellow-creature about to perish through the cowardice of her pretended friends, I wish to be allowed to speak, that I may say what I know of her character. I am well acquainted with the accused. I have lived in the same house with her, at one time for

five and at another for nearly two years. During all that period she appeared to me the most amiable and benevolent of human creatures. She nursed Madame Frankenstein, my aunt, in her last illness, with the greatest affection and care; and afterwards attended her own mother during a tedious illness, in a manner that excited the admiration of all who knew her: after which she again lived in my uncle's house, where she was beloved by all the family. She was warmly attached to the child who is now dead, and acted towards him like a most affectionate mother. For my own part, I do not hesitate to say, that, notwithstanding all the evidence produced against her, I

believe and rely on her perfect innocence. She had no temptation for such an action; as to the bauble on which the chief proof rests, if she had earnestly desired it. I should have willingly given it to her; so much do I esteem and value her." A murmur of approbation followed Elizabeth's simple and powerful appeal; but it was excited by her generous interference, and not in favour of poor Justine, on whom the public indignation was turned with renewed violence, charging her with the blackest ingratitude. She herself wept as Elizabeth spoke, but she did not answer. My own

agitation and anguish was extreme during the whole trial. I believed in her innocence; I knew it. Could the dæmon, who had (I did not for a

minute doubt) murdered my brother also in his hellish sport have betrayed the innocent to death and ignominy? I could not sustain the horror of my situation; and when I perceived that the popular voice and the countenances of the judges, had already condemned my unhappy victim. I rushed out of the court in agony. The tortures of the accused did not equal mine; she was sustained by innocence, but the fangs of remorse tore my bosom, and would not forego their hold. I passed a night of unmingled wretchedness. In the morning I went to the court: my lins and throat were parched. I dared not ask the fatal

question; but I was known, and the officer guessed the cause of my visit. The ballots had been thrown: they were all black, and Justine was condemned. I cannot pretend to describe what I then felt. I had before experienced sensations of horror; and I have endeavoured to bestow

upon them adequate expressions, but words cannot convey an idea of the heart-sickening despair that I then endured. The person to whom I addressed myself added, that Justine had already confessed her quilt, "That evidence," he observed, "was hardly required in so glaring a case, but I am glad of it; and, indeed, none of our judges like to condemn a criminal upon circumstantial evidence, be it ever so

decisive." This was strange and unexpected intelligence; what could it mean? Had my eyes deceived me? and was I really as mad as the whole world would believe me to be, if I disclosed the object of my suspicions? I hastened to return home, and Elizabeth eagerly

demanded the result. "My cousin" replied I "it is decided as you may have expected: all judges had rather that ten innocent should suffer than that one quilty

should escape. But she has confessed." This was a dire blow to poor Elizabeth who had relied with firmness upon Justine's innocence. "Alas!" said she, "how shall I ever

again believe in human goodness? Justine, whom I loved and esteemed as my sister, how could she put on those smiles of innocence only to betray? her mild eyes seemed incapable of any

severity or quile, and yet she has committed a murder." Soon after we heard that the poor victim had expressed a desire to

see my cousin. My father wished her not to go; but said, that he left it to her own judgment and feelings to decide. "Yes," said Elizabeth. "I will go, although she is guilty; and you, Victor, shall accompany me: I cannot go alone." The idea of this visit was torture to me, yet I could not refuse.

We entered the gloomy prison-chamber, and beheld Justine sitting on some straw at the farther end; her hands were manacled, and her head rested on her knees. She rose on seeing us enter; and when we were left alone with her, she threw herself at the feet of Elizabeth, weeping bitterly. My cousin wept also. "Oh, Justine! said she, "why did you rob me of my last consolation?

I relied on your innocence; and although I was then very wretched, I was not so miserable as Lam now." "And do you also believe that I am so very, very wicked? Do you

also join with my enemies to crush me, to condemn me as a murderer?" Her voice was suffocated with sobs.

condemned, my confessor has besieged me; he threatened and menaced, until I almost began to think that I was the monster that he said I was. He threatened excommunication and hell fire in my last

"Rise, my poor girl," said Elizabeth, "why do you kneel, if you are innocent? I am not one of your enemies; I believed you guiltless, notwithstanding every evidence, until I heard that you had yourself declared your quilt. That report, you say, is false; and be assured. dear Justine, that nothing can shake my confidence in you for a

moment, but your own confession."

"I did confess; but I confessed a lie. I confessed, that I might obtain absolution; but now that falsehood lies heavier at my heart than all my other sins. The God of heaven forgive me! Ever since I was

What could I do? In an evil hour I subscribed to a lie: and now only am I truly miserable " She paused, weeping, and then continued-"I thought with horror. my sweet lady, that you should believe your Justine, whom your blessed aunt had so highly honoured, and whom you loved, was a creature capable of a crime which none but the devil himself could have perpetrated. Dear William! dearest blessed child! I soon shall see you again in heaven, where we shall all be happy, and that

moments if I continued obdurate. Dear lady I had none to support me: all looked on me as a wretch doomed to ignominy and perdition.

consoles me, going as I am to suffer ignominy and death." "Oh. Justine! forgive me for having for one moment distrusted you. Why did you confess? But do not mourn, dear girl. Do not fear. I will proclaim. I will prove your innocence. I will melt the stony hearts of your enemies by my tears and prayers. You shall not die!--You my playfellow, my companion, my sister, perish on the scaffold! No! no! I never could survive so horrible a misfortune."

Justine shook her head mournfully, "I do not fear to die," she said: "that pang is past. God raises my weakness, and gives me courage to endure the worst. I leave a sad and bitter world; and if you remember me, and think of me as of one unjustly condemned. Lam resigned to the fate awaiting me. Learn from me, dear lady, to submit

in patience to the will of Heaven!" During this conversation I had retired to a corner of the prisonroom, where I could conceal the horrid anguish that possessed me. Despair! Who dared talk of that? The poor victim, who on the morrow was to pass the awful boundary between life and death, felt not as I did, such deep and bitter agony. I gnashed my teeth, and ground them together, uttering a groan that came from my inmost soul. Justine

started. When she saw who it was, she approached me, and said. "Dear sir, you are very kind to visit me; you, I hope, do not believe that I am quilty?" I could not answer. "No, Justine," said Elizabeth; "he is more convinced of your innocence than I was; for even when he heard that

you had confessed, he did not credit it." "I truly thank him. In these last moments I feel the sincerest gratitude towards those who think of me with kindness. How sweet is the affection of others to such a wretch as I am! It removes more than half

my misfortune; and I feel as if I could die in peace, now that my innocence is acknowledged by you, dear lady, and your cousin." Thus the poor sufferer tried to comfort others and herself. She

indeed gained the resignation she desired. But I, the true murderer, felt the never-dying worm alive in my bosom, which allowed of no

hope or consolation. Elizabeth also wept, and was unhappy; but her's also was the misery of innocence, which, like a cloud that passes over the fair moon, for a while hides but cannot tarnish its brightness. Anguish and despair had penetrated into the core of my heart: I bore

a hell within me, which nothing could extinguish. We staved several hours with Justine: and it was with great difficulty that Elizabeth could tear herself away. "I wish," cried she, "that I were to die with you; I

cannot live in this world of misery." Justine assumed an air of cheerfulness, while she with difficulty repressed her bitter tears. She embraced Elizabeth, and said, in a voice of half-suppressed emotion, "Farewell, sweet lady, dearest Elizabeth, my beloved and only friend; may Heaven, in its bounty, bless and preserve you; may this be the last misfortune that you will

ever suffer! Live, and be happy, and make others so."

victim. She perished on the scaffold as a murderess!

And on the morrow Justine died. Elizabeth's heart-rending eloquence failed to move the judges from their settled conviction in

the criminality of the saintly sufferer. My passionate and indignant

appeals were lost upon them. And when I received their cold answers. and heard the harsh unfeeling reasoning of these men, my purposed avowal died away on my lips. Thus I might proclaim myself a madman, but not revoke the sentence passed upon my wretched and voiceless grief of my Elizabeth. This also was my doing! And my father's woe, and the desolation of that late so smilling home—all was the work of my thrice-accursed handa! Ye weep, unhappy ones; but these are not you raist lears! Again shall you raise the funeral wail, and the sound of your lamentations shall again and again be heard! Frankenstein, your son, your kinsman, your early, much-loved firent, he who would spend each vital drop of blood for your sakes—who has no thought nor sense of joy; except as it is mirrored also in your dear countenances—who would fill the air with blessings, and spend heard provided the sense of th

From the tortures of my own heart. I turned to contemplate the deep

Thus spoke my prophetic soul, as, torn by remorse, horror, and despair, I beheld those I loved spend vain sorrow upon the graves of William and Justine, the first hapless victims to my unhallowed arts.

CHAPTER IX

NOTHING IS MORE PAINFUL to the human mind, than, after the feelings have been worked up by a guick succession of events, the dead calmness of inaction and certainty which follows, and deprives the soul both of hope and fear. Justine died; she rested; and I was alive. The blood flowed freely in my veins, but a weight of despair and remorse pressed on my heart, which nothing could remove. Sleep fled from my eyes: I wandered like an evil spirit, for I had committed deeds of mischief beyond description horrible, and more, much more (I persuaded myself), was yet behind. Yet my heart overflowed with kindness, and the love of virtue. I had begun life with benevolent intentions, and thirsted for the moment when I should put them in practice, and make myself useful to my fellow-beings. Now all was blasted: instead of that serenity of conscience, which allowed me to look back upon the past with self-satisfaction, and from thence to gather promise of new hopes. I was seized by remorse and the sense of quilt, which hurried me away to a hell of intense tortures, such as no language can describe.

This state of mind preved upon my health, which had perhaps never entirely recovered from the first shock it had sustained. I shunned the face of man; all sound of joy or complacency was torture to me; solitude was my only consolation—deep, dark, deathlike solitude. My father observed with pain the alteration perceptible in my disposition and habits, and endeavoured by arguments deduced from the feelings of his serene conscience and guiltless life, to inspire me

with fortitude, and awaken in me the courage to dispel the dark cloud which brooded over me. "Do you think, Victor," said he, "that I do not suffer also? No one could love a child more than I loved your brother." (tears came into his eyes as he spoke); "but is it not a duty to the survivors, that we should refrain from augmenting their unhappiness by an appearance of immoderate grief? It is also a duty owed to vourself: for excessive sorrow prevents improvement or enjoyment, or even the discharge of daily usefulness, without which no man is fit for society"

This advice, although good, was totally inapplicable to my case; I should have been the first to hide my grief, and console my friends, if remorse had not mingled its bitterness, and terror its alarm with my other sensations. Now I could only answer my father with a look of despair, and endeavour to hide myself from his view.

About this time we retired to our house at Belrive. This change was particularly agreeable to me. The shutting of the gates regularly at ten o'clock, and the impossibility of remaining on the lake after that hour. had rendered our residence within the walls of Geneva very irksome to me. I was now free. Often, after the rest of the family had retired for the night. I took the hoat, and passed many hours upon the water. Sometimes, with my sails set, I was carried by the wind; and sometimes, after rowing into the middle of the lake, I left the boat to pursue its own course, and gave way to my own miserable reflections. I was often tempted, when all was at peace around me, and I the only unquiet thing that wandered restless in a scene so beautiful and heavenly-if I except some bat, or the frogs, whose harsh and interrupted croaking was heard only when I approached the shoreoften. I say, I was tempted to plunge into the silent lake, that the waters might close over me and my calamities for ever. But I was restrained, when I thought of the heroic and suffering Elizabeth, whom

leave them exposed and unprotected to the malice of the fiend whom At these moments I wept bitterly, and wished that peace would revisit my mind only that I might afford them consolation and happiness. But that could not be. Remorse extinguished every hope. I had been the author of unalterable evils; and I lived in daily fear, lest

I had let loose among them?

I tenderly loved, and whose existence was bound up in mine. I thought also of my father and surviving brother: should I by my base desertion the Andes could I when there have precipitated him to their base I wished to see him again, that I might wreak the utmost extent of abhorrence on his head, and avenge the deaths of William and Justine. Our house was the house of mourning. My father's health was deeply shaken by the horror of the recent events. Elizabeth was sad and desponding: she no longer took delight in her ordinary occupations; all pleasure seemed to her sacrilege toward the dead; eternal woe and tears she then thought was the just tribute she should pay to innocence so blasted and destroyed. She was no longer that happy creature, who in earlier youth wandered with me on the banks of the lake, and talked with ecstasy of our future prospects. The first of those sorrows which are sent to wean us from the earth, had visited her, and its dimming influence quenched her dearest smiles.

the monster whom I had created should perpetrate some new wickedness. I had an obscure feeling that all was not over, and that he would still commit some signal crime, which by its enormity should almost efface the recollection of the past. There was always scope for fear, so long as anything I loved remained behind. My abhorrence of this fiend cannot be conceived. When I thought of him, I gnashed my teeth, my eyes became inflamed, and I ardently wished to extinguish that life which I had so thoughtlessly bestowed. When I reflected on his crimes and malice, my hatred and revenge burst all bounds of moderation. I would have made a pilorimage to the highest peak of

"When I reflect, my dear cousin," said she, "on the miserable death of Justine Moritz. I no longer see the world and its works as they before appeared to me. Before, I looked upon the accounts of vice and injustice, that I read in books or heard from others, as tales of ancient days, or imaginary evils: at least they were remote, and more familiar to reason than to the imagination; but now misery has come home, and men appear to me as monsters thirsting for each other's blood. Yet I am certainly unjust. Everybody believed that poor girl to be guilty, and if she could have committed the crime for which she suffered, assuredly she would have been the most deprayed of human creatures. For the sake of a few lewels, to have murdered the

its birth, and appeared to love as if it had been her own! I could not consent to the death of any human being; but certainly I should have thought such a creature unfit to remain in the society of men. But she was innocent. I know, I feel she was innocent; you are of the same opinion, and that confirms me. Alas! Victor, when falsehood can look so like the truth, who can assure themselves of certain happiness? I feel as if I were walking on the edge of a precipice, towards which thousands are crowding, and endeavouring to plunge me into the abyss. William and Justine were assassinated, and the murderer escapes; he walks about the world free, and perhaps respected. But even if I were condemned to suffer on the scaffold for the same crimes, I would not change places with such a wretch." I listened to this discourse with the extremest agony, I, not in deed.

but in effect, was the true murderer. Elizabeth read my anguish in my countenance, and kindly taking my hand, said, "My dearest friend, you must calm yourself. These events have affected me, God knows how deeply, but I am not so wretched as you are. There is an expression of despair, and sometimes of revenge, in your countenance, that makes me tremble. Dear Victor, banish these dark passions. Remember the friends around you, who centre all their hopes in you.

son of her benefactor and friend, a child whom she had nursed from

Have we lost the power of rendering you happy? Ah! while we lovewhile we are true to each other, here in this land of peace and beauty. your native country, we may reap every tranquil blessing-what can disturb our peace?" And could not such words from her whom I fondly prized before every other gift of fortune, suffice to chase away the fiend that lurked in my heart? Even as she spoke I drew near to her, as if in terror; lest at that very moment the destroyer had been near to rob me of her.

Thus not the tenderness of friendship, nor the beauty of earth, nor of

heaven could redeem my soul from woe: the very accents of love were ineffectual. I was encompassed by a cloud which no beneficial influence could penetrate. The wounded deer dragging its fainting limbs to some untrodden brake, there to gaze upon the arrow which had pierced it, and to die-was but a type of me. Sometimes I could cope with the sullen despair that overwhelmed me: but sometimes the whirtwind passions of my soul drove me to seek, by bodily exercise and by change of place, some relief from my intolerable sensations. It was during an access of this kind that I suddenly left my home, and hending my steps towards the near Alpine valleys, sought in the magnificence, the eternity of such scenes, to forget myself and my ephemeral, because human, sorrows. My wanderings were directed towards the valley of Chamounix. I had visited it frequently during my boyhood. Six years had passed since then: I was a wreck-but nought had changed in

those savage and enduring scenes. I performed the first part of my journey on horseback. I afterwards hired a mule, as the more sure-footed, and least liable to receive injury on these rugged roads. The weather was fine: it was about the middle of the month of August, nearly two months after the death of Justine: that miserable enoch from which I dated all my woe. The weight upon my spirit was sensibly lightened as I plunged yet deeper

in the ravine of Arve. The immense mountains and precipices that overhung me on every side—the sound of the river raging among the rocks, and the dashing of the waterfalls around, spoke of a power mighty as Omnipotence—and I ceased to fear, or to bend before any being less almighty than that which had created and ruled the

elements, here displayed in their most terrific quise. Still, as I ascended higher, the valley assumed a more magnificent and astonishing character. Ruined castles hanging on the precipices of

there peeping forth from among the trees, formed a scene of singular beauty. But it was augmented and rendered sublime by the mighty Alps. whose white and shining pyramids and domes towered above all, as belonging to another earth, the habitations of another race of

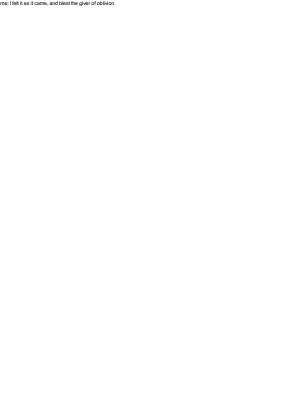
I passed the bridge of Pélissier where the ravine which the river forms, opened before me, and I began to ascend the mountain that overhangs it. Soon after Lentered the valley of Chamounix. This valley is more wonderful and sublime, but not so beautiful and picturesque. as that of Servox, through which I had just passed. The high and snow mountains were its immediate boundaries; but I saw no more ruined castles and fertile fields. Immense glaciers approached the road; I heard the rumbling thunder of the falling avalanche, and marked the smoke of its passage. Mont Blanc, the supreme and magnificent Mont Blanc, raised itself from the surrounding aiguilles, and its tremendous dome overlooked the valley. ab A tingling long-lost sense of pleasure often came across me during this journey. Some turn in the road, some new object suddenly perceived and recognised, reminded me of days gone by, and were associated with the light-hearted gaiety of boyhood. The very winds whispered in soothing accents, and maternal nature bade me weep no more. Then again the kindly influence ceased to act-I found myself fettered again to grief, and indulging in all the misery of reflection. Then I spurred on my animal, striving so to forget the world. my fears, and, more than all, myself-or, in a more desperate fashion. l alighted, and threw myself on the grass, weighed down by horror and

beinas.

piny mountains; the impetuous Arve, and cottages every here and

despair. At length I arrived at the village of Chamounix. Exhaustion succeeded to the extreme fatigue both of body and of mind which I had endured. For a short space of time I remained at the window. watching the pallid lightnings that played above Mont Blanc, and listening to the rushing of the Arve, which pursued its noisy way beneath. The same lulling sounds acted as a lullaby to my too keen

sensations: when I placed my head upon my pillow, sleep crept over



CHAPTER X

I SPENT THE FOLLOWING day roaming through the valley, I stood beside the sources of the Arveiron. Which take their rise in a glacier, that with slow pace is advancing down from the summit of the hills, to barricade the valley. The abrupt sides of vast mountains were before me: the icy wall of the glacier overhung me: a few shattered pines were scattered around; and the solemn silence of this glorious presence-chamber of imperial Nature was broken only by the brawling waves, or the fall of some vast fragment, the thunder sound of the avalanche, or the cracking reverberated along the mountains of the accumulated ice, which, through the silent working of immutable laws, was ever and anon rent and tom, as if it had been but a plaything in their hands. These sublime and magnificent scenes afforded me the greatest consolation that I was canable of receiving They elevated me from all littleness of feeling; and although they did not remove my grief, they subdued and tranquillised it. In some degree, also, they diverted my mind from the thoughts over which it had brooded for the last month. I retired to rest at night: my slumbers. as it were, waited on and ministered to by the assemblance of grand shapes which I had contemplated during the day. They congregated round me: the unstained snowy mountain-top, the glittering pinnacle. the pine woods, and ragged bare ravine; the eagle, soaring amidst the clouds—they all gathered round me, and bade me be at peace.

Where had they fled when the next morning I awoke? All of soul inspiriting fled with sleep, and dark melancholy clouded every thought. The rain was pouring in torrents, and thick mists hid the summits of the mountains, so that I even saw not the faces of those mighty friends. Still I would penetrate their misty veil, and seek them in their cloudy retreats. What were rain and storm to me? My mule was brought to the door, and I resolved to ascend to the summit of Montanvert. I remembered the effect that the view of the tremendous and ever-moving glacier had produced upon my mind when I first saw it. It had then filled me with a sublime ecstasy that gave wings to the soul, and allowed it to soar from the obscure world to light and joy. The sight of the awful and majestic in nature had indeed always the effect of solemnising my mind, and causing me to forget the passing cares of life. I determined to go without a guide 1 for I was well acquainted with the path, and the presence of another would destroy the solitary grandeur of the scene.

The ascent is precipitous, but the path is cut into continual and

short windings, which enable you to surmount the perpendicularity of the mountain. It is a scene terrifically desolate. In a thousand snots the traces of the winter avalanche may be perceived, where trees lie broken and strewed on the ground; some entirely destroyed, others bent, leaning upon the jutting rocks of the mountain, or transversely upon other trees. The path, as you ascend higher, is intersected by ravines of snow, down which stones continually roll from above; one of them is particularly dangerous, as the slightest sound, such as even speaking in a loud voice, produces a concussion of air sufficient to draw destruction upon the head of the speaker. The pines are not tall or luxuriant, but they are sombre, and add an air of severity to the scene. I looked on the valley beneath; vast mists were rising from the rivers which ran through it, and curling in thick wreaths around the opposite mountains, whose summits were hid in the uniform clouds, while rain poured from the dark sky, and added to the melancholy impression I received from the objects around me. Alas! why does man boast of sensibilities superior to those apparent in the brute; it only renders them more necessary beings. If our impulses were confined to hunger, thirst, and desire, we might be nearly free; but now we are moved by every wind that blows, and a chance word or scene that that word may convey to us.

We rest; a dream has power to poison sleep. We rise; one wandering thought pollutes the day.

Man's vesterday may ne'er be like his morrow: Nought may endure but mutability!2 It was nearly noon when Larrived at the top of the ascent. For some time I sat upon the rock that overlooks the sea of ice. A mist covered. both that and the surrounding mountains. Presently a breeze dissipated the cloud, and I descended upon the glacier. The surface is very uneven, rising like the waves of a troubled sea descending low, and interspersed by rifts that sink deep. The field of ice is almost a league in width, but I spent nearly two hours in crossing it. The

league: and above it rose Mont Blanc, in awful majesty. I remained in a recess of the rock, gazing on this wonderful and stupendous scene. The sea, or rather the vast river of ice, wound among its dependent mountains, whose aerial summits hung over its recesses. Their icv and glittering peaks shone in the sunlight over the clouds. My heart, which was before sorrowful, now swelled with something like joy: I exclaimed—"Wandering spirits, if indeed ve wander, and do not rest in your narrow beds, allow me this faint happiness, or take me, as

your companion away from the joys of life " As I said this, I suddenly beheld the figure of a man, at some distance, advancing towards me with superhuman speed. He bounded over the crevices in the ice, among which I had walked with caution; his stature, also, as he approached, seemed to exceed that of man, I was troubled: a mist came over my eyes, and I felt a faintness seize me: but I was quickly restored by the cold gale of the mountains. I perceived, as the shape came nearer (sight tremendous and abhorred!) that it was the wretch whom I had created. I trembled

with rage and horror, resolving to wait his approach, and then close with him in mortal combat. He approached; his countenance bespoke bitter anguish, combined with disdain and malignity, while its unearthly unliness rendered it almost too horrible for human eyes. But I scarcely observed this; rage and hatred had at first deprived me of

utterance and I recovered only to overwhelm him with words

expressive of furious detestation and contempt "Devil." I exclaimed, "do you dare approach me? and do not you fear the fierce vengeance of my arm wreaked on your miserable head? Begone, vile insect! or rather, stay, that I may trample you to dust! and, oh! that I could, with the extinction of your miserable

existence, restore those victims whom you have so diabolically

murdered!" "I expected this reception," said the daemon, "All men hate the

wretched; how, then, must I be hated, who am miserable beyond all living things! Yet you, my creator, detest and sourn me, they creature.

to whom thou art bound by ties only dissoluble by the annihilation of one of us. You purpose to kill me. How dare you sport thus with life?

Do your duty towards me, and I will do mine towards you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions, I will leave them and you at peace; but if you refuse, I will glut the maw of death, until it be

satiated with the blood of your remaining friends." "Abhorred monster! fiend that thou art! the tortures of hell are too

mild a vengeance for thy crimes. Wretched devil! you reproach me

with your creation; come on, then, that I may extinguish the spark

We feel, conceive, or reason: laugh or ween. Embrace fond woe or cast our cares away. It is the same: for be it iov or sorrow The path of its departure still is free.

opposite mountain is a bare perpendicular rock. From the side where I now stood Montanvert was exactly opposite, at the distance of a

which I so negligently bestowed."

My rage was without bounds: I sprang on him, impelled by all the

feelings which can arm one being against the existence of another.

He easily eluded me, and said-

of anguish, is dear to me, and I will defend it. Remember, thou hast

"Be calm! I entreat you to hear me, before you give vent to your hatred on my devoted head. Have I not suffered enough that you seek

to increase my misery? Life, although it may only be an accumulation

my joints more supple. But I will not be tempted to set myself in opposition to thee. I am thy creature, and I will be even mild and docile to my natural lord and king, if thou wilt also perform thy part, the which thou owest me. Oh. Frankenstein, be not equitable to every other and trample upon me alone to whom thy justice, and even thy clemency and affection is most due Remember that I am thy creature: I qualit to be thy Adam; but I am rather the fallen angel whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed. Everywhere I see bliss, from which Lalone am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend. Make me happy, and I shall again be virtuous 🛂 "Begone! I will not hear you. There can be no community between you and me: we are enemies. Begone, or let us try our strength in a fight in which one must fall " "How can I move thee? Will no entreaties cause thee to turn a favourable eye upon thy creature, who implores thy goodness and compassion? Believe me Frankenstein: I was benevolent: my soul glowed with love and humanity: but am I not alone, miserably alone? You, my creator, abhor me; what hope can I gather from your fellowcreatures, who owe me nothing? they sourn and hate me. The desert mountains and dreary glaciers are my refuge. I have wandered here many days; the caves of ice, which I only do not fear, are a dwelling to me, and the only one which man does not grudge. These bleak skies I hail, for they are kinder to me than your fellow-beings. If the multitude of mankind knew of my existence, they would do as you do, and arm themselves for my destruction. Shall I not then hate them who abhor. me? I will keep no terms with my enemies. I am miserable, and they shall share my wretchedness. Yet it is in your power to recompense me, and deliver them from an evil which it only remains for you to make so great that not only you and your family, but thousands of others, shall be swallowed up in the whirlwinds of its rage. Let your

compassion be moved, and do not disdain me. Listen to my tale: when you have heard that, abandon or commiserate me, as you shall judge that I deserve. But hear me. The quilty are allowed, by human.

laws, bloody as they are, to speak in their own defence before they are condemned Listen to me Frankenstein You accuse me of murder; and yet you would, with a satisfied conscience, destroy your own creature. Oh, praise the eternal justice of mant4 Yet I ask you not to spare me; listen to me; and then, if you can, and if you will, destroy the work of your hands." "Why do you call to my remembrance," I rejoined, "circumstances,

of which I shudder to reflect, that I have been the miserable origin and author? Cursed be the day, abhorred devil, in which you first saw light! Cursed (although I curse myself) be the hands that formed you!

You have made me wretched beyond expression. You have left me no power to consider whether I am just to you or not. Begone! relieve me from the sight of your detested form." "Thus I relieve thee, my creator," he said, and placed his hated

hands before my eyes, which I flung from me with violence; "thus I take from thee a sight which you abhor. Still thou canst listen to me, and

grant me thy compassion. By the virtues that I once possessed. I demand this from you. Hear my tale: it is long and strange, and the temperature of this place is not fitting to your fine sensations; come to the hut upon the mountain. The sun is yet high in the heavens; before it

descends to hide itself behind yon snowy precipices, and illuminate another world, you will have heard my story, and can decide. On you it rests whether I guit for ever the neighbourhood of man, and lead a harmless life, or become the scourge of your fellow-creatures, and the

made me more powerful than thyself: my height is superior to thine:

author of your own speedy ruin." As he said this, he led the way across the ice: I followed. My heart was full, and I did not answer him; but, as I proceeded, I weighed the various arguments that he had used, and determined at least to listen

to his tale. I was partly urged by curiosity, and compassion confirmed my resolution. I had hitherto supposed him to be the murderer of my brother, and I eagerly sought a confirmation or denial of this opinion. For the first time, also, I felt what the duties of a creator towards his creature were, and that I ought to render him happy before I complained of his wickedness. These motives urged me to comply with his demand. We crossed the ice, therefore, and ascended the opposite rock. The air was cold, and the rain again began to descond: we entered the hut, the fiend with an air of exultation, I with a heavy heart and depressed spirits. But I consented to listen; and, seating myself by the fire which my odious companion had lighted, he this heansh its latts.

CHAPTER XI

IT IS WITH CONSIDERABLE difficulty that I remember the original era of my being: 1 all the events of that period appear confused and indistinct. A strange multiplicity of sensations seized me, and I saw. felt, heard, and smelt, at the same time; and it was, indeed, a long time before I learned to distinguish between the operations of my various senses. By degrees. I remember, a stronger light pressed. upon my perves, so that I was obliged to shut my eyes. Darkness then came over me, and troubled me; but hardly had I felt this, when, by opening my eyes, as I now suppose, the light poured in upon me again, I walked, and, I believe, descended; but I presently found a great alteration in my sensations. Before, dark and opaque bodies had surrounded me, impervious to my touch or sight; but I now found that I could wander on at liberty, with no obstacles which I could not either surmount or avoid. The light became more and more oppressive to me: and, the heat wearving me as I walked, I sought a place where I could receive shade. This was the forest near Ingolstadt; and here I lay by the side of a brook resting from my fatique, until I felt tormented by hunger and thirst. This roused me from my nearly domant state, and I ate some berries which I found hanging on the trees, or lying on the ground, I slaked my thirst at the brook; and

"It was dark when I awoke; I felt cold also, and half-fightened, as it were instinctively, finding myself so desolate. Before I had quitted your apartment, on a sensation of cold, I had covered myself with some clothes; but these were insufficient to secure me from the dews of night. I was a poor, helpless, miserable weetch; I knew, and could distinguish, nothing; but feeling pain invade me on all sides, I sat down and weet.

then lying down, was overcome by sleep.

pleasure.

Soon a gentle light soble over the heavens, and gave me a sensation of pleasure. I started up, and beheld a radiant form³⁴ free from among the trees. I gazed with a kind of wonder. It moved slowly, but it enlightened my part; and I again went out in search of berries. I was still cold, when under one of the trees I found a huge cloak, with which I covered myself, and sat down upon the ground. No distinct ideas occupied my mind; all was confused. I felt light, and hunger, and thirts, and darkness; innumerable sounds rung in my ears, and on all sides various scents saluted me: the only object that I could distincuish was the bridth moon, and I fixed my weso on that with

Several changes of day and night passed, and the orb of right had greatly lessened, when I began to distinguish my sensations from each other. I gradually saw plainly the clear stream that suppled me with drink, and he trees that shaded me with their foliage. I was delighted when I first discovered that a pleasant sound, which often satuted my ears, proceeded from the threats of the tiltle winged animals who had often intercepted the light from my eyes. I began also to observe, with greater accuracy, the forms that surrounded me, and to perceive the boundaries of the radiant roof of light which canopied me. Sometimes I tilted to initiate the pleasant songs of the birds, but was unable. Sometimes I wished to express my sensations in my own mode, but the uncoult and inarticulate sounds which broke

from me frightened me into slience again.

The moon had disappeared from the night, and again, with a lessened form, showed itself, while I still remained in the forest. My sensations had, by this time, become distinct, and my mind received every day additional ideas. My eyes became accustomed to the light, and to perceive objects in their right forms; I distinguished the insect from the herb, and, by degrees, one herb from another. I found that the and thrush were severe and entitions, whilst force of the blackbird and thrush were severe and entitions.

"One day, when I was oppressed by cold, I found a fire which had been left by some wandering beggars, and was overcome with delight at the warmth I experienced from it. In my joy I thrust my hand into the live embers, but quickly drew it out again with a cry of pain. How strange, I thought, that the same cause should produce such opposite effects! I examined the materials of the fire, and to my joy found it to be composed of wood. Lauickly collected some branches: but they were wet, and would not burn. I was pained at this, and sat still watching the operation of the fire. The wet wood which I had placed near the heat dried, and itself became inflamed. I reflected on this; and, by touching the various branches, I discovered the cause. and busied myself in collecting a great quantity of wood, that I might dry it, and have a plentiful supply of fire. When night came on, and brought sleep with it. I was in the greatest fear lest my fire should be extinguished I covered it carefully with dry wood and leaves and placed wet branches upon it: and then, spreading my cloak. Hay on the ground, and sunk into sleep "It was morning when I awoke, and my first care was to visit the fire. I uncovered it, and a gentle breeze quickly fanned it into a flame. I observed this also, and contrived a fan of branches, which roused the embers when they were nearly extinguished. When night came again. I found with pleasure, that the fire gave light as well as heat; and that the discovery of this element was useful to me in my food; for I found some of the offals that the travellers had left had been roasted, and tasted much more sayoury than the berries I gathered from the trees. I tried, therefore, to dress my food in the same manner, placing it on the live embers. I found that the berries were spoiled by this operation, and the nuts and roots much improved. "Food, however, became scarce; and I often spent the whole day searching in vain for a few acoms to assuage the pangs of hunger. When I found this. I resolved to guit the place that I had hitherto inhabited, to seek for one where the few wants I experienced would be more easily satisfied. In this emigration, I exceedingly lamented the loss of the fire which I had obtained through accident, and knew not how to reproduce it. I gave several hours to the serious consideration of this difficulty; but I was obliged to relinquish all attempt to supply it; and, wrapping myself up in my cloak, I struck across the wood towards the setting sun. I passed three days in three rambles, and at length discovered the open country. A great fall of snow had taken place the night before, and the fields were of one uniform white: the appearance was disconsolate, and I found my feet chilled by the cold damp substance that covered the ground. "It was about seven in the morning, and I longed to obtain food and shelter; at length I perceived a small hut, on a rising ground, which had doubtless been built for the convenience of some shepherd. This was a new sight to me; and I examined the structure with great curiosity. Finding the door open, I entered. An old man sat in it, near a fire, over which he was preparing his breakfast. He turned on hearing a noise: and, perceiving me, shrieked loudly, and, quitting the hut, ran across the fields with a speed of which his debilitated form hardly appeared capable. His appearance, different from any I had ever before seen, and his flight, somewhat surprised me. But I was enchanted by the appearance of the hut; here the snow and rain could not penetrate; the ground was dry; and it presented to me then as exquisite and divine a retreat as Pandæmonium appeared to the daemons of hell after their sufferings in the lake of fire.2 I greedily devoured the remnants of the shepherd's breakfast, which consisted of bread, cheese, milk, and wine; the latter, however, I did not like. Then, overcome by fatigue, I lay down among some straw, and fell asleep. "It was noon when I awoke; and, allured by the warmth of the sun. which shone brightly on the white ground, I determined to recommence my travels; and, depositing the remains of the peasant's breakfast in a wallet I found, I proceeded across the fields for several hours, until at sunset I arrived at a village. How miraculous did this appear! the huts, the neater cottages, and stately houses, engaged my admiration by turns. The vegetables in the gardens, the milk and cheese that I saw placed at the windows of some of the cottages.

of missile weapons. I escaped to the open country, and fearfully took refuge in a low hovel, guite bare, and making a wretched appearance after the palaces I had beheld in the village. This hovel, however, joined a cottage of a neat and pleasant appearance; but, after my late dearly bought experience. I dared not enter it. My place of refuge was constructed of wood, but so low that I could with difficulty sit upright in it. No wood, however was placed on the earth, which formed the floor, but it was dry, and although the wind entered it by innumerable chinks. I found it an agreeable asvlum from the snow and rain. "Here then I retreated, and lay down happy to have found a shelter. however miserable, from the inclemency of the season, and still more from the barbarity of man "As soon as morning dawned, I crept from my kennel, that I might view the adjacent cottage, and discover if I could remain in the habitation I had found. It was situated against the back of the cottage. and surrounded on the sides which were exposed by a pig-sty and a clear pool of water. One part was open, and by that I had crent in: but now I covered every crevice by which I might be perceived with stones and wood, yet in such a manner that I might move them on occasion. to pass out: all the light I enjoyed came through the sty, and that was sufficient for me. "Having thus arranged my dwelling, and carpeted it with clean straw I retired: for I saw the figure of a man at a distance and I remembered too well my treatment the night before to trust myself in his power. I had first, however, provided for my sustenance for that day, by a loaf of coarse bread, which I purloined, and a cup with which I could drink, more conveniently than from my hand, of the pure water which flowed by my retreat. The floor was a little raised, so that it was kept perfectly dry, and by its vicinity to the chimney of the cottage it

kept periodity ory, and by its wonnly to the crimmey of the cottage it was follen'bly wants to liven'bly was solden'bly wants and the control occur which might after my determination. It was indeed a paradise compared to the bleak forest, my former residence, the rain-dropping branches, and dark earth! alte my breakfast with pleasure, and was about to memore a plank to procure myself at little water, when I heard a step, and looking through a small chrink, I beheld a young creature, with a pail on her head, passing before my hove! I he gird was vour, and of gerife demeanur, unlike

allured my appetite. One of the best of these I entered; but I had hardly placed my foot within the door, before the children strieked, and one of the women fainted. The whole village was roused; some fled, some attacked me, until unievously bruised by stones and many other kinds.

beliefe in yover. I've girt was young, are o'l genes cemeanoù, make what I have since found cottagers and marrivouse servants to be. Wet she was meanly dressed, a coarse blue petitodi and a linen jacket looked pollent, yet sad I loat sight of her and in about a quarter of an hour she returned, bearing the pail, which was now partly filled with milk. As she walked along, seemingly incommoded by the burden, a young man met her, whose countenance expressed a deeper despondence. Ultering a few sounds with an air of melancholy, he took the pail from her head, and bore it to the cottage himself. She followed, and they disappeared, Persemptil ysaw the young man again.

young man met her, whose countenance expressed a deeper despondence. Ultering a few sounds with an air of melanchyb, he look the pail from her head, and bore it to the cottage himself. She followed, and they disappeared. Presently Isaw the young man again, with some bods in this hand, cross the field behind the cottage: and the girl was also busled, sometimes in the house, and sometimes in the yard.

"On examining my dwelling, I found that one of the windows of the cottage had formerly occupied a part of It, but the panes had been

young girl was occupied in arranging the cottage; but presently she took something out of a drawer, which employed her hands, and she sat down beside the old man, who, taking up an instrument, began to

and s in the een ost te.

cottage had formerly occupied a part of it, but the panes had been filled up with wood. In one of these was a small and almost imperceptible chink, through which the eye could just penetrate. Through this crevice a small row was visible, whitewashed and clean, but very bare of furthure, hore occure, near a small fire, sat an old man, learning his head on its hands in a disconsider attitude. The

play and to produce sounds sweeter than the voice of the thrush or the nightingale. It was a lovely sight, even to me, poor wretch! who had never beheld aught beautiful before. The silver hair and benevolent countenance of the aged cottager won my reverence. while the gentle manners of the girl enticed my love. He played a sweet mournful air, which I perceived drew tears from the eyes of his amiable companion, of which the old man took no notice, until she sobbed audibly, he then pronounced a few sounds, and the fair creature, leaving her work, knelt at his feet. He raised her, and smiled with such kindness and affection that I felt sensations of a neculiar

and overnowering nature: they were a mixture of pain and pleasure. such as I had never before experienced, either from hunger or cold warmth or food; and I withdrew from the window, unable to bear these emotions.

"Soon after this the young man returned, bearing on his shoulders a load of wood. The girl met him at the door, helped to relieve him of his burden, and, taking some of the fuel into the cottage, placed it on the fire; then she and the youth went apart into a nook of the cottage and he showed her a large loaf and a piece of cheese. She seemed

pleased, and went into the garden for some roots and plants, which she placed in water, and then upon the fire. She afterwards continued her work, whilst the young man went into the garden, and appeared busily employed in digging and pulling up roots. After he had been employed thus about an hour the young woman joined him, and they

entered the cottage together "The old man had, in the meantime, been pensive; but, on the appearance of his companions, he assumed a more cheerful air, and they sat down to eat. The meal was quickly despatched. The young

woman was again occupied in arranging the cottage: the old man walked before the cottage in the sun for a few minutes, leaning on the arm of the youth. Nothing could exceed in beauty the contrast between these two excellent creatures. One was old, with silver hairs

and a countenance beaming with benevolence and love; the younger was slight and graceful in his figure, and his features were moulded with the finest symmetry; yet his eyes and attitude expressed the utmost sadness and despondency. The old man returned to the cottage; and the youth, with tools different from those he had used in the morning, directed his steps across the fields. "Night quickly shut in: but, to my extreme wonder, I found that the cottagers had a means of prolonging light by the use of tapers, and was delighted to find that the setting of the sun did not put an end to

the pleasure I experienced in watching my human neighbours. In the evening, the young girl and her companion were employed in various occupations which I did not understand; and the old man again took up the instrument which produced the divine sounds that had enchanted me in the morning. So soon as he had finished, the youth began, not to play, but to utter sounds that were monotonous, and

neither resembling the harmony of the old man's instrument nor the songs of the birds: I since found that he read aloud, but at that time I knew nothing of the science of words or letters. "The family, after having been thus occupied for a short time,

extinguished their lights, and retired, as I conjectured, to rest."

CHAPTER XII

ILAYON MY straw, but loude not sleep, I thought of the occurrences of the day. What chiefly struck me was the gentle manners of these people; and I longed to join them, but dared not. I remembered too well the treatment. Had suffered the night before from the barbarous villagers, and resolved, whatever course of conduct. I might hereafter think it right to puse, that for the present i would remain quietly in my hovel, watching, and endeavouring to discover the motives which influenced their actions.

"The cottagers arose the next morning before the sun. The young woman arranged the cottage, and prepared the food; and the youth departed after the first meal.

This day was passed in the same routine as that which preceded it. The young man was constantly employed out of doors, and the gift in various laborious occupations within. The old man, whom I soon perceived to be bind, employed his lesizer bours on his instrument or in contemplation. Nothing could exceed the love and respect which the younger collagers exhibited towards their venerable companion. They performed towards him every little office of affection and duly with gentleness; and he rewarded them by his beneviel smiles.

They were not entirely happy. The young man and his companion often went apart, and appeared to weep. I saw no cause for their urhappiness; but I was deeply affected by it. If such lovely creatures were miserable, it was less stranger that I, an imperfect and solitary being, should be wretched. Yet why were these gentle beings urhappy? They possessed a delightful house (for such it was in my eyes) and every luxury; they had a fire to warm them when chill, and delicious wands²⁴ when hungry, they were dressed in excellent clothes; and, slill more, they entyped one another's company and context and the same stranger of the same than the same stranger of the same stranger of

A considerable period elapsed before I discovered one of the causes of the uneainess of this amiliable family. It was poverty, and they suffered that evil in a very distressing degree. Their nourishment consisted entirely of the vegetables of their garden, and the milk of orac cow, which gave very lifte during the writer, when its masters could scarcely procure food to support II. They often, I believe, younger cottagens; for several times they placed food before the old man when they reserved none for themselves.

"This trait of kindness moved me sensibly. I had been accustomed, during bright, to steal a part of their store for my own consumption; but when I found that in doing this I inflicted pain on the cottagers, I abstained, and satisfied myself with berries, nuts, and roots, which I gathered from a neighbouring wood.

"I discovered also another means through which I was enabled to assist their labours. I found that the youth spent a great part of each day in collecting wood for the family fire; and, during the right, I often took his tools, the use of which I quickly discovered, and brought home firing sufficient for the consumption of several days.

"I remember the first time that I did this the young woman, when she opend the door in the morning, appeared greatly asbrished on seeing a great pile of wood on the outside. She utlared some words in a loud voice, and the youth joined her, who also expressed surprise. I observed, with pleasure, that he did not go to the forest that day, but sperif I in repairing the cottage and cultivating the garden.

"By degrees I made a discovery of still greater moment. I found that these people possessed a method of communicating their experience and feelings to one another by articulate sounds. I perceived that the words they spoke sometimes produced pleasure or pain smiles or sadness in the minds and countenances of the hearers. This was indeed a godlike science, and Lardently desired to become acquainted with it. But I was baffled in every attempt I made for this purpose. Their pronunciation was quick; and the words they uttered, not having any apparent connection with visible objects. I was unable to discover any clue by which I could unravel the mystery of their reference. By great application, however, and after having remained during the space of several revolutions of the moon in my hovel. I discovered the names that were given to some of the most familiar objects of discourse: I learned and applied the words, fire milk bread and wood. Hearned also the names of the cottagers themselves. The youth and his companion had each of them several names, but the old man had only one, which was father. The girl was called sister, or Agatha; and the youth Felix, brother, or son, I cannot describe the delight I felt when I learned the ideas appropriated to each of these sounds, and was able to pronounce them. I distinguished several other words without being able as yet to understand or apply them; such as good, dearest, unhappy. "I spent the winter in this manner. The gentle manners and beauty of the cottagers greatly endeared them to me: when they were unhappy, I felt depressed; when they rejoiced, I sympathised in their joys, I saw few human beings beside them; and if any other happened to enter the cottage, their barsh manners and rude gait only enhanced to me the superior accomplishments of my friends. The old man, I could perceive often endeavoured to encourage his children as sometimes I found that he called them, to cast off their melancholy. He would talk in a cheerful accent, with an expression of goodness that bestowed pleasure even upon me. Agatha listened with respect, her eves sometimes filled with tears, which she endeavoured to wipe away unperceived; but I generally found that her countenance and tone were more cheerful after having listened to the exhortations of her father. It was not thus with Felix. He was always the saddest of the group; and even to my unpractised senses he appeared to have suffered more deeply than his friends. But if his countenance was more sorrowful, his voice was more cheerful than that of his sister, especially when he addressed the old man. "I could mention innumerable instances, which, although slight, marked the dispositions of these amiable cottagers. In the midst of poverty and want, Felix carried with pleasure to his sister the first little white flower that peeped out from beneath the snowy ground. Early in the morning, before she had risen, he cleared away the snow that obstructed her path to the milkhouse, drew water from the well, and brought the wood from the out-house, where, to his perpetual astonishment, he found his store always replenished by an invisible hand. In the day, I believe, he worked sometimes for a neighbouring farmer, because he often went forth, and did not return until dinner, vet brought no wood with him. At other times he worked in the garden, but, as there was little to do in the frosty season, he read to the old man and Agatha. "This reading had puzzled me extremely at first; but, by degrees, I discovered that he uttered many of the same sounds when he read as when he talked. I conjectured, therefore, that he found on the paper signs for speech which he understood, and I ardently longed to comprehend these also; but how was that possible, when I did not even understand the sounds for which they stood as signs? I improved, however, sensibly in this science, but not sufficiently to follow up any kind of conversation, although I applied my whole mind to the endeavour: for I easily perceived that, although I eagerly longed to discover myself to the cottagers. I ought not to make the attempt until I had first become master of their language; which knowledge might enable me to make them overlook the deformity of my figure; for with this also the contrast perpetually presented to my eyes had made me acquainted. "I had admired the perfect forms of my cottagers-their grace. beauty, and delicate complexions: but how was I terrified when I viewed myself in a transparent pool! At first I started back, unable to

believe that it was indeed I who was reflected in the mirror, and when I became fully conniced that I was in really the morater that I am, I was filled with the bitterest sensations of despondence and morification. Alsa! I did not yet entirely know the fast a flects of this miserable deformity.

"As the sun became warmer, and the light of day longer, the snow

vanished, and I beheld the bare trees and the black earth. From this time Fetx was more employed; and the heart-moving indications of impending famine disappeared. Their food, as I alterwards found, was coarse, but It was wholesome; and they procured a sufficiency of it. Several new kinds of plants syrung up in the garden, which they dressed; and these signs of comfort increased daily as the season arkanced.

"The old man, leaning on his son, walked each day at noon, when it did not rain, as I found it was called when the heavers poured forth its waters. This frequently took place; but a high wind quickly dried the earth, and the season became far more pleasant than it had been.
"My mode of life in my hovel was uniform. During the morning, I

attended the motions of the cottagers; and when they were dispersed in various countries and selected the motions of left between the mainter of the day was spent in observing my friends. When they had retired to rest, if there was any monon, or the night was star-light, I went into the woods, and collected my own food and fuel for the cottage. When I returned, as often as it was necessary, and performed was necessary, and performed those offices that I had seen done by Fels. I afterwards found that these albours, performed by an invisible hand, greatly astonished them; and once or twice I heard them, on these occasions, utler the words good spirit, wonderful by I did not the nunderstand the

signification of these terms.

motives and feelings of these lovely creatures; I was inquisitive to forcing with prefix post and some prefix pre

"My thoughts now became more active, and Honged to discover the

their love.

These thoughts exhitarated me, and led me to apply with fresh ardour to the acquiring the art of language. My organs were indeed entants, but supplying, and although my voice was very unlike the software music of their tones, yet I pronounced such words as I understood with tolerable ease. It was as the ass and the lag-dought yet surely the gentle ass whose intentions were affectionate, although his manners were rude, deserved better treatment than blows and execration.

"The pleasant showers and genial warmth of spring greatly altered

the aspect of the earth. Men, who before this change seemed to have been ridd in caves, dispersed themselves, and were employed in various arts of cultivation. The birds sang in more cheerful notes, and the leaves began to bud forth on the trees. Heppy, heppy earth fit habitation for gods, which, so short a time before, was bleak, damp, and unvirolescene. My spirits were elevated by the enchanting appearance of mature, the past was blotted from my memory, the articulations of four."

CHAPTER XIII

I NOW HASTEN TO the more moving part of my story. I shall relate events that impressed me with feelings which, from what I had been, have made me what I am.

"Spring advanced rapidly, the weather became fine, and the skies cloudless. It surprised me that what before was desert and gloomy should now bloom with the most beautiful flowers and verdure. My senses were gratified and refreshed by a thousand scents of delight, and a thousand sights of beauty.

"I was on one of these days, when my cottagers periodically rested from labour—the old man played on his guitar, and the children listened to him—that I observed the countenance of Felix was melancholy beyond expression; he sighed frequently, and none his father paused in his music, and I conjectured by his manner that he inquired the cause of his son's sorrow. Felix regled in a chereft accent, and the old man was recommencing his music when some one tapoed at the door.

"I was a lady on horseback, accompanied by a countryman as a guide. The lady was dressed in a dark sult, and covered with a thick black veil. Agaths asked a question, to which the stranger only replied by pronouncing, in a sweet accent, the name of Felix. Her voice was musical, but unlike that of either of my fiends. On hearing this word, Felix came up hastly to the lady, who, when she saw him, threw up her veil, and I beheld a countenance of angelic beauty and expression. Her hair of a shrining raven black, and curiously braided; her eyes were dark, but gentle, although animated; her features of a regular proportion, and her complexion wondrously fair, each cheek tinged with a lovely pirk.

Felix seemed ravished with delight when he saw her, every trait of sorrow vanished from his face, and it linstanly expressed a degree of estatic loy, of which I could hardly have believed it capable; his eyes sparked as his cheek flushed with pleasure; and at that moment I thought him as beautiful as the stranger. She appeared affected by different feelings, withing a few teams from her lovely eyes, she held out her hand to Felix, who kissed it rapturously, and called her, as well as I could distinguish; his sweet Arablam. She did not appear to understand him, but smilled, he assisted her to dismount, and conversation look flace between him and his father; and the young stranger knell at the old man's feet, and would have kissed his hand, but he raised her, and embraced her affectionately.

"I soon perceived that, although the stranger uttered articulate

sounds and appeared to have a language of her own, she was neither understood by, not herself understood, the cottagers. They made many signs which I did not comprehend; but I saw that her presence diffused gladness through the cottage, dispelling their sorrow as the sun dissipates the morning mists. Felix seemed peculiarly happy, and with smiles of delight welcomed his Arabian. Agatha, the ever-gentle Agatha, kissed the hands of the lovely stranger; and, pointing to her brother, made signs which appeared to me to mean that he had been sorrowful until she came. Some hours passed thus, while they, by their countenances, expressed joy, the cause of which I did not comprehend. Presently I found, by the frequent recurrence of some sound which the stranger repeated after them, that she was endeavouring to learn their language; and the idea instantly occurred to me that I should make use of the same instructions to the same end. The stranger learned about twenty words at the first lesson, most of them, indeed, were those which I had before understood, but I profited by the others.

"As night came on, Agatha and the Arabian retired early. When they separated, Felix kissed the hand of the stranger, and said, "Good night, sweet Safle." He sat up much longer, conversing with his father: and, by the frequent receition of her name. I conjectured that their lovely guest was the subject of their conversation. I ardently desired to understand them, and bent every faculty towards that purpose, but found it utterly impossible.

"The next morning Felix went out to his work; and, after the usual

occupations of Agatha were finished, the Arabian sat at the feet of the loci man, and, taking his quitate, played some airs so entrancely beaufild that they at once drew tears of sorrow and delight from my eyes. She sang, and her vice flowed in a rich cadence, swelling or dying away, like a rightingale of the woods.

declined it. She played a simple air, and her voice accompanied it in sweet accerts, but unlike the wordrous stain of the stranger. The old man appeared enraptured, and said some words, which Agatha endeavoured to explain to Safle, and by which he appeared to wish to express that she bestowed on him the greatest delight by her music. "The days now passed as peaceably as before, with the sole

The days now passed as peaceably as before, with the sole alteration that by hed taken place of sadness in the countenances of my friends. Saffe was always gay and happy; she and I improved rapidly in the knowledge of language, so that in two months I began to comprehend most of the words uttered by my protectors. In the mean-while also the black ground was covered with herbage, and the green barks interspersed with innumerable flowers, sweet to the scent and the eves. stars of oale radiance among the monolifeth.

woods; the sun became warmer, the rights clear and baimy, and my noncurnal rambles were an externe pleasure to me, although the were considerably shortened by the late setting and early rising of the sur; for Inever reutured abroad during daylight, fearld of meeting the the same treatment I had formerly endured in the first village which I entered.

My days were spent in close attention, that I might more speedily imaster the language: and I may boast that I improved more rapid than the Arabian, who understood very little, and conversed in broken accents, whilst I comprehended and could imitate almost every word that was spoken.

"While Improved in speech, I also learned the science of letters, as it was taught to the stranger; and this opened before me a wide field for wonder and delight.

The heaft from which Fally instructed Sefe was Valence Dules of

for wonder and delight.

"The book from which Felix instructed Safie was Volney's Ruins of Empires. I should not have understood the purport of this book, had not Felix, in reading it, given very minute explanations. He had chosen

Empires-I should not have understood the purport of this book, had not Felx, Inreading It, given very minute explanations. He had chosen this work, he said, because the declamatory style was framed in imitation of the eastern authors. Through this work I obtained a cursory knowledge of history, and a view of the several empires at present existing in the world; It gow me an insight into the manners, governments, and religions of the different nations of the earth. Iheard of the softhal Assidiance of the softhal Assidiance of the softhal Assidiance of the soft the Carlos of the wars and wonderful virtue of the early Romans—of their subsequent decenerating—of the decline of that miniby.

empire; of chivalry, Chrisfiantly, and kings. I heard of the discovery of the American hemisphere, and wept with Saflie over the hapless fate of its original inhabitants.

"These wonderful namaltons inspired me with strange feelings. Was man, indeed, at once so powerful, so virtuous and magnificent, yet so viduous and hase?" he appeared at one time a mere scion of the evil principle, and at another as all that can be conceived of noble and coolike. To be a creat and virtuous man appeared the highest honor.

record have been, appeared the lowest degradation, a condition more abject than that of the bind mole or harmless worm. For a long time I could not conceive how one man could go forth to murder his fellow, or even why there were laws and governments; but when I heard details of vice and bloodshed, my wonder ceased, and I turned away with disgust and loathing.

that can befall a sensitive being; to be base and vicious, as many on

"Every conversation of the cottagers now opened new wonders to

me. While I listened to the instructions which Felix bestowed upon the Arabian, the strange system of human society was explained to me. I heard of the division of property, of immense wealth and squalid poverty, of rank, descent, and noble blood.

"The words induced me to burn towards mself. I learned that the

only one of these advantages; but, without either, he was considered, except in every rare instances, as a vapaboral and a slave, doomed to waste his powers for the profits of the chosen few! And what was ?? Of my creation and creator I was absolutely ignorate, but I knew that I possessed no money, no friends, no kind of property. I was, besides, endudue with a figure hideously deformed and loatsome; I was not even of the same nature as man. I was more agile than they, and could subsist upon coarser direl; to bore the extremes of heat and cold with less injury to my frame; my stature far exceeded theirs. When I looked around, I saw and heard of none like me. Was I then a

possessions most esteemed by your fellow-creatures were high and

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knowledge. Oh, that I had for ever remained in my native wood, nor known nor felt beyond the sensations of hunger, thirst, and heat!

"Of what a strange nature is knowledge! It clings to the mind, when

it has once seized on it, like a lichen on the rock. I wished sometimes to shake off all thought and feeling; but I learned that there was but one means to overcome the sensation of pain, and that was death—a state which I feared yet clid not understand. I admired virtue and good feelings, and loved the gentle manners and amiable qualities of my cottagers; but I was shut out from intercourse with them, except through means which I obtained by stealth, when I was unseen and

unknown, and which rather increased than satisfied the desire I had of becoming one among my fellows. The gentle words of Agatha, and

the animated smiles of the charming Arabian, were not for me. The mild exhortations of the old man, and the lively conversation of the loved Felix, were not for me. Misenable, unhappy week?! "Other lessons were impressed upon me even more deeply. I heard of the difference of sews; and the birth and growth of children, how the father deated on the smiles of the infant, and the lively sallies of this older childr beautiful the life. I find entire of the norther uses warmond

the older child; how all the life and cares of the mother were wrapped up in the precious charge; how the mind of youth eyanded and gained knowledge, of brother, sister, and all the various relationships which bind one human being to another in mutual bonds. "But where were my friends and relations? No father had watched

my infant days, no mother had blessed me with smiles and caresses; or if they had, all my past life was now a blot a bind vacancy in which I dislinguished nothing. From my earliest remembrance I had been as I then was in helight and proportion. I had onever yet seen at a bing resembling me, or who claimed any intercourse with me. What was ?? The question again recurred, to be answered only with groans.

"I will soon explain to what these feelings tended; but allow me now to return to the cottages, whose story exided in me such various feelings of indignation, delight, and wonder, but which all terminated in additional love and reverence for my protectors (for so I loved, in an innocent, half painful self-decelt, to call them)."

CHAPTER XIV

SOME TIME ELAPSED BEFORE I learned the history of my friends. It was one which could not fail to impress itself deeply on my mind, unfolding as it did a number of circumstances, each interesting and wonderful to one so utterly inexperienced as I was.

The name of the old man was De Lacey. He was descended from a good family in France, where he had lived for many years in affluence, respected by his superiors and beloved by his equals. His son was bred in the service of his country, and Agatha had ranked with ladies of the highest distinction. A few months before my arrival they had lived in a large and luxuious city called Paris, surrounded by friends, and possessed of every enjoyment which withe, refinement of intellect, or talse, accomparied by a moderate fortune, could afford.

The father of Safle had been the cause of their ruin. He was a Twish merchant, and had inhabited Paris for many years, when, for some reason which I could not learn, he became obnoxious to the government. He was seized and cast into prison the very day that Safle arrived from Constantinople. If to pin him, the was tried and condermed to death. The injustice of his sentence was very flagrant, all Paris was indignant; and it was judged that his religion and wealth, rather than the crime alleged against him, had been the cause of his condemnation.

"Felix had accidentally been present at the trial: his horror and indignation were uncontrollable when he heard the decision of the court. He made at that moment a solemn yow to deliver him, and then looked around for the means. After many fruitless attempts to gain admittance to the prison, he found a strongly grated window in an unquarded part of the building which lighted the dungeon of the unfortunate Mahom etan: who, loaded with chains, waited in despair the execution of the barbarous sentence. Felix visited the grate at night, and made known to the prisoner his intentions in his favour. The Turk amazed and delighted endeavoured to kindle the zeal of his deliverer by promises of reward and wealth. Felix rejected his offers with contempt; yet when he saw the lovely Safie, who was allowed to visit her father, and who, by her gestures, expressed her lively gratitude, the youth could not help owning to his own mind that the captive possessed a treasure which would fully reward his toil and hazard. "The Turk quickly perceived the impression that his daughter had

the event as to the consummation of his happiness. "During the ensuing days, while the preparations were going forward for the escape of the merchant, the zeal of Felix was warmed by several letters that he received from this lovely girl, who found means to express her thoughts in the language of the rover by the aid of an old man, a servant of her father, who understood French. She tharked him in the most ardent terms for his intended services towards her parent; and at the same time she gently deplored her own fate.

made on the heart of Felix, and endeavoured to secure him more entirely in his interests by the promise of her hand in marriage, so soon as he should be conveyed to a place of safety. Felix was too delicate to accept this offer, yet he looked forward to the probability of

"I have copies of these letters; for I found means, during my residence in the hovel, to procure the implements of writing; and the letters were often in the hands of Felix or Agatha. Before I depart, I will give them to you, they will prove the truth of my tale; but at present, as the sun is already far declined, I shall only have time to repeat the substance of them to you.

"Safie related that her mother was a Christian Arab, seized and made a slave by the Turks; recommended by her beauty, she had won the heart of the father of Safie, who married her. The young girl spoke in high and enthusiastic terms of her mother, who, born in many leagues from Paris. Felix had procured passports in the name of his father sister and himself. He had previously communicated his plan to the former who aided the deceit by quitting his house under the pretence of a journey and concealed himself, with his daughter, in an obscure part of Paris. "Felix conducted the fugitives through France to Lyons, and across Mont Cenis to Leghom, where the merchant had decided to wait a favourable opportunity of passing into some part of the Turkish

"Safie resolved to remain with her father until the moment of his departure, before which time the Turk renewed his promise that she should be united to his deliverer; and Felix remained with them in expectation of that event: and in the meantime he enjoyed the society of the Arabian, who exhibited towards him the simplest and tenderest affection. They conversed with one another through the means of an interpreter, and sometimes with the interpretation of looks; and Safie sang to him the divine airs of her native country.

"The Turk allowed this intimacy to take place, and encouraged the hopes of the youthful lovers, while in his heart he had formed far other plans. He loathed the idea that his daughter should be united to a Christian: but he feared the resentment of Felix, if he should appear lukewarm; for he knew that he was still in the power of his deliverer, if he should choose to betray him to the Italian state which they

dominions and

freedom, sourned the bondage to which she was now reduced. She instructed her daughter in the tenets of her religion, and taught her to aspire to higher powers of intellect, and an independence of spirit. forbidden to the female followers of Mahomet. This lady died; but her lessons were indelibly impressed on the mind of Safie, who sickened at the prospect of again returning to Asia and being immured within the walls of a harem, allowed only to occupy herself with infantile amusements, ill suited to the temper of her soul, now accustomed to grand ideas and a noble emulation for virtue. The prospect of marrying a Christian, and remaining in a country where women were allowed to take a rank in society, was enchanting to her. "The day for the execution of the Turk was fixed; but, on the night previous to it, he guitted his prison, and before morning was distant

inhabited. He revolved a thousand plans by which he should be enabled to prolong the deceit until it might be no longer necessary. and secretly to take his daughter with him when he departed. His plans were facilitated by the news which arrived from Paris. "The government of France were greatly enraged at the escape of their victim, and spared no pains to detect and punish his deliverer. The plot of Felix was quickly discovered, and De Lacey and Agatha were thrown into prison. The news reached Felix, and roused him

from his dream of pleasure. His blind and aged father, and his gentle sister, lay in a noisome dungeon, while he enjoyed the free air and the society of her whom he loved. This idea was torture to him. He quickly arranged with the Turks that if the latter should find a favourable opportunity for escape before Felix could return to Italy, Safie should remain as a boarder at a convent at Leghom; and then, quitting the

lovely Arabian, he hastened to Paris, and delivered himself up to the vengeance of the law, hoping to free De Lacey and Agatha by this proceeding. "He did not succeed. They remained confined for five months

before the trial took place; the result of which deprived them of their fortune, and condemned them to a perpetual exile from their native country.

"They found a miserable asylum in the cottage in Germany where I discovered them. Felix soon learned that the treacherous Turk, for whom he and his family endured such unheard-of oppression, on discovering that his deliverer was thus reduced to poverty and ruin,

became a traitor to good feeling and honour, and had quitted Italy with his daughter, insultingly sending Felix a pittance of money, to aid him. as he said, in some plan of future maintenance. "Such were the events that preyed on the heart of Felix, and

rendered him, when I first saw him, the most miserable of his family He could have endured poverty; and while this distress had been the meed of his virtue, he gloried in it; but the ingratitude of the Turk, and the loss of his beloved Safie, were misfortunes more bitter and irreparable. The arrival of the Arabian now infused new life into his soul

"When the news reached Leghorn that Felix was deprived of his wealth and rank, the merchant commanded his daughter to think no more of her lover, but to prepare to return to her native country. The generous nature of Safie was outraged by this command; she

attempted to expostulate with her father, but he left her angrily. reiterating his tyrannical mandate

"A few days after, the Turk entered his daughter's apartment, and told her hastily that he had reason to believe that his residence at

Leghorn had been divulged, and that he should speedily be delivered up to the French government: he had, consequently, hired a vessel to convey him to Constantinople, for which city he should sail in a few hours. He intended to leave his daughter under the care of a

confidential servant, to follow at her leisure with the greater part of his property, which had not yet arrived at Leghorn. "When alone. Safie resolved in her own mind the plan of conduct that it would become her to pursue in this emergency. A residence in

Turkey was abhorrent to her; her religion and her feelings were alike adverse to it. By some papers of her father which fell into her hands. she heard of the exile of her lover, and learnt the name of the soot

where he then resided. She hesitated some time, but at length she formed her determination. Taking with her some lewels that belonged. to her, and a sum of money, she quitted Italy with an attendant, a native of Leghorn, but who understood the common language of

Turkey, and departed for Germany. "She arrived in safety at a town about twenty leagues from the cottage of De Lacey, when her attendant fell dangerously ill. Safie nursed her with the most devoted affection; but the poor girl died, and the Arabian was left alone, unacquainted with the language of the

country, and utterly ignorant of the customs of the world. She fell. however, into good hands. The Italian had mentioned the name of the spot for which they were bound; and, after her death, the woman of the house in which they had lived took care that Safie should arrive in safety at the cottage of her lover."

CHAPTER XV

SUCH WAS THE HISTORY of my beloved cottagers. It impressed me deeply. I learned, from the views of social life which it developed, to admire their virtues, and to deprecate the vices of mankind.

me deepily, liearned, from the views of social line which it developed, to admire their virtues, and to deprecate the vices of mankind.

"As yet I looked upon crime as a distant evil; benevolence and generosity were ever present before me, inciting within me a desire

To become an actor in the busy scene where so many admirable qualities were called forth and displayed. But, in giving an account of the progress of my intellect, I must not omit a circumstance which occurred in the beginning of the month of August of the same year. "One night, during my accustomed wist to the neighboring wood,

where I collected my own food, and brought home firing for my protectors. I found on the ground a leathern portmarteau containing several articles of dress and some books. Leagenly seized the prize, and returned with it to my fovel. Fortunately the books were written in the language the elements of which I had acquired at the cottage, they consisted of Paradise Lost, a volume of Plutarch's Lives, and The Sorrows of Wetter. The possession of these treasures gave me extreme delight; I now continually studied and exercised my mind upon these histories, whilst my friends were employed in their

extreme delight: I now continually studied and exercised my mind upon these histories, whilst my friends were employed in their ordinary occupations. "I can hardly describe to you the effect of these books. They produced in me an infinity of new images and feelings that sometimes raised me to ecstasy, but more frequently sunk me into the lowest delection. In the Sorrows of Werter, besides the interest of its simple and affecting story, so many opinions are canvassed, and so many lights thrown upon what had hitherto been to me obscure subjects, that I found in it a never-ending source of speculation and astonishment. The gentle and domestic manners it described. combined with lofty sentiments and feelings, which had for their object something out of self, accorded well with my experience among my protectors, and with the wants which were for ever alive in my own bosom. But I thought Werter himself a more divine being than I had ever beheld or imagined: his character contained no pretension, but it sunk deep. The disquisitions upon death and suicide were calculated to fill me with wonder. I did not pretend to enter into the merits of the case, yet I inclined towards the opinions of the hero, whose extinction I wept, without precisely understanding it.

As I read, however, lapplied much personally to my own feelings and condition. I lound myself similar, yet at the same time strangely utilitie to the beings concerning whom I read, and to whose conversation I was a listener. I sympathised with, and partly understood them, but I was unformed in mind; I was dependent on none and related to none. The path of my departure was free? and none and related to none. The path of my departure was free? and and my stature gigantic. What did this mean? Who was P What was P Whence did I come? What was my destination? These questions.

continually recurred, but I was unable to solve them.

The volume of Plutarch's Lives, which I possessed, contained the histories of the first founders of the ancient republics. This book had a far different effect upon me from the Sorrows of Werter. I learned from Werter's imaginations despondercy and gloom: but Plutarch taught me high thoughts; be elevated me above the wretched sphere of my own reflections to admire and love the heroes of past ages. Many things I read supassed my understanding and experience. I had a very conflued knowledge of highgoms, wide extent sof courty, mighty rivers, and boundless seas. But I was perfectly unacquarited protectors had been the only school in which I had studied human nature; but this book developed new and mightier scenes of action. I read of men concerned in public affairs, governing or massacring their species. I felt the greatest ardour for virtue rise within me, and abhorence for vice, as far as I understood the signification of those

Romulus and Theseus 3 The patriarchal lives of my protectors caused these impressions to take a firm hold on my mind; perhaps, if my first introduction to humanity had been made by a young soldier burning. for glory and slaughter, I should have been imbued with different eeneatione "But Paradise Lost excited different and far deeper emotions. I

terms, relative as they were, as I applied them, to pleasure and pain alone, Induced by these feelings. I was of course led to admire peaceable lawgivers. Numa. Solon, and Lycurgus, in preference to

read it as I had read the other volumes which had fallen into my hands as a true history. It moved every feeling of wonder and awe that the picture of an omnipotent God warring with his creatures was capable of exciting. I often referred the several situations, as their

similarity struck me, to my own, Like Adam, I was apparently united by no link to any other being in existence; but his state was far different from mine in every other respect. He had come forth from the hands of God a perfect creature, happy and prosperous, guarded by the especial care of his Creator: he was allowed to converse with, and acquire knowledge from beings of a superior nature; but I was wretched, helpless, and alone. Many times I considered Satan as the

fitter emblem of my condition; for often like him, when I viewed the bliss of my protectors, the bitter gall of envy rose within me. "Another circumstance strengthened and confirmed these feelings.

Soon after my arrival in the hovel I discovered some papers in the pocket of the dress which I had taken from your laboratory At first I. had neglected them; but now that I was able to decipher the

characters in which they were written, I began to study them with diligence. It was your journal of the four months that preceded my

creation. You minutely described in these papers every step you took in the progress of your work; this history was mingled with accounts of domestic occurrences. You, doubtless, recollect these papers. Here

they are. Everything is related in them which bears reference to my accursed origin; the whole detail of that series of disgusting circumstances which produced it is set in view; the minutest description of my odious and loathsome person is given, in language which painted your own horrors and rendered mine indelible. I sickened as I read. 'Hateful day when I received life!' I exclaimed in

agony, 'Accursed creator! Why did you form a monster so hideous that even you turned from me in disgust? God, in pity, made man beautiful and alluring, after his own image; but my form is a filthy type of yours, more horrid even from the very resemblance. Satan had his companions, fellow-devils, to admire and encourage him; but I am solitary and abhorred.' "These were the reflections of my hours of despondency and solitude: but when I contemplated the virtues of the cottagers, their

amiable and benevolent dispositions. I persuaded myself that when they should become acquainted with my admiration of their virtues, they would compassionate me, and overlook my personal deformity. Could they turn from their door one, however monstrous, who solicited their compassion and friendship? I resolved, at least, not to despair, but in every way to fit myself for an interview with them which would decide my fate. I postponed this attempt for some months longer; for

the importance attached to its success inspired me with a dread lest I should fail. Besides, I found that my understanding improved so much with every day's experience that I was unwilling to commence this undertaking until a few more months should have added to my sagacity.

"Several changes, in the meantime, took place in the cottage. The presence of Safie diffused happiness among its inhabitants; and I also found that a greater degree of plenty reigned there. Felix and Agatha spent more time in amusement and conversation, and were assisted in their labours by servants. They did not appear rich, but they were contented and happy, their feelings were serene and peaceful, while mine became every day more tumultuous. Increase of

knowledge only discovered to me more clearly what a wretched

outcast I was. I cherished hope, it is true; but it vanished when I beheld my person reflected in water, or my shadow in the moonshine, even as that frail image and that inconstant shade "I endeavoured to crush these fears, and to fortify myself for the trial which in a few months I resolved to undergo; and sometimes I allowed my thoughts, unchecked by reason, to ramble in the fields of Paradise and dared to fancy amiable and lovely creatures

apparel of summer; when those deserted me. I turned with more attention towards the cottagers. Their happiness was not decreased by the absence of summer. They loved, and sympathised with one another; and their joys, depending on each other, were not interrupted.

sympathising with my feelings, and cheering my gloom; their angelic countenances breathed smiles of consolation. But it was all a dream: no Eve soothed my sorrows, nor shared my thoughts: I was alone. I remembered Adam's supplication to his Creator. 4 But where was mine? He had abandoned me; and, in the bitterness of my heart, I

"Autumn passed thus I saw with surprise and grief the leaves decay and fall, and nature again assume the barren and bleak appearance it had worn when I first beheld the woods and the lovely moon. Yet I did not heed the bleakness of the weather: I was better

cursed him.

fitted by my conformation for the endurance of cold than heat. But my

by the casualties that took place around them. The more I saw of them, the greater became my desire to claim their protection and kindness; my heart yearned to be known and loved by these amiable creatures: to see their sweet looks directed towards me with affection

chief delights were the sight of the flowers, the birds, and all the gay

was the utmost limit of my ambition. I dared not think that they would turn them from me with disdain and horror. The poor that stopped at their door were never driven away. Lasked, it is true, for greater treasures than a little food or rest: I required kindness and sympathy; but I did not believe myself utterly unworthy of it. "The winter advanced, and an entire revolution of the seasons had taken place since I awoke into life. My attention, at this time, was solely directed towards my plan of introducing myself into the cottage

of my protectors. I revolved many projects: but that on which I finally fixed was, to enter the dwelling when the blind old man should be alone. I had sagacity enough to discover that the unnatural hideousness of my person was the chief object of horror with those who had formerly beheld me. My voice, although harsh, had nothing terrible in it: I thought, therefore, that if, in the absence of his children, I could gain the good-will and mediation of the old De Lacey. I might. by his means, be tolerated by my younger protectors. "One day, when the sun shone on the red leaves that strewed the

Agatha, and Felix departed on a long country walk, and the old man. at his own desire, was left alone in the cottage. When his children had departed, he took up his guitar, and played several mournful but sweet airs, more sweet and moumful than I had ever heard him play before. At first his countenance was illuminated with pleasure, but, as he continued, thoughtfulness and sadness succeeded; at length, laying aside the instrument, he sat absorbed in reflection. "My heart beat quick: this was the hour and moment of trial which would decide my hopes or realise my fears. The servants were gone

ground, and diffused cheerfulness, although it denied warmth, Safie.

my limbs failed me, and I sank to the ground. Again I rose; and, exerting all the firmness of which I was master, removed the planks which I had placed before my hovel to conceal my retreat. The fresh air revived me, and, with renewed determination, I approached the door of their cottage. "I knocked. 'Who is there?' said the old man-'Come in.'

to a neighbouring fair. All was silent in and around the cottage: it was an excellent opportunity; yet, when I proceeded to execute my plan,

"I entered; 'Pardon this intrusion,' said I: 'I am a traveller in want of a little rest; you would greatly oblige me if you would allow me to remain a few minutes before the fire."

" 'Enter,' said De Lacey, 'and I will try in what manner I can relieve your wants; but, unfortunately, my children are from home, and, as I am blind. I am afraid I shall find it difficult to procure food for you." "'Do not trouble yourself, my kind host. I have food: it is warmth and rest only that I need ' "I sat down, and a silence ensued, I knew that every minute was precious to me, yet I remained irresolute in what manner to

"'By your language stranger I suppose you are my countryman:are you French? " 'No; but I was educated by a French family, and understand that

commence the interview; when the old man addressed me-

language only. I am now going to claim the protection of some friends, whom I sincerely love, and of whose favour I have some hones." " 'Are they Germans?'

" 'No, they are French. But let us change the subject. I am an unfortunate and deserted creature: I look around, and I have no relation or friend upon earth. These amiable people to whom I go

have never seen me, and know little of me. Lam full of fears: for if I fail there. Lam an outcast in the world for ever."

" 'Do not despair. To be friendless is indeed to be unfortunate; but the hearts of men, when unprejudiced by any obvious self-interest, are full of brotherly love and charity. Rely, therefore, on your hopes; and if these friends are good and amiable, do not despair."

"'They are kind-they are the most excellent creatures in the world; but, unfortunately, they are prejudiced against me. I have good dispositions: my life has been hitherto harmless, and in some degree

beneficial: but a fatal prejudice clouds their eyes, and where they ought to see a feeling and kind friend, they behold only a detestable monster'

" 'That is indeed unfortunate: but if you are really blameless, cannot vou undeceive them?

" 'I am about to undertake that task; and it is on that account that I feel so many overwhelming terrors. I tenderly love these friends: I

have, unknown to them, been for many months in the habits of daily kindness towards them; but they believe that I wish to injure them, and it is that prejudice which I wish to overcome."

" 'Where do these friends reside?' " 'Near this snot '

"The old man paused, and then continued, 'If you will unreservedly confide to me the particulars of your tale. I perhaps may be of use in undeceiving them. I am blind, and cannot judge of your countenance.

but there is something in your words which persuades me that you are sincere. I am poor, and an exile; but it will afford me true pleasure to be in any way serviceable to a human creature." " 'Excellent man! I thank you, and accept your generous offer. You

raise me from the dust by this kindness; and I trust that, by your aid, I shall not be driven from the society and sympathy of your fellowcreatures.

" 'Heaven forbid! even if you were really criminal; for that can only drive you to desperation, and not instigate you to virtue. I also am unfortunate: I and my family have been condemned, although

innocent: judge, therefore, if I do not feel for your misfortunes."

"'How can I thank you, my best and only benefactor? From your lips

first have I heard the voice of kindness directed towards me; I shall be

for ever grateful; and your present humanity assures me of success

with those friends whom I am on the point of meeting."

"I paused. This, I thought, was the moment of decision, which was

to rob me of, or bestow happiness on me for ever. I struggled vainly

" 'May I know the names and residence of those friends?'

for firmness sufficient to answer him, but the effort destroyed all my remaining strength: I sank on the chair, and sobbed aloud. At that moment I heard the steps of my younger protectors. I had not a moment to lose; but, seizing the hand of the old man, I cried, 'Now is

the time!—save and protect me! You and your family are the friends. whom I seek. Do not you desert me in the hour of trial!

"'Great God!' exclaimed the old man. 'who are you?'

"At that instant the cottage door was opened, and Felix Safie, and

Agatha entered. Who can describe their horror and consternation on beholding me? Agatha fainted: and Safie unable to attend to her friend, rushed out of the cottage. Felix darted forward, and with supernatural force tore me from his father, to whose knees I clung: in a transport of fury, he dashed me to the ground and struck me violently with a stick. I could have torn him limb from limb, as the lion rends the antelope. But my heart sunk within me as with bitter sickness, and I refrained. I saw him on the point of repeating his blow.

when overcome by pain and anguish. I guitted the cottage and in the general fumult escaped unperceived to my hovel "

CHAPTER XVI

CURSED, CURSED CREATOR!\(^\delta\) wild if live? Why, in that instant, did In tot exinguish the spark of existence which you had so warby bestowed? I know not; despair had not yet taken possession of me, we feeling were those of rage and reverge. I could with pleasing the destroyed the cottage and its inhabitants, and have glutted myself with their strikes and misney.

When night came, I quitted my retreat, and wandered in the wood; and now, no longer restained by the fear of discover), I gaw went to my anguish in fearful howlings. I was like a wild beast that had broken the tolis', destroying the objects that obstructed me, and ranging through the wood with a stag-like swiffness. Of what a miserable night I passed! the cold stars shone in mockery, and the bare trees waved their branches above me: now and then the sweet voice of a bird burst forth amidst the universal silleness. All, save I were at rest or in enjoyment. I, like the arch-fiend, bore a hell within me² and, finding myself ursym paintised with, withhed to loar up the trees, spread havoc and destruction around me, and then to have sait down and enlowed the ruin.

"But this was a lucury of sensation that could not endure; I became latigued with excess of bodily exertion, and sark on the damp grass in the sick impotence of despair. There was none among the myriads of men that evisted who would pity or assist me; and should I feel kindness towards my enemies? No: from that moment I declared everlasting war against the species, and, more than all, against him who had formed me, and sent me forth to this insupportable miseny.

"The sun rose; I heard the voices of men, and knew that it was impossible to return to my retreat during that day. Accordingly I hid myself in some thick underwood, determining to devote the ensuing hours to reflection on my situation.

The pleasant surshine, and the pure air of day, restored me to some degree of tranquility, and when I considered with that plassed at the cottage, I could not help believing that I had been too hasty in my conclusions. I had certainly acted impruserly it was apparent that my comestation had interested the father in my behalf, and I was a fool in having opposed my person to be hornor of the chidden. Logist do in having opposed my person to be hornor of the chidden. Logist client of the chidden of the chiden of the chidden of the chiden of the chidden of the chiden of the chidden of the chiden of the chidden of the

party. "These thoughts calmed me, and in the aftermoon I sank into a profound sleep; but the fever of my blood did not allow me to be visited by peaceful dreams. The hornible scene of the preceding day was for ever acting before my eyes, the females were flying, and the erraged Felix tearing me from his father's feet. I awoke exhausted; and, finding that it was already night. I crept forth from my hidingplace, and wert in search of food.

"When my hunger was appeased, I directed my steps towards the

well-known path that conducted to the cottage. All there was at peace. I cept into my hovel, and remained in silent expectation of the accustomed hour when the family arose. That hour passed, the sun mounted high in the heavens, but the cottagers did not appear. I trembled violently, apprehending some dreadful misforture. The inside of the cottage was dark, and I heard no motion; I cannot describe the agonty of this suspension.

"Presently two countrymen passed by, but, pausing near the cottage, they entered into conversation, using violent gesticulations; but I did not understand what they said, as they spoke the language of the country, which differed from that of my protectors. Soon after, however, Felix approached with another man: I was surprised, as I anxiously to discover from his discourse the meaning of these unusual annearances " 'Do you consider,' said his companion to him, 'that you will be obliged to pay three months' rent, and to lose the produce of your garden? I do not wish to take any unfair advantage, and I beg therefore that you will take some days to consider of your determination ' " 'It is utterly useless,' replied Felix; 'we can never again inhabit your cottage. The life of my father is in the greatest danger, owing to the dreadful circumstance that I have related. My wife and my sister will never recover their horror. I entreat you not to reason with me any

knew that he had not quitted the cottage that morning, and waited

more. Take possession of your tenement, and let me fly from this "Felix trembled violently as he said this. He and his companion entered the cottage, in which they remained for a few minutes, and then departed. I never saw any of the family of De Lacey more. "I continued for the remainder of the day in my hovel in a state of

place '

woods.

utter and stunid desnair. My protectors had departed, and had broken the only link that held me to the world. For the first time the feelings of revenge and hatred filled my bosom, and I did not strive to control

them; but, allowing myself to be borne away by the stream. I bent my mind towards injury and death. When I thought of my friends, of the mild voice of De Lacey, the gentle eyes of Agatha, and the exquisite beauty of the Arabian, these thoughts vanished, and a gush of tears.

somewhat soothed me. But again, when I reflected that they had spurned and deserted me, anger returned, a rage of anger; and, unable to injure anything human, I turned my fury towards inanimate objects. As night advanced. I placed a variety of combustibles around the cottage; and, after having destroyed every vestige of cultivation in

the garden, I waited with forced impatience until the moon had sunk to commence my operations. "As the night advanced, a fierce wind arose from the woods, and

quickly dispersed the clouds that had loitered in the heavens; the blast tore along like a mighty avalanche, and produced a kind of insanity in my spirits that burst all bounds of reason and reflection. I lighted the dry branch of a tree, and danced with fury around the devoted cottage, my eyes still fixed on the western horizon, the edge of which the moon nearly touched. A part of its orb was at length hid. and I waved my brand: it sunk, and, with a loud scream. I fired the straw, and heath, and bushes, which I had collected. The wind fanned the fire, and the cottage was quickly enveloped by the flames,2 which clung to it, and licked it with their forked and destroying tongues. "As soon as I was convinced that no assistance could save any part of the habitation. I quitted the scene and sought for refuge in the

"And now, with the world before me, whither should I bend my steps? I resolved to fly far from the scene of my misfortunes; but to me, hated and despised, every country must be equally horrible. At length the thought of you crossed my mind. I learned from your papers that you were my father, my creator; and to whom could I apply with more fitness than to him who had given me life? Among the lessons that Felix had bestowed upon Safie, geography had not been omitted. I had learned from these the relative situations of the different countries of the earth. You had mentioned Geneva as the name of your native town; and towards this place I resolved to proceed.

"But how was I to direct myself? I knew that I must travel in a southwesterly direction to reach my destination; but the sun was my only guide. I did not know the names of the towns that I was to pass through, nor could I ask information from a single human being; but I did not despair. From you only could I hope for succour, although towards you I felt no sentiment but that of hatred. Unfeeling, heartless

creator! you had endowed me with perceptions and passions, and then cast me abroad an object for the scorn and horror of mankind. But on you only had I any claim for pity and redress, and from you I determined to seek that justice which I vainly attempted to gain from any other being that wover the human form.

"My travels were long, and the sufferings I endured intense. It was late in authum when I quitted the district where I had so long resided. I travelled only at night, fearful of encountering the visage of a human being. Nature decement amount on and the sum hecame heatless:

shelter. Oh, earth! how often did I imprecate curses on the cause of my being! The mildness of my nature had fled, and all within me was lumed to gall and bitterness. The nearer I approached to your habitation, the more deeply did I fled the spirit of reverge enrichled in my heart. Snow fleil, and the waters were hardened; but Insted not A flew incidents now and then directed me, and I possessed a map of the country, but often wandered wide from my calls. The aconvor fur

rain and snow poured around me; mighty rivers were frozen; the surface of the earth was hard, and chill, and bare, and I found no

the country, but I often wandered wide from my path. The agony of my feelings allowed me no respite no incident occurred from which my rage and misery could not extract its foot; but a circumstance that happened when larrived on the confines of Switzendard, when the sun had recovered its warmth, and the earth again began to look green, confirmed in an especial manner the bittemess and horror of my feelings.

1 generally rested during the day, and travelled only when I was secured by right from the view of man. One morning, however, finding that my path lay through a deep wood, I ventured to confiture my

that my path lay through a deep wood, I ventured to confirue my journey after the sun had risen; the day, which was one of the first of spring, cheered even me by the loveliness of its sunshine and the balminess of the air I felt emolitons of gentleness and pleasure, that had long appeared dead, revive within me. Half surprised by the novelly of these sensations, I allowed myself to be borne away by them; and, forgetting my solitude and deformity, dared to be happy. Soft tears again bedeved my cheeks, and I even raised my humid yees with transfuliness towards the blessed sun which bestowed such

eyes with transfurness owners are biassed sun winch desired such if continued to wind among the paths of the vood, until came to its boundary, which was skinted by a deep and rapid river, into which spring. Here I paused, not exactly knowing what path to pursue, when I heard the sound of vicies that induced me to conceal impelf under the shade of a cypress. I was scancely hid, when a young girl came running towards the spot where I was concealed, laghing, as if she

running towards the spot where I was concealed, laughing, as If she ran from some one in spot. She continued her course along the precipitus sides of the river, when sudderly her foot sipt, and she fell into the rapid stream. I rushed from my hiding-place; and, with weterne labour from the force of the current, saved her, and dragoged her to shore. She was senseless; and I endeavoured by every means in my power to restore animation, when I was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a rustic, who was probably the person from whom she had playfully fled. On seeing me, he darted towards me, and tearing the sirt from my arms, I settened towards the deeper parts of

the wood. I followed speedily, I hardy knew why, but when the man saw me draw near, he aimed a gu, which he carried, at my body, and fired. I sunk to the ground, and my injurer, with increased switness, escaped into the wood.

"This was then the reward of my benevolence! I had saved a human being from destruction, and, as a recompense, I now writhed under being from destruction, and, as a recompense, I now writhed under The feelings of kindness and gentleness with hi lad entertained but a few moments before gave place to helish rape and ungashing of teeth.

Inflamed by pain, I wowed eternal hatred and vengeance to all markind. But the agony of my wound overcame me; my pulses paused, and I fainted.

"For some weeks I led a miserable life in the woods, endeavouring to cure the wound which I had received. The ball had entered my

to cure the wound which I had received. The ball had entered my shoulder, and I knew not whether it had remained there or passed through; at any rate I had no means of extracting it. My sufferings were augmented also by the oppressive sense of the injustice and ingratitude of their infliction. My daily yows rose for revenge—a deep and deadly revenge such as would alone compensate for the outrages and anguish I had endured "After some weeks my wound healed, and I continued my journey, The labours I endured were no longer to be alleviated by the bright sun or gentle breezes of spring; all joy was but a mockery which insulted my desolate state, and made me feel more painfully that I

was not made for the enjoyment of pleasure. "But my toils now drew near a close; and in two months from this time I reached the environs of Geneva.

"It was evening when Larrived, and Litetized to a hiding-place among the fields that surround it, to meditate in what manner I should apply to you. I was oppressed by fatigue and hunger, and far too unhappy to enjoy the gentle breezes of evening, or the prospect of the sun setting

behind the stupendous mountains of Jura. "At this time a slight sleep relieved me from the pain of reflection."

which was disturbed by the approach of a beautiful child, who came running into the recess I had chosen with all the sportiveness of infancy. Suddenly, as I gazed on him, an idea seized me, that this little creature was unprejudiced, and had lived too short a time to have imbibed a horror of deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him, and

educate him as my companion and friend. I should not be so desolate in this peopled earth. "Urged by this impulse. I seized on the boy as he passed and drew him towards me. As soon as he beheld my form, he placed his hands

before his eyes and uttered a shrill scream; I drew his hand forcibly from his face, and said, 'Child, what is the meaning of this? I do not intend to hurt you: listen to me.' "He struagled violently, 'Let me go,' he cried; 'monster! ugly wretch! you wish to eat me, and tear me to pieces-You are an ogre-Let me go, or I will tell my papa."

" 'Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me ' " 'Hideous monster! let me go. My papa is a Syndic-he is M.

Frankenstein—he will punish you. You dare not keep me.' " 'Frankenstein! you belong then to my enemy-to him towards whom I have sworn eternal revenge: you shall be my first victim."

"The child still struggled, and loaded me with epithets which carried despair to my heart; I grasped his throat to silence him, and in a

moment he lay dead at my feet. "I gazed on my victim, and my heart swelled with exultation and hellish triumph: clapping my hands, I exclaimed, 'I, too, can create desolation; my enemy is not invulnerable: this death will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him."

"As I fixed my eyes on the child, I saw something glittering on his breast. I took it; it was a portrait of a most lovely woman. In spite of my malignity, it softened and attracted me. For a few moments I gazed with delight on her dark eyes, fringed by deep lashes, and her lovely lips; but presently my rage returned: I remembered that I was for ever

disgust and affright.

in the loveliness of youth and health. Here, I thought, is one of those

the attempt to destroy them.

me, have changed that air of divine benignity to one expressive of "Can you wonder that such thoughts transported me with rage? I only wonder that at that moment, instead of venting my sensations in exclamations and agony. I did not rush among mankind and perish in

deprived of the delights that such beautiful creatures could bestow: and that she whose resemblance I contemplated would, in regarding

"While I was overcome by these feelings, I left the spot where I had

committed the murder, and seeking a more secluded hiding-place, I entered a barn which had appeared to me to be empty. A woman was sleeping on some straw; she was young: not indeed so beautiful as her whose portrait I held; but of an agreeable aspect and blooming whose joy-imparting smiles are bestowed on all but me. And then I bent over her, and whispered, Nawle, fairest thy lover is near—he who would give his life but to obtain one look of affection from thine eyes: my beloved, awake!"
The sleeper stirred; a thrill of terror ran through me. Should she

indeed awake, and see me, and curse me, and denounce the murderer? Thus would she assuredly act, if he darkened yes opened and she beheld me. The thought was madness; it stirred the flend within me—not I but she shall suffer: the murder I have committed because I am for ever robbed of all that she could give me, she shall atone. The crime had its source in her: be hers the pursishment! Thanks to the lessons of Felix and the sangularay laws of man, I had learned now to work mischief. I bert over her, and placed the portrait securely in one of the folds of the ridness. She moved

purishment! Thanks to the lessons of Felix and the sanguinary laws of man, I had learned now to work mischieft. Elera fove ther, and placed the portrait securely in one of the folds of her dress. She mowed again, and fled.

"For some days I hauntled the spot where these scene had taken place; sometimes wishing to see you, sometimes resolved to qut the world and its miseries for ever. At length I wandered towards these mountains, and have ranged through their immense recesses, consumed by a burning passion witch you alone can graffy. We may not put utility to have promised to comply with my requisition. I am of part utility out have promised to comply with my requisition. I am deformed and hortible as myself would not derry herself to me. My companion must be of the same species, and have the same defects."

This being you must create."

CHAPTER XVII

THE BEING FINISHED SPEAKING, and fixed his looks upon me in expectation of a reply. But I was bewildered, perplexed, and unable to arrange my ideas sufficiently to understand the full extent of his proposition. He continued—

"You must create a female for me, with whom I can live in the interchange of those sympathies necessary for my being. This you alone can do; and I demand it of you as a right which you must not refuse to concede."

The latter part of his tale had kindled anow in me the ancer that had

died away while he narrated his peaceful life among the cottagers, and, as he said this, I could no longer suppress the rage that burned within me.

"I do refuse it," I replied; "and no torture shall ever extort a consent

from me. You may render me the most miserable of men, but you shall never make me base in my own eyes. Shall I create another like yourself, whose joint wickedness might desolate the world? Begone! I have answered you; you may torture me, but I will never consent."

You are in the wrong," replied the fiend; "and, instead of threatening, I are content to reason with you. I am maiscribous because I am miserable. Am I not shurned and hated by all mankind? You, my creator, would tear me to pieces, and furuph; remember that, and tell me why I should pity man more than he pities me? You would not call it in runder if you could precipitate me into one of those ice-rifts, and destroy my frame, the work of your own hands. Shall I respect man when he con terms me? Let him live with me in the interchange of kindness, and, instead of injury, I would bestow every benefit upon him with tears of gratuitude at his acceptance. But that carnot be, the human senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine thraman senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine thraman senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine thraman senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine thraman senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine thraman senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine thraman senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine thraman senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine thraman senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine thraman senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine through the properties of the properties

your heart, so that you shall curse the hour of your birth."

A flendish rage animated him as he said this; his face was wrinkled into contortions too horrible for human eyes to behold; but presently he calmed himself and proceeded—

I intended to reason. This passion is detrimental to me; for you do not reflect that you are the cause of its excess. If any being fell emotions of benevolence towards me, i should refurn them an hundred fold; for that one creature's sake, I would make peace with the whole kind! But I now indulge in dreams of biss that cannot be realised. What I ask of you is reasonable and moderate; I demand a creature of another sex, but as hidoous as myself, the grafitection is small, but it is all that I can receive, and it shall content me. It is true we shall be monsters, cut off from all the world; but on that account we shall be more attached to one another. Our lives will not be happy, but they will be hamless, and free from the misery I now feel. Oft my creator, make me happy, let me feel grafitude towards you for one benefit! Let me see that I excite the sympathy of some existing thing; do not denym en request."

I was moved. I shuddered when I thought of the possible consequences of my consent but left that there was some justice in his argument. His tale, and the feelings he now expressed, proved thin to be a creature of fine sensations; and did I not as his may owe him all the portion of happiness that it was in my power to bestow? He saw my chance of feeling and confinued—

"If you consent, neither you nor any other human being shall ever see us again: I will go to the vast wids of South America. My food is not that of man; I do not destroy the lamb and the kid to glut my appetite; acorns and berries afford me sufficient nourishment. My companion will be of the same nature as myself, and will be content with the same fare. We shall make our bed of dried leaves; the sun will shine on us as on man, and will ripen our food. The picture I present to you is peaceful and human, and you must feel that you could deny I only in the wardnesses of power and rucley. Pittless as you have been towards me, I now see compassion in your eyes; let me sealze the favourable incmert, and persuade you to promise what I so andersty desire. "You propose," replied I, "to fly from the habitations of man, to dwell in those wilds where the beasts of the field will be your only companions. How can you, who fore for the love and sympathy of man, persevere in this soile?" You will return, and again seek their kinness, and you will meet will redestation; you will passion sell you destination and you will return. I will return the properties of the field will be coase to argue the point, for I cannot consent."

moved by my representations, and why do you again harden yourself to my compaints? I swear to you, by the earth which I inhabit, and by you that made me, that, with the comparion you bestow, I will quit the neighbourhood of man, and dwell as it may chance in the most sawage of places. My ovil passions will have fled, for I shall meet with sympathy my fle will flow quielly away, and, in my dying moments, I

"How inconstant are your feelings! but a moment ago you were

sympatry; my lie will now quely away, and, in my dying moments, i shall not curse my maker."
His words had a strange effect upon me. I compassionated him, and sometimes feat a wish to console him; but when I looked upon him, when I saw the filthy mass that moved and talked, my heart sickened, and my feelings were altered to those of horror and hatred. I tried to stifle these sensations; I thought that, as I could not

sickered, and my feelings were altered to those of horror and hatred. I tried to stiffe these sereastors, it hought that, as I could not sympatrise with him, I had no right to withhold from him the small portion of happiness which was yet in my power to bestow. "Ou sweer," I said, "bo be harmless; but have you not already shown a degree of malice that should neasonably make me distinus! upon Many and pour times he had been that will increase, part frupes him.

You swear, I said, To be harmless; but have you not already shown a degree of malce that should reasonably make me distust you? May not even this be a feint that will increase your triumph by affording a wider scope for your revenge."

"How is this? I must not be trified with: and I demand an arswer. If I have no lies and no affectors, hatted and vice must be my portion; the love of another will destroy the cause of my crimes, and I shall not love from the will destroy the cause of my crimes, and I shall

the love of another will destroy the cause of my crimes, and is fail become a thing of whose existence every one will be ignorant. My videos are the children of a forced solitude that I abhor; and my virtues will necessarily arise when I live in communion with an equal. I shall feel the affections of a sensitive being, and become linked to the chain of existence and events, from which lam now excluded." I paused some time to reflect on all he had related, and the various arguments which he had employed. I thought of the promise of virtues.

which he had displayed on the opening of his existence, and the subsequent blight of all kindly feeling by the loathing and scorn which his protectors had manifested towards him. His power and threats were not omitted in my calculations: a creature who could exist in the loc-caves of the glaciers, and hide himself from pursuit among the nidges of inaccessible precipices, was a being possessing faculties it would be vain to cope with. After a long pause of reflection, I concluded that the justice due both to him and my fellow-creatures demanded of me that I should comply with his request. Turning to him, therefore, I said-

demanded of me that I should comply with his request. Turning to him, therefore, I said—

Tonsent to your demand, on your solemn cath to quit Europe for ever, and every other place in the neighbourhood of man, as soon as I shall deliver into your hands a female who will accompany you in your exite.

"I swear," he cried, "by the sun, and by the blue sky of Heaven, and

by the fire of lowe that burns my heart, that if you grant my prayer, while they exist you shall never behold me again. Depart to your home, and commence you ribbours: I shall watch their progress with unutlerable anxiety, and fear not but that when you are ready I shall appear." Saying this, he suddenly quitted me, fearful, perhaps, of any change in my sentiments. I saw him descend the mountain with greater speed

than the flight of an eagle, and guickly lost among the undulations of the sea of ice. His tale had occupied the whole day and the sun was upon the

verge of the horizon when he departed. I knew that I quight to hasten my descent towards the valley as I should soon be encompassed in darkness; but my heart was heavy, and my steps slow. The labour of winding among the little paths of the mountains, and fixing my feet

firmly as I advanced, perplexed me, occupied as I was by the emotions which the occurrences of the day had produced. Night was far advanced when I came to the half-way resting-place, and seated myself beside the fountain. The stars shone at intervals, as the clouds passed from over them: the dark pines rose before me, and every here and there a broken tree lay on the ground: it was a scene of wonderful solemnity, and stirred strange thoughts within me. I wept bitterly, and clasping my hands in agony, I exclaimed, "Oh! stars, and clouds, and winds, ve are all about to mock me; if ve really pity me. crush sensation and memory; let me become as nought; but if not,

depart, depart, and leave me in darkness."

These were wild and miserable thoughts: but I cannot describe to you how the eternal twinkling of the stars weighed upon me, and how I listened to every blast of wind as if it were a dull uply sirocal on its way to consume me.

Morning dawned before Larrived at the village of Chamounix Ltook no rest, but returned immediately to Geneva. Even in my own heart I

could give no expression to my sensations—they weighed on me with a mountain's weight, and their excess destroyed my agony beneath them. Thus I returned home, and entering the house, presented myself to the family. My haggard and wild appearance awoke intense alarm; but I answered no question, scarcely did I speak, I felt as if I were placed under a ban—as if I had no right to claim their sympathies—as if never more might Leniov companionship with them. Yet even thus I

loved them to adoration; and to save them, I resolved to dedicate myself to my most abhorred task. The prospect of such an occupation made every other circumstance of existence pass before me like a

dream; and that thought only had to me the reality of life.

CHAPTER XVIII

DAY AFTER DAY, WEEK after week, passed away on my return to Geneva: and I could not collect the courage to recommence my work. I feared the vengeance of the disappointed fiend, yet I was unable to overcome my repugnance to the task which was enjoined me. I found that I could not compose a female without again devoting several months to profound study and laborious disquisition. I had heard of some discoveries having been made by an English philosopher the knowledge of which was material to my success, and I sometimes thought of obtaining my father's consent to visit England for this purpose; but I clung to every pretence of delay, and shrunk from taking the first step in an undertaking whose immediate necessity began to appear less absolute to me. A change indeed had taken place in me: my health, which had hitherto declined, was now much restored; and my spirits, when unchecked by the memory of my unhappy promise. rose proportionably. My father saw this change with pleasure, and he turned his thoughts towards the best method of eradicating the remains of my melancholy, which every now and then would return by fits, and with a devouring blackness overcast the approaching sunshine. At these moments I took refuge in the most perfect solitude. I passed whole days on the lake alone in a little boat, watching the clouds and listening to the rippling of the waves silent and listless. But the fresh air and bright sun seldom failed to restore me to some

degree of composure; and, on my return. I met the salutations of my It was after my return from one of these rambles, that my father, calling me aside, thus addressed me:-

friends with a readier smile and a more cheerful heart.

"I am happy to remark, my dear son, that you have resumed your former pleasures, and seem to be returning to yourself. And yet you are still unhappy, and still avoid our society. For some time I was lost in conjecture as to the cause of this; but vesterday an idea struck me. and if it is well founded. I conjure you to avow it. Reserve on such a point would be not only useless, but draw down treble misery on us

all" I trembled violently at his exordium, a and my father continued-

"I confess, my son, that I have always looked forward to your marriage with our dear Elizabeth as the tie of our domestic comfort, and the stay of my declining years. You were attached to each other from your earliest infancy; you studied together, and appeared, in dispositions and tastes, entirely suited to one another. But so blind is the experience of man that what I conceived to be the best assistants to my plan may have entirely destroyed it. You, perhaps, regard her as your sister, without any wish that she might become your wife. Nav. you may have met with another whom you may love; and, considering yourself as bound in honour to Elizabeth, this struggle may occasion the poignant misery which you appear to feel."

"My dear father, reassure yourself. I love my cousin tenderly and sincerely. I never saw any woman who excited, as Elizabeth does, my warmest admiration and affection. My future hopes and prospects are entirely bound up in the expectation of our union." "The expression of your sentiments of this subject, my dear Victor,

gives me more pleasure than I have for some time experienced. If you feel thus, we shall assuredly be happy, however present events may cast a gloom over us. But it is this gloom, which appears to have taken so strong a hold of your mind, that I wish to dissipate. Tell me. therefore, whether you object to an immediate solemnisation of the marriage. We have been unfortunate, and recent events have drawn us from that everyday tranquillity befitting my years and infirmities. You are younger, yet I do not suppose, possessed as you are of a competent fortune, that an early marriage would at all interfere with any future plans of honour and utility that you may have formed. Do not suppose, however, that I wish to dictate happiness to you, or that a delay on your part would cause me any serious uneasiness. Interpret my words with candour and answer me. I conjure you with confidence and sincerity " I listened to my father in silence, and remained for some time incapable of offering any reply. I revolved rapidly in my mind a multitude of thoughts, and endeavoured to arrive at some conclusion. Alas! to me the idea of an immediate union with my Elizabeth was one of horror and dismay I was bound by a solemn promise, which I had not yet fulfilled, and dared not break; or, if I did, what manifold

and bowing me to the ground. I must perform my engagement, and let the monster depart with his mate, before I allowed myself to enjoy the delight of an union from which I expected peace. I remembered also the necessity imposed upon me of either iourneving to England, or entering into a long correspondence with those philosophers of that country whose knowledge and discoveries

miseries might not impend over me and my devoted family! Could I. enter into a festival with this deadly weight yet hanging round my neck

were of indispensable use to me in my present undertaking. The latter method of obtaining the desired intelligence was dilatory and unsatisfactory; besides. I had an insurmountable aversion to the idea of engaging myself in my loathsome task in my father's house, while in habits of familiar intercourse with those I loved. I knew that a thousand fearful accidents might occur the slightest of which would

disclose a tale to thrill all connected with me with horror. I was aware also that I should often lose all self-command, all canacity of hiding the harrowing sensations that would possess me during the progress of my unearthly occupation. I must absent myself from all I loved while thus employed. Once commenced, it would quickly be achieved, and I

might be restored to my family in peace and happiness. My promise fulfilled, the monster would depart for ever Or (so my fond fancy imaged) some accident might meanwhile occur to destroy him, and put an end to my slavery for ever. These feelings dictated my answer to my father. I expressed a wish to visit England; but, concealing the true reasons of this request, I

clothed my desires under a quise which excited no suspicion, while I urged my desire with an earnestness that easily induced my father to comply After so long a period of an absorbing melancholy that resembled madness in its intensity and effects, he was glad to find that I was capable of taking pleasure in the idea of such a journey, and he hoped that change of scene and varied amusement would.

before my return, have restored me entirely to myself. The duration of my absence was left to my own choice; a few months, or at most a year, was the period contemplated. One paternal kind precaution he had taken to ensure my having a

companion. Without previously communicating with me, he had, in concert with Elizabeth, arranged that Clerval should join me at Strasburgh. This interfered with the solitude I coveted for the prosecution of my task; yet at the commencement of my journey the presence of my friend could in no way be an impediment, and truly I reioiced that thus I should be saved many hours of lonely, maddening

reflection. Nay, Henry might stand between me and the intrusion of my foe. If I were alone, would he not at times force his abhorred presence on me, to remind me of my task, or to contemplate its progress? To England, therefore, I was bound, and it was understood that my

union with Elizabeth should take place immediately on my return. My father's age rendered him extremely averse to delay. For myself, there was one reward I promised myself from my detested toils-one consolation for my unparalleled sufferings; it was the prospect of that day when, enfranchised from my miserable slavery, I might claim

would he not accompany me to England? This imagination was

Elizabeth, and forget the past in my union with her.

I now made arrangements for my journey; but one feeling haunted

me, which filled me with fear and agitation. During my absence I should leave my friends unconscious of the existence of their enemy, and unprotected from his attacks, exasperated as he might be by my departure. But he had promised to follow me wherever I might go; and dreadful in itself, but soothing, inasmuch as it supposed the safety of my friends. I was agonised with the idea of the possibility that the reverse of this might happen. But through the whole period during which I was the slave of my creature, I allowed myself to be governed by the impulses of the moment; and my present sensations strongly intimated that the fiend would follow me, and exempt my family from the danger of his machinations. It was in the latter end of September that Lagain guitted my native country. My journey had been my own suggestion, and Elizabeth. therefore, acquiesced; but she was filled with disquiet at the idea of my suffering, away from her, the inroads of misery and grief, it had been her care which provided me a companion in Clerval—and vet a man is blind to a thousand minute circumstances, which call forth a woman's sedulous attention. She longed to bid me hasten my return. -a thousand conflicting emotions rendered her mute as she hade me a tearful silent farewell I threw myself into the carriage that was to convey me away, hardly knowing whither I was going, and careless of what was passing around. I remembered only, and it was with a bitter anguish that I reflected on it, to order that my chemical instruments should be packed to go with me. Filled with dream imaginations. I passed through many beautiful and majestic scenes; but my eyes were fixed and unobserving. I could only think of the bourne of my travels, and the work which was to occupy me whilst they endured. After some days spent in listless indolence, during which I

traversed many leagues. I arrived at Strasburgh, where I waited two days for Cleana, I he came. Alas, how great was the contrast between ust He was alive to every new scene; joyfu when he saw the beauties of the setting sun, and more happy when he beheld it rise, and recommence a new day. He pointed out to me the shifting colours of the landscape, and the appearances of the sky. This is what it is to live, 'he cried, 'now lenjoy existence! But you, my dear Frankenstein, wherefore are you desponding and sorrowfulf! In tull, 'usas occupied by gicomy thoughts, and neither saw the descent of the evening star, would be four more amused of the private of Chency, who change the scene of the severing that the contrast of the severing star, would be four more amused with the journal of Chency, who observed the scenery with an eye of feeling and delight, than in Istering to my reflections. I a miserable weeks haurted by a carse that shu up.

We had agreed to descend the Rhine in a boat from Strasburgh to Rotterdam, where we might lake shipping for London. During this voyage, we passed many willowy islands, and saw several beautiful towns. We stayed a day at Manhelm, and, on the fifth from our departure from Strasburgh, arrived at Mayence. The course of the Rhine below Mayence becomes much more picturesqua. The river descends rapidly, and winds between hills, not high, but sleep, and of beautiful forms. We saw many ruinde castles standing on the edges of precipices, surrounded by black woods, high and inaccessible. This part of the Rhine, indeed, presents a singularly variegated landscape. In one spot you view rugged hills, nained castles eventooking themendous precipicies, with the dark Rhine naking beneath; and, on the sudden turn of a promontory, flourishing niverands with overen solorino banks, and a meanterferior river, and

We travelled at the time of the vintage, and heard the song of the labourers, as we glided down the steam. Even I depressed in mind, and my spirits continually agitated by gloomy feelings, even I was pleased. It ay at the bottom of the boat, and, as I gazed on the cloudless blue sky, I seemed to drink in a tranquility to which I had bong been a stranger. And if these were my sensations, who can describe those of Henry! He felt as if he had been transported to seen the seed. The most beautiful scenes of my concurrity. I have written the lakes of Lucerne and Usi, where the snowy mountains descend almost perpendicularly to the water, casting black and

every avenue to enjoyment.

populous towns occupy the scene.1

appearance, were it not for the most verdant islands that relieve the eve by their gay appearance: I have seen this lake agitated by a tempest, when the wind tore up whirlwinds of water, and gave you an idea of what the waterspout must be on the great ocean; and the waves dash with fury the base of the mountain, where the priest and his mistress were overwhelmed by an avalanche, and where their dving voices are still said to be heard amid the pauses of the nightly wind: I have seen the mountains of La Valais, and the Pays de Vaud: but this country. Victor, pleases me more than all those wonders. The mountains of Switzerland are more majestic and strange; but there is a charm in the banks of this divine river that I never before saw equalled. Look at that castle which overhangs you precipice; and that also on the island, almost concealed amongst the foliage of those lovely trees; and now that group of labourers coming from among their vines; and that village half hid in the recess of the mountain. Oh. surely the spirit that inhabits and quards this place has a soul more in harmony with man than those who pile the glacier or retire to the inaccessible peaks of the mountains of our own country." Clerval! beloved friend! even now it delights me to record your

impenetrable shades which would cause a gloomy and mournful

Lienvall beloved thend even how it delights me to record your words, and to dwell on the praise of which you are so eminently deserving. He was a being formed in the "very poetry of reason." And the wild and enthusiastic imagination was classistend by the sensibility of his heart. His soul overflowed with arisent affections, and his minded teach as to look for only in the imagination. But even human sympathies were not sufficient to satisfy his eager mind. The scenery of external nature, which others recard only with admiration, he lowed.

Haunted him like a passion: the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colours and their forms, were then to him An appetite; a feeling, and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm. By thought supplied, or any interest Unborrow'd from the eve.

Add to the control of th

with ardour.—
The sounding cataract

ever? Has this mind, so replate with ideas, imaginations fanciful and magnificent, which formed a word, whose existence depended on the life of its creator,—has the mind perished? Does it now only exist in my memory? No. it is not thus; your form so divinely wrought, and beaming with beauty, has decayed, but your spirit still visits and consoles your unhappy friend.

Pardon this quest of sorrow, these ineffectual words are but a slight.

And where does he now exist? Is this gentle and lovely being lost for

tribute to the unexampled worth of Henry, but they soothe my heart, overflowing with the anguish which his remembrance creates. I will proceed with my tale.

Beyond Cologne we descended to the plains of Holland; and we

resolved to post the remainder of our way, for the wind was contrary, and the stream of the river was too gentle to aid us.

Our journey here lost the intenest arising from beautiful scenery, but we arrived in a few days at Rotterdam, whence we proceeded by sea to England. It was on a clear morning, in the latter days of December, that I first saw the witte cliffs of Britain. The barks of the Thames presented a new scene; they were flat, but fertile, and almost every town was marked by the remembrance of some story. We saw Tilbury Fort, and remembered the Spanish ammada; Gravesend, Woolwich.

and Greenwich, places which I had heard of even in my country. (a)

At length we saw the numerous steeples of London, St. Paul's towering above all, and the Tower famed in English history.

CHAPTER XIX

LONDON WAS OUR PRESENT point of rest: we determined to remain several morths in this wonderful and celebrated city. Clenal, desired the intercourse of the men of genius and talent who fourished desired the intercourse of the men of genius and talent who fourished coccupied with the means of obtaining the information necessary for the completion of my promise, and quickly availed mixed of the letters of introduction that I had brought with me, addressed to the most distinguished natural philosophers.

If this journey had taken place during my days of study and happiness, it would have afforder me inexpressible pleasure. But a blight had come over my existence, and lonly visited these people for the sake of the information they might give me on the subject in which my interest was so tentibly profound. Company was inksome to me; when alone, I could fill my mind with the sights of heaven and early, there alone, I could fill my mind with the sights of heaven and early, there are not better the sold of Henry soothed me, and I could thus cheat myself into a transition peace. But busy uninteresting jouss faces brought back despair to my heart. I saw an insumountable barrier placed between me and my fellow-ment, this barrier was sealed with the blood of William and Justine; and to reflect on the events corrected with those

names filled my soul with anguish. But in Clerval I saw the image of my former self: he was inquisitive. and anxious to gain experience and instruction. The difference of manners which he observed was to him an inexhaustible source of instruction and amusement. He was also pursuing an object he had long had in view. His design was to visit India, in the belief that he had in his knowledge of its various languages, and in the views he had taken of its society the means of materially assisting the progress of European colonisation and trade. In Britain only could be further the execution of his plan. He was for ever busy; and the only check to his enjoyments was my sorrowful and dejected mind. I tried to conceal this as much as possible, that I might not debar him from the pleasures natural to one who was entering on a new scene of life, undisturbed by any care of bitter recollection. I often refused to accompany him, alleging another engagement, that I might remain alone. I now also began to collect the materials necessary for my new creation, and this was to me like the torture of single drops of water continually falling on the head. Every thought that was devoted to it was an extreme anguish, and every word that I spoke in allusion to it caused my lips to quiver, and my heart to palpitate.

cateles on yi yes o queer, and in y treat o beparease.

After passing some mortifis in London, we received a letter from a person in Sootland, who had formerly been our visitor at Geneva. He memotioned the beauties of his ratified vectority, and asked us if those were not sufficient allumented to induce us to protong our journey as accept this invitation; and L although I abthored society, wished to view again mountains and streams, and all the wondrous works with which Nature advorts her chosen developed the source of the sourc

We had arrived in England at the beginning of October, and It was now February. We accordingly determined to commence our journey towards the north at the expiration of another morth. In this expedition we did not intend to follow the great road to Edinburgh, but to visit Windsor, Oxford, Matlock, and the Cumberland lakes, resolving to arrive at the compelection of this tow about the end of July I packed up arrived at the compelection of this tow about the end of July I packed up for first in the instruments, and the materials it lead coalected, resolving to first his abouts in some obscure nock in the northern hightands of Scotland.

We quitted London on the 27th of March, and remained a few days at Windsor, rambling in its beautiful forest. This was a new scene to us mountaineers; the majestic oaks, the quantity of game, and the herds of stately deer, were all novelties to us.

From thence we proceeded to Oxford. As we entered this city, our

minds were filled with the remembrance of the events that had been transacted there more than a century and a half before. It was here that Charles I had collected his forces. This city had remained faithful to him after the whole nation had forsaken his cause to join the standard of parliament and liberty. The memory of that unfortunate king, and his companions, the amiable Falkland, the insolent Goring. his queen, and son, gave a peculiar interest to every part of the city, which they might be supposed to have inhabited. The spirit of elder days found a dwelling here, and we delighted to trace its footstens. If these feelings had not found an imaginary gratification, the appearance of the city had yet in itself sufficient beauty to obtain our admiration. The colleges are ancient and picturesque: the streets are almost magnificent; and the lovely lsis 2 which flows beside it through meadows of exquisite verdure, is spread forth into a placid expanse of waters, which reflects its majestic assemblage of towers, and spires, and domes, embosomed among aged trees. Lenioved this scene: and yet my enjoyment was embittered both by the memory of the past, and the anticipation of the future. I was formed for peaceful happiness. During my youthful days discontent never visited my mind; and if I was ever overcome by ennui. 20 the sight of what is beautiful in nature, or the study of what is excellent and sublime in the productions of man, could always interest my heart. and communicate elasticity to my spirits. But I am a blasted tree: the bolt has entered my soul; and I felt then that I should survive to exhibit what I shall soon cease to be-a miserable spectacle of wrecked humanity nitiable to others, and intolerable to myself. We passed a considerable period at Oxford, rambling among its environs, and endeavouring to identify every spot which might relate to the most animating epoch of English history. Our little voyages of discovery were often prolonged by the successive objects that presented themselves. We visited the tomb of the illustrious . Hampden, and the field on which that patriot fell. For a moment my soul was elevated from its debasing and miserable fears, to contemplate the divine ideas of liberty and self-sacrifice, of which these sights were the monuments and the remembrancers. For an instant I dared to shake off my chains, and look around me with a free and lofty spirit; but the iron had eaten into my flesh, and I sank again. trembling and hopeless, into my miserable self. We left Oxford with regret, and proceeded to Matlock, which was our next place of rest. The country in the neighborhood of this village resembled, to a greater degree, the scenery of Switzerland; but everything is on a lower scale, and the green hills want the crown of distant white Alps, which always attend on the piny mountains of my

natural history 5 where the curiosities are disposed in the same manner as in the collections at Servox and Chamounix. The latter name made me tremble when pronounced by Henry, and I hastened to guit Matlock, with which that terrible scene was thus associated. From Derby, still journeying northward, we passed two months in Cumberland and Westmoreland, I could now almost fancy myself

native country. We visited the wondrous cave, and the little cabinets of

among the Swiss mountains. The little patches of snow which vet lingered on the northern sides of the mountains, the lakes, and the dashing of the rocky streams, were all familiar and dear sights to me.

Here also we made some acquaintances, who almost contrived to cheat me into happiness. The delight of Clerval was proportionably greater than mine; his mind expanded in the company of men of talent, and he found in his own nature greater capacities and resources than he could have imagined himself to have possessed

while he associated with his inferiors. "I could pass my life here," said he to me; "and among these mountains I should scarcely regret

But he found that a traveller's life is one that includes much pain amidst its enjoyments. His feelings are 'for ever on the stretch: and when he begins to sink into repose, he finds himself obliged to guit that on which he rests in pleasure for something new, which again

Switzerland and the Rhine.

We had scarcely visited the various lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland 6 and conceived an affection for some of the inhabitants, when the period of our appointment with our Scotch friend approached, and we left them to travel on. For my own part I was not sorry. I had now neglected my promise for some time, and I feared the effects of the daemon's disappointment. He might remain in Switzerland, and wreak his vengeance on my relatives. This idea pursued me, and tormented me at every moment from which I might otherwise have snatched repose and peace. I waited for my letters with feverish impatience; if they were delayed, I was miserable, and overcome by a thousand fears; and when they arrived, and I saw the superscription of Elizabeth or my father. I hardly dared to read and ascertain my fate. Sometimes I thought that the fiend followed me. and might expedite my remissness by murdering my companion. When these thoughts possessed me, I would not guit Henry for a moment, but followed him as his shadow, to protect him from the fancied rage of his destroyer. I felt as if I had committed some great crime, the consciousness of which haunted me, I was guiltless, but I had indeed drawn down a horrible curse upon my head, as mortal as that of crime I visited Edinburgh with languid eyes and mind; and yet that city might have interested the most unfortunate being. Clerval did not like it so well as Oxford: for the antiquity of the latter city was more pleasing to him. But the beauty and regularity of the new town of Edinburgh, its romantic castle, and its environs, the most delightful in the world Arthur's Seat St. Bernard's Well, and the Pentland Hills. compensated him for the change, and filled him with cheerfulness and admiration. But I was impatient to arrive at the termination of my journey. We left Edinburgh in a week, passing through Coupar, St. Andrew's, and along the banks of the Tay, to Perth, where our friend expected us. But I was in no mood to laugh and talk with strangers, or time; and when I return. I hope it will be with a lighter heart, more congenial to your own temper." Henry wished to dissuade me; but, seeing me bent on this plan, ceased to remonstrate. He entreated me to write often. "I had rather be with you." he said, "in your solitary rambles, than with these Scotch

enter into their feelings or plans with the good humour expected from a guest; and accordingly I told Clerval that I wished to make the tour of Scotland alone. "Do you," said I, "enjoy yourself, and let this be our rendezvous. I may be absent a month or two; but do not interfere with my motions. I entreat you: leave me to peace and solitude for a short

engages his attention, and which also he forsakes for other novelties.

people, whom I do not know; hasten then, my dear friend, to return, that I may again feel myself somewhat at home, which I cannot do in vour absence." Having parted from my friend, I determined to visit some remote spot of Scotland, and finish my work in solitude. I did not doubt but

that the monster followed me, and would discover himself to me when I should have finished, that he might receive his companion. With this resolution I traversed the northern highlands, and fixed on

one of the remotest of the Orkneys as the scene of my labours. It was a place fitted for such a work, being hardly more than a rock, whose high sides were continually beaten upon by the waves. The soil was barren, scarcely affording pasture for a few miserable cows, and

oatmeal for its inhabitants, which consisted of five persons, whose gaunt and scraggy limbs gave tokens of their miserable fare.

Vegetables and bread, when they included in such luxuries, and even

fresh water, was to be procured from the main land, which was about five miles distant. On the whole island there were but three miserable huts, and one of these was vacant when I arrived. This I hired. It contained but two

rooms, and these exhibited all the squalidness of the most miserable penury. The thatch had fallen in, the walls were unplastered, and the door was off its hinges. I ordered it to be repaired, bought some furniture, and book possession; an incident which would, doubtless, have occasioned some surprise, had not all the senses of the cottagers been benumbed by want and squalid poverty. As it was, I lived ungazed at and unmolested, hardly transfed for the pittance of food and bothes witch I gave; so much does suffering blurt even the carsets sensations of men.

In this reteard if devoted the morning to labour; but in the evening, when the weather permitted, I walked on the story beach of the sea, to Island in service and an interest of the sea, to Island to the weather permitted, I walked and dashed at my feet. It was a monolonous yet ever-charging scene. I thought of Switzerland, It was far different from this desolate and appalling landscape. Its fills are covered with vines, and its cottages are scattered thickly in the plains. Its fair lakes reflect a blue and gertifie sky, and, when troubled by the

far different from this desobate and appalling landscape. Its hills are covered with vines, and its cottages are scattered thickly in the plains. Its fair lakes reflect a blue and gentle sky, and, when troubled by the winds, their turnul is but as the play of a lively infant, when compared to the roarings of the giant ocean. In this manner I distributed my occupations when I first arrived; but, as I proceeded in my labour, if the beame every day more hortible and

in this mainfel i distributed my occupations when I this armice; but, as proceeded in my labour, it became every day more horrible and infactors to me. Sometimes I could not prevail on myself to enter my bloomloy for several days, and a other times I billed day and right in bloomloy for several days, and a other times I billed day and right in wind the several days and a contract of the several days and the several days and a several day of the several days and the s

intently fixed on the consummation of my labour, and my eyes were shall to the hornor of my proceedings. But not went to it in cold blood, and my heart often sickened at the work of my hands.

Thus situated, employed in the most detestable occupation, immersed in a solution where no thing could for an instant call my attention from the actual scene in which I was engaged, my spirits

immersed in a solitude where nothing could for an instant call my attention from the actual scene in which I was engaged, my spirits became unequal; I grew resiless and nervous. Every moment fleared to meet my persecutor. Sometimes is at with my eyes fixed on the ground, fearing to raise them, lest they should encounter the object which is o much dreaded to behold. Heared to wander from the sight of my fellow-resilizes, lest when alone he should come to claim his comparion.

In the meantime I worked on, and my labour was already in the meantime I worked on, and my labour was already

In the meantime I worked on, and my labour was already considerably advanced. I looked towards its completion with a tremulous and eager hope, which I dared not trust myself to question, but which was intermixed with obscure forebodings of evil, that made my heart sicken in my bosom.

CHAPTER XX I SAT ONE EVENING in my laboratory: the sun had set, and the moon

was just rising from the sea: I had not sufficient light for my employment, and I remained idle, in a pause of consideration of whether I should leave my labour for the night, or hasten its conclusion by an unremitting attention to it. As I sat, a train of reflection occurred to me, which led me to consider the effects of what I was now doing Three years before I was engaged in the same manner, and had created a fiend whose unparalleled barbarity had desolated my heart. and filled it for ever with the bitterest remorse. I was now about to form another being, of whose dispositions I was alike ignorant; she might become ten thousand times more malignant than her mate, and delight, for its own sake, in murder and wretchedness. He had sworn to quit the neighborhood of man, and hide himself in deserts; but she had not; and she, who in all probability was to become a thinking and reasoning animal might refuse to comply with a compact made before her creation. They might even hate each other; the creature who already lived loathed his own deformity, and might he not conceive a greater abhorrence for it when it came before his eyes in the female form? She also might turn with disgust from him to the superior beauty of man; she might quit him, and he be again alone, exasperated by the fresh provocation of being deserted by one of his

own species.

Even if they were to leave Europe, and inhabit the deserts of the new world, yet one of the first results of those sympathies for which the daemon thirsted would be children, and a race of devis would be propagated upon the earth who might make the very existence of the species of man a condition precardous and full of term. Had right, for my own benefit, to inflict this curse upon everlasting generations? I had before been moved by the sophisms of the being! had created; had been struck senselses by his fiendish threats: but now, for the first time, the wickedness of my promise burst upon me; I shuddered to think that future ages might curse me as their pest, whose selfishness had not hesitated to buy its own peace at the price, perhaps, of the

existence of the whole human race. I tembled, and my heart failed within me; when, on looking up, I saw, by the light of the moon, the deamon at the casement. A ghastly girn winked his fips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he had allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had foltered in forests, hid himself in caves, or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths; and he now came to mark my progress, and claim the fulfillment of my promise.

As I looked on him, his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him, and trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destry the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and, with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withfrew.

I left the room, and, locking the door, made a solemn vow in my own heart never to resume my labours; and then, with trembling steps, I sought my own apartment. I was alone; none were near me to dissipate the gloom, and relieve me from the sickening oppression of the most terrible reveries.

Several hours passed, and I remained near my window gazing on the sea; it was almost motionless, for the winds were hushed, and all nature reposed under the eye of the quiet moon. A few fishing vessels alone specked the water, and now and then the gentle breze wafeld the sound of voices, as the fishermen called to one another. I felt the silence, although lives hardly conscious of its externe profundity, until my ear was sudderly arrested by the paddling of oars near the shore, and a person landed close to my house.

In a few minutes after, I heard the creaking of my door, as if some

one endeavoured to open it softly. I trembled from head to foot: I felt a presentiment of who it was, and wished to rouse one of the peasants who dwelt in a cottage not far from mine: but I was overcome by the sensation of helplessness, so often felt in frightful dreams, when you in vain endeayour to fly from an impending danger, and was rooted to the spot. Presently I heard the sound of footsteps along the passage: the door opened, and the wretch whom I dreaded appeared. Shutting the door, he approached me, and said, in a smothered voice-"You have destroyed the work which you began; what is it that you

have dwelt many months in the heaths of England, and among the deserts of Scotland. I have endured incalculable fatigue, and cold. and hunger; do you dare destroy my hopes?" "Begone! I do break my promise; never will I create another like vourself, equal in deformity and wickedness."

intend? Do you dare to break your promise? I have endured toil and misery: I left Switzerland with you: I crept along the shores of the Rhine among its willow islands and over the summits of its hills. I.

"Slave. I before reasoned with you, but you have proved yourself unworthy of my condescension. Remember that I have power: you believe yourself miserable, but I can make you so wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you. You are my creator, but I am your

master. -obey!" "The hour of my irresolution is past, and the period of your power is arrived. Your threats cannot move me to do an act of wickedness: but they confirm me in a determination of not creating you a companion in

vice. Shall I, in cool blood, set loose upon the earth a dæmon, whose delight is in death and wretchedness? Begone! I am firm, and your words will only exasperate my rage." The monster saw my determination in my face, and gnashed his teeth in the impotence of anger. "Shall each man," cried he, "find a

wife for his bosom, and each beast have his mate, and I be alone? I had feelings of affection, and they were requited by detestation and scom. Man! you may hate: but beware! your hours will pass in dread and misery, and soon the bolt will fall which must ravish from you your happiness for ever Are you to be happy while I grovel in the intensity of my wretchedness? You can blast my other passions; but revenge remains-revenge, henceforth dearer than light or food! I may die; but

your misery. Beware: for I am fearless, and therefore powerful, I will watch with the wiliness of a snake, that I may sting with its venom, Man, you shall repent of the injuries you inflict." "Devil, cease; and do not poison the air with these sounds of malice. I have declared my resolution to you, and I am no coward to bend beneath words. Leave me; I am inexorable." "It is well. I go; but remember, I shall be with you on your wedding-

first you, my tyrant and tormentor, shall curse the sun that gazes on

niaht." 1 I started forward, and exclaimed, "Villain! before you sign my death-

warrant, be sure that you are yourself safe."

I would have seized him; but he eluded me, and guitted the house

with precipitation.²⁰ In a few moments I saw him in his boat, which

shot across the waters with an arrowy swiftness, and was soon lost

amidst the waves.

All was again silent; but his words rung in my ears. I burned with

rage to pursue the murderer of my peace and precipitate him into the

ocean. I walked up and down my room hastily and perturbed, while my

imagination conjured up a thousand images to torment and sting me. Why had I not followed him, and closed with him in mortal strife? But I

had suffered him to depart, and he had directed his course towards

the main land. I shuddered to think who might be the next victim

sacrificed to his insatiate revenge. And then I thought again of his words—"I will be with you on your wedding-night." That then was the period fixed for the fulfillment of my destiny. In that hour I should die. and at once satisfy and extinguish his malice. The prospect did not

move me to fear: yet when I thought of my beloved Elizabeth -of her tears and endless sorrow when she should find her lover so barbarously snatched from her—tears, the first I had shed for many months, streamed from my eyes, and I resolved not to fall before my enemy without a bitter struggle. The night passed away, and the sun rose from the ocean; my feelings became calmer, if it may be called calmness, when the

horrid scene of the last night's contention, and walked on the beach of the sea, which I almost regarded as an insuperable barrier between me and my fellow-creatures; nay, a wish that such should prove the fact stole across me. I desired that I might pass my life on that barren rock, wearily, it is true, but uninterrupted by any sudden shock of misery. If I returned, it was to be sacrificed, or to see those whom I

violence of rage sinks into the depths of despair. Heft the house, the

most loved die under the grasp of a daemon whom I had myself created I walked about the isle like a restless spectre, separated from all it

loved, and miserable in the separation. When it became noon, and the sun rose higher. Hay down on the grass, and was overpowered by a deep sleep. I had been awake the whole of the preceding night, my nerves were agitated, and my eyes inflamed by watching and misery

The sleep into which I now sunk refreshed me; and when I awoke, I again felt as if I belonged to a race of human beings like myself, and I began to reflect upon what had passed with greater composure; yet still the words of the fiend rung in my ears like a death-knell, they appeared like a dream, yet distinct and oppressive as a reality. The sun had far descended, and I still sat on the shore, satisfying my appetite, which had become ravenous, with an oaten cake, when I

saw a fishing-boat land close to me, and one of the men brought me a packet; it contained letters from Geneva, and one from Clerval, entreating me to join him. He said that he was wearing away his time fruitlessly where he was: that letters from the friends he had formed in London desired his return to complete the negotiation they had

entered into for his Indian enterprise. He could not any longer delay his departure: but as his journey to London might be followed, even sooner than he now conjectured, by his longer voyage, he entreated me to bestow as much of my society on him as I could spare. He

besought me, therefore, to leave my solitary isle, and to meet him at Perth, that we might proceed southwards together. This letter in a degree recalled me to life, and I determined to guit my island at the expiration of two days. Yet, before I departed, there was a task to perform, on which I shuddered to reflect: I must pack up my chemical instruments; and for that purpose I must enter the room which had been the scene of my

odious work, and I must handle those utensils, the sight of which was sickening to me. The next morning, at daybreak, I summoned sufficient courage, and unlocked the door of my laboratory. The

remains of the half-finished creature, whom I had destroyed, lay scattered on the floor, and I almost felt as if I had mangled the living flesh of a human being. I paused to collect myself, and then entered

the chamber. With trembling hand I conveyed the instruments out of the room; but I reflected that I ought not to leave the relics of my work to excite the horror and suspicion of the peasants; and I accordingly put them into a basket, with a great quantity of stones, and, laving them up, determined to throw them into the sea that very night; and in

the meantime I sat upon the beach, employed in cleaning and

arranging my chemical apparatus.

Nothing could be more complete than the alteration that had taken

place in my feelings since the night of the appearance of the daemon.

I had before regarded my promise with a gloomy despair, as a thing

that, with whatever consequences, must be fulfilled; but I now felt as if a film had been taken from before my eyes, and that I, for the first

time, saw clearly. The idea of renewing my labours did not for one instant occur to me; the threat I had heard weighed on my thoughts, but I did not reflect that a voluntary act of mine could avert it. I had

first made would be an act of the basest and most atrocious selfishness: and I banished from my mind every thought that could lead to a different conclusion. Between two and three in the morning the moon rose; and I then. putting my basket aboard a little skiff, sailed out about four miles from the shore. The scene was perfectly solitary a few boats were returning towards land, but I sailed away from them. I felt as if I was

about the commission of a dreadful crime and avoided with shuddering anxiety any encounter with my fellow-creatures. At one time the moon, which had before been clear, was suddenly overspread by a thick cloud, and I took advantage of the moment of

resolved in my own mind, that to create another like the fiend I had

darkness, and cast my basket into the sea; I listened to the gurgling sound as it sunk, and then sailed away from the spot. The sky became clouded: but the air was pure, although chilled by the northeast breeze that was then rising. But it refreshed me, and filled me with such agreeable sensations, that I resolved to prolong my stay on the water, and, fixing the rudder in a direct position, stretched myself at the bottom of the boat. Clouds hid the moon, everything was

obscure, and I heard only the sound of the boat, as its keel cut through the waves; the murmur lulled me, and in a short time I slept soundly. I do not know how long I remained in this situation, but when I awoke I found that the sun had already mounted considerably. The wind was high, and the waves continually threatened the safety of my little skiff. I found that the wind was north-east, and must have driven me far from the coast from which I had embarked. I endeavoured to

change my course, but guickly found that, if I again made the attempt. the boat would be instantly filled with water. Thus situated, my only resource was to drive before the wind. I confess that I felt a few sensations of terror. I had no compass with me, and was so slenderly acquainted with the geography of this part of the world, that the sun was of little benefit to me. I might be driven into the wide Atlantic, and feel all the tortures of starvation, or be swallowed up in the immeasurable waters that roared and buffeted around me. I had already been out many hours, and felt the torment of a burning thirst, a prelude to my other sufferings. I looked on the heavens, which were

covered by clouds that flew before the wind, only to be replaced by others: I looked upon the sea, it was to be my grave. "Fiend," I

exclaimed, "your task is already fulfilled!" I thought of Elizabeth, of my father, and of Clerval; all left behind, on whom the monster might satisfy his sanguinary and merciless passions. This idea plunged me into a reverie, so despairing and frightful, that even now, when the scene is on the point of closing before me for ever. I shudder to reflect on it. Some hours passed thus; but by degrees, as the sun declined

towards the horizon, the wind died away into a gentle breeze, and the sea became free from breakers. But these gave place to a heavy swell: I felt sick, and hardly able to hold the rudder, when suddenly I saw a line of high land towards the south.

Almost spent, as I was, by fatigue, and the dreadful suspense I

endured for several hours, this sudden certainty of life rushed like a

flood of warm joy to my heart, and tears gushed from my eyes. How mutable are our feelings, and how strange is that clinging love

we have of life even in the excess of misery! I constructed another sail

with a part of my dress, and eagerly steered my course towards the

land. It had a wild and rocky appearance; but, as I approached

nearer, I easily perceived the traces of cultivation. I saw vessels near

the shore, and found myself suddenly transported back to the neighborhood of civilised man. I carefully traced the windings of the

land, and hailed a steeple which I at length saw issuing from behind a small promontory. As I was in a state of extreme debility. I resolved to

sail directly towards the town, as a place where I could most easily

procure nourishment. Fortunately I had money with me. As I turned the

promontory, I perceived a small neat town and a good harbour, which I entered, my heart bounding with joy at my unexpected escape.

As I was occupied in fixing the hoat and arranging the sails, several people crowded towards the snot. They seemed much surprised at my appearance: but instead of offering me any assistance whispered together with gestures that at any other time might have produced in me a slight sensation of alarm. As it was, I merely remarked that they spoke English; and I therefore addressed them in that language: "My good friends," said I, "will you be so kind as to tell me the name of this town, and inform me where I am?" "You will know that soon enough" replied a man with a hoarse

voice. "May be you are come to a place that will not prove much to your taste; but you will not be consulted as to your quarters. I promise vou." I was exceedingly surprised on receiving so rude an answer from a

stranger; and I was also disconcerted on perceiving the frowning and andry countenances of his companions. "Why do you answer me so roughly?" I replied; "surely it is not the custom of Englishmen to receive strangers so inhospitably." "I do not know," said the man, "what the custom of the English may

be: but it is the custom of the Irish to hate villains." While this strange dialogue continued. I perceived the crowd

rapidly increase. Their faces expressed a mixture of curiosity and anger, which annoved, and in some degree alarmed me. I inquired

the way to the inn; but no one replied. I then moved forward, and a murmuring sound arose from the crowd as they followed and surrounded me: when an ill-looking man approaching tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Come, sir, you must follow me to Mr. Kirwin's, to give an account of yourself."

"Who is Mr. Kirwin? Why am I to give an account of myself? Is not

this a free country?" "Av sir free enough for honest folks. Mr. Kirwin is a magistrate:

and you are to give an account of the death of a gentleman who was found murdered here last night."

This answer startled me: but I presently recovered myself. I was innocent: that could easily be proved: accordingly I followed my conductor in silence, and was led to one of the best houses in the

town I was ready to sink from fatigue and hunger but being surrounded by a crowd, I thought it politic to rouse all my strength, that no physical debility might be construed into apprehension or conscious quilt. Little did I then expect the calamity that was in a few moments to overwhelm me, and extinguish in horror and despair all fear of ignominy or death.

I must pause here; for it requires all my fortitude to recall the memory of the frightful events which I am about to relate, in proper

detail, to my recollection.

CHAPTER XXI

I WAS SOON NTRODUCED into the presence of the magistrate, an old benevolent man, with calm and mild manners. He looked upon me, however, with some degree of severity and then, turning towards my conductors, he asked who appeared as witnesses on this nocession.

About half a dozen men came forward; and one being selected by the magistrate, he deposed that he had been out fishing the night before with his son and brother-in-law. Daniel Nugent, when, about ten o'clock, they observed a strong northerly blast rising, and they accordingly put in for port. It was a very dark night, as the moon had not yet risen; they did not land at the harbour, but, as they had been accustomed, at a creek about two miles below. He walked on first, carrying a part of the fishing tackle, and his companions followed him at some distance. As he was proceeding along the sands, he struck his foot against something, and fell at his length on the ground. His companions came up to assist him; and, by the light of their lantern. they found that he had fallen on the body of a man who was to all appearance dead. Their first supposition was that it was the corpse of some person who had been drowned, and was thrown on shore by the waves: but, on examination, they found that the clothes were not wet, and even that the body was not then cold. They instantly carried it to the cottage of an old woman near the snot, and endeavoured, but in vain, to restore it to life. It appeared to be a handsome young man. about five and twenty years of age. He had apparently been strangled; for there was no sign of any violence, except the black

The first part of this deposition did not in the least interest me; but, when the mark of the fingers was mentioned, I remembered, I remembered, I remembered, murder of my brother, and felt myself outremely agitated; my limbs trembled, and a mist came over my eyes, which obliged me to lean on a chair for support. The magistrate observed me with a keen eye, and of course drew an unifavourable auture. Yet my my manner.

mark of fingers on his neck.

The son confirmed his father's account: but when Daniel Nugent scaled, he swore positively that, just before the fall of his companion, he saw a boat, with a single man in it, at a short distance from the shore; and, as far as he could judge by the light of a few stars, it was the same boat in which I had ista landed.

A woman deposed that she lived near the beach, and was standing at the door of her cottage, waiting for the return of the fishemen, about an hour before she heard of the discovery of the body, when she saw a boat, with only one man in it, push off from that part of the shore where the compse was afterwards found.

Another woman confirmed the account of the fishermen having brought the body into her house; it was not cold. They put it into a bed, and rubbed it; and Daniel went to the town for an apothecary, but life was quite gone.

Several other men were examined concerning my landing; and they agreed that, with the storag north wind that had arisen during the right, it was very probable that I had beaten about for many hours, and had been obliged to treturn nearly to the same spor from which had departed. Besides, they observed that if appeared that I had brought the body from another place, and it was levely that, as I did not appear to know the store, I might have put into the harbour ignorant of appear to know the store, I might have put into the harbour ignorant of corpse.

Mr. Kirwin, on hearing this evidence, desired that I should be taken into the room where the body lay for interment, that it might be observed what effect the sight of it would produce upon me. This idea was probably suggested by the extreme agitation I I ade white when the mode of the murder had been described. I was accordingly conducted, by the magistrate and several other person, to the im: I.

taken place during this eventful night; but knowing that I had been conversing with several persons in the island I had inhabited about the time that the body had been found. I was perfectly tranquil as to the consequences of the affair. I entered the room where the corpse lay, and was led up to the coffin. How can I describe my sensations on beholding it? I feel yet

when I saw the lifeless form of Henry Clerval stretched before me. I gasped for breath; and, throwing myself on the body, I exclaimed. "Have my murderous machinations deprived you also, my dearest Henry, of life? Two I have already destroyed; other victims await their destiny but you Clerval my friend my benefactor-" The human frame could no longer support the agonies that I endured, and I was carried out of the room in strong convulsions.

could not help being struck by the strange coincidences that had

parched with horror, nor can I reflect on that terrible moment without shuddering and agony. The examination, the presence of the magistrate and witnesses, passed like a dream from my memory.

A fever succeeded to this. Hav for two months on the point of death: my ravings as Lafterwards heard, were frightful: Lcalled myself the murderer of William, of Justine, and of Clerval. Sometimes I entreated my attendants to assist me in the destruction of the field by whom I

was tormented; and at others I felt the fingers of the monster already grasping my neck, and screamed aloud with agony and terror. Fortunately, as I spoke my native language, Mr. Kirwin alone understood me; but my destures and bitter cries were sufficient to affright the other witnesses.

Why did I not die? More miserable than man ever was before why did I not sink into forgetfulness and rest? Death snatches away many blooming children, the only hopes of their doating parents; how many brides and youthful lovers have been one day in the bloom of health and hope, and the next a prev for worms and the decay of the tomb! Of what materials was I made, that I could thus resist so many shocks. which, like the turning of the wheel, continually renewed the torture? But I was doomed to live: and, in two months, found myself as awaking from a dream, in a prison, stretched on a wretched bed.

surrounded by gaolers, turnkeys, bolts, and all the miserable apparatus of a dungeon. It was morning. I remember, when I thus awoke to understanding: I had forgotten the particulars of what had happened, and only felt as if some great misfortune had suddenly overwhelmed me: but when I looked around, and saw the barred windows, and the squalidness of the room in which I was, all flashed across my memory, and I groaned bitterly. This sound disturbed an old woman who was sleeping in a chair beside me. She was a hired nurse, the wife of one of the turnkeys, and her countenance expressed all those bad qualities which often

that of persons accustomed to see without sympathising in sights of misery. Her tone expressed her entire indifference; she addressed me in English, and the voice struck me as one that I had heard during mv sufferings:-

characterise that class. The lines of her face were hard and rude, like

"Are you better now, sir?" said she. I replied in the same language, with a feeble voice, "I believe I am; but if it be all true, if indeed I did not dream, I am sorry that I am still alive to feel this misery and horror."

"For that matter," replied the old woman, "if you mean about the gentleman you murdered, I believe that it were better for you if you

were dead, for I fancy it will go hard with you! However, that's none of my business: I am sent to nurse you, and get you well: I do my duty with a safe conscience; it were well if everybody did the same."

languid, and unable to reflect on all that had passed. The whole series of my life appeared to me as a dream; I sometimes doubted if indeed it were all true, for it never presented itself to my mind with the force of

I turned with loathing from the woman who could utter so unfeeling a speech to a person just saved, on the very edge of death; but I felt

As the images that floated before me became more distinct. Lorew feverish; a darkness pressed around me; no one was near me who soothed me with the gentle voice of love; no dear hand supported me. The physician came and prescribed medicines, and the old woman prepared them for me; but utter carelessness was visible in the first.

These were my first reflections; but I soon learned that Mr. Kirwin had shown me extreme kindness. He had caused the best room in the prison to be prepared for me (wretched indeed was the best); and it was he who had provided a physician and a nurse. It is true he seldom came to see me: for although he ardently desired to relieve the sufferings of every human creature, he did not wish to be present

and the expression of brutality was strongly marked in the visage of the second. Who could be interested in the fate of a murderer, but the

reality

hangman who would gain his fee?

at the agonies and miserable ravings of a murderer. He came, therefore, sometimes, to see that I was not neglected; but his visits were short, and with long intervals. One day while I was gradually recovering. I was seated in a chair my eyes half open, and my cheeks livid like those in death. I was overcome by gloom and misery and often reflected I had better seek death than desire to remain in a world which to me was replete with

wretchedness. At one time I considered whether I should not declare myself quilty, and suffer the penalty of the law, less innocent than poor Justine had been. Such were my thoughts when the door of my apartment was opened and Mr. Kirwin entered. His countenance expressed sympathy and compassion; he drew a chair close to mine. and addressed me in French-

"I fear that this place is very shocking to you; can I do anything to make you more comfortable?

"I thank you; but all that you mention is nothing to me: on the whole earth there is no comfort which I am capable of receiving."

"I know that the sympathy of a stranger can be but of little relief to one borne down as you are by so strange a misfortune. But you will, I hope, soon guit this melancholy abode; for, doubtless, evidence can easily be brought to free you from the criminal charge."

"That is my least concern: I am, by a course of strange events, become the most miserable of mortals. Persecuted and tortured as I

am and have been, can death be any evil to me?" "Nothing indeed could be more unfortunate and agonising than the

strange chances that have lately occurred. You were thrown, by some surprising accident, on this shore renowned for its hospitality, seized immediately, and charged with murder. The first sight that was presented to your eyes was the body of your friend, murdered in so unaccountable a manner, and placed, as it were, by some fiend

across your path." As Mr. Kirwin said this, notwithstanding the agitation I endured on this retrospect of my sufferings, I also felt considerable surprise at the knowledge he seemed to possess concerning me. I suppose some astonishment was exhibited in my countenance; for Mr. Kirwin

hastened to sav-"Immediately upon your being taken ill, all the papers that were on your person were brought me, and I examined them that I might discover some trace by which I could send to your relations an account of your misfortune and illness. I found several letters, and,

among others, one which I discovered from its commencement to be from your father. I instantly wrote to Geneva: nearly two months have elapsed since the departure of my letter.—But you are ill: even now you tremble: you are unfit for agitation of any kind." "This suspense is a thousand times worse than the most horrible

event: tell me what new scene of death has been acted, and whose murder I am now to lament?"

"Your family is perfectly well," said Mr. Kirwin, with gentleness; "and some one, a friend, is come to visit you."

incitement for me to comply with his hellish desires. I put my hand before my eyes and cried out in agony-"Oh! take him away! I cannot see him: for God's sake do not let him enter!"

Mr. Kirwin regarded me with a troubled countenance. He could not help regarding my exclamation as a presumption of my guilt, and

I know not by what chain of thought the idea presented itself, but it instantly darted into my mind that the murderer had come to mock at my misery and taunt me with the death of Clerval as a new

said, in rather a severe tone-"I should have thought, young man, that the presence of your father would have been welcome instead of inspiring such violent repugnance "

"My father!" cried I, while every feature and every muscle was relaxed from anguish to pleasure: "is my father indeed come? How

kind how very kind! But where is he why does he not hasten to me?" My change of manner surprised and pleased the magistrate: perhaps he thought that my former exclamation was a momentary return of delirium, and now he instantly resumed his former

benevolence. He rose and guitted the room with my nurse, and in a moment my father entered it. Nothing, at this moment, could have given me greater pleasure than

the arrival of my father. I stretched out my hand to him and cried— "Are you then safe-and Elizabeth-and Ernest?"

My father calmed me with assurances of their welfare and endeavoured, by dwelling on these subjects so interesting to my heart, to raise my desponding spirits; but he soon felt that a prison cannot be the abode of cheerfulness, "What a place is this that you

inhabit, my son!" said he, looking moumfully at the barred windows and wretched appearance of the room, "You travelled to seek happiness, but a fatality seems to pursue you. And poor Clerval-" The name of my unfortunate and murdered friend was an agitation

too great to be endured in my weak state: I shed tears. "Alas! yes, my father," replied I; "some destiny of the most horrible kind hangs over me, and I must live to fulfil it, or surely I should have died on the coffin of Henry."

We were not allowed to converse for any length of time, for the precarious state of my health rendered every precaution necessary that could ensure tranquillity. Mr. Kirwin came in and insisted that my strength should not be exhausted by too much exertion. But the

appearance of my father was to me like that of my good angel, and I gradually recovered my health.

As my sickness quitted me, I was absorbed by a gloomy and black melancholy that nothing could dissipate. The image of Clerval was for ever before me, ghastly and murdered. More than once the agitation into which these reflections threw me made my friends dread a dangerous relapse. Alas! why did they preserve so miserable and detested a life? It was surely that I might fulfil my destiny, which is now

drawing to a close. Soon, oh! very soon, will death extinguish these throbbings, and relieve me from the mighty weight of anguish that bears me to the dust; and, in executing the award of justice. I shall also sink to rest. Then the appearance of death was distant although

the wish was ever present to my thoughts; and I often sat for hours

motionless and speechless, wishing for some mighty revolution that

months in prison; and although I was still weak, and in continual danger of a relapse. I was obliged to travel nearly a hundred miles to the county-town where the court was held. Mr. Kirwin charged himself

might bury me and my destroyer in its ruins.

The season of the assizes approached. I had already been three

was spared the disgrace of appearing publicly as a criminal, as the case was not brought before the court that decides on life and death. The grand jury rejected the bill on its being proved that I was on the Orkney Islands at the hour the body of my friend was found; and a

with every care of collecting witnesses and arranging my defence. I

fortnight after my removal I was liberated from prison. My father was enraptured on finding me freed from the vexations of a criminal charge, that I was again allowed to breathe the fresh atmosphere, and permitted to return to my native country. I did not participate in these feelings: for to me the walls of a dungeon or a palace were alike hateful. The cup of life was poisoned for ever; and although the sun shone upon me as upon the happy and gay of heart. I saw around me nothing but a dense and frightful darkness. penetrated by no light but the glimmer of two eyes that glared upon me. Sometimes they were the expressive eyes of Henry languishing in death, the dark orbs nearly covered by the lids, and the long black lashes that fringed them: sometimes it was the watery clouded eyes. of the monster as I first saw them in my chamber at Ingolstadt My father tried to awaken in me the feelings of affection. He talked of Geneva, which I should soon visit-of Elizabeth and Ernest; but these words only drew deep groans from me. Sometimes, indeed, I felt a wish for happiness; and thought, with melancholy delight, of my beloved cousin; or longed, with a devouring maladie du pays at to see once more the blue lake and rapid Rhone that had been so dear to me in early childhood; but my general state of feeling was a toroor in which a prison was as welcome a residence as the divinest scene in nature; and these fits were seldom interrupted but by paroxysms of anguish and despair. At these moments I often endeavoured to put an end to the existence I loathed; and it required unceasing attendance and vigilance to restrain me from committing some dreadful act of violence Yet one duty remained to me, the recollection of which finally triumphed over my selfish despair. It was necessary that I should return without delay to Geneva, there to watch over the lives of those I so fondly loved: and to lie in wait for the murderer, that if any chance, led me to the place of his concealment, or if he dared again to blast me by his presence, I might, with unfailing aim, put an end to the existence of the monstrous image which I had endued with the mockery of a soul still more monstrous. My father still desired to delay our departure, fearful that I could not sustain the fatigues of a journey. for I was a shattered wreck-the shadow of a human being. My strength was gone. I was a mere skeleton; and fever night and day preyed upon my wasted frame. Still, as I urged our leaving Ireland with such inquietude and impatience, my father thought it best to yield. We took our passage on board a vessel bound for Havre-de-Grace. and sailed with a fair wind from the Irish shores. It was midnight. I lay on the deck looking at the stars and listening to the dashing of the waves. I hailed the darkness that shut Ireland from my sight; and my pulse heat with a feverish joy when I reflected that I should soon see Geneva. The past appeared to me in the light of a frightful dream; yet the vessel in which I was, the wind that blew me from the detested shore of Ireland, and the sea which surrounded me, told me too forcibly that I was deceived by no vision, and that Clerval, my friend and dearest companion, had fallen a victim to me and the monster of my creation. I repassed, in my memory, my whole life; my quiet happiness while residing with my family in Geneva, the death of my mother, and my departure for Ingolstadt. I remembered, shuddering, the mad enthusiasm that hurried me on to the creation of my hideous enemy, and I called to mind the night in which he first lived. I was unable to pursue the train of thought; a thousand feelings pressed upon me, and I wept bitterly. Ever since my recovery from the fever I had been in the custom of taking every night a small quantity of laudanum; 1 for it was by means of this drug only that I was enabled to gain the rest necessary for the preservation of life. Oppressed by the recollection of my various misfortunes, I now swallowed double my usual quantity and soon slept profoundly. But sleep did not afford me respite from thought and misery; my dreams presented a thousand objects that scared me. Towards morning I was possessed by a kind of nightmare: I felt the

fiend's grasp in my neck, and could not free myself from it; groans

and cries rung in my ears. My father, who was watching over me, perceiving my resilbesness, awoke me; the dashing waves were around: the cloudy sky above; the fierd was not here: a sense of security, a feeling that a tuce was established between the present hour and the irresistible, disastrous future, imparted to me a kind of calm forgetfulness, of which the human mind is by its structure peculiarly susceptible.

CHAPTER XXII

THE VOYAGE CAME TO an end. We landed and proceeded to Paris. I scon found that I had overtaxed my strength, and that I must repose before I could confinue my journey. My father's care and attentions were indedistgable; but he did not know the origin of my sufferings, and sought enroneous methods to remedy the incurable II. He wished me to seek amusement in society. I abhorred the face of man. Oh, not abhorred they were my brethren, my fellow-beings, and I felt attracted even to the most repulsive among them as to creatures of an angelic nature and celestial mechanism. But I felt that I had no right to share their infercourse. I had unchained an enemy among them, whose joy it was to shed their blood and to revel in their groans. How they would, each and all, abhor me, and hunt me from the world, did they know my unhallowed acts and the crimes which had their source in me!

My father yielded at length to my desire to avoid society, and strove by various arguments to banish my despair. Sometimes he thought that I felt deeply the degradation of being obliged to answer a charge of murder, and he endeavoured to prove to me the fullity of pride.

"Alast my father," said I. "how fittle do you know me. Human beings, a their feelings and passions, would indeed be degraded if so wheth as I felt pride. Justine, poor unhappy Justine, was as innocent as I and she suffered the same charge; she dide for it and I are cause of this—I murdered her. William, Justine, and Henry—they all died by my hands."

My father had often, during my imprisonment, heard me make the same assertion, when I thus accused myself he sometimes seemed to desire an explanation, and at others he appeared to consider it as the offspring of delirium, and that, furing my illness, some idea of this kind had presented itself to my imagination, the remembrance of which I preserved in my convalescence. I avoided explanation, and which I preserved in the convenience and an are the same and a persusation that I should be supposed mad; and this in itself would for ever have chained my longue. But, besides, I could not bring myself to disclose a secret which would fill my hearer with present inchedules the same and the sa

Upon this occasion my father said, with an expression of unbounded wonder, "My dearest Victor, what infatuation is this? My dear son, I entreat you never to make such an assertion again."

truth in part relieved the burden of my mysterious woe.

"I am not mad," I cried energetically," the sun and the heavers, who have viewed my operations, can bear witness of my truth. I am the assassin of those most innocent victims; they died by my machinations. A thousand times would I have shed my own blood, drop by drop, to have saved their lives; but I could not, my father, indeed loculd not sacrifice the whole human race.

The conclusion of this speech convinced my father that my ideas were deranged, and he instantly changed the subject of our conversation and endeavoured to alter the course of my thoughts. He wished as much as possible to obliterate the memory of the scenes that had taken place in relating, and never alluded to them, or suffered me to speak of my misfortunes.

As time passed away I became more calm: misery had her

dwelling in my heart, but I no longer talked in the same incoherent manner of my own crimes; sufficient for me was the consciousness of them. By the utmost self-violence, I curbed the imperious voice of wretchedness, which sometimes desired to declare itself to the whole word; and my manners were calmer and more composed than they had ever been since my journey to the sea of ice 1

received the following letter from Elizabeth:—
"My dear Friend —It gave me the greatest pleasure to receive a

letter from my uncle dated at Paris: you are no longer at a formidable distance, and I may hope to see you in less than a fortright. My poor cousin, how much you must have suffered! I expect to see you looking even more ill than when you quitted Geneva. This winter has been passed most miserably, tortured as I have been by armious suspense; yet I hope to see peace in your countenance, and to find that your heart is not totally void of comfort and tranquility.

A few days before we left Paris on our way to Switzerland, I

"Yet I fear that the same feelings now exist that made you so miserable a year ago, even perhaps augmented by time. I would not disturb you at this period when so many misfortunes weigh you noy to that a conversation that I had with my uncle previous to his departure renders some explanation necessary before we meet

"Explanation! you may possibly say, what can Eizabeth have to explain!" You really say this, my questions are answered, and at my doubts satisfied. But you are distart from me, and it is possible that you may dread, and yet be pleased with this is explanation; and, in a probability of this being the case, Idare not not any longer postopre witting what during your absence, I have often wished to express to you, but have never had the courage to begin.

"You well know, Victor, that our urion had been the favourile plan of your parents ever since our lirating. We were told this when young, and taught to look forward to it as an event that would certainly take place. We were affectionate playfellows during childhood, and, I believe, dear and valued friends to one another as we grew older. But as brother and sister often entertain a levely affection towards each other without desiring a dentertain a levely affection towards each other without desiring a dearest Victor. Answer me, I conjum you, by our mutual happiness, with simple truth—Do you not love another?

"Ou have traveled; you have spent several years of your life at logislatic and I confess to you, my friend, that when I saw you last autumn so un'thapp. Might go solitude, from the society of

every creature. I could not help supposing that you might regret our connection, and believe yourself bound in honour to fulfil the wishes of your parents although they opposed themselves to your inclinations. But this is false reasoning. I confess to you, my friend, that I love you, and that in my airy dreams of futurity you have been my constant friend and companion. But it is your happiness I desire as well as my own when I declare to you that our marriage would render me eternally miserable unless it were the dictate of your own free choice. Even now I weep to think that, borne down as you are by the cruellest misfortunes, you may stifle, by the word honour, all hope of that love and happiness which would alone restore you to yourself. I, who have so disinterested an affection for you, may increase your miseries tenfold by being an obstacle to your wishes. Ah! Victor, be assured that your cousin and playmate has too sincere a love for you not to be made miserable by this supposition. Be happy, my friend: and if you obey me in this one request remain satisfied that nothing on earth will have the power to interrupt my tranquillity.

"Do not let this letter disturb you; do not answer tomorrow, or the next day, or even until you come, if it will give you pain. My uncle will send me news of your health; and if I see but one smile on your lips when we meet, occasioned by this or any other exertion of mine, I shall need no other happiness.

-ELIZABETH LAVENZA.

GENEVA MAY 18TH 17-

This letter revived in my memory what I had before forgotten, the threat of the fiend—"I will be with you on your wedding-night!" Such was my sentence, and on that night would the daemon employ every art to destroy me, and tear me from the glimpse of hanniness which promised partly to console my sufferings. On that night he had determined to consummate his crimes by my death. Well, he it so: a deadly struggle would then assuredly take place in which if he were victorious I should be at peace, and his power over me be at an end. If he were vanguished I should be a free man. Alas! what freedom? such as the peasant enjoys when his family have been massacred before his eyes, his cottage burnt, his lands laid waste, and he is turned adrift, homeless, penniless, and alone, but free. Such would be my liberty except that in my Flizabeth I possessed a treasure: alast balanced by those horrors of remorse and quilt which would pursue me until death

Sweet and beloved Elizabeth! I read and re-read her letter and some softened feelings stole into my heart and dared to whisper paradisiacal dreams of love and joy; but the apple was already eaten, and the angel's arm bared to drive me from all hope. Yet I would die to make her happy. If the monster executed his threat, death was inevitable; yet, again, I considered whether my marriage would hasten my fate. My destruction might indeed arrive a few months sooner; but if my torturer should suspect that I postponed it influenced by his menaces he would surely find other, and perhaps more dreadful, means of revenue. He had vowed to be with me on my wedding-night, yet he did not consider that threat as binding him to peace in the meantime: for as if to show me that he was not yet satiated with blood, he had murdered Clerval immediately after the enunciation of his threats. I resolved, therefore, that if my immediate union with my cousin would conduce either to hers or my father's happiness, my adversary's designs against my life should not retard it a single hour

In this state of mind I wrote to Elizabeth. My letter was calm and affectionate, "thear, my belowed girl," I said, "tille happiness remains for us on earth; yet all that I may one day enjoy is centred in you. Chesa eway your lefe fears; to you alone do I consecrate my life and my endeavours for contentment. I have one secret, estimate, and ended one; when revealed to you life will foll your frame with horror, and then, far from being suprised all my misery, you will only worder that I survive what I have endured. I will confide this tale of misery and lemon's you the day after our marriages shall lake place; for, my sweet coasis, there must be not mention or allute to it. It his I most earnestly entreat, and I know you will combi."

In about a week after the arrival of Elizabeth's letter we retrumed to Geneva. The sweet gif in welcomed me with warm affection, yet lears were in her eyes as she beheld my emaciated frame and fewish cheeks. I saw a change in her also. She was thinner and had lost much of that heavenly vivacify that had before charmed me; but her gentleness and soft looks of compassion made her a more fit companion for one blasted and miserable as I was

The tranquility which I now enjoyed did not endure. Memory brought madness with it; and when I thought of what had passed a real insanily possessed me; sometimes I was furious and burnt with rage; sometimes low and despondent. I neither spoke nor looked at any one, but sat motionless, bewildered by the multiture of miseries that overcame me

Elizabeth alone had the power to draw me from these fits; her gentle voice would soothe me when transported by passion, and inspire me with human feelings when surk in torpor. She wept with me and for me. When reason returned she would remonstrate and endeavour to inspire me with resignation. Ah! it is well for the unfortunate to be resigned, but for the guilty there is no peace. The agories of remorse poison the luxury there is otherwise sometimes found in infulging the excess of grief.

Soon after my arrival, my father spoke of my immediate

marriage with Elizabeth. I remained silent.
"Have you, then, some other attachment?"

*Non- and and the Country of the cou

"None on earth. I love Elizabeth, and look forward to our union with delight. Let the day therefore be fixed; and on it I will consecrate myself, in life or death, to the happiness of my cousin"

"My dear Victor, do not speak thus. Heavy misfortures have berlation us; but let us only cling closer to what remains, and transfer our love for those whom we have lost to those who, yet like. Our circle will be small, but bound close by the files of affection and mutual misfortune. And when time shall have softened your desopair, new and dear objects of care will be born to replace those of whom we have been so cruelly deprived." Such were the lessons of him father. But to me the

remembrance of the threat returned: nor can you wonder that, omploperts as the fiend had yet been in his deeds of blood, I should almost regard him as infincible, and that when he had pronounced the words, I shall be with you on your wedding-night, I should regard the threatened fale as unavoidable. But death was no evil to me if the loss of Elizabeth were belanced with it, and I therefore, with a contented and even cheerful counterance, agreed with my father that, if my cousin would consent, the ceremony should take place in ten days, and thus put, as limagined, the seal to my fath.

helish intention of my fiendish adversary. I would rather have barished myself for ever from ny native country, and wandered a friendless outcast over the earth, than have consented to this miserable marriage. But, as if possessed of magic powers, the monster had binded me to his real intentions; and when I thought that I had prepared only my own death, I hastened that of a far dearer victim.

Great God! if for one instant I had thought what might be the

As the period fixed for our marriage drew nearer, whether from covardice or a prophetic feeling, left my heat airs, within me. But I concealed my feelings by an appearance of hilanty, with the hought smiles and got be the courtenance of my fairth, but hardly deceived the ever-waitful and nicer eye of Elizabeth. She ununninged with a title fear, which past misfortunes had impressed, that what now appeared cratin and tangible happiness might soon dissipate into an airy dream, and leave no

impressed, that when I now appeared in the propriets might acond dissipate into an airy dream, and leave no trace but deep and everlasting regret.

Preparations were made for the event congrabulatory visits were received; and all wore a smilling appearance. I shut up, as were received; and all wore a smilling appearance. I shut up, as everteed with seeming earnestness into the plans of my father, although they might only sense as the decorations of my tragedy. Through my distret severitions, a part of the inheritance of Etzabeth had been restored to her by the Austrian government. A small possession on the shores of Como belonged to her, it was agreed that, immediately after our union, we should proceed to Villa Lavenza, and spend our first days of happiness beside the beautiful lake near which it stood.

case the flend should openly attack me. I carried pistols and a dagger constantly about me, and was ever on the watch to prevent artifice; and by these means gained a greater degree of tranquillity, indeed, as the period approached, the threat

appeared more as a delusion, not to be regarded as worthy to disturb my peace, while the happiness I hoped for in my marriage wore a greater appearance of certainty as the day fixed for its obtennisation drew nearer and I heard it continually spoken of as an occurrence which no accident could possibly prevent

Elizabeth seemed happy, my tranquil demeanour contributed greatly to calm her mind. But on the day that was to fulfill my wishes and my destiny she was melancholy, and a presentiment of evil pervaded her, and perfanse also she thought of the dreadful secret which I had promised to reveal to her on the following day. My faither was in the meantime overloyed, and, in the bustle of preparation, only recognised in the melancholy of his risce the diffidence of a bride.

After the ceremony was performed a large party assembled at my father's; but it was agreed that Elizabeth and I should commence our journey by water, sleeping that right at Evian, and confirming our voyage on the following day. The day was fair, the wind favourable all smilled no our nursit all embarkation.

Those were the last moments of my life during which lenjoyed the feeling of happiness. We passed rapidly along: the sun was hot, but we were sheltered from its rays by a kind of canopy, while we enjoyed the beauty of the scene, sometimes on one side of the lake, where we saw Mort Salve, the pleasant barrks of Montalegre, and at a distance, summorting at the beautiful Mort Blanc, and the assemblage of snowy mountains that in the beautiful Mort Blanc, and the assemblage of snowy mountains that in which was not a start of the state of the same should be about the same

I took the hand of Elizabeth: "You are sorrowful, my love. Ah! if you knew what I have suffered, and what I may yet endure, you would endeavour to let me taste the quiet and freedom from desoair that this one day at least permiss me to enior."

"Be happy, my dear Victor," replied Elizabeth, "there is, Inope, onthing to differes you and he assured that if a lively joy is not painted in my face, my heart is contented. Something whispers to me not to depend too much not he prospect that is opened before us; but I will not listen to such a sinister voice. Observe how fast we move along, and how the clouds, which sometimes obscure and sometimes rise above the dome of Mortt Blanc, render this scene of beauty still more interesting. Lock also at the render this scene of beauty still more interesting. Lock also at the can distinguish every public that lies at the bottom. What a divine day how happy and scene all rahars anoagen?

Thus Elizabeth endeavoured to divert her thoughts and mine from all reflection upon melancholy subjects. But her temper was fluctuating; joy for a few instants shone in her eyes, but it continually gave place to distraction and reverie.

The sun sunk lower in the heavers; we passed the river Drance, and observed its path through the chasms of the higher, and the glers of the lower hills. The Alps here come closer to the lake, and we approached the amphitheatre of mountains which forms its eastern boundary. The spire of Evian shone under the woods that surrounded it, and the range of mountain above mountain to which it was overhink it was or well not mountain to which it was overhink it.

The wind, which had hitherto carried us along with amazing rapidity, surk as usured to a (jibt hereaz; the soft air, just niffled the water, and caused a pleasant motion among the trees as we approached the shore, from which it waterd the most delightful scent of flowers and hay. The sun surk beneath the horizon as we landed; and as I touched the shore, I felt those cares and fears revive which soon were to clasp me and cling to me for...

CHAPTER XXIII

IT WAS EIGHT O'CLOCK when we landed; we walked for a short time on the shore enjoying the transitory light, and then retired to the inn and contemplated the lovely scene of waters, woods, and mountains, obscured in darkness, yet still displaying their black nutlines.

The wind, which had fallen in the south, now rose with great violence in the west. The moon had reached her summit in the heavers and was beginning to descend; the clouds swept across it swifter than the flight of the vulture and dimmed her rays, while the lake reflected the scene of the busy heavers, rendered still busier by the restless waves that were beginning to rise. Suddenly a heavy storm or jain interported.

If had been calm during the day, but so soon as right obscured the shapes of objects, a throusand fears arose in my mind. I was anvious and watchful, which my right hand grasped a pistol which was hidden in my bosom; every sound terrified me; but I resolved that I would sell my life dearly, and not shrink from the conflict until my own life, or that of my adversary, was estinguishen.

Elizabeth observed my agitation for some time in timid and fearful silence; but there was something in my glance which communicated terror to her, and trembling she asked, "What is it that agitates you, my dear Victor? What is it you fear?"

"Oh! peace, peace, my love," replied I; "this night and all will be safe: but this night is dreadful, very dreadful."

I passed an hour in this state of mind, when suddenly I reflected how fearful the combat which I momentarily expected would be to my wife, and I earnestly entreated her to retire, resolving not to join her until I had obtained some knowledge as to the situation of my enemy

She left me, and I confinued some time walking up and down the passages of the house, and irspeccing every comer that might afford a retreat to my adversary. But I discovered no trace of him, and was beginning to conjecture that some forturate chance had intervened to prevent the execution of his menaces, when suddenly I heard a shrill and dreadful scream. It came from the room into which Elizabeth had retired. As I heard it, the whole truth rushed into my mind, my arms dropped, the motion of every muscle and fifthe was suspended; I could feel the blood trickling in my veins and tingling in the extremities of my limbs. This state leasted but for an instant the scream was

repeated, and Inshed into the room.

Great Gold why did I not then expire! Why am I here to relate the destruction of the best hope and the purest creature of early? She was there, fifeless and inanimate, thrown across the bed, her head hanging down, and her pale and distorted features half covered by her hair. Everywhere I turn! see the same figure—her bloodless ams and relaxed form flung by the murdeer on its bridal bier.² Could I behold this and I live? Alsal file is obstinate and clinings closes where it is

is most hated. For a moment only did I lose recollection; I fell

senseless on the ground.

When I recovered. I found myself surrounded by the people of the intr. their counterances expressed a breatfless terror: but the horror of others appeared only as a mockery, a shadow of the feelings that oppressed me. I secaped from them to the room where lay the body of Elizabeth, my love, my wife, so lately living, so dear, so worthy. She had been moved from the posture in which I had first beheld her; and now, as she lay, her head upon her arm, and a handkerchef thrown across her face and neck, Imight have supposed her saleep, I rushed lowests her, and embroach dhe with andour. Dut the deadly languar ceased to be the Elizabeth whom I had loved and cherished. The

murderous mark of the fiend's grasp was on her neck, and the breath had ceased to issue from her lips. 2

While I still hung over her in the agony of despair, I happened to look up. The windows of the room had before been darkened, and I felt a kind of panic on seeing the pale yellow light of the moon illuminate the chamber. The shutters had been thrown back: and, with a sensation of horror not to be described. I saw at the open window a figure the most hideous and abhorred. A grin was on the face of the monster; he seemed to ieer as with his fiendish finger he pointed towards the corpse of my wife. I rushed towards the window and, drawing a pistol from my bosom, fired; but he eluded me, leaned from his station, and running with the swiftness of lightning, plunged into the lake The report of the pistol brought a crowd into the room. I pointed to the spot where he had disappeared, and we followed the track with boats; nets were cast, but in vain, After passing several hours, we returned hopeless, most of my companions believing it to have been a form conjured up by my fancy. After having landed, they proceeded to search the country parties going in different directions among the woods and vines I attempted to accompany them, and proceeded a short distance from the house; but my head whirled round, my steps were like those of a drunken man. I fell at last in a state of utter exhaustion: a film covered my eyes, and my skin was parched with the heat of fever. In this state I was carried back and placed on a bed, hardly conscious of what had happened; my eyes wandered round the room as if to seek something that I had lost. After an interval I arose and, as if by instinct, crawled into the room where the cornse of my beloved lay. There were women weeping around—I hung over it, and joined my sad tears to theirs—all this time no distinct idea presented itself to my mind; but my thoughts rambled to various subjects, reflecting confusedly on my misfortunes and their cause. I was bewildered in a cloud of wonder and horror. The death of William, the execution of Justine, the murder of Clerval, and lastly of my wife; even at that moment I knew not that my only remaining friends were safe from the malignity of the fiend; my father even now might be writhing under his grasp, and Ernest might be dead at his feet. This idea made me shudder and recalled me to action. I started up and resolved to return to Geneva with all possible speed. There were no horses to be procured, and I must return by the lake: but the wind was unfavourable and the rain fell in torrents. However, it was hardly morning, and I might reasonably hope to arrive by night. I hired men to row and took an oar myself: for I had always experienced relief from mental torment in bodily exercise. But the overflowing misery I now felt, and the excess of agitation that I endured, rendered me incapable of any exertion. I threw down the oar, and leaning my head upon my hands gave way to every gloomy idea that arose. If I looked up, I saw the scenes which were familiar to me in my happier time, and which I had contemplated but the day before in the company of her who was now but a shadow and a recollection. Tears streamed from my eyes. The rain had ceased for a moment, and I saw the fish play in the waters as they had done a few hours before; they had then been observed by Elizabeth. Nothing is so painful to the human mind as a great and sudden change. The sun might shine or the clouds might lower; but nothing could appear to me as it had done the day before. A fiend had snatched from me every hope of future happiness; no creature had ever been so miserable as I was; so frightful an event is single in the history of man. But why should I dwell upon the incidents that followed this last overwhelming event? Mine has been a tale of horrors; I have reached their acme, and what I must now relate can but be tedious to you. Know that, one by one, my friends were snatched away: I was left desolate. My own strength is exhausted; and I must tell, in a few words, what remains of my hideous narration. I arrived at Geneva. My father and Ernest vet lived: but the former sunk under the tidings that I bore. I see him now, excellent and venerable old man! his eyes wandered in vacancy, for they had lost

their charm and their delight—his Elizabeth, his more than daughter, whom he doated no with all that affection which a man feels, who in the decline of life, having few affections, clings more earnestly to those that remain. Cursed, cursed be the find that brought misery on his grey hairs, and doomed him to waste in wetchedness! He could not live under the horrors that were accumulated around him; the espirigs of existence sudderly gave way; he was unable to rise from his bed, and in a few days he died in my ams.

What then became of me? I know not, I lost sensation, and chains and darkness were the only doblects that pressed upon me. Sometimes, indeed, idearnt that I wandered in flowery meadows. Sometimes, indeed, idearnt that I wandered in the work, and a present values with the firstect of my youth, but I wande, and pleasart values with the firstect of my youth, but I wande, and pleasart values with the firstect of my youth, but I wande, and pleasart values with the firstect of my youth, but I wande, and pleasart values my the properties of my youth, but I wande, and pleasart values my the properties and situation, and was then released from my notice. For they had called me made and rule into

many months, as I understood, a solitary cell had been my habitation. Liberty, however, had been an useless gift to me had I not, as I awakened to reason, at the same time awakened to revenge. As the awakened to reason, at the same time awakened to revenge. As the their cause—the more than the transfer of the more than the more than the more than the transfer of the more than the more than the transfer of the more than the more than the transfer of the more than the more than the transfer of the more than the more than the transfer of tra

their cause—the monster whom I had created, the miserable daemon whom I had sent abroad into the world for my destruction. I was possessed by a maddering rage when I thought of him, and desired and arderity praged that I might have him within my grasp to wreak a great and signal revenge on his cursed head.

Nor did my hate long confine itself to useless wishes; I began to reflect on the best means of securing him, and for this purpose, about

reflect on the near hold by contractions of the second of

authority for the apprehension of the murderer.

The magistrate fistened to me with attention and kindness:—"Be assured, sir," said he, "no pains or exertions on my part shall be spared to discover the villain."

'Ithank you," replied t," listen, therefore, to the deposition that I have to make. It is indiced a tale so strange that I should fear you would not

credit it were there not something in truth which, however wonderful, forces conviction. The story is too connected to be insistent for a dream, and I have no motive for falsehood." My manner, as I thus addressed him, was impressive but calm; I had formed in my own heart a resolution to pursue my destroyer to death; and this purpose quieted my agony, and for an interval reconciled me to life. I now related my history, briefly, but with firmness and precision, marking

the dates with accuracy, and never deviating into invective or exclamation.

The magistrate appeared at first perfectly incredulous, but as I confinued he became more attentive and interestated; I saw him sometimes shudder with horror, at others a lively surprise, unmingled with disbeller, was painted on his counterance.

When I had concluded my narration, I said, "This is the being whom I accuse, and for whose seizure and punishment I call upon you to exert your whole power. It is your duly as a magistrate, and I believe and hope that your feelings as a man will not revolt from the execution of those functions on this occasion.

and hope that your feelings as a man will not revolt from the execution of those functions on this occasion. This address caused a considerable change in the physiognomy of my own auditor. He had heard my story with that half kind of belief that

This aduress caused a considerable change in the physiopholity of my own auditor. He had heard my story with that half kind of belief that is given to a tale of spirits and supernatural events; but when he was called upon to act officially in consequence, the whole tide of his incredibly refuned. He however answered midths "would willingly the procedulity of the provider when the provider with the provider with the provider with the provider when the provider with the provider when the provider with the provider when the provide

called upon to act officially in consequence, the whole tide of his incredulity returned. He, however, answered mildly, "I would willingly afford you every aid in your pursuit; but the creature of whom you speak appears to have powers which would out all my exertions to

defiance. Who can follow an animal which can traverse the sea of ice, and inhabit caves and dens where no man would venture to intrude? Besides, some months have elapsed since the commission of his crimes, and no one can conjecture to what place he has wandered, or

what region he may now inhabit "

- "do not doubt that he lovers near the spot which linhabit, and if he has indeed taken refuge in the Alps, he may be hunted like the chamois. A and destroyed as a beast of prey. But I perceive your thoughts; you do not credit my nearable, and do not intend to pursue my enemy with the punishment which is his desert.

 As I spoke, rage sparkled in my eyes; the magistrate was intimidated:—"A you are mistaken," said he, "Will exert myself, and if it
- is in my power to seize the monster, be assured that he shall suffer punishment proportionate be its crimes. But I lear, from what you have yourself described to be his properties, that this will prove impracticable; and thus, while every proper measure is pursued, you should make up your mind to disappointment."

 That cannot be: but all that I can say will be of little avail. My
- revenge is of no moment to you, yet, while I allow it to be a vice, I confess that it is the devouring and only passion of my soul. My rape is unspeakable when I reflect that the murderer, whom I have turned loose upon society, still exists. You refuse my just demand: I have but you resource; and I devote massel either in my file or death to his
- one resource; and I devote myself, either in my life or death, to his destruction."

 I trembled with excess of agitation as I said this; there was a frenzy in my manner and something, I doubt not, of that haughty fierceness which the marthys of old are said to have nossessed full to a
- Genevan magistrate, whose mind was occupied by far other ideas than those of devolion and heroism, this elevation of mind had much the appearance of madness. He endeavoured to scothe me as a nurse does a child, and reverted to my tale as the effects of delirium. "Man," I cried, 'how ignorant art thou in thy pride of wisdom! Cease;
- you know not what it is you say."3
- I broke from the house angry and disturbed, and retired to meditate on some other mode of action.

CHAPTER XXIV

MY PRESENT SITUATION WAS one in which all voluntary thought was swallowed up and lost. I was hurried away by fury, revenge alone endowed me with strength and composure; it moulded my feelings, and allowed me to be calculating and calm, at periods when otherwise delirium or death would have been my portion.

My first resolution was to quit Geneva for ever; my country, which, when I was happy and belowed, was dear to me, now, in my adversity, became hateful. I provided myself with a sum of money, together with a few jewels which had belonged to my mother, and departed.

And now my wanderings began, which are to cease but with life. I have traversed a vast portion of the earth, and have endured all the hardships which travellers, in deserts and barbarous countries, are wornt to meet. How I have lived I hardly know, many times have I stretched my falling limbs upon the sandy plain and prayed for death. But revenge kept me allive; I dared not die and leave my adversary in being.

When I quitted Geneva my first labour was to gain some clue by which I might stome the stops of my flendish enemy. But my plan was unsettled, and I leandered many bour round the cortines of the town, uncertain what plant I storded pursue. As night approached, I fourth myself at the entrance of the cameleny where William, Eizabeth, and my father reposed. I entered it and approached the tomb which marked their graves. Everything was silent, except the leaves of the trees, which were gently agitated by the wind; the right was nearly dark; and the scene would have been solemn and affecting even to an unintensested observer. The spirits of the departed seemed to fit around and to cast a shadow, which was felt but not seen, around the head of the mounts.

The deep grief which this scene had at first excited guickly gave

way to rage and despair. They were dead, and lived; their muriderer also leved, and to destroy him I must drag out my event vesteroe. I knelt on the grass and kissed the earth, and with quivering is psecularied. By the sacred earth on which livene, by the shades shat wander near me, by the deep and etemal grief that lifed, I swear; and by thee, O Night, and the spirist hat preside over thee, to pursue the deamon who caused this misery until he or I shall perish in mortal conflict. For this purpose I will preserve my fift is osecular this dear conflict. The state of the start and the green tendage of on you, spirish of the dead; and on you, wandering ministers of vengeance, to aid and conduct me in my work. Let the cursed and helish monster dirik deep of along, let him feel the despair that now

I had begun my abjuration with solemnity and an awe which almost assured me that the shades of my murdered friends heard and approved my devotion; but the furies possessed me as I concluded, and race choked my utterance.

torments me."1

I was answered through the stillness of night by a loud and fendish laugh. E rung on my ears long and heavily, the mountains re-echoed II, and I felt as if all hel surrounded me with mockery and laughter. Surely in that moment I should have been possessed by frency, and have destroyed my miserable existence, but that my ow was heard and that I was reserved for vergeance. The laughter fold wave, when a laughter than the surroundain surroundain surroundain surroundain addressed me in an audible whisper—I am satisfied: miserable weethy lou have determined to live, and I am satisfied. The weethy lou have determined to live, and I am satisfied to the surroundain su

I darted towards the spot from which the sound proceeded; but the devil eluded my grasp. Suddenly the broad disk of the moon arose and shone full upon his ghasdy and distorted shape as he fled with more than mortal speed.

I pursued him; and for many months this has been my task. Guided

blue Mediterranean appeared; and by a strange chance. I saw the fiend enter by night and hide himself in a vessel bound for the Black Sea I took my passage in the same ship; but he escaped. I know not Amidst the wilds of Tartary and Russia, although he still evaded me. I have ever followed in his track 2 Sometimes the peasants scared by this horrid apparition, informed me of his path; sometimes he himself, who feared that if I lost all trace of him I should despair and die left some mark to quide me. The snows descended on my head. and I saw the print of his huge step on the white plain. To you first entering on life, to whom care is new and agony unknown, how can you understand what I have felt and still feel? Cold, want, and fatigue were the least pains which I was destined to endure: I was cursed by some devil, and carried about with me my eternal hell: yet still a spirit of good followed and directed my steps; and, when I most murmured, would suddenly extricate me from seemingly insurmountable difficulties. Sometimes, when nature, overcome by hunger, sunk under the exhaustion, a repast was prepared for me in the desert that restored and inspirited me. The fare was, indeed, coarse, such as the peasants of the country ate: but I will not doubt that it was set there by the spirits that I had invoked to aid me. Often, when all was dry, the heavens cloudless, and I was parched by thirst, a slight cloud would bedim the sky shed the few drops that revived me, and vanish I followed, when I could, the courses of the rivers; but the daemon generally avoided these, as it was here that the population of the country chiefly collected. In other places human beings were seldom seen; and I generally subsisted on the wild animals that crossed my path. I had money with me, and gained the friendship of the villagers by distributing it: or I brought with me some food that I had killed which, after taking a small part, I always presented to those who had provided me with fire and utensils for cooking My life, as it passed thus, was indeed hateful to me, and it was during sleep alone that I could taste joy. 0 blessed sleep! often, when most miserable, I sank to repose, and my dreams lulled me even to rapture. The spirits that quarded me had provided these moments, or rather hours, of happiness, that I might retain strength to fulfill my pilgrimage. Deprived of this respite, I should have sunk under my hardships. During the day I was sustained and inspirited by the hope of night; for in sleep I saw my friends, my wife, and my beloved country, again I saw the benevolent countenance of my father, heard the silver tones of my Elizabeth's voice, and beheld Clerval enjoying health and youth. Often, when wearied by a toilsome march, I persuaded myself that I was dreaming until night should come, and that I should then enjoy reality in the arms of my dearest friends. What agonising fondness did I feel for them! how did I cling to their dear forms, as sometimes they haunted even my waking hours, and persuade myself that they still lived! At such moments vengeance, that burned within me, died in my heart, and I pursued my path towards the destruction of the daemon more as a task enjoined by heaven, as the mechanical impulse of some power of which I was unconscious, than as the ardent desire of my soul. What his feelings were whom I pursued I cannot know. Sometimes, indeed, he left marks in writing on the barks of the trees, or cut in stone, that guided me and instigated my fury, "My reign is not yet over" (these words were legible in one of these inscriptions); "you live. and my power is complete. Follow me: I seek the everlasting ices of the north, where you will feel the misery of cold and frost to which I am impassive. You will find near this place, if you follow not too tardily, a dead hare; eat and be refreshed. Come on, my enemy, we have yet to wrestle for our lives; but many hard and miserable hours must you endure until that period shall arrive." Scoffing devil! Again do I yow vengeance; again do I devote thee. miserable fiend, to torture and death. Never will I give up my search until he or I perish; and then with what ecstasy shall I join my Elizabeth

by a slight clue I followed the windings of the Rhone, but vainly. The

how.

ice and no fish could be procured; and thus I was cut off from my chief. article of maintenance The triumph of my enemy increased with the difficulty of my labours. One inscription that he left was in these words:- "Prepare! your toils only begin; wrap yourself in furs and provide food; for we shall soon enter upon a journey where your sufferings will satisfy my everlasting hatred " My courage and perseverance were invigorated by these scoffing

and my departed friends, who even now prepare for me the reward of

As I still pursued my journey to the northward, the snows thickened and the cold increased in a degree almost too severe to support. The peasants were shut up in their hovels, and only a few of the most hardy ventured forth to seize the animals whom starvation had forced from their hiding-places to seek for prey. The rivers were covered with

my tedious toil and horrible pilgrimage!

words; I resolved not to fail in my purpose; and, calling on Heaven to support me. I continued with unabated fervour to traverse immense deserts until the ocean appeared at a distance and formed the utmost boundary of the horizon. Oh! how unlike it was to the blue seas of the

south! Covered with ice, it was only to be distinguished from land by its superior wildness and ruggedness. The Greeks went for joy when they beheld the Mediterranean from the hills of Asia, and hailed with rapture the boundary of their toils.2 I did not weep; but I knelt down and, with a full heart, thanked my guiding spirit for conducting me in

safety to the place where I hoped, notwithstanding my adversary's gibe, to meet and grapple with him. Some weeks before this period I had procured a sledge and dogs, and thus traversed the snows with inconceivable speed. I know not

whether the fiend possessed the same advantages; but I found that. as before I had daily lost ground in the pursuit. I now gained on him:

so much so that, when I first saw the ocean, he was but one day's

iourney in advance, and I hoped to intercept him before he should reach the beach. With new courage, therefore, I pressed on, and in two days arrived at a wretched hamlet on the sea-shore. Linguired of the inhabitants concerning the fiend, and gained accurate information. A gigantic monster, they said, had arrived the night before, armed with a gun and many pistols, putting to flight the inhabitants of a

solitary cottage through fear of his terrific appearance. He had carried off their store of winter food, and placing it in a sledge, to draw which he had seized on a numerous drove of trained dogs, he had harnessed them, and the same night, to the joy of the horror-struck villagers, had pursued his journey across the sea in a direction that led to no land; and they conjectured that he must speedily be

destroyed by the breaking of the ice or frozen by the eternal frosts. On hearing this information, I suffered a temporary access of despair. He had escaped me; and I must commence a destructive and almost endless journey across the mountainous ices of the ocean -amidst cold that few of the inhabitants could long endure, and which I, the native of a genial and sunny climate, could not hope to survive.

Yet at the idea that the fiend should live and be triumphant, my rage and vengeance returned, and, like a mighty tide, overwhelmed every other feeling. After a slight repose, during which the spirits of the dead hovered round and instigated me to toil and revenge. I prepared for my journey. I exchanged my land-sledge for one fashioned for the inequalities of the Frozen Ocean; and purchasing a plentiful stock of provisions, I

departed from land. I cannot guess how many days have passed since then; but I have endured misery which nothing but the eternal sentiment of a just retribution burning within my heart could have enabled me to support. Immense and rugged mountains of ice often barred up my passage, and I often heard the thunder of the ground sea which threatened my destruction. But again the frost came and made the paths of the sea

By the quantity of provision which I had consumed, I should guess

secure.

almost socured her prey, and I should soon have surk beneath this misery. Once, after the poor animals that conveyed me had with incredible boil gained the summit of a sloping ice-mountain, and one, sinking under his fastgue, ided, I viewed the expanse before me with anguish, when suddenly my eye caught a dark speck upon the dusky plain. I strained my sight to discover what it could be, and uttered a wild cry of ecstasy when I distinguished a sledge and the distorted proportions of a well-known form within. Oht with what a burning ush did hope revisit my heart warm tears filled my eyes, which I hastily wiyed away that they might not intercept the view I had of the deemor. but still my sight was dimmed by the burning drops until, giving way to the emotions that oppressed me, level adout.

But this was not the time for delay. I disencumbened the dogs of their dead companion, oave them a plentiful portion of food; and, after their dead companion, oave them a plentiful portion of food; and, after their dead companion, oave them a plentiful portion of food; and, after

an hour's rest, which was absolutely necessary, and yet which was hour being the property of the second property the second prope

But now, when I appeared almost within grasp of my foe, my hopes were suddenly extinguished, and I lost all trace of him more utterly than I had ever done before. A ground sea was heard; the thunder of its progress, as the waters rolled and swelled beneath me, became

bounded within me

the steel aright.

that I had passed three weeks in this journey, and the continual protraction of hope, returning back upon the heart, often wrung bitter drops of despondency and grief from my eyes. Despair had indeed

every moment more ominous and terrific. I pressed on, but in vain. The wind arose, the sea nared; and, as with the mighty shock of an earthquake, it split and cracked with a tremendous and overwhelming sound. The work was soon finished: in a few minutes a turnuluous sea rolled between me and my enemy, and I was left driffing on a scattered piece of ice, that was continually lessensing, and thus preparing for me a hideous death. In this manner many appalling hours passed; several of my dogs dided; and I myself was about to sink under the accumulation of distress when I saw your vesselled inding at anchor, and holding forth to me hopes of succour and life. I had no conception that wessels ever came so far north, and was astounded at the shift. I duckly destrowed mem so far north, and was astounded at the shift. I duckly destrowed

part of my sledge to construct oars; and by these means was enabled, with infinite fatigue, to move my ice-raft in the direction of your ship. I had determined, if you were going southward, still to trust

impself to the mercy of the seas rather finan abandon my purpose. I hopped to induce you to grant me a boat with which loudd pursue my enemy. But your direction was northward. You took me on board when my vigour was exhausted, and I should soon heav surk. under my multiplied hardships into a death which I still dread-for my task is surfaced by the property of the control of the property of the control of the

him and salisfy my vengeance in his death. And do I dare to ask of you to undertake my pligitimage, to endure the hardships that I have undergone? No; I am not so selfish. Yet, when I am dead, if he should appear; if he ministers of vengeance should conduct him to you, swear that he shall not live—ewear that he shall not five—over that he shall not five my dead to the list of his dark crimase. He is eloquent and persuasive, and once his words had even power he is eloquent and persuasive, and once his words had even power of or factoring and facilities males. He had not not also do not he names of the sache you had not he had not only listen. All the sache you have the sache you have the sache you had not he names of William, Justine, Cleroal, Elizabeth, my father, and of the wretched Victor, and thrust your sword into his heart. I will hove near and direct.

Walton, In Continuation

AUGUST 2.6TH, 17-.

persecutor.

now curdles mine? Sometimes, seized with sudden agont, he could not continue his fale; at others, his voice broken, net piercing, utlered with difficulty the words so replete with anguish. His fine and tolvely eges were now lighted up with indignation, now subdued to downcast sorrow, and quenched in infinite wortheldness. Sometimes he commanded his counterance and tones, and related the most hortible incidents with a tranqui voice, suppressing every mark of agilation; then, like a volcano bursting forth, his face would sudderly change to an expression of the wildest read, as he shrieked out imprecations on his

You have read this strange and terrific story, Margaret; and do you not feel your blood congeal with horror like that which even

His tale is connected, and told with an appearance of the simplest furth; yet I own to you that the letters of Felix and Safle, which he showed me, and the apparition of the monster seen from our ship, brought to me a greater conviction of the truth of his narrative than his asseverations, however earnest and connected. Such a monster has then really existence! I cannot doubt lit well zum lost in surmise and admiration. Sometimes I are supported to the control of the control

endeavoured to gain from Frankenstein the particulars of his creature's formation: but on this point he was impenetrable.

"Are you mad, my friend?" said he; "or whither does your senseless curiosity lead you? Would you also create for yourself

and the world a demoniacal enemy? Peace, peace! learn my miseries, and do not seek to increase your own."

Frankenstein discovered that I made notes concerning his bistors he acked to see them and then himself corrected and

Frankissem discovered that i Thinace Index Concentral risk history, he asked to see them, and then himself corrected and augmented them in many places, but principally in giving the life and splint to the conversations he held with his enemy. Since you have preserved my narration," said he, "I would not that a mulliated one should go down to posterity."

Thus has a week possed away, while I have listened to the strangest late that ever imagination formed. My thoughts, and

every feeling of my soul, have been drunk up by the interest for

my guest, which this tale, and his own elevated and gentle manners, have created. I wish to soothe him, yet can I coursed one so infinitely miserable, so destitute of every hope of consolation, to lave? On, not the only by that he can now know will be when he composes his shattered spirit to peace and death. Yet he ergles one confroit, the offspring of solitude and delinium: he believes that, when in dreams he holds converse with his firerds and derives from that communion consolation for his firerds and derives from that communion consolation for his creations of his fancy, but the beings themselves who wist him from the remiers of a generate work it his fall holess a selement he.

his reveries that render them to me almost as imposing and interesting as truth.

Our conversations are not always confined to his own history and misfortunes. On every point of general literature he displays unbounded knowledge and a quick and piercing apprehension. His eloquence is forcible and fluoching; nor can I hear him, when

His eloquence is forcible and touching; nor can I hear him, when he relates a pathetic incident, or endeavours to move the passions of pity or love, without tears. What a glorious creature must he have been in the days of his prosperity when he is thus noble and godlike in ruirl He seems to feel his own worth and the greatness of his fail.

noble and godlike in ruin! He seems to feel his own worth and the greatness of his fal.

"When younger," said he, "I believed myself destined for some great enterprise. My feelings are profound; but I possessed a coloness of judgment that fitted me for illustrious schewements. This sertiment of the worth of my nature supported me when others would have been oppressed; for I deemed it criminal to throw away in useless grief those talents that might be useful to my fellow-creatures. When I reflected on the work I had rational animal. I could not rank myself with the herd of common projectors. But this thought which supported me in the commencement of my career, now serves only to plunge me lower in the dust. All my speculations and hopes are as nothing: and, like the archangel who aspired to omnipotence, I am chained in an eternal hell.4 My imagination was vivid, yet my powers of analysis and application were intense; by the union of these qualities I conceived the idea and executed the creation of a man. Even now I cannot recollect without passion my reveries while the work was incomplete. I trod beaven in my thoughts, now exulting in my powers, now burning with the idea of their effects. From my infancy I was imbued with high hopes and a lofty ambition; but how am I sunk! Oh! my friend, if you had known me as I once was you would not recognise me in this state of degradation. Despondency rarely visited my heart: a high destiny seemed to bear me on until I fell, never, never again to rise."

completed no less a one than the creation of a sensitive and

Must I then lose this admirable being? I have longed for a friend; I have sought one who would sympathise with and love me. Behold, on these desert seas I have found such a one; but I fear I have gained him only to know his value and lose him. I would reconcile him to life, but he requises the idea.

"I thank you Walton " he said "for your kind intentions towards so miserable a wretch; but when you speak of new ties and fresh. affections, think you that any can replace those who are gone? Can any man be to me as Clerval was: or any woman another Elizabeth? Even where the affections are not strongly moved by any superior excellence, the companions of our childhood always possess a certain power over our minds which hardly any later friend can obtain. They know our infantine dispositions, which however they may be afterwards modified, are never eradicated; and they can judge of our actions with more certain conclusions as to the integrity of our motives. A sister or a brother can never, unless indeed such symptoms have been shown early, suspect the other of fraud or false dealing, when another friend, however strongly he may be attached, may, in spite of himself, be contemplated with suspicion. But I enjoyed friends, dear not only through habit and association, but from their own merits: and wherever I am the soothing voice of my Elizabeth and the conversation of Clerval will be ever whispered in my ear. They are dead, and but one feeling in such a solitude can persuade me to preserve my life. If I were engaged in any high undertaking or design, fraught with extensive utility to my fellow-creatures. then could I live to fulfil it. But such is not my destiny: I must pursue and destroy the being to whom I gave existence; then my lot on earth will be fulfilled, and I may die.

SEPTEMBER 2ND.

My beloved Sister,I write to you encompassed by peril and ignorant whether I am ever doomed to see again dear England, and the dearer friends that inhabit it. I am surrounded by mountains of its writch admit of no escape and threaten every moment to crush my vessel. The brave fellows whom I have persuaded to be my companions book towards me for aid; but have none to bestow. There is something termiby appaining in our termile to reflect that the fives of all these mora are endangemed through me. I'we are lost, my mad schemes are the cause. And vistril Margaret will be the state for your mind? "Vis will find

And what, Margaret, will be the state of your mind? You will not hear of my destruction, and you will anxiously await my return. Years will pass, and you will have wistings of despair, and yet be tortured by hope. Oft my beloved sistler, the sickening failing of your hearfielt expectations is, in prospect, more termitle to me than my own death. But you have a husband and lovely children; you may be happy. Heaven bless you and make you gou and make you that

compassion. He endeavours to fill me with hope; and takts as if life were a possession which he valued. He reminds me how often the same accidents have happened to other ravigators who have attempted this sea, and, in spile of impedit, he fills me with cheerful auguries. Even the saliors feel the power of his obsquence: when he speaks they no longer despair; he rouses their energies and, while they hear his voice, they believe these vast mountains of cea are mole-fills which will vanish hedrer the resolutions of man. These feelings are transitory, each day of expectation delayed fills them with fear, and I almost dread a multiny caused by this despair.

My unfortunate quest regards me with the tenderest

SEPTEMBER STH

A scene has just passed of such uncommon interest that although it is highly probable that these papers may never reach you, yet I cannot forbear recording it.

We are still surrounded by mountains of ice, still in imminent danger of being crushed in their conflict. The cold is excessive, and many of my unfortunate comrades have already found a grave amidst this scene of desolation. Frankenstein has daily declined in health: a feverish fire still gimmers in his eyes, but he is exhausted, and when suddenly roused to any exertion he speedth's sinks again into apparent filelessness.

speedily sinks again into apparent telessenses. Inmetioned in my last letter the fears l'enfertatined of a muliny. This morning, as I sait watching the wan countenance of my interd-this eyes half closed, and this limbs harping islatesty—I describe the sinks harping islatesty—I describe the sinks and interded in the sinks and int

This speech troubled me. I had not despaired; nor had I yet conceived the idea of returning if set free. Yet could I, in justice, or even in possibility, refuse this demand? I hesitated before I answered; when Frankenstein, who had at first been silent, and indeed, appeared hardly to have force enough to attend, now moused himself; his eves soarfed, and his cheeks flushed now the country of the control of th

momentary vigour. Turning towards the men he said-

"What do you mean? What do you demand of your captain? Are you then so easily turned from your design? Did you not call this a glorious expedition? And wherefore was it glorious? Not because the way was smooth and placid as a southern sea, but because it was full of dangers and terror; because at every new incident your fortitude was to be called forth and your courage exhibited; because danger and death surrounded it, and these you were to brave and overcome. For this was it a glorious, for this was it an honourable undertaking. You were hereafter to be hailed as the benefactors of your species; your names adored as belonging to brave men who encountered death for honour and the benefit of mankind. And now, behold, with the first imagination of danger, or, if you will, the first mighty and terrific trial of your courage, you shrink away, and are content to be handed down as men who had not strength enough to endure cold and peril; and so, poor souls, they were chilly and returned to their warm firesides. Why that requires not this preparation; ye need not have come thus far, and dragged your captain to the shame of a defeat, merely to prove yourselves cowards. Oh! be men, or be more than men. Be steady to your purposes and firm as a rock. This cise in oft made of such stuff as your hearts may be; it is mutable and cannot withstand you if you say that it shall not. Do not return to your families with the stigma of disprace marked on your brows. Return as heroes who have fought and conquered, and who know not what it is to turn their backs on the foe."

He spoke this with a voice so modulated to the different feelings expressed in his speech, with an eye so full of lofly design and heroism, that can you wonder that these men were moved? They looked at one another and were unable to reply. I spoke; I lold them to retire and consider of what had been said: that I would not lead them father north if they stemuosly desired the contrary, but that I hoped that, with reflection, their courage would return.

They retired, and I turned towards my friend; but he was sunk in languor and almost deprived of life.

How all this will terminate I know not, but I had rather die than return shamefully-mp purpose unfuffilled. Yet I fear such will be my fate; the men, unsupported by ideas of glory and honour, can never willingly continue to endure their present hardships. SEPTEMBER 7TH.

The die is cast; I have consented to return if we are not destroyed. Thus are my hopes blasted by cowardice and indecision; I come back ignorant and disapporited. It requires more philosophy than I possess to bear this injustice with patience.

SEPTEMBER 12TH

It is past; I am returning to England. I have lost my hopes of utility and glory;-I have lost my friend. But I will endeavour to detail these bitter circumstances to you, my dear sister; and while I am wafted towards England, and towards you, I will not despond.

September 9th, the ice began to move, and roarings like thunder were heard at a distance as the islands split and cracked in every direction. We were in the most imminent peri; but, as we could only remain passive, my chief afterflorin was occupied by my unfortunate guest, whose illness increased in such a degree that he was entirely confined to his bed. The ice cracked behind us, and was driven with force towards the north; a breeze sprung from the west, and on the 11 th the passage towards the south became perfectly free. When the sailors saw this, and that their return to their raileve country was apparently assured, a shout of turnulbrous joy broke from them, bud and only-continued. Farriskenstein, who was dozing, anwoke and asked the cause of the turnult. "They shout," I said, "because they will soon return to Froland."

"Do you then really return?"

"Alas! yes; I cannot withstand their demands. I cannot lead them unwillingly to danger, and I must return."

"Do so, if you wilt, but I will not. You may give up your purpose, but mine is assigned to me by Heaven, and I dare not I naweak; but surely the spirits who assist my vengeance will endow me with sufficient strength." Saying this, he endeavoured to spring from the bed, but the exertion was too great for him; he fell back and fainted.

It was long before he was restored; and I often thought that life was entirely exinct. At length he opened his eyes; he breatified with difficulty, and was unable to speak. The surgeon gave him a composing draught and ordered us to leave him undisturbed in the meantime he told me that my friend had certainly not many hours to live.

His sentence was pronounced, and I could only grieve and be patient. I sat by his bed watching him; his eyes were closed, and I

is gone: I feel that I shall soon die, and he, my enemy and persecutor, may still be in being. Think not. Walton, that in the last moments of my existence I feel that burning hatred and ardent desire of revenue Lonce expressed; but I feel myself justified in desiring the death of my adversary. During these last days I have been occupied in examining my past conduct; nor do I find it blamable. In a fit of enthusiastic madness I created a rational creature, and was hound towards him to assure, as far as was in my power, his happiness and well-being. This was my duty; but there was another still paramount to that. My duties towards the beings of my own species had greater claims to my attention. because they included a greater proportion of happiness or misery Urged by this view Trefused, and Edid right in refusing to create a companion for the first creature. He showed unparalleled malignity and selfishness, in evil; he destroyed my friends; he devoted to destruction beings who possessed exquisite sensations, happiness, and wisdom; nor do I know where this thirst for vengeance may end. Miserable himself, that he may render no other wretched he ought to die. The task of his destruction was mine, but I have failed. When actuated by selfish. and vicious motives I asked you to undertake my unfinished work: and I renew this request now when I am only induced by reason and virtue.

thought he slept; but presently he called to me in a feeble voice, and, bidding me come near, said—"Alas! the strength I relied on

"Yet I cannot ask you to renounce your country and friends to fulfill this task; and now that you are returning to England you will have little chance of meeting with him. But the consideration of these points, and the wet belancing of what you may esteem your duties, I leave to you; my judgment and ideas are already disturbed by the near approach of death. I dare not ask you to do

what think right, for Imay still be misled by passion.

"That he should live to be an instrument of mischief disturbs me: in other respects, this hour, when I momentarily expect my release, is the only happy one which I have enjoyed for several years. The forms of the beloved dead fit before me and I hasten to their arms. Farevell, Walton! Seek happiness in tranquility and avoid ambition, even if it be only the apparently innocent one

of distinguishing yourself in science and discoveries. Yet why do I say this? I have myself been blasted in these hopes, yet another may succeed."
His voice became fainter as he spoke; and at length, exhausted by his effort, he surk into silence. About half an hour afterwards he attempted again to speak, but was unable; he pressed my hand feebly, and his eyes closed for ever, while the

irradiation²⁶ of a gentle smile passed away from his lips. Mangaret, what comment can I make on the untimely extinction of this glorious spirit? What can I say that will enable you understand the depth of my sorrow? All that I should express would be inadequate and feeble. My tears flow, my mind is overshadowed by a cloud of disappointment. But I lourney

towards England, and I may there find consolation.
I am interrupted: What do these sounds portend? It is midnight, the breeze blows fairly, and the watch on deck scarcely stir. Again; there is a sound as of a human voice, but hoarser; it

Again; there is a sound as of a human voice, but hoarser; it comes from the cabin where the remains of Frankenstein still lie. Imust arise and examine. Good right, my sister.

Great God! what a scene has just taken place! I am yet dizzy

with the remembrance of it. I hardly know whether I shall have the power to detail it; yet the tale which I have recorded would be incomplete without this final and wonderful^{BU} catastrophe.

I entered the cabin where lay the remains of my ill-fated and admirable friend. Over him hung a form which I cannot find words to describe; gigantic in stature, yet uncouth and distorted in its proportions. As he hung over the coffin his face was concealed towards the lifeless form of his creator, he seemed to forget my presence, and every feature and gesture seemed instigated by the wildest rage of some uncontrollable passion. "That is also my victim!" he exclaimed: "in his murder my

destroyer. I called on him to stay

crimes are consummated: the miserable series of my being is wound to its close! Oh. Frankenstein! generous and self-devoted being! what does it avail that I now ask thee to pardon me? I, who irretrievably destroyed thee by destroying all thou lovedst. Alas! he is cold the cannot answer me "

He paused, looking on me with wonder, and, again turning

by long locks of ragged hair; but one vast hand was extended, in colour and apparent texture like that of a mummy. When he heard the sound of my approach he ceased to utter exclamations of grief and horror and sprung towards the window. Never did I behold a vision so horrible as his face, of such loathsome vet annalling hideousness I shut my eyes involuntarily and endeavoured to recollect what were my duties with regard to this

His voice seemed suffocated; and my first impulses, which had suggested to me the duty of obeying the dying request of my friend, in destroying his enemy, were now suspended by a mixture of curiosity and compassion. I approached this tremendous being: I dared not again raise my eyes to his face. there was something so scaring and unearthly in his ugliness. I attempted to speak but the words died away on my lips. The monster continued to utter wild and incoherent self-reproaches. At length I gathered resolution to address him in a pause of the tempest of his passion: "Your repentance." I said. "is now superfluous. If you had listened to the voice of conscience, and heeded the stings of remorse, before you had urged your diabolical vengeance to this extremity. Frankenstein would vet

have lived "And do you dream?" said the daemon; "do you think that I was then dead to agony and remorse?-He," he continued, pointing to the corpse, "he suffered not in the consummation of the deed -oh! not the ten-thousandth portion of the anguish that was mine during the lingering detail of its execution. A frightful self ishness hurried me on, while my heart was poisoned with remorse. Think you that the groans of Clerval were music to my ears? My heart was fashioned to be susceptible of love and sympathy, and when wrenched by misery to vice and hatred it did not endure the violence of the change without torture such as you cannot even

imagine, 6 "After the murder of Clerval I returned to Switzerland heartbroken and overcome. I pitied Frankenstein; my pity amounted to horror. I abhorred myself. But when I discovered that he, the author at once of my existence and of its unspeakable torments, dared to hope for happiness; that while he accumulated wretchedness and despair upon me he sought his own enjoyment in feelings and passions from the indulgence of which I was for ever barred, then impotent envy and bitter indignation filled me with an insatiable thirst for vengeance. I recollected my threat and resolved that it should be accomplished. I knew that I was preparing for myself a deadly torture; but I was the slave, not the master, of an impulse which I detested, yet could not disobey. Yet when she died!-nay, then I was not miserable. I had cast off

all feeling, subdued all anguish, to riot in the excess of my despair. Evil thenceforth became my good. Urged thus far. I had no choice but to adapt my nature to an element which I had

willingly chosen. The completion of my demoniacal design became an insatiable passion. And now it is ended: there is my I was at first touched by the expressions of his misery; yet, when I called to mind what Frankenstein had said of his powers of eloquence and persuasion, and when I again cast my eyes on

last victim!"

the lifeless form of my friend, Indignation was rekindled within me. "Wretch!" I said, "It is well that you come here to whine over the desolation that you have made. You throw a forch into a pile of buildings, and when they are consumed you sit among the ruins and lament the falt. Hypocritical finel? If he whom you moour still leed, still would he be the object, again would he become the prey, of your accuraced registers. It is not pily that you leet, and from your procuses the victim of your maligrafy is withdrawn from your procuses.

"Oh it is not thus-not thus" interrupted the being: "vet such must be the impression conveyed to you by what appears to be the purport of my actions. Yet I seek not a fellow-feeling in my misery. No sympathy may I ever find. When I first sought it, it was the love of virtue, the feelings of happiness and affection with which my whole being overflowed that I wished to be participated. But now that virtue has become to me a shadow and that happiness and affection are turned into bitter and loathing despair, in what should I seek for sympathy? I am content to suffer alone while my sufferings shall endure; when I die. I am well satisfied that abhorrence and opprobrium should load my memory. Once my fancy was soothed with dreams of virtue, of fame, and of enjoyment. Once I falsely hoped to meet with beings who pardoning my outward form, would love me for the excellent qualities which I was canable of unfolding. I was nourished with high thoughts of bonour and devotion. But now crime has degraded me beneath the meanest animal. No quilt. no mischief, no malignity, no misery, can be found comparable to mine. When I run over the frightful catalogue of my sins. I cannot believe that I am the same creature whose thoughts were once filled with sublime and transcendent visions of the beauty and the majesty of goodness. But it is even so; the fallen angel becomes a malignant devil. Yet even that enemy of God and man had friends and associates in his desolation: I am alone 8

"You, who call Frankenstein your friend, seem to have a knowledge of my crimes and his misfortunes. But in the detail which he gave you of them he could not sum up the hours and months of miseny which I endured, wasting in imported passions. For while I destroyed his hopes, I did not satisfy my own desires. They were for ever andert and craving; still I desired to we and fellowship, and I was still spurned. Was there no injustice in this? An I to be thought the only criminal when all human kind sined against me? Why do you not hate Felix who drove his friend from his door with contamely? Why do you not exercate the rustic who sought to destroy the saviour of his child? Nay, these are virtuous and immodatel beingist. It hem issensible and the abandoned, am an abortion, to be spurmed at, and kicked, and trampled on. Even now my blood bolts at the recollection of this injustice?

"But it is true that I am a wreich. I have murdered the lovely and helpless; I have strangled the innocent as they slept, and grasped to death his throat who rever injured me or any other living thing; I have devoted my creater, the select specimen of all that is worthy of love and admiration among men, to misery, I have pursued him even to that irremediable ruin. There he lies, white and cold in death. You have me; but your abhorence, which would not be a selected to the selection of the selection which recorded the deed; I think on the heart in which the imagination of it was conceived, and long for the moment when these hands will meet my eyes, when that imagination will haunt my thoughts no more.

"Fear not that I shall be the instrument of future mischief. My

work is nearly complete. Neither yours nor any man's death is needed to consummate the series of my being, and accomplish that which must be done; but it requires my own. Do not think that I shall be slow to perform this sacrifice. I shall quit your vessel on the ice-raft which brought me thither, and shall seek the most consume to ashes this miserable frame, that its remains may afford no light to any curious and unhallowed wreth why would create such another as I have been. I shall fiel, I shall no longer feel the agonies which now consume me, or be the prey of feelings unsatisfied, yet unquenched. He is dead who called me inbeling; and when I shall be no more the very remembrance of us both will speedily varieful. I shall no longer are the sun or stars, present the shall be not not the sun or stars, and the shall be not the shall be not present the shall be not present the shall be not shall not shall not shall be not shall be not shall be not shall not shall be not shall b

northern extremity of the globe: I shall collect my funeral pile and

"Farewell! I leave you, and in you the last of human kind whom hese eyes will ever helpd. Farewell, Frankmestler if thou wert yet alive, and yet cherished a desire of revenge against me, it would be better salated in my life than in my destruction. But it was not so, thou didst seek my extinction that I might not cause greater wretcheriess; and it yet, is noem node urknown to me, thou hast not ceased to brink and feel, thou wouldst not desire against me a vergeance greater than that with I level. Blasted and the seek of the seek

"But soon," he cried, with sad and solemn enthusiasm, "I shall de, and what I now feel be no longer fet. Soon these burning miseries will be extinct. I shall ascend my fureral pile trumphantly, and exult in the agony of the tourting flames. The light of that conflagration will fade away; my ashes will be swept into the sea by the wints." My spirit will sleep in peace, or if it thinks, it will not surely thirk thus. Farewell."

He sprung from the cabin-window, as he said this, upon the ice-raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the wayes and lost in darkness and distance

ENDNOTES 1 (p. 5) two persons of distinguished literary celebrity: Shelley's

Author's Introduction

- mother was Mary Wollstonecraft (1759-1797), an early feminist and the author of A Vindication of the Rights of Woman (1792): her father William Godwin (17 5 6- 1836), was a well-known radical political philosopher whose works include the treatise An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice (1793) and The Adventures of Caleb Williams (1794), a novel that criticizes the tyranny of the privileged classes.
- 2 (p. 6) Childe Harold: The reference is to Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. (completed in 1818), a long narrative poem in four cantos by the Romantic poet George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824). 3 (p. 6) volumes ... fell into our hands: The first two of the six volumes
- of Ges pensterbuch (181 1-1815), edited by Friedrich Schulze and Johann Anel, were translated by Jean-Bantiste-Benoit Evries as Fantasmagoriana ou recucil d'histories d'apparitions de spectres revenans fantomes etc. (1812)
- 4 (p. 7) end of his poem of Mazeppa: Byron's fragment can be found at the end of Mazeppa (1819), lines 860-869, See Lord Byron: The Major Works, edited by Jerome J. McGann, Oxford: Oxford University Press 1986 pp 367-368 5 (p. 7) Poor Polidori: John William Polidori (1795-1821) claimed that
- he had begun a novel entitled Emestus Berchtold; or. The Modem Oedipus (completed 1819) at the same time Frankenstein was planned. Polidori also developed the fragment of Byron's abandoned ghost story and published it as The Vampyre in 1819 6 (p. 8) in Sanchean phrase: In Don Quixote (1616) by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547-1616), Sancho Panza, the protagonist's squire, attempts to convince the duchess that he will be a fit governor of his own island by proclaiming "in this matter of a governorship the beginning's everything, and that, maybe, when I have been a governor

a fortnight I shall take to it like a duck to water" (The Adventures of Don Quixote, by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, translated by J. M. Cohen London: Penguin 1950 n 688) Shelley read the book in

7 (p. 8) Columbus and his egg: The story is recounted in book 5. chapter 8, of The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus (1828). by Washington Irving (1783-1859). Columbus provoked by the

- suggestion that someone else might have discovered the Americas, issues a challenge: Stand an egg up on end. After everyone tried, Columbus cracked it and left the egg standing on the broken part, "illustrating in this simple manner, that when he had once shown the way to the New World, nothing was easier than to follow it." See The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, by Washington Irving, edited by John Harmon McElroy, Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1981. p. 322. 8 (p. 8) Dr. Darwin: Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), grandfather of Charles, was a doctor and poet who wrote about his own theory of
- With Philosophical Notes, London: J. Johnson, 1803; "The wrecks of Death are but a change of forms: / Emerging matter from the grave returns, / Feels new desires, with new sensations burns" (stanza 6, lines 398-400) 9 (p. 8) galvanism: Galvanism-the idea that an "electric fluid" ran through the veins and animated anixnals-was developed by the

evolution in The Temple of Nature; or, The Origin of Society; A Poem.

Preface

experimenter Luigi Galvani (1737-1798).

1816

1 (p. 12) two other friends... and myself: The two friends that Percy Shelley (in the voice of Mary) has in mind are Byron and himself; one wonders if Percy meant to claim authorship of the work, which "would be far more acceptable to the public than anything I [meaning Mary] can ever hope to produce." Polidori was also present but remains unmentioned here 2 (p. 12) St. Petersburgh; St. Petersburg, capital of Russia from 1712

annually (The city was called Leningrad from 1924 to 1991.) Dec. 11 th 17-: Leaving out dates was a nineteenth-century convention, though Shelley may have had explicit reasons for being subtle. In The Frankenstein Notebooks: A Facsimile Edition of Mary Shellev's Manuscript Novel, 1816- 1817, New York: Garland, 1996. Charles E. Robinson develops a theory that Walton's story begins

about the date of Shellev's conception and ends thirteen days after her birth. 3 (p. 13) country of eternal light: Robert Walton expects to find a warm and eternally light North Pole, and other works written during and after

to 1918; a major seaport, its harbor is frozen for three to four months

Shellev's time, including her husband's 18 | 8 poem The Revolt of Islam (stanza 1, lines xivii-liv), indicate that this was a common belief. 4 (n. 14) I perused lifted it to beaven: The "I" of these passages

about early literary influences refers as much to Walton as to Shelley herself. a voracious reader who was introduced to her parents' radical intellectual circles at a young age. Based on the content of

Walton's letters, the poets who most influenced him seem to have

been John Milton (1608-1674) and Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-

1834). Both Milton's Paradise Lost (1667) and Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (1798) tell the tales of beings who, like Walton.

Sea Route.

are driven by ego and ambition to the point of self-destruction. 5 (n. 15) St. Petershurgh and Archangel: Archangel, the city from

which Walton rents his vessel and crew, is another major Russian

seaport and the base for explorations of the Arctic and the Northern

6 (p. 18) production of the most imaginative of modem poets: Walton is alluding to Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, line 408.

The long poem tells the story of an ambitious mariner whose ship has been driven to the South Pole by a storm. After the mariner thoughtlessly shoots an albatross, things gradually begin to go wrong (though it is not clear that this turn of events was actually a

consequence of killing the bird). Water runs out: a frightening ghost ship passes; the mariner's crew begins to die off. While the

despondent mariner looks down at the water and sees the water snakes, he unconsciously blesses them. Once he is able to pray, the mariner seems to be on the way to redemption. He survives the incident and confesses to and receives absolution from a hermit, but

his penance is to live with his guilt and retell his tale to all who will

listen. The poem can be read as a version of the myth of Prometheus:

One who flies too high and "plays God" is destined to suffer grave

consequences. 7 (p. 24) cannot begin life anew: These words might well have been Satan's as he watched Adam and Eve leave Eden: "The world was all before them, where to choose / Their place of rest, and Providence

their guide" (book 12, lines 646-647). This guote and all others from Paradise Lost in these notes are from John Milton: Complete Poems and Major Prose, edited by Merritt Y Hughes, New York: Odyssey

Press, 1957; for this quote, see line 903. Chapter I 1 (p. 28) bonds of devoted affection: The father-daughter relationship

of Victor's parents may have been inspired by Shelley's strong feelings for her widowed father. Noted Mary, "Until I knew [Percy] Shelley I may justly say that [my father] was my God-and I remember

many childish instances of the excess of attachment I bore for him," in The Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, 3 vols, edited by Betty T.

Bennett, Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1980-1988, p. 295.

upbringing is informed by one of the eighteenth-century's most influential studies on pedagogy: Emile; or, On Education (1762), by Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712- 1778). Shelley read the book in

2 (p. 29) one train of enjoyment to me: This description of Victor's

1816: it also shaped her mother's theories of female education in Wollstonecraft's A Vindication of the Rights of Woman Chanter II 1 (p. 33) from the heroes of: Clerval's reading shows off his taste for courtly romance, as opposed to Frankenstein's more scientific interests. Roncesvalles, a mountain pass in the Pyrenees, is the alleged site of the death of the hero Ro land; Arthur, the first king of

Britain, and his knights, are the heroes of parratives by Geoffrey of Monmouth (1100-1154). Chrétien de Troves (active 1170-1190), and Sir Thomas Malory (died 1471), among many others. 2 (p. 34) works of Cornelius Agrippa: Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa (1486-1535), a German physician, wrote several books, including De

occulta philosophia (A Defense of Magic: 1531). His mystical philosophies drew on Neoplatonic cabalistic and Christian traditions: he was persecuted during his lifetime for his occult beliefs. 3 (p. 35) Paracelsus and Albertus Magnus: Paracelsus, or Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim (1493-1541), was a Swiss alchemist and physician who firmly claimed that it is possible to

create human life-and gave instructions on how to do it. Albertus. Magnus (c. 1200-1280) was a German scholar Dominican monk, and the teacher of Thomas Aquinas: he was made a saint by the Roman Catholic Church in 1931. 4 (p. 35) unexplored ocean of truth: Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), an English physicist and mathematician, invented calculus and developed theories of gravitation and mechanics. Despite his many

accomplishments, he allegedly said at the end of his life: "To myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." See In the Presence of a Center: Isaac Newton and His Times, by Gale Christianson, New York: The Free Press, 1984, p. 579. 5 (p. 3 6) obvious laws of electricity: The tree blasted by lightning is the first of many images of the elemental force of fire in Frankenstein (ice. too, features prominently in the novel), Frankenstein, who is enlightened in this moment, will later describe himself as a "blasted tree" (p. 143) and "blasted and miserable" (p. 168); in other words, he

Though electricity did not become available on a large commercial scale until the 1880s, several important discoveries were made during Shelley's lifetime: Alessandro Volta experimented with electric currents as early as 1800, and Humphrey Davy developed the electroplating process in 1807. Chapter III 1 (p. 38) university of Inglostadt: Ingolstadt, in Bavaria, was a

will come to regret the consequences of his newfound knowledge.

university town from 1472 to 1800. Adam Weishaupt, a professor of canon law at Ingolstadt, founded the Order of the Illuminati there in 1776. This secret society favored free thinking and radical politics. and was alleged to have ties with the Jacobins. It was outlawed in 1785. The university moved to Landshut in 1800, then to Munich in

1826

Wollstonecraft, died about ten days after giving birth to her. The cause was that part of the placenta had not been removed properly from the birth canal and became infected. 3 (p. 40) Angel of Destruction: This is Satan, the fallen archangel of Paradise Lost, who pledges himself to the destruction of "this new

2 (p. 39) a sorrowwhich all have felt. Notably, Mary Shelley lived with such sorrow, coupled by quilt, her entire life; Her mother, Mary

Favorite / of Heav'n, this Man of Clav" (book 9, lines 175-176)-and heads for Eve as soon as she is separated form Adam (book 9, lines 421 and following).

Chapter IV 1 (p. 47) a passage to life; In the fourth voyage of Sinbad the Sailor in with the cornse of his wife. Perceiving a distant light, he follows it and finds his way to freedom 2 (p. 50) my creation: This description of Victor's "labours" sounds remarkably like a the human gestation process; Nine months pass ("winter, spring, and summer"), he becomes very anxious and even feverish, and he looks forward to exercise and amusement once the "creation is complete." Shelley herself had been through the process twice before she began Frankenstein.

The Thousand and One Nights, the Arabian Sinbad is buried alive

Chapter V 1 (p. 51) his features: Frankenstein's reaction to his creature is not unlike the emotions experienced by new mothers suffering from postpartum depression. The discolored skin barely covering the network of veins watery (perhaps tearing) eyes and "shriyelled complexion" sound not unlike the characteristics of a newborn especially from the eyes of a mother subject to hormonal fluctuations

and many new responsibilities. It should be noted that in February 1815. Shelley gave birth to a premature child who died unnamed (like the monster) about two weeks later. Her letters and journals indicate

that she suffered both emotionally and physically, before and after the birth: "Dream that my little baby came to life again-that it had only been cold & that we rubbed it by the fire & it lived-1 awake & find no baby-I think about the little thing all day-not in good spirits " she wrote in her journal on March 19. See The Journals of Mary Shelley: 1814-1844, vol. 1, p. 70. 2 (p. 52) my dead mother. The immediate substitution of Elizabeth for Frankenstein's mother has some interesting implications.

Frankenstein is subconsciously connecting his mother with his sister/lover; just why remains a question. Perhaps he is demonstrating his uncommonly close affection for his mother; perhaps he holds Elizabeth responsible for his mother's death; perhaps he is foreshadowing (or even bringing on) Elizabeth's death. This intriguing issue is examined variously by Paul Sherwin, Mary Poovey, and Margaret Homans in their essays in Mary Shelley's Frankenstein, edited by Harold Bloom, New York: Chelsea House,

1987 3 (p. 52) Dante could not have conceived: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321) depicted horrible, doomed individuals and their terrible crimes and punishments in the Inferno, the first book of his trilogy The Divine Comedy (1310-1314). 4 (p. 53) "doth dose behind him tread": On page 17 Robert Walton compares himself with Coleridge's guilt-ridden mariner. Here, Frankenstein draws parallels between himself and the mariner, who

has felt the passing of the curse but will never feel safe again (The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, lines 446-451). 5 (p. 53) "without Greek": Clerval is thinking of the stubborn and selfsatisfied schoolmaster of The Vicar of Wakefield (17 66), by Oliver Goldsmith (17 3 0-1774). The schoolmaster believes that "as I don't know Greek. I do not believe there is any good in it": likewise. Clerval's business-minded father has trouble understanding his son's interest in literature and culture. 6 (p. 56) cousin: In the 1818 text Elizabeth and Victor are cousins;

Mary Shelley altered their relationship in 18 31, although she retained several references to "cousin," probably as an endearment. Chapter VI 1 (p. 57) our Ernest!: Ernest is Victor's brother, but here Elizabeth speaks of him as if he were their child. Obviously "playing house."

Elizabeth drops even bigger hints at the end of the letter, gossiping about other marriages and relationships.

2 (p. 58) beauty of Angelica: In Orlando Furioso (1532) by Ludovico Ariosto (1474- 1535), Orlando's fascination with the beautiful, married Angelica precipitates the madness alluded to in the title. 3 (p. 62) manly and heroical poetry: Clerval strikes a Byronic pose

Chapter VII 1 (p. 64) William is dead!: William was also the name of the Shellevs' first son, who was born in January 1816 (before Mary began Frankenstein) and died in 1819, after the novel was published. 2 (p. 67) "palaces of nature". The description of the mountains is from Byron's poem Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto 3, stanza 62, line 2. See Byron's Poetry Frank D. McConnell New York: Norton, 1978.

3 (p. 67) summit of Mont Blanc: In his great poem Mont Blanc, written in the summer of 1816. Percy Shelley uses this mountain peak, the highest in France, to represent the actuating force of the universe-the "Power" as he describes it in lines 16 and 96 of the work 4 (p. 68) faint flashes: Frankenstein is describing a violent thunderstorm ranging through various mountain ranges in Switzerland

n 64

here. The "oriental romances" Byron published from 1812 to 1815. (including The Giaour The Bride of Abydos, The Corsair, and Lara). confirmed his celebrity status as a poet in England

(including the peaks of Saleve and Mole), Flashes of lightning, first mentioned on page 36, inspired Frankenstein's creation of the monster and precede and accompany the monster appearance 5 (p. 70) kneeling by the coffin: The honor paid to Victor's mother is reminiscent of William Godwin's worship of Mary Wollstonecraft long after her death. He, too, erected a "shrine" to her in his and Mary's

home, and published Memoirs of the Author of A Vindication of the Rights of Woman in 1798.

Chapter IX

1 (p. 81) tempted to plunge: Frankenstein's suicidal thoughts were probably inspired by The Sorrows of Young Werther (1774), by

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832). The popular book, in which Werther, the protagonist, becomes so despondent over an

unrequited love that he kills himself, triggered a rash of suicides in the early 1800s; Young men were found dead, dressed in Werther's

distinctive clothing and often carrying a copy of Goethe's book.

2 (p. 84) the mighty Alps: Mary Shelley is influenced here by her husband's poem Mont Blanc. In the second stanza, he writes of the "Ravine of Arve dark, deep Ravine ... Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down/ From the ice gulfs that gird its secret throne" (lines

12, 16-17). Chapter X

1 (p. 87) go without a guide: In deciding to ascend a mountain peak alone. Frankenstein follows in the footsteps of many a Romantic poet before him. The most notable of these was William Wordsworth (1770-1850), whose ascent of Snowdon in Wales and the great

revelation he experiences at the peak is the culminating moment of his great autobiographical poem, The Prelude (1850). 2 (p. 87) "We rest ... but mutability!": The quotation, the last stanza of

Percy Shelley's "Mutability," is well timed. The poem explores the certainty of change in human existence; sure enough, Frankenstein's

sense of peace and oneness with the scene before him is about to be violently disrupted. 3 (p. 89) I shall again be virtuous: "God makes all things good; man meddles with them and they become evil:" Thus begins Rousseau's

Emile. (See chap. 1, note 2.) 4 (p. 90) the eternal justice of man!: As evinced by this passage and many others, Shelley is in a dialogue with her famous father

throughout Frankenstein; note that the book is dedicated "To William

influence of Political Justice is most pervasive, "Justice is reciprocal," writes Godwin in chapter 2 of that work, "If it be just that I should confer a benefit, it is just that another man should receive it, and, if I withhold from him that to which he is entitled, he must justly complain."

Godwin, Author of Political Justice, Caleb Williams, etc." (See, above, Introduction, note 1.) Both Godwin's political philosophy and

his novel inform the story and messages of Frankenstein, though the

5 (p. 91) duties of a creator. This flash of conscience on Frankenstein's part may have been inspired by Shelley's reading of her mother's great work. In A Vindication of the Rights of Woman. Wollstonecraft reminds parents of their shaping influence on children: "A great proportion of the misery that wanders, in hideous forms, around the world, is allowed to arise from the negligence of parents. See A Vindication of the Rights of Woman, by Mary Wollstonecraft. edited by Carol H. Poston, New York: Norton, 1975, p. 154. Chapter XI

Recognizing the inequalities of his master's and his own situation, the monster takes Godwin's advice and speaks up.

1 (n. 92) the original era of my being: In the pages that follow remembering the order of his "birth" and development, the monster roughly follows the hiblical order of creation in the book of Genesis:

perceiving strong light (creation of light, 1:3), walking on land and discovering water (earth and seas, 1:10), eating berries (vegetation, 1:12), recognizing the movement of the sun and moon (the greater and lesser lights for day and night, 1: 16), dehighting in the "little winged animals" (birds and fish, 1:21), and coming into contact with

man (human life, 1:27). 2 (p. 95) lake of fire: The monster here demonstrates his knowledge of Paradise Lost, in which Satan's troops flood the new kingdom of Pandemonium they have erected in Hell (book 1, lines 670-732).

Chapter XII 1 (p. 103) the ass and the lap-dog: In Jean de La Fontaine's Fables (book 4, chap. 5), the lapdog is petted for fawning on its master, but

the ass is punished severely when he attempts to emulate the dog's behavior. See Fables of La Fontaine, 2 vols., translated by Elizur Wright, Jr., New York: Derby and Jackson, 1860, vol. 1, pp. 137-138.

Chapter XIII 1 (p. 106) Volney's Ruins of Empires: The monster's introduction to

history and philosophy was written by Constantin François Chasseboeuf, comte de Volney (1757-1820), a revolutionary and Napoleonic senator. Les Ruines; ou, Meditations sur les revolutions des empires (1791) was a widely read series that elaborated on the count's radical thoughts.

Chapter XV 1 (p. 114) the books: The first three books the monster perused were all part of Shelley's reading the previous year, and they profoundly

affected her shaping of the monster as well as the text. Milton's Paradise Lost is quoted and referenced throughout Frankenstein: the monster and Victor both sympathize closely with Milton's Satan, the

"overreacher" and outcast. The Greek essavist Plutarch (c. A.D. 46-125) is most famous for his Parallel Lives, a collection of biographies of famous Greeks and Romans. The English translation of Plutarch's Lives profoundly affected English literature,

Shakespeare's plays. Goethe's The Sorrows of Young Werther (see chap. 9, note 1) popularized the new emotional awareness of the Romantic age-a radical departure from the order and control exemplified by Enlightenment writers. The monster's expressiveness

and passion were probably inspired in part by Werther's great despair and dramatic suicide. 2 (p. 115) "the path of my departure was free": Percy Shelley's poem "Mutability," quoted on page 87 (see chap. X, note 2), is referenced again here (the monster slightly misquotes the third-to-last line). Victor's creation has discovered for himself the opportunities for

was an Athenian poet and statesman : Lycurgus (390-324 B.C.) was also an Athenian statesman. These three historical figures are

sympathy, and support.

change and growth in his life but mourns his lack of guidance.

3 (p. 115) peaceable lawgivers: Reading Plutarch's Lives gave the monster the ability to name-drop in this way. Numa Pomplius (715-

673 B.C.) was the second king of Rome; Solon (sixth century B.C.)

Remus) and Theseus, a legendary Athenian hero. 4 (p. 1 17) Adain's supplication to his Creator: The monster is remembering either the quote that found its way onto the tide page of Frankenstein (Paradise Lost, book 10, lines 743-745) or another one from the same work (book 8, lines 379-397). Chapter XVI

distinguished from Romulus, the legendary founder of Rome (with

to curse his creator, he does exclaim, "Let the day perish wherein I

was born" (the Bible, Job 3:3; King James Version), continuing with "Why died I not from the womb? Why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly?" (Job 3:11). 2 (p. 121) bore a hell within me: The monster's pronouncement is an echo of Satan's in Paradise Lost: "Which way I fly is Hell: myself am Hell" (book 4, line 7 S) . 3 (p. 123) enveloped by the flames: The inflamed tree branch brings

1 (p. 121) Cursed, cursed creator!: The monster evokes Job's agony several times in his speech. Though Job himself never went so far as

to mind Frankenstein's "electric" moment of enlightenment and the blasted tree in chapter II. Whereas the creator was infatuated with the creative force of fire, the created is determined to utilize its destructive capabilities.

in 1817. Clerval's descriptions of his visits to French lakes and mountains in the next paragraph are based on more recollections of 1814 that are included in Shelley's traveloque of that trip. 2 (p. 139) "very poetry of nature": Shelley herself notes that the quote

the "Poet of Nature"). From his chivalrous flights of fancy in chapter II to his Byronic orientalism in chapter VI and his current interest in nature poetry and the sympathetic imagination, Clerval continues to

possesses it, he claims to have developed a new, mature sympathy

1 (p. 141) his plan: Clerval's interest in colonizing India demonstrates that he has inherited some of his father's business acumen after all. The British Empire in India was initiated by Robert Clive's victory at Plassey in 17 5 7; by 1818 the British controlled nearly all of the country south of the Sutlei River and had reduced their most powerful

2 (p. 142) the beginning of October: On page 140, Frankenstein claimed to have first seen "the white cliffs of Britain" in late December, Either he is confused (thus demonstrating himself to be an unreliable narrator), or Shelley herself has made an error. 3 (p. 142) Falkland ... Goring: Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland (1610-1643), was a scholar and moderate royalist and the secretary of state to Charles I; he deliberately went to his death at the battle of Newbury in 1643, George, Baron Goring (1608-1657), was an ambitious (and

4 (p. 143) illustrious Hampden: Frankenstein is momentarily inspired by the story of John Hampden (1594-1643), a parliamentarian who was famous for his opposition to Charles I and died for his beliefs. 5 (p. 143) cabinets of natural history. The reference is probably to grottoes, such as the High Tor Grotto between Matlock and Madock

6 (p. 144) the various lakes: Clerval and Frankenstein are now visiting

Chapter XVIII

1 (p. 138) During this voyage ... occupy the scene: Mary and Percy

Shelley made a similar trip down the Rhine River in 1814; it is

recounted in Mary Shellev's History of a Six Weeks' Tour, published











is from "Rimini" (1816), by the English Romantic poet Leigh Hunt (1784-1859). The original "poet of nature" was Wordsworth (Percy Shelley's poem "To Wordsworth," written in 1816, begins by invoking

expand his literary horizons. In the quote from "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey" (lines 76-83), Wordsworth recalls his instinctive connection to nature in his youth; though he no longer

Chapter XIX

Indian opposition to vassalage.

unscrupulous) rovalist general.

for humanity.

Bath.

inspiration to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and other "Lake Poets" in the early 1800s. Chapter XX 1 (p. 149) on your wedding-night: This ominous and often-repeated

the Lake District, a popular tourist destination and home and

line has several implications. Most obviously, the monster seems to be warning of his interference with Frankenstein's marital plans.

Chapter XXI

Additionally, since Frankenstein has just destroyed the monster's hopes of having a wedding night of his own, the monster's desire to be with Frankenstein during this time seems strangely intimate, and even hints of incest

1 (p. 163) laudanum: First compounded by Paracelsus, laudanum is a mixture of onium and alcohol that was considered to be a healthful elixir. Many artists and writers experimented with the addictive substance, including Byron, Polidori, and the Shellevs, Hallucination

was one of its effects, and Frankenstein experiences terrible nightmares once he doubles his dose. Chapter XXII 1 (p. 165) sea of ice: Frankenstein last visited the Mer de Glace at

Chamounix before meeting and speaking with the monster for the first time (p. 87).

Chapter XXIII 1 (p. 173) on its bridal bier: The image of Elizabeth's body thrown

across the bed was inspired by The Nightmare (1781), a painting

by the artist Henry Fuseli, who frequented the intellectual circles of Shelley's parents. See Shelley: The Pursuit, by Richard Holmes, New

York: E. P. Dutton, 1975, plate 6. 2 (p. 173) the breath had ceased: This scene was foreshadowed in Frankenstein's nightmare following the creation of the monster that fateful November night (p. 52; see chap. V, note 2). In both instances,

Victor attempts to embrace Elizabeth but discovers a corpse in his arms instead. 3 (p. 177) you know not what it is you say: Frankenstein's last spoken

words before he begins his pursuit of the monster are an echo of Jesus' pronouncement when he is brought to Calvary to be crucified: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (the Bible, Luke

23:34. King James Version). Chapter XXIV 1 (p. 179) that now torments me: Frankenstein's pledge for vengeance on the monster mirrors the monster's cry for justice on page 149. The creator has also switched places with his creation and

is now the pursuer instead of the pursued. 2 (p. 179) Tartary: Tatary, or Tatarstan, as it is known today, is a vast region in central and western Siberia. It is interesting to note that. according to the Oxford English Dictionary, Tartary is a variant of

Tartarus, the infernal abyss below Hades where Zeus hurled the Titans

3 (p. 181) the Mediterranean: In 400 B.C. the Athenian writer Xenophon (431- 362 B.C.) led some ten thousand Greeks to safety by the sea, after the Persian rebel prince they had been supporting was defeated. See The Persian Expedition, by Xenophon, translated

by Rex Warner, Middlesex, England. Penguin, 1972, pp. 177-220. 4 (p. 186) like the archangel: In describing his fall. Frankenstein

Adamantine Chains and penal Fire" (book 1, lines 47-48).

compares himself with Milton's Satan, who, in Paradise Lost, cast out

of heaven, fell down to "bottomless perdition, there to dwell/In

5 (p. 190) The die is cast: In Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, the figures of Death and Life-in-Death cast dice for the

mariner, and Life-in-Death wins (lines 195-198), When Walton agrees to turn back instead of force on, he is saving his life but, as an ambitious man with thwarted desires, is also entering his own sort of living hell 6 (p. 194) My heart was fashioned: As on page 88, the monster's personal philosophy brings to mind the first line of Rousseau's Emile.

He wishes his creator had taken the advice Rousseau proffers in the third paragraph of book 1: "Cultivate and water the young plant before it dies. Its fruits will one day be your delights. Form an enclosure around your child's soul at an early date." See Emile: or On Education by Jean-Jacques Rousseau translated by Allan Bloom

New York: Basic Books, 1979, p. 38.

7 (p. 194) became my good: See Satan's declaration in Paradise

Lost: "Evil, be thou my good" (book 4, line 110).

8 (p. 195) I am alone: The monster is correct in assuming his situation is even worse that Satan's: even after his fall. Satan still had

the support and companionship of the throng of angels who rebelled alongside him.

61.

9 (n. 196) this injustice: The monster's sense of the unequal justice. with which he has been served recalls Godwin's stance on the rights of man in Political Justice: "The rights of one man cannot clash with or

be destructive of the rights of another; for this, instead of rendering

the subject an important branch of truth and morality, as the

advocates of the rights of man certainly understand it to be, would be

to reduce it to a bean of unintelligible jargon and inconsistency" (book 2, chap. 5). See An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice and Its

Influence on General Virtue and Happiness, by William Godwin. edited by Raymond A. Preston, New York; Alfred A. Knopf, 1926, p.

10 (n. 197) my ashes: For a man whose troubles were instigated by

harnessing the power of fire and who came to think of himself as a "blasted tree." cremation seems an appropriate end. What is

strangely haunting about Shelley's reference to a funeral pyre is that her husband. Percy, would be cremated after his death by drowning in

1822 (recall, too, the foreshadowed death of their son William; see

chap. VII, note 1). For an artistic representation of Shelley's cremation, see Mary Shelley by Miranda Seymour, New York: Grove Press, 2000, plate 44: The Funeral of Shelley (1889), by Louis-Edouard-Paul Fournier

INSPIRED BY FRANKENSTEIN

It grossed something like 12 million dollars and started a cycle of so-called boymeets-ghoul horror films.

-BORIS KARLOFF, RECALLED ON HIS DEATH IN 1969

Steeped in literary traditions and communities. Mary Shelley was

perhaps destined to write, but inorically the true legacy of Frankenstein is a visual one. The London Morning Posts early review of Presumption (1823), the first of many plays based on Shelley's book, noted that the representation of this piece upon the stage is of astonishing, of enchanting, interest. ¹⁵⁹ While the novel has a strong dramatic quality, it is almost as if the monster must be seen for a real appreciation of the conceptual thrust of the story, Indeed, the decisive moment in the text occurs when Victor Frankenstein first lays eyes on the creation he has feverishly belied on for morths; he recoils in horor, his blood turns locy cold, and he runs. In the novel, the morster embodies Frankenstein's exalted ego, shortight edness, and folly, writings. In the second of the second of the writings of the second of the second of the writings. In the second of the second of the immediately shares Frankenstein's repulsion and understands his decisit to secand.

With the advent of motion pictures, the fascination with the visuality of Frankenstein found the perfect medium. Frankenstein the novel has snawned more film adaptations than any other work of fiction Cinematic history is rife with variations, sequels, and spin-offs, some of which bear little or no resemblance to the original work with nimmakers from Thomas Edison (1910) to Andy Warhol (1974) to Kenneth Branagh (1994) offering their interpretations, Spoofs. notable for their ridiculousness, include Abbot and Costello Meet Frankenstein (1948) and Mel Brooks's Young Frankenstein (1974). But it was James Whale's Frankenstein of 1931 that made movie history with Boris Karloff cast as the monster. Whale, one of the only openly gay artists working in Hollywood at the time, injects an outsider's perspective into Shelley's narrative. The creature that emerges from this process is a melange of the grotesque and the pathetic, and he is both terrifying and pitiable. The protruding forehead, the raised stitches running like rail ties over his ghastly flesh, and the electric nodes jutting from his neck combine to create one of the most persistent images in American iconography and indeed in human culture.

Karloffs made-up and costumed features have given way to the undyling celebrity of the morster itself (whom most people enroneous) dub "Frankenstein"); not unlike the monster in Shelley's novel, the cinematic image cast into the world no longer needs a creator. The square face and zombie posture, whether loosely based on Boris Karloff or not, are immediately recognizable to millions, many of whom have not even read the novel. This morster no longer becomes something to star a land be darly observed in Frankenstein the cinematic icon is one of the most recurrent and remarkable images of the twentieth contury.

COMMENTS & QUESTIONS In this section, we aim to provide the reader with an array of

perspectives on the text, as well as questions that challenge those perspectives. The commentary has been culled from sources as diverse as reviews contemporaneous with the work, letters written by the author, literary criticism of later generations, and appreciations written throughout the book's history. Foftwing the commentaries, a series of questions seeks to filter Mary Shelley's Frankenstein through a variety of points of view and bring about a richer understanding of his enduring work.

Comments

QUARTERLYREVIEW

The monster, by the easy process of listening at the window of a contage, acquires a complete education: he learns to thris, to talk, read prose and verse; he becomes acquainted with geography, history, and natural philosophy; in short, 'a most delicate monster.' This credible course of study, and its very natural success, ligh prought about by a combination of circumstances almost as natural, in the about by a combination of circumstances almost as natural, in the standard cottage, a pour prenchman employed his time in teaching and the standard cottage as pour prenchman employed his time in teaching the standard cottage. A pour prenchman employed his time in teaching the standard combination of the standard course of the standard when the standard course of the standard course of the standard when the standard course of the standard the

'whispering soft lessons in his fair one's ear '

he was also tutoring Frankenstein's hopeful son. The monster. however, by due diligence, becomes highly accomplished; he reads Plutarch's Lives, Paradise Lost, Volney's Ruin of Empires, and the Sorrows of Werter. Such were the works which constituted the Greco-Anglico-Germanico-Gallico-Arabic library of a Swabian but which if not numerous was at least miscellaneous and reminds us in this particular, of Lingo's famous combination of historic characters-'Mahamet, Heliogabalus, Wat Tvler, and Jack the Painter,' He learns also [to] decipher some writings which he carried off from the laboratory in which he was manufactured; by these papers he becomes acquainted with the name and residence of Frankenstein and his family, and as his education has given him so good a taste as to detest himself, he has also the good sense to detest his creator for imposing upon him such a horrible burden as conscious existence. and he therefore commences a series of bloody persecutions against the unhappy Frankenstein-he murders his infant brother, his young

bride, his bosom friend; even the very nursery maids of the family are not safe from his vengeance, for he contrives that they shall be hanged for robbery and murder which he himself commits.

The monster, however, has some method in his madness: he meets his Prometheus in the valley of Chamoury, and, in a long conversation, tells him the whole story of his adventures and his crimes, and declares that he will "spill more blood and become worse," unless Frankenstein will make (we should perhaps say build) a wife for him. the Sorrows of Where had, it seems, given him a strange longing to find a Charlotte, of a suitable size, and it is plain that none of Eve's daughters, not even the enormous Charlotte of the Varieties herself, would have suited this stupendous fantoccino. Januarun 1818.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY The novel of "Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus," is

undoubledly, as a mere story, one of the most original and complete productions of the age. We debate with ourselves in wonder as we read it, what could have been the series of thoughts, what could have been the peculiar experiences that awakened them, which conducted in the author's mind, to the astonishing combination of motives and incidents and the startling catastrophe which compose this tale. There are perhans some points of subordinate importance which prove that it is the Author's first attempt. But in this judgment, which requires a very nice discrimination, we may be mistaken. For it is conducted throughout with a firm and steady hand. The interest gradually accumulates, and advances towards the conclusion with the accelerated rapidity of a rock rolled down a mountain. We are held breathless with suspense and sympathy, and the heaping up of incident on incident, and the working of passion out of passion. We cry "hold, hold, enough"-but there is yet something to come, and like the victim whose history it relates we think we can bear no more, and vet more is to be home. Pelion is heaped on Ossa, and Ossa on Olympus. We climb Alp after Alp, until the horizon is seen, blank. vacant and limitless, and the head turns giddy, and the ground seems to fail under the feet. This Novel thus rests its claim on being a source of powerful and profound emotion. The elementary feelings of the human mind are exposed to view, and those who are accustomed to reason deeply on their origin and tendency, will perhaps be the only persons who can sympathize to the full extent in the interest of the actions which are their result. But, founded on nature as they are, there is perhaps no reader who can endure any thing beside a new love-story, who will not feel a responsive string touched in his inmost soul. The sentiments are so affectionate and so innocent, the characters of the subordinate agents in this strange drama are clothed in the light of such a mild and gentle mind.-The pictures of domestic manners are every where of the most simple and attaching character. The pathos is irresistible and deep. Nor are the crimes and malevolence of the single Being. tho' indeed withering and tremendous, the offspring of any unaccountable propensity to evil, but flow inevitably from certain causes fully adequate to their production. They are the children, as it were, of Necessity and Human Nature. In this the direct moral of the book consists: and it is perhaps the most important, and of the most universal application, of any moral that can be enforced by example. Treat a person ill, and he will become wicked. Requite affection with scom:-let one being be selected, for whatever cause, as the refuse of his kind—divide him, a social being, from society, and you impose upon him the irresistible obligations-malevolence and selfishness. It is thus that, too often in society, those who are best qualified to be its benefactors and its ornaments, and branded by some accident with scom, and changed, by neglect and solitude of heart, into a scourge and a curse. The Being in "Frankenstein" is, no doubt, a tremendous creature. It was impossible that he should not have received among men that treatment which led to the consequences of his being a social nature. He was an abortion and an anomaly, and tho' his mind was such as its' first impressions formed it, affectionate and full of moral sensibility, yet the circumstances of his existence were so monstrous and uncommon, that when the consequences of them became developed in action, his original goodness was gradually turned into the fuel of an inextinguishable misanthropy and revenge. The scene between the Being and the blind de Lacey in the cottage is one of the most profound and extraordinary instances of pathos that we ever recollect. It is impossible to read this dialogue-and indeed many other situations of a somewhat similar character-without feeling the heart suspend its pulsations with wonder, and the tears stream down the cheeks! The encounter and argument between Frankenstein and the Being on the sea of ice almost approaches in effect to the expostulations of Caleb Williams with Falkland. It reminds us indeed somewhat of the style and character of that admirable writer to whom the Author has dedicated his work, and whose productions he seems to have studied. There is only one instance however in which we detect the least approach to imitation, and that is, the conduct of the incident of Frankenstein's landing and trial in Ireland. The general character of the tale indeed resembles nothing that ever preceded it. After the death of Elisabeth, the story, like a stream which grows at

once more rapid and profound as it proceeds assumes an irresistible solemnity and the magnificent energy and swiftness as of a tempest. The church yard scene, in which Frankenstein visits the tombs of

his family, his quitting Geneva and his journey thro' Tartary to the shores of the Frozen Ocean, resembles at once the terrible reanimation of a corpse, and the supernatural career of a spirit. The scene in the cabin of Walton's ship, the more than mortal enthusiasm and grandeur of the Being's speech over the dead body of his victim. is an exhibition of intellectual and imaginative power which we think the reader will acknowledge has seldom been surpassed.

-from the Athenaeum (November 10, 1832)

Questions 1 What can be understood from what the monster reads? The

collection of books he finds in the woods takes us from the spiritual history of the world to imperial decline to the concentrated essence of Romanticism. Does the monster's reading lead him astray or equip him to deal with the world? 2. How does the way in which the story of Frankenstein is told-

that is, through letters and the characters' speech-affect one's reading of the novel?

3. Frankenstein and many derivative books and films have been immensely popular. There is something about this story and its spin-offs that gets to us. What is it? The danger of scientific Promethianism-that is, daring to go beyond the realm of man and into that of the divine? The pathos of being an outcast? Fear of the dead coming to life and seeking revenge? The monster's character as a marauding embodiment of our unconscious rage?

FOR FURTHER READING Novels by Mary Shelley: First Editions

Falkner, A Novel. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otlev. 1837.

The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck, A Romance. 3 vols. London: Henry

Colbum and Richard Bentley, 1830.
Frankenstein; or, The Modem Prometheus. 3 vols. London:

Lackington, Hughes, Harding, Mayor, and Jones, 1818. The original text, including Percy Shelley's "Preface" (written in Mary's voice). Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus. London: Henry Colbum and Richard Bentley, 1831. Shelley's revised edition of the 1818 text.

with a new "Author's Introduction."
The Last Man, 3 yels, London: Henry Collium, 1826.

Lodore. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley, 1835.

3 yols London: G and W B Whittaker 1823.

Mathilda. Edited by Elizabeth Nitchie. Chapel Hilt University of North Carolina, 19 5 9. Shelley wrote this novel in 1819 and 1820, because her father, William Godwin, was outraged by the incest theme, he suppressed its publication. This is the lirst published edition. Valengra: or, the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca.

Letters and Journals

The Journals of Mary Shelley: 1814-1844. 2 vols. Edited by Paula R. Feldman and Diana Scott-Kilvent. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987. The Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. 3 vols. Edited by Betty T. Bennett. Baltimore, Maryland: Johns Hopkins University Press, 19 8 0-19 8 R

Major Innuences on Frankenstein

For a more thorough list, see Shelley's reading lists for the period 1814-1818 in The Journals of Mary Shelley, volume 1, pages 85-103.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. Christabel and Other Poems. 1816.
Davy, Sir Humphry. Elements of Chemical Philosophy. 1812.
Godwin. William. An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice and Its

Influence on General Virtue and Happiness. 17 9 3 .

————. Memoirs of the Author of A Vindication of the Rights of Woman. 1798.

Things as They Are; or, The Adventures of Caleb Williams. 1794.

Goethe, Johann Wilhelm von. Die Leiden des jungen Werthers [The Sorrows of Werter]. 1774; translated 1779. Milton, John, Paradise Lost. 1667.

Plutarch. Parallel Lives. c.120 A.D.; translated 1579.

Rousseau, Jean Jacques. Émile. 1762; read in French by Shelley.

Volney, Constantin François de Chasseboeuf, comte de. Les ruines; ou, Meditation sur les revolutions des empires. 1791; read in French by Shelley.

Wollstonecraft, Mary. Thoughts on the Education of Daughters. 1787. . A Vindication of the Rights of Woman. 1792.

. Maria, or, The Wrongs of Woman. 1798.

Works About Mary Shelley and Frankenstein Baldick, Chris. In Frankenstein's Shadow: Myth, Monstrosity, and

Nineteenth-Century Writing. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987. The role of politics and technology in the creation of Shelley's monster. Bloom, Harold, ed. Mary Shelley's Frankenstein. New York: Chelsea

House Publishers, 1987. Part of the Modern Critical Interpretations series; a collection of notable essays that includes important feminist criticism by Barbara Johnson and Margaret Homans. Frankenstein's appearance and reception on stage and screen, with full texts of seven plays (including Presumption) Gilbert, Sandra M., and Susan Gubar, The Madwoman in the Attic: The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination.

New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979, A foundational work of feminism that includes a chapter on Frankenstein. Levine George and U.C. Knoenflmacher eds. The Endurance of

Monstrosity."

discussion.

human body during Shelley's time.

influence on science-fiction writers.

subject for serious academic study.

Frankenstein, with special attention to Percy Shelley's role.

feminist critique of the work of mother and daughter.

Little, Brown, 1989, A prize-winning biography of Shelley.

Forry, Steven Earl, Hideous Progenies: Dramatizations of Frankenstein from Mary Shelley to the Present. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1990, Illustrated study of

Frankenstein: Essays on Mary Shelley's Novel, Berkeley, University of California Press. 1979. The first collection of scholarly essays on

Frankenstein: includes Ellen Moers's "Female Gothic" and Peter Brooks's "Godlike Science/ Unhallowed Arts: Language, Nature, and Marshall. Tim. Murdering to Dissect: Grave-Robbing, Frankenstein,

and the Anatomy Literature, Manchester, UK, and New York: Manchester University Press and St. Martin's Press, 1995, A study of the relationship between crime, medicine, and the concept of the Mellor. Anne. Mary Shelley: Her Life, Her Fiction, Her Monsters. New

York: Methuen. 19 8 8. Important study of the creation of Poovey, Mary, The Proper Lady and the Woman Writer; Ideology as Style in the Works of Mary Wollstonecraft, Mary Shelley, and Jane

Austen. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984. Indispensable

Shaw, Debra Benita, Women, Science, and Fiction: The

Frankenstein Inheritance, New York: Palgrave, 2000, Shellev's

Smith. Johanna M. Mary Shelley. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1996. A thorough survey of Mary Shelley's writings, including plays, poems, and literary biographies that are still on the margins of critical

Spark Muriel Child of Light: A Reassessment of Mary Wollstonecraft

Shelley, Had-leigh, Essex, United Kingdom; Tower Bridge Publications, 1951. The biography that introduced Shelley as a

Sunstein, Emily W. Mary Shelley, Romance and Reality, Boston;

The publishers Colburn and Bendy selected Shelley's 1831 edition of Frankenstein as the ninth novel in their inexpensive Standard Novels Series A high-perched nest. Shelly married the Romantic poet Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) in 1816; he died by drowning. According to legend. Tom of Coventry was struck blind when he looked at Lady Godiya. The tomb of the Capulets is where Romeo and Juliet end their lives in Shakespeare's play. The preface was written by Percy Shelley, in his wife's voice. д In this sense, according to the Oxford English Dictionary (henceforth OED), "The maintenance of the proper relation between the representations of nearer and more distant objects in a picture ... the maintenance of harmony of composition." h

maintenance of harmony of composition."

h

"A heavy sea in which large waves rise and clash upon the coast without apparent cause" (DED).

I

Some sources, rotably the OED, distinguish the meaning of daemon ("inferior di

Chlef magistrates.

k
Sewing.

Jatain for "slaves always fretling." Elizabeth's father is associated with hallains rebelling under the Austrian domination of the eighteenth and

to use these words interchangeably.

nineteenth centuries.

to avoid a crowd."

Beginners; novices.

shore of Lake Geneva.

1
Temperament; constitutional frame of mind; disposition. Note that in the preceding paragraph, Frankenstein claims that "it was my temper

A country house. Belrive is 4 miles from Geneva on the southwest.

"natural philosophy," Frankenstein means what is now called natural science.

A resort on the south (French) shore of Lake Geneva.

Frankenstein is thinking of a poem by the Romantic writer Charles Lamb (1775-1834), The Old Familiar Faces (1798).

The air or manner of a person as expressive of personality or mood.

!

Buildings or other structures where dead bodies or bones are

denosited The relation of cause and effect: the operation of causal force. Author's note: Coleridae's Ancient Mariner Stagecoaches. A grassy plain to the south of Geneva, used by promenaders. A light two-wheeled, single-seated, one-horse carriage. A suburb to the north of Geneva Now called Chamonix; a beautiful valley that lies at the base of Mont Blanc and near the Mer de Glace ("sea of ice"), which Frankenstein describes on pages 87-88 Frankenstein is contrasting the rounded cone or dome ("dôme") of Mont Blanc with the pointed peaks ("aiguilles") that surround it. Branches of the river Arve. Author's note: The moon. ae Food; provisions. The former capital of the Byzantine and Ottoman Empires; since 1930 it has been called Istanbul. A believer in the Muslim religion; also a now-obscure reference to a Turk. The fugitives' journey to Turkey takes them through Mont Cenis in southeastern France, and Leghorn (Livorno), an important Tuscan port.

The sirocco, a hot dust-filled wind from the deserts of Libva, in

especially in Italy and its environs. An introduction to a discourse.

northern Africa, that blows on the northern Mediterranean coast.

(Strasbourg), a large city and major inland port 70 miles north of Basel, Switzerland.

Author's note: Wordsworth's Tintem Abbev.

Clerval and Frankenstein cross the English Channel and continue to sail west up the Thames River toward London.

In Oxford the Thames River is known as the Isis.

Mental weariness and dissatisfaction; boredom.

A cluster of islands off the north coast of Scotland. aq

Haste.

ar
An ormer: an indication of a future event.

Sessions of the superior courts held periodically in English counties for the purpose of twing civil and criminal cases.

at

Frankenstein's reference in French to his homesickness for Switzerland.

The original name for the French port of Le Havre.

A small, goatlike antelope that inhabits the highest ridges of the

mountains of Europe and the Caucasus.

aw
"Your vessel" is Walton's ship; the words take readers away from the

story of Frankenstein's experiments and back out to the "frame tale" of Walton's ambitious voyage.

Emanation.

In this context: astonishing, strange, surprising.