

## "The Gothic as an Aspect of American Romanticism"

Twilight  
Zone

In 1820, one of the British critics, Sidney Smith wrote: "Literature the Americans have none." Words uttered by Smith were really insulting and hurt American's national pride. The overwhelming desire to prove to British and other nations that Americans are able to produce literature led to the American Romanticism arising.

Naturally American writers could not avoid references to European experiences, particularly British romantic poets and German philosophy. However they succeeded in adapting them to their own cultural circumstances. American response to British Romanticism accelerated in two directions. One of them was Transcendentalism.

The "founding father" of Transcendental movement was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who expressed admiration for romantic values in his book *Nature* and essay *Self Reliance*. Emerson praised five tenets: "intuition is more trustworthy than reason, expressing deeply felt experience is more valuable than elaborating universal principles, the individual is at the centre of life and God is at centre of the individual, nature is an array of physical symbols from which knowledge of the supernatural can be intuited and we should aspire to the Ideal, to changing what is to what ought to be."

↳ Into the Wild

He believed in power of intuition: "the capacity to know things spontaneously and immediately through our emotions rather than through reason and logic." He also expressed the conviction that founding God is possible directly through nature. That faith let him to treat even tragic natural events, like death and disease as something positive. The intense feeling of optimism was the hallmark of his philosophy.

↳ The story we read @ the park!

It is not hard to believe that Emerson's Transcendentalism was very popular and highly influential. To his followers and friends belonged Margaret Fuller and David Thoreau. Still Ralph Waldo Emerson had opponents. Edgar Allan Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Herman Melville did not accept his optimistic vision of the world and did not believe in happy future of mankind.

Because of them American Romanticism waited up its more darkly dimension- American Gothic. For the sake of pessimistic nature and strong relationship with Romanticism it was described as Dark Romanticism. Gothic and romantic writing are closely related chronologically and share some themes and characteristics, for example the character of tormented with pangs of conscience man. Most importantly, Gothic as well as Romanticism are considered as definitive shift from neoclassical ideals of logic and reason, toward romantic belief in emotion and imagination. Both are preoccupied with the individual, the human mind and thus with interior mental process.

However American Gothic constitutes the darker side of Romanticism. Its nature was accurately captive by Leslie Fiedler "American fiction became 'bewilderingly and embarrassingly, a gothic fiction, non-realistic, sadist and melodramatic- a literature of darkness and the grotesque in a land of light and affirmation.'"

American Gothic arose in the world of optimism, in the country filled with vision of freedom and endless happiness. As Eric Savoy rightly noticed, this paradox has its explanation in the history of the United States. It shows the other side of the coin, the nightmare which hides under the "American dream". In the world of American Gothic the ghosts of the past never sleep and constantly haunt the present.

American Gothic writers did not have spooky old castles, monasteries and legends like their European "professional colleagues", but they did have: the frontier, Puritan legacy, slavery and political utopianism. Puritan's heritage was the consciousness of good and evil coexistence, the sense of guilt and fear from the Day of Judgment. Outwardly optimistic character of utopianism, in turn entailed less optimistic consequences, like: undisciplined rule of majority, rule of the mob or the danger of collapse.

Of course American Gothic could not be indifferent to British models, which were the "perpetrators" of gothic fiction great popularity. It adapted all main conflicts, settings, motifs and narrative situations, like: the feeling of fear and anxiety, the gloomy atmosphere, unexplainable, supernatural events or motif of haunted place. However, Gothic in American writers depiction gained its own special character, for example they replaced haunted castles, which naturally did not exist in the American landscape, with haunted, old houses. There was also more significant difference. While gothic fiction was focusing on the aspect of fear and terror, American gothic was placing emphasis on mystery and skepticism toward man's nature. That skepticism was one of many other significant factors which differentiated Romanticism and Dark Romanticism. G.R. Thompson in Introduction: Romanticism and the Gothic Tradition, in order to visualize this distinction, said as follows: "Fallen man's inability fully to comprehend haunting reminders of another, supernatural realm that yet seemed not to exist, the constant perplexity of inexplicable and vastly metaphysical phenomena, a propensity for seemingly perverse or evil moral choices that had no firm or fixed measure or rule, and a sense of nameless guilt combined with a suspicion the external world was a delusive projection of the mind—these were major elements in the vision of man the Dark Romantics opposed to the mainstream of Romantic thought."

While Transcendentalists were convinced that perfection is inborn quality of mankind and ignore less praiseworthy nature of human, Dark Romantics uttered something completely opposite, meaning that human beings were equally capable of evil and good, individual is vulnerable to sin, self-destruction, not so enriched with divinity and wisdom and took it as a duty to remind the world about that fact. American Gothic filled its mission by presenting humans horrible actions, psychological effects of guilt, sin and madness.

In spite of the fact that Dark Romantics and Romantics agree in seeing nature as deeply spiritual force, here also the difference is really distinct. For Dark Romantics, the natural world was dark, decaying and mysterious. As always Transcendentalism saw everything in bright light while Gothicism exactly the opposite—Transcendentalist saw heaven yet Gothic saw hell. Finally, Transcendentalism believed in human goodness and ability to achieve perfection whereas Dark Romanticism wanted to prove that human will is weak and because of that, in spite of attempts, man will fail in his quest for the better.

"Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God"

connection/Bridge from Puritan/Colonial to Gothic (American)

Rowlandson!

This is where we get ghosts from religious fanatics

Romantic writing expresses the faith in some higher order and existence of higher answers. Gothic writing instead of giving such answers, leaves the reader with contradictions and paradoxes, forces him to face the moral and emotional ambiguity.

SPOILER'S Below

The path to that world of confusion was set by Charles Brockden Brown, a lawyer from Philadelphia, who is regarded as the first professional author in the United States. His novel *Wieland* in turn is considered as first major novel, in which the conventions of British Gothic were adjusted to American conditions.

Brown's novel was inspired by true events. In 1781 deeply religious farmer ritually killed his wife and four children, after hearing religious voices, which commanded him to commit that horrible crime.

*Wieland* is a story of Theodor *Wieland* who violently murders his family after hearing what he believes are heavenly voices, which are actually produced by an evil ventriloquist. The next victim was supposed to be *Wieland*'s sister but fortunately he decides to take his own life rather than beloved Clara.

Look @ the preface of *The American Way of Life*

The novel expresses Browns anxiety about how much people are able to preserve common sense and self-control in the face of new American republic instability. Charles Brockden Brown shows that even self-governing and responsible man can transform in murderous monster. That kind of monsters, monsters with human faces appear in writings of many gothic writers.

An interesting case makes up the American poet and writer Washington Allston. Allston was mainly known as a talented painter. His literary activity had been ignored and his works disappeared. However, there is no doubt that while discussing American Romanticism his writings cannot be omitted. Allston gothic romance- *Monaldi* was ready at 1821, before even famous Edgar Allan Poe started with his gothic tales. Unfortunately *Monaldi* was not published until 1841, the time in which Poe made the running Rival of Poe

Now you can continue without SPOILERS!

*Monaldi* includes many features characteristic for Gothic like: power of imagination, day dreaming, human weakness and evil which does not hide under the form of ghost but exists inside man. There is also another significant theme- husband, who kills his wife. The main character of Allston's romance is a painter, who has a beautiful wife but also very jealous childhood friend, who envy him his talent and of course wife. The feeling of jealousy is what destroys *Monaldi*, who in a fury murders, as he think, his innocent wife and drives himself to madness.

i.e. *Wieland* shadowing

The character of man, who kills innocent woman also appeared in Allston's brother-in-law and closest friend writings- Richard Henry Dana Sr. Dana was the first American literary critic. He wrote for the North American Review and even planed to be its editor but his candidacy was rejected. Dana did not disincline and in order to gain national audience started to publish under the pseudonym, the Idle Man.

Richard Henry Dana in his writing was focusing on young romantic heroes, who were inspired by romantic principle to "feel deeply." **Their lives were always highly influenced by their imagination.**

*theme* **At the beginning Dana's fiction was optimistic, expressing the conviction that man can see the spiritual meaning in nature by his imagination. He was proclaiming that man should completely surrender to his imagination in order to encompass the dualism between man and God.**

However, at some point Dana turned away from optimistic philosophy of Transcendentalism. **The "collision" with full of conflicts, temptations and evil real world unveiled the absurdity of romantic principle to follow the heart.** Dana criticized Transcendentalism by saying: "Emerson and the other Spiritualists, or Supernaturalists, or whatever they are called, or may be pleased to call themselves... [have] madness in their hearts."

The parting with romantic Transcendentalism Dana blatantly announced in his last story published at Idle Man, Paul Felton. Paul is a perfect example of romantic hero, focused on imagination and deep feelings. Unfortunately, his obsession with his own mind precludes finding happiness and leads Paul into destructive egoism. He loses control of his emotions, starts to believe that is demented by Satan, who finally commands him to kill his wife. After Paul realizes what he has done, the shock kills him.

The message is pretty clear- the power of imagination can be pernicious for those, who are unable to leave beyond the transcendental vision and see themselves. For Richard Henry Dana the expressing of this opinion also turned out to be disastrous. He was abused by critics and after his wife death stopped writing.

Naturally that was not the end of romantic considerations, on the contrary.

**The man's relationship to the natural world as well as mysterious, disturbing nature of human life also preoccupied Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the leading writers of his time. In The Haunted Mind Hawthorne wrote: "In the depths of every heart there is a tomb and a dungeon, though the lights, the music, and revelry above may cause us to forget their existence, and the buried ones, or prisoners whom they hide. But sometimes, and oftenest at midnight, these dark receptacles are flung wide open. In an hour like his....pray that your grief may slumber."**

**His novel House of Seven Gables constitutes the part of early American Gothic. It includes many characteristic features like: fascination with location, reference to the supernatural, irrational, horrifying events.**

The Pyncheon family is haunted by the death of Colonel Pyncheon, who seems to have died with "marks of fingers on his throat, and the print of a bloody hand on his plaited ruff." Everything points that the original house landlord, Matthew Maule, has returned to kill the Colonel, thereby anathematized the entire family.

**The story contains every necessary element: the obsession with the house, family curse, ghost tale.** Of course, the ghosts that haunt the Pyncheon family are not supernatural beings brought on by the curse but very human deeds and sins passed down from generation to generation. *example A*

**Nathaniel Hawthorne liked to explore the theme of sin, penitence and morality.** The best reflection of Hawthorne's interests makes up his most famous novel *The Scarlet Letter*. The plot is set in 19th century Puritan Massachusetts and presents the story of Hester Prynne, a fallen woman, who gave birth to a child after an affair. **It was really controversial theme but Hawthorne was not focused on the affair's course but its effects, like: sin, shame, envy.**

*Van 10*

The *Scarlet Letter* became one of America's first mass-published books, thanks to which Hawthorne gained respect among New England's literary establishment. Nathaniel Hawthorne soon after that befriended with Herman Melville. Melville dedicated him his great *Moby Dick*. Hawthorne probably did not know how great honor was that. Herman Melville is a major American literary figure of the nineteenth century and his novel is considered a classic of world literature. Melville in *Moby Dick* presents the story of Ishmael, who after several cruises on the traders decides to go on whale expedition. Along with his new friend Queequeg lands on Pequod ship, which is lead by gloomy and mysterious Captain Ahab. Ahab in the follow-up of fight with whale lost his leg. Soon it turns out that the captain is possessed by mad desire of revenge. He wants to get and destroy his "assassin," the legendary giant sperm whale.

The conclusion of the story, a eventful three-day combat between the white whale and the Pequod's crew is viewed as mans struggle with forces of natural world. Moreover, the whale has been interpreted in various ways: as God, evil, good, and symbol of the ambiguity of nature. The critics opine that Melville's purpose was to capture the psychological terror by using claustrophobic setting and mysterious, unexplainable events. Although Herman Melville is not qualified as gothic writer, all those facts enforce his connection with gothic literature.

**The discussion about American Gothic should be "crowned" by the most dark figure of Dark Romanticism- Edgar Allan Poe. Poe was the king of horror tales and the inventor of detective story. He was extremely talented and full of paradoxes.** Poe was viewed as drunkard and mentally ill while he successfully edited *The Southern Literary Messenger*. Unlike his contemporaries Poe was very popular and interested in beauty not morality.

**In terms of style Edgar Allan Poe was the adherent of the short poetry. He believed that there is no such thing like long poem and that the shortness of poem increases his effectiveness. The most important components of his poetry were imagination and language, which did not reflect the outside world but created its own reality. The language game that Poe liked to practice was supposed to help him in dealing with fear of death. In the world in which words have the power even the dead man can be alive: "I'm dead" writes Poe, which means "I'm not dead because I'm speaking."**

**He did not believe in the existence of spirit and used to say that God is also a matter.** In his fiction the reader will not find ghosts, vampires or werewolves. Poe as befits Dark Romantic was interested in dark side of human nature, obsessions, fantasies, madness : "The horror in my tales it is not of Germany but of the soul," said Poe. **He believed what is the human mind is horrible.** *hahaha.*

In 1839 Poe published collection, *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, which contained one of his most famous work, *The Fall of the House of Usher*. The novel was inspired by two factors: Empiricism and Transcendentalism.

Poe's opposition toward the transcendental beliefs is obvious here, every element of his novel confirms his convictions, from the main characters Roderick Usher and Madeline Usher, the environment to the eponymous house. Roderick Usher represents central transcendental views: morbid sharpness of senses, connection with the "oversoul." His sister, on the other hand, suffers from "a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character." **Poe uses Ushers to prove his point, he shows that there is no brightness and goodness only blackness and evil. In his opinion means too bright, too optimistic and also unrealistic. Edgar Allan Poe mocks the transcendental belief in life and rebirth by leading the characters into decay and death.** Poe's destruction of transcendental ideas was completed by the final Fall of the House of Usher.

Edgar Allan Poe also completed his life but his dark works, as well as works of his "colleagues," still terrify readers. Benjamin Franklin Fisher, professor of English, specialized in Victorian and Gothic subjects wrote: "The growth of gothic novel reflected the development of the enormous Victorian and American novel, which in this period is becoming a serious, ennobled literary genre. Ensued a turn from fear, expressed by victims' vicissitudes and mean actions of their knackers, toward internal anxiety. Emphasis was placed on the motivation instead of horrifying consequences. The ghost in sheet paved the way for, just as in Dickens Christmas Carol, haunted mind, which allowed to scare poor victims with even bigger power."

*We will have a quiz on Poe and  
Wieland later on this unit.*

History of the Gothic: American Gothic by Charles L. Crow (review)  
From: Western American Literature  
Volume 49, Number 1, Spring 2014 pp. 132-134

In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content:

As horror literature and film rise in popularity, Charles L. Crow's American Gothic attempts to deepen our understanding of the context of Gothic in the United States. Part of the History of the Gothic [End Page 132] series, American Gothic does not pretend to be a compendium of all Gothic history. Instead Crow follows four specific time periods in American history, tying them to Gothic literature. The series goal is actually to discover "groundbreaking scholarship" in the genre. Crow accomplishes this goal through careful connection between history and Gothic, showing the shifting definitions through numerous examples.

Crow spends time near the beginning bringing new scholars to the field of Gothic literature up to date. Specifically, he uses three key terms as a foundation for his argument: "the sublime, the uncanny and the grotesque" (5). These three ideas form what he perceives as the way to define the Gothic. Despite this focus Crow emphasizes that the most important element of Gothic literature is its effect on the reader, "dread, horror, terror and the uncanny" (2). What his study establishes is how works such as "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" can be about Gothic themes without themselves being Gothic, while other works that lack the typical plotline still evoke Gothic emotions.

Similar to Wieland

center = Gothic

In his first chapter, "American Gothic to the Civil War," Crow relates each work to Puritan ideals, clearly showing how the Gothic is always defined by its cultural context. Gothic in early American literature often works with the Puritan belief of wilderness as evil. In the next section realism and the Gothic are depicted as foils to each other. Each time period suggests the way Gothicism acts against dominant cultural ideas. "American Gothic and Modernism" shifts to film and literary depictions of the Gothic, pointing out how they influence each other. In his final section Crow moves the Gothic into its much more present understanding, not tied to national boundaries so much as to regional cultures.

easiest summary/timeline

What makes Crow's work so successful is his use of examples from little-known authors, as well as the obvious contributors such as Poe. He sets the stage for a better understanding of western American literature with its sometimes-erie portrayals of landscape. Because much of his book focuses on eastern authors, there is much room for expansion. What Crow may miss in using western examples, he makes up for in his compilation of Gothic tropes. From masks to wilderness places to revealed secrets, each motif can be easily transferred to works about the North American West. Not [End Page 133] only has Crow provided the list, but he has given the complex history behind each theme. In this is Crow's greatest strength: his work has the potential to expand into many other areas of study. American Gothic does more than try to define the Gothic; it places Gothic tradition firmly within American literature, showing how the genre morphed and changed as it moved across the Atlantic.



Amber Bowden Whitlock  
Utah State University





**1764 The Castle of Otranto: The first Gothic Novel**

*Wieland (1798)*

English aristocrat Horace Walpole combines the supernatural and horrific to create the first Gothic novel. Purporting to be translated from an earlier manuscript, **The Castle of Otranto introduces what have become classic Gothic devices, such as a foreign location, a dark and ominous castle and a naïve young woman fleeing from an evil, lustful man. In a direct imitation of Shakespearean tragedy, Walpole introduces comedy to relieve the novel's most melodramatic moments.**

The Castle of Otranto: The creepy tale that launched gothic fiction  
13 December 2014



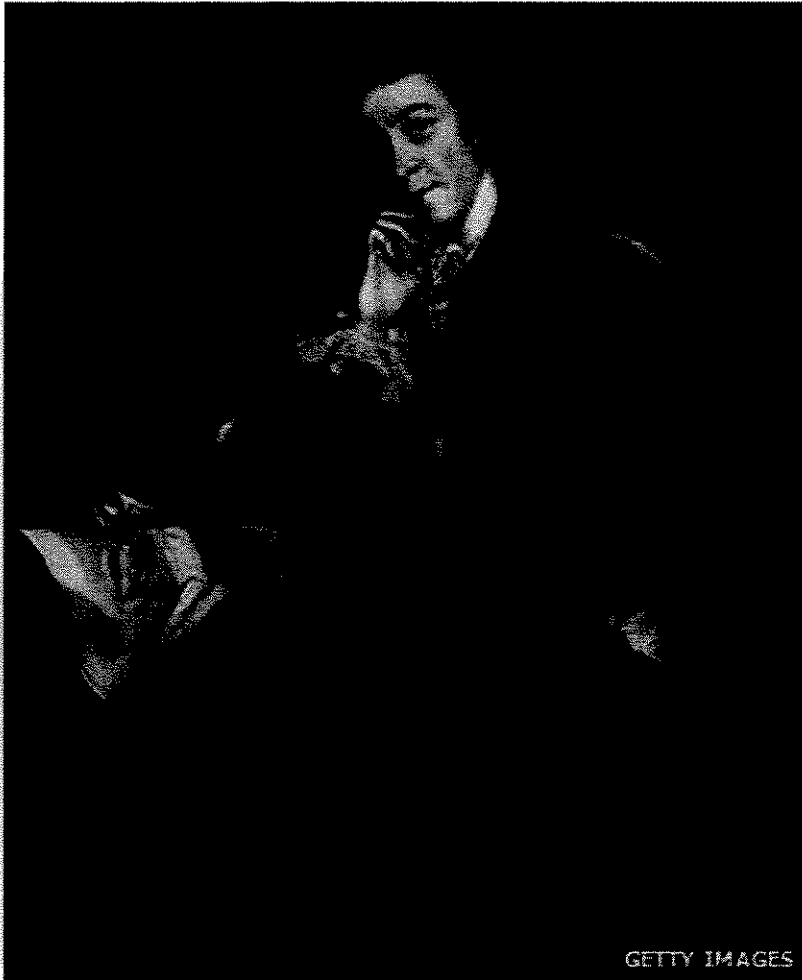
Tragic tales of doomed romance and supernatural horror, often set in baroque castles, have thrilled readers for centuries. But many modern-day fans of gothic literature may not be familiar with the 18th Century novel that inspired the genre, writes Peter Ray Allison.

**Ask anyone about gothic literature and they are likely to reference Bram Stoker's Dracula or Mary Shelley's Frankenstein as early examples.**

*10<sup>th</sup> grade examples! :)*

In fact, the roots of the genre can be traced back to the publication of Horace Walpole's 18th Century novel *The Castle of Otranto* - a work whose aesthetics have shaped modern-day gothic books, films, art and music as well as the goth subculture.

Walpole - the son of Sir Robert Walpole, the first prime minister - was a member of parliament for the Whig party and it was during his tenure as MP for King's Lynn in 1764 that he wrote *The Castle of Otranto*.



The novel focuses on Manfred, the lord of the castle, as he seeks to avert an ancient prophecy by marrying his dead son's betrothed, Isabella, to produce another male heir.

As the novel progresses and Manfred's machinations become more vile and duplicitous, the castle seemingly becomes haunted.

Pictures begin to move and doors close by themselves, whilst a giant knight can be heard - and occasionally glimpsed - in the halls.

The *Castle of Otranto* was inspired by Walpole's fascination with medieval history and artefacts. He even built a fake gothic castle, which became known as Strawberry Hill House, in 1749.

It was one of the first examples of gothic revival architecture, which appealed to the baroque tastes of that time, and would later become entwined with the gothic literature movement.

Walpole initially claimed that *The Castle of Otranto* was a translation of an earlier manuscript from 1529. The novel employs an archaic style of writing to further reinforce this subterfuge. It was only in the second edition that Walpole admitted authorship - fiction generally being considered a waste of a gentleman's time in the 1760s.

However, the tale was a big success and inspired many contemporary imitators, including Clara Reeve's *The Old English Baron* in 1778 and MG Lewis's *The Monk* in 1796. Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey* affectionately played with gothic tropes for comic effect.

In her preface, Reeves admits: "This Story is the literary offspring of *The Castle of Otranto*, written upon the same plan, with a design to unite the most attractive and interesting circumstances of the ancient Romance and modern Novel."

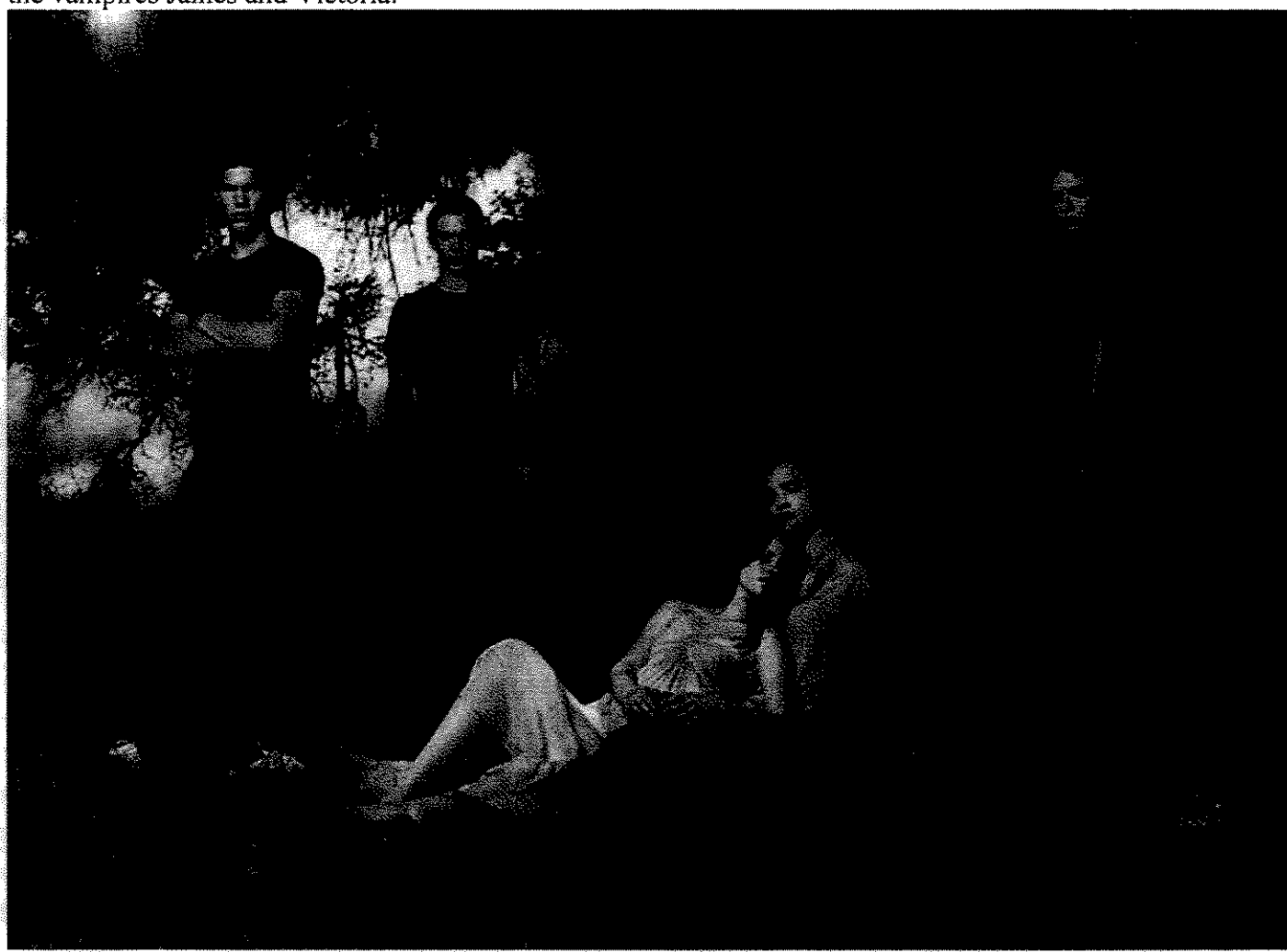


ring also  
British & American  
fit

In his novel, Walpole sought to blend together what was termed "new" and "old" romance. "Old" romance was identified by its fantastical nature, whilst the "new" variety (at the time of writing) was more grounded in reality. In this blending of the two styles, Walpole placed ordinary people in extraordinary situations.

The core elements of The Castle of Otranto quickly became staples of gothic fiction. Despite being written 250 years ago, the legacy of The Castle of Otranto continues to be found within modern fiction.

Take Stephenie Meyer's hugely popular Twilight novels, in which Bella is romantically pursued by the vampire Edward and the werewolf Jacob while fleeing the supernatural machinations of the vampires James and Victoria.



Stephen King's The Shining is steeped in gothic influences, including The Masque of the Red Death by Edgar Allen Poe (which was also directly influenced by The Castle of Otranto). The Overlook Hotel in The Shining acts as a replacement for the traditional gothic castle, whilst Jack Torrance is a villain tinged with tragedy who seeks redemption.

While not gothic per se, the horror in HP Lovecraft's writing was undoubtedly influenced by the gothic tales told by his grandfather.

Gothic cinema has rarely been far from the screen, as proven by the British Film Institute's recent season dedicated to the gothic. Many of the early gothic movies, such as a Nosferatu, are still hailed as classics to this day, while Bram Stoker's Dracula has repeatedly been adapted for film.

### What is Gothic?



- Goths were Eastern Germanic people, responsible for the sack of Rome in 410 - the first time it fell in its imperial history
- Term used by Renaissance art historian Giorgio Vasari to insult the "barbarous German style" of medieval architecture
- Consequently "Gothic" emerged as cultural term, to denote a style which was opposed to the classical (or Roman) idiom
- Shortened form "goth" first used in 1980s to describe genre of post-punk youth culture (above)

Tim Burton's cinematic adaptation of Sleepy Hollow also includes many elements that were first established in The Castle of Otranto, with its patriarchal figures and a plot revolving around revenge and land rights.

There have also been television series such as *Lost* - which, despite being set on a tropical island, nonetheless follows Walpole's example of placing ordinary people in extraordinary situations, with survivors struggling to avoid the "smoke monster". The video game *Fatal Frame* (also known as *Project Zero*) features an autocratic family master, ancient curses and tragic romance.

Then there are the goth or gothic bands who emerged in the 1980s such as *The Cure* and *Sisters of Mercy*, inspired by the gothic literature and with lyrical themes of death, love, spirituality and identity. *The Cure's The Drowning Man*, for example, was directly influenced by writer and illustrator *Mervyn Peake's* gothic *Gormenghast Trilogy*.



The exotic aspect of gothic literature that Walpole first introduced in *The Castle of Otranto* influenced the gothic subculture. Gothic fashion is designed to reflect a particular kind of lifestyle that is synonymous with gothic literature.

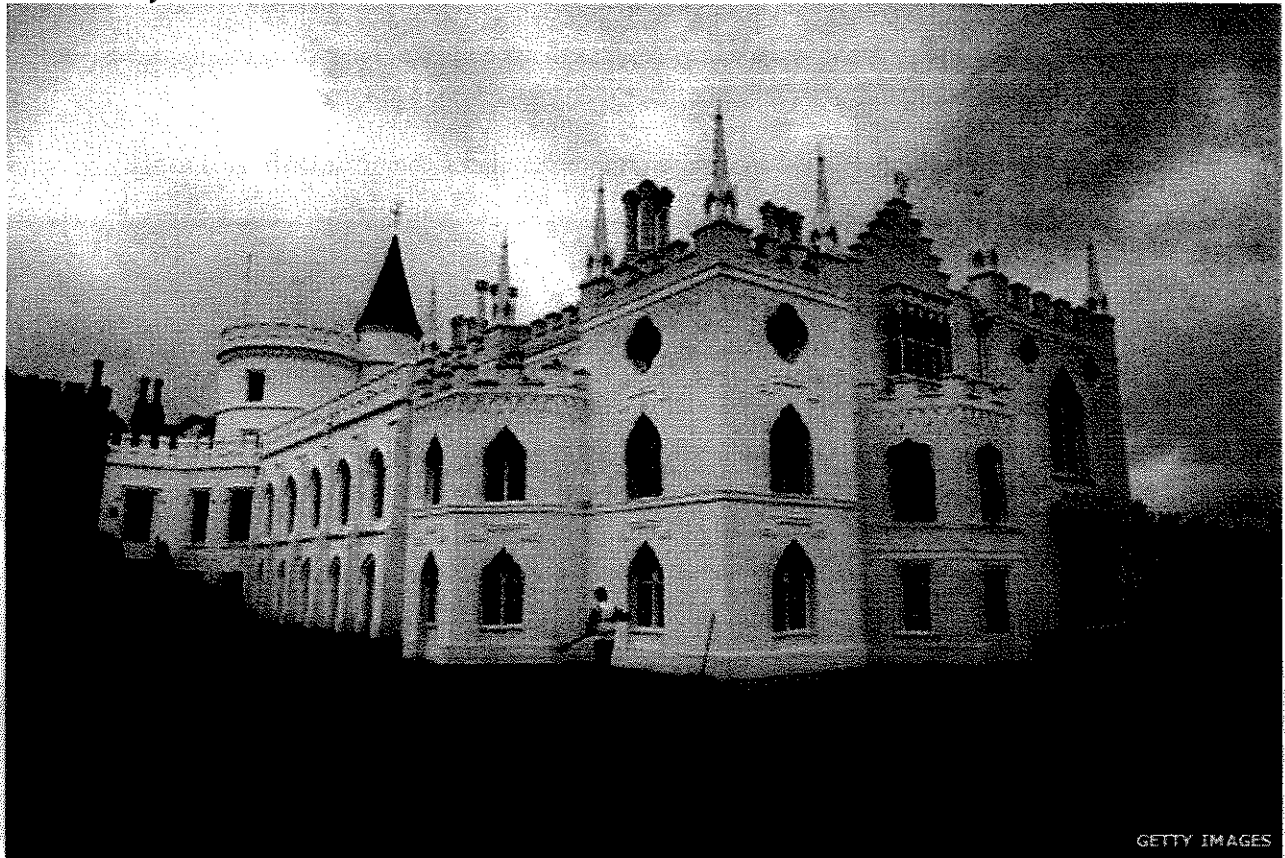
The *Castle of Otranto* itself took inspiration from previous works.

Meg Tasker, an Associate Professor at Federation University Australia, observes that Walpole drew on "a whole range of literary sources and folklore, German as well as English and Scottish". The works of William Shakespeare were also an influence, as demonstrated by Walpole "alternating between comic and serious scenes".

everything  
stone  
my...  
gothic  
telephage

Despite its fantastical elements, there remains a consistent internal logic within the novel. For example, apparitions appear to protest to against anything that could result in the Alfonso and Don Ricardo families being united.

### Strawberry Hill House



- Gothic revival villa built in Twickenham by Horace Walpole between 1749 and 1776
- Eclectically influenced by the look of medieval castles and cathedrals, in contrast to classicism of many 18th Century buildings
- According to architectural historians, it was the first house in house to be built from scratch in the Gothic style, and the first to borrow from historical examples, eg chimney-places borrowed designs from tombs at Westminster Abbey
- Wapole never married and left no heir - in the 20th Century the building was used as a teacher training college; opened to public in 2010 following extensive restoration

"History is a romance that is believed; romance, a history that is not believed," Walpole said.

Tasker explains that The Castle of Otranto was "framed in such a way that the 18th Century (Protestant) educated reader could dismiss magic or miracles as Catholic superstitions".

Members of the lower classes and women are portrayed in the novel as "superstitious, idolatrous, slavishly obedient to the Church".

Despite the horror within the Castle of Otranto, there remains a subtle vein of almost farcical humour.

"A castle making a groaning noise with the release of pent-up vapours is an elaborately worded early example of that staple of English humour, the fart joke," says Tasker.

A gigantic helmet falling from the sky onto one character predates the absurdism of Monty Python.



As the genre matured, later authors of the genre tended to focus on the horror and tragedy. The farcical humour that once permeated *The Castle of Otranto* was found mostly in spoofs of the genre.

For instance, *Wallace & Gromit: The Curse of the Were-Rabbit* (2005) is a lampoon of the gothic genre, yet the film also celebrates its influences.

It is filled with gothic tropes and literary references, from Wallace being transformed into the were-rabbit yet still being drawn to his paramour Lady Tottingham, to the character Lord Victor

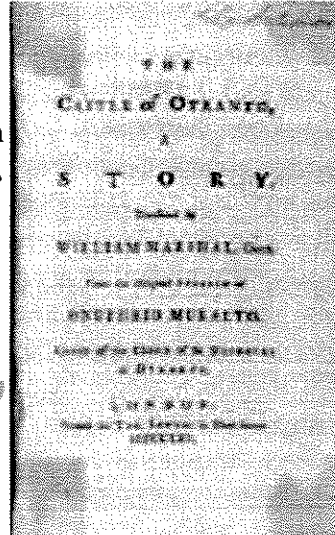


Quartermaine - a reference to Allan Quatermain from H Rider Haggard's classic 1885 novel King Solomon's Mines.

In this respect it is true to the spirit of *The Castle of Otranto*, which both celebrated and mocked the fantastic. As Tasker says, the novel is "sublimely silly".

### Horace Walpole, *from The Castle of Otranto*

Walpole's landmark work, published in December 1764, purports to be a translation (as the 1765 title page has it) "from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto," and the events related in it are supposed to have occurred in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. When the story opens, the villainous Manfred, prince of Otranto, in order to get an heir to his estate, has arranged a marriage between his only son, Conrad, and the beautiful Isabella. But on the night before the wedding, Conrad is mysteriously killed (he is crushed by a giant helmet). Lest he should be left without male descendants, Manfred determines to divorce his present wife, Hippolita, who is past childbearing, and marry Isabella himself. In the extract given here, from the first chapter, Isabella learns of his intention and decides to flee the castle by night.



Walpole writes as if by formula. The standard Gothic devices and motifs are all in place, even in this brief excerpt: moonlight, a speaking portrait, the slamming of doors, castle vaults, an underground passage, blasts of wind, rusty hinges, the curdling of blood, and above all, in practically every sentence, strong feelings of terror ("Words cannot paint the horror of the princess's situation . . ."). But Walpole was the inventor of the formula, and his influence — on Beckford, Radcliffe, and Lewis in this topic and then, along with them, on subsequent English fiction (and on literature and films more generally) — is incalculable.

#### From Chapter 1

\* \* \*

As it was now evening, the servant who conducted Isabella bore a torch before her. When they came to Manfred, who was walking impatiently about the gallery, he started and said hastily, "Take away that light, and begone." Then shutting the door impetuously, he flung himself upon a bench against the wall, and bade Isabella sit by him. She obeyed trembling. "I sent for you, lady," said he, — and then stopped under great appearance of confusion. "My lord!" — "Yes, I sent for you on a matter of great moment," resumed he, — "Dry your tears, young lady — you have lost your bridegroom. — Yes, cruel fate! and I have lost the hopes of my race! — but Conrad was not worthy of your beauty." — "How! my lord," said Isabella; "sure you do not suspect me of not feeling the concern I ought. My duty and affection would have always — " "Think no more of him," interrupted Manfred; "he was a sickly puny child, and heaven has perhaps taken him away that I might not trust the honours of my house on so frail a foundation. The line of Manfred calls for numerous supports. My foolish fondness for that boy blinded the

eyes of my prudence — but it is better as it is. I hope in a few years to have reason to rejoice at the death of Conrad."

Words cannot paint the astonishment of Isabella. At first she apprehended that grief had disordered Manfred's understanding. Her next thought suggested that this strange discourse was designed to ensnare her: she feared that Manfred had perceived her indifference for his son: and in consequence of that idea she replied, "Good my lord, do not doubt my tenderness: my heart would have accompanied my hand. Conrad would have engrossed all my care; and wherever fate shall dispose of me, I shall always cherish his memory, and regard your highness and the virtuous Hippolita as my parents." "Curse on Hippolita!" cried Manfred: "forget her from this moment as I do. In short, lady, you have missed a husband undeserving of your charms: they shall now be better disposed of. Instead of a sickly boy, you shall have a husband in the prime of his age, who will know how to value your beauties, and who may expect a numerous offspring." "Alas! my lord," said Isabella, "my mind is too sadly engrossed by the recent catastrophe in your family to think of another marriage. If ever my father returns, and it shall be his pleasure, I shall obey, as I did when I consented to give my hand to your son: but until his return, permit me to remain under your hospitable roof, and employ the melancholy hours in assuaging yours, Hippolita's, and the fair Matilda's affliction."

"I desired you once before," said Manfred angrily, "not to name that woman: from this hour she must be a stranger to you, as she must be to me; — in short, Isabella, since I cannot give you my son, I offer you myself." — "Heavens!" cried Isabella, waking from her delusion, "what do I hear! You! My lord! You! My father-in-law! the father of Conrad! the husband of the virtuous and tender Hippolita!" — "I tell you," said Manfred imperiously, "Hippolita is no longer my wife; I divorce her from this hour. Too long has she cursed me by her unfruitfulness: my fate depends on having sons, — and this night I trust will give a new date to my hopes." At those words he seized the cold hand of Isabella, who was half-dead with fright and horror. She shrieked and started from him. Manfred rose to pursue her, when the moon, which was now up and gleamed in at the opposite casement, presented to his sight the plumes of the fatal helmet, which rose to the height of the windows, waving backwards and forwards in a tempestuous manner, and accompanied with a hollow and rustling sound. Isabella, who gathered courage from her situation, and who dreaded nothing so much as Manfred's pursuit of his declaration, cried, "Look! my lord; see, heaven itself declares against your impious intentions!" — "Heaven nor hell shall impede my designs," said Manfred, advancing again to seize the princess. At that instant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung over the bench where they had been sitting, uttered a deep sigh, and heaved its breast. Isabella, whose back was turned to the picture, saw not the motion, nor knew whence the sound came, but started, and said, "Hark, my lord! What sound was that?" and at the same time made towards the door. Manfred, distracted between the flight of Isabella, who had now reached the stairs, and yet unable to keep his eyes from the picture, which began to move, had however advanced some steps after her, still looking backwards on the portrait, when he saw it quit its panel, and descend on the floor with a grave and melancholy air. "Do I dream?" cried Manfred returning, "or are the devils themselves in league against me? Speak, infernal spectre! or, if thou art my grandsire, why dost thou too conspire against thy wretched descendant, who too dearly pays for —" Ere he could finish the sentence the vision sighed again, and made a sign to Manfred to follow him. "Lead on!" cried Manfred; "I will follow thee to the gulph of perdition." The spectre marched sedately, but dejected, to the end of

the gallery, and turned into a chamber on the right hand. Manfred accompanied him at a little distance, full of anxiety and horror, but resolved. As he would have entered the chamber, the door was clapped to with violence by an invisible hand. The prince, collecting courage from this delay, would have forcibly burst open the door with his foot, but found that it resisted his utmost efforts. "Since hell will not satisfy my curiosity," said Manfred, "I will use the human means in my power for preserving my race; Isabella shall not escape me."

That lady, whose resolution had given way to terror the moment she had quitted Manfred, continued her flight to the bottom of the principal staircase. There she stopped, not knowing whither to direct her steps, nor how to escape from the impetuosity of the prince. The gates of the castle she knew were locked, and guards placed in the court. Should she, as her heart prompted her, go and prepare Hippolita for the cruel destiny that awaited her, she did not doubt but Manfred would seek her there, and that his violence would incite him to double the injury he meditated, without leaving room for them to avoid the impetuosity of his passions. Delay might give him time to reflect on the horrid measures he had conceived, or produce some circumstance in her favour, if she could for that night at least avoid his odious purpose. — Yet where conceal herself? how avoid the pursuit he would infallibly make throughout the castle? As these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, she recollected a subterraneous passage which led from the vaults of the castle to the church of St. Nicholas. Could she reach the altar before she was overtaken, she knew even Manfred's violence would not dare to profane the sacredness of the place; and she determined, if no other means of deliverance offered, to shut herself up for ever among the holy virgins, whose convent was contiguous to the cathedral. In this resolution, she seized a lamp that burned at the foot of the staircase, and hurried towards the secret passage. The lower part of the castle was hollowed into several intricate cloisters; and it was not easy for one under so much anxiety to find the door that opened into the cavern. An awful silence reigned throughout those subterraneous regions, except now and then some blasts of wind that shook the doors she had passed, and which, grating on the rusty hinges, were re-echoed through that long labyrinth of darkness. Every murmur struck her with new terror; — yet more she dreaded to hear the wrathful voice of Manfred urging his domestics to pursue her. She trod as softly as impatience would give her leave, — yet frequently stopped and listened to hear if she was followed. In one of those moments she thought she heard a sigh. She shuddered, and recoiled a few paces. In a moment she thought she heard the step of some person. Her blood curdled; she concluded it was Manfred. Every suggestion that horror could inspire rushed into her mind. She condemned her rash flight, which had thus exposed her to his rage in a place where her cries were not likely to draw anybody to her assistance. — Yet the sound seemed not to come from behind, — if Manfred knew where she was, he must have followed her: she was still in one of the cloisters, and the steps she had heard were too distinct to proceed from the way she had come. Cheered with this reflection, and hoping to find a friend in whoever was not the prince, she was going to advance, when a door that stood ajar, at some distance to the left, was opened gently: but ere her lamp, which she held up, could discover who opened it, the person retreated precipitately on seeing the light.

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

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

Words cannot paint the horror of the princess's situation. Alone in so dismal a place, her mind imprinted with all the terrible events of the day, hopeless of escaping, expecting every moment the arrival of Manfred, and far from tranquil on knowing she was within reach of somebody, she knew not whom, who for some cause seemed concealed thereabouts, — all these thoughts crowded on her distracted mind, and she was ready to sink under her apprehensions. She addressed herself to every saint in heaven, and inwardly implored their assistance. For a considerable time she remained in an agony of despair. At last, as softly as was possible, she felt for the door, and, having found it, entered trembling into the vault from whence she had heard the sigh and steps. It gave her a kind of momentary joy to perceive an imperfect ray of clouded moonshine gleam from the roof of the vault, which seemed to be fallen in, and from whence hung a fragment of earth or building, she could not distinguish which, that appeared to have been crushed inwards. She advanced eagerly towards this chasm, when she discerned a human form standing close against the wall.

She shrieked, believing it the ghost of her betrothed Conrad.

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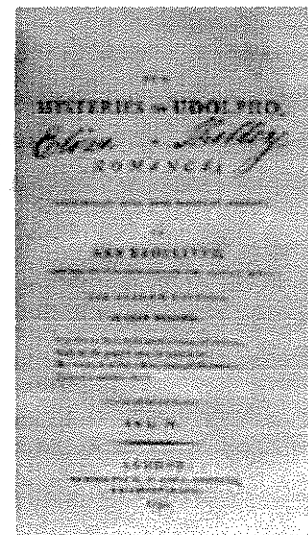
### 1794 *The Mysteries of Udolpho*: The dawn of female Gothic

Ann Radcliffe helps to define what makes a Gothic novel and enjoys massive commercial success. In her best-known novel, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, Radcliffe introduces 'the explained supernatural', a technique by which terrifying, apparently supernatural incidents have a logical explanation. Over the course of her previous novels, Radcliffe developed the formula of 'the female Gothic', first introduced in *The Recess* by Sophia Lee. The formula is perfected in *Udolpho*, and has since become a Gothic norm.

#### Ann Radcliffe, *from The Mysteries of Udolpho*

*The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) is Ann Radcliffe at her best. (For more about Radcliffe, see the headnote to *The Romance of the Forest*.) In the first of the two extracts given here, from volume 2, chapter 5, Radcliffe describes Emily St. Aubert's reactions as she and the villainous Montoni approach his castle high in the Italian Apennines. In the second, from volume 2, chapter 6, Emily explores her chamber in the castle and, after she falls asleep, is awakened by a stealthy intruder.

#### From Volume 2, Chapter 5



\* \* \*

Towards the close of day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, that exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits, rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur, than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley, but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest, that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle, that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade, which involved the valley below.

"There," said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, "is Udolpho."

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark grey stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From those too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze, till its clustering towers were alone seen, rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length, the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and, soon after, reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice: but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants, that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of an huge portcullis, surmounting the gates: from these, the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. — Beyond these all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

While Emily gazed with awe upon the scene, footsteps were heard within the gates, and the undrawing of the bolts; after which an ancient servant of the castle appeared, forcing back the

huge folds of the portal, to admit his lord. As the carriage-wheels rolled heavily under the portcullis, Emily's heart sunk, and she seemed as if she was going into her prison; the gloomy court into which she passed served to confirm the idea, and her imagination, ever awake to circumstance, suggested even more terrors than her reason could justify.

Another gate delivered them into the second court, grass-grown, and more wild than the first, where, as she surveyed through the twilight its desolation — its lofty walls, overtopped with briony, moss and nightshade, and the embattled towers that rose above, — long-suffering and murder came to her thoughts. One of those instantaneous and unaccountable convictions, which sometimes conquer even strong minds, impressed her with its horror. The sentiment was not diminished when she entered an extensive gothic hall, obscured by the gloom of evening, which a light, glimmering at a distance through a long perspective of arches, only rendered more striking. As a servant brought the lamp nearer, partial gleams fell upon the pillars and the pointed arches, forming a strong contrast with their shadows, that stretched along the pavement and the walls. \* \* \*

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### From Volume 2, Chapter 6

\* \* \* Emily took no further notice of the subject, and, after some struggle with imaginary fears, her good nature prevailed over them so far, that she dismissed Annette for the night. She then sat, musing upon her own circumstances and those of Madame Montoni, till her eye rested on the miniature picture which she had found, after her father's death, among the papers he had enjoined her to destroy. It was open upon the table, before her, among some loose drawings, having, with them, been taken out of a little box by Emily some hours before. The sight of it called up many interesting reflections, but the melancholy sweetness of the countenance soothed the emotions which these had occasioned. It was the same style of countenance as that of her late father, and, while she gazed on it with fondness on this account, she even fancied a resemblance in the features. But this tranquillity was suddenly interrupted, when she recollected the words in the manuscript that had been found with this picture, and which had formerly occasioned her so much doubt and horror. At length, she roused herself from the deep reverie into which this remembrance had thrown her; but, when she rose to undress, the silence and solitude to which she was left, at this midnight hour, for not even a distant sound was now heard, conspired with the impression the subject she had been considering had given to her mind, to appall her. Annette's hints, too, concerning this chamber, simple as they were, had not failed to affect her, since they followed a circumstance of peculiar horror which she herself had witnessed, and since the scene of this was a chamber nearly adjoining her own.

The door of the stair-case was, perhaps, a subject of more reasonable alarm, and she now began to apprehend, such was the aptitude of her fears, that this stair-case had some private communication with the apartment which she shuddered even to remember. Determined not to undress, she lay down to sleep in her clothes, with her late father's dog, the faithful Manchon, at the foot of the bed, whom she considered as a kind of guard.

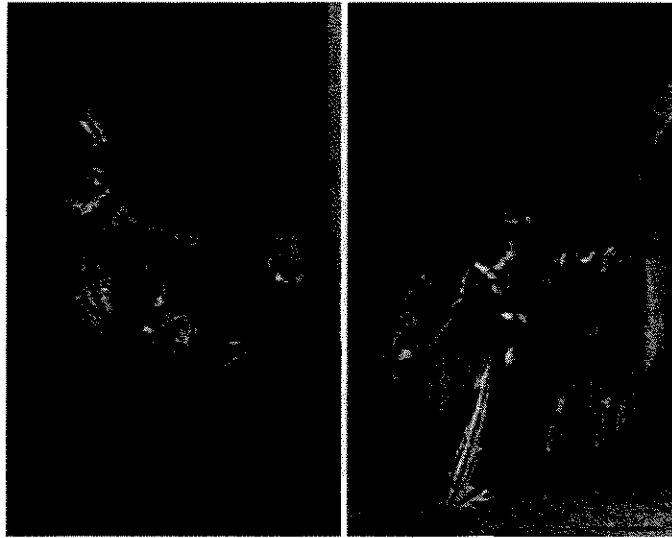
Thus circumstanced, she tried to banish reflection, but her busy fancy would still hover over the subjects of her interest, and she heard the clock of the castle strike two, before she closed her eyes.

From the disturbed slumber into which she then sunk, she was soon awakened by a noise, which seemed to arise within her chamber; but the silence that prevailed, as she fearfully listened, inclined her to believe that she had been alarmed by such sounds as sometimes occur in dreams, and she laid her head again upon the pillow.

A return of the noise again disturbed her; it seemed to come from that part of the room which communicated with the private stair-case, and she instantly remembered the odd circumstance of the door having been fastened, during the preceding night, by some unknown hand. Her late alarming suspicion, concerning its communication, also occurred to her. Her heart became faint with terror. Half raising herself from the bed, and gently drawing aside the curtain, she looked towards the door of the stair-case, but the lamp that burnt on the hearth spread so feeble a light through the apartment that the remote parts of it were lost in shadow. The noise, however, which, she was convinced, came from the door, continued. It seemed like that made by the undrawing of rusty bolts, and often ceased, and was then renewed more gently, as if the hand that occasioned it was restrained by a fear of discovery. While Emily kept her eyes fixed on the spot, she saw the door move, and then slowly open, and perceived something enter the room, but the extreme duskiness prevented her distinguishing what it was. Almost fainting with terror, she had yet sufficient command over herself to check the shriek that was escaping from her lips, and, letting the curtain drop from her hand, continued to observe in silence the motions of the mysterious form she saw. It seemed to glide along the remote obscurity of the apartment, then paused, and, as it approached the hearth, she perceived, in the stronger light, what appeared to be a human figure. Certain remembrances now struck upon her heart, and almost subdued the feeble remains of her spirits; she continued, however, to watch the figure, which remained for some time motionless, but then, advancing slowly towards the bed, stood silently at the feet, where the curtains, being a little open, allowed her still to see it; terror, however, had now deprived her of the power of discrimination, as well as of that of utterance.

Having continued there a moment, the form retreated towards the hearth, when it took the lamp, held it up, surveyed the chamber for a few moments, and then again advanced towards the bed. The light at that instant awakening the dog that had slept at Emily's feet, he barked loudly, and, jumping to the floor, flew at the stranger, who struck the animal smartly with a sheathed sword, and, springing towards the bed, Emily discovered — Count Morano!

\* \* \*



### 1796 *The Monk*: Shocking society

Matthew Lewis scandalizes the literary world. Lewis's novel about the misdeeds of a spoiled priest features incestuous necrophilia, matricide, cannibalism, voyeurism, and a satanic pact – not to mention an incredibly gory finale. It was one of the characters censoring the Bible, however, which most upset its contemporaries – as well as the fact that its teenage author was an MP. The novel, which has been retrospectively classed as 'Male Gothic', features the genre's typical themes of a lone male, exiled and an outsider.

Matthew Lewis's novel *The Monk* (1796) marked a turning point in the history of Gothic literature. With its emphasis firmly on the horrific and the shocking, the book moved Gothic away from the gentle terrors of earlier authors such as Horace Walpole and, instead, confronted readers with an onslaught of horror in the form of spectral bleeding nuns, mob violence, murder, sorcery and incest. Unsurprisingly the book met with outrage and condemnation from critics. Equally unsurprisingly it was hugely popular with the public.

With its twin themes of erotic obsession and the corrupting influence of power, *The Monk* deals with important issues and contains moments of impressive psychological insight. At heart, however, it remains a morality tale about one man's fall from grace through greed, pride and lust. The edition shown here is a heavily abbreviated version of the novel published sometime around 1818. On the left Ambrosio, the monk of the title, signs his Faustian pact with the devil while, on the right, the entire plot of the book is summarised in lurid headings such as 'Artifices of a Female Demon'; 'Her Mother Whom He Murdered'; 'Assassinates with a Dagger' and, finally, 'Most Ignominious Death'.

*The Monk* first became widely available in an edition published by Joseph Bell in 1796. The title-page only carried Lewis's initials, rather than his full name, but the first reviews were – somewhat surprisingly given the content – favourable. Encouraged, Lewis announced his



authorship in the second edition, adding for good measure his new title of Member of Parliament. Unfortunately, with his name now firmly associated with the book (so much so that he was known as 'Monk' Lewis for the rest of his life) the novel became the subject of critical condemnation and accusations of blasphemy. The poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge attacked the book in the *Critical Review* of February 1797 arguing that its scenes of lust and depravity were likely to corrupt readers. Coleridge observed further that *The Monk* was a novel 'which if a parent saw in the hands of a son or daughter he might reasonably turn pale'. Worse was to follow when the writer Thomas James Mathias argued that certain passages in the book, especially those containing comments on the Bible, were open to legal action on the grounds that they were sacrilegious. Chastened by the intense criticism, Lewis removed several controversial passages from the book and from the fourth edition onwards the novel appeared in a somewhat subdued form. *The Monk*, however, never lost its popularity with readers keen to test their morality against its allegedly depraved content.



## Matthew Lewis

From *The Monk* (1796)

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

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

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

He still fancied himself to be in the Church of the Capuchins; but it was it longer dark and solitary. Multitudes of silver Lamps shed splendour From the vaulted Roof; Accompanied by the captivating chaunt of distant choristers, the Organ's melody swelled through the Church, the Altar seemed decorated as for some distinguished feast; it was surrounded by a brilliant Company; and near it stood Antonia arrayed in bridal white, and blushing with all the charms of Virgin Modesty.

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

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

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

She retreated for a moment; Then gazing upon him with unutterable delight; – 'Yes !' She exclaimed, 'My Bridegroom! My destined Bridegroom !'

She said, and hastened to throw herself into his arms; But before He had time to receive her, an Unknown rushed between them. His form was gigantic, His complexion was swarthy, His eyes fierce and terrible; his Mouth breathed out volumes of fire, and on his forehead was written in legible characters – 'Pride! Lust! Inhumanity!'

Antonia shrieked. The Monster clasped her in his arms, and springing with her upon the Altar, tortured her with his odious caresses. She endeavoured in vain to escape from his embrace. Lorenzo flew to her succour, but ere He had time to reach her, a loud burst of thunder was heard. Instantly the Cathedral seemed crumbling into pieces; The Monks

betook themselves to flight, shrieking fearfully; The Lamps were extinguished, the Altar sank down, and in its place appeared an abyss vomiting forth clouds of flame. Uttering a loud and terrible cry the Monster plunged into the Gulph, and in his fall attempted to drag Antonia with him. He strove in vain. Animated by supernatural powers She disengaged herself from his embrace; But her white Robe left in his possession. Instantly a wing of brilliant splendour spread itself from either of Antonia's arms. She darted upwards, and while ascending cried to Lorenzo,

'Friend! we shall meet above!'

At the same moment the Roof of the Cathedral opened, Harmonious voices pealed along the Vaults, and the glory into which Antonia was received, was composed of rays of such dazzling brightness, that Lorenzo was unable to sustain the gaze. His sight failed, and He sank upon the ground.

\* \* \* \*

It was now that Ambrosio repented of his rashness. The solemn singularity of the charm had prepared him for something strange and horrible. He waited with fear for the Spirit's appearance, whose coming was announced by thunder and earthquakes. He looked wildly round him, expecting that some dreadful Apparition would meet his eyes, the sight of which would drive him mad. A cold shivering seized his body, and He sank upon one knee, unable to support himself.

'He comes!' exclaimed Matilda in a joyful accent.

Ambrosio started, and expected the Daemon with terror. What was his surprise, when the Thunder ceasing to roll, a full strain of melodious Music sounded in the air. At the same time the cloud dispersed, and He beheld a Figure more beautiful, than Fancy's pencil ever drew. It was a Youth seemingly scarce eighteen, the perfection of whose form and face was unrivalled. He was perfectly naked: A bright Star sparkled upon his fore-head; Two crimson wings extended themselves from his shoulders; and his silken locks were confined by a band of many-coloured fires, which played round his head, formed themselves into a variety of figures, and shone with a brilliance far surpassing that of precious Stones. Circlets of diamonds were fastened round his arms and ankles, and in his right hand He bore a silver branch, imitating Myrtle. His form shone with dazzling glory: He was surrounded by clouds of rose-coloured light, and at the moment that He appeared, a refreshing air breathed perfumes through the Cavern. Enchanted at a vision so contrary to his expectations, Ambrosio gazed upon the Spirit with delight and wonder: Yet however beautiful the Figure, He could not but remark a wildness in the Daemon's eyes, and a mysterious melancholy impressed upon his features, betraying the Fallen Angel, and inspiring the Spectators with secret awe.

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

\* \* \* \*

The Nuns were employed in religious duties established in honour of St. Clare, and to which no Profane was ever admitted. The Chapelwindows were illuminated. As they stood on the outside, the Auditors heard the full swell of the organ, accompanied by a chorus of female voices, rise upon the stillness of the night. This died away, and was succeeded by a single strain of harmony. It was the voice of her who was destined to sustain in the procession the characters of St. Clare. For the office the most beautiful Virgin of Madrid was always selected, and She upon whom the choice fell, esteemed it as the highest of honours. While listening to the Music, whose melody distance only seemed to render sweeter, the audience was wrapped up in profound attention. Universal silence prevailed through the Crowd, and every heart was filled with reverence for religion. Every heart but Lorenzo's. Conscious that among those who chanted the praises of their God so sweetly, there were some who cloaked with devotion the foulest sins, their hymns inspired him with detestation at their Hypocrisy. He had long observed with disapprobation and contempt the superstition, which governed Madrid's Inhabitants. His good sense had pointed out to him the artifices of the Monks, and the gross absurdity of their miracles, wonders and supposititious reliques. He blushed to see his Countrymen the Dupes of deceptions so ridiculous, and only wished for an opportunity to free them from their monkish fetters. That opportunity, so long desired in vain, was at length presented to him. He resolved not to let it slip, but to set before the People in glaring colours, how enormous were the abuses but too frequently practised in Monasteries, and how unjustly public esteem was bestowed indiscriminately upon all who wore a religious habit. He longed for the moment destined to unmask the Hypocrites, and convince his Countrymen, that a sanctified exterior does not always hide a virtuous heart.

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With every moment the Friar's passion became more ardent, and Antonia's terror more intense. She struggled to disengage herself from his arms. Her exertions were unsuccessful; and finding that Ambrosio's conduct became still freer. She shrieked for assistance with all her strength. The aspect of the Vault, the pale glimmering of the Lamp, the surrounding obscurity, the sight of the Tomb, and the objects of mortality which met her eyes of either side, were ill-calculated to inspire her with those emotions, by which the Friar was agitated. Even his caresses terrified her from their fury, and created no other sentiment than fear. On the contrary, her alarm, her evident disgust, and incessant opposition, seemed only to inflame the Monk's desires, and supply his brutality with additional strength. Antonia's shrieks were unheard. Yet She continued them, nor abandoned her endeavours to escape, till exhausted and out of breath She sank from his arms upon her knees, and once more had recourse to prayers and supplications. This attempt had no better success than the former. On the contrary, taking advantage of her situation, the Ravisher threw himself by her side. He clasped her to his bosom almost lifeless with terror, and faint with struggling. He stifled her cries with kisses, treated her with the rudeness of an unprincipled Barbarian, proceeded from freedom to freedom, and in the violence of his lustful delirium, wounded and bruised her tender limbs. Heedless of her tears, cries and entreaties, He gradually made himself Master of her person, and desisted not from his prey, till He had accomplished his crime and the dishonour of Antonia.

Scarcely had He succeeded in his design, than He shuddered at himself and the means by which it was effected. The very excess of his former eagerness to possess Antonia now contributed to inspire him with disgust; and a secret impulse made him feel, how base and unmanly was the crime, which He had just committed. He started hastily From her arms. She, who had so lately been the object of his adoration, now raised no other sentiment in his heart than aversion and rage. He turned away from her; or if his eyes rested upon her

figure involuntarily, it was only to dart upon her looks of hate. The Unfortunate had fainted ere the completion of her disgrace: She only recovered life to be sensible of her misfortune. She remained stretched upon the earth in silent despair: The tears chased each other slowly down her cheeks, and her bosom heaved with frequent sobs. Oppressed with grief, She continued for some time in this state of torpidity. At length She rose with difficulty, and dragging her feeble steps towards the door, prepared to quit the dungeon.

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The Fiend answered with a malicious laugh:

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

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

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

As He said this, darting his talons into the Monk's shaven crown, He sprang with him from the rock. The Caves and mountains rang with Ambrosio's shrieks. The Daemon continued to soar aloft, till reaching a dreadful height, He released the sufferer. Headlong fell the Monk through the airy waste; and He rolled from precipice to precipice, till bruised and mangled He rested on the river's banks. Life still existed in his miserable frame. He attempted in vain to raise himself; His broken and dislocated limbs refused to perform their office, nor was He able to quit the post where He had first fallen. The sun now rose above the horizon; Its scorching beams darted full upon the head of the expiring Sinner. Myriads of insects were called forth by the warmth. They drank the blood which trickled from Ambrosio's wounds. He had no power to drive them from him, and they fastened upon his sores, darted their stings into his body, covered him with their multitudes, and inflicted on him tortures the most exquisite and insupportable. The Eagles of the rock tore his flesh piecemeal, and dug out his eye-balls with their crooked beaks. A burning thirst tormented him; He heard the river's murmur as it rolled beside him, but strove in vain to drag himself towards the sound. Blind, maimed, helpless, and despairing, venting his rage in blasphemy and curses, execrating his existence, yet dreading the arrival of death destined to yield him up to greater torments, six miserable days did the Villain [anguish. On the Seventh a violent storm arose: The winds in fury rent up rocks and forests: The sky was now black with clouds, now sheeted with fire: The rain fell in torrents; It swelled the stream; The waves overflowed their banks; They reached the spot where Ambrosio lay, and when they abated carried with them into the river the Corse of the despairing Monk.