

Geneva, Summer 1816



Fondation Martin Bodmer, Cologny, Genève



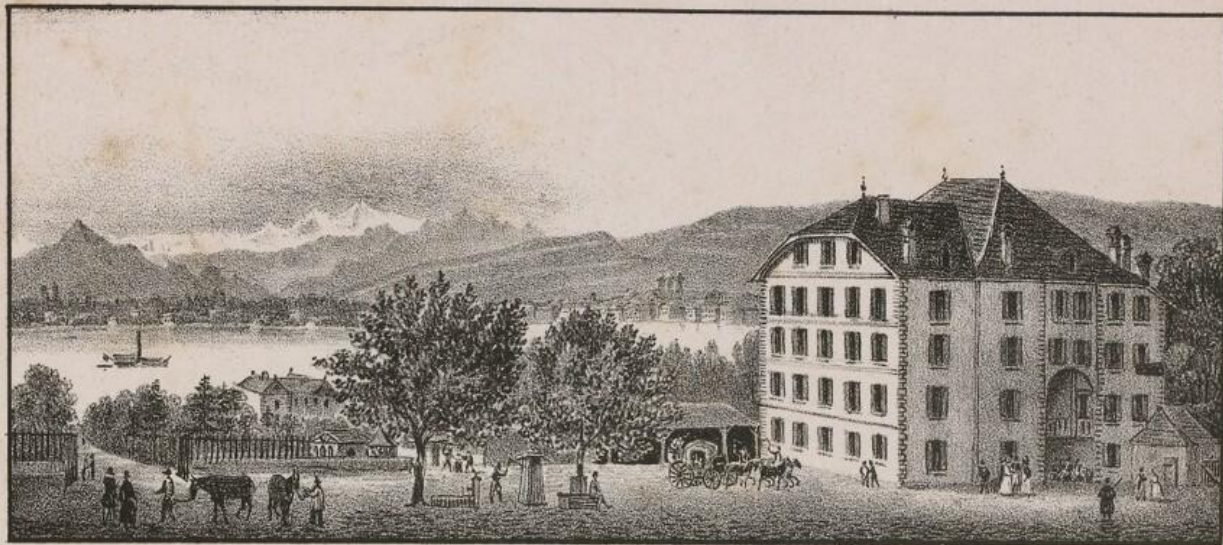


Frankenstein
CRÉÉ DES TÉNÉBRES

Gallimard | Fondation Martin Bodmer

Hôtel de Seckeron

Situé à la porte de Genève, sur la route de Suisse.

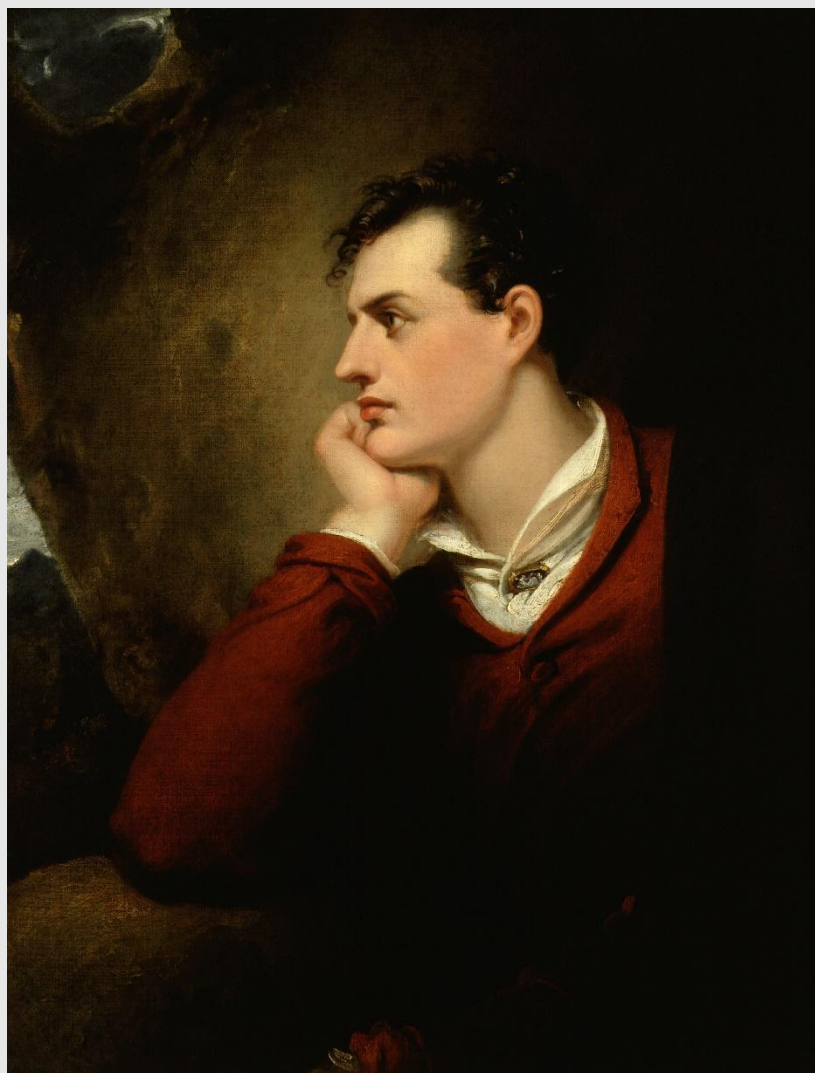


Tilh. de Vallin à Genève.

Ce bel établissement tenu par M.^r Gdejean, a été considérablement augmenté. On y jouit de la plus belle vue du Mont-Blanc et des glaciers. Une bonne table d'hôte, les soins, la propreté; ainsi que la modicité des prix satisferont Messieurs les Voyageurs; ils y trouveront toujours des voitures et chevaux pour la promenade, et le voyage; ainsi qu'un grand choix de voitures de poste à vendre ou à échanger, et à louer pour tous pays.

The pleasant and great establishment of Mess.^{rs} Gdejean has been considerably improved. It has the advantage of the view of the Mont-Blanc and all its adjacent parts. Every care and attention are taken for the comfort of the travellers the table is well served up at a reasonable price.

Carriages repaired, Bought, sold and exchanged. Post carriages let for Paris, Calais, Rome, & every Where As well Horses for Journeys & Country.



Richard Westfall, *George Gordon, Lord Byron*, 1813



Amelia Curran, *Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1819

F.G. Gainsford, John Polidori, c. 1816



Amelia Curran, Portrait of Claire Clairmont, 1819





Reginald Easton, *Mary Shelley, née Godwin*, 1857 (posthumous)

Jean-Antoine Linck, *Genève, Sécheron: vue du Mont Blanc*, c. 1810



Le vent des Alpes à Genève

fait par J. Ant. Linck



Shelley's Cottage at Montalègre (demolished)

Maison Chapuis, Montalègre, Cologny



House Byron (Lalans) & garden

But Heaven wags you with its busy state
The mirror where the stars & mountains view
The stature of their aspects in each trace.

The clear depth's yield of their far height & hue
There is too much of Man here - to look through
With a fit mist the mist which I behold
But soon in me shall Love's sweet
Thoughts bid let not his cherish'd

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:
There is too much of man here, to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, III. v.68

Scene - Pont Pelissier in the vale of Arve

In day the eternal universe of things
 Glows through the mind, & rolls its rapid waves
 Now dark, now glittering; now reflecting gloom
 Now lending splendour, when, from secret caves
 The source of human thought its tribute brings
 Of waters, with a sound not all its own:
 Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
 In the wild woods among the mountains lone
 Where waterfalls around it leap forever
 Where winds & woods contend, & a vast river
 Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves

Thus thou Ravine of Arve, dark deep ravine,
 Thou many coloured, many voiced vale,
 Over whose rocks & pines & caverns sail
 Fast cloud shadows & sunbeams - awful lone
 Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down
 From the ice gulphs that gird his secret throne

Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame
 Of lightning thro' the tempest - thou dost be the home
 Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging
 Children of elder time, in whose devoted
 The charmed winds still come, & ever come
 To drink their odours, & their mighty swaying
 To hear, an old and solemn harmony;
 Thine earthly rainbows stretch across the sweep
 Of the aerial waterfall, whose veil
 Robes some unsculptured image; even the sleep
 The sudden pause that does in habit thee
 Which when the voices of the desert fall
 And its hues wane, doth blend them all & stop
 Thier periods in its own eternity;
 Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion
 A loud lone sound no other sound can tame:
 Thou art persuaded with such ceaseless motion
 Thou art the path of that unceasing sound
 Ravine of Arve! & when I gaze on thee
 I seem as in a vision deep & strange
 To muse in my own various phantasy

40304

THE



VAMPIRE;

A Tale.

By Lord Byron

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER-RROW.

1819.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall, March 27, 1819.]



EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM GENEVA.

"I breathe freely in the neighbourhood of this lake; the ground upon which I tread has been subdued from the earliest ages; the principal objects which immediately strike my eye, bring to my recollection scenes, in which man acted the hero and was the chief object of interest. Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is the bust of Rousseau—here is a house with an inscription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney, the residence of Voltaire; where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible, character, received, like the hermits of old, the visits of pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe.



her at Alhambra - she left Genoa
in a few Months for England
I called on her in London
in 1824 but as my friends
described her Circle of
Friends - and Mr Shelley
was then Prodigal in a
Foreign Country helpless,
Pining, and broken
hearted; - I never
returned again to her
but I preserve this Book
and her Autograph Notes
to me - as at some future
day they will be literary
Curiosities -

FRANKENSTEIN;

OR,

THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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

PARADISE LOST.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR
LACKINGTON, HUGHES, HARDING, MAJOR, & JONES,
FINCHBURY SQUARE.

1818.

***Frankenstein*: aspects of the novel**

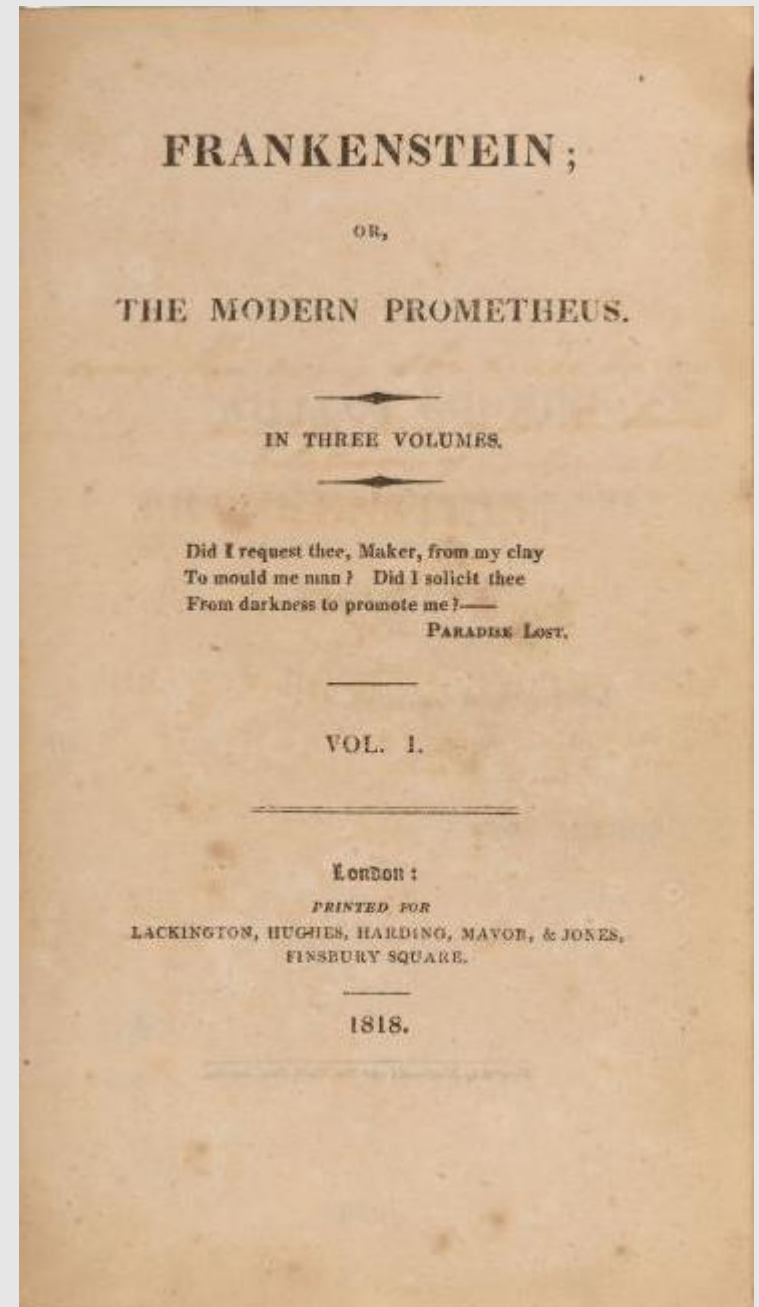
literary

scientific

socio-philosophical

environmental

mythic



I. *Literature*

Percy Shelley's unsigned
preface to first edition.

PREFACE.

THE event on which this fiction is founded has been supposed, by Dr. Darwin, 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 assuming 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

and write my story - Shelley writes part of letter.

Thursday 25th

This day promises to be fine we get out at nine for Montanvost ^{with} Beaucoup de monde go also we get in to the top at twelve and behold le mer de glace. This is the most desolate place in the world - we mountains surround it ~~no~~ sign of vegetation appears except on the place from which view the scene - we went on the ice - It is traversed by irregular crevices ~~the~~ whose sides of ice appear blue while the surface is of a dirty white. We dine on the mountain. The air is very cold yet many flowers grow here & among them the Viola serotina or Rose des alps in great profusion - We descend leis walk Shelley goes to see the mine of Amianthe but finds nothing worth seeing.

- August - 1816

27

Shelley spends the rest of the evening at Diadarti - He reads Phitarch.

Wednesday 21st

Shelley talks about my story - finish Herman D'Anima and write - Shelley reads Milton - After dinner Lord Byron comes down and Mary & Shelley go up to Diadarti - Read Picnigi.

Thursday 22nd

Write and then go to the town with Shelley to see the cemetery - it is ugly enough being nothing more than a part of a field enclosed in with palisades. It is a very weary and tiresome walk - After dinner read some of Mad. de Genlis novels Shelley reads Milton.

Friday 23rd

Read Port. finish the nouveaux nouvelles de Mad. de Genlis - Shelley goes up to Diadarti and then in the boat with Lord B. who has heard bad news from of Lady B as he is in bad spirits concerning it after dinner read Picnigi and Sgplon the sater and afterwards to Diadarti - letters

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XII.

MARCH 1818.

VOL. II.

REMARKS ON FRANKENSTEIN, OR THE
MODERN PROMETHEUS; A NOVEL.*

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

Paradise Lost.

THIS is a novel, or more properly a romantic fiction, of a nature so peculiar, that we ought to describe the species before attempting any account of the individual production.

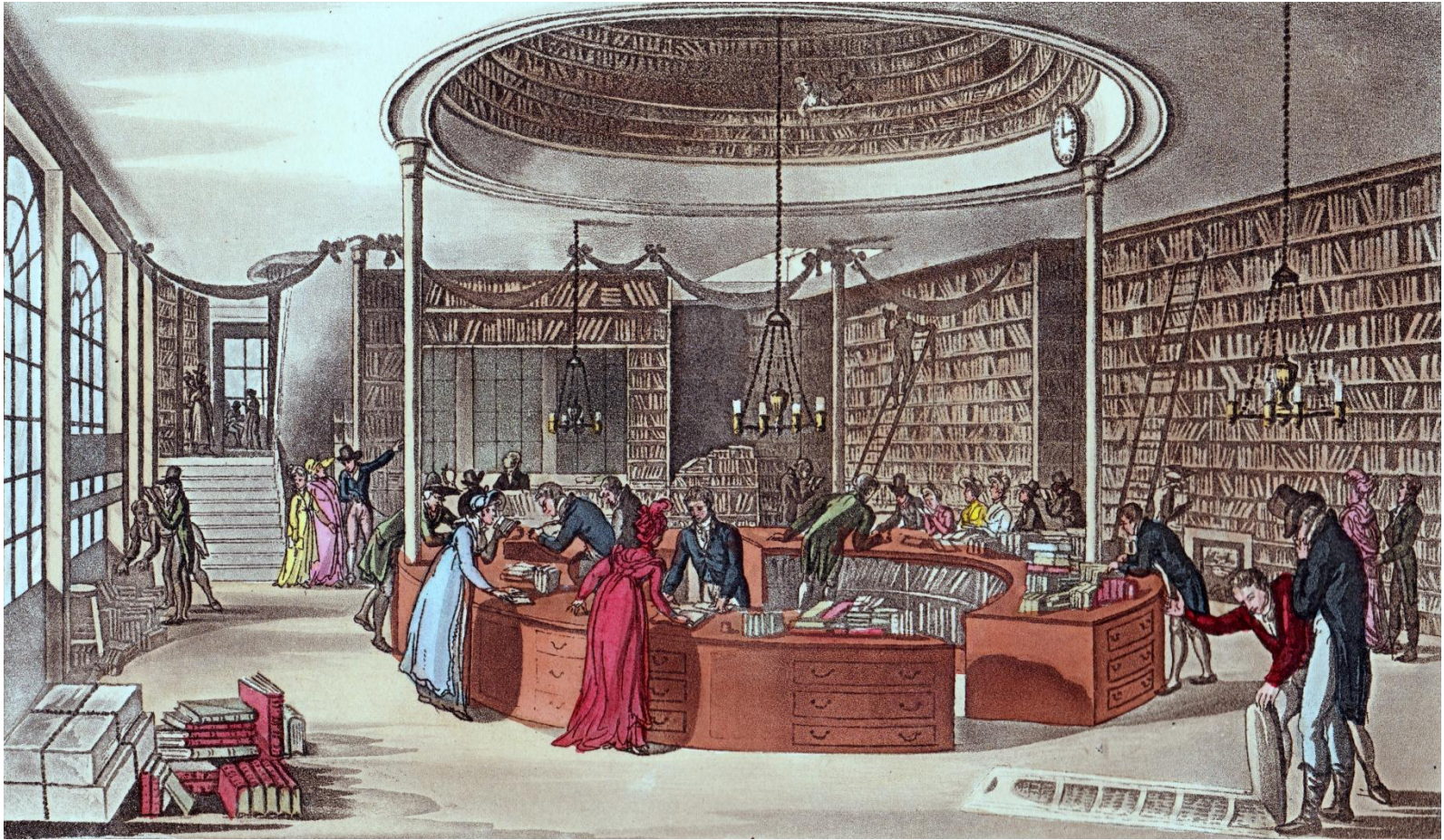
The first general division of works of fiction, into such as bound the events they narrate by the actual laws of nature, and such as, passing these limits, are managed by marvellous and supernatural machinery, is sufficiently obvious and decided. But the class of marvellous romances admits of several subdivisions. In the earlier productions of imagination, the poet, or tale-teller does not, in his own opinion, transgress the laws of credibility, when he introduces into his narration the witches, goblins, and magicians, in the existence of which he himself, as well as his hearers, is a firm believer. This good faith, however, passes away, and works turning upon the marvellous are written and read merely on account of the exercise which they afford to the imagination of those who, like the poet Collins, love to riot in the luxuriance of oriental fiction, to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and to repose by the water-falls of Elysian gardens. In this species of composition, the marvellous is itself the principal and most important object both to the author and reader.

* Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus. 3 vols 12mo. 16s. 6d. Lackington and Co., London, 1818.

To describe its effect upon the mind of the human personages engaged in its wonders, and dragged along by its machinery, is comparatively an inferior object. The hero and heroine, partakers of the supernatural character which belongs to their adventures, walk the maze of enchantment with a firm and undaunted step, and appear as much at their ease, amid the wonders around them, as the young fellow described by the Spectator, who was discovered taking a snuff with great composure in the midst of a stormy ocean, represented on the stage of the Opera.

A more philosophical and refined use of the supernatural in works of fiction, is proper to that class in which the laws of nature are represented as altered, not for the purpose of pampering the imagination with wonders, but in order to shew the probable effect which the supposed miracles would produce on those who witnessed them. In this case, the pleasure ordinarily derived from the marvellous incidents is secondary to that which we extract from observing how mortals like ourselves would be affected, By scenes like these which, daring to depart from sober truth, are still to nature true. Even in the description of his marvels, however, the author who manages this stile of composition with address, gives them an indirect importance with the reader, when he is able to describe with nature, and with truth, the effects which they are calculated to produce upon his dramatic personae. It will be remembered, that the sapient Partridge was too wise to be terrified at the mere appearance of the ghost of Hamlet, whom he knew to be a man dressed up in pasteboard armour for the nonce—it was when he saw the "little man," as he called

James Lackington bookstore



Editions of *Frankenstein, or The Modern Prometheus*:

1818 James Lackington, London. Anonymous. 3 vols.

1821 Alexandre Corréard, Paris. *Frankenstein ou le Prométhée moderne*, Mme Shelly. trans. Jules Saladin. 3 vols.

1823 G. and W. Whittaker, London. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. 2 vols.

1831 Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, London. Mary W. Shelley. Revised edition in 1 volume.

CHAPTER VI.

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 outlines.

The wind, which had fallen in the south, now rose with great violence in the west. The moon had reached her summit in the heavens, and was beginning to descend; the clouds swept across it swifter than the flight of the vulture, and dimmed her rays, while

† leaving the shore we sought the retreat of our house and garden. ~~At~~ Again as I entered the iron gates of the demesne, an ~~unpleasant~~ ^{unpleasant} and ghastly feeling bade me hold - yet Elizabeth

prayed with a feeling of bitter tenderness, that she might never suffer ill. Now we entered the ~~our~~ mansion - and still not speaking, for both our hearts were too full, we went to a

the lake reflected the scene of the busy heavens, rendered still busier by the restless waves that were beginning to rise. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain descended.

I had been calm during the day; but so soon as night obscured the shapes of objects, a thousand fears arose in my mind. I was anxious and watchful, while 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 relax the impending conflict until my own life, or that of my adversary, were extinguished.

Elizabeth observed my agitation for some time in timid and fearful silence; at length she said, "What is it that agitates you, my dear Victor? What is it you fear?"

"Oh! peace, peace, my love," returned, unwarned, and fearful passed on, and I again half ashamed - & for the first time breathing left my unwholly night should meet her sense, and shadow of the fiend, should creep her; I hastily walked on, and grasping my arm round her

Embedded narratives:

Walton

Frankenstein

Creature

Frankenstein

Walton

Creature

LES
CONFESSIONS

DE

J. J. ROUSSEAU,

Suivies

^

DES REVERIES

Du Promeneur Solitaire.

TOME PREMIER.



A GENEVE.



M. DCC. LXXXII.

Die Leiden
des
jungen Werthers.

Erster Theil.



Leipzig,
in der Weygandschen Buchhandlung,
1774.

“I thought Werter himself a more divine being than I had ever beheld or imagined; his character contained no pretension, but it sank 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.”

II. Ch. 7 The Creature to Frankenstein

Paradise lost.

A

P O E M

Written in

T E N B O O K S

By JOHN MILTON.

Licensed and Entred according
to Order.

L O N D O N

Printed, and are to be sold by *Peter Parker*
under *Creed Church* neer *Aldgate*; And by
Robert Boulter at the *Turks Head* in *Bishopsgate-street*;
And *Matthias Walkey*, under *St. Dunstons Church*
in *Fleet-street*, 1667.

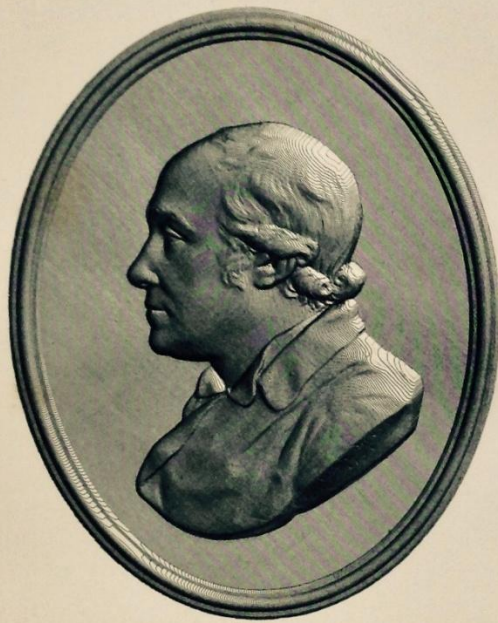
“Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me?—”

Paradise Lost, x. 743-45

“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.”

II. Ch 7. The Creature to Frankenstein

II. *Science*



JOHN HUNTER, F.R.S.

From a Medallion taken in 1791

London, John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row

ESSAYS AND OBSERVATIONS
ON
NATURAL HISTORY, ANATOMY,
PHYSIOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, AND GEOLOGY.

By JOHN HUNTER, F.R.S.;

BEING

HIS POSTHUMOUS PAPERS ON THOSE SUBJECTS,
ARRANGED AND REVISED, WITH NOTES:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES
ON THE HUNTERIAN COLLECTION OF FOSSIL REMAINS,

DELIVERED IN

THE THEATRE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND,

MARCH 8TH, 10TH, AND 12TH, 1855:

By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S., D.C.L.,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENTS, BRITISH MUSEUM;
FULLERIAN PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN;
FOREIGN ASSOCIATE OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE, ETC.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

JOHN VAN VOORST, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXI.

[The right of translation is reserved.]



L' H O M M E M A C H I N E.



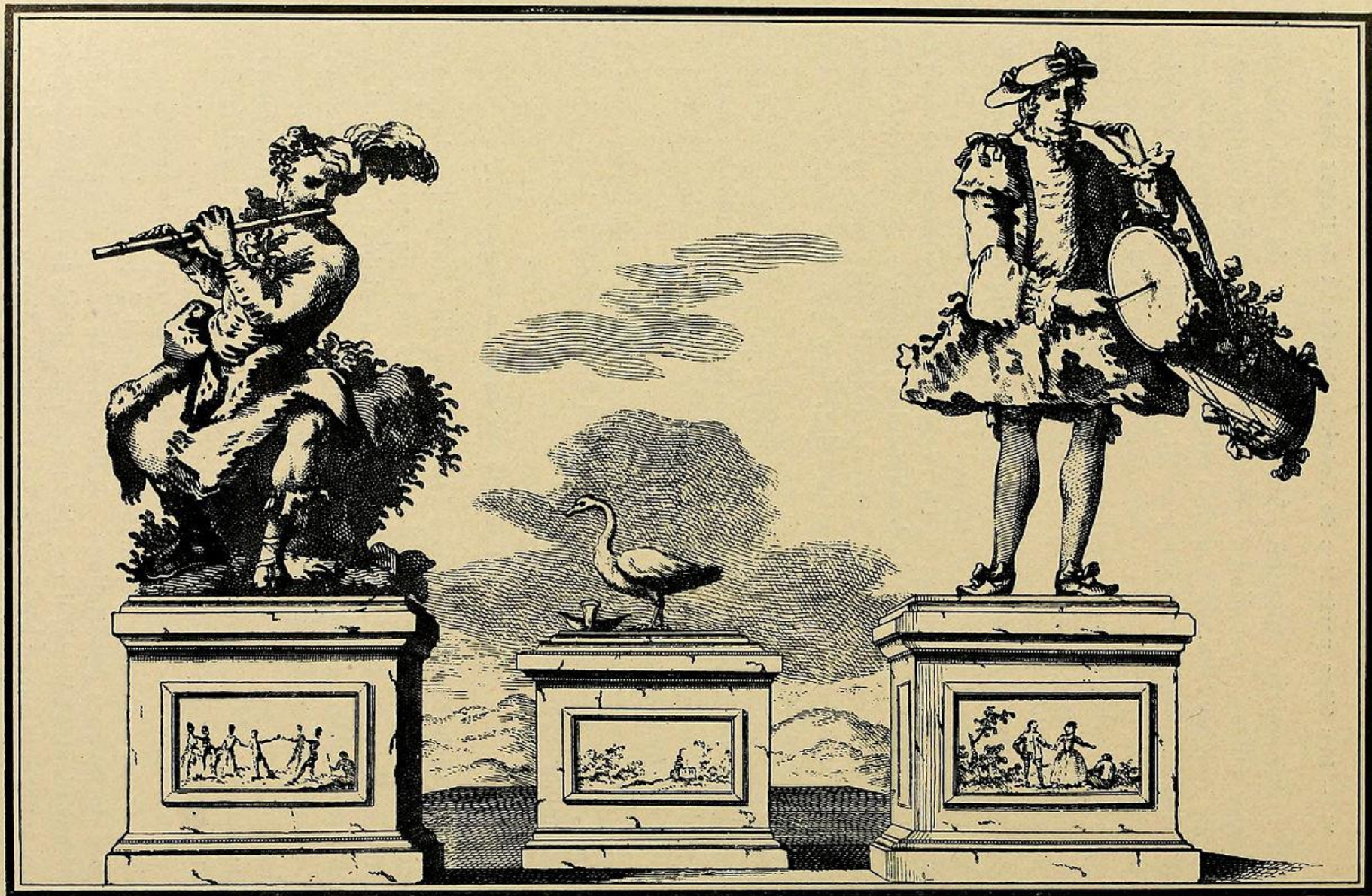
I ne suffit pas à un Sage d'étudier la Nature & la Vérité ; il doit oser la dire en faveur du petit nombre de ceux qui veulent & peuvent penser ; car pour les autres, qui sont volontairement Esclaves des Préjugés, il ne leur est pas plus possible d'atteindre la Vérité, qu'aux Grenouilles de voler.

Je réduis à deux, les Systèmes des Philosophes sur l'ame de l'Homme. Le premier, & le plus ancien, est le Système du Matérialisme; le second est celui du Spiritualisme.

Les Métaphisiciens, qui ont insinué que la Matière pourroit bien avoir la faculté de penser, n'ont pas deshonoré leur Raison. Pourquoi? C'est qu'ils ont un avantage, (car ici c'en est un,) de s'être mal exprimés. En effet, demander si la Matière peut penser, sans la considérer autrement qu'en elle-même, c'est demander si la Matière peut marquer les heures. On

B voit

Julien Offray de la Mettrie,
L'Homme Machine, 1747



LE JOUEUR DE GALOUBET, LE CANARD ET LE JOUEUR DE TAMBOURIN
PIÈCES AUTOMATIQUES CONSTRUITES PAR VAUCANSON.

ALOYSII GALVANI

*In Bononiensi Archigymnasio, & Instituto Scientiarum
Publici Professoris, Anatomici Emeriti,
Academici Benedictini*

DE VIRIBUS ELECTRICITATIS
IN MOTU MUSCULARI
COMMENTARIUS

CUM

JOANNIS ALDINI

DISSERTATIONE ET NOTIS.

Accesserunt Epistolæ ad animalis electricitatis
theoriam pertinentes.



MUTINÆ MDCCXCII.

APUD SOCIETATEM TYPOGRAPHICAM.
Superiorum permissu.



Fig. 15



Fig. 16



Fig. 17



Fig. 18



Fig. 19



Fig. 20



Fig. 21



Fig. 22



Fig. 23

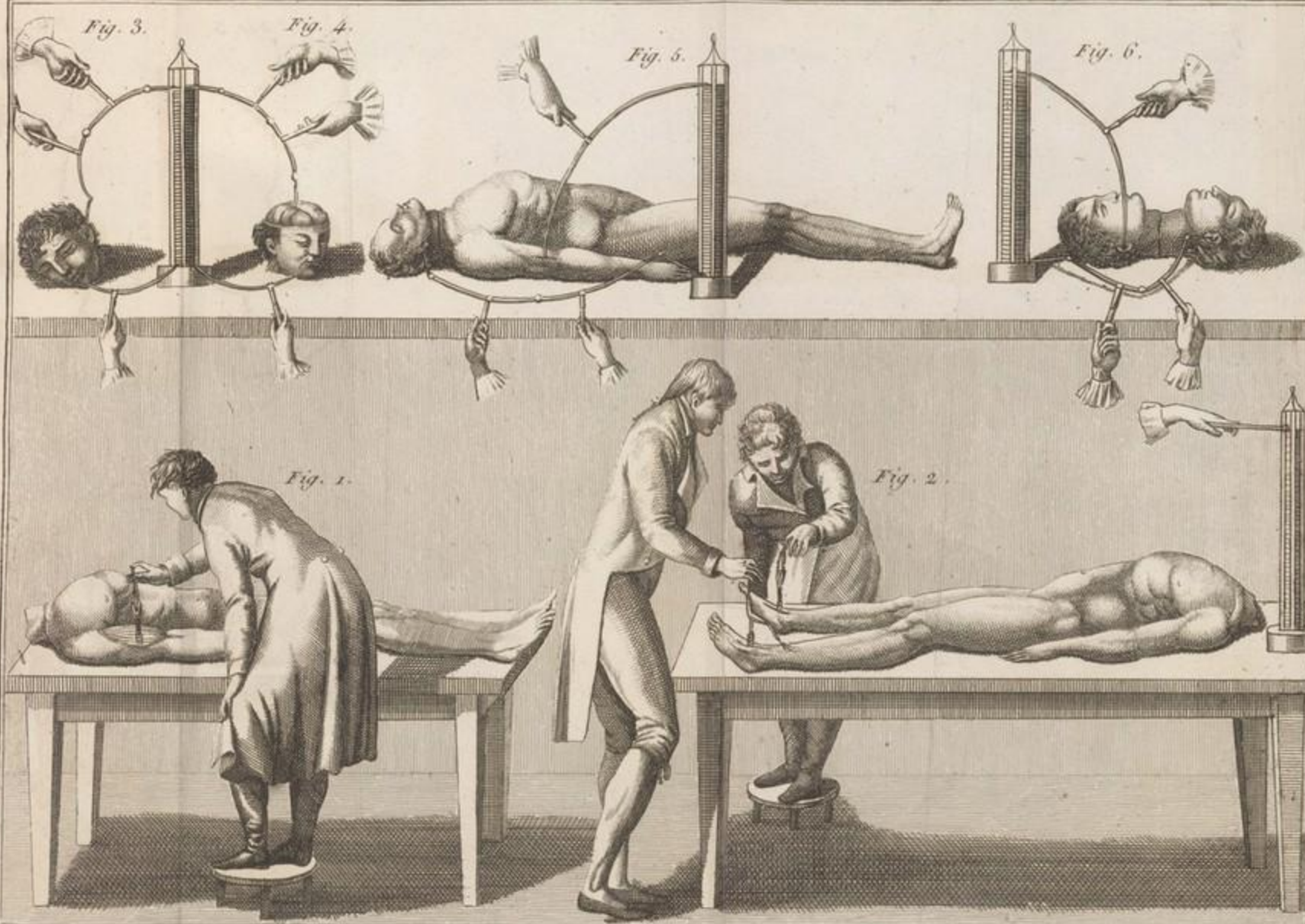


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

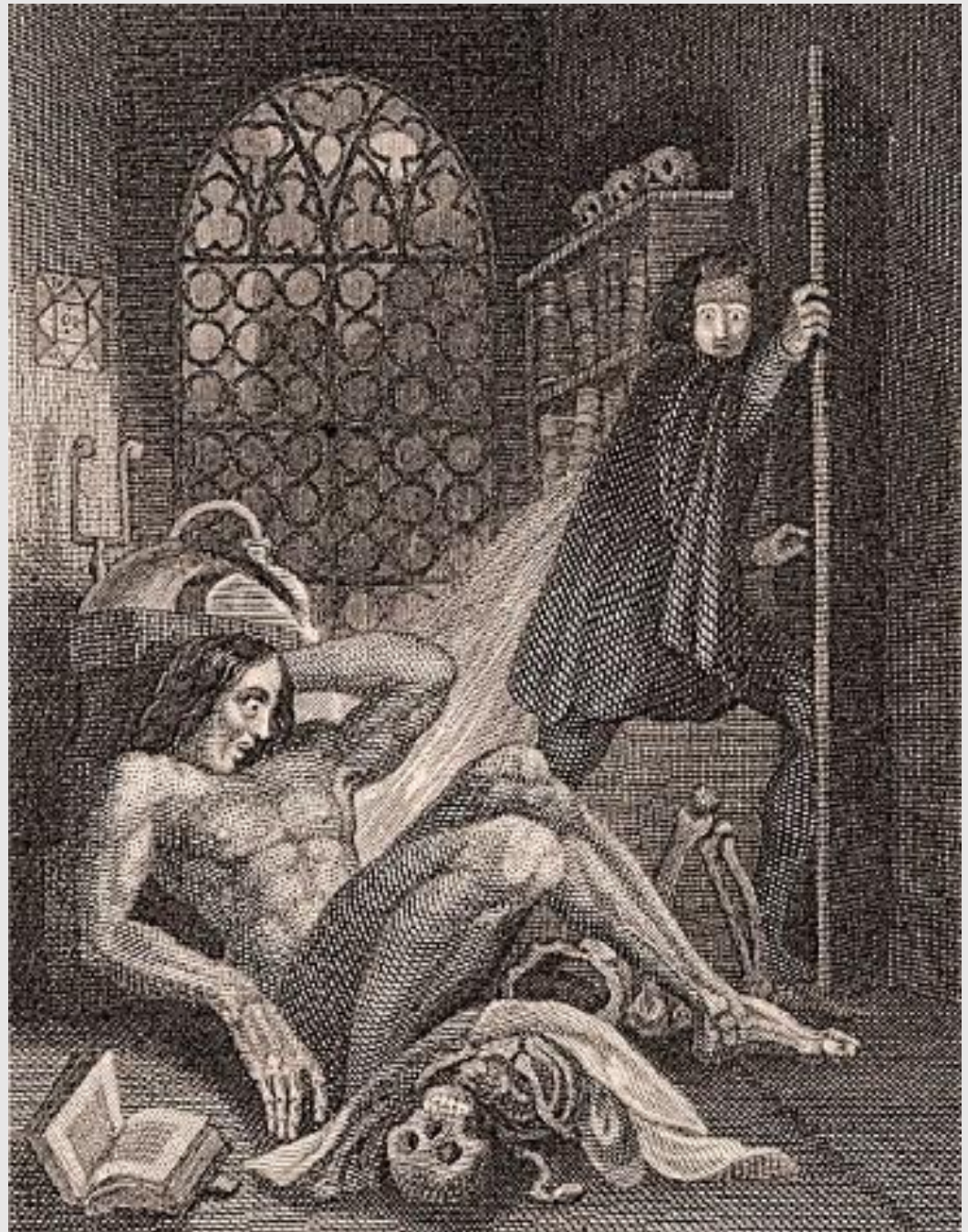
“...I thought that if I could bestow animation upon lifeless matter, I might in process of time ... renew life where death had apparently devoted the body to corruption.”

Frankenstein to Walton, I. ch. 3

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 yellow eye of the creature open ; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

Frankenstein to Walton, I. Ch. 5

***Frankenstein, or the
Modern Prometheus***
frontispiece, 1831
Theodor von Holst



III. *Political and Social Thought*

**John Opie,
portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft,
c. 1797**



A
VINDICATION
OF THE
RIGHTS OF WOMAN:
WITH
STRICTURES
ON
POLITICAL AND MORAL SUBJECTS.

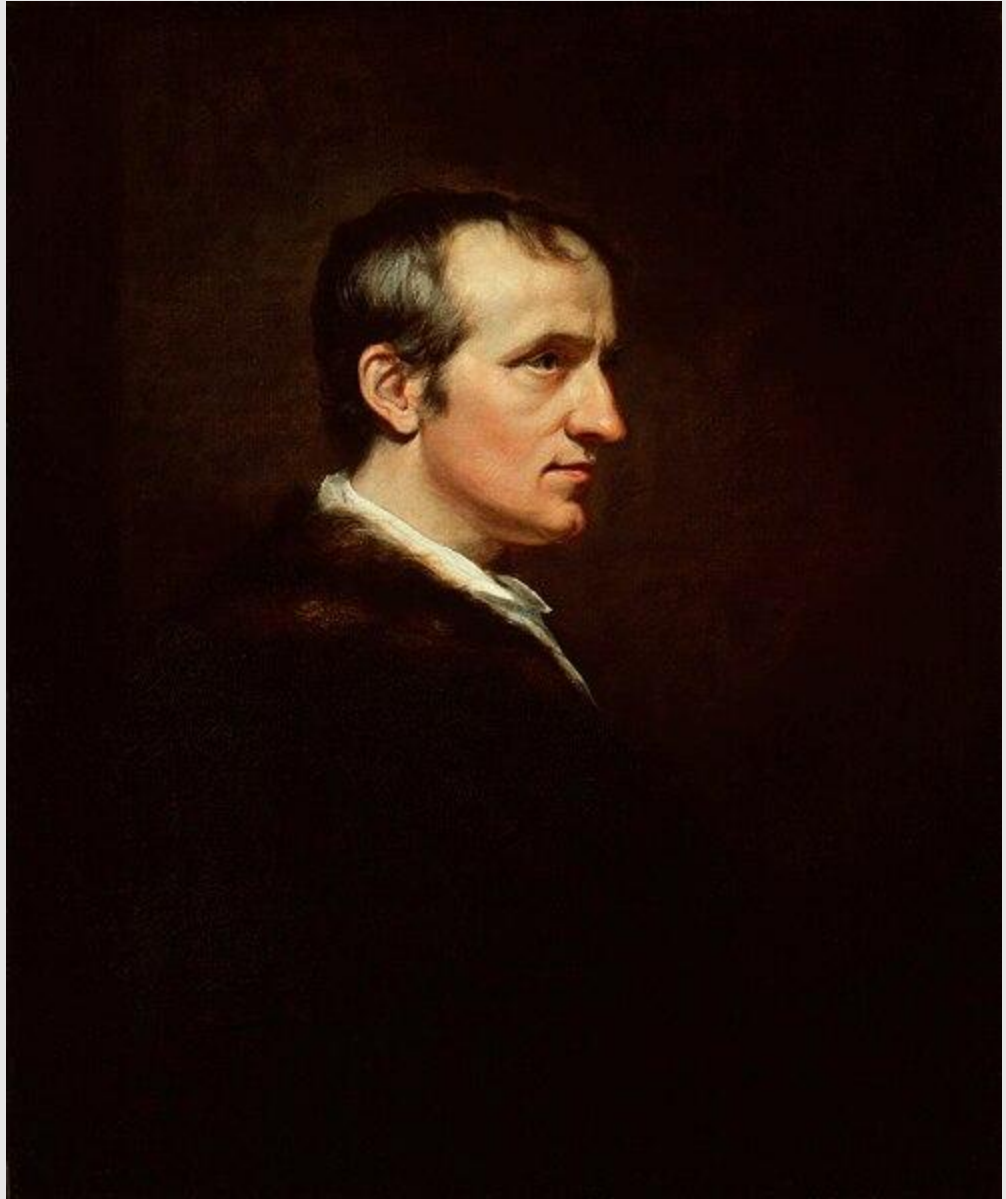
BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.



PRINTED AT BOSTON,
BY PETER EDES FOR THOMAS AND ANDREWS,
FAUST'S Statue, No. 45, Newbury-Street.
MDCXCII.

“My own sex, I hope, will excuse me, if I treat them like rational creatures, instead of flattering their *fascinating* graces, and viewing them as if they were in a state of perpetual childhood, unable to stand alone. I earnestly wish to point out in what true dignity and human happiness consists—I wish to persuade women to endeavour to acquire strength, both of mind and body...”

**James Northcote,
*Portrait of William Godwin, 1802***





”Everywhere I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend.”

The Creature to Frankenstein, II. ch. 2



VUE DE LA VILLE DE GENEVE

et de plein-Palais

dessinée d'après nature et gravée en trait par J. Salucci

IV. *The Natural Environment*

FANTASMAGORIANA,

ou

RECUEIL

D'HISTOIRES D'APPARITIONS DE SPECTRES;

REVENANS, FANTÔMES, etc.;

Traduit de l'allemand, par un Amateur.

Falsis terroribus implet.
HORAT.

TOME PREMIER.



PARIS,

Chez F. SCHOELL, rue des Fossés-Montmartre, n^o. 14.

1812.

“We will each write a ghost story,’ said Lord Byron; and his proposition was acceded to. There were four of us.”

Preface 1831



TABLEAU DES OBSERVATIONS MÉTÉOROLOGIQUES

Faites au JARDIN BOTANIQUE de GENÈVE : 395,6 mètres (203 toises) au-dessus du niveau de la Mer : Latitude 46°. 12'. Longitude 15°. 14". (de Tems) à l'Orient de l'Observatoire de PARIS.

OBSERVATIONS ATMOSPHÉRIQUES.

JUIN 1816.

Jours du Mois.	Phases de la Lune.	Baromètre.				Therm. à l'ombre à 4 pieds de terre, divisé en 80 parties.		Hygromètre à cheveu.		Pluie ou neige en 24 heures.	Gelée blanche ou rosée.	Vents.		Etat du ciel.	OBSERVATIONS DIVERSES.
		Lev. du Sol.		à 2 heures.		L. du S.	à 2 h.	L. du S.	à 2 h.			L. du S.	à 2 h.		
		Pouc. lig. seiz.	pouc. lig. seiz.	Dix. d	Dix. d.	Degr.	Degr.	Lig. douz.							
1		26. 10. 3	26. 11. 5	+ 8. 5	+14. 5	85	75	—	—	—	NE	NE	nua., id.	<p style="text-align: center;">Les arbres se ressentent encore beaucoup des attaques des hannetons et des chenilles. Les chênes n'ont pas encore une seule feuille, au 30 juin. Il y a des poiriers qui en sont également dépourvus, et dont les fruits sont tombés. Les blés ont prospéré, les orges et les avoines sont belles. Les raisins ne fleurissent point encore. Les prés naturels et artificiels donnent beaucoup de fourrage.</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">Déclinaison de l'aiguille aimantée, à l'Observatoire de Genève le 30 Juin 20°. 17'.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Température d'un Puits de 34 pieds le 30 Juin + 9. 0.</p>	
2		10. 12	9. 15	9. 0	16. 0	88	72	—	—	—	NE	NE	cou., plu.		
3	☾	11. 6	10. 11	7. 5	18. 0	72	70	—	—	—	NE	NE	nua., cou.		
4		10. 15	10. 13	8. 5	17. 5	82	72	—	—	—	NE	NE	nua., id.		
5		8. 5	8. 12	11. 0	11. 0	79	72	—	—	—	R.	SO	plu., cou.		
6		10. 15	8. 12	8. 5	10. 0	82	70	0. 6	—	—	SO	SO	nua., id.		
7		8. 13	8. 12	6. 5	9. 0	84	85	—	—	—	SO	SO	plu., cou.		
8		8. 14	8. 14	6. 5	11. 0	84	84	1. 0	—	—	SO	SO	plu., nua.		
9		8. 10	7. 14	8. 5	13. 0	90	85	1. 0	—	—	SO	SO	plu., nua.		
10	☼	5. 15	7. 10	9. 5	9. 0	90	87	3. 9	—	—	SO	SO	nua., cou.		
11		8. 14	9. 5	6. 5	9. 5	90	85	—	—	—	SO	NE	cou., id.		
12		9. 13	11. 7	8. 5	14. 0	95	80	—	—	—	cal.	NE	cou., id.		
13		11. 10	10. 15	8. 0	17. 5	90	78	—	—	—	R.	NE	cou., nua.		
14		11. 0	10. 10	12. 0	18. 0	84	79	—	—	—	SO	SO	nua., id.		
15		9. 5	9. 9	12. 5	14. 5	90	90	6. 0	—	—	SO	SO	cou., id.		
16		10. 8	10. 0	9. 0	13. 5	88	83	3. 9	—	—	NE	NE	nua., id.		
17	☾	9. 14	9. 8	8. 5	11. 0	92	82	5. 3	—	—	SO	NO	nua., id.		
18		9. 9	9. 11	9. 0	14. 0	91	80	—	—	—	SO	NE	nua., id.		
19		10. 14	10. 14	10. 0	16. 0	89	73	—	—	—	NE	NE	nua., id.		
20		11. 0	11. 8	9. 0	17. 5	85	72	—	—	—	R.	NE	cl., nua.		
21		10. 9	10. 5	11. 0	17. 5	85	77	—	—	—	R.	NE	nua., id.		
22		10. 12	10. 8	10. 0	19. 0	82	72	—	—	—	R.	NE	cl., nua.		
23		10. 9	10. 3	12. 0	18. 5	87	82	0. 9	—	—	R.	SO	cou., nua.		
24		11. 1	10. 2	13. 0	14. 0	90	84	0. 9	—	—	SO	SO	cou., id.		
25	☼	10. 5	10. 4	10. 0	15. 0	87	74	—	—	—	SO	NE	cou., nua.		
26		10. 9	10. 2	7. 0	16. 0	90	64	—	—	—	R.	NE	cl., nua.		
27		9. 8	8. 1	9. 5	11. 0	94	85	12. 0	—	—	SO	SO	plu., cou.		
28		9. 8	10. 8	9. 5	10. 0	94	95	9. 0	—	—	SO	SO	plu., cou.		
29		11. 5	11. 7	9. 5	14. 0	100	79	0. 9	—	—	SO	NO	cou., nua.		
30		10. 2	10. 7	9. 0	16. 5	90	75	—	—	—	SO	NO	brou., cou., nu.		
Moyennes.		26.10. 0,77	26.9. 15,83	+ 9.25	+14,20	87,63	78,70	44. 6							

POEMS.

BY LORD BYRON.

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ST. JAMES'S.

1816.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation ; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light :
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,

It was on a dreary night of November
 that I beheld ^{the fiend on which} my sman completed, and
 with an anxiety that almost amount-
 ed to agony, I collected my instruments of life
 around me and ~~endeavored to~~ ^{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
 dimly against the window panes, &
 my candle was nearly burnt out, when
 by the glimmer of the half-extinguish-
 ed light I saw the dull yellow eye of
 the creature open. It breathed hard,
 and a convulsive motion agitated
 its limbs.

But how can I describe my
 emotion at this catastrophe, or how deli-
 cate the wretch whom with such
 infinite pains and care I had endeavored
 to form. His limbs were in proportion
^{beautiful} and I had selected his features & as
~~handsome handsome~~ ^{handsome} handsome; Great God! His
 yellow ~~skin~~ ^{skin} scarcely covered the work of
 muscles and arteries beneath; his hair
 of a lustrous black, ^{was} flowing and his teeth of a pearly white
 red but there luxuriantly only formed
 formed a more hooid contrast with
 his watery eyes that seemed almost of
 the same colour as the dun white
 sockets in which they were set,



Lithographie artistique

Lejevre-Drache

LA MER DE GLACE ET LE MONTANVERT

Jean-Daniel Huber, *Vue du pont Pélissier à l'extrémité de la petite vallée de Servoz, 1790*



V. Mythology

Heinrich von Füger,
*Prometheus bringt der
Menschheit das Feuer*, 1817



“Like Adam, I was created apparently united by no link to any other being in existence; but his state was far different from mine ... 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...

The Creature to Frankenstein, II. Ch. 7

“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 convinced that I was in reality the monster that I am, I was filled with the bitterest sensations of despondence and mortification.”

The Creature to Frankenstein, II. Ch. 4

“I shall quit your vessel on the ice raft which brought me thither and shall seek the most northern extremity of the globe; I shall collect my funeral pile and consume to ashes this miserable frame, that its remains may afford no light to any curious and unhallowed wretch who would create such another as I have been.”

The Creature to Walton, III. ch. 7

Mary Shelley, 1797-1851

