

APPENDIX

Jelige: Vampire

Appendix 1: "Bats and 'Vampires'"

BATS AND "VAMPIRES."

A Hampshire newspaper gives currency to a story, which, but for a timely discovery, might have gone far towards reviving hobgoblin belief amongst the simple-minded country folks concerned. One afternoon during the late cold weather a cottager's wife placed her child, a baby a few months old, to sleep in its cradle, which stood in a room adjoining that in which the family lived. There was an old-fashioned fireplace in the chamber but no fire, so for the sake of a little warmth the woman placed on the hob a lighted paraffin lamp. Peeping into the apartment at dusk to see if baby was still sleeping comfortably, judge of her dismay when she beheld a black and winged creature uttering moaning sounds as it slowly flapped round and round the room, and finally alighted on the coverlet of the cradle, close to the child's face! With a shriek the affrighted mother flung the door wide open, on which the imp-like creature, squeaking its displeasure at being disturbed, rose heavily from the child's bed, and after one turn round the chamber dashed at the lamp in the chimney, which was extinguished with a crash, and then it vanished. The terror-stricken parent caught up her infant, and hurried with it to a neighbour's house. It was found to be quite uninjured excepting that on its throat there was a slight puncture, from which a tiny drop of blood had issued. The verdict was prompt and unanimous—the babe had been attacked by a vampire! Nor could that blood-curdling conclusion have been easily disturbed had not the child's father, on his return home, bethought him of examining the chimney, where he discovered the monster in a hole near the top. It was a harmless bat of the long-eared species that had probably been lured down into the room by the light and heat of the lamp, while as for the sanguinary evidence which bespoke the vampire, it was found that the child's nightgown was fastened

at the neck with a pin, the point of which had pricked the skin when the mother so hastily caught it up. It is not all countries, however, that are so favoured that when in such a case as that above quoted the unwelcome intruder is discovered to be "only a bat" all alarms on the score of vampires are at once dispelled. There are inhabited parts of the earth where the bat is by nature a blood-sucker. On the banks of the River Amazon, for example, and in Brazil, Mr. Bates, the well-known naturalist and explorer, on one occasion made the acquaintance of a large number of the unpleasant creatures alluded to, and who took the liberty of introducing themselves as bedfellows. It was on his arrival at Caripi. At midnight the intrepid traveller was awoken by the noise of countless bats sweeping round him. They had extinguished his lamp, and when he relit it the place was alive with their flapping wings. Having a stick at hand he endeavoured to disperse them, but they extinguished the light again and defied him. On this—and up to this time having no experience of bats but such as fed on insects—Mr. Bates covered his head with his blanket and composed himself for sleep. In the morning he discovered that his confidence had been abused. He found several bats in his hammock, and a punctured wound on his hip, which had bled very considerably. Next night Mr. Bates lodged somewhere else.—*Graphic*.

Appendix 2: "A Human Vampire"

A HUMAN VAMPIRE.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF A RANCHER.

A wealthy rancher named Converse met a horrible death at Iowa last week. There is a maniac confined in the Sioux City Lunatic Asylum who imagines himself a vampire and is considered excessively dangerous. A close watch was kept over him, but he managed to elude the vigilance of the guards and escaped. Not long afterwards he met Mr Converse on the high road. The maniac sprang at Mr Converse in a fury, bore him to the ground, and literally tore him to pieces with his teeth. When Mr Converse ceased to struggle the maniac fastened on his neck, and sucked the blood from a gaping wound. He then returned to the asylum, where his shocking appearance showed the Asylum officials that something dreadful had happened. Search was made, when the mangled body of the maniac's victim was discovered mutilated almost beyond recognition.

Appendix 3: "A Family of Vampires"

A FAMILY OF VAMPIRES.

One might imagine that the wheel of time is turning backward on reading the following story which appears in a Continental paper. A landed proprietor, Baron de Gostovsky, living at Saboucz, near Danzig, made the request that at his death his head should be cut off before his interment, a service which he said he had performed on the body of his wife after her death. "We are a family of vampires," he added, "and if this precaution be not taken we can find no repose in the grave, but come back and bring misfortune to our children." The eldest son faithfully fulfilled the father's request, but notwithstanding this, he fell ill a few days after the funeral. Then he went to the cemetery, caused the grave to be opened, turned the body over, and threw the head into a wood near by. Only the slight punishment of a fortnight's imprisonment imposed upon the perpetrator of the outrage, was given, on account of the statement of numerous witnesses, all of whom testified that the profanation of the sepulchre had its reason solely in the firmly rooted superstitions in Lithuanian country-districts.

Appendix 4: "A Few Evening Ago . . ."

A few evenings ago, a gentleman who was passing one of the church-yards in this city descried a female tearing up the turf and earth near a grave. Startled by the circumstances, he determined to ascertain whether it could be possible that he had met with one of those human monsters the records of whose raking up and feeding upon the dead almost provoke the smile of incredulity. Suffering the ghoul, vampire, or whatever else he imagined her to be, to depart, the gentleman examined the spot, and detected, not the horrible remnants of the feast of a ghoul, but the cupboard of a lawless vegetarian, innocent in her appetite as our first parents, though not in the mode of supplying it, and not over delicate in the manner of its secretion. The hole contained a quantity of plums, taken from a neighbouring garden.

Appendix 5: "A Bulgarian Superstition"

A BULGARIAN SUPERSTITION.—"We will now give the unadulterated Bulgarian superstition, merely prefacing that we ought to be well acquainted with it, inasmuch as a servant of ours is the son of a noted vampire, and is doing penance during this present Lent by neither smoking nor drinking wine or spirits, in order to expiate the sins of his father and to prevent himself inheriting the propensity. When a man who has vampire blood in his veins,—for this condition is not only epidemic and endemic but hereditary,—or who is otherwise predisposed to become a vampire, dies, nine days after his burial he returns to upper earth in an æriform shape. The presence of the vampire

in an æriform shape. The presence of the vampire in this his first condition may be easily discerned in the dark by a succession of sparks like those from a flint and steel; in the light, by a shadow projected upon a wall and varying in density according to the age of the vampire in his career. In this stage he is comparatively harmless, and is only able to play the practical jokes of the German Kobold and Gnome, of the Irish Phooka, or the English Puck; he roars in a terrible voice, or amuses himself by calling out the inhabitants of a cottage by the most endearing terms and then beating them black and blue. The father of our servant Theodore was a vampire of this class. One night he seized by the

vampire of this class. One night he seized by the waist (for vampires are capable of exercising considerable physical force) Kodja Keraz, the *Pehlivan* or champion wrestler of Dereknoi, crying out, 'Now then, old Cherry Tree, see if you can throw me.' The village champion put forth all his strength, but the vampire was so heavy that Kodja Keraz broke his own jaw in throwing the invisible being who was crushing him to death. At the time of this occurrence, five years ago, our village was so infested by vampires that the inhabitants were forced to assemble together in two or three houses, to burn candles all night, and to watch by turns in order to avoid the assaults of the Obours who lit up

order to avoid the assaults of the Obours who lit up the streets with their sparkles, and of whom the most enterprising threw their shadows on the walls of the room where the peasants were dying of fear; whilst others howled, shrieked, and swore outside the door, entered the abandoned houses, spat blood into the floor, turned everything topsy-turvy, and smeared the whole place, even the pictures of the saints, with cow-dung. Happily for Dereknoi, Vola's mother, an old lady suspected of a turn for witchcraft, discovered the Ilatch we have already mentioned, laid the troublesome and trouble spirits, and since then the village has been free from these unpleasant supernatural visitations. When the

unpleasant supernatural visitations. When the Bulgarian vampire has finished a forty days' apprenticeship to the realm of shadows, he rises from his tomb in bodily form and is able to pass himself off as a human being living honestly and naturally. Thirty years since a stranger arrived in this village, established himself, and married a wife with whom he lived on very good terms, she making but one complaint, that her husband absented himself from the conjugal roof every night and all night. It was soon remarked that (although scavengers were, and are, utterly unknown in Bulgaria) a great deal of scavengers' work was done at night by some unseen being, and that when one branch of this industry was exhausted the dead horses and buffaloes which lay about the streets were devoured by invisible teeth, much to the prejudice of the village dogs;

teeth, much to the prejudice of the village dogs; then the mysterious mouth drained the blood of all cattle that happened to be in any way sickly. These occurrences and the testimony of the wife caused the stranger to be suspected of Vampirism; he was examined, found to have only one nostril, and upon this irrefragable evidence was condemned to death. In executing this sentence, our villagers did not think it necessary to send for the priest, to confess themselves, or to take consecrated halters or daggers; they just tied their man hand and foot, led him to a hill a little outside Dereknoi, lit a big fire of wait-a-bit thorns, and burned him alive."

Appendix 6: "A Human Vampire in Russia — Sucking the Blood of a Murdered Child"

A HUMAN VAMPIRE IN RUSSIA.

SUCKING THE BLOOD OF A MURDERED CHILD.

A terrible crime, committed a few days ago in a sequestered hamlet named Saniara, in the Ismail district, is the theme of all tongues. After sunset, a few days ago, a sort of giantess, who described herself as a footsore wayfarer, arrived in the hamlet, and asked the first person she met for a night's shelter. This happened to be the wife of one of the resident inhabitants of the place, M. Yooreski, who chanced to be absent from home for a few days. In Russia, where hospitality is a law, the request was granted as soon as it was preferred, and the stranger, the moment she found herself under the hospitable roof of her hostess, took out a large bottle of *vodka*, and proposed that they should divide it in a friendly way between them. And this suggestion was duly acted upon. As soon as the bottle was empty, however, the guest asked her hostess to go out and purchase another, giving her the money for the purpose. The woman, nothing loth, accepted the money and went on the errand, leaving her two

children behind, one of whom, a little boy of eighteen months, was asleep in his cradle, while the other, a girl of three years, lay in bed, also presumably asleep. In a few minutes she came back with the *vodka*, but was astonished to notice that the room was plunged in darkness, while piteous cries and shrieks, uttered by her little girl, Eliabeth, reached her ear. "Mamma, help me; oh, do help me," screamed the invisible child, whose cries were soon smothered. The mother called loudly for assistance, and in a few moments the neighbours rushed to the little house with lights, when a horrible scene was revealed to their eyes. On the floor, in the middle of the hut, sat the strange woman; on her lap lay the little girl, face upwards, her throat grasped tightly and a big kitchen knife flourished over it. In an instant the knife was dashed from the woman's hand and the speechless child rescued from her grasp. Then the mother rushed to the cradle to take out her little boy, but the cradle was empty. A search was made all over the hut, and the child was found under the bench by the wall—the floor and wall being stained all over with blood and particles of the brains. The cheeks of the little boy were found to have been bitten out, and all the soft parts of the body sucked. The unfor-

lunate mother, wild with grief, seized the kitchen knife in order to put an end to her own existence, and it was with difficulty that she was disarmed and led away. The murderer is the wife of a petty tradesman of the city of Akkerman, Yaroslavsky by name, who is said to be endowed with the muscular strength of at least three normal men, and when intoxicated to be unable to resist the impulse to put forth that power. She was conveyed to prison by a convoy of five men, who took the precaution to handcuff her before starting. Looking scornfully at the five she exclaimed, "Oh, if I could only get a drop of *vodka* to rouse me a bit I'd pound the whole five of you to a pulp!" The peasants were with difficulty prevented from lynching her on the ground that she is a witch. "Why else did she suck the child's blood?" they ask. Extraordinary measures are being taken to prevent the people from breaking into the prison and executing the murderers, who seem perfectly sane and unrepentant. Her husband declares that "she was always doing strange things when under the influence of *vodka*."

THE VAMPIRE.

A TRUE STORY.

Just forty years ago a series of nameless atrocities were committed in Paris by an individual who for a long time managed to baffle all the efforts of the police and the various authorities, and who gained for himself the unenviable designation of "the Vampire." The operations of this individual were limited to the dead, and the cemetery of Père la Chaise was his first field. For some months, according to the report of the investigation by a council of war into the matter, the graves of Père la Chaise were nightly subjected to a horrible profanation; they were opened, the coffins forced, and the remains of the silent dead, horribly torn and mutilated, were found in the morning scattered over the ground. A watch was kept, and the guardians observed "a mysterious figure" flitting about by night among the tombs, but they could never succeed in laying hands upon him. As they approached he disappeared like a phantom, and even the dogs that were let loose upon him stopped short and ceased to bark, as if they were transfixed by a charm. At first suspicion was thrown upon the guardians, then it was transferred to the relations of the dead, and at last the doctors were set down as the guilty parties. But a member of the profession was brought to the spot, and he, without a moment's hesitation, declared that no scientific knife had been there. The watch

was doubled, but to no purpose, and the Vampire continued his nocturnal profanations as if he were a ghoul, and cared nought for human power. At length they ceased just as excitement was running wild; but scarcely had it subsided again ere they were renewed, this time in a suburban cemetery. A little girl, seven years of age, had died, and her loving parents laid her in a coffin, attired in the frock she was fond of wearing on fête days, and saw her laid to rest in the earth. On the following morning it was discovered that the grave had been violated, the body torn from the coffin, frightfully mutilated, and the heart extracted. There was no robbery, and the sensation all over Paris and the immediate neighbourhood was tremendous. Every means were taken to discover the criminal, but the only effect of increased surveillance was that the despoiler removed to Mont Parnasse, where the exhumations were increased to such an extent that the authorities were at their wits' end.

All the cemeteries, be it understood, were surrounded by high walls, and had iron gates of the altitude of the walls, which were difficult to scale. At one spot, where the height was nine feet, some marks as of a man's foot tearing away the mortar were discovered, and here an old officer one night contrived a sort of infernal machine, which should explode if anyone attempted to enter the cemetery at that place. At

tempted to enter the cemetery at that place. At midnight an explosion was heard, and a pursuit of the man who was seen climbing the wall was made, but before the guardians could seize him he had leapt the wall with an agility that surprised them all, and, although they fired their muskets, he succeeded in escaping. That he was wounded, however, was proved by the fact that his footsteps were marked with drops of blood. Next day one of the gravediggers of Mont Parnasse, whilst preparing the ground for two criminals who were to be executed, chanced to overhear some sappers of the 74th Regiment talking about one of their sergeants who had on the previous night returned to the barracks badly wounded, no one knew how, and who had been conveyed to the Val de Grace, a military hospital. The gravedigger informed his superior, and a little inquiry showed that the culprit was one Sergeant Bertrand, who, it was ascertained, had committed many like outrages in other parts of France prior to the arrival of his regiment in Paris.

It was remarked when Bertrand was brought up for examination before the council that there was nothing in his countenance or appearance indicative of his fearful monomania. On the contrary, he was in the ordinary relations of life gentle and kind, and was especially beloved in the regiment for his frankness and gaiety. The president asked his object in committing the acts attributed to him, and of which he freely admitted he was the author. "I cannot tell," he said; "it was a horrible impulse. I was driven to it against my own will; nothing could stop or deter me. I cannot describe

nothing could stop or deter me. I cannot describe nor understand myself what my sensations were in tearing and rending these bodies. I have sometimes exhumed from ten to fifteen bodies in a night. I dug them up with my hands, which were often torn and bleeding with the labour I underwent, but I minded nothing so that I could get at them. The desire seized me generally about once a fortnight." The medical men who made an examination on Bertrand gave it as their unanimous opinion that, "although in other respects perfectly sane, in these acts he was not responsible for himself." He was sentenced to only a year's imprisonment, during which time measures were taken for the cure of his monomania.

Such a monomania, though displaying itself in another direction, seems to be that which haunted Jack the Ripper and impelled him to the commission of the crimes in connection with which his name rang up and down the land. His identity remains to be discovered. Possibly he may be an abandoned and manifest villain; probably in every day life he is Dr. Jekyll, "the pirate of the proprieties," with no outward indications whatever of the murderous Mr. Hyde, whose garb he puts on and takes off as "the fierce friend of his distempered dream" impels him. But it is unsafe to prophesy, and we leave the unravelling of the mystery to time, which sooner or later brings round its revenges.