

Part 1:

Original Text:

i am by birth a genevese; and my family is one of the most distinguished of that republic my ancestors had been for many years counsellors and syndics; and my father had filled several public situations with honour and reputation he was respected by all who knew him for his integrity and indefatigable attention to public business he passed his younger days perpetually occupied by the affairs of his country; a variety of circumstances had prevented his marrying early nor was it until the decline of life that he became a husband and the father of a family

as the circumstances of his marriage illustrate his character i cannot refrain from relating them one of his most intimate friends was a merchant who from a flourishing state fell through numerous mischances into poverty this man whose name was beaufort was of a proud and unbending disposition and could not bear to live in poverty and oblivion in the same country where he had formerly been distinguished for his rank and magnificence having paid his debts therefore in the most honourable manner he retreated with his daughter to the town of lucerne where he lived unknown and in wretchedness my father loved beaufort with the truest friendship and was deeply grieved by his retreat in these unfortunate circumstances he bitterly deplored the false pride which led his friend to a conduct so little worthy of the affection that united them he lost no time in endeavouring to seek him out with the hope of persuading him to begin the world again through his credit and assistance

beaufort had taken effectual measures to conceal himself; and it was ten months before my father discovered his abode overjoyed at this discovery he hastened to the house which was situated in a mean street near the reuss but when he entered misery and despair alone welcomed him beaufort had saved but a very small sum of money from the wreck of his fortunes; but it was sufficient to provide him with sustenance for some months and in the meantime he hoped to procure some respectable employment in a merchant's house the interval was consequently spent in inaction; his grief only became more deep and rankling when he had leisure for reflection; and at length it took so fast hold of his mind that at the end of three months he lay on a bed of sickness incapable of any exertion

his daughter attended him with the greatest tenderness; but she saw with despair that their little fund was rapidly decreasing and that there was no other prospect of support but caroline beaufort possessed a mind of an uncommon mould; and her courage rose to support her in her adversity she procured plain work; she plaited straw; and by various means contrived to earn a pittance scarcely sufficient to support life

several months passed in this manner her father grew worse; her time was more entirely occupied in attending him; her means of subsistence decreased; and in the

tenth month her father died in her arms leaving her an orphan and a beggar this last blow overcame her; and she knelt by beaufort's coffin weeping bitterly when my father entered the chamber he came like a protecting spirit to the poor girl who committed herself to his care; and after the interment of his friend he conducted her to geneva and placed her under the protection of a relation two years after this event caroline became his wife

there was a considerable difference between the ages of my parents but this circumstance seemed to unite them only closer in bonds of devoted affection there was a sense of justice in my father's upright mind which rendered it necessary that he should approve highly to love strongly perhaps during former years he had suffered from the late discovered unworthiness of one beloved and so was disposed to set a greater value on tried worth there was a show of gratitude and worship in his attachment to my mother differing wholly from the doating fondness of age for it was inspired by reverence for her virtues and a desire to be the means of in some degree recompensing her for the sorrows she had endured but which gave inexpressible grace to his behaviour to her everything was made to yield to her wishes and her convenience he strove to shelter her as a fair exotic is sheltered by the gardener from every rougher wind and to surround her with all that could tend to excite pleasurable emotion in her soft and benevolent mind her health and even the tranquillity of her hitherto constant spirit had been shaken by what she had gone through during the two years that had elapsed previous to their marriage my father had gradually relinquished all his public functions; and immediately after their union they sought the pleasant climate of italy and the change of scene and interest attendant on a tour through that land of wonders as a restorative for her weakened frame

from italy they visted germany and france i their eldest child was born in naples and as an infant accompanied them in their rambles i remained for several years their only child much as they were attached to each other they seemed to draw inexhaustible stores of affection from a very mine of love to bestow them upon me my mother's tender caresses and my father's smile of benevolent pleasure while regarding me are my first recollections i was their plaything and their idol and something bettertheir child the innocent and helpless creature bestowed on them by heaven whom to bring up to good and whose future lot it was in their hands to direct to happiness or misery according as they fulfilled their duties towards me with this deep consciousness of what they owed towards the being to which they had given life added to the active spirit of tenderness that animated both it may be imagined that while during every hour of my infant life i received a lesson of patience of charity and of self control i was so guided by a silken cord that all seemed but one train of enjoyment to me

for a long time i was their only care my mother had much desired to have a daughter but i continued their single offspring when i was about five years old while making an excursion beyond the frontiers of italy they passed a week on the shores of the lake of como their benevolent disposition often made them enter the cottages of the

poor this to my mother was more than a duty; it was a necessity a passion remembering what she had suffered and how she had been relieved for her to act in her turn the guardian angel to the afflicted during one of their walks a poor cot in the foldings of a vale attracted their notice as being singularly disconsolate while the number of halfclothed children gathered about it spoke of penury in its worst shape one day when my father had gone by himself to milan my mother accompanied by me visited this abode she found a peasant and his wife hard working bent down by care and labour distributing a scanty meal to five hungry babes among these there was one which attracted my mother far above all the rest she appeared of a different stock the four others were dark eyed hardy little vagrants; this child was thin and very fair her hair was the brightest living gold and despite the poverty of her clothing seemed to set a crown of distinction on her head her brow was clear and ample her blue eyes cloudless and her lips and the moulding of her face so expressive of sensibility and sweetness that none could behold her without looking on her as of a distinct species a being heavensent and bearing a celestial stamp in all her features

the peasant woman perceiving that my mother fixed eyes of wonder and admiration on this lovely girl eagerly communicated her history she was not her child but the daughter of a milanese nobleman her mother was a german and had died on giving her birth the infant had been placed with these good people to nurse: they were better off then they had not been long married and their eldest child was but just born the father of their charge was one of those italians nursed in the memory of the antique glory of italy one among the schiavi ognor frementi who exerted himself to obtain the liberty of his country he became the victim of its weakness whether he had died or still lingered in the dungeons of austria was not known his property was confiscated his child became an orphan and a beggar she continued with her foster parents and bloomed in their rude abode fairer than a garden rose among darkleaved brambles

when my father returned from milan he found playing with me in the hall of our villa a child fairer than pictured cheruba creature who seemed to shed radiance from her looks and whose form and motions were lighter than the chamois of the hills the apparition was soon explained with his permission my mother prevailed on her rustic guardians to yield their charge to her they were fond of the sweet orphan her presence had seemed a blessing to them; but it would be unfair to her to keep her in poverty and want when providence afforded her such powerful protection they consulted their village priest and the result was that elizabeth lavenza became the inmate of my parents' house my more than sister the beautiful and adored companion of all my occupations and my pleasures

every one loved elizabeth the passionate and almost reverential attachment with which all regarded her became while i shared it my pride and my delight on the evening previous to her being brought to my home my mother had said playfully i have a pretty present for my victor tomorrow he shall have it and when on the morrow she presented elizabeth to me as her promised gift i with childish

seriousness interpreted her words literally and looked upon elizabeth as mine to protect love and cherish all praises bestowed on her i received as made to a possession of my own we called each other familiarly by the name of cousin no word no expression could body forth the kind of relation in which she stood to me more than sister since till death she was to be mine only

we were brought up together; there was not quite a year difference in our ages i need not say that we were strangers to any species of disunion or dispute harmony was the soul of our companionship and the diversity and contrast that subsisted in our characters drew us nearer together elizabeth was of a calmer and more concentrated disposition; but with all my ardour i was capable of a more intense application and was more deeply smitten with the thirst for knowledge she busied herself with following the aerial creations of the poets; and in the majestic and wondrous scenes which surrounded our swiss home the sublime shapes of the mountains; the changes of the seasons; tempest and calm; the silence of winter and the life and turbulence of our alpine summer she found ample scope for admiration and delight while my companion contemplated with a serious and satisfied spirit the magnificent appearances of things i delighted in investigating their causes the world was to me a secret which i desired to divine curiosity earnest research to learn the hidden laws of nature gladness akin to rapture as they were unfolded to me are among the earliest sensations i can remember

on the birth of a second son my junior by seven years my parents gave up entirely their wandering life and fixed themselves in their native country we possessed a house in geneva and a campagne on belrive the eastern shore of the lake at the distance of rather more than a league from the city we resided principally in the latter and the lives of my parents were passed in considerable seclusion it was my temper to avoid a crowd and to attach myself fervently to a few i was indifferent therefore to my schoolfellows in general; but i united myself in the bonds of the closest friendship to one among them henry clerval was the son of a merchant of geneva he was a boy of singular talent and fancy he loved enterprise hardship and even danger for its own sake he was deeply read in books of chivalry and romance he composed heroic songs and began to write many a tale of enchantment and knightly adventure he tried to make us act plays and to enter into masquerades in which the characters were drawn from the heroes of roncesvalles of the round table of king arthur and the chivalrous train who shed their blood to redeem the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidels

Cyphertext: → Keyword = 'joseph'

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xwl pgrsz cx ion updzngl uyrshhord xd xbw ptxby iona ltuaam galajsp djg xwl ggr vo
s blaazeca cx vlwsne on oeh j tsn xt wxupideg codica ofh mjbuc on dsklm wriladjmhl
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Text Number 2:

i sat one evening in my laboratory the sun had set and the moon was just rising from the sea i had not sufficient light for my employment and i remained idle in a pause of consideration of whether i should leave my labour for the night or hasten its conclusion by an unremitting attention to it as i sat a train of reflection occurred to me which led me to consider the effects of what i was now doing three years before i was engaged in the same manner and had created a fiend whose unparalleled barbarity had desolated my heart and filled it for ever with the bitterest remorse i was now about to form another being of whose dispositions i was alike ignorant she might become ten thousand times more malignant than her mate and delight for its own sake in murder and wretchedness he had sworn to quit the neighbourhood of man and hide himself in deserts but she had not and she who in all probability was to become a thinking and reasoning animal might refuse to comply with a compact made before her creation they might even hate each other the creature who already lived loathed his own deformity and might he not conceive a greater abhorrence for it when it came before his eyes in the female form she also might turn with disgust from him to the superior beauty of man she might quit him and he be again alone exasperated by the fresh provocation of being deserted by one of his own species

even if they were to leave europe and inhabit the deserts of the new world yet one of the first results of those sympathies for which the daemon thirsted would be children and a race of devils would be propagated upon the earth who might make the very existence of the species of man a condition precarious and full of terror had i right for my own benefit to inflict this curse upon everlasting generations i had before been moved by the sophisms of the being i had created i had been struck senseless by his fiendish threats but now for the first time the wickedness of my promise burst upon me i shuddered to think that future ages might curse me as their pest whose selfishness had not hesitated to buy its own peace at the price perhaps of the existence of the whole human race

i trembled and my heart failed within me when on looking up i saw by the light of the moon the daemon at the casement a ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me where i sat fulfilling the task which he had allotted to me yes he had followed me in my travels he had loitered in forests hid himself in caves or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths and he now came to mark my progress and claim the fulfilment of my promise

as i looked on him his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery i thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him and trembling with passion tore to pieces the thing on which i was engaged the wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness and with a howl of devilish despair and revenge withdrew

i left the room and locking the door made a solemn vow in my own heart never to resume my labours and then with trembling steps i sought my own apartment i was

alone none were near me to dissipate the gloom and relieve me from the sickening oppression of the most terrible reveries

several hours passed and i remained near my window gazing on the sea it was almost motionless for the winds were hushed and all nature reposed under the eye of the quiet moon a few fishing vessels alone specked the water and now and then the gentle breeze wafted the sound of voices as the fishermen called to one another i felt the silence although i was hardly conscious of its extreme profundity until my ear was suddenly arrested by the paddling of oars near the shore and a person landed close to my house

in a few minutes after i heard the creaking of my door as if some one endeavoured to open it softly i trembled from head to foot i felt a presentiment of who it was and wished to rouse one of the peasants who dwelt in a cottage not far from mine but i was overcome by the sensation of helplessness so often felt in frightful dreams when you in vain endeavour to fly from an impending danger and was rooted to the spot

presently i heard the sound of footsteps along the passage the door opened and the wretch whom i dreaded appeared shutting the door he approached me and said in a smothered voice--you have destroyed the work which you began what is it that you intend do you dare to break your promise

i have endured toil and misery i left switzerland with you i crept along the shores of the rhine among its willow islands and over the summits of its hills i have dwelt many months in the heaths of england and among the deserts of scotland i have endured incalculable fatigue and cold and hunger do you dare destroy my hopes

begone i do break my promise never will i create another like yourself equal in deformity and wickedness

slave i before reasoned with you but you have proved yourself unworthy of my condescension remember that i have power you believe yourself miserable but i can make you so wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you you are my creator but i am your master--obey

the hour of my irresolution is past and the period of your power is arrived your threats cannot move me to do an act of wickedness but they confirm me in a determination of not creating you a companion in vice shall i in cool blood set loose upon the earth a daemon whose delight is in death and wretchedness begone i am firm and your words will only exasperate my rage

the monster saw my determination in my face and gnashed his teeth in the impotence of anger shall each man cried he find a wife for his bosom and each beast have his mate and i be alone i had feelings of affection and they were requited by detestation and scorn man you may hate but beware your hours will pass in dread

and misery and soon the bolt will fall which must ravish from you your happiness for ever are you to be happy while i grovel in the intensity of my wretchedness you can blast my other passions but revenge remains--revenge henceforth dearer than light or food i may die but first you my tyrant and tormentor shall curse the sun that gazes on your misery beware for i am fearless and therefore powerful i will watch with the wiliness of a snake that i may sting with its venom man you shall repent of the injuries you inflict

devil cease and do not poison the air with these sounds of malice i have declared my resolution to you and i am no coward to bend beneath words leave me i am inexorable

it is well i go but remember i shall be with you on your wedding-night

i started forward and exclaimed villain before you sign my death-warrant be sure that you are yourself safe

i would have seized him but he eluded me and quitted the house with precipitation in a few moments i saw him in his boat which shot across the waters with an arrowy swiftness and was soon lost amidst the waves

all was again silent but his words rung in my ears i burned with rage to pursue the murderer of my peace and precipitate him into the ocean i walked up and down my room hastily and perturbed while my imagination conjured up a thousand images to torment and sting me why had i not followed him and closed with him in mortal strife but i had suffered him to depart and he had directed his course towards the main land i shuddered to think who might be the next victim sacrificed to his insatiate revenge and then i thought again of his words--_i_ will be with you on your wedding-night that then was the period fixed for the fulfilment of my destiny in that hour i should die and at once satisfy and extinguish his malice the prospect did not move me to fear yet when i thought of my beloved elizabeth--of her tears and endless sorrow when she should find her lover so barbarously snatched from her--tears the first i had shed for many months streamed from my eyes and i resolved not to fall before my enemy without a bitter struggle

the night passed away and the sun rose from the ocean my feelings became calmer if it may be called calmness when the violence of rage sinks into the depths of despair i left the house the horrid scene of the last nights contention and walked on the beach of the sea which i almost regarded as an insuperable barrier between me and my fellow-creatures nay a wish that such should prove the fact stole across me i desired that i might pass my life on that barren rock wearily it is true but uninterrupted by any sudden shock of misery if i returned it was to be sacrificed or to see those whom i most loved die under the grasp of a demon whom i had myself created

i walked about the isle like a restless spectre separated from all it loved and miserable in the separation when it became noon and the sun rose higher i lay down on the grass and was overpowered by a deep sleep i had been awake the whole of the preceding night my nerves were agitated and my eyes inflamed by watching and misery the sleep into which i now sunk refreshed me and when i awoke i again felt as if i belonged to a race of human beings like myself and i began to reflect upon what had passed with greater composure yet still the words of the fiend rung in my ears like a death-knell they appeared like a dream yet distinct and oppressive as a reality

the sun had far descended and i still sat on the shore satisfying my appetite which had become ravenous with an oaten cake when i saw a fishing-boat land close to me and one of the men brought me a packet it contained letters from geneva and one from clerval entreating me to join him he said that he was wearing away his time fruitlessly where he was that letters from the friends he had formed in london desired his return to complete the negotiation they had entered into for his indian enterprise he could not any longer delay his departure but as his journey to london might be followed even sooner than he now conjectured by his longer voyage he entreated me to bestow as much of my society on him as i could spare he besought me therefore to leave my solitary isle and to meet him at perth that we might proceed southwards together this letter in a degree recalled me to life and i determined to quit my island at the expiration of two days

yet before i departed there was a task to perform on which i shuddered to reflect i must pack up my chemical instruments and for that purpose i must enter the room which had been the scene of my odious work and i must handle those utensils the sight of which was sickening to me the next morning at daybreak i summoned sufficient courage and unlocked the door of my laboratory the remains of the half-finished creature whom i had destroyed lay scattered on the floor and i almost felt as if i had mangled the living flesh of a human being i paused to collect myself and then entered the chamber with trembling hand i conveyed the instruments out of the room but i reflected that i ought not to leave the relics of my work to excite the horror and suspicion of the peasants and i accordingly put them into a basket with a great quantity of stones and laying them up determined to throw them into the sea that very night and in the meantime i sat upon the beach employed in cleaning and arranging my chemical apparatus

nothing could be more complete than the alteration that had taken place in my feelings since the night of the appearance of the damon i had before regarded my promise with a gloomy despair as a thing that with whatever consequences must be fulfilled but i now felt as if a film had been taken from before my eyes and that i for the first time saw clearly the idea of renewing my labours did not for one instant occur to me the threat i had heard weighed on my thoughts but i did not reflect that a voluntary act of mine could avert it i had resolved in my own mind that to create another like the fiend i had first made would be an act of the basest and most

atrocious selfishness and i banished from my mind every thought that could lead to a different conclusion

between two and three in the morning the moon rose and i then putting my basket aboard a little skiff sailed out about four miles from the shore the scene was perfectly solitary a few boats were returning towards land but i sailed away from them i felt as if i was about the commission of a dreadful crime and avoided with shuddering anxiety any encounter with my fellow-creatures at one time the moon which had before been clear was suddenly overspread by a thick cloud and i took advantage of the moment of darkness and cast my basket into the sea i listened to the gurgling sound as it sunk and then sailed away from the spot the sky became clouded but the air was pure although chilled by the north-east breeze that was then rising but it refreshed me and filled me with such agreeable sensations that i resolved to prolong my stay on the water and fixing the rudder in a direct position stretched myself at the bottom of the boat clouds hid the moon everything was obscure and i heard only the sound of the boat as its keel cut through the waves the murmur lulled me and in a short time i slept soundly

i do not know how long i remained in this situation but when i awoke i found that the sun had already mounted considerably the wind was high and the waves continually threatened the safety of my little skiff i found that the wind was north-east and must have driven me far from the coast from which i had embarked i endeavoured to change my course but quickly found that if i again made the attempt the boat would be instantly filled with water thus situated my only resource was to drive before the wind i confess that i felt a few sensations of terror i had no compass with me and was so slenderly acquainted with the geography of this part of the world that the sun was of little benefit to me i might be driven into the wide atlantic and feel all the tortures of starvation or be swallowed up in the immeasurable waters that roared and buffeted around me i had already been out many hours and felt the torment of a burning thirst a prelude to my other sufferings i looked on the heavens which were covered by clouds that flew before the wind only to be replaced by others i looked upon the sea it was to be my grave fiend i exclaimed your task is already fulfilled i thought of elizabeth of my father and of clerval all left behind on whom the monster might satisfy his sanguinary and merciless passions this idea plunged me into a reverie so despairing and frightful that even now when the scene is on the point of closing before me for ever i shudder to reflect on it

some hours passed thus but by degrees as the sun declined towards the horizon the wind died away into a gentle breeze and the sea became free from breakers but these gave place to a heavy swell i felt sick and hardly able to hold the rudder when suddenly i saw a line of high land towards the south

almost spent as i was by fatigue and the dreadful suspense i endured for several hours this sudden certainty of life rushed like a flood of warm joy to my heart and tears gushed from my eyes

how mutable are our feelings and how strange is that clinging love we have of life even in the excess of misery i constructed another sail with a part of my dress and eagerly steered my course towards the land it had a wild and rocky appearance but as i approached nearer i easily perceived the traces of cultivation i saw vessels near the shore and found myself suddenly transported back to the neighbourhood of civilised man i carefully traced the windings of the land and hailed a steeple which i at length saw issuing from behind a small promontory as i was in a state of extreme debility i resolved to sail directly towards the town as a place where i could most easily procure nourishment fortunately i had money with me as i turned the promontory i perceived a small neat town and a good harbour which i entered my heart bounding with joy at my unexpected escape

as i was occupied in fixing the boat and arranging the sails several people crowded towards the spot they seemed much surprised at my appearance but instead of offering me any assistance whispered together with gestures that at any other time might have produced in me a slight sensation of alarm as it was i merely remarked that they spoke english and i therefore addressed them in that language my good friends said i will you be so kind as to tell me the name of this town and inform me where i am

you will know that soon enough replied a man with a hoarse voice may be you are come to a place that will not prove much to your taste but you will not be consulted as to your quarters i promise you

i was exceedingly surprised on receiving so rude an answer from a stranger and i was also disconcerted on perceiving the frowning and angry countenances of his companions why do you answer me so roughly i replied surely it is not the custom of englishmen to receive strangers so inhospitably

i do not know said the man what the custom of the english may be but it is the custom of the irish to hate villains

while this strange dialogue continued i perceived the crowd rapidly increase their faces expressed a mixture of curiosity and anger which annoyed and in some degree alarmed me i inquired the way to the inn but no one replied i then moved forward and a murmuring sound arose from the crowd as they followed and surrounded me when an ill-looking man approaching tapped me on the shoulder and said come sir you must follow me to mr kirwins to give an account of yourself

who is mr kirwin why am i to give an account of myself is not this a free country

ay sir free enough for honest folks mr kirwin is a magistrate and you are to give an account of the death of a gentleman who was found murdered here last night

this answer startled me but i presently recovered myself i was innocent that could easily be proved accordingly i followed my conductor in silence and was led to one

of the best houses in the town i was ready to sink from fatigue and hunger but being surrounded by a crowd i thought it politic to rouse all my strength that no physical debility might be construed into apprehension or conscious guilt little did i then expect the calamity that was in a few moments to overwhelm me and extinguish in horror and despair all fear of ignominy or death

i must pause here for it requires all my fortitude to recall the memory of the frightful events which i am about to relate in proper detail to my recollection

Cipher Number 2:→ Keyword: 'lemon'

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