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TEXTUAL EDITING AND CRITICISM

An Introduction

ERICK KELEMEN
FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

foreword by
DONALD H. REIMAN

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2009

OF MARIAM.

Since ſhame was written on my tainted brow:
And certaine tis, that ſhame is honours foe.
Had I vpon my reputation ſtood,
Had I affected an vnſpotted life,
Ioſephus vaines had ſtill bene ſtuft with blood,
And I to him had liu'd a ſober wife.
Then had I neuer caſt an eye of loue,
On *Conſtabarus* now deteſted face,
Then had I kept my thoughts without remoue
And bluſht at motion of the leaſt diſgrace:
But ſhame is gone, and honour wipt away,
And impudencie on my forehead ſits:
She bids me worke my will without delay,
And for my will I will imploy my wits.
He loues, I loue; what then can be the cauſe,
Keepes me for being the *Arabians* wife?
It is the principles of *Moſes* lawes,
For *Contabarus* ſtill remaines in life,
If he to me did beare as Earneſt hate,
As I to him, for him there were an eaſe,
A ſeparating bill might free his fate:
From ſuch a yoke that did ſo much diſpleaſe.
Why ſhould ſuch priuiledge to man be giuen?
Or giuen to them, why bard from women then?
Are men then we in greater grace with Heauen?
Or cannot women hate as well as men?
Ile be the cuſtome-breaker: and beginne
To ſhew my Sexe the way to freedomes doore,
And with an offring will I purge my ſinne,
The lawe was made for none but who are poore.
If *Herod* had liu'd, I might to him accuſe
My preſent Lord. But for the futures ſake
Then would I tell the King he did refuſe
The ſonnes of *Baba* in his power to take.
But now I muſt diuorſe him from my bed,
That my *Silleus* may poſſeſſe his roome:
Had I not begd his life he had bene dead,
I curſe my tongue the hindrer of his doome,

B 3 But

On the Death of the Reverend Dr. Sewell

Phillis Wheatley

Brought to Boston as a slave when she was about seven years old, Phillis Wheatley surprised her owners by learning to compose sophisticated verse, such as this poem about the death of her pastor, Joseph Sewell. Dedicated to Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, a leader in the Methodist movement, Wheatley's poetry saw two editions, one in England in 1773, a second in the United States in 1786. But she also circulated her poems in manuscript, revising between sending copies to friends and to people she admired. Below are all the witnesses to this poem that have been discovered to date. It should be noted that one of Wheatley's editors, William Robinson, reported that the Countess of Huntingdon's papers in the Cheshunt Foundation Archives at Westminster College, Cambridge, holds not only the holograph manuscript printed below, but a second manuscript, one that differs in punctuation and does not contain lines 36–37. This information was repeated by Vincent Carretta in his edition of Phillis Wheatley's works.[1] But this manuscript seems to be what bibliographers and librarians call a *ghost*, a document that may in fact have existed but for which no physical evidence now remains. In fact, the Cheshunt Foundation Archives has no record that a second manuscript ever existed.

1. See William H. Robinson, *Phillis Wheatley and Her Writings* (New York: Garland Press, 1984), 365, and *Phillis Wheatley, Complete Writings*, ed. Vincent Carretta (New York: Penguin, 2001), 109.

from the first edition, 1773

On the Death of the Rev. Dr. SEWELL, 1769.

ERE yet the morn its lovely blushes spread,
See *Sewell* number'd with the happy dead.
Hail, holy man, arriv'd th' immortal shore,
Though we shall hear thy warning voice no more.
Come, let us all behold with wishful eyes 5
The saint ascending to his native skies;
From hence the prophet wing'd his rapt'rous way
To the blest mansions in eternal day.
Then begging for the Spirit of our God,
And panting eager for the same abode, 10
Come, let us all with the same vigour rise,
And take a prospect of the blissful skies;
While on our minds *Christ's* image is impreſt,
And the dear Saviour glows in ev'ry breast.
Thrice happy saint! to find thy heav'n at last, 15
What compensation for the evils past!

Great God, incomprehensible, unknown
By sense, we bow at thine exalted throne.
O, while we beg thine excellence to feel,
Thy sacred Spirit to our hearts reveal, 20
And give us of that mercy to partake,
Which thou hast promis'd for the *Saviour's* sake!

"*Sewell* is dead." Swift-pinion'd *Fame* thus cry'd.
"Is *Sewell* dead," my trembling tongue reply'd,
O what a blessing in his flight deny'd! 25
How oft for us the holy prophet pray'd!
How oft to us the Word of Life convey'd!
By duty urg'd my mournful verse to close,
I for his tomb this epitaph compose.

"Lo, here a man, redeem'd by *Jesus'* blood, 30
"A sinner once, but now a saint with God;
"Behold ye rich, ye poor, ye fools, ye wise,
"Nor let his monument your heart surprize;
"'Twill tell you what this holy man has done,
"Which gives him brighter lustre than the sun.

"Listen,

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 21

"Liſten, ye happy, from your ſeats above.
"I ſpeak ſincerely, while I ſpeak and love,
"He ſought the paths of piety and truth,
"By theſe made happy from his early youth!
"In blooming years that grace divine he felt, 40
"Which reſcues ſinners from the chains of guilt.
"Mourn him, ye indigent, whom he has fed,
"And henceforth ſeek, like him, for living bread;
"Ev'n *Chriſt*, the bread deſcending from above,
"And aſk an int'reſt in his ſaving love. 45
"Mourn him, ye youth, to whom he oft has told
"God's gracious wonders from the times of old.
"I, too have cauſe this mighty loſs to mourn,
"For he my monitor will not return.
"O when ſhall we to his bleſt ſtate arrive? 50
"When the ſame graces in our boſoms thrive."

On

from the second edition, 1786

14 POEMS ON

On the Death of the Rev. Dr. SEWELL, 1769.

FRE yet the morn its lovely bluſhes ſpread,
See *Sewell* number'd with the happy dead.
Hail, holy man, arriv'd th' immortal ſhore,
Though we ſhall hear thy warning voice no more.
Come, let us all behold with wiſhful eyes 5
The ſaint aſcending to his native ſkies;
From hence the prophet wing'd his rapt'rous way
To the bleſt manſions in eternal day.
Then begging for the Spirit of our God,
And panting eager for the ſame abode, 10
Come, let us all with the ſame vigour riſe,
And take a proſpect of the bliſsful ſkies;
While on our minds *Chriſt*'s image is impreſt,
And the dear Saviour glows in ev'ry breaſt.
Thrice happy ſaint! to find thy heav'n at laſt, 15
What compenſation for the evils paſt!
Great God, incomprehenſible, unknown
By ſenſe, we bow at thine exalted throne.
O, while we beg thine excellence to feel,
Thy ſacred Spirit to our hearts reveal, 20
And give us of that mercy to partake,
Which thou haſt promis'd for the *Saviour*'s ſake!
"*Sewell* is dead." Swift-pinion'd *Fame* thus cry'd,
"Is *Sewell* dead," my trembling tongue reply'd,
O what a bleſſing in his flight deny'd! 25
How oft for us the holy prophet pray'd!
How oft to us the Word of Life convey'd!
By duty urg'd my mournful verſe to cloſe,
I for his tomb this epi[illegible]
"Lo, here a man, redeem'd by *Jeſus*'s blood, 30
"A ſinner once, but now a ſaint with God;
"Behold ye rich, ye poor, ye fools, ye wiſe,
"Nor let his monument your heart ſurpriſe;
"'Twill

" 'Twill tell you what this holy man has done,
" Which gives him brighter luſtre than the ſun. 35
" Liſten, ye happy, from your ſeats above.
" I ſpeak ſincerely, while I ſpeak and love,
" He ſought the paths of piety and truth,
" By theſe made happy from his early youth;
" In blooming years that grace divine he felt, 40
" Which reſcues ſinners from the chains of guilt.
" Mourn him, ye indigent, whom he has fed,
" And henceforth ſeek, like him, for living bread;
" Ev'n *Chriſt*, the bread deſcending from above,
" And aſk an int'reſt in his ſaving love. 45
" Mourn him, ye youth, to whom he oft has told
" God's gracious wonders from the times of old.
" I too have cauſe this mighty loſs to mourn,
" For he my monitor will not return.
" O when ſhall we to his bleſt ſtate arrive? 50
" When the ſame graces in our boſoms thrive."

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD. 1770.

HAIL, happy ſaint, on thine immortal throne,
Poſſeſt of glory, life, and bliſs unknown;
We hear no more the muſic of thy tongue,
Thy wonted auditories ceaſe to throng.
Thy ſermons in unequall'd accents flow'd, 5
And ev'ry boſom with devotion glow'd;
Thou didſt in ſtrains of eloquence refin'd
Inflame the heart, and captivate the mind.
Unhappy we the ſetting ſun deplore,
So glorious once, but ah! it ſhines no more. 10
Behold the prophet in his tow'ring flight!
He leaves the earth for heav'n's unmeaſur'd height,
And worlds unknown receive him from our ſight.

There

from the Dartmouth College Library,
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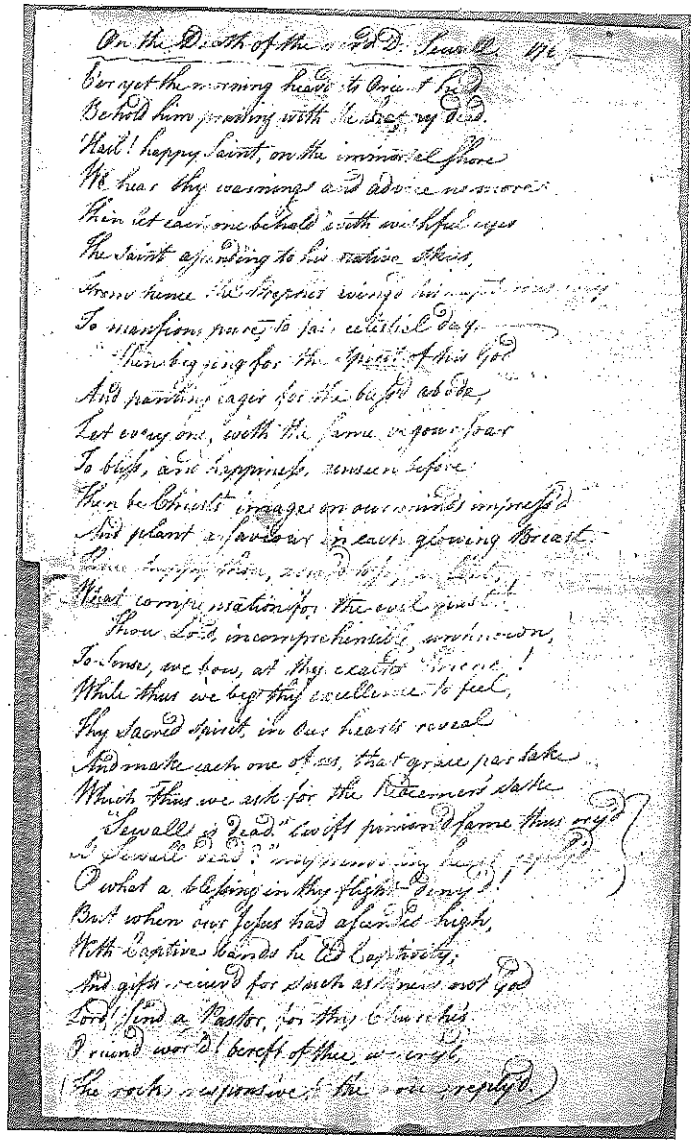

On the Death of the Revd D. Sewell. M.

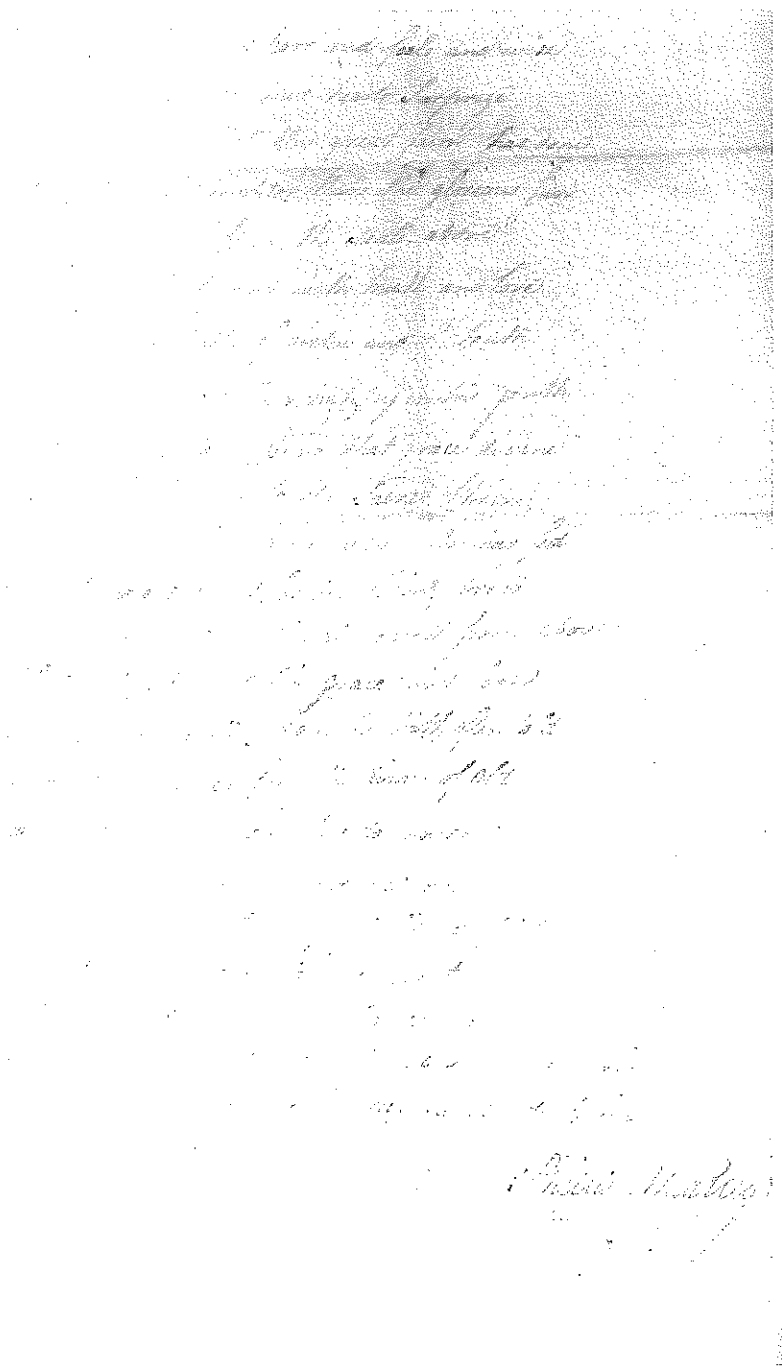
Ere yet the morning heavn to Orient lies
Behold him praising with the ſtar-ry Band.
Hail! happy Saint, on the immortal ſhore
We hear thy warnings and advice no more.
Then let each one behold with wiſhful eyes
The Saint aſpiring to his native ſkies,
From time the fetters wings his mortal way
To manſions pure to fair celeſtial day.
Then big-ing for the Spirit of his God
And panting eager for the beyond abode,
Let every one, with the ſame vigour ſoar
To bliſs, and happineſs, unknown before
Then be Chriſt's image on our minds impreſs'd
And plant a ſaviour in each glowing breaſt.
Then happy ſhall, [illegible]
Next compaſſionate for the evil paſt.
Thou Lord incomprehenſible, unknown,
To love, we bow, at thy creator throne!
While thus we beg thy excellence to feel,
Thy ſacred ſpirit in our hearts reveal
And make each one of us, that grace partake
Which thus we ask for the Redeemer's ſake
"Sewall is dead" ſwift pinion'd fame thus cry'd
"Sewall dead?" [illegible]
O what a bleſſing in thy flight [illegible]!
But when our Jeſus had aſcended high,
With Captive bands he led Captivity;
And gifts received for men as ſhews not God
Lord! ſend a Paſtor, to thy Church his
Friend wor'd bereft of thee, we cry'd
(He ſoon responsive to the one replyd.)

Behold ye rich and poor and fool and wise
Nor let this monitor your hearts surprise
I'll tell you all what this great saint has done
That makes him Brighter than the Glorious Sun
Listen ye Happy from the seats above
I speak Sincerely and with truth and love
He sought the paths of virtue and of truth
Hear this, that made him happy in his youth
In Morning years he found that grace Divine
That gives admittance to the sacred Shrine —
Mourn him ye Indigent whom he has fed
Seek yet more earnest for the living bread
In Christ your bread descend from above
Improve his pity and his grace and love
Mourn him ye youth whom he has often told
God's bounteous mercy from the times of Old
I too, have cause this heavy loss to mourn;
Because my monitor will not return
Now this faint semblance of his complete
He is thro' Jesus made Divinely great
And yet a Glorious Pattern to repeat
But when shall we to this blessed state arrive?
When the same graces in our hearts do thrive

Phillis Wheatley

Phillis Wheatley, in Boston

from the Cheshunt Foundation Archives, Westminster College, Cambridge, MS A3/1/29



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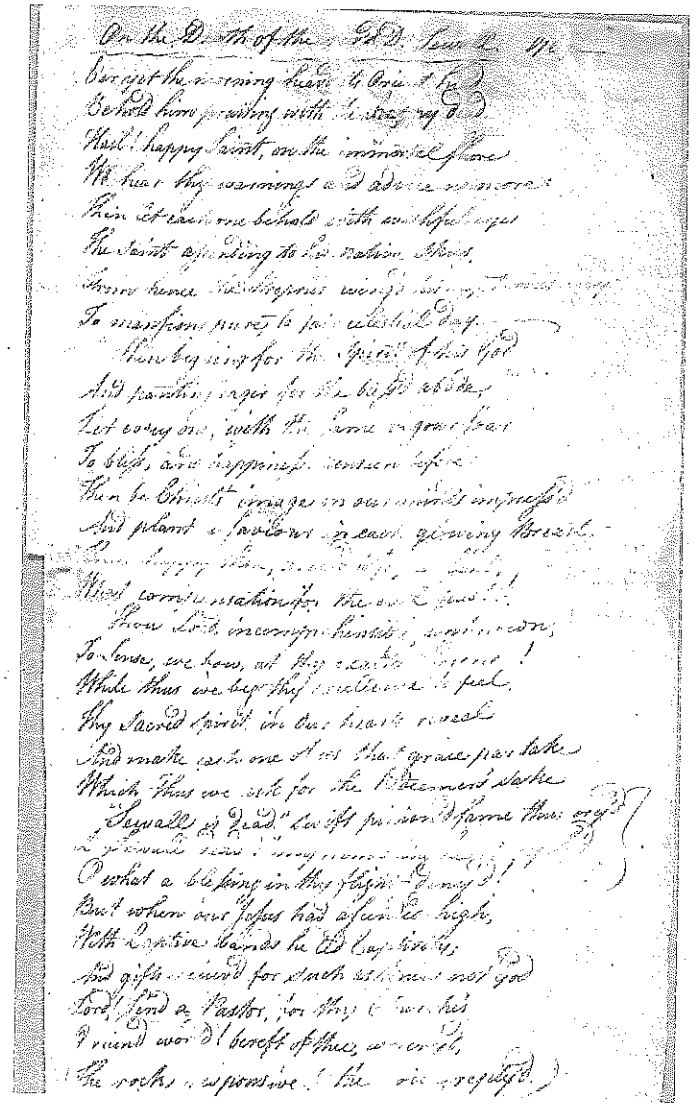
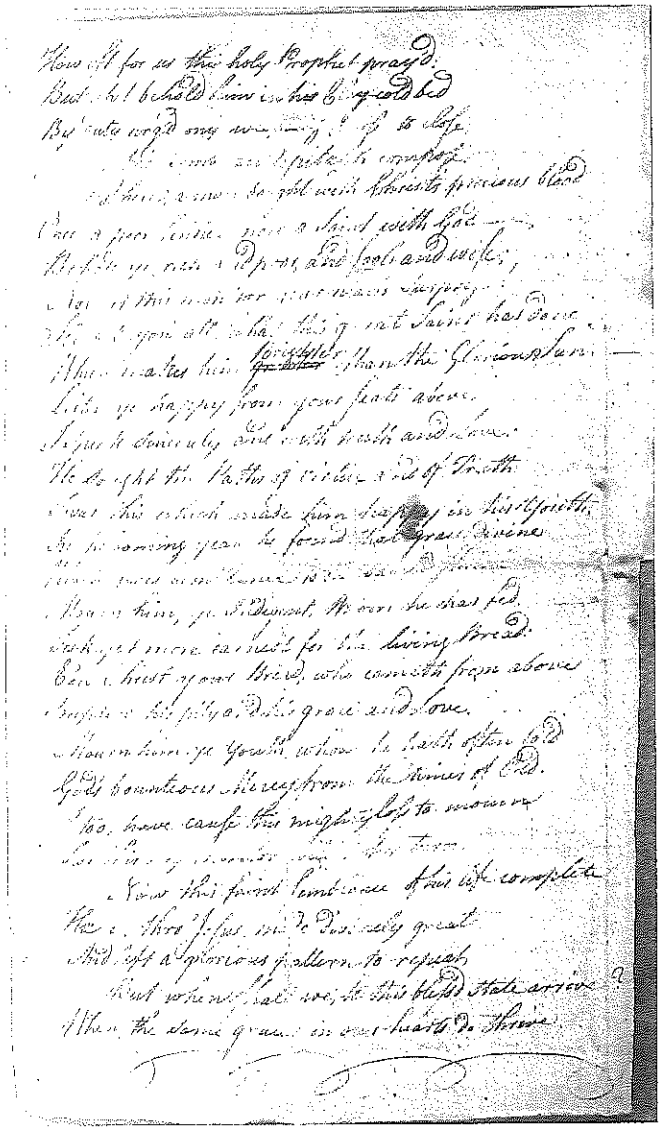


On the Death of the Rev. Dr. Sewell. M.

Forget the morning hour thy Christ to pray
Behold him prostrate with the strong cry
Hail! happy Saint, on the immortal shore
We hear thy warnings & advice no more
Pain & sorrow behold with mortal eyes
The Saint ascending to his native skies
From hence the angelic wings bear away
To mansions prepar'd for the celestial day.
Now by sighs for the Spirit of thy God
And pantings sighs for the blest abode,
Let every one, with the same in your fear
To bliss, & happiness, contend before
Then be Christ's image in our minds impress'd
And plant a Saviour in each grieving breast.
Blest happy man, [illegible]
Wind convulsing nature, the [illegible]!!
Now lost in contemplation, [illegible]
To know, we know, at thy death [illegible]!
While thus we beg thy [illegible] feel,
Thy sacred spirit in our hearts reveal
And make each one of us that grace partake
Which thus we ask for the Redeemer's sake
"Sewall is dead" the sight pierces frame thus [illegible]
[illegible]
O what a blessing in this flight [illegible]!
But when our foes had a full tide high,
With captive bands he led captivity,
And gifts received for such as have not God
Lord send a Pastor, for thy [illegible] his
Friend world bereft of thee, [illegible]
The rocks responsive [illegible] [illegible]



from *Frankenstein*

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley

Frankenstein was for a long time known mainly in editions derived from the 1831 version, which is, in fact, the third edition of the novel. First printed in 1818, *Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus* was published again in 1823, in an edition prepared by Shelley's father, William Godwin, while she was out of the country. Meanwhile, Shelley gave a copy of the 1818 edition with pen revisions to a friend of hers in Genoa, a copy that has come to be known as the Thomas Copy. When Shelley extensively revised her novel for the 1831 edition, she seems to have worked from a copy of 1823, not 1818, so that her revisions in the Thomas Copy were not published in her lifetime. The large portions of the manuscript of *Frankenstein* that still survive show that her husband, Percy Bysshe Shelley, extensively revised her prose and even contributed ideas to the plot. Unfortunately, the manuscript is missing for the selection reprinted here.