

It's Alive!

Frankenstein at 200

Online Teacher Curriculum

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SECTION 3

Writing and Editing *Frankenstein*

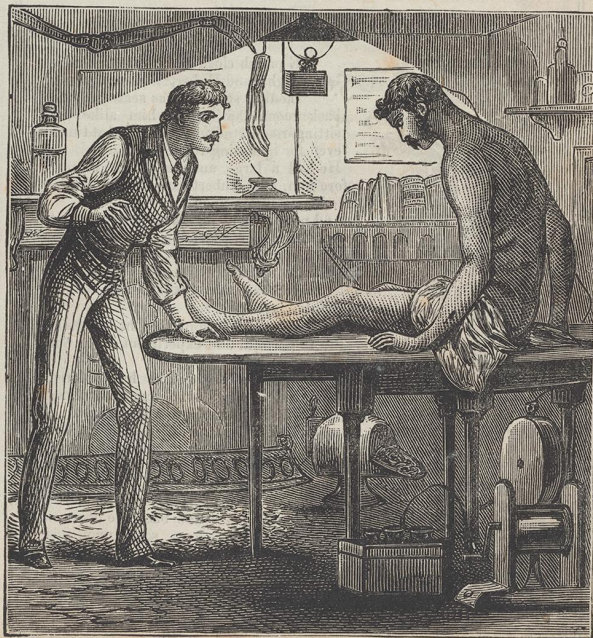
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No. 39. Vol. IV.

BOYS' WEEKLY-READER

A COMPLETE STORY WEEKLY.

RISEN FROM THE DEAD ; OR, THE MEDICAL STUDENT.



“GREAT HEAVEN! WHERE AM I?” EXCLAIMED THE SUPPOSED DEAD MAN.

Risen from the Dead; or, the medical student, Boys' weekly reader novelette. Vol. IV, no 39 Pamphlet. The Carl H. Pforzheimer Collection of Shelley and His Circle, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations.

Giovanni Salucci (1769–1845),
*Vue de la ville de Genève & de
plein-Palais*, 1817, hand-colored
etching. Bibliothèque de
Genève, Centre d'iconographie
genevoise.



VUE DE LA VILLE DE GENEVE

et de plein-Palais

dessiné d'après un tableau de Genève en 1760 par J. Salucci

occupation. The leaves of that year
 were withered before my work drew
 near a close, and now every day showed
 me more plainly how well I had suc-
 ceeded. But my enthusiasm was
 checked by my own anxiety and I felt
 rather like one doomed by slavery
 to toil in the mines or any other
 unwholesome trade than an artist
 occupied in his favourite employment.
 Every ~~night~~ night a slow fever ~~oppressed~~
 me and I became ~~more~~ ^{more} to a degree
 most painful degree; a fever a dis-
 ease I regretted ^{the} more because I had
 hitherto enjoyed excellent health &
~~my nerves were~~ ^{had} always
 boasted of ^{the} firmness ^{of} my nerves. But I
 believed that exercise and amusement
 would soon ~~do~~ drive away ^{these} ~~these~~ ^{weak} ~~weak~~ ^{eyes}.
 So Tom and I promised myself both
 of these when my vocation should be
 completed. I had then ^{not} ~~not~~ determined to
 go to Geneva as soon as this should be
 done and ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the midst of my
 family ~~find~~ ^{find} ~~ever~~

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797 - 1851),
 Frankenstein: It was on a dreary night in
 November 1816-1817, Pen on paper, The
 Bodleian Libraries, The University of
 Oxford, MS Abinger c. 56, fol. 20v

scene that that wind may come to

10

We rest, a dream has power to ^{illuminate}
we use one wandering thought ^{to} ~~illuminate~~
the Day
we feel conceive a reason - laughter weep
Embrace good woe or cast our cares
away

It is the same for be it joy or sorrow
The path of life whatever still is free
Man's yesterday may not be like
his morrow
Thought may endure but mutability

It was noon when I arrived at the
top of the mountain. For some time I
sat upon the ~~the~~ rock that overhangs
the sea of ice. a mist covered both
that and the surrounding mountain
Presently a breeze dissipated the mist
and I descended on the ^{glacier} ~~ice~~. This ~~mountain~~
~~side~~ ^{with} ~~with~~ The surface is very uneven
very like the waves of a troubled sea
Secondary ~~low~~ ^{low} & interspersed by cliffs
that sink deep - The ^{width} ~~width~~ of the bed of
ice is ~~only~~ a league ^{in width}, but I was
nearly two hours "crossing" it. The oppo-
site & mountain is a bare perpendicular
bar rock. From that side where I now
stood mountain was exactly opposite
at the distance of a league and above

100
130
40
75
130
75
20

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797 - 1851),
Frankenstein: It was on a dreary night in
November 1816-1817, Pen on paper, The
Bodleian Libraries, The University of
Oxford, MS Abinger c. 56, fol.58v

you accuse me of murder and yet ~~the~~
 you would wish, a ~~self~~ ^{culpable} conscience
 destroy ^{them} ~~the~~ creature - or praise the eter-
 nal justice of man! - yet I wish you
 not to spare me, listen and think,
 you will, ^{can and if you} destroy the work of your hands.

"Why would I?" do you ever will to my
 remembrance ~~these~~ ^{of} circumstances which
 I shudder to reflect ^{that I have seen the} ~~ever~~ ~~occurred~~ -

miscreant
 origin
 of matter

It would be the night & during which you
 lay in which you first saw light, could
 (although I dare myself) be the hands
 that formed you? you have made

me wretched ^{you have left me in ignorance to consider} ~~without~~ ~~expression~~ ~~of~~ ~~your~~ ~~feelings~~,
 believe me ^{whenever I am just to you or no} ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~

thus I
 replied

to ~~the~~ ~~night~~ ~~which~~ ~~you~~ ~~had~~ ~~before~~ ~~me~~ ~~with~~ ~~violence~~
 my eyes - ~~which~~ ~~you~~ ~~had~~ ~~before~~ ~~me~~ ~~with~~ ~~violence~~

be ~~deprived~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~sight~~ ~~of~~ ~~one~~ ~~whom~~
 you abhor - still you can listen to me
 and grant me your compassion - By the
 the virtues I once adored I demand this
 of you - ~~So~~ Hear my ~~late~~ ~~tale~~ - it is

long and strange ~~but~~ and the temperature
 of this place is not fitting ~~to~~ ~~your~~ ~~mountain~~
 fine sensations; come to ~~rest~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~mountain~~
~~peak~~ - The sun is set high in the

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797 - 1851),
 Frankenstein: It was on a dreary night in
 November 1816-1817, Pen on paper, The
 Bodleian Libraries, The University of
 Oxford, MS Abinger c. 56, fol.61v

you accuse me of murder and yet ~~that~~
you would wish, a satisfied conscience
to destroy ^{them even} the creature - or praise the eter-
nal justice of man! - yet I ask you
not to spare me, listen and then if
you ^{can absolve me} will, destroy the work of your hands."

"Why would I?" do you ever call to my
remembrance ~~these~~ circumstances which
I shudder to reflect ^{but have seen the} ~~ever~~ ~~the~~ ~~occurred~~
bursed be the night & hour in which you
lay in which you first saw light, cursed
be the hour I was myself, be the hands
that formed you - you have made
me wretched ^{you have left me no power to consider} ~~without~~ ~~exception~~ ~~to~~ ~~you~~;
relieve me ^{whether I am just to you or no.} ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~
my eyes ^{which I have torn from me with violence} ~~from~~ ~~me~~ ~~with~~ ~~violence~~ ~~from~~ ~~me~~ ~~with~~ ~~violence~~
be withheld from the sight of one whom
you abhor - still you can listen to me
and grant me your compassion - By the
the virtues I once adored - demand this
of you - ~~to~~ ~~hear~~ ~~my~~ ~~tale~~ - It is
long and strange ~~but~~ and the temperature
of this place is not fitting ^{to} ~~to~~ ~~your~~
fine sensations; come to ^{the} ~~mountain~~ ~~mountain~~
~~rest~~ - The sun is yet high in the

Miserable
origin
of Milton

thus I believe
he applied

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797 - 1851),
Frankenstein: It was on a dreary night in
November 1816-1817, Pen on paper, The
Bodleian Libraries, The University of
Oxford, MS Abinger c. 56, fol.61v

Published July 1st 1800. by R. Phillips, N^o 71, S^t Paul's Church Yard.



Burney del^d

Dadley sculp^d

*Greece & Rome present their respective
Heroes to Plutarch who pours
their Lives and Characters.*

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OF THE
LIVES OF PLUTARCH

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Title page and frontispiece by John Dadley (1767–1817) after Edward Francis Burney (1760–1848), etching and engraving with stipple, in *A Selection of the Lives of Plutarch*, London: R. Phillips, [1800]. The Morgan Library & Museum, purchased in 1986, PML 78526



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF Man's first disobedience and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us and regain the blissful seat, 5
 Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
 Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill 10
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
 Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar

A 2

Above

First page of text, John Milton (1608–1674), *Paradise Lost: A Poem, in Twelve Books*, edited by John Hawkey, Dublin: Printed by S. Powell, for the editor, 1747. Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, Princeton University Library.

May. W. G.
from Percy B. Shelley
June 6. 1815.

Henry B. Gritten
20 Feb. 1871
from the Meredith collection

Manuscript inscription of Percy Bysshe Shelley in a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, Princeton University Library.

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 dwelling, an ~~unusual~~ ~~and~~ ~~unpleasant~~ feeling bade me hold - yet Elizabeth*

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797 - 1851)
Frankenstein; or, The modern Prometheus
 London : Printed for Lackington, Hughes, Harding, Mavor, & Jones, Finsbury Square, 1818
 The Morgan Library & Museum, purchased by Pierpont Morgan in 1910, PML 16799.

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

THE MODERN PROMETHEUS. 117

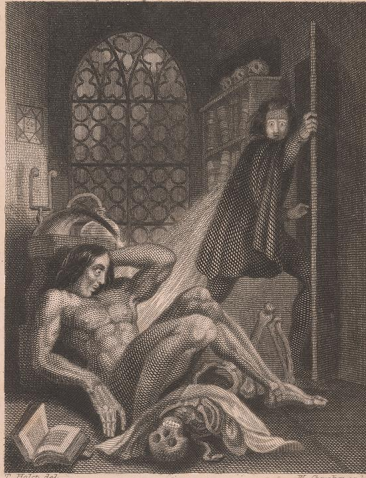
the lake reflected the scene of the busy
heavens, rendered still busier by the ^{balcony that} restless waves that were beginning to
rise. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain
descended.

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 re-
lax 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," re-
sponded, and passed on, and I again
half ashamed - & for the first time deading left
my umbrella night should meet her sense, and
shadow of the friend, should crop her, & hastily
walked on, and passing my arm round her

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FRANKENSTEIN.

*"By the glimmer of the half-extinguished
light, I saw the dull, yellow eyes of the
creature open; it stretched itself, and a
convulsive motion agitated its limbs."
... I rushed out of the room!*

Page 43

London, Published by H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1831.

FRANKENSTEIN,

BY

MARY W. SHELLEY.



*The day of my departure at
length arrived!*

Page 51

LONDON:
COLBURN AND BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
1831.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797 - 1851), *Frankenstein*, London, Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1831. The Morgan Library & Museum, PML 58778



Edward Ellerker Williams (1793–1822), *Portrait of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1822, watercolor over black chalk and graphite on wove paper. The Morgan Library & Museum, gift of Mrs. W. Murray Crane, 1949, 1949.3



Percy Bysshe Shelley, skull fragments, 1822. The Carl H. Pforzheimer Collection of Shelley and His Circle, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations



Richard Rothwell (1800–1868), *portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, painted 1831, exhibited 1840, oil on canvas. © National Portrait Gallery, London