

deeply thankful after the troublous times of agitation, disturbance, and attack to which they have been subjected for several years—that is assuming that the Bill passes into law, and that the clauses providing for the future regulations for private asylums remain in their present form. Other clauses in the Bill advantageous to medical men, but clauses by which those who sign certificates in lunacy in good faith are protected from legal action will prove very beneficial, and will restore the confidence lost by the numerous actions brought in recent times against members of the medical profession in consequence of signing these certificates.

As we have pointed out in the first "Occasional," Lord Monkswell succeeded in introducing an amendment, good as far as it goes, in regard to the pensions of superintendents.

PART II.—REVIEWS.

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D. 2 vols. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. London, 1886.

Surely, if there ever were a subject for psychological study, it is to be found in the mental organization of Shelley. Standing in the first rank of poets, even if inferior, as Matthew Arnold says, to Wordsworth, he is a great deal more than a poet in the estimation of large numbers; and in this character he attracts the interest and excites the admiration of many who have but little taste for poetry, and do not really admire Shelley because he was a poet. The fact is, Shelley's mental constitution finds a response in organizations similarly constituted, *quoad* his peculiar temperament, but destitute of his poetic gift. It is, we must admit, a misfortune that a nature like his magnetizes many whose dispositions do not require to be fed with the food which Shelley's restless nature supplies, but require, on the contrary, precisely opposite aliment.

Some, we suppose, will experience a sort of repugnance to subjecting so transcendent a genius to the cold analysis of psychological science. But what if it be found that such a study throws great light upon Shelley's career?

The grandfather of the poet, Sir Bysshe Shelley, was a handsome gentleman, clear-witted and wilful. When of

age he married Miss Michell, the only child of a clergyman. Her guardian not consenting to the marriage, a runaway match took place, and the wedding was celebrated by the parson of the Fleet. Nine years after her death, Bysse Shelley eloped with Elizabeth Jane Sidney. He was a wealthy and avaricious man, but was indifferent to his personal appearance and to his style of living. He was a victim to gout. Although he passed some of his time in the taproom of the Swan Inn, at Horsham, it was not for the drink, but for the purpose of arguing in politics and mixing with the frequenters of the hostelry. He wore a round frock. His townfolk thought him melancholy. "He invited no friendships and lived apart from persons of his own station, fearing not God nor regarding man, but enlarging his rent-roll, and adding to his thousands in the funds—so fine a gentleman, yet buried alive under his settlements and his indentures" (p. 4). Shelley himself writes of his grandfather that he "acted very ill to three wives." One biographer, Captain Medwin, writes: "Two of his daughters by the second marriage led so miserable a life under his roof that they eloped from him—a consummation he devoutly wished, as he thereby found an excuse for giving them no dowries; and though they were married to two highly respectable men, and one had a numerous family, he made no mention of either of them in his will." Then, again, he was unfortunately on ill-terms with his son by his first wife (Miss Michell), Timothy, the father of Shelley. This Timothy was tall, very fair, and had the blue Shelley eyes. Although his heart was better than his father's, his head was not so clear.

"He had a wrong-headed way of meaning well and doing ill; he had a semi-illiterate regard for letters, a mundane respect for religion; his views on morals were of the most gentlemanly kind, but not exactly touched with enthusiasm; he dealt in public affairs without possessing public spirit, and gave his party an unwavering vote when a member of the House of Commons; in private life he was kindly, irritable, and despotic; in manners, an aspirant of Chesterfield, yet one who could on occasions bustle and fret and scold; when least venerable he insisted most on his paternal prerogative; he was profoundly diplomatic in matters of little consequence. Mingling with his self-importance there was a certain sensibility, genuine though not deep, and tears of tenderness or vexation came readily to his eyes; a kindly, pompous, capricious, well-meaning, ill-doing, wrong-headed man" (p. 5). So writes Dr. Dowden, and we assume with good reason.

Mr. Timothy Shelley's wife, Elizabeth Pilfold, was beautiful. Although a woman of strong good sense, "Her temper was violent and domineering. . . . She had a special grievance against the boy (Shelley) because he was little of what every country gentleman ought to be—a follower of field sports." We give this on the same authority.

The poet was the first child of his parents, and was born on the day on which it was decreed by the National Assembly that all religious houses in France should be sold for the nation's benefit (August 4, 1792). His self-consciousness as a child is revealed in the following passage, to which he refers in his earliest recollections: "Let us recollect our sensations as children. What a distinct and intense apprehension had we of the world and of ourselves! . . . We less habitually distinguished all that we saw and felt, from ourselves. They seemed, as it were to constitute one mass." This confounding of the subjective and objective world points to a constitutional tendency the reverse of healthy, and liable to pass into a distinctly morbid phase of mental life, if allowed to develop unchecked by wholesome training and education. It was fortunate for Shelley that he had sisters to play with, and it would have been still more so had he had brothers. He showed abundant imagination and love of mystification, and entered heartily into childish pranks and jests, although some of his biographers say that he never laughed.

Shelley began to learn his Latin grammar from a Welsh parson in his own parish, Warnham, Sussex. At ten he went to Sion House Academy, Isleworth. Here he was sadly teased by the boys because he preferred solitude to entering into their games. It is stated that he "was highly sensitive to pain, easily excited, and subject to paroxysms of passion when thwarted or provoked" (p. 15). Although he was really amiable and generous, "he passed among his schoolfellows as a strange and unsocial being." There seems to have been a curious inconsistency of character in the schoolboy, who is described as gazing at the passing clouds during school hours, and indulging in such waking-dreams as were followed by "much nervous excitement, during which his eyes flashed, his lips quivered, his voice was tremulous with emotion, and a sort of ecstasy came over him;" we say there seems a kind of contradiction between this character and the schoolboy who would "blow up the boundary paling with gunpowder, or his desk-lid in

mid school-hours, to the amazement of masters and boys" (p. 16). Then, again, his neurotic constitution is indicated by the following :—

"His sleep was afflicted by frightful dreams." [He was a somnambulist.] "One summer night he came gliding by moonlight into Medwin's dormitory, open-eyed, but wrapt in slumber. He advanced to the window, which was open; his cousin sprang out of bed, seized his arm, and waked him. 'He was excessively agitated, and after leading him back with some difficulty to his couch, I (Medwin) sat by him for some time, a witness to the severe erethism of his nerves which the sudden shock produced'" (p. 17).

The supernatural had powerful attractions for the youth. "He had faith in apparitions and the evocation of the dead" (*l.c.*). Shelley formed a romantic attachment with a boy about his own age. His friend's tones of voice were so soft (Shelley's voice was painfully shrill) that every word pierced into his heart; and in listening to him, says Shelley —

"The tears have involuntarily gushed from my eyes. I remember in my simplicity writing to my mother a long account of his admirable qualities and my own devoted attachment. I suppose she thought me out of my wits, for she returned me no answer to my letter" (p. 19).

Unfortunately, during play-hours, when he ought to have been engaged in games, he was occupied in morbidly sentimental talk with this youth, whose name has not come down to us, though it may have been a fellow-countyman, Rennie, who was regarded, like Shelley, as "a peculiar character."

From Sion House Shelley went to Eton.

"An ordinary mortal," says Dr. Dowden, "would have learnt what is called experience; he would have parted with some of his singularity, practised the art of making concessions, held his better self in reserve, and kept his secret; or he would have learnt that there is a time for all things. . . . Shelley was inaccessible to such lessons of experience; he remained what he was, or advanced upon lines of his own. . . . He stood convicted as a rebel against authority, while to boys of his own standing, except a few chosen friends, his refusing to join in the common sports, his shyness, his singularity, his careless attire, his interesting strange studies, his gentleness, united with an unusual excitability of temper, pointed him out as a proper victim on whom to wreak all the exuberance of their animal spirits. Singly they dare not attack 'Mad Shelley.' Once, in a paroxysm of rage, he seized the nearest weapon, a fork, and stuck it into the hand of his tormentor."

It is related by an eye-witness that "an access of passion made his eyes flash like a tiger's, his cheeks grow pale as death, and his limbs quiver." For such a boy as Shelley, the heartless baiting which was thus carried on by his fellow-Etonians must have operated most injuriously. Reference should here be made to an incident which occurred during Shelley's holidays, immediately bearing, as it does, upon the psychological inquiry in which we are engaged. It appears that he was attacked with a fever which affected his brain, and that his father had entertained the idea of sending him to a private mad-house. When Shelley heard this intention from one of the servants, he communicated with Dr. Lind, of Windsor, who had shown him kindness at Eton. The doctor advised Sir Timothy not to adopt this extreme measure. The strange instability of his character and his perusal of books, like Godwin's "Political Justice," now led Shelley to preach a revolutionary gospel to his school-fellows. The natural consequence followed. He was twice expelled from Eton, but was, through the intercession of his father, reinstated.

In some of his poems Shelley has depicted the romantic speculations with which his brain was filled. He remembered the hour in which his spirit woke as from a sleep, and he wept he knew not why, and clasping his hands he vowed to be free and just. Thenceforward did he "heap knowledge from forbidden mines of ore." In his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" he tells us how, while yet a boy, he sought for ghosts amidst caves and ruins and starlight woods, hoping to converse with the departed dead. Then it was that the shadow of Intellectual Beauty fell upon him, and he shrieked and clasped his hands in ecstasy, vowing that he would henceforth dedicate his powers to her.

This precocious mental condition, continually fostered by the youthful Shelley on account of the exquisite pleasure which it no doubt afforded him, was to some extent relieved on his removal to Oxford, where his bodily health appears to have been good and his spirits buoyant. During the Christmas holidays, 1809-10, accompanied by his cousin Medwin, he walked with a gun upon his shoulder in the Sussex woods in search of something more substantial than the ghosts of the departed he had previously chased. Still, with an intense craving for authorship, he was far too much given to lead a subjective life. His biographer very clearly recognizes this danger —

“Being urged as a boy by his own fervid thoughts and fancies to give them utterance in prose or verse, he must forthwith put them in a book and present that book to the world. He lived intensely in his own imaginings, wise or idle, beautiful or feebly extravagant, and was insensible to those checks of common sense which come from a power of passing in and out of our own imaginings, and seeing many things, even imperfectly, at a single view. He did not consider how crude in feeling and conception, how chaotic through lack of motive and design, how feeble in expression his work might be. . . . It was his misfortune as a boy to fall under the influence of detestable literary models, and to these he abandoned himself with single-hearted zeal. With what is robust and realistic in eighteenth century fiction, Shelley was out of sympathy” (p. 42).

Our space will not allow us to describe the various attempts at authorship made by Shelley, but it should be recorded that while yet a schoolboy he was the author of a romance for which a publisher, so it is said, gave the sum of £40.

His affections were, while at Oxford, centred for a time upon Harriet Grove, his cousin, when both were about 18, but the attachment ended in disappointment.

It was at Oxford that Shelley became acquainted with Hogg, with whom his friendship was of the warmest description, although their mental characteristics differed exceedingly. Hogg has left on record that Shelley's aspect was even then remarkably youthful. He was thoughtful and absent, ate little, and had no acquaintance.

“His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much that he seemed of a low stature . . . then his gestures were abrupt and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate and almost feminine, of the purest red and white. . . . His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were in fact unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for the hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies of anxious thoughts, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hand or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. His features were not symmetrical—the mouth perhaps excepted—yet was the effect extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual, for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially that air of profound religious veneration that characterizes the best works

and chiefly the frescoes of the great masters of Florence and of Rome. But there was one physical blemish that threatened to neutralize all his excellence—his voice, which was excruciating. It was intolerably shrill and harsh, and discordant, of the most cruel intension; it was perpetual and without any remission; it excoriated the ears" (p. 62).

In the foregoing description the reader will have observed three striking facts, first the asymmetry of Shelley's face, secondly the unusually small head, and thirdly the discordant, unmusical voice. This want of unison in the physical features of the poet indicated but too truly the strange contradiction between certain mental characteristics and others.

We next have our attention drawn by Hogg to another very remarkable peculiarity —

In the evening Shelley would be "overcome by extreme drowsiness, which speedily and completely vanquished him; he would sleep from two to four hours, often so soundly that his slumbers resembled a deep lethargy; he lay occasionally upon the sofa, but more commonly stretched upon the rug before a large fire like a cat, and his little round head was exposed to such a fierce heat that I used to wonder how he was able to bear it. . . . His torpor was generally profound, but he would sometimes discourse incoherently for a long while in his sleep.

"When this lethargy ended, Shelley would suddenly start up, and rubbing his eyes with great violence, and passing his fingers swiftly through his long hair, would enter at once into a vehement argument, or begin to recite verses, either of his own composition or from the works of others, with a rapidity and an energy which were often quite painful." It should be added that after supper "his mind was clear and penetrating, and his discourse eminently brilliant" (Hogg, quoted by Dowden, p. 67).

He was inconceivably careless with pistols, with which he amused himself in firing at some mark on a tree, so much so that his friend Hogg found it necessary to secretly abstract Shelley's powder flask. The trick was discovered by Shelley, who was much offended.

There was much to admire in Shelley's character at Oxford; he was gentle, and detested cruelty to animals. It is said, indeed, by Thornton Hunt, that he had seriously injured his health by "tampering with venal pleasures," but this was followed by a reaction marked by horror (p. 77). Again, he was generous in charity, and if he had no money of his own would borrow from others. It is recorded also that he did not lose his affections for his relations, and

received a letter from his mother or sisters with manifest joy (p. 78).

Shelley tested the doctrine of man's pre-existence in a way which exposed him inevitably to the suspicion of being altogether beside himself. Thus one day he and Hogg met a woman with her baby in the middle of Magdalen Bridge. The youthful Platonist seized the child, which the mother held all the faster in her arms, in no little fear lest it should be thrown over the bridge. Then with his alarmingly shrill voice he asked "Will your baby tell us anything about pre-existence, Madam?" To this question, when repeated, the astonished parent, having more mother-wit than the academic questioner, replied, "He cannot speak, sir." Shaking his long hair about his face, the disappointed undergraduate exclaimed "Worse and worse, but surely the babe can speak if he will, for he is only a few weeks old. He may fancy, perhaps, that he cannot, but it is only a silly whim. He cannot have forgotten entirely the use of speech in so short a time; the thing is absolutely impossible" (p. 82). As the couple walked on, Shelley, sighing deeply, exclaimed "How provokingly close are those new-born babes! But it is not less certain, notwithstanding the cunning attempts to conceal the truth, that all knowledge is reminiscence. The doctrine is far more ancient than the times of Plato, and as old as the venerable allegory that the Muses are the daughters of Memory; not one of the nine was ever said to be the child of Invention." To this doctrine, translated into the modern teaching of organic memory, Dr. Wilks has already referred in the pages of this Journal, and it does not fall within the scope of the present article to enter upon its consideration. All that we are concerned with is the extraordinary and eccentric proceeding of Shelley, which, while it certainly made him a companion whom we should have preferred to the common run of Oxford undergraduates, at that period, can hardly be brought within the ordinary range of sane acts.

We have spoken of the odd contradiction which Shelley's character and actions presented. Here is another instance. He appears to have been an in-born gentleman.

"Yet with his grace of bearing there was strangely united," says his biographer, "a certain awkwardness," and he quotes the following from Hogg: "He would stumble in stepping across the floor of a drawing-room, he would trip himself up on a smooth-shaven grass plot, and he would stumble in the most inconceivable manner in ascend-

ing the commodious, facile, and well-carpeted staircase of an elegant mansion, so as to bruise his nose, or his lip, on the upper steps, or to tread upon his hands, and even occasionally to disturb the composure of a well-bred footman" (p. 83).

And as if this contradiction were not enough, another presents itself, for in contrast with this *gaucherie*—

"He would often glide without collision through a crowded assembly thread with unerring dexterity a most intricate path, or securely and rapidly tread the most arduous and uncertain ways" (*l.c.*).

His appearance was singular, not only from his dress and bare throat, but from his uncut locks "streaming like a meteor," and Hogg says that "the air of his little round hat upon his little round head was troubled and peculiar" (p. 84).

There is a curious reference in one of Shelley's prose fragments to what he speaks of as a remarkable event which occurred to him when at Oxford. He was walking in the neighbourhood, engaged in earnest conversation, when having suddenly turned the corner of a lane, a commonplace scene presented itself, but yet an unexpected effect was produced on him. He suddenly remembered having seen the exact scene in some dream; and here the narration abruptly ends, the reason assigned being "Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome by thrilling horror." In reference to this, Mary Shelley afterwards wrote: "I remember well his coming to me from writing it, pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the fearful emotions it excited." This incident would alone mark the excessive susceptibility of his organization. As is well known, it is in the neurotic, and often those actually epileptic, that the weird feeling of having been in precisely the same mood and place at a previous time of life, more especially arises. We have no doubt that Shelley often experienced it, and that it originated the doctrine which for him possessed so intense a fascination, that, namely, of pre-existence, and of all knowledge being merely reminiscence. The genesis of a dogma is here seen.

A review of one of Shelley's works in which the author was reproved as a corrupter of youth and immoral, or some other circumstance, opened his father's eyes to Shelley's tendencies, and the consequence was a letter to his son, who thus expressed himself with the exaggeration of morbid youthful egoism: "My father wrote to me, and I am now surrounded, environed by dangers, to which compared the

devils who besieged Saint Anthony were all inefficient, They attack me for my detestable principles. I am reckoned an outcast; yet I defy them, and laugh at their ineffectual efforts. . . . My father wished to withdraw me from College; I would not consent to it. There lowers a terrific tempest; but I stand, as it were on a pharos, and smile exultingly at the vain beating of the billows below." So wrote Shelley to his friend Hogg in regard to his elders—he a youth of eighteen! His cousin, Harriet Grove, was, like his father, alarmed by his views, and he now regarded her as leagued with others against him. The result of "the twofold misery of domestic strife and disappointed love" was "to throw his whole nature into a state of nervous agitation." He wanders alone in the snow, and is "cold, wet, and mad" (p. 99). He himself is conscious of his "delirious egotism." For nearly a whole night he paces a churchyard. Writing to Hogg, he queries whether suicide is wrong, and relates how he slept with a loaded pistol and some poison, but did not die. When Harriet, failing to recognize Shelley's fitness for married life, was lost to Shelley, he writes excitedly, and now vents his rage upon "the wretch Intolerance." He writes to Hogg: "Here I swear, and as I break my oath, may Infinity, Eternity, blast me—here I swear, never will I forgive Intolerance!" And so he raves on. His sister Elizabeth thought it necessary to watch her suicidal brother narrowly, and he subsequently confessed that had it not been for her and the sense of what he owed to Hogg, he would have ended his days with his own hands.

Then comes the expulsion of Shelley, in consequence of his pamphlet in praise of Atheism, which affected him very greatly. "I have been with Shelley," writes Hogg, "in many trying situations of his after-life, but I never saw him so deeply shocked and cruelly agitated as on this occasion. . . . He sat on the sofa, repeating with convulsive vehemence the words, 'Expelled! expelled!' his head shaking with emotion and his whole frame quivering." Hogg's expulsion, which followed, was intentionally precipitated by a generous desire to throw in his lot with Shelley. Mr. Ridley, a Junior Fellow, writes: "I believe no one regretted their departure, for there were but few, if any, who were not afraid of Shelley's strange and fantastic pranks." It appears from the same contemporary that "they had made themselves as conspicuous as possible by great singularity of dress, and by walking up and down the

centre of the quadrangle as if proud of their anticipated fate."

About this period, Shelley, in writing to a Mr. Merle, says that he has been recently much troubled with dyspeptic symptoms, and tormented with visions. Hogg, in reviewing in after years, Shelley's escapade, does not speak of Shelley as having suffered as a true martyr to his conscientious convictions. Youthful bravado had much to do with the incident. It was thought by Shelley to be consistent with his convictions to take the Sacrament at church and write of this as a capital joke.

Mr. Sharpe gives an account of Shelley at Oxford, under date March 15, 1811, in which he says that the author of certain poems (Mr. Shelley) is a great genius, and if he be not clapped up in Bedlam or hanged will certainly prove one of the sweetest swans on the tuneful margin of the Cherwell (p. 125). It may be remarked, in passing, that there would have been nothing inconsistent in Shelley graduating at the Royal Hospital of Bethlem, and being a sweet singer also, had its management and condition been then what they are at the present day, when some of the inmates are poets, and a literary magazine has from time to time been conducted within its walls by the patients themselves.

The biographer, Dr. Dowden, regrets, with his usual judgment, that Shelley was thrown upon the world when under nineteen, "as he might have obtained to juster views of the world and human society." A further storing of his mind and a more prolonged check upon his will "might have saved others and himself from much future suffering."

Medwin has recorded Shelley's arrival at his door in the Temple at four o'clock in the morning the second day after his expulsion. "I think I hear his cracked voice, with his well-known pipe, 'Medwin, let me in; I am expelled!' Here followed a sort of loud, half-hysterical laugh, and the repetition of the words, 'I am expelled,' with the addition of, 'for atheism!'" Lodgings had to be obtained after breakfast, about which Shelley was more capricious and hard to please than a young beauty. When, however, rooms were found to his taste, he must stay there *for ever*—an expression which afterwards became a joke, as no matter how erratic were his movements they were always to conduct him to some resting-place "for ever" (p. 127). Mr. Timothy Shelley, a kindly, and sorely puzzled, father, endeavoured to separate the two friends Shelley and Hogg, who now resided

together, and desired to place his son under a tutor, but failed in his endeavour. Shelley altogether refused his assent, and wrote of his father—who is “old kill-joy,” and an “old buck”—in a way that does not raise him in one’s estimation. “A poetical epistle to Graham referring to his father in odious terms is in existence,” says Dr. Dowden; a circumstance scarcely comporting with the “modesty, delicacy, generosity, and refinement of soul” which, according to his admiring companion Hogg, characterized Shelley, but if we may judge from Hogg’s subsequent conduct, he would attach somewhat different ideas to these adjectives from what most people do. Shelley took a fancy at one time for medical studies, but beyond attending some of his Abernethy’s lectures, he does not appear to have made any progress in medicine. His father destined him for Parliament, but his unsettled and unpractical views rendered this impossible. About this time Shelley apostrophized the Prince Regent in relation to a magnificent ball at Carlton House in an ode, which, when printed, the poet flung into the carriages of persons calling on the Prince after the ball. Shelley was now alone; he was in want of funds and his sisters supplied him with their own pocket money.

Shelley is, however, at home again before long, through the kindly intervention of his uncle, Captain Pilfold. He was to receive £200 a year, without any conditions, in the first instance, as to his place of abode or his friends—not an illiberal allowance for his father to make.

For a time Shelley was at Cwm Elan, in Radnorshire, the residence of his cousin, Mr. Grove, from which place he wrote many letters, full of enthusiasm and visionary philosophy. Among these were epistles to his future wife, Harriet Westbrook, then a girl at school, and only 16 years of age. One of Shelley’s sisters was her schoolfellow. He had advised her to resist her father’s wishes and opinions, and undertook to lecture the father himself for the measures which he adopted, or which Shelley supposed he had adopted, in order to influence his daughter. Harriet, wishing to escape from the necessity of returning to school, and also desiring to be free from paternal control, was only too willing to escape, and to place herself under the protection of a youth like Shelley, who took coach for London, and speedily made his way to the damsel, with the natural result not only of chivalrous protection, but of mutual love and engagement. Of legal wedlock Shelley did not approve.

Hogg, it appears, wrote to him, urging that it was desirable to have a legal marriage, out of regard to Harriet, who would otherwise obviously suffer. They were married in Edinburgh, August 28, 1811, having eloped from London on the 25th. In his usual style, Shelley had written three weeks before, "Gratitude and admiration all demand that *I should love her for ever.*" Nor was this surprising, for we are told that she was young, beautiful, and of a sweet and pliable disposition. On these points all seem agreed.

Writing two months afterwards to Miss Hitchener, of whom he became a passionate admirer, he says: "Blame me if thou wilt, dearest friend, for *still* thou art dearest to me; yet pity this error if thou blamest me. If Harriet be not at sixteen all that you are at a more advanced age, assist me to mould a really noble soul into all that can make its nobleness useful and lovely" (p. 175). Mr. Timothy Shelley was naturally indignant when he heard of his son's precipitate flight and clandestine marriage. He stopped the supplies. Shelley had already been driven to borrow money of Hogg. It was not to be expected that the bride's father, Mr. Westbrook, should assist a youth who had encouraged his daughter's disobedience and eloped with her. Uncle Pilfold, ever indulgent, came, however, to the rescue.

Very shortly after settling in York, and during Shelley's absence in Sussex, his friend Hogg proved treacherous, or was believed by Shelley to have been so, and endeavoured to win Harriet's love. When Shelley returned to York, all his romantic attachment to his Oxford chum received a severe shock, for had he not said that he had sometimes gazed on his countenance till he had fancied that the world could be reformed by gazing too? Dr. Dowden, in passing from this revelation of Hogg's real character, and stating that Harriet Shelley rose in her husband's esteem, adds that "now he could no longer expend the wealth of his idealizing imagination on one friend, he poured all its extravagant treasures around the other, his heroine of a day-dream, Elizabeth Hitchener." Writing to her, he says: "I could have borne to die, to die eternally, with my once-loved friend (Hogg); . . . earth seemed to be enough for our intercourse; on earth its bounds appeared to be stated, as the event hath dreadfully proved. But with you—your friendship seems to have generated a passion to which fifty such fleeting, inadequate existences as these appear to be but the drop in the bucket, too trivial for account. With you, I cannot submit to

perish like the flower of the field" (p. 193). There is much more written to this lady in the same rapturous, high-flown strain which might be quoted, but this will suffice for our immediate purpose, that of showing the strange and exaggerated attachments which Shelley formed, and the sentimental effusions which flowed from his pen.

(To be Continued.)

Insanity Curable. Mental Disorders, and Nervous Affections of recent origin or long standing. Their causes are now successfully treated by a new especial method. By GEORGE MOSELEY, F.R.C.S., L.S.A., etc., etc. London: J. and A. Churchill, 1886.

One is almost weary of the painful uniformity of favourable reviews and in this Journal the tendency to commend rather than blame can hardly be denied. But there are limits to the forbearance and kindly consideration of the reviewers of even "The Journal of Mental Science," and we must confess it to be impossible to preserve in the present instance our almost uniformly favourable notice of books falling within our psychological domain. Mr. Moseley informs us in his preface that his object is to explain the rise and progress of insanity in the human body, and the certain methods of treatment that have for their object not only the alleviation, but the *absolute cure* of the malady. It was hardly necessary for the author to state what is so very obvious on every page, that the book is "designed for the perusal of non-medical persons." Mr. Moseley's opinion of the medical profession cannot be said to be very flattering when he asserts that "undoubtedly, its present feeling with regard to actual treatment in such cases (those of insanity) is that not much more can be done for the unfortunate sufferer than the securing of healthful surroundings and proper guardianship." Of those "responsible for the treatment of the insane," our author's estimate is still less flattering, for he declares that "the intimate relationship that is known to exist between the state of the brain and the mode in which the various bodily functions are performed, seems to be almost ignored by them."

Among the original discoveries of our author are: the curability of insanity, the greater probability of its being cured if treated early, and the fact that insanity is not a