mortem examination of this case warrants its being designated one of Syphilitic Insanity.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

1. Section of large vessel, from white matter in the neighbourhood of the softening of the left corpus striatum, showing gummatous deposit and thickened coats. × 275.
2. Section of right ascending parietal convolution at vertex, showing commencement of deposit. × 275.
3. Occluded small arteries in same position. × 275.
4. Longitudinal section of vessel from same position. × 275.
5. Section from Pons Varolii, showing dilated condition of Vascular canals.

The Hermit of Red-coat's Green. By Daniel Hack Tuke, M.D., M.R.C.P.

(*Read at the Annual General Meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association, August 6th,* 1874.

I wish to bring under the notice of the Association the case of a gentleman who some years ago became notorious through the graphic pen of Charles Dickens, and whose recent death has drawn fresh attention to his strange mode of life. Already nearly 10,000 copies of a biographical sketch of the hermit have been sold, and a brisk sale, I am informed, is still going on, while a large quantity of crockery, tea services, &c., representing his dwelling, have been sold. Being familiar with the residence of Lucas, the so-called Hermit of Red-Coat's Green, near Hitchin, and having visited him, I feel considerable interest in the question of his insanity (if indeed a medical psychologist could question it), and in the larger question whether, if insane, the character of the mental disorder in this and similar cases calls for any interference with the individual's liberty.

I shall in the first place give the prominent facts of his history, mainly obtained from private sources, and independently of the published accounts, which I find, on investigation, to contain mis-statements, and to omit many important particulars. I will then refer to the salient points for and against his insanity, and state my own conclusion, ending with a brief reference to the propriety of legal interference in such cases.

Mr. James Lucas, the fourth child of an opulent West India merchant, residing in London, and taking an active and able part in various public companies, was born in 1813. There were five other children, two of whom, a brother and

sister, survive. Their mother was a kindly, too indulgent woman.

It is stated in the newspaper, and on inquiry I find it to be correct, that an aunt (the father's sister) was as eccentric as Lucas, and exhibited a like contempt for the ordinary decencies of civilized life. A gentleman (not a relative) informs me that he knew one of her brothers who was also very eccentric, though not in an asylum. Of the members of the previous generation I know nothing, except that his paternal grandfather was successful in making money.

When a boy, Lucas himself was considered healthy in mind and body. He was at that time, it is important to observe, very indulgently treated by both his father and his mother. He was in short a spoilt child, getting his own way in almost everything. I may observe here that of the patients admitted into the York Retreat, it is a striking fact how many were unduly indulged when children.

At seven, he was sent to a school at Clapham.

Three years afterwards, that is at the age of ten, he suffered from ringworm, his head was shaved, and a very strong ointment (I use the expression of a relative) was rubbed in. Now I wish specially to arrest your attention at this epoch in his life, because it was from this time that, in the opinion of his mother, his character underwent a change. To use his mother's expression "he was never quite the same after the ringworm was repelled." Even if a difference of opinion should arise (and there is certainly room for it)* as to whether the assigned cause is an adequate one, the fact remains, that a certain alteration in his moral character, marked chiefly by waywardness, temper, and untruthfulness, took place when he was ten years of age. On the adequacy of the cause, I particularly wish for an expression of your opinion. He ran away from school, but was sent back; finally leaving it when he was fourteen years old. I believe he was afterwards at a school at Richmond. He was then sent, with a view to moral restraint and discipline, to a medical man, Mr. Hicks, of Whitwell, but his stay was extremely short. This gentleman, who is still living, and distinctly remembers the lad, tells me that he regarded him as the victim of ill-judged indulgence and injudicious treatment. The chief characteristics at that time were

* Mr. Erasmus Wilson informs me that no case ever came to his knowledge of a mental affection resulting from local applications to the scalp. I find from Dr. Russell Reynolds that he has had patients suffering from disorder of the emotions consequent on the use of hair-dyes.

"incorrigible perverseness and obstinacy, combined with a certain degree of cunning." He received no medical history of the case, but was informed that when driven out for an airing to some Common or Green in the neighbourhood of London, and taken from the carriage to walk, he would stand still and shut his eyes. One day when Mr. Hicks was from home, and had left him in charge of his assistant, he eluded the vigilance of the latter, and "walked off." Some of his relatives, to whom he went, declined to give him up, and Mr. Hicks did not hear of him again till Dickens unearthed him and made him famous.

His father subsequently placed him under a clergyman, but he never applied himself to study, and his character did not improve. Then he was at home, but his father was totally unable to manage him; he was self-willed, obstinate, and impatient of all restraint. When thwarted in any of his wishes he took offence, and would shut himself up in his bedroom, sulking there for days together; indeed, he seems to have spent a large portion of his time there. It is said, and I believe with truth, that "his meals were taken to him and left at his door, which he did not object to eat, but resolutely refused to return the plates. At length the plates and dishes became scarce in other parts of the household, as his bedroom contained nearly the whole supply in the way of crockery."

It would seem that as a youth and young man, he was about as eccentric as he ever was in his life. He would dress by fits in the most opposite manner, sometimes having scarcely anything on, and at others wearing clothes of the best material, and appearing quite as a fop. His father removed into the country on account of his strange proceedings, but the son got into low company, and, if possible, less controllable, so it was thought better to return to town. He would not, I may here add, allow the cinders to be removed from the grate of his room, and the family were in frequent fear lest the house should be set on fire. On one occasion when his parents were from home, and his sister was left in charge, she became greatly alarmed, and they were hastily summoned home. About this time an attendant was employed, but Lucas objected to this so much that he was discharged. His father died in 1830, when Lucas was seventeen years of age.

At length his conduct became unbearable, and when he was about twenty, medical certificates were obtained, one

being signed by the late Dr. Sutherland, and he was obliged to have an attendant constantly in the house. This supervision lasted for two years, a fact which at any rate shows how his state of mind was regarded at that time by those qualified to judge. In fact, it only ended in consequence of his mother's intense dislike to his being restrained.

The mother survived her husband nineteen years, and the family resided at Red-coat's Green, near Hitchin, in the house in which the Hermit lived and died. He was on friendly terms with his brother at this time, but not subsequently, as will be seen.

He hunted occasionally in company with a gentleman in the neighbourhood. When he did so he rode either with his shirt outside, or in a nankeen suit, bare footed, and wearing a small cap, or bare-headed, his long, uncut hair streaming in the wind, presenting altogether a very remarkable appearance, the more so as he rode on a high peaked saddle, a string passing round him being fastened to the peaks in front and behind, and a rope for his bridle and his stirrups. One day his companion observed, "People stare at us very much; either you or I must look very strange. I leave you to say which it is." At other times he would ride in a carriage with his hair done up in curl papers. About this time he paid his addresses to a young lady in the neighbourhood, and sent her a fitting present, a pair of doves in a cage. No one can deny its appropriateness, but she was unfeeling enough to return the present. He persecuted her sadly, by haunting the grounds at night, and prowling around the house. We now come to his mother's death, in 1849, a younger brother being left executor, not James the eldest surviving son, now aged 36. One fatal objection (had there been no other) to his acting in this capacity, was that he would not attach his name to any deed or paper bearing her Majesty's stamp, the reason assigned being that she was not the rightful heir to the throne. Nothing would induce him to use either a postage or receipt stamp, lest he should seem to admit the Queen's supremacy. With curious inconsistency, he had no scruple against making use of the coin bearing her image!

Well, what was his conduct on the occasion of his mother's death? He kept her body in the house from the 24th of October, 1849, to the January of 1850. Each day he would say she might be buried to-morrow. He spent the greater part of the time beside the corpse. At last his brother, as

executor, interfered, and insisted upon the body being interred. It is said, in the published accounts, that he was so passionately fond of his mother that he was heart-broken at her death. Of the depth of his attachment to his mother before she died there is some doubt on the part of his relatives. During her life-time he used to express himself as much attached to her, but she would often say that although he was loud in his protestations of affection, and would alarm her by intimating that the hour of *her* death should be that of *his* death also, he never showed it by doing a single thing she wished. But with all this, there may have been real sorrow when he lost his mother, and a neighbouring farmer assures me that his distress was genuine, that he often said to him that he would willingly have died for her, and that he would weep bitterly when he mentioned her name. It would seem to be from this feeling that he allowed everything in the house to remain in precisely the same state as when his mother died, her letters and money untouched, and the beds in the rooms made as they had been a quarter of a century ago.

The life of Lucas as a hermit now began, but, however great his distress, we cannot, with some of the published statements, attribute his strange mode of life at Red-coat's Green to this cause. We have already seen his manner of life for many years previously, and his brother is of opinion that the only reason why he appeared to be worse from this time was because all restraint was removed. His mother was gone, his brothers and sisters could not possibly stay in the house. He never, I believe, saw his sisters from this time; and the interference of his brother about the interment provoked him, and occasioned an estrangement. He would speak in the bitterest terms of him, and give as a reason for allowing a hay-stack to remain untouched during his life time, that his brother would come down upon him for it—a perfectly groundless apprehension. Still his brother went to see him several times between 1849 and 1874, and was not refused admission. Further it is important to observe that a few years after his mother's death he made a will in which he in nowise evinced animosity to his brother, and moreover did not display any eccentricity or insanity in the disposition of his property.

Now for a quarter of a century after his mother's death, 1849 to 1874, Mr. Lucas continued to live in the same house, one which as you approached it told a tale respecting the

occupant. Every window and even the doors were carefully barricaded, and the house was allowed to go to rack and ruin; so likewise was the garden—

> "The beds were all untouched by hand or tool;
> No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel;
> Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,
> For want of human travel."

In the beautiful park-like meadow which surrounded the house stood a blasted oak—fit emblem of the blighted life of its owner. Another tree which had fallen across the garden walk had only been cleared away sufficiently to allow of a passage along the path leading to the house.

When I paid the hermit a visit some years ago, I went up to the window of what had been the kitchen, the glass and casement of which had long disappeared, the strong upright iron bars alone remaining. Here the possessor of ample means, and a man of at least fair education, lived day and night. He appeared to emerge from a bed of ashes (he had not slept in a bed for many years), and I observed that when his room was entered after his death, the floor was found to be a couple of feet or more deep with the cinders which had accumulated. A farmer informs me he removed after his death fourteen cart loads from the house and around it. On my appearing at the window he came forward, and entered (though with apparent reluctance) into conversation, his countenance being marked by an expression of suspicion. His aspect was quite in keeping with his abode. Unwashed for many years, his skin was not in a desirable condition, the white of his eyes contrasting strangely with the rest of his person. Clothes he had none; only a dirty blanket loosely thrown over him. For long his hair had been a stranger to the scissors or razor, and its profusion might have been magnificent, but that it was matted with dirt. The photograph of a sketch which was made of him as he sometimes appeared at the window, will convey a clearer idea of his appearance than any description I can give. He was about five feet six inches in height, rather muscular, his hair and eyes dark, the latter prominent, and his complexion pale. His forehead appeared to be well developed. In the room were a fire, an old table, and numerous bottles. There was also a chair, and I understand that a basket was suspended from the ceiling in which he kept his food to protect it from the rats which abounded in his establishment. You will remember

that Dickens says he saw one run across his face as he lay asleep.

He spoke to me in a low, rather plaintive tone of voice, and gave me the impression that he was labouring under a certain amount of fear or apprehension. Part of his conversation, which otherwise was perfectly rational, conveyed the same impression. He intimated that his relations were against him, and I understood him to give this as a reason why his house was barricaded. So far as I could make out through his prison-like bars he was labouring under a partial insanity—a monomania of suspicion or persecution. I should, however, state that his brother informs me that whatever might have been his reason for barricading his house subsequently, some of the panes of glass were actually broken by stones at the time of the Papal Aggression in 1850, in consequence of his showing a leaning to Roman Catholicism, and that it was then that bars of wood were nailed across the windows.

Several of his visitors agree in the statement that he assured them his relatives, especially his brother, were plotting against him, and they think his feeling was real. I may here mention that he never wrote a letter to any member of the family, nor, indeed, to anyone else. The only writing I know of was executed when he wrote a cheque. He had a cheque book, and used it for the payment of some of his bills. From time to time, when he required money for his own use, his bankers would receive a verbal message, and a clerk would go over to his house and transact business with him. The cheque was always very correctly written, and the counterfoil duly filled in. I have seen his last cheque, dated Ap. 14, 1874, the signature, unlike previous ones, being rather shaky. In consequence of his refusal to sign his name to any paper bearing a stamp, the receipt stamp had to be added afterwards. From the same cause the dividend warrants which came to him were not cashed, and remained in his house, forming a large accumulation of very dirty papers. Some three or four years ago he was induced to sign a form authorising his bankers to receive the dividends for him, and in this way he surmounted his scruple to recognise the Queen.

Some years ago landed property of his was required for public purposes at Liverpool, but he would be no party to its sale on account of its involving a stamp. The compulsory clauses of the Liverpool Improvement Act were, therefore,

put in force, the land was sold, and the proceeds placed in the Bank of England. There the money lay idle to the day of his death, since drawing it out would have required a stamped receipt. In connection with this, a curious proof of his desire to have it and of his shrewdness has come to my knowledge. My informant had a relative in the law who was solicitor to the Suitors' Fund, and Lucas by some means had found out that he was thereby connected with the Court of Chancery. Being in conversation with him, one day, he suggested that this solicitor should file a petition in Chancery and obtain for him what he would not apply for himself. His visitor replied that of course if this were done the Court would institute an inquiry into the condition of the party to whom the money belonged. "What!" asked Lucas, alarmed, "do you mean *de lunatico?*" The affirmative reply was a complete poser, and the scheme at once collapsed.

Lucas was not by any means a miser. He was visited by swarms of tramps, to whom he gave a great deal away in coppers, as well as gin, giving always more to a Roman Catholic than a Protestant. It is said that on last Good Friday he doled out sweetmeats, coppers, and gin and water (which he always kept in large quantities by him) to two hundred children. For some years he gave a poor old woman in the neighbourhood four shillings a week.

Lucas's own diet was very simple, though he did not starve himself. He ate bread and cheese and red herrings, and drank both milk and gin. He had not, however, taken milk for some time, as he suspected—and this, of course, is an important feature of his case—that poison had been put into it. At one time he charged a farmer, who supplied him with eggs, with having put poison into them—and when the latter remarked that this would be rather a difficult thing to do, he said he must have given *the old hen* some poison! He was not in the *habit* of taking too much gin, but was occasionally drunk, and there is reason to suppose he drank largely of gin the evening before his death, after feeling much depressed. His fear of poison frequently led him to change his baker, and he carefully selected a loaf. In his room was found nearly a cartload of hard unused loaves which it is supposed he suspected of containing poison, and durst not use. (They were afterwards soaked in water and given by a farmer to his chickens!)

Mr. Lucas died of apoplexy at the age of 61, on the 19th April last. A gentleman who saw him a week before his

death informs me that he appeared in usual health, and in fact very lively and communicative. He behaved most politely, and did not betray any unfriendly spirit or delusion in regard to his friends. He spoke of nervousness, and of being highly nervous himself, and low spirited sometimes. My informant is subject to asthma, and he spoke very intelligently of its symptoms and various causes. He remembered distinctly the number of years (seven) which had elapsed since he had seen him, and the subject of the conversation, which the visitor had quite forgotten. To some, however, he complained of his memory failing him, and a gentleman noticed, not long since, that in using a Greek word—for he had not forgotten his Greek and Latin altogether—he could not remember the whole of it, and, contrary to his custom, would be at a loss for a word. The fact above mentioned of his being sometimes low spirited is confirmed by one who frequently visited him, and spent hours in his den. He tells me he would cry like a child and bemoan his desolate condition, always attributing it to the unkindness of his brother, which I know to be entirely false. At other times, if contradicted, he would fly into a passion, swear, and act so violently that his visitor was glad to get out of the house. He quarrelled with him because a medical man happened to call when he was there, and he suspected they had a design upon him.

Such was his history.

That there was no imbecility of mind may at once be granted; that his conversation was not only coherent, but sensible; that he was sufficiently shrewd and wide awake in the ordinary transactions of his limited life, and fully understood the value of money; that his memory was remarkably retentive;* that most of his visitors did not detect any sign of madness—are facts which cannot be disputed; and it may be a question whether any jury would have found him insane. Some years ago (1853) the attention of the Commissioners was directed to his case, and they were requested to take some action. They consequently summoned his brother and a neighbour to give evidence, but their conclusion was that there was not sufficient evidence of his insanity to

* One of his visitors, a travelled man, was surprised to find that Lucas had so much acquaintance with the various localities which turned up in conversation. His knowledge of Shakspeare and of the literature of the Restoration was very considerable. A medical man informs me that in conversing with him about the classics he displayed much intelligence.

allow of their interference. Again, it is stated in the papers that Mr. Forster "paid the Hermit a visit last year, and was struck with his being singularly acute, and without the least trace of aberration of intellect. In the course of conversation with this gentleman, he said, 'You may think it strange my living like this. So do I, sometimes, but it is not done without a reason.'"

Nor could Mr. Forster's friend, Dickens, recognize the signs of madness in his behaviour. I must think that in this instance the kindly nature of the novelist strangely forsook him. (The truth no doubt is that he mistook the nature of the case, and hurled his stinging sarcasm at what, had he not made the mistake, would have been fair game enough.) Mopes, as Dickens calls Lucas in "Tom Tiddler's Ground," was, in his view, a Hermit; the definition of this word being "an abominably dirty thing." The house was, according to him, "the homestead of a sluggard," and is characterized as "the shameful place." The occupant is "intolerably conceited"—"a slothful, unsavoury, nasty reversal of the laws of human nature, and for the sake of God's working world and its wholesomeness, both moral and physical, I would put the thing on the treadmill (if I had my way), wherever I found it." Addressing the Hermit, Mr. Dickens, in the character of a traveller, says, "What is a man in your obscene state of dilapidation but a nuisance?"

But it would occupy too much time to give more of the exasperating banter with which the traveller insults Tom Tiddler, alias Mr. Mopes, all no doubt very cleverly done, and richly deserved on the hypothesis of his sanity.

On the other hand there is the family history, pointing as it does to hereditary predisposition, only wanting some exciting cause to arouse it; the change of character at ten, associated with an alleged physical cause; the action, as a moral cause, of an injuriously indulgent bringing up; there is subsequent to the age of ten the constant waywardness and obstinate wilfulness, in a word wrong-headedness, combined with untruthfulness; the acts which occasioned frequent alarm to his family; the necessity at length of legal restraint; the freaks of dress and no dress; the extraordinary conduct pursued by him on and after the death of his mother; the persistent notion, if we may not say delusion, respecting the Queen, involving the loss of considerable property; the entire neglect of his dwelling and his person; the groundless suspicion and antipathy he felt towards his brother; the

delusion that poison was put into his food by those who supplied him; his fits of mental depression; and his violent passion on the slightest contradiction. These characteristics of his mental history, so familiar to us in many of their symptoms in asylum life, and so easily conceivable in others, if certain cases of insanity we have known had been allowed to develope themselves and flourish, unchecked by the wholesome restrictions of medical supervision—these characteristics I say, will I doubt not satisfy you that the condition of the Hermit of Red-Coat's Green did really pass beyond the limit of eccentricity; that his emotions were perverted by disease; but that while his case was primarily one of Moral Insanity—a madness of action rather than of language—a state of degraded feeling rather than intellectual incapacity—his suspicions at times took the form of a definite delusion, which our legal friends, in search of their favourite test, ought to admit to possess some weight; and here I would add that it should be carefully borne in mind that his isolation and seclusion, and neglect of his residence and dress, did not arise from the preoccupation of his thoughts in any absorbing pursuit. He was not even an alchemist. It arose from his diseased mental condition, and the solution of the problem of his life can only be found *by tracing back his history to the unfavourable circumstances of his childhood, acting upon a brain in all probability predisposed to mental disease.*

I conclude this sketch by briefly referring to the question which must present itself in such cases as this, namely, whether a man who thus acts and lives ought or ought not to be interfered with? I am, of course, well aware that this could not be done merely on the ground of the neglect of his property or his mode of life, seeing that our law, unlike the Code Napoléon, and that of ancient Rome, allows unthrifts and wasters of property to do as they like. But assuming that the proofs of his insanity were conclusive, would it or would it not have been desirable to place him under care? He was not dangerous to others, nor was he dangerous to himself, except in a very general sense, but might he not have been benefited, and been really more comfortable, if under medical treatment and control? And meeting, as I think his case did, the requirement of the law that "there must be something which affords demonstrative proof of the incapacity of the individual to be trusted with the management of himself and his own concerns," it certainly would have

saved a great deal of trouble and much loss of property had he been under the protection of the Lord Chancellor and the inspection of his Visitors. I submit that such control would have been better for the neighbourhood, better for his family, and better for the Hermit of Red-Coat's Green himself.

Some Observations on Different Forms of Stupor, and on its occurrence after Acute Mania in Females. By H. HAYES NEWINGTON, Senior-Assistant Physician to the Royal Edinburgh Asylum.

With the exception of the condition of a person labouring under acute mania, no phase of insanity so thoroughly arrests the attention of even an uneducated observer as that which has been styled stupor in late years. Painful as it is to see the vagaries and extravagances of the former, hardly less so is it to contemplate in the latter the great impairment of mental power, which may reach even to almost total obliteration. But while on the one hand acute mania has been elaborately described from every point of view—indeed, the very nature of its symptoms force a recognition, and demand prompt treatment—yet stupor has received but little attention, considering what an important element it may become in a case. In fact, it is only comparatively recently that it has been looked upon as anything more than mere "depression." For more than a casual mention of it, we must chiefly refer to French psychological literature, to the writings of such men as Baillarger, Esquirol, Brierre de Boismont, Dagonet, etc. But these authorities differ much in their opinions, even as to the fundamental nature or natures of the sets of mental phenomena which are included under this comprehensive term.

Not many years ago the condition in all its phases appears to have been regarded as possessing only one mode of origin, however much its manifestations may have varied in different cases. Our forefathers would seem to have looked upon it as a semi-physiological complication so to speak, which might naturally be expected to ensue after a morbid over-exercise of the functions of the sensorium commune. This view not being found satisfactory or exact enough as the study of morbid psychology became more scientific, much contention arose, firstly as to whether the condition had a single origin (that