

## AGATHON.

Away with me to Athens, Agathon!  
Again we pause in idle mood to see  
Great Phœdrius' pupils shape the marble fair,  
Where perfect forms by Art from chaos won,  
And garments broad and free  
Stand cool and clearly limned in violet air,—  
Statues and workmen in such beauty clad,  
We cannot pause to judge but are divinely glad.

Bright Agathon, once more I challenge thee:  
The shade has reached the wrestlers, 'tis the time  
For merry play and contest. Hark! with sound  
Of laughter rippling, pausing dimly,  
What shouts of welcome chime!

Young Charmides methinks doth take the ground,  
Or naked Lysis fresh from eager game  
Draws down the straggling light o'er breast and limbs aflame.

There will we lie and listen, too, for know  
I leaped but now and the olive trees  
That strange old face you loved a while ago:  
Ay, it was Socrates!

Or else a satyr by some god's gift wise  
Leered through the dusky leaves to mock our dazzled eyes.

O that gay supper when he lay by me,  
And talked and talked, till I was wild with joy  
Of thinking bright new thoughts, nor cared to see  
The dancing girl from Corinth nor the boy  
Who bore the wine jar to us,—and 'twas good  
To see thee lie and laugh at my unacted mood.

O Agathon, and how we burned that day,  
With Eschylus' great chorus in our ears,  
To see our queenly vessels far below  
Ride down and dash to foam the quiet bay,  
And thine eyes turned to mine were filled with tears,  
And thy fair face aglow.

For the old bard who fought at Marathon  
And that our streak were brave when Salamis was won!

My friend, canst thou call back our friendship's dawn  
What time I checked my horse on yon steep road,  
Where the slow pageant moved in order morn,  
And boys from lowland haunts  
Passed upward to the shrine with fragrant load,  
When loud all voices thy voice sang so sweet  
That as I heard my joy was almost pain,  
And many deemed I was flamm'd by some comet again!

Vain, vain—the hope is vain!  
Our skies are dull, and through the ragged trees  
A slow cold wind is blowing. Far away  
From driving clouds and rain  
A zephyr breeze the rich, fragrant stars,  
And o'er the dimpling waves light sea birds play:  
But no queen Athens in her beauty here  
Bathes warm with golden hue in the deep violet air.

The city of the pleasant gods is cold,  
No more the mellow sunlight streams  
On naked rocks that spring to marble note,  
Temples and legends old  
Are empty as a poet's vanished dreams,  
And though we hear the dawn was wondrous fair,  
Yet by no flash of art nor labour slow  
Can we bring back the light that faded long ago.

Bright Agathon, we cannot strive with time,  
The shadows steal around us, and from far  
Towers in our ears the moan of ocean gray.  
Weak hand nor feeble rhyme  
Can charm again that spirit like a star  
That rose awhile o'er Hellas. Stay, O stay,  
Sweet friend! I cannot bear the days to be.  
Ah! Heracles, give him back! Must he too fade from me!

## THE HERMIT OF RED-COAT'S GREEN.

We have abbreviated the following remarkable paper from the last number of THE POPULAR SUNDAY MONTHLY, and we commend it to our readers, as a curious illustration of certain phases of mental eccentricity.

## I.

James Lucas, the fourth child of an opulent London merchant, was born in 1813; there were five children in all, of whom a brother and sister survive. He had an aunt who, like himself, exhibited a contempt for the ordinary decencies of civilized life, and an uncle who was also eccentric, though not in an asylum. Nothing is known of the previous generation, except that the paternal grandfather was successful in making money. Lucas was considered a healthy boy in mind and body up to ten years, when he suffered from a ringworm, and had his head shaved, and an ointment, said by a relative to have been very strong, rubbed in. His mother claimed that at this time his character underwent a change. She said that "he was never quite the same" afterward. At seven, he was sent to school. He ran away, but was sent back and kept there until he was fourteen. With a view to moral restraint and discipline, he was next sent to Mr. Hicks, a physician of Whitwell. His stay was short; one day during Mr. Hicks's absence, he escaped and took refuge with a relative, who refused to give him up. Mr. Hicks, who is still living, remembers the lad, and tells me that he regarded him as the victim of ill-judged indulgence and injudicious treatment. He displayed "incorrigible perverseness and obstinacy, combined with a certain amount of cunning." Mr. Hicks learned nothing of his previous condition except that, when driven out for an airing, he would, if taken from the carriage, stand still and shut his eyes. He returned home, but his father was totally unable to manage him. He was self-willed, obstinate, impatient of restraint. Thwarted in any of his wishes, he took offense, and shut himself in his bedroom for days together, spending therein, it seems, the greater part of his time. He would not refuse to eat his meals if they were left at his door, but he resolutely refused to return the plates, until, at length, his room contained nearly all the crockery in the house. At one time he would put on but little clothing; at another, dress like a fop. On account of these eccentricities, his father moved into the country, but shortly returned, as he there fell into low company and became less controllable. He next would not allow the children to be removed from his gate, thus keeping the family in constant dread that he would set the house on fire. He objected so much to an attendant, that one who

had been procured was discharged. At his seventeenth year his father died. At twenty, his conduct became unbearable, and by medical advice he was forced to have a constant attendant. This supervision, which lasted two years, showed how his state of mind was regarded by those competent to judge—the late Dr. Sutherland was one of the authorities consulted. It ceased only because his mother intensely disliked it. The family now lived at Red-Coat's Green, near Hitchen, in the house where the hermit afterward lived and died. He hunted occasionally with a gentleman of the neighborhood. He rode either with his shirt outside, or in a hanken suit, barefooted, with a small cap, or bareheaded, his long hair streaming in the wind. He bestrode a high-peaked saddle, and used a rope for his bridle and stirrups. Sometimes, he would ride in a carriage, his hair done up in curl-papers. He became attentive to a young lady, to whom he sent a pair of doves in a cage, but she returned the present. He persecuted her sadly, by prowling around the house. His mother died in 1819. He was then the eldest surviving son, but a younger one was left executor. A fatal objection to his acting in that capacity was, that he would not sign his name to any paper bearing her Majesty's stamp. He held that she was not the rightful heir to the throne, and would not use a postage or receipt stamp lest he should seem to admit her supremacy. But he did not scruple to use a coin bearing her image. He kept his mother's body in the house from the 24th of October, 1849, to January, 1850, promising each day to let her be buried "to-morrow." The greater part of his time was spent beside the corpse. At length his brother interfered and buried the body. It has been published that he was heart-broken at his mother's death. His relatives doubt the depth of this attachment. He, indeed, expressed himself as much attached to her, and intimated that he would die with her; but she often said that he never showed his affection by gratifying one of her wishes. However, he may have felt real sorrow at her death, and this seems to be implied by the fact that he allowed things in the house to remain just as they were when she died; her letters and money untouched, and the beds as they were then made. In fact, his distress seemed genuine. He often told a neighbor that he would willingly have died for her, and he would weep bitterly at the mention of her name.

## II.

His life as a hermit now began, but, however great his distress, we cannot attribute to it his strange mode of life. His brother believes that he afterward appeared worse only because all restraint was removed. His brother and sisters could not now live with him. I believe he never saw the latter again, while he became estranged from the former because of his interference about the internment. Lucas spoke in the bitterest terms of his brother, and even left a hay-stack untouched, all his life alleging that he would hold him responsible for it. Still, his brother visited him several times, and was received. It is important to observe that he made a will a few years after his mother's death, wherein he evinced unanimity toward his brother, nor displayed any eccentricity in the disposition of his property. The appearance of the house bespoke the character of the occupant. Windows and doors were carefully barricaded, and the house was allowed to go to ruin; so likewise was the garden. A tree which fell across the walk was not cleared away except to allow a passage to the house. I visited the hermit some years ago, going up to the window of what had been the kitchen. Glass and casement had long disappeared; the strong upright iron bars alone remained. Here the possessor of ample means, 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. He came forward, and entered, rather reluctantly, into conversation, with a suspicious expression. Unwashed for many years, his skin was in an undesirable condition, the whites of his eyes contrasting strangely with the rest of his face. Clothes he had none; only a dirty blanket loosely thrown over him. His hair, long a stranger to scissors or razor, was matted with dirt. He was about five feet six inches high, rather muscular, with dark hair and eyes, the latter prominent, and pale complexion. His forehead appeared well developed. The room had a fire, an old table, a chair, and numerous bottles. It is said he suspended a basket from the ceiling to keep his food from the rats. He spoke to me in a low, rather plaintive tone, which impressed me that he was laboring under a certain amount of fear or apprehension. Part of his conversation, otherwise perfectly rational, conveyed the same impression. He intimated that his relations were against him, and I understood him to assign it as the reason why his house was barricaded. He appeared to be laboring under a partial insanity—a monomania of suspicion or persecution. Whatever reasons he may have subsequently had for barricading his house, his brother informs me that some panes of glass were actually broken by stones during the papal aggression in 1850, because he leaned to Romanism, and then it was that bars of wood were nailed across the windows. He wrote no letters, nor wrote at all, that I know of, except upon a check. He had a check-book and used it to pay some of his bills. When he required money, his bankers received a verbal message, and sent a clerk to transact business with him. The check was always very correctly written, and the counterfoil duly filled in. On his last check, dated April 14, 1874, the signature, unlike the

previous ones, was rather shaky. Because of his antipathy to stamps, the receipt-stamp had to be added afterward. The dividend-warrants that came to him remained uncashed for the same reason, forming a large collection of very dirty papers. About four years ago he was induced to authorize his bankers to receive his dividends, and thus surmounted his scruple to recognize the queen. Landed property of his at Liverpool, required for public purposes, was sold under compulsion because he would not become a party to the sale, as it involved the use of a stamp. The money was placed in the Bank of England, and remained there to his death, because he would not use a stamp to draw it out. I have a curious proof of his shrewdness and desire to get the money. A solicitor he knew had some connection with the Court of Chancery. One day he suggested to him to file a bill in chancery to obtain the money. His visitor replied that the court would then institute an inquiry into the condition of the owner. "What?" asked Lucas, alarmed, "do you mean *de lunatico*?" An affirmative answer killed the scheme. Lucas was not a miser. He gave to swarms of tramps, in coppers and gin, giving always more to a Romanist than a Protestant. It is said that on last Good Friday he doled out sweetmeats, coppers, gin-and-water (large quantities of which he always kept on hand) to two hundred children. For some years he gave a poor old woman four shillings a week. His diet was simple, though not scant. He ate bread, cheese, and red herrings, and drank both milk and gin. Once, however, he gave up milk—and this, of course, is an important feature of his case—because he suspected that poison had been put into it. At one time he charged a farmer who supplied him with eggs with putting poison into them. When the farmer replied that it would be rather a difficult thing to do, he said that some poison must have been given to the *old hen*. He did not habitually drink to excess, but was occasionally drunk. It is supposed that he drank largely of gin the evening before his death, while feeling depressed. Fear of poison frequently led him to change his baker, and he carefully selected a loaf. In his room was found nearly a cart-load of loaves which he probably suspected of containing poison.

## III.

He died of apoplexy at sixty-one, on the 19th of April last. A week before his death he appeared as well as usual; he was, in fact, lively and communicative, and seemingly without any unfriendly spirit or delusion regarding his friends. He spoke with an asthmatic visitor very intelligently of the symptoms and causes of that disease. He remembered the number of years (seven) since he had seen him, and the subject discussed, which the visitor had forgotten. Sometimes, however, he complained of losing his memory, and it was noticed latterly that in using a Greek word—he partially remembered both Greek and Latin—he could not recall the whole of it, and, contrary to his custom, would be at a loss for a word. One who frequently visited him says that he was sometimes low-spirited, crying like a child, bemoaning his condition, and 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 guest would be glad to get out of the house. Because, while this visitor was present once, a medical man happened to call, he quarreled with him, and suspected the two of a conspiracy. That there was no imbecility of mind may at once be granted. His conversation was coherent and sensible; he was shrewd and wide awake in the ordinary transactions of his limited life, and he fully understood the value of money; his memory was remarkably retentive. Most of his visitors failed to detect any signs of madness, and it is doubtful whether any jury would have found him insane. The commissioners considered his case in 1853, and took the testimony of his brother and a neighbor, but concluded that there was not sufficient evidence to warrant an interference. Mr. Forster saw the hermit last year, and found him singularly acute, without the least trace of mental aberration. He said to that gentleman: "You may think it strange my living like this. So I do sometimes, but it is not done without a reason." Nor could Forster's friend, Dickens, recognize the signs of madness in his behaviour. On the other hand, there is the family history pointing to hereditary predisposition to insanity, only wanting some exciting cause to develop it; also the change of character at ten, with an alleged physical cause; the action, as a moral cause, of an injuriously indulgent rearing; the constant waywardness, obstinate willfulness, in a word, wrongheadedness; the acts which frequently alarmed his family; the necessity at length of legal restraint; the freaks regarding dress; his extraordinary conduct on the death of his mother; the persistent delusion respecting the queen, involving much loss of property; the entire neglect of his dwelling and person; his groundless suspicion of and antipathy toward his brother; the delusion that poison was put into his food; his fits of mental depression; and his violent passion on the slightest contradiction. These characteristics—in many respects so familiar to us in asylum-life, and so easily conceivable in others, if certain cases of insanity we have known had been allowed to develop—prove that the hermit's condition passed the limits of eccentricity, that his emotions were perverted by disease. But, while his case was primarily one of moral insanity—a madness of action rather than language, a state of degraded feeling rather than of intellectual incapacity—his suspicions at

times took the form of a definite delusion. It should be carefully borne in mind that his isolated life, and neglect of his residence and dress, did not arise from the preoccupation of his thoughts by any absorbing pursuit. He had none. It arose from his diseased mental condition, and the solution of the problem of his life can be obtained only by tracing back his history to the unfavorable circumstances of his childhood, acting upon a brain in all probability predisposed to disease.

## THE FASHIONS.

## FANCY DRESS FOR CHILDREN.

In view of the approaching fancy dress entertainments, especially at the Victoria Rink, the following beautiful costumes are well worth attention:

PEASANT GIRL.—Dress of percale striped white and red, and trimmed with black velvet. Corsette décolleté. Apron with bib. Fichu and cap of white muslin.

FLOWER GIRL.—Skirt of pink cashmere. Corsetlet in black velvet. Petticoat, corsage, and apron of white muslin.

MARCHIONESS.—Skirt of lilac tarlatan, trimmed in *tablier*. Dress décolleté in apple-green satin. Boquets of pink roses bound in black velvet.

MAN OF LETTERS.—Short breeches and velvet coat, both black. Hose of grey silk. High heel shoes. Lace cravat. Tricorn hat.

COSTUME HENRY IV.—Dress of pink damask, trimmed with green ribbon. Ribbon sleeves alternately pink and green.

JAPONAISE.—Yellow satin dress, with designs of black satin and set on the yellow satin. Border of the same stuff, but black. Belt of black satin, with gold paper applications.

NAPOLETAINE.—Blue skirt with black bands. Square laced corsage. Puffed sleeves. Broad flat Neapolitan hat with long pendant ribbons.

## LITERARY.

REV. J. S. C. ABBOT'S "Pioneers and Patriot" series have averaged at least 4,000 to the volume.

THE last Journals of Livingstone, will be the first important book of the year. It makes a handsome octavo, and may be expected in a few days.

THROUGH the regular trade, the "Internal Scientific Series" has sold admirably. Dr. Draper's book promising to reach the highest point of any of the volumes.

THE SUCCESS of the Rev. E. P. Roe's latest novel, "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr," has been another illustration—the ninth thousand was selling at the close of the year.

DR. HOLLAND'S "Mistress of the Manse," reached its 24th thousand in one Fall season, and on a single day about holiday time, the orders for it equaled those for all Scribner's other books together. The "Brie-a-Brac" books, from the same house, have averaged a sale of about 1,000 each.

AT THE APPLETONS the revised "Cyclopædia" has sold at the start two or three times as many copies as the original work, successful as that was, and the costly "Picturesque America," sold in numbers, by subscription, has averaged probably between 40,000 and 50,000 copies per number.

LONGFELLOW'S "Hanging of the Crane" has had what is probably the widest sale of any American volume of its kind: 5,000 copies were disposed of almost at once, and by Christmas time, it is stated, one jobbing house in the East was buying up all the individual copies it could lay hands on.

WHILE Mr. Bancroft, in one sense, concluded his History with the tenth volume, in order that in the event of his death, his work might not go into literature as an unfinished one, he is now at work upon an eleventh volume, which at least he hopes to add to the previous series.

AMERICAN booksellers profess to be satisfied with the results of the holiday trade, which has run from 10 to 25 per cent above that of last year. Thanks to "Put-in-Bay," as the reform movement is nicknamed, there was less difficulty than ever before over the demand for abnormal discounts, and in obtaining a reasonable "living profit."

VICTOR Hugo has in the press the first and second parts of his new poem, a sequel to the "Légende des Siècles." It is entitled "Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit," and is divided into four parts—the "Vent du Drame," the "Vent de l'Ordre," the "Vent de la Satire," and the "Vent de la Comédie." The first part contains three unpublished dramas in verse.

SEVERAL of the jobbing houses in New York state that their sales for some of the Fall months of 1874 were double those of the respective months of 1873. The great fires and the panic, in successive years, had made every one cautious and reduced stocks, so that book-sellers were compelled to buy, and especially on the two or three days before Christmas orders chased each other by telegraph with remarkable rapidity. The tendency of the year has been to enlarge the sales of the more taking books and to let the poorer ones alone.

DR. JOHN H. NEWMAN has written a pamphlet of ten chapters addressed to the Duke of Norfolk, in reply to Gladstone's famous expostulation on Vatican Decrees and civil allegiance. He declares Gladstone's aspersions of English Catholics undeserved, his tone uncharitable and his conclusions untrustworthy. The Schola Theologia alone is competent to determine papal and synodal utterances. It must be confessed, he continues, that some among us, in past years, have stretched truths until they were near snuffing, and have done their best to set the house on fire, leaving others to extinguish the flames. "I see no inconsistency in being a good Catholic and a good Englishman." He then draws a distinction between spiritual and secular allegiance; "if," he says, "Parliament should pass an act compelling Catholics to attend Protestant services once a week and the Pope should forbid them, I would obey the Pope and not the Law, and if I was a soldier or sailor, and the Pope bid all Catholics leave the army, I would disobey him in time of war." The reverend Father, in conclusion, says infallibility is declared a matter of faith and thought merely, not in action; there is only one oracle of God—the Holy Church with the Pope as head.