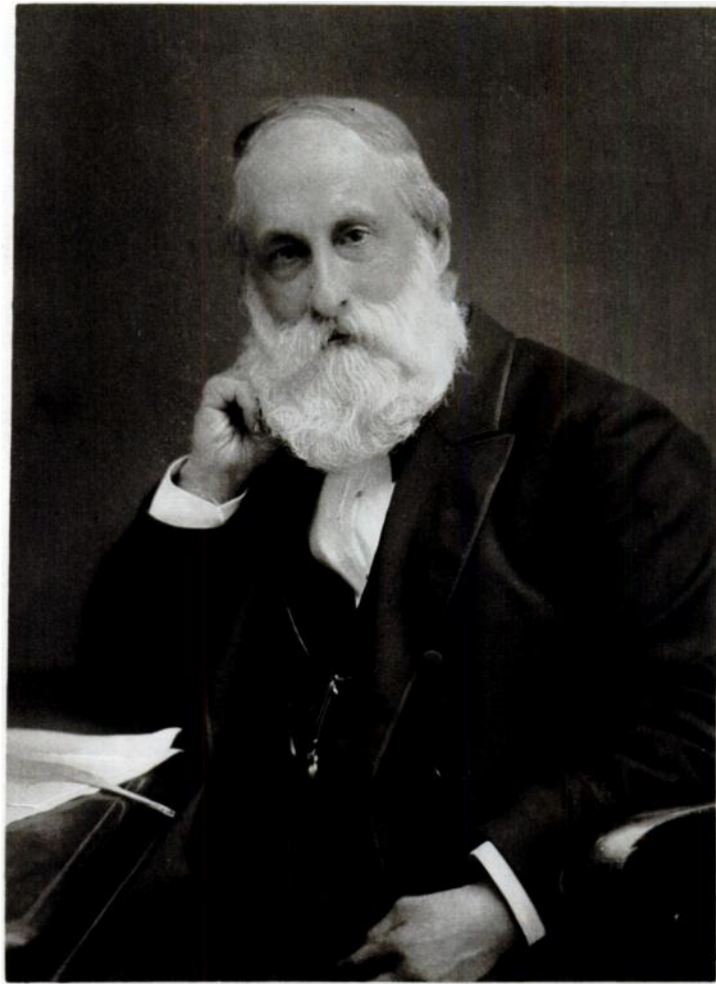

DANIEL HACK TUKE, M.D., LL.D.

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DANIEL HACK TUKE, M.R.C.S., M.D., LL.D.

The death of this learned and much-beloved physician has aroused a feeling of regret so wide and deep that mere words of grief at his loss and praise of his merits seem formal and superfluous. Now that he has left us, we realize more clearly that he was a man unique in character. We know of none who had the same fine qualities—qualities so blended, so cultivated, and so tempered by the limitations of his life.

It might fairly be expected that there should be in the "Journal of Mental Science" such a biography as to satisfy the curiosity of those who had not the fortune to know him intimately, as well as the desire of those who come after us to learn something of the life of a man who is sure to leave a long memory behind him. It therefore seems more appropriate that, instead of dwelling upon the sad thoughts following his unexpected loss, we should endeavour to present a view of his whole life, which is so well-fitted to be an instruction and an example.

Daniel Hack Tuke, the youngest son of Samuel Tuke, was born at York on the 19th of April, 1827. His ancestors and all his kindred belonged to the Society of Friends. His father was a deeply religious man, much esteemed amongst his friends, and very strict in his views of conduct. He thought that in human nature there was much chaff which required burning, nor was he withheld by the fear of scorching the grain. The loss of his wife soon after the birth of this last child so deeply affected him that he could never after bear her name to be mentioned. Dr. Tuke used to feel a sentiment of regret that his childhood was not passed in a more joyous atmosphere. He was a weakly child, but his health was tenderly watched over by an aunt and an elder sister, whom he regarded with grateful affection. He was educated at different schools, which were attended by boys of

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the same religious persuasion. Amongst his schoolfellows were the great surgeon, Sir Joseph Lister, and the eminent physician, Dr. Wilson Fox. Though his delicate health retarded his education, he early showed a fondness for study, but he does not seem to have owed much to his preceptors. It was, perhaps, no great loss that much of his time was not consumed in the study of Latin and Greek, then thought the staple of a high-class education, but, at any rate, he learned to read and write his own language, which, with his innate powers and love of knowledge, was sufficient to put the means of learning within his reach. He records how once, looking through the spectacles of his mathematical tutor, he made the discovery that he was short-sighted and that he thus lost much of the beauty of a landscape. When the time came to fit him for some calling, his father thought him not strong enough for business, and his teacher recommended that he should take to the legal profession, because he was studious and fond of debate. The natural outcome of this advice would seem that Hack Tuke should have been trained to become a barrister; but it ended in his being sent, at the beginning of the year 1845, to the office of a solicitor at Bradford, whose principal business was conveyancing, a branch of the law which is all too lucrative, but does not require any power of debate or anything beyond dry diligence. He never applied his mind closely to legal studies, and his health began to suffer from the drudgery of copying papers, through which budding solicitors are expected to pick up a knowledge of law business. From boyhood he had taken to collecting the skulls of animals and making observations on the shape of the heads and on the physiognomies of his companions. While still in the solicitor's office, Hack Tuke made a holiday journey to Scotland with two friends, and called on George Combe, then well known as the principal defender of phrenology in Britain. Combe seems to have received the young enthusiast somewhat coldly. He, however, gave him an order to see the Phrenological Museum, which was at that time in two rooms attached to the Industrial School in Surgeon's Square, Edinburgh. The friends then went to Stirling and through the Trossachs to the Western Highlands. At Glasgow he stopped for a night to see a collection of skulls.

About this time physiologists had already turned their backs upon the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim; but

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phrenology still excited popular interest, and still found advocates and defenders. A medical man in York enlisted Hack Tuke's interest in this subject, and he made a long, continued, and serious inquiry to ascertain the correspondence of certain portions of the brain with certain traits of character. He made a number of observations, but the results were unsatisfactory. Though never a complete convert to its tenets, many years elapsed before he gave up all faith in phrenology.

His friends at this time became uneasy about his health, and a physician was consulted. Dreading the approach of phthisis, the doctor recommended that he should be released from the office, where he had spent six months. He was sent with his sister and brother to spend the winter at Ventnor. In the spring he consulted Dr. J. B. Williams, who recommended him to go to Clifton, where he remained during the winter of 1846. He occupied his time in reading books of philosophy and poetry, his early favourities being Young and Pope.

Most of the people amongst whom he lived were embued with a deep piety. Owing to the weakness of his health much of the buoyancy of youth was wanting, and his whole upbringing and culture were such as to form a grave, earnest, and reflective character. He sought the society of persons of literary taste, and at an early age made efforts at original composition, and wrote verses on occasions which interested him. His first publication was an essay in which he advocated the abolition of capital punishment, but it may be mentioned that later on a more extended knowledge of human nature modified his views on this point. Like most thoughtful young men of his time, he was troubled by the difficulty of reconciling the discoveries of geology with the accounts of the creation in Genesis. All his life he was a searcher for truth, never content to rest on dogmatic teaching though retaining a profound reverence for religion. In philosophy he took the spiritual side. In the course of time, Dr. Tuke parted from the peculiar tenets of the Society in which he had been nurtured. I have heard him say that it had commenced with a rigid protest against formalism and in the end became the most formal of any religious profession. To another intimate acquaintance, he expressed in familiar conversation the feeling that the religion of the Friends was somewhat too purely intellectual to retain a hold on a large number of men for any considerable time. Yet

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he always cherished social relations with the Friends, and was deeply embued with their spirit of charity, mildness, and benevolence.

Though brought up in a Cathedral City, he probably had few relations with the members of the Church of England, but he must have heard something of their restrictions on burials in consecrated ground, which were supported by laws now abolished. Hack Tuke himself narrates how, on one occasion during his boyhood, his feelings were so intense as to impel him into an act in which mischief and conscientiousness were amusingly blended :—

"In an old burying-ground at York, in which Dick Turpin, the famous highwayman, was said to have been interred, a notice on a black board on a pole certified that trespassers on this sacred ground would be prosecuted according to law. It seemed to me profane to call any ground 'sacred' in which so evil a character was buried, so I determined to erase the word. This, however, was no easy matter, as persons were frequently passing and the board was too high for me to reach. Further, the ground was enclosed by iron railings. I therefore resolved to go early in the morning before anyone was up and take a ladder with me, and a paint pot and brush. I remember getting up in the morning and the walk there, ladder over my shoulder like a lamplighter, as well as if it was yesterday, and certainly I shall never forget how, when I had painted black the obnoxious word and was about to descend, the blind of a neighbouring house was drawn up and a woman's head was visible. I was glad to expedite my escape. For years the words remained unchanged, and I never passed the spot without a glance of curiosity and interest at the scene of my youthful enthusiasm."

Hack Tuke had not forgotten that he was the great-grandson of Samuel Tuke, the founder of the Friends' Retreat. He used to visit the Superintendent, Dr. Thurnam, who lent him books about insanity. Being now twenty years of age, and his health having improved, he applied for some employment in the asylum, and was received in the summer of 1847 as steward. He at once took a lively interest in the patients, studied their cases, and read with Dr. Thurnam such books as "Solly on the Brain." The next year he attended lectures on chemistry and botany, and began to frequent the York Hospital. He remained in the Retreat for above two years, during which time he acquired that ac-

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quaintance with the insane which can neither be learned from books nor fleeting visits. As Dr. Tuke himself observes, "Actual residence in an asylum is almost essential to a thorough understanding of the life, nightly as well as daily, of the inmates."

In the spring of 1850 he went to London to begin, or rather to continue, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital the study of the profession to which his natural tastes so clearly led him. He gained prizes both in practical and theoretical medicine, and took the diploma of M.R.C.S. in 1852. Next year he became M.D. of Heidelberg.

He was married on the 10th August, 1853, and set out with his wife on a continental tour. He visited all the large asylums in Holland, and published an account of them in the "Psychological Journal." He saw the venerable Dr. Jacobi at Siegburg, and was agreeably surprised by the asylum at Vienna. Returning through France, he visited the Salpêtrière and Bicêtre. He gave the results of his impressions of the asylums on the continent in a Prize Essay on the Treatment of the Insane.

Returning to his native city, Dr. Tuke now set up in practice, and became visiting physician to the Friends' Retreat. When Dr. Laycock left York for Edinburgh he succeeded him as physician to the York Dispensary, and purposed setting up a private asylum for ladies in the house in Lawrence Street to which he had fallen heir by the death of his father in 1854.

But the prospects of success and the hopes of usefulness in his profession were cut short by an attack of pulmonary hæmorrhage. As early as 1853, Dr. Williams had detected tuberculous deposit in both apices. No longer fit for such exertions as a medical man must make who places his services at the call of the public, Dr. Tuke now wandered southward, cheered by the company and solicitude of his amiable wife, in search of a milder climate. In the course of a twelvemonth they settled in Falmouth, where they had a house for fifteen years. When his health improved he busied himself with the care of the Public Library, British Schools, and Working Men's Clubs. He had gleams of better health, in which the natural energy and liveliness of his temperament led him to premature exertions, which were often followed by extreme prostration.

In conjunction with Dr. Bucknill he agreed to write the well-known "Manual of Psychological Medicine," which was

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published in 1858, and remained for many years the standard English authority on insanity. There are some points of contrast between these two gifted authors, but we have the assurance of the survivor that during the preparation of the four editions they never had the ghost of a misunderstanding, though, as Sir John Bucknill adds, "We did not agree in all matters of opinion. We disagreed about moral insanity and about mesmerism and some other matters upon which a good deal may be said on both sides." They worked separately: Dr. Hack Tuke wrote the first half of the volume, comprising the chapters on the lunacy law, classification, causation, and the various forms of insanity; while Dr. Bucknill wrote on diagnosis, pathology, and treatment.

In 1875 his health had much improved, and he took a house in London and became a consultant in lunacy. The late Dr. Harrington Tuke, then already eminent, used to say in a facetious way that he got a deal of practice through Dr. Hack Tuke's books.

In 1880 Dr. Tuke became, along with Dr. G. H. Savage, joint editor of the "Journal of Mental Science." What Dr. Tuke did for this Journal it is needless to say. *Si merita quœris respice.*

The only criticism I could make is, it seems to me, that from the benignity of his disposition he accepted too many papers. Hence some manuscripts lay a long time unprinted. Among these were many of his own contributions.

In 1881 Dr. Tuke was President of the Medico-Psychological Association. The statistical tables which are now generally used in asylums were framed and adopted in great measure owing to his tact and perseverance. The International Medical Congress assembled in London in that year, and many neurologists who came from far and near will recall with gratitude the courtesy and hospitality which Dr. Tuke showed on that occasion. His own trials and fears were renewed in the long-continued illness of his eldest son—William Samuel Tuke, M.R.C.S.—who died in 1883, having already given promise of distinction in medicine.

In 1878 Dr. Tuke's book on "Insanity in Ancient and Modern Life" appeared. This was followed in 1882 by the "History of the Insane in the British Isles," a work happily combining much research, command of information, and sobriety of judgment, warmed by a benevolent zeal for the welfare of this unfortunate class of mankind.

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In 1884 Dr. Tuke visited America, where his reputation insured him a hospitable reception. The result of his observation was a book on "The Insane in the United States and Canada." These studies on the history of insanity take a much wider scope than any previous writer has attempted, and those coming after him must take his work as the foundation for their researches.

It is sometimes believed that the degree of LL.D. is rather a social distinction than an academic honour, and is rather bestowed upon men who are intimate with professors than upon men who are friends of knowledge. However, in Hack Tuke's case this was not so, and the honorary degree of LL.D., which was bestowed upon him by the distant University of Glasgow in the year 1888, was a signal honour, inasmuch as he was one of the very few holders thereof who have had no University training.

As it has sometimes happened that men who have earned distinction by contributions to psychological medicine have been chosen Commissioners in Lunacy, it might have been expected that Dr. Tuke's great merits would be recognized in this way; but his peculiar mission was to keep burning the light of knowledge, and this is seldom thought worthy of any signal reward.

Dr. Tuke surprised even the intimate friends who knew his capacity for work when he undertook to edit the "Dictionary of Psychological Medicine." Availing himself of his wide acquaintance with medical literati, he enlisted the services of 128 contributors, comprising most of the best known neurologists of Europe, each of whom treated the subjects which he had most carefully studied. The work of correspondence, arranging and editing, so as to prevent overlapping, was extremely laborious. Dr. Tuke's contributions comprised 68 original articles. The whole was completed in two years.

In July, 1892, the Medico-Psychological Association assembled in the reception-room of the Friends' Retreat at York to celebrate the centenary of that Institution, in which the kindly system of treating lunatics had been inaugurated in England. Dr. Tuke was seated below the portrait of his ancestor, William Tuke, to whom he bore a striking resemblance. Amidst the applause of his friends and colleagues, Dr. Tuke rose and presented the two goodly volumes of the first copy of the Dictionary to the President, Dr. Baker, the Superintendent of the Retreat. This scene,

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striking in its very simplicity, which recorded the peaceful triumph of humane ideas, was rendered the more memorable by the presence of Dr. Réné Semelaigne, the biographer and great-grand-nephew of Pinel. Shortly afterwards Dr. Tuke recorded the early history of the Retreat in a small volume. Though condemning all rough and hard methods of restraint, he viewed the subject with his accustomed sense and moderation. He never favoured the erection of non-restraint into a formal dogma, by which asylum superintendents might make a popular claim of dexterous management. He was willing to allow those experienced in the treatment of the insane such means of treating exceptional cases of violence as seemed best, under the circumstances, for the safety and recovery of the patient.

About this time Dr. Tuke became Examiner in Mental Physiology in the University of London, and Lecturer on Insanity in the Charing Cross Hospital. He was long a Governor of Bethlem Hospital, where he used often to resort for study both in the wards and in the post-mortem room. He was one of the founders of the "After-Care Association," inaugurated in 1879, the object of which is to facilitate the readmission of female convalescents from lunatic asylums into social and domestic life. In 1886 Dr. Tuke was made Chairman of this beneficent Association. He presided at the meeting held in February last.

It would take pages to give a list of Dr. Tuke's contributions to psychology, anthropology, and medicine in various periodicals. His latest publication in book form was "Sketches of Prichard and Symonds, with Chapters on Moral Insanity" (1891).

He never came to the time in which men crave for rest. He rose early and went to bed late. After a busy day in London he returned to Hanwell in the evening, often to work till past midnight. During last winter he was correcting his little book on "Sleep-Walking and Hypnotism" (which is in great demand and some time out of print) for a new edition, and still followed his usual pursuits.

An old friend who called on him shortly before his death found him bright and lively as ever; but loving eyes that watched him noticed that his strength was ebbing.

On the morning of the 2nd of March he left his villa at Hanwell for his consulting rooms in London in the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Sainsbury. But his life's work was done. Some vessel in the busy brain gave way. He thought that

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it was but a temporary fainting fit; but he soon lapsed into an unconscious state, which lasted till he passed away on the morning of the 5th.

Besides his widow and his daughter, Mrs. Sainsbury, he has left behind him one son, who has already gained celebrity as a painter, especially of sea pieces. His eldest son, as has been mentioned, predeceased Dr. Tuke.

Dr. Tuke was a man of short stature and spare figure. He was of nervous temperament and very quick and alert in his motions. In his mind the desire to know was always keen, and extended over many subjects. Very frank and affable, he would go anywhere, or speak to anyone who could give him information. He had a good deal of philosophical simplicity about him. When I first met him about twenty years ago I observed that when anyone told him something which interested him, or said a good thing, Dr. Tuke would gravely take out his note-book and ask him to repeat it. In later years I did not see so much of the note-book.

He was a ready and persuasive speaker, and was a well-known figure at medical societies. An old member of the Medico-Psychological Association, he took a lively interest in its affairs, and had great influence at the Council.

He was fond of pictures, old engravings, and literary curiosities. He had an especial taste for history. His mind was deeply imbued with the Yorkshire traditions of the Friends. Whittier was a favourite poet, and John Bright the politician whom he most admired.

It was a favourite recreation in his holiday excursions to visit spots rendered memorable by some remarkable event. In this way he went to see the place by the Starnberg Lake where Louis of Bavaria and Dr. Gudden were drowned, and followed the footsteps of Joan of Arc through France. His last autumn excursion was to the country about Oxford where John Hampden lived, and where he was mortally wounded at Chalgrove Field.

Dr. Tuke's literary style was plain and clear. He had a keen appreciation of wit and humorous situations, but wanted the aggressiveness of disposition which is needed to make a man skilful in repartee. Sometimes when pressed he would indulge in a little playful banter. Dr. Savage has told me one of his sayings, which merits repetition. Once when he went to visit the leading physician of the day (Sir Andrew Clark), and was kept waiting, he was met by the

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great man with effusive expressions of regret, "but," said he, "my life is one of slavery." "Yes," said Tuke, "on the Guinea Coast."

Dr. Tuke had quick and wide sympathies, and was a fine judge of character. He was ever ready to recognize merit and to help young people. He took a pleasure in entertaining men of science and learning in his beautiful house, Lyndon Lodge. When not actually suffering from bad health the liveliness of his disposition always asserted itself. Fortunately his circumstances were such that he never knew the cares of poverty during his long suspension from active work.

The portrait of a man without faults and weaknesses bears an appearance of unreality, but in truth I know of no dim points in Dr. Tuke's character which might be used for artistic shading. Few men become better by sickness, and people who have been for long invalids are often somewhat fretful and selfish. Nevertheless, no one was of a gentler disposition and more lavish of his own time and pains to do services to others. Xenophon wrote of one of his generals that he was perfect in war and in friendship. As a friend no one could be kinder and more thoughtful than Hack Tuke; but he was a man of peace, and never knew the joy of battle. Such was his calmness in debate that he considered discussion on religious matters an useful way of arriving at the truth. During the last election he was much perplexed about the question of Home Rule for Ireland, especially as his views at first ran counter to those of most men of culture. "A plague of both your houses," he wrote to me, "I am not going to vote at all." He had come to think that it was absurd that men should get angry over questions in the sphere of religion and politics; but heat is useful as well as light, and some warmth in debate does no harm if it be forgotten when the dispute is over.

On the whole we may say that the friend whom we have so lately lost had within him a certain innate fire and energy, which through weakness and ill-health pushed him strenuously on to play a worthy part in the world, that he lived strictly within the circle of his duties, and was governed by a deep feeling of benevolence, and, best of all, that he has left behind him a memory in which there is nothing to regard with regret.

WILLIAM W. IRELAND.

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