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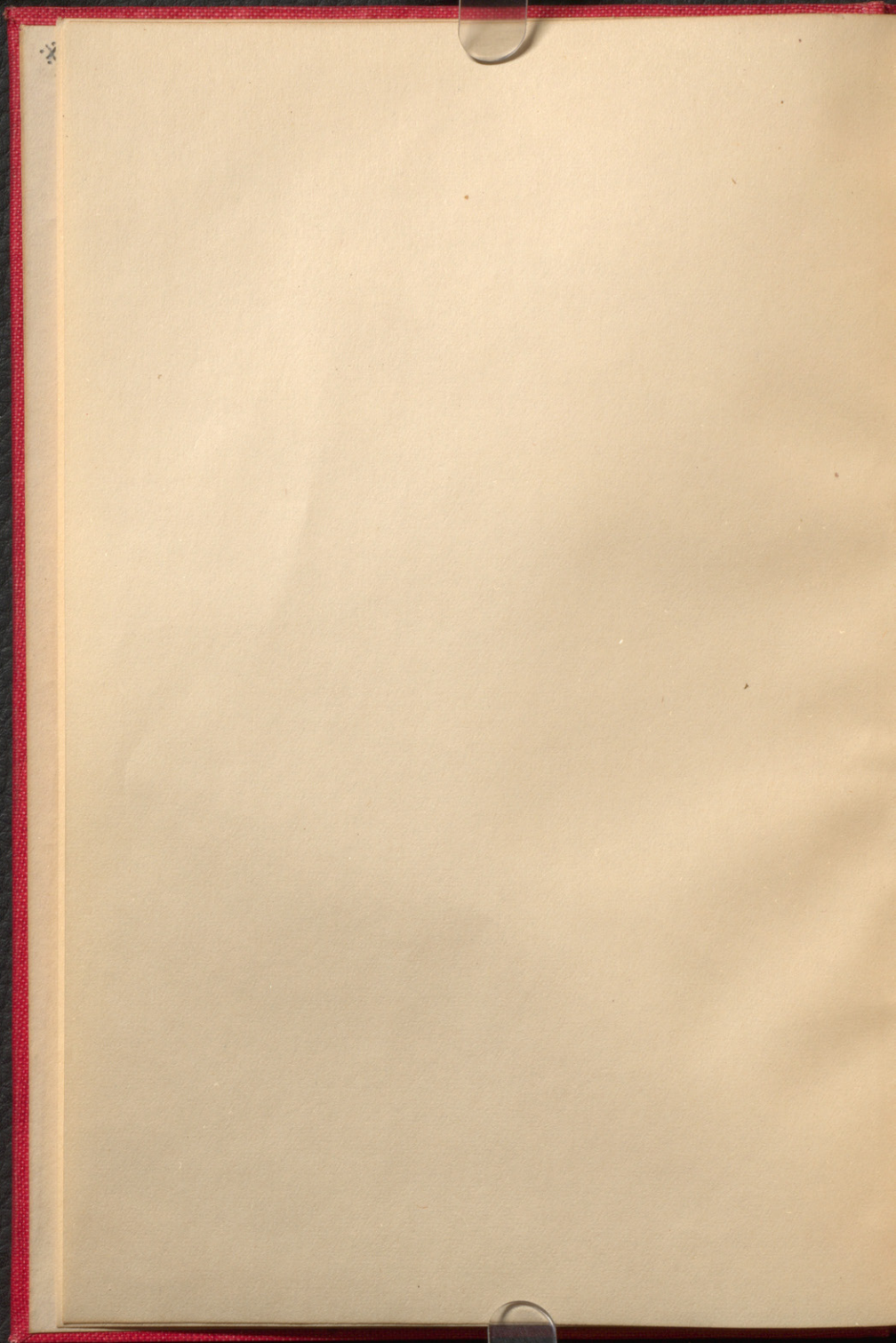
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^{Memo.}
T. L. Beddoes, no. 4364, p. 173, has
a note on Luz, identifying it with
the coccyx.

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THE BONE CALLED "LUZ."

With Notes on Medical Allusions in the Poems and Literary Remains of Samuel Butler.

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I.

Among the many shafts of sarcasm which the author of *Hudibras* aimed at the Rump Parliament, the following, if it did not afford "laughter for a month and a good jest forever," may well have furnished "argument for a week" among anatomists:

The learned Rabbins of the Jews,
Write there's a bone which they call Luz
I' the rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force of nature can do hurt to;
And therefore at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of art
Os sacrum justly style that part.
Then what can better represent
Than this Rump Bone, the Parliament,
That after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up and like a cat survives?¹

Was the sacrum really the bone to which Butler refers, and if so how did it come by the name of

¹Butler, *Hudibras*. Part iii, canto ii, 1615-1630.

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Luz? The term in question is derived from an old Aramaic word *lus*, meaning a nut or almond, and for this reason the hypothetical bone Luz was styled the *Judenknöchlein* by the earlier German anatomists. The first reference to the name Luz in any work on anatomy is to be found in the Frankfurt edition of the *Theatrum anatomicum* of Caspar Bauhinus (1621)² and reads substantially thus: "Hebrew writers affirm that there is a bone in the human body just below the eighteenth vertebra which cannot be destroyed by fire, water, or any other element, nor be broken or bruised by any force; this bone God shall, in his exceeding wisdom, water with the celestial dew, whence the other members shall be joined to it, coalescing to form the body, which breathed upon by the Divine Spirit, shall be raised up alive. Such a bone they call *Lus* (not *Luz*); and its site, they say, is in the spine, from the eighteenth vertebra to the femur. The author of this fable is the Rabbi *Uschaia*, who lived 210 A. D., about which time he wrote the book called *Bereschit Rabbi*, i. e., *Glossa magna in Pentateuchum*, from which many later Rabbins have taken this fiction. This bone, they say, can never be burned or corrupted in all eternity, for its ground substance is of celestial origin and watered with the heavenly dew wherewith God shall make the dead to rise, as with yeast in a mass of dough. They insist, moreover, that this bone will outlast all the others because it does not assimilate food as they do and because it is harder than the rest, being the fundamental part of the body, from which it is built up. We read further that the Emperor Hadrian once asked Rabbi *Joshua*, the son of *Chanin*, how God

²Lib. i, cap. 48, p. 167. The passage is not to be found in the earlier editions of Bauhinus.

would resurrect man in the world to come. He made answer: From the bone Luz in the spinal column. Whence Hadrian asked him how he came by this knowledge and how he could prove it. Whereupon Rabbi Joshua produced the bone so that he could see it. When placed in water it could not be softened; it was not destroyed by fire, nor could it be ground by any weight; when placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer, the anvil was broken in sunder but the bone remained intact. Munsterus says the Rabbins believe it to be located in the neck. But Vesalius writes that this ossicle is called Albadaran by the Arabs, resembling a chickpea in size and shape, and he questions whether, being notably hard, it may not be the ossicle between the two bones of the great toe. Hieronymus Magius represents that, according to the Talmudists and other Hebrew commentators, the real bone is near the base of the skull, whether it be in the base itself or in the spine. To others it stands apart as the twelfth of the dorsal vertebræ, with which we incline the head and bend the neck. But what Joshua said to Hadrian the Emperor, no one can be persuaded to believe. For if bones, as Plato bears witness, are highly durable, nevertheless we see daily that they can be pulverized by hammer or stones or reduced to ashes by fire; as Plato testifies and the ancients point out, only the teeth can survive, being more enduring than the fire which subdues and effaces all other remains." So far Bauhinus, who winds up with sundry superfluous slaps at the learned Rabbins for their credulity.

The bone which Rabbi Ushaia locates "*in fine octodecim vertebrarum,*" which the other Rabbins describe variously as "*os spinæ dorsi in homine,*" "*os parvum in fine vertebrarum*"; and "*lus vertebrarum,*" which Baal Aruch describes as "like an

almond" (*simile amygdalæ*)³ and Cornelius Agrippa as "the size of a shelled pea" (*magnitudine ciceris mundati*)⁴ was never found as such, and was held by different anatomists to be the sacrum, the coccyx, the twelfth dorsal vertebra, one of the Wormian bones in the skull, and one of the sesamoids of the great toe. We may first consider what has been said about it in relation to the spine.

The notion that there were only eighteen vertebrae in the spine was one of the many errors that were perpetrated and propagated by the anatomists of the School of Salernum, who believed that the lumbar vertebrae were part of the cauda equina. Thus Magister Ricardus, as cited by Hyrtl,⁵ states conclusively: "*Sunt autem octodecim vertebrae, in collo sex, in dorso duodecim.*" From this medieval viewpoint the twelfth dorsal vertebra (the nineteenth in all) should be the bone Luz, and the elder Retzius argues⁶ that this idea might very well have been entertained for the following reasons: Even Galen had remarked upon this part of the spine as a sort of centre or turning point, above or below which the vertebral apophyses point in opposite directions. As we know, however, Galen's anatomy, based largely upon that of the lower animals which he dissected, is only rudimentary and diagrammatic so far as man is concerned. But the twelfth dorsal in man does stand out from the other vertebrae in that its inferior articular processes are convex and turned outward like those of the lumbar vertebrae below it, while the superior and inferior tubercles on its transverse processes correspond to the mam-

³Cited by Rolink in *Dissertatio anatomica*, lib. iii, cap. 54.

⁴Cornelius Agrippa, *De occulta philosophia*, lib. i, cap. 20, cited by Hyrtl.

⁵Hyrtl, *Das Arabische und Hebräische in der Anatomie*, Wien, 1879, 166.

⁶A. Retzius, *Om benet Luz* (Swedish text), Stockholm, 1855, 24.

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millary and accessory processes of the lumbar vertebræ. The twelfth dorsal thus marks the point of transition between the dorsal and lumbar vertebræ, and, to show that Galen's view is not unreasonable, Retzius gives cuts representing the spines of two mammals he had prepared—the fox and the jumping rat, or jerboa. In the former (*Canis vulpes*), the turning point of the spine is at the eleventh dorsal, the spinous processes of the vertebræ above and below this bone pointing in opposite directions, while its costal and accessory processes are more uniformly developed than in the other vertebræ. In the spine of the jerboa (*Dipus sagitta*) the turning point is at the tenth dorsal, above and below which the spinal apophyses again point in opposite directions. These comparative data show how Galen may have come to regard the twelfth dorsal as the centre of the spine and how the Aramaic tradition of the Luz may have become assimilated to this notion through the devout interest of the Jewish and Arabian physicians in the Galenical writings. The idea that the spine is the centre and origin of all the other bones and parts of the body is as old as Aristotle, who detected the fetal heart beats three days after the formation of the embryo and had probably seen the notochord and speculated as to its significance. Goethe's well known theory that the bones of the skull are developed from the vertebræ is a variant of this idea and that Aristotle's philosophic generalization should lead to romancing when it fell into the hands of the scribes is (Retzius thinks) perfectly natural and simple of explanation.

That the author of *Hudibras* and other writers should have confounded the Luz with the os sacrum is also natural enough on account of the name given to the bone by the ancients, and for the reason that

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the Talmudists, as cited by Bauhinus, assert that the bone extends anywhere from the eighteenth vertebra to the femur (*quod situm dicunt in spina dorsi post decimam octavam vertebra ad os femoris*). The usual derivation of the term *os sacrum* is from the Greek *ἱερόν ὄσσεον* (sacred bone), and this is commonly explained on the ground that the adjective *ἱερός* was often synonymous with *μέγας* (large). In aid of this theory Hyrtl⁷ cites Spigelius, *Græcis omnia magna sacra vocabantur*, and Cælius Aurelianus, *Majora omnia, vulgus sacra vocat*. This derivation Hyrtl holds to be more correct than the one which treats the Latin adjective *sacrum* as equivalent to *detestandum*,⁸ in this instance on account of the proximity of the bone to the rectum. Ramsbotham,⁹ who once wrote a famous treatise on obstetrics, holds that *ἱερόν* is a corruption of the Hebrew "Heron," signifying conception, gestation, parturition, from which he thinks is derived the name of the Goddess Hera, the Hellenic patroness of childbirth. In this view, our author claims, the Latins merely translated *ἱερόν* as *sacrum* without knowing its original meaning. In any case the bone which supports that part of the body which Lowell once called "the seat of the muses" (because in schoolboys knowledge was mainly imparted by the application of birchen rods to it) cannot be regarded as the true bone of Luz, because the latter was said to be small, almond shaped, and so hard as to be indestructible.

The assumption that the Luz may be the coccyx might seem reasonable at first sight, on account of

⁷Hyrtl. *Lehrbuch der Anatomie des Menschen*, 17. Auflage, Wien, 1884, p. 345.

⁸*Ibid.*, 346. For instance, in the Laws of the Twelve Tables: "*Homo sacer is est, quem populus judicavit ob maleficium.*" And also "*Patronus, si clienti fraudem fecerit, sacer esto.*"

⁹F. H. Ramsbotham. *Obstetric Medicine and Surgery*, London, 1867, 698.

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the small size of the latter, and this, indeed, was the current Mohammedan view. Thus, Sale says, in his introduction to the *Koran*: "Mohammed has taken care to preserve one part of the body, whatever becomes of the rest, to serve as a basis to the future edifice. For he taught that a man's body was entirely consumed in the earth, excepting only the bone called al ajb, which we name *os coccygis* or rump bone; and as it was first formed in the human body, it will also remain incorruptible until the last day, as a seed from whence the whole is derived (Sale's *Koran*, 1821, p. 104). The only objection to this view would seem to be the friable, destructible nature of the coccyx itself, made up, as it is, of four rudimentary vertebræ; and the fact that the very derivation of its name (*κόκκυξ*) is from its resemblance to a cuckoo's bill. So Vesalius writes "*os cuculi, a similitudine rostri cuculi avis*," and from these considerations of size, shape, and relative hardness, it is plain that the coccyx cannot be the true Luz.

It was among the Wormian bones of the skull that the Luz was first sought for, according to Hyrtl, and of these the triangular Wormian at the junction of the sagittal and lambdoidal sutures was usually regarded as the true sacred bone, all sorts of mystic properties having been ascribed to it. Taken from the skull of an executed criminal, it was supposed to have marvelous curative properties, notably in epilepsy, whence it was called the *ossiculum antiepilepticum Paracelsi*.¹⁰ But as this particular Wormian is not always found in the cranium, and there may be as many as three hundred other Wormian bones, it became clear that the Luz must be sought elsewhere.

¹⁰Hyrtl, *Das Arabische und Hebräische in der Anatomie*, pp. 167-168.

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There remains the assumption that the Luz might be one of the sesamoids of the great toe, and this theory can best be considered in the light of what Vesalius says about it. At the time Vesalius wrote, the Jewish tradition had been pretty well filtered through Arabic sources and, in the drastic passage subjoined, he disposes of it with his usual lively scorn for anything savoring of superstition. Speaking of the sesamoid bones in the foot, Vesalius says:¹¹ "Another one of these bones is that which the magicians and followers of occult philosophy so often call to mind as being fashioned like a chick-pea, liable to no decay, and which, buried in the earth after death, will (they affirm) reproduce man like a seed on the day of the Last Judgment. This may perhaps be the bone on either side, but is more likely to be the exterior, which is somewhat like a shelled pea, if we think of the middle part [of the split pea]; for on bringing both bones in apposition we should obtain a whole pea. Then the internal ossicle is so large in men of great stature that a die might easily be made out of it. These bones differ, however, from those noted by the Arabs in that they may be burned or broken like other bones, as well as in being surely liable to decay to some extent, although of durable structure. But the dogma which asserts that man will be regenerated from this bone, of which we have just narrated the immense fiction, may be left for elucidation to those philosophers who reserve to themselves alone the right to free discussion and pronouncement upon the resurrection and the immortality of the soul.

¹¹Vesalius, *De humani corporis fabrica*, Basilee, 1543, p. 126. The name Albadaran, to which Vesalius alludes, was always applied to the larger internal sesamoid of the great toe by the older anatomists, but Hyrtl holds that it is not good Arabic, being merely a fanciful term like Abracadabra, invented by the Cabbalists and Mystics, the *occulti et tenebrosi philosophi*, to whom Vesalius refers (Hyrtl, *op. cit.*, p. 24).

And even on their account we should attach no importance whatever to the miraculous and occult powers ascribed to the internal ossicle of the right great toe, however much one may be concerned about it. At our public dissections and even as an amateur, we have often obtained a better supply of these bones than those truculent male strumpets of the Venetian horde, who to obtain the bone for purposes of comparison, as also the heart of an unpolluted male infant [*pueruli virginis masculi*], lately killed a child, cut the heart from its living body, and were punished, as they richly deserved, for the foulest of crimes. Moreover, this ossicle, called Albadaran by the Arabs and the truly occult and obscure philosophers alluded to, is less known to actual students of anatomy than to certain superstitious men who are capable of likening the fourth carpal bone (*quartum brachialis os*) to a chickpea." This passage, a translation from the *editio princeps* of the *Fabrica* (Basle, 1543) was, on account of the extreme violence of its language, not a little pruned and condensed in later editions of Vesalius's great treatise. But with the publication of the *Fabrica*, anatomy became a practical working science, and the bone of Luz and other anatomical mares' nests were gradually relegated to the limbo of folklore. The legend survived for a span, as we find Bauhinus and Butler discussing it late in the seventeenth century. But the time did come when, as Hyrtl aptly concludes, *die Fabel ist vergessen, die Worte sind verklungen*.¹²

¹²Readers who wish to pursue the Aramaic tradition further may consult with profit Rabbi Kohler's learned and interesting paper in the *Jewish Encyclopædia* (viii, p. 219, 1st col.), which contains many valuable references. Rabbi Kohler is inclined to think that the legend of the Luz may owe its origin to the ancient Egyptian rite of "burying the spinal column of Osiris" at the close of the period of mourning for the god and prior to the celebration of his resurrection.

II.

Samuel Butler, the son of a Worcestershire farmer, was a striking example of the fact that a "decayed gentleman" is often a man educated out of his class. Of his actual schooling we know nothing beyond the fact of his undisputed scholarship, but his real education for life consisted in residences in various capacities at the houses of people of rank and station above his own. First, a page to a countess, he wound up his career as secretary to Lord Carbury and steward at Ludlow Castle, where the court met, which post he eventually resigned to marry for money. Circumstances like these had undoubtedly a great deal to do with the development of an innate satiric or sardonic disposition and the composition of the "immense lampoon" which gives Butler his name and fame in literature. For if the professed object of *Hudibras* was to ridicule the meddlesome pragmatism, the churlish hypocrisy and ungraciousness of Cromwellian Puritanism, its appearance (in 1663), four years after Cromwell's death, two years after the Restoration, was somewhat late in the day; and with all respect for Butler's satiric genius one leading motive that can be assigned for its publication, when the author was turned fifty, would seem to be a certain desire to please the great and to gain preferment and emolument thereby.¹

Praise of *Hudibras* is one of the commonplaces

¹If there be any doubt of this, witness the only lines in which Butler has "spoken out," in the sense of leaving a personal record of his feelings:

"May he be damned who first found out that curse,
To imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit.
Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content,
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loitered all the day," etc.

of literary criticism. Who can say anything new of a poem of which a great critic once claimed that "more than half the lines are got by heart" or of a writer who has been described as "a whole species of poets in one." Fatally dull as some of Butler's facile octosyllables may seem to us now, the best specimens of his satire are still keenly alive and intensely modern. Even the doggerel corduroy metre he employed, "framed so as to be the very voice of mocking laughter," and the rhymes "which seem to chuckle and sneer of themselves," still help out the fame which his critics assign him—as the supreme "artist in burlesque."

Medical interest in Butler centres in his remarkable learning and the quaint way in which he employs it to ridicule quackery, humbuggery, and superstition. At this time of day it is difficult to say whether he was a sciolist or a grind, but it is certain that he had a unique power of assimilating some of the best knowledge of his time and employing it for his especial purpose in the lightest and most adroit manner. His Parthian arrows are of the kind described by Sainte Beuve—*des flèches acerrées qui arrivent brusquement et sifflent encore*—and such fine sarcasm and raillery were not reserved entirely for the Presbyterian elders and committeemen:

"Grave synod men that were revered
For solid face and depth of beard,"

but the student of medical curiosities may be amused at such things as his gibe at the solemn nonsense of Roman soothsaying:

"the roguery
Of old aruspicy and augury,
That out of garbages of cattle
Presaged the events of truce or battle;

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From flights of birds, or chickens pecking
Success of greatest attempts would reckon,"

his impish mockery at Paracelsus, spiritualist Kelly,
and Cornelius Agrippa:

"Bombastus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pommel of his sword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of past and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon
That devil's looking glass, a stone;
Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He solved all problems ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug
I' the garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences are vain,"

or the arch way in which Hudibras assures the
Lady that his capacity for keeping a secret is equal
to that of the author of *De secretis mulierum*:

"But if you doubt I should reveal
What you intrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary Albertus."

The first medical reference of consequence that
we encounter in *Hudibras* is the familiar passage
about the Taliacotian operation (plastic reformation
of the nose):

"So learned Taliacotius from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech;
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropped the sympathetic snout"—

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which speaks for itself. We may note, in passing, the current belief in a sympathetic relation between parts of bodies separated in space, as in Sir Kenelm Digby's scorpion oil (opotherapy) and weapon salve (psychotherapy):

"A scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dressed with salve restore
And heal the hurts they gave before";

not to mention the

"Strange hermetic powder
That wounds nine miles point blank would solder,
By skilful chemist with great cost
Extracted from a rotten post."

Let us pass from these to the witty portrait of the empiric Ralph who went in for "judicial astrology"—

"A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renowned:
He Anthroposophus and Flood
And Jacob Behmen understood:
Knew many an amulet and charm
That would do neither good nor harm.

.....
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words:
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean
That speak and think contrary clean:
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope!* and *Walk, knave, walk!*
.....

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Find in the physiognomies
O' the planets all men's destinies:
Like them that took the Doctor's bill,
And swallowed it instead o' the pill.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep or mange in swine."

As a companion piece or pendant to this portrait there is another which has something of the homely, countrybred flavor of Jenner's *Signs of Rain*—the sketch of Sidrophel, the Rosicrucian and veterinarian:

"To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When brass or pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way;
When geese and pullen are seduced,
And sows and suckling pigs are choused;
When cattle feel indisposition
And need th' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chicken languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale,
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humorsome:
To him with questions and with urine,
They for discovery flock, or curing."

Sidrophel, it seems, had his own peculiar psychotherapy that could

"Cure warts and corns with application
Of medicines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs and scare
With rhymes the toothache and catarrh."

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Then he knew how to

"Kill pigs and geese with powdered glass,
And make it for enchantment pass;
With cow itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guinea pepper;
Make lechers and their punks with dewtry [*Datura-*
stramonium!]
Commit fantastical advowtry."

A contemporary of the Hooks and Leeuwen-
hoeks, he was an expert in parasitology, knowing

"How many different specieses
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeses;
And which are next of kin to those
Engendered in a chandler's nose;
Or those not seen but understood,
That live in vinegar or wood,"

And he was a forerunner of the vegetable patholo-
gist, having

"Several new found remedies
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees,
Your arts of fluxing them for claps
And purging their infected saps;
Recovering chancres, crystallines
And nodes and blotches in the rinds."

Last but not least he knew the secret of **the ho-**
munculus:

"What medicine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with as he tells us."

It will be gathered from such excerpts as these
that Butler entertained about the same opinion of
the medical profession as he did of the clergy or the
luminaries of the law. His writings are, in fact,
replete with *le mal qu'on dit des medecins*, and al-

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though, in one place he says, in paraphrase of Homer,

"A skillful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war,"

yet he refers elsewhere to

"A learned physician and manslayer,"

and his sketch of Talgol doubtless embodies his real view :

"Nor engine nor device polemic,
Disease nor doctor epidemic,
Though stored with deleterious medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since,
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the underworlds as he."

Butler was, in fact, the typical scoffer, and by dint of continual raillery, came at last to see everything in a whimsical or sardonic light, especially those enthusiasms, religious, scientific, or other, which the Germans call *Schwärmerei*—

"A convert's but a fly that turns about
After his head's pulled off to find it out."

Thus, to indicate that attention to sanitary matters may sometimes lead to high worldly place, he instances the example of the Emperor Vespasian,

"Who from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome."

And Semiramis is held to be of interest as a pioneer of castration and ovariectomy :

"This first a woman did invent
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon
Who first of all cut men o' the stone

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To mar their beards and lay foundation
Of sow geldering operation."

It is in the *Remains in Verse and Prose*, published long after his death, in 1759, that we find a different Butler from the whimsical, incredulous mocker who was the author of *Hudibras*. Here age and the sour experience of hope deferred have wrought upon him to the extent that his view of life, if only pessimistic, is at least deeper, graver, and not without a curious interest of its own. The novelist Flaubert, one of his critics tells us, "wished us to see the external world flowing like water before our eyes as Brahma sees it," and this philosophical equipoise or indifferentism, to which so many modern writers have pantingly aspired, Butler seems to have attained without any apparent effort, indeed perhaps in spite of his better self. If he ever had any capacity for moral indignation or other human emotion, he had completely lost it and ultimately came to live in that region which the German philosopher holds out as a goal of effort, "on the other side of good and evil." In the *Miscellaneous Thoughts* his most serious and important poems, the forms of good and evil pass before his eyes like figures on an arras, having no moral, but only an artistic or satiric interest,² and his verses on Women, Love, Fate, Justice, and so forth, have the familiar pessimistic ring of your seventeenth century Schopenhauer.

²Of this tendency one instance may suffice, where, sounding the brazen note of Nietzsche's "immoralist," he ridicules Ulysses as an oaf in his relation to what Kipling has called "the most ancient profession in the world."

"To be out of countenance and, like an ass,
Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer glass;
Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
For fear of being turned into a swine;
When one of our heroic adventurers now
Would drink her down and turn her to a sow."

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Among the poems of scientific interest in the *Remains* is *The Elephant in the Moon*, a satire on the Royal Society, which, if dull and lengthy, is at least well aimed at one of the principal faults of the seventeenth century men—the *omne ignotum pro miraculo*:

"Learned men who greedily pursue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their nicest speculations, choose
To make their own discoveries strange news,
And natural history rather a gazette
Of rarities, stupendous and far set:
Believe no truths are worthy to be known
That are not strongly vast and overgrown."

Another characteristic foible of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the quest for a universal remedy, is well hit off in Butler's lines referring to a certain French quack who, going beyond Paracelsus,

"set up physic
And called his receipt a general specific."

This type of quack, not far to seek to-day, had evidently a larger contract on his hands than La Place, who sought a "world-formula" to express mathematically how anything or everything happens.

Butler's *Prose Remains* consist mainly of a gallery of "Characters," following the mechanical lines laid down by Theophrastus and La Bruyère, and having the same fault as their portraits—the tendency to delineate diagrammatic types rather than flesh and blood human beings. Of these, the Astrologer and Hermetic Philosopher are largely prose transcripts of the passages already quoted from *Hudibras*. A few lines from the *Medicine*

Taker may be of interest, as a vigorous sketch of the *malade imaginaire*, who needs judicious psychotherapy rather than exhibition of quack medicines. "His disease is only in his judgment, which makes him believe a doctor can fetch it out of his stomach or his belly; and fright those worms out of his guts that are bred in his brain . . . He is no sooner well, but any story or lie of a new famous doctor, or strange cure, puts him into a relapse and he falls sick of a medicine instead of a disease, and catches physic like him that fell into a looseness at the sight of a purge. He never knows when he is well nor sick, but is always tampering with his health till he has spoiled it, like a foolish musician that breaks his strings with striving to put them in tune." To this we are tempted to add a few palpable hits from the character of the Mountebank or strolling vendor of quack medicines—on the whole the liveliest of Butler's medical satires in prose: "He is a pedlar of medicines, a petty chapman of cures, and tinker empirical to the body of man. He strolls about to market and fairs; where he mounts on the top of his shop, that is his bank, and publishes his medicines as universal as himself; for everything is for all diseases, as himself is of all places, that is to say, of none. His business is to shew tricks and impudence; as for the cure of diseases it concerns those that have them, not him, farther than to get their money. . . . He baits his patient's body with his medicines, as a rat-catcher does a room, and either poisons the disease or him. As soon as he has got all the money and spent all the credit the rabble could spare him, he then removes to fresh quarters, where he is less known and better trusted. . . . He administers physic with a farce, and gives his patients a preparative of dancing on the rope, to stir the humors and prepare

them for evacuation. . . . The first thing he vents is his own praise, and then his medicines wrapt up in several papers and lies. . . . He casts the nativity of urinals, and tries disease, like a witch, by water. . . . He pretends to universal medicines, that is such, as, when all men are sick together, will cure them all, but till then no one in particular."

Our excerpts from the *Prose Remains* may close with a paragraph from the satire "On Dr. Charlton's Feeling a Dog's Pulse at Gresham College," one of Butler's many slaps at the scientific or experimental tendencies of seventeenth century medicine, which was incidentally "a satirical sneering imitation" of the literary style of the then secretary of the Royal Society, Robert Boyle. "It is wonderful," says our satirist, "to behold this exquisite and solert Doctor, whose province lies in the cabinet of fair ladies, and whose daily employments are to solicit the tender arteries of their ivory wrists, that he, I say, should nevertheless condescend to animadvert the languishing diastole of an expiring mongrel."

The studious neglect which Butler suffered at the hands of the king and the nobles of the court—Clarendon, Dorset, Buckingham—became a sort of *scandalum magnatum* after his death, although it was doubtless exaggerated. Some say that he was well taken care of, others that he lived and died an obscure literary hack. He himself boasts how Charles II. was so infatuated with his poem that

"He never eat nor drank nor slept
But *Hudibras* still near him kept;
Never would go to church or so,
But *Hudibras* must with him go."

But our poet-jester lived to learn what a Barmecide's feast mere literary fame and royal notice of

the cap and bells may be if unaccompanied by any material emolument—

“For this good king it seems was told
By some that with him were too bold—
If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
Caress your foes and trust your friends.”

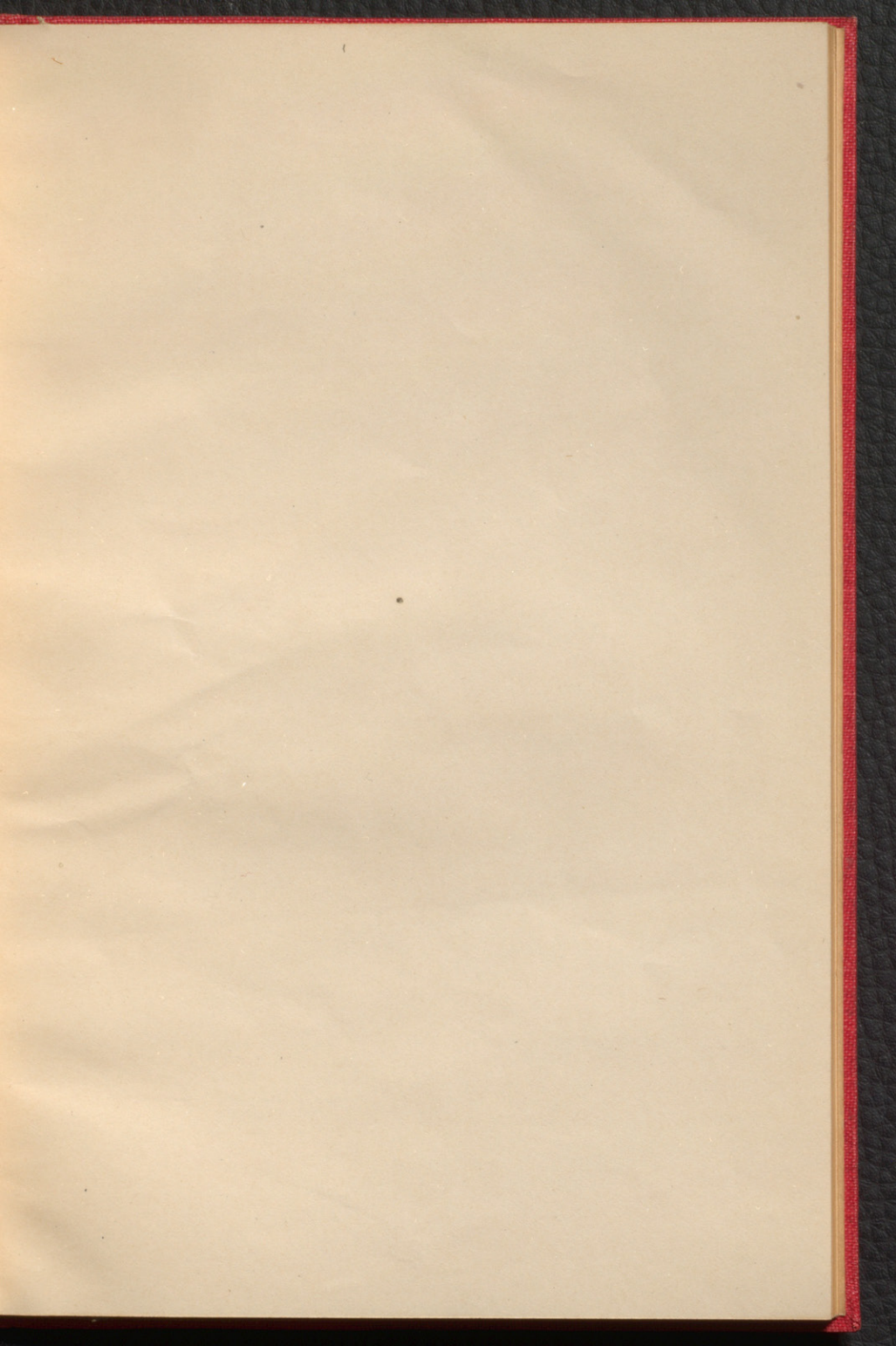
On the other hand, Aubrey tells us that, for an office seeker, Butler was uppish and hard to please. “He might have had preferments at first, but would not accept any but very good, and so got none.” Then he had, from childhood up, the sneering fault finding tendency which is the drawback of the satirical temperament; and men were not apt to cultivate the society of one who might at any moment turn the shafts of his sarcasm against them. Of all this much is in dispute, although the truth is doubtless summed up in Samuel Wesley's well known lines in Westminster Abbey:

“While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust:
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread and he received a stone.”

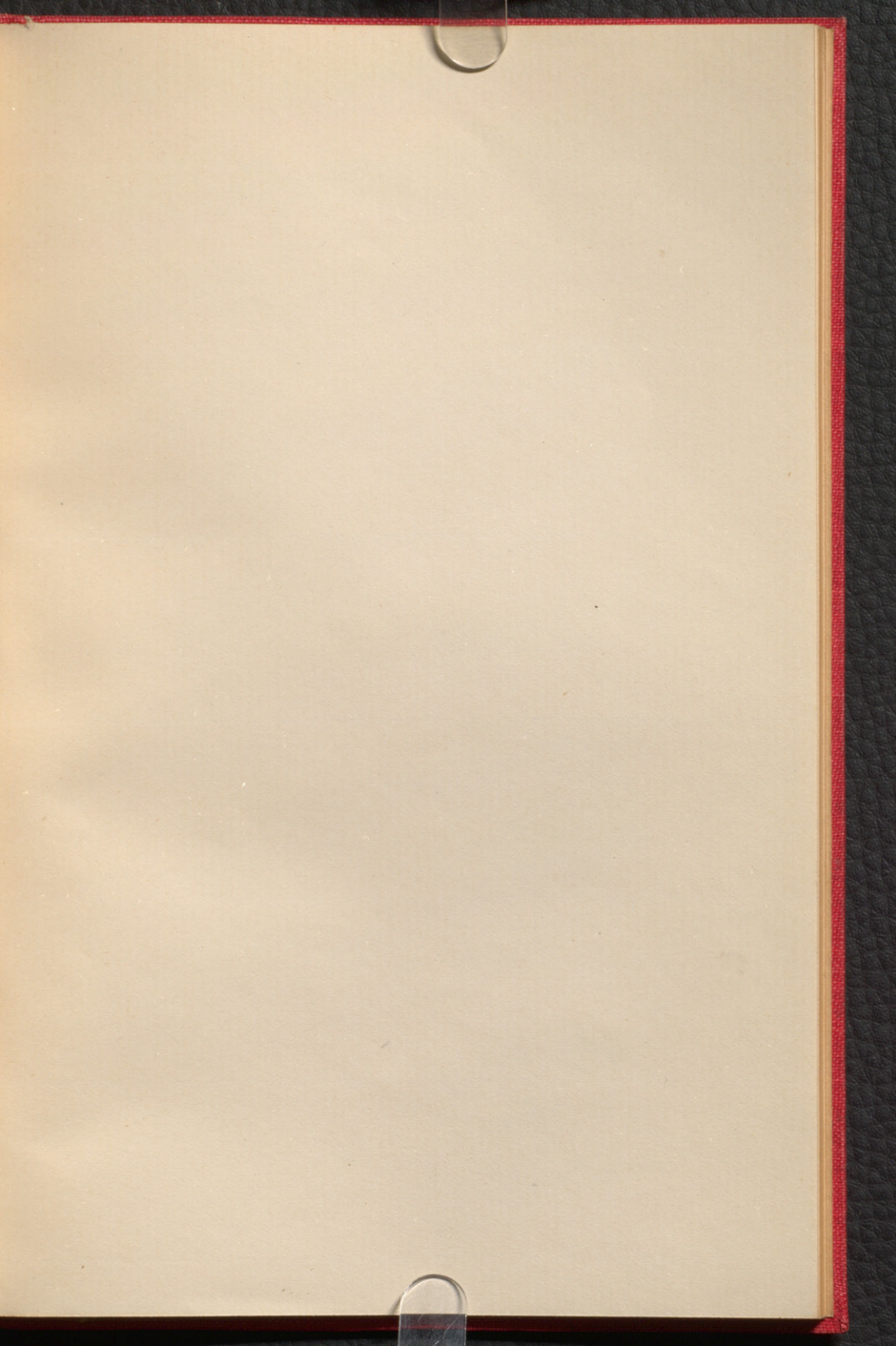
Strange that the keenest satirist of his age should have fooled himself by chancing all upon the favor of the most frivolous and deceitful of royal patrons. Yet if Butler expected the king to be grateful for *Hudibras* he was blind to the crux of the whole matter—the truth about himself. Gratitude is proverbially a burden, and people do not commonly love those who do things for them, but only those whom they instinctively do things for. Butler had many commendable traits of forthright, honesty, and downright truthfulness, but we can read the story

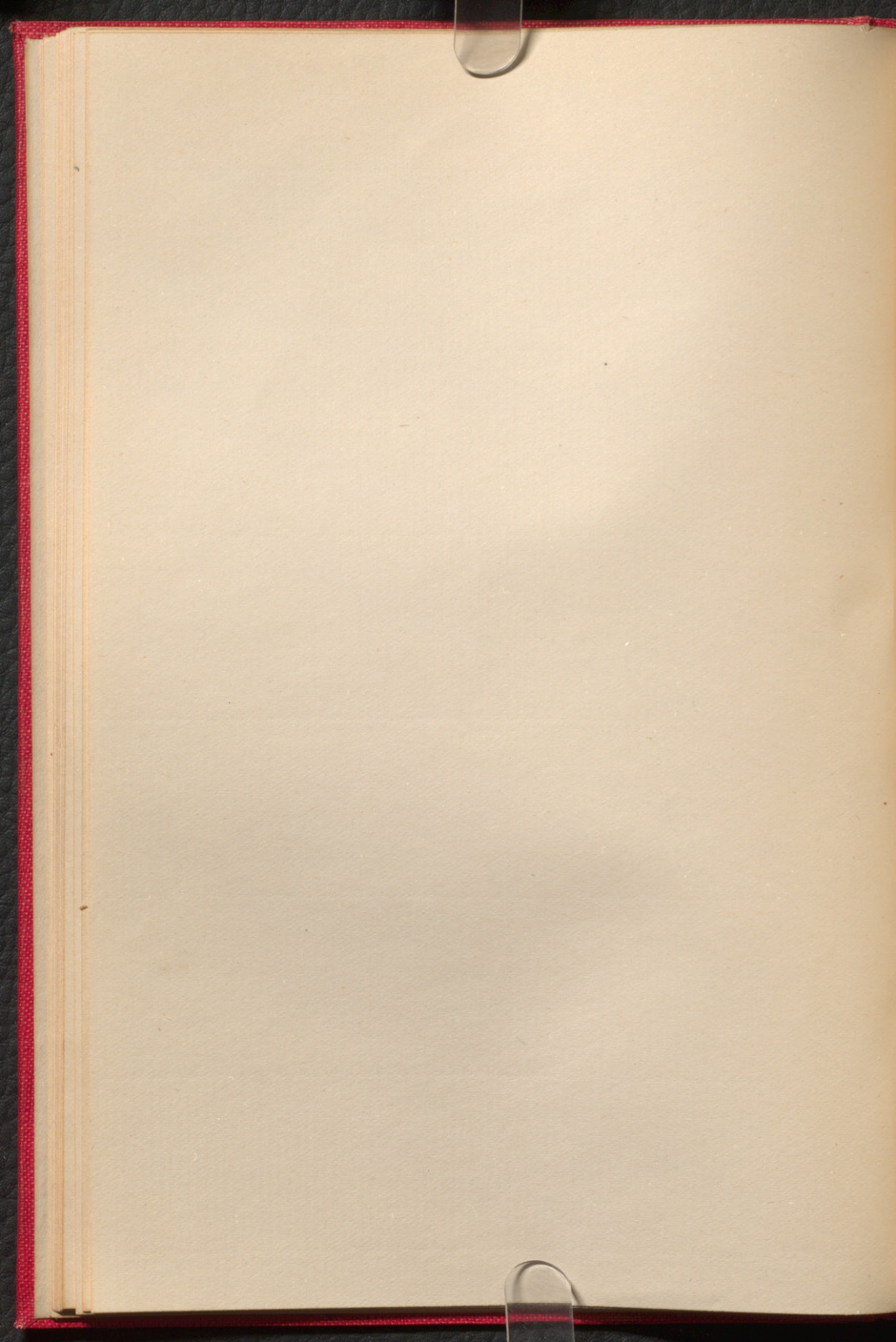
Garrison: Bone Called "Luz."

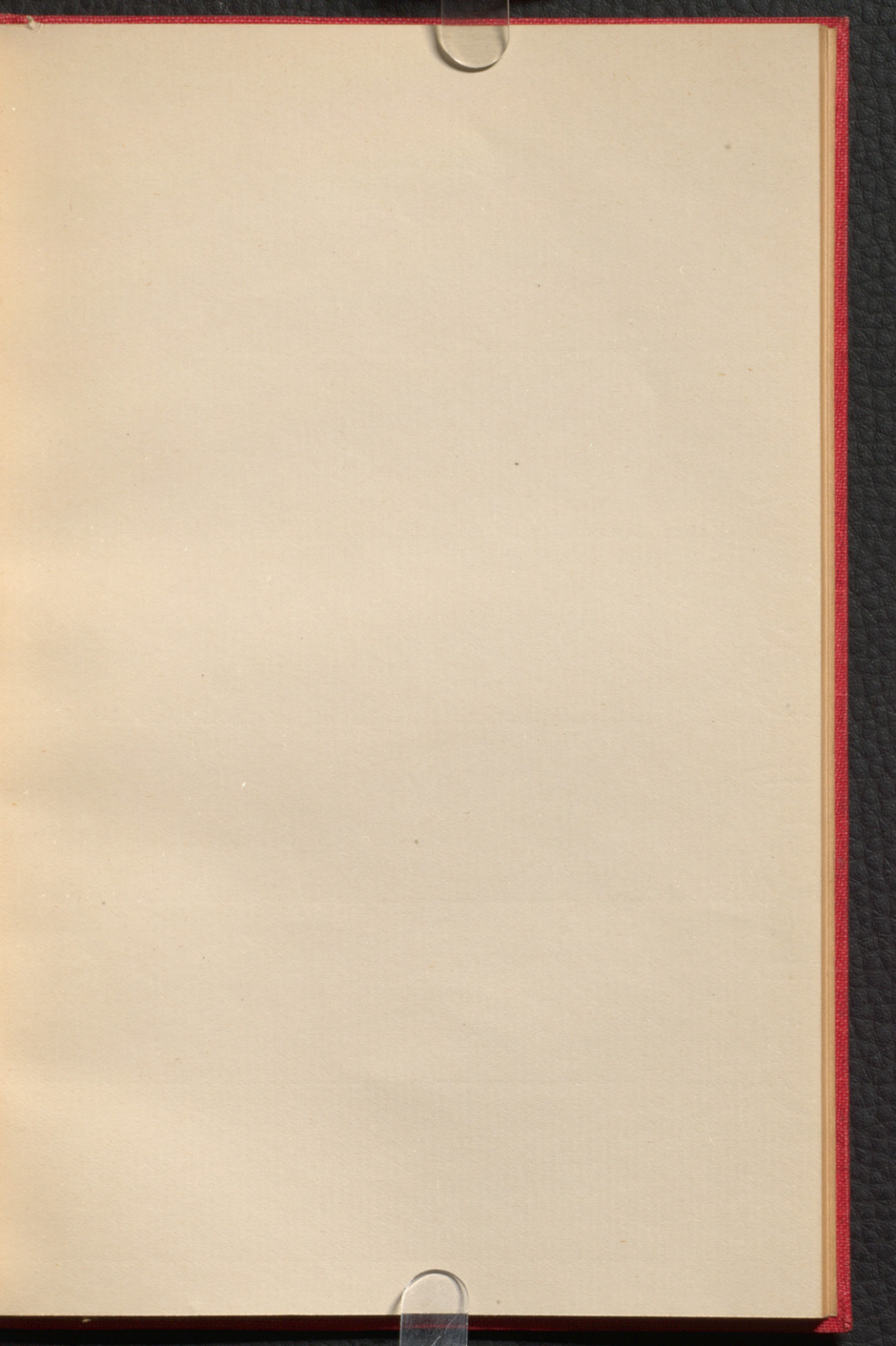
of his life in the hard face we see in his portraits—high nose, large keen sighted eyes, well hung chin, smug satiric mouth—a strong sardonic “morning-after” face, flushed with the glow of robust health, yet with just those traits of snobbery and self seeking that can make or mar a certain ignoble type of character.



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