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AND HEALTH REVIEW.

HE WHO KNOWS ONLY HIS OWN SIDE OF THE CASE, KNOWS LITTLE OF THAT.—*J. Stuart Mill.*

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THE DEVIL AND VACCINATION.

[The following letter and poem were sent to Mr. Henry Pitman (see his *Prison Thoughts on Vaccination*) by Mr. H. Strickland Constable, of Wassand, Hull, author of *Our Medicine Men and Fashions of the Day*.]

SIR,—Circumstances that have lately come under my notice have led me to share the doubts now so largely entertained upon the subject of Vaccination. It is said that Vaccination is proved to be beneficial by the fact that small-pox is less fatal than formerly. But gaol fevers, camp fevers, black death, sweating fevers, Oriental plague, etc., are less fatal than formerly, without any corresponding causes. The fact, no doubt, is that in former times medical practice was barbarous and sanitary considerations undreamed of. At most, Vaccination ought to be permissive, not compulsory. To imprison a man for refusing to have his younger child vaccinated, because he believes that his elder child has been killed by the operation, is extremely cruel. The sufferers are poor men. Their influence cannot tell upon political parties like that of brewers and railway directors, and therefore their cause has little chance of a hearing; but I have yet to learn that a poor man is not every whit as fond of his children as a rich one. One can fancy the Devil chuckling over this bit of legislation. Such cold-blooded cruelty must be perfectly charming to any spirit of unmixed malignity. I send you a new version of Coleridge's celebrated poem.

H. STRICKLAND CONSTABLE.

*Athenæum Club, Pall Mall.*

From his brimstone bed at dawn of day,  
 From his bed the Devil is risen,  
 Risen and dressed in his Sunday best,  
 To inspect a model prison.  
 Villainous faces—burglars, thieves,  
 Murderers, too, he saw;  
 But the Devil was sad, for they put him in mind  
 Of just and righteous law.  
 He saw a bare-backed garotter flogged,  
 Cursing and groaning with pain; [Book  
 But the Devil was sad, for he thought of the  
 That says—"Behold, the measure ye mete  
 To thee will be measured again."  
 Plenty of grovelling souls he saw—  
 Plenty of vice and wrong—  
 But petty and mean, so the Devil was bored,  
 For he loves it hot and strong.

There were two or three prisoners swearing hard,  
 And he caught the word "Damnation!"  
 The Devil was bored, yet he sneered a sneer  
 Of lazy approbation.  
 At length he came to an honest face—  
 "Hollo! my man," said he,  
 "How in the world did you get here?  
 What crime can your crime be?"  
 "I had a bairn," the man he said,  
 "A bonnier could not be;  
 They poisoned his blood, and he died of sores,  
 A loathsome sight to see.  
 "Another was born, but I swore an oath  
 That murdered he should not be;  
 So here I am in a felon's cell,  
 And in felons' company."  
 "Ho, ho!" cried the Devil, as he rubbed his  
 "This is nuts, this is nuts," said he; [paws—  
 "A poor man crushed by the strong hand  
 Of legal tyranny.  
 "Oh! it's a treat to see a good man  
 Ground down for doing right!  
 Doubly a treat when the grinding is done  
 By law in its pitiless might!"  
 The Devil remained—he was far too pleased  
 To return to his place below—  
 He stayed and chuckled, and waved his tail  
 Gently to and fro.

ABSURDITY AND TYRANNY OF COMPULSORY VACCINATION.—As to its intense absurdity, there is no measure of that; and there ought to be no measure of contempt—and hardly of our indignation—when legal murder is founded on it. At what are they aiming? Forsooth, to protect us from small-pox. Yet they placard re-vaccination over the whole kingdom; hereby avowing that vaccination is *not* a protection. And it is enforced on helpless infants only. I think we ought to petition Parliament to submit themselves to vaccination, from arm to arm, before they inflict the misery on us. Such conduct makes law hateful, and looses the bands of loyalty and patriotism. It is hard to speak of such legislation as it deserves. But, in fact, it was carried in the dead of night; no doubt, in an empty house. Such is the disgraceful stealth by which medical artfulness compasses its despotic objects. Once enacted, countless martyrdoms are needed before an over-worked Parliament will rescind a bad law. The men who do these things are incendiaries of revolution.  
 FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.