

THE
VACCINATION INQUIRER

AND HEALTH REVIEW.

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

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fallacy and make-believe. Mr. H. Strickland Constable should be in the House to re-enforce Mr. Taylor with the shrewd wit that illuminates the pages of *Our Medicine Men*. More of the spirit of Swift and Moliere is required to dissolve the contradictions, absurdities and insanities involved in the word Vaccination.

PROFESSOR F. W. NEWMAN ON COMPULSORY MEDICINE.

It does not rest with Parliament to enact how a disease shall be treated. If a bill were proposed to enforce that every one who is seized with apoplexy shall be bled, the *Lancet* would probably be foremost in outcry. I should expect it to propound that Parliament is no authority in medicine; that to protect us from *dangerous* treatment by ignorant pretenders, Parliament enacts medical degrees as mere tests of knowledge, but it must not dictate to those who have displayed their knowledge by gaining the degree.

Nor is it to the purpose to say that Parliament took advice of physicians before it legislated. Some thirty or forty years ago, when homœopaths first disused bleeding for apoplexy and fever, the disapproval of their conduct by the orthodox medical faculty was so universal and vehement, that Parliament might easily have got medical warrant to enforce bleeding. Nay, a hundred years ago, physicians were zealous for inoculation. My father was with difficulty saved from it by the sturdy refusal of his mother, who said (as she told me)—“If God send small-pox of my child, I must bear it; but never will I consent to give it to him on purpose: how can any one know what would come of it?”

At that time Parliament might have been advised by educated and learned physicians to make inoculation *compulsory*; and I make no doubt those physicians spoke as dogmatically to my grandmother in favour of it, as they can now speak of vaccination: yet, by the advice of physicians, inoculation is now made *penal*! It is certainly possible that by the advice of physicians vaccination also will hereafter be made penal. Medicine is a changing and (let us hope) progressive art: it has no pretension to be science, or to have any fixedness at all.—*Letter to H. Pitman.*

OUR DANGER.—To get rid of a new ridiculous fancy, like Pure Lymph from the Calf, might take another fifty years with our parliamentary imperfection.—F. W. NEWMAN.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELUSION.

CHAPTER XVI.

RAPID TRIUMPH OF VACCINATION AND OF JENNER.

THE House of Hanover has been reproached for indifference to literature, science and art, but an exception might be asserted on the score of variolous and vaccine inoculation. It was Caroline, Princess of Wales, who in 1721 promoted Maitland's experiments; and Jenner found none so ready to hear and believe as George III. and his family. His first convert was the Duke of Clarence, subsequently William IV. The Duke's surgeon happened to be Francis Knight, who had lived in Wilts and Gloucestershire, and was familiar with the country faith in cow-pox, and received Jenner's revelation with a ready mind. In 1799 Knight was allowed to vaccinate two of the Duke's children by Mrs. Jordan, and the fact was noised abroad and passed to Jenner's credit. Nor was the Duke's service limited to this example. He made Jenner's acquaintance, listened to his stories, and became his active partisan. Then the Duke of York, commander-in-chief of the army, was convinced, and enforced the new practice to the full extent of his power. He, moreover, acted as patron of the Vaccine Pock Institution until he was persuaded that Pearson, its founder, was injurious to Jenner. On 7th March, 1800, Jenner was presented to George III. at St. James's Palace, and delivered the *Inquiry* bound in crimson to his majesty, who was pleased to accept the dedication of the second edition. On the 27th he had an interview with Queen Charlotte, who conversed about the new specific with all the curiosity of a grandmotherly quack. The Prince of Wales followed suit; and Jenner found himself invested with the full effulgence of the royal favour. It was a magical success; for, consider, not two years had elapsed since the publication of the *Inquiry*! Jenner naturally became very popular. He wrote to Mr. Shrapnel—“I have not yet made half my calls in town, although I fag from eleven till four;” and, “Pray tell Tierney how rapidly the Cow-Pox is marching over the metropolis, and indeed through the whole island. The death of three children under inoculation with small-pox will probably give that practice the Brutus-stab.”

With little ability to make and maintain ground, Jenner, like many feeble folk, had the faculty of converting those he called his friends to his private advantage. He did not subdue them by will, but by weakness. Indeed, whoever chooses to observe will often have to mark