

**Letter on vaccination to a medical practitioner / from H. Strickland
Constable.**

Contributors

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LETTER
ON
VACCINATION

TO
A MEDICAL PRACTITIONER

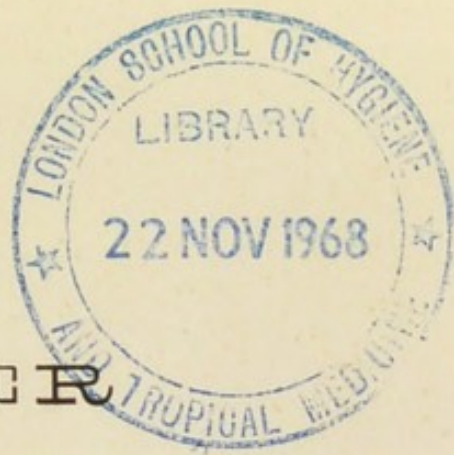
FROM
H. STRICKLAND CONSTABLE.

LONDON :
HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO., 32, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

KINGSTON-UPON-HULL :
LENG & CO., 15, SAVILE-STREET.

—
1871





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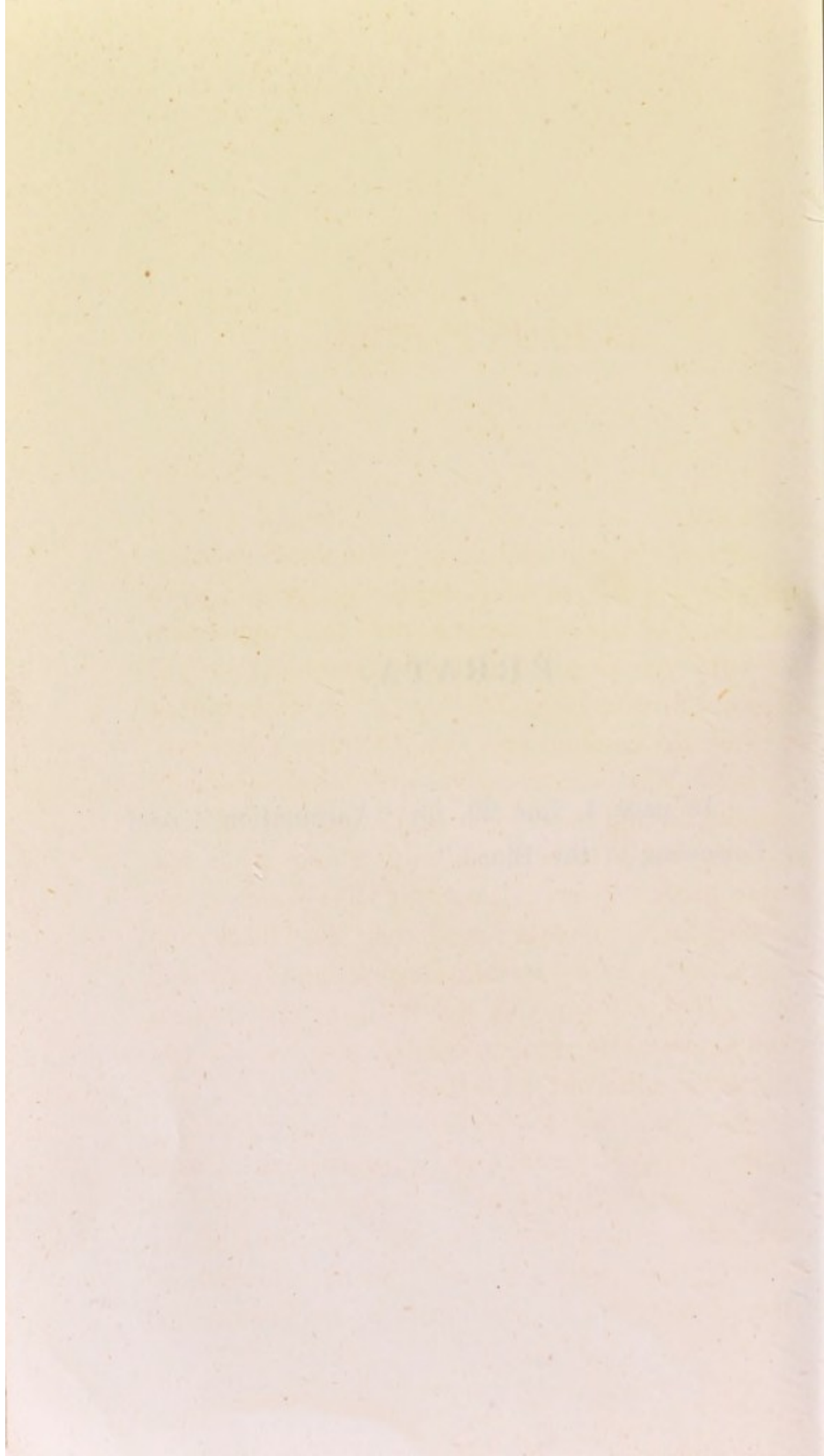
ASSOCIATION

OF

1875

ERRATA.

In page 4, line 29, for "Vaccination," read
"Poisoning of the Blood."



LETTER.

—0—

DEAR SIR,

One day in conversation with you about Vaccination, you told me you were completely ignorant upon the subject of the evil consequences that sometimes follow the operation. I feel sure therefore you will be glad to learn that Dr. Hawksley, an eminent Physician in London, says that sometimes Vaccination undoubtedly causes convulsions, or some equally serious evil, and in some cases death; and this, as he says, when there is nothing wrong about the lymph used. There is nothing like London for teaching facts. People spend their lives discussing a question in little country districts and provincial towns, that five minutes talk with a man who is familiar with the vast experience that London and its great hospitals afford settles at once.

Convulsions
after
Vaccination.

You also said to me that if anything serious happens after Vaccination it is because the lymph used is impure. I have no doubt you are acquainted with an excellent work by the late Archbishop Whately upon logic. If so, I think you will see upon consideration, that this is an assumption

Archbishop
Whately.

logically untenable. It arises in fact from arguing in a circle. Why did the patient die? Because the lymph used was impure. How do you know the lymph was impure? Because the patient died. I am afraid this mode of argument is not uncommon amongst uneducated or half educated people.

Another day you said that even if in any case Vaccination were to poison the blood, it must take several days to do it, in consequence of the operation being performed by mere abrasion of the skin. I think, therefore, you would like to know a curious experiment that was tried by Doctor Peter, in Paris. He vaccinated sixty children, and in each case, immediately after the operation, he rubbed the place vigorously with a wet sponge but to no purpose. The poison had already got into the blood, for the vaccine eruptions made their appearance at the usual time. Poison will act quickly sometimes. I need not remind you of snake bites. I once saw a person who was stung by a wasp, covered within two hours from head to foot with white lumps, which had spread gradually from the stung place.

I dare say you know the valuable German works of Virchow. I am afraid there is no English translation of them, but no doubt you will not mind that. Medical men of the present day are highly educated; and it is necessary that they should be so, because the foreign works on medical subjects are so excellent. You should read what Virchow says about Vaccination. He gives a great many curious cases of its effects, some

with symptoms very like scarlet fever, others of violent convulsions, accompanied with sickness and black spots over the body. One curious case he gives of lymph from a man being introduced into the veins of a dog and its dying in convulsions within a few hours.

As you say you are so ignorant about the evils that occasionally follow the operation, I should think you would like to read the evidence that has been given before the Vaccination Committee of the House of Commons. I will merely mention here a few things in it that have especially attracted my attention.

First, then, the evidence shows indisputably that many deaths, or almost equally serious consequences have occurred from vaccinating children. Dr. Garth Wilkinson (whose writings, by the by, American Emerson seems to admire for real insight into truth more than those of any other living Englishman,) says, 90,000 in the last forty years. But I think there must be a mistake in this computation. It is inconceivable that the British public should have allowed such a massacre of the innocents to go on. Mr. Darwin thinks (though I can hardly bring myself to agree with him*) that morally, though not intellectually, the highest apes are

Dr. Garth
Wilkinson.

* And yet the Missionaries tell strange stories. One of them relates how in one tribe of savages his difficulty in translating the Bible was almost insurmountable. They had innumerable words for every kind of violence, wickedness, theft, murder, and sensuality, but not one single one for any kind of virtue. When he came to the text, "God is love," he almost had to

superior to the lowest men because they do not practise infanticide nor tell lies. But if Dr. Wilkinson is right, it is not only the lowest savages who practice infanticide; and as to lies, I am afraid that they are not absolutely unknown even amongst people who think themselves considerably advanced in civilization. But even if he is right, it does not prove anything against Vaccination. For if during that period it could be shown that the operation had saved the lives of 90,100, there would be a balance in favor of Vaccination of one hundred.

Evidence
against
Vaccination.

A Surgeon, from Manchester, said in his evidence—"I have had to suffer much from the Vaccination Act, having lost one of my children by it. The child died on the eighth day."

Sir Jervoise Jervoise said—"I know a child who was re-vaccinated, and broke out in abscesses from head to foot in consequence. Particular pains had been taken to get pure lymph."

Dr. Lever said—"The best lymph will sometimes do mischief."

Dr. Hitchman, formerly a Public Vaccinator at Liverpool, says—"I have seen hundreds of children killed by Vaccination."

give it up in despair. When he asked them for a name that would best represent a being to be revered and worshipped, he could get nothing but that of a celebrated medicine man, who had been dead a hundred years, and who went by the name of "Crooked-knee." When he came to the second word and asked what feeling gave them the noblest and most exalted sensation of mind of which they were capable of, their answer was "The taste of meat in a state of half decomposition."

One medical witness said—“He had known Vaccination produce symptoms exactly like ordinary Small Pox.”

Dr. Gregg says—“Having for many years been the only Public Vaccinator in Bristol, I have naturally for 30 years turned my attention to its effects, and I can say with sorrow that Vaccination is not only perfectly useless but often fearfully injurious.”

One witness said that—“Sir Cullen Eardley died from the effects of Vaccination, although fifteen other people who were vaccinated with the same lymph took no ill from it. Also that it is utterly impossible to be certain whether any lymph is pure or impure.

Dr. Collins said—“He sacrifices £500 a year in fees by refusing to vaccinate.”

One witness, who was a medical man in great practice, said that—“If it had not been that he declined practising Vaccination, he might have made a hundred guineas during the last month.” He also mentioned a neighbouring Surgeon who boasted that—“He made £60 a week from the operation.”

Mr. Emery said in his evidence that—“He had lost a child from Vaccination. The verdict at the inquest was ‘Died from Erysipelas, caused from Vaccination.’ Dr. Lankester, the Coroner, said to the Jury, ‘Gentlemen, you must modify that verdict.’ The Foreman of the Jury said to Dr. Lankester, ‘We will do nothing of the kind.’”

Dr. Collins said that—"Convulsions were common after Vaccination."

One medical witness, after describing the death of a child from Vaccination, said—"He asked the mother what the Surgeon who performed the operation said about it. The woman's answer was—'I dare not mention Vaccination to him, he is very cross if I do.' " I was rather amused when I read this, it reminded me so exactly of a case that has lately come under my notice.

Mr. Baker, a Barrister, said—"He knew of a child who suffered from a dreadful disease in consequence of the operation; of course, he said, the parents are told in all such cases by the doctors that the Vaccination had nothing to do with it, but the parents knew better."

In Sweden, the best vaccinated country in Europe, 5,398 people died of Small Pox during the last epidemic, every one of whom had been vaccinated.

I have copied out for you these few items of the evidence, because you expressed to me your ignorance upon the subject, and so I thought you would like to have them. Still there is heavy evidence (if honest) on the other side, and, therefore, my own conclusion at present, after studying both sides, is that Vaccination when carefully practised is beneficial, and to a certain degree a safeguard against Small Pox; and

also that it can (with rare exceptions) be safely practised amongst the well-to-do classes where the conditions of life are wholesome, but that where the contrary is the case, it is apt to be a dangerous experiment. I am, of course, open to further evidence, but this is my present opinion,—valueless, you will say, being unprofessional. But weighing evidence has nothing to do with professional knowledge; all that is wanted is strong impartial common sense—by far the rarest thing to be found in the world—I say rarest, not highest, for the highest things are not rare, as C. Kingsley, you will remember, truly says. The question is one for evidence to decide; but with regard to evidence I will just make two observations. First, that universality of belief is none, for there used to be universality of belief in witchcraft. Secondly, that the involuntary bias of an interested witness destroys the trustworthiness of his evidence even more completely than intentionally dishonest evidence; for whilst the conclusion is equally false in both cases, the appearance of honesty in the first leads to greater belief in the false conclusion.

I say that for Vaccination there is heavy evidence (if honest). Now when I say honest I do not allude to conscious dishonesty. When beer drinkers, brewers, publicans and sinners resist all reform in the management of public houses, their evidence on the subject, though perfectly honest is different from what it would be if they did not believe that

Landowners. their interest was concerned. When landowners said that repealing the corn laws would ruin the country, they honestly believed what they said, only their belief and evidence upon the subject was suffused all over with a fine rich color that was derived from supposed self interest. When people left off wearing pig tails, and the wig makers sent deputations to Parliament to petition for compulsory legislation on the subject—that is to say, that wearing of pig tails should be compulsory and not only permissive—on the plea that unless this were done England would sink to a second rate power, they were perfectly honest, only their evidence was given under a bias produced by self interest. When Judge Hale burned people for witchcraft, he honestly believed it was his duty to do so, only neither he nor anyone else in that age could free himself from a belief which he had sucked in with his mother's milk and had had inculcated into him every subsequent day of his life. Now, the belief in and evidence for Vaccination may possibly contain in them these three ingredients. Self interest, hereditary tendency,* and habits of thought during a life time.

* It requires only a very short time for a mental tendency to get into the blood, and thus become in the next generation innate. A dog is taught to beg, that is to sit bolt upright with its fore paws doubled down. But this dog's progeny will beg without being taught. Wendell Holmes tells a story of a man who was in the habit of pulling his old Father out of the house to one particular spot and thrashing him, and when he grew old, his son, who had inherited the mental tendency, adopted exactly the same habit with him, and always thrashed him in exactly the same spot.

The above are only illustrations of Herbert Spencer's most true doctrine that people's opinions do not come from their reasons, but from their wills and their feelings. Their reason is only used to prove the opinion that is already there. And if the reasoner is of an ingenious turn of mind, the proof will often be beautifully logical and completely nonsensical.

With regard to this Vaccination question, medical gentlemen on both sides seem to work themselves up into great indignation over the opinions held by their antagonists; but this is like the grammarian who invoked the eternal wrath of heaven upon his adversary on account of his opinions upon the præter-plus-perfect tense. It is a matter for investigation, not wrath. Moral wrong alone should rouse that.

Even if the benefit of Vaccination should turn out to be completely a delusion, which at present I do not believe, its opponents must not expect an in-born faith that has got to form a part of the human nature of this generation to vanish quickly. It took hundreds of years for Englishmen to cure themselves of belief in witchcraft.

I am afraid that a man is rather a selfish animal. He hears of abuses, but so long as they do not touch himself he swims with the stream and disregards them. He hears of people's children being killed by Vaccination, but he only half believes it, and scarcely gives the thing a thought. One day a child of his own is struck down, and then he opens his eyes.

Vaccination ought not to be compulsory, if for no other reasons than these:—that the Act of Parliament is certain to be evaded, and amongst the poor to be carelessly, and, therefore, unsafely carried out. In Towns, the operation is intrusted to the younger members of the profession,—the “Bob Sawyers,” in fact. I have been told by an experienced Physician, that the practice is to scratch one baby after another with a lancet, shove in any kind of stuff, and think of nothing but getting the thing over. And it must be so. I am sadly afraid that no legislation that was ever invented, not even a Parliament elected under household suffrage, backed up by the Crown, the Lords, and the whole British Public, will be able to alter the peculiarities of Mr. Sawyers’ natural disposition. Besides, it is utterly impossible to insure purity of lymph, in these wholesale proceedings. Legislative interference, with the wishes of parents in the matter, must, I am afraid, be classed under that very large head expressed by the phrase “meddle and muddle.”

Of course there can be only one result to the investigation of the Vaccination Committee. A politician must legislate for men as they are, not as they may be at some future time. And the majority of men as they are believe in Vaccination. If 300 years ago a Committee of the House of Commons had been appointed to examine into the truth of witchcraft, the evidence given in its favour would have been absolutely overwhelming, and their report, and the con-

sequent legislation, ought to have been in accordance with it, for otherwise the House of Commons would have been looked upon as a set of dreaming fools utterly unworthy of the confidence of the country. In later times, if a Committee had been appointed to examine into the truth of the popular superstition that blood letting, at the spring and fall of the year, was a beneficial practice, the evidence in its favour from medical witnesses would also have been perfectly overwhelming. Again I say, legislators must legislate for men as they are, not as some exceptional people think (however rightly) that they ought to be and will be. Take that (so-called) great philosopher, Mr. Mill. He thinks that at some future time men will generally believe in his doctrines, that—to give a few of them—women, as proved by history, are more fit to govern nations than men; that for a man to have many children is wicked, because it interferes with the labour market; that the property of people who die without a will should be confiscated, and their families left paupers; that a ruined man should be punished for his misfortunes by penal servitude; that no motive can be higher than an enlightened love of self; that if a man makes a purchase with a view to its rising in value, that increase, when it takes place, should be appropriated by the State, because it has not been gained by manual labour; that the question of belief in a God should be left an open one; that the words interested and disinterested really have the same meaning; that A, when he picks

Mr. Mill.

B's pocket, having no free will, is compelled to do it by God perhaps, if there be a God, if not by those forces of nature that take his place. These are a few of the doctrines, as I understand them, that Mr. Mill believes mankind will some day rise to.* But what would the country say if a Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider them reported in their favour, and recommended immediate legislation in accordance with their report. No, the only way to get the Vaccination Act repealed is to convince the community that the doctors are wrong, as has been done in the case of the practice of violent bleeding.† Do this, and legislation will follow like sheep.

* Mr. Mill is supposed to be at the head of the utilitarian school. The coming time when everybody is to believe in him is called the John-Millennium. Macaulay said of utilitarianism, that it is "not much more foolish than phrenology, and far more humane than cock fighting." Sidney Smith said that if utilitarianism were true, we ought, as soon as old people grow useless, to make portable soup of them. The sceptical hesitating tone of mind of the present day is tending to make all talk and writing weak and mealy mouthed. Now though courtesy to the man himself is of course right, language cannot be too strong nor ridicule too great to express one's indignation at, and contempt for, what one believes to be pernicious nonsense. Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light," which simply means good natured cold intelligence, is all very well in its proper place, but if there were nothing else the world would collapse forthwith. What carries it on is something much warmer, stronger, more earnest and more real.

† A short time ago I was paying a little bill to a blacksmith, a real Yorkshireman. He said to me "Doctors, vetnaries, and blacksmiths are the ignorantest men their is. If yan's well, the doctors maks yan ill or kills yan. Monny a yan's been killed by bleeadin. Look at Doctor — he telled me a bit sin he'd nobbut bled two men in his life, and that he killed yan on em." He then went on to "Vetnaries," and concluded with blacksmiths. I need not say that I utterly disagree with him. Instead of being the "ignorantest," doctors of the present day are perhaps nearly the most educated class of any.

There is just the same sort of foolish ferment going on now in the public mind about Small Pox as there was a few years ago about the Cattle Plague. Then, instead of taking the cattle out of foul cow-houses, and saving them by pure air, pure water, and good food, our authorities, after sitting humbly at the feet of cow doctors, instructed us that the disease bubbled up somewhere in the middle of Russia, spread to England, and could only be cured by killing the cattle. Now that, partly no doubt from some peculiarity of the season, we have Small Pox amongst us, instead of compulsory cleanliness, we are all maundering about compulsory Vaccination. Luckily all these poor sufferers from the disease are Stamping out. not cattle, or we should kill every one of them; as in fact was done formerly. We learn from the old chronicles that “in y^e yeare 1313, y^e King of France burned all his pocky folke, as well men as women.” Nothing like stamping out.

Unhealthy conditions, such as filth and bad air, always cause disease. Some seasons it takes the form of Scarlet Fever; some seasons of typhous; some seasons, though more rarely, of Small Pox; some seasons of other forms of disease. Knowledge has not yet advanced far enough to tell what are the atmospheric peculiarities that settle which it is to be; if it be atmospheric at all, it may be magnetic, or telluric, or solaric. We simply know nothing about the matter.

One day you said, in answer to a suggestion of

mine, that it was impossible; and when I asked why, you said it was contrary to all your experience. Now I am sure when you come to think about it, you will see that the experience of a middle aged practitioner, in a little country district, can hardly be a measure of God's creation. You must know that God never does the same thing twice. That He never imitates Himself. That no two cases of illness are ever alike. That no two pebbles on the beach are alike. That no two grains of sand are alike. Men classify for convenience, and they are quite right to do so. But you surely cannot think that God ties Himself down to their classification. You will remember Charles Lamb's definition of knowledge "our ignorance classified." Also what Sir W. Hamilton says, "That human knowledge is like a farthing rushlight surrounded by an infinite expanse of darkness."* I do not use the word "nature," for it means only a dead God instead of a living one—a God without, instead of with, intelligence. The term is only a weak abstraction. Some doctors, I am afraid not of the most profound order, seem to expect not only to classify every case of disease under one of the heads they have invented, but to be very much shocked and put out if any one of them turns out to be not cut in exactly the right pattern.

Sir W.
Hamilton.

* Archdeacon Hare says "The higher we rise in knowledge, the vaster is the extent of ignorance before us. Men are always foolishly believing themselves approaching the end. But they will be no nearer in a thousand years."

It is sometimes difficult to know what it is right to do. For instance, supposing a man sincerely believes some doctor he has had to do with is dangerous to the lives of the community, should he express his opinion? If he does not, he feels certain valuable lives will be lost. If he does, he runs the risk of injuring some perhaps estimable man, and if his words have influence, of depriving an innocent family of their means of livelihood. I must say myself, that considering our lives are in the hands of the medical men, it is the duty of everyone to say what he feels sure is the truth, cost what it may. A doctor's reputation is the sum total of the expressed opinions of each individual who has had to do with him. If each of these individuals held his tongue, reputation would become a sort of chance, or rather an ignorant bone-setter would get more practice than a Brodie, because he would generally have a larger share of plausible pushing self-confidence, and then we should be killed right and left. One doctor's opinion of another should be received with caution. If they are neighbours, there is sometimes rivalry. If they are not neighbours, I have observed that they generally compliment each other. And in fact any right thinking man speaks well of another if he knows nothing positively against him.

Dilemma.

I can imagine some one after reading these pages saying "this is making a great fuss about a mere doctors' question." But if a doctors' question (that is a question of life and death) is not worth making

a fuss about, what is? Certainly not a political question, for political questions are at bottom nothing but money questions. Now surely matters of life and death are more important than those that only have to do with the pocket. Of course there are greater things still. I need not say that matters relating to spiritual life and death are infinitely more important than either.

I say politics are nothing but money questions.

Taxation. For instance, taxation is of course nothing but legions of money questions. Towns want country to pay most—country wants towns to pay. By disendowment, Nonconformists aim at some of the anglican loaves and fishes, not an unnatural aim, though perhaps rather felonious—Socialists want other people's money—Publicans want to sell adulterated gin without check—Democratic legislators want to be paid for legislating—and so I might go on through the whole catalogue of political questions with few exceptions. Education, perhaps, has not so much to do with money, and the ballot is comparatively

Ballot. pure, it is only a bill to insure the concealment of lies at elections. I repeat, therefore, that with the exception of questions of spiritual life and death, there cannot be any much more important to the human race than those relating to bodily life and death, that is, to “mere doctors' questions,” especially as the two are so intimately connected.

And now I will relate to you a little imaginary history, the principal characters of which are Messrs.

Brown, Jones, and Robinson ; their patient, a little girl of five years old, and her mother. The object of the story being to illustrate by means of my hero—Mr. Brown—“what not to do.” He managed the case. Dr. Robinson, a very eminent Physician, retired from practice, who was so good as to attend for the first few days, will scarcely appear on the stage. Mr. Jones chose for himself the second instrument to play upon, though why he did so when he was so very much the best qualified of the two to take the first, it is impossible to say. But so it was. His name therefore will scarcely appear. I say Mr. Jones played on the second instrument, but perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that he refrained altogether from taking any part in the duet. I think he was right. We all know the unhappy consequences that are apt to follow the employment of too many cooks ; and I doubt not he remembered the saying of the first Napoleon, that one bad general is better than a command divided between two, however good.

Once upon a time then—suppose we say in the year 1871—at a popular watering-place—Scarbro’ will do as well as any other name—a little girl of five years old was re-vaccinated by Mr. Brown, a Surgeon who lived in the old town. The child was not very well at the time, being covered with a kind of Nettle Rash. But Mr. Brown said that did not signify. Within fourteen hours she was in convulsions, which lasted more or less for two days. The

What not
to do.

case was pronounced to be Scarlet Fever, and treated accordingly.

You know, I dare say, a standard little work about children, by Dr. Chavasse. He says that in Scarlet Fever, bad cases of Scarlet Fever the absolutely essential treatment is "no medicine the first week, especially no calomel, no stimulants whatever, windows wide open, whether winter or summer, and plenty of cold water to drink." Mr. Brown's prescriptions were calomel, scammony, brandy, ginger, pepper, mustard, a stifling atmosphere, and no cold water. Of course I don't know which doctor is right. But if one is right the other must be wrong. As to the atmosphere, the child's father went now and then into the room where Mr. Brown passed considerable periods of time, and he was astonished and wrapped in admiration at seeing how much a strong sense of professional duty will enable a man to endure. We laugh at the old mode of treating Scarlet Fever—filling the room with scarlet curtains, scarlet carpets and scarlet bed clothes, and keeping a scarlet coat outside the door for the doctor to put on when he paid his visit, but at any rate it sounds more innocent than tearing a child to pieces with scammony and calomel, though no doubt in those days they combined the advantages of both modes of treatment. Still, as I say, not being a doctor, I know nothing about the matter.

Now about the Scarlet Fever question. A healthy child of five years old, who has never known

a day's illness beyond the trifling ailments of children, is vaccinated one day. Within fourteen hours, after having complained of pain on the vaccinated side, she is in convulsions—accidental coincidences, said Mr. Brown. Now, my dear Sir, if you will just recall the studies you passed through during your University career, I feel sure you will be able to remember a little mathematical subject that went by the name of "The Doctrine of Probabilities." If so, just work out the above coincidences according to this doctrine, and I think you will find that, although the possibility of their being unconnected of course exists, the improbability of this being the case amounts almost to a miracle. If a mad bull were to toss a man, and he died on the spot, it is undoubtedly true that there might be no connection between the circumstances. He might have been seized at the moment with a fit of apoplexy. Still the probability of a connection between his death and the tossing would be so great, that men in general, such is their inaccurate and incautious way of speaking, would say that the bull killed the man.

Doctrine of
Probabilities.

However, as I say our friend pronounced the case to be Scarlet Fever, and having done so he stuck to it with admirable consistency.

Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman who was being examined on a horse case in a court of justice. He swore the animal was fifteen feet high ; but later on in the examination he said fifteen hands. "Why," said the counsel, "a short time ago

Illustrative
Anecdote.

you swore he was fifteen feet high." "Did I," replied Pat, "then, bedad, I'll stick to it, the horse was fifteen feet high."

Consistency in opinions is, however, according to some, a doubtful quality. Archbishop Whately, as you will remember, seems to think it a vice. He says that, considering the uncertainty there is in all knowledge, if a man persist beyond a certain degree in one set of opinions without change, it shows he is either a fool or a rogue, and that he ought, therefore, to be disqualified from sitting in Parliament or taking any part in public affairs. "The largest minds are the least constant," says Bacon. And Faraday says, "In knowledge that man only is to be despised who is not in a state of transition." And again, "Nothing is so opposed to accuracy of philosophical deduction as fixity of opinion."

Faraday.

"What," said a medical man to whom the case was related, "did Mr. Brown re-vaccinate a child only five years old when she was covered with a nettle rash? Then he will never allow that any harm came of it to his dying day. He would think it cutting his own throat. And I have known him many years."

There is a saying that an ounce of common sense without science gets nearer to truth than a pound of science without common sense. One day a cabman came up to the child's father and said, "I've a little kid, sir, ten month old; he's a' arty little chap; but after what's happened your poor

little gurl, I'am afeared to have him vaccinated. What must I do ? ”

There has lately been quite a mania for Cow Pox—amongst the public for receiving, and, therefore, amongst the doctors for imparting it. Mr. Brown was no exception. At the spring of the year was he to be seen as a roaring lion walking about seeking whom he might vaccinate. His hand could hardly even be kept off one of his own patients who was suffering from a dreadfully severe and lingering fit of gout. I understand from medical men that Vaccination in such a case would probably have been fatal. One day he went fully equipped with the purest lymph, armed to the teeth with ignorance, grasping his lancet, and eager for battle, to operate on the household ; but the servant refused to let him in ; upon which, I am sadly afraid, he used language that was not exactly what is called parliamentary. But one should make allowance for zeal in a righteous cause, even though it may be carried a little too far.

I say he went armed with ignorance, because the only alternative is, that he vaccinates people at a time they are unwell, knowing the danger of it, for the sake of a paltry ten shilling fee. Now I do not believe that he would do such a thing.

One day the question was asked, how the child caught the Scarlet Fever. The answer was—“A person may catch Scarlet Fever by infection on the top of the high moors out of sight of a human being or a human habitation.” Now really, my dear Sir,

you must surely see that this is nothing else but our old old friend of the middle ages ! Superstition in its simplest form. Believing in occult influences that only exist in the imaginations of men. After all, are we much better than our much laughed at ancestors ? I was told a table-turning story the other day. A "séance" was being held, which came to an unfortunate termination. The unhappy table, all at once, taking rather too sudden a turn, tumbled down and broke its leg. Table-turning, spirit rapping, occult disease producing influences, &c. I say, again, are we much better than our much laughed at ancestors.

But seriously as Mr. Brown has an inclination to pin his faith upon these mystic causes, perhaps he would like to know a few that were once believed in implicitly, and not so many hundred years ago either.

Here is one that he might often find useful, because colds are so very common.

Valuable
receipts.

If a woman has a cold and sneezes into her husband's shoe, she will soon get well.

Mr. Brown should be reminded that this remedy will only do for married women ; but here is one that will do both for married and unmarried.

If a woman has sore throat, she will be cured by tying a man's stocking round her head.

This will be more generally useful than the last, for the reason I have stated above.

Here is a receipt for tooth ache.

If the patient looks steadfastly at the full moon

and says, three times, in a clear voice, "ache and throe, I bid thee go," he will be cured.

This remedy should be known, as tooth ache is so very common. The manifest objection to it is that it can only be practised once a month.

Here is an invaluable receipt for hooping cough. If you put a live spider into a goose-quill and hang it round the patient's neck in such a manner that it reaches exactly to the pit of the stomach, an almost immediate cure will be effected.

Here is another valuable prescription.

If every possible thing has been done for the patient, and he still grows worse, try telling a lie. It will often succeed where all else fail. This is evidently under the idea of propitiating the evil spirit who caused the disease, and so inducing him to consent to a cure.

The value of the word "Abracadabra" written on a piece of paper and fastened to the patient's forehead, I need say nothing about. For in the days to which I have alluded it was universally known to be efficacious whatever the complaint.

Here is a mode of treatment for cholera, practised with great success in Italy quite lately.

When the pain comes on, apply a picture of St. Joachim to the abdomen, and the pain will immediately cease.

Successful
treatment of
Cholera.

Now this was for Asiatic Cholera of the worst kind; so for mere English Cholera, I should think the picture of a very moderate Saint would do, or

even perhaps of some very remarkable man. How about the photograph of a distinguished medical practitioner at some celebrated watering place? It might be worth trying at any rate.

The belief in infection up to a certain point is consistent with common sense and experience; beyond that point it becomes superstition.

Belief that mild medical treatment is generally the right thing is in accordance with common sense and experience. Belief that "smaller the dose the greater the effect" is superstition. (No doubt the smaller, most of Mr. Brown's doses are, the more beneficial if not exactly greater will be the effect. Still this is not quite to the point.)

Superstition.

To believe that eating a pound of roast mutton has a nutritive effect is in accordance with common sense and experience. To believe that looking at a leg of mutton hung up in a butcher's shop has a still more nutritive effect is superstition. To believe that Scarlet Fever and Small Pox are infectious is in accordance with common sense and experience. To believe they cannot arise except by infection is a superstition incapable of proof. I have seen horses in Small Pox a hundred times. Generally with swelled legs and greasy heels. Sometimes with blotches and eruptions all over them. The same causes give cows Small Pox. And as Miss Nightingale truly says, the same causes give it to men. Unproved you will say. But it is as much proved as anything beyond the boundary of mathematical

Miss
Nightingale.

demonstration can be proved. Even within this boundary that (so called) great philosopher, Mr. Mill, seems to deny proof being possible—for who is to prove the axioms on which all demonstration must be founded. And in fact he does deny them. He says, Euclid is all wrong in saying a point has no magnitude, that a line *has* breadth as well as length, and that 2 and 2, although they make four in our little planet, may, for all he knows, make twenty elsewhere, or even a hundred. He also denies that there can be proof of the existence of either matter or mind.* Is it not Bishop Butler who says absolute certainty is not for mortal man. And I am sure you will remember the saying of Pascal, that “Notre intelligence tient dans l’ordre des choses intelligibles

Mr. Mill.

Pascal.

* Mr. Mill, following Hume, Berkeley, and others, says that although A may talk to B, or knock his head against a wall, nevertheless he cannot possibly know that either B or the wall exist; he can only know that he has certain sensations that he calls sight, hearing, pain, &c. So far he is quite right. But his conclusion from it is fearfully and wonderfully wrong. His conclusion is that it is foolish and superstitious for A to believe in anything else but these sensations of his; whereas the true conclusion is that we live by faith, and not by knowledge, and that we ought humbly to acknowledge the limited reach of human intelligence. His philosophy is the deification of pride in human knowledge. If a thing cannot be proved, he denies its existence. His philosophy is absence of faith, carried as far as it can be carried, for it is impossible for a man to doubt that he has sensations. His philosophy is the destructive and critical spirit carried to the utmost extent possible. Now so true is it that we do “live by faith,” and not by knowledge, that if it were possible for a man really and practically to act our disbelief in an external world, he would be dead in a week. Life cannot go on without interests of some sort. But how can any one take interest in things and people whose existence he disbelieves. There is a much deeper truth than most people think in the words “If thou eatest of the fruit of the tree of knowledge thou shalt

le même rang que notre corps dans l'étendue de la nature."

Germs.

Just now the hobby we are all riding is "germs." It is mere improved theory from certain analogies. Nobody ever saw a germ of Small Pox, nor ever will; but it is the hobby of the day. Each generation thinks it has mounted an immortal animal, and gallops along till some day down it drops as dead as a stone. Such is human knowledge, as it is called. The purpose of all advance in it is simply to correct some worse ignorance, and then in its turn to make way for some better ignorance, and so on ad infinitum. The knowledge of to-day is the folly of to-morrow.

It is known that amongst insects certain conditions of heat, moisture, &c., will cause species to

surely die." Mr. Mill's philosophy is sometimes called "nihilism." Probably he would say that philosophical belief and practical belief are different things. But this is nonsense. Belief is belief. A man cannot believe that a sheet of paper is practically white and philosophically black; though if he is blind, he may be without any belief in the matter one way or another. Of course a brain sufficiently addled may fancy it believes at one and the same time two contradictory assertions,—but I am talking of brains that are not addled. The world is carried on by division of labour; so abstract thinkers have their proper place in it. But can they all be called quite living men? The fruits of the spirit are joy, hope, faith, reverence, cheerfulness, &c. But long continued habits of analysis and abstract thought notoriously tend to destroy these things, and thus he who has these habits "shall surely die" more or less; and his works will generally be more of the destructive and critical than of the creative order. Still many things want destroying. All foul ignorances and superstitions want removing and sweeping away; so in classifying writers, the analysing, criticising, and satirising kind are sometimes called "the scavengers." And useful work they do. They are like the fault-finders of every day life; useful in a negative, but not edifying in a positive way. Pullers down, not builders up. Men are sometimes different from their books, but to judge

appear in places where they have not been seen perhaps for hundreds of years, that is to say since the last time the same conditions of heat, moisture, &c., existed in those places. So with Small Pox, certain conditions of filth, bad air, &c., will cause the disease to appear in places where it has never been known within the memory of man. Now this may perfectly well be in consequence of germs, latent till brought to life by the requisite condition of filth, bad air, &c. This would not be opposed to the fashionable germ theories. But for all practical purposes it does not mean infection, as the word is always used, but it

Infection

from his later writings and speeches, Mr. Mill (when he descends from his transcendental) comes under the head of "Misanthropic Philanthropists." That is to say he hates the world and all its ways as God has made them, but he dreams philanthropic dreams about the very different manner *he* would have done it. He is like the great philosopher who taught that hunger was but a clumsy contrivance for the regulation of eating, that the love for parents for their children was one of nature's bungles, and the feelings that are natural between the two sexes a mistake altogether. Mr. Mill seems to believe in the world being regenerated by philosophers, not seeing that regardless of dreamers it is always being slowly and surely regenerated, assimilating the good grain and letting all the theoretical chaff blow away. Frederick the Great said "If I wanted to ruin a country, I would set the philosophers to govern it. The whining carpers at man, as God has made him to suit each era in which he lives, should remember that amongst the fruits of the spirit St. Paul makes no mention whatever of an irritable craving for detraction, nor of discontent, nor of dyspepsy. Not that the class, as a rule, care a straw what St. Paul says. But that does not make his words any less words of wisdom.

Communists, Socialists, and the Philosophic Radicals coolly talk of regenerating society as if it were the easiest thing in the world. But a man loves property as a sheep loves grass. Possibly the latter might, after a few thousand generations and careful selection, be regenerated into loathing the sight of grass. So men in time may loathe the idea of possessing property.

I am afraid this note has not much to do with poor Mr. Brown; but it is not often that I trouble the printers, so when I do I like to give my friends a bit of my mind. I suppose no one else will read my little publication. We have all the army debates and the Tichborne trial to read, and each day of a man's life is but as it were a span long.

does mean spontaneous production of the disease in accordance with Miss Nightingale's assertion.

Sir John Lubbock says civilization is in its infancy. So no doubt is medical science. You will remember what Dr. Arnold says, "I consider as superstition the imagined knowledge and certainty which men suppose they have as to the laws of nature." *

Luther. Many foolish superstitions arise from that peculiarity in human nature which made Luther compare the mind of man to a drunkard on horseback. Prop him up on one side, down he drops on the other. A man finds out absolute denial of infection to be a mistake, so down he tumbles into thinking there is no other cause of disease. Some day he finds this to be wrong, so over he topples into the opposite exaggeration.

Painful possibilities. Superstition or theory, that only exists in the imagination, is a dangerous thing to encourage. In Italy, during the last Cholera epidemic, some doctors were massacred by the people, who had got it into their imaginations that the disease had been caused

* What is the use of science? Most likely in the end incalculably great. That is, the results will be far larger crops of the fruits of the spirit than usually grow now. If at present the fruits often seem more of the nature of conceit and irreligiousness, that no doubt is merely in consequence of science being in its infancy. Kant and Coleridge say, and Pope implies, that "a little knowledge tends to deteriorate the character, whilst a great deal has a contrary effect." In itself the knowledge that Sirius is bigger than the Sun, is not a jot more important than the knowledge that a pumpkin is bigger than a potatoe; but if the former leads more than the latter to its possessor, reverencing the Creator of these suns, the superiority of the first piece of knowledge becomes infinite.

by them. Now I am sure we should all be exceedingly grieved to see poor Brown set upon by an ignorant populace. But if superstition exists amongst the educated, what else can one expect from the uneducated.

To return to my little history. What I want to know is this—Inasmuch as in this child's case, all the doctors who discussed it, said the symptoms were utterly unlike any case of Scarlet Fever they ever saw, why did Mr. Brown pitch upon that disease more than upon hydrophobia for instance, or cholera morbus. I suppose it was accident. But surely something with more appropriate symptoms might have been hit upon. Tetanus, for instance. And he might have said the poor little child caught it by infection whilst she was plucking primroses on the top of Oliver's Mount. I am sure people have convulsions in Tetanus at any rate. A doctor mentioned in the evidence that has been given before the Vaccination Committee did it much better. The child died from Vaccination, and the doctor gave out that it died of convulsions from teething. It is just the old story in deaths from Vaccination. Hush it up. Call it by some other name. Anything better than to bring odium on the operation. But anything is not better. According to the present evidence, if it is honest, Vaccination seems to be to a certain degree beneficial to the human race. But that does not excuse lies in its favour. All truth about it should be known, and then there will be a chance of the process

Tetanus.

being properly conducted, which certainly is not the case now. Besides people ought to bear in mind the old proverb "a lie has no legs." It is always found out and knocked over, and there lies the poor lie sprawling. It cannot get up, and if it did it could not stand, for it "has no legs."

One day whilst conversing with the child's father, Mr. Brown spoke in a very angry tone about Mrs. ——. He complained of her want of confidence in him. I wonder whether it ever struck our friend that some men may object to hearing their wives spoken of in that tone, and even be so unreasonable as to feel a little indignant, and perhaps consider it incumbent on them to administer a little correction of some kind. And now about his complaint of confidence not being placed in him. I will just relate one or two little anecdotes, and then I will ask you whether you think they are calculated to inspire this confidence.

Anecdote.

Once upon a time, Mr. Brown paid one of his professional visits. He sat down by the bedside, and after the usual observations, he set to work tapping like a woodpecker with his middle finger upon the abdomen, as he supposed, of his patient. At length the oracle spoke, with that fine open pronunciation of the vowels we are so accustomed to in the northern counties, the following words, "Greaät distention, very greaät distention here." Now unfortunately Mr. Brown had completely forgotten all about a certain soothing application he had ordered at his last

visit, the consequence of which was that what he really tapped was an enormously thick and soft linseed poultice. Now I need not tell a man of your experience that the effect produced by tapping a soft poultice and tapping in a case of real distention, would be diametrically opposite. Pray do not suppose I tell this anecdote, and perhaps a few that may be yet to come, with any mere frivolous view to raising a laugh at the expense of (I believe in most respects) an estimable man. No, my object simply is to point the moral, that if any medical man, or any one else for that matter, wants to inspire confidence, the first essential is absolute truthfulness. Of course people will sometimes get on prosperously for a time without it. Bacon, as you will recollect, says (I quote from memory) "One of the first qualities that help a man to worldly success is audacity, and yet audacity is the child of ignorance and presumption." Then again foolish people are much taken in by fluent plausibility.

Bacon.

Here is another little anecdote.

One day Mr. Brown took it into his head to say the child was better, and the pulse gone down. Now Mrs. ——, Dr. Robinson, and the nurse, had just before counted it to be 160. "Quite impossible," said our friend. "No man living can do such a thing. I know I cannot count a pulse that runs so quick." Mr. Brown is like Sambo.

Sambo.

"Sambo, have you fed the pigs?"

"Yes, Massa, me fed 'em."

“ Did you count them ? ”

“ Yes, Massa, me count 'em — dat is me count 'em all but one. . . But dere be one little speckle pig, he run so quick me could'nt count him.”

Of course I know nothing about the matter, but a Physician once told me a pulse could be counted up to 200, but hardly beyond that.

Anecdote.

Here is another little anecdote.

One important symptom of Scarlet Fever seems to be albumen in one of the secretions. One day Mr. Brown announced to the family that he had found it, but when the examination was made by two other separate competent and honest men, they confirmed at once what the family had felt pretty sure of, that Mr. Brown's assertion was completely without foundation. Now how could a man, with our friend's natural shrewdness, which he undoubtedly possesses, be so sadly imprudent as to play a trick so easy to find out.

Here is another little anecdote.

One day Mr. Brown said “ If any of my patients, or any one else, asks me what has been the matter with your little girl, I give no answer. No answer whatever, except that the case is wrapped in mystery.” Sadly imprudent again, for those he spoke to were in a position to know the truth with absolute certainty.

Here is another little anecdote.

About a week after the commencement of the attack, perfect vaccine eruptions appeared on different parts of the child's body. Now this, you will allow,

was rather a startling symptom of Scarlet Fever. But our friend was up to the occasion. He no doubt said to himself, like the Irishman, "bedad I'll stick to it," and stick to it he did. "Look, Mrs. ——," he said, "Vaccination has saved your dear little child's life. The two diseases have been fighting together inside of her for a week, and the vaccine disease has won." Presence of mind there, my dear Sir. But to speak seriously, this discovery ought to be known. Scarlet Fever is a very common complaint, and if Mr. Brown can establish the fact that Vaccination is a perfect cure for it, he will immortalize himself.

Presence of
mind.

Here is another little anecdote.

"I thought, Mr. Brown, there was always a rash in Scarlet Fever," was said to him one day. "And you thought quite right," said he, pointing to the redness produced by a mustard plaster that had just been removed. "Look there! I call that a beautiful rash." What fools he must take people for. The fact is, except where the poultices had been, there was never any rash; and if you say that an unprofessional opinion is valueless, I answer that it does not require either professional science or long experience to see that a white sheet of paper is not exactly the same color as a boiled lobster. The poor child was nearly covered with mustard poultices to bring out the Scarlet Fever; and even then, Dr. Robinson said "I cannot see it, but I must trust to you, my eyes are not so young as they once were."

Boiled lobster

Here is another little anecdote about our friend.

Anecdote

A few years ago he was attending the daughter of Mrs. R. One morning she talked about taking her home to another county for change of air. This naturally shocked poor Mr. Brown a good deal. A patient slipping through his fingers in that way. So he said with great promptitude, "Well, you may do so, but she will die if you do." "She will die if she goes on like this here," said Mrs. R. So home they went, and the child was well in a fortnight.

Another
anecdote

Here is another little anecdote.

A few years ago, Mr. Brown was attending this same child again. It was rapidly getting worse, so the mother consulted Doctor S., of York, who then returned there again. In the evening the nurse was sent to fetch Mr. Brown. "Why does not Mrs. R. send for Doctor S.," said he. "You know perfectly well that he has returned to York," replied the nurse, "and Mrs. R. thinks the child very ill indeed." "I don't care," said Mr. Brown, "I won't go." And he did not go. Mrs. R. was in despair.

Here is another little anecdote about my poor little vaccinated heroine.

One day the anxiety of the parents induced them to consult an eminent physician in Hull, who had been in the habit of attending the family. This made Mr. Brown very angry. And now I will relate to you a little incident that occurred in consequence. It is not right for parents to have favorite children ; but all have them, nevertheless ; generally, perhaps, the youngest. So the mother of this child was,

Anecdote

according to the common phrase, wrapped up in her. She was worn out with weeks of day and night watching. The child seemed worse than ever; moaning and tossing about without ceasing. The mother was half distracted, anxiously counting the minutes till the time of Mr. Brown's usual visit. At last, at this moment deliberately chosen, comes an angry letter, written in smooth phrases, from him, throwing up the case, in consequence, as he said, of absolute confidence not having been placed in him. Of course, the expected result followed, and there seemed at the moment nothing else for it, inasmuch as the only other medical man who had watched the case was away in the country, which, of course, Mr. Brown well knew. Mrs. — wrote him a note, professing the utmost confidence, and praying him to come immediately in the fly that took the note to his house: and there, sure enough, he was, all ready to jump into the carriage he knew would be sent for him. Now surely it is the part of a medical man not only to attend to the patient, but also to soothe, as far as in him lies, the misery of relations; and yet this was the cruel trick he played just to gratify his own pride and ill temper. "We must try to forget our little misunderstanding," said Mr. Brown to Mrs. — soon after he came. To forget is nonsense; but I dare say she has forgiven. The angels do forgive. But how about the husband. Suppose he has the misfortune not to be an angel. The trick was well enough planned, but, after all, was it politic? Surely Imprudence

a prudent man would have considered that there may be husbands who do not like to see their wives tortured, and who might even be a little indignant and consider it incumbent on them to administer a little correction of some kind. Again I repeat that Mr. Brown should be more careful; and at any rate, before he plays these tricks, he should first consider what kind of people he is dealing with. Those who try to catch others sometimes get caught themselves.

Catching a
Tartar.

Did you ever hear the story of the Russian soldier. I will tell it you.

In one of the old wars with one of the Asiatic Tribes, a Russian soldier one day called out to his comrade that he had caught a Tartar.

“Bring him along, then.”

“I can’t, he won’t let me,” said the soldier.

“Let him go, then.”

“I can’t, he won’t let me.”

So you see, instead of catching the Tartar, the Tartar had caught him. Now I am sadly afraid that Mr. Brown, if he is not a little more careful, will some day be catching a Tartar.

Beautiful
demonstration.

And now I will give you an instance of a bit of treatment, that I am sure you will agree with me in considering very remarkable. One day the child was suffering as usual from over-feeding; whereupon Mr. Brown demonstrated the case in his own beautiful manner. “You see,” he said, “what your poor little child is suffering from is flatulency. There are certain portions of her little stomach that contain

nothing but air. These vacant spaces, which do not exist where the condition is healthy, are the causes of the uneasiness. They must therefore be filled up with food, and the uneasiness will cease. The thing to be done is this:—You must give her a good cupful of milk, in which the whites of two eggs have been well beaten up.” And this to a child whose stomach had got into such a state of irritation and weakness, that she ought to have had nothing much stronger than plain water!* I need not say that the effect was to make the poor child even ten times more miserable than she was before.

This kind of treatment is very old. It is generally called the mechanical, but sometimes the prehistoric system, under the idea that it was the kind usually practised by prehistoric man. The essence of it consists in ignoring all ideas about helping nature to cure, or about the causes of the malady, and attacking nothing but the outside symptom in a purely mechanical manner. I have seen a good deal of it amongst country cow doctors. A cow has inflammation of the lungs. In this complaint the lungs, or lights as they call them, are supposed to swell. So the remedy is to pour a stone of shot down the animal's throat, *to keep the lights down*. I have known this to be done. A horse gets an inflamed enlargement on one of its legs. So the farrier takes a

Prehistoric
man.

* I wonder whether it is right to prescribe for a child of five years old, in this state, six grains of quinine in one day for medicine, and rissoles, omelette, turtle soup and suet pudding for diet.

hammer and chisel, and hammers away till the leg is the right shape. I have known this to be done. A man has tumour on his side. The village doctor argues to himself "here is a lump where there ought to be a level surface, ergo, make the surface level and all will be right." With this view he applies a bandage, tightens it till the level surface is obtained, and leaves the miserable man in the utmost agony. I have known this to be done. The extreme opposite to this mode of treatment is the superstitious system which ignores all symptoms, and can see nothing but mystic causes which it is supposed can only be reached by mystic treatment. Hence charms, amulets, philters, and all the innumerable forms of hocus-pocus.

And now I have only one more little anecdote. It may seem trivial in its nature, but it contains a warning.

Early in the case, it was intimated to the child's father, that the medical men wished to be alone, in order to consult together. Of course he complied at once. As soon as they were closeted, some one happened to pass the door (those Scarbro' lodging-house doors are not very sound proof) and could not help hearing the subject of their conversation—in fact she heard them earnestly discussing the price of potatoes. Now of course the price of potatoes is not only an innocent but a profitable subject of discussion, but still on occasions like this it would surely be more prudent to modulate the voice a little, and at

Price of
potatoes.

least to pay some regard to the structure of the house. Anecdotes of this kind are sure to get about, and then they tend to throw ridicule upon a an invaluable profession.

I have more little anecdotes about our friend, but perhaps I have related enough for the present. And now I ask you, as I said I would, whether you think these I have told you are of a nature to inspire confidence in the hero of them. It may be said "why ever consult such a man." Why, indeed! But in the first place it is possible to believe in a doctor's skill after having ceased to believe in his truthfulness. And in the second place it is difficult for non-medical people to discover quickly the absence of professional capacity and knowledge, especially where the imitation of these qualities is well done; and when they do make the discovery, they generally content themselves with laughing at it. They are too idle to do more, and perhaps too good natured. This is not my case. I hope, my dear Sir, you will do me the justice to allow that I am not too good natured. I do not approve of the "anything for a quiet life" principle. There are different theories of life. A few years ago there was fashion amongst certain sets of men for getting drunk, reeling about streets, and wrenching knockers off doors. This was their idea of "life." The navy's idea of "life" was "sitting in a public-house and drinking beer, with a fiddle going." The whipper-in, when asked about his late fellow-whip "Jim," who

Different
theories of
life.

had come into a little money, said "O, he's livin the life of an hangel, eatin and drinkin, and cussin and swearin, and doin nothink." This was his idea of life. I must say my idea of "life" is different from any of these. I look upon life as "a battle"—a battle for what is right and true; a battle against what is wrong and false; a battle in which one must always be ready for defeat and loss. For the forces on the other side are often strong. Now a man with these opinions must necessarily consider it his duty to oppose as well as to expose what he believes to be wrong wherever he finds it.

Now to return to my poor little heroine.

Hamlet.

You see her's was a remarkable case, that is to say a case of Scarlet Fever without one of the symptoms of Scarlet Fever. We have all heard of the theatrical manager whose company performed the play of Hamlet, the part of Hamlet being left out by particular desire: but Mr. Brown beats him hollow, for in his play every one of the parts is left out.

Three course
system of
treatment.

I have heard medical men praised for having a great deal of resource. Now, perhaps, no one disease has been so fatal to the human race as a great deal of resource. In disease nature wants rest of body, rest of mind, and rest of stomach. Not physic first; then opiates to counteract the physic; then over-feeding, then physic again to counteract that; then opiates again, and so on to the end of the chapter. This is called the three course system of treatment. I do not say it has no advantages. On

the contrary, it is good for trade, good for druggists, and keeps nurses from eating the bread of idleness. On the other hand it kills the patient ; and I really do not know any other objection to it whatever. I say this three course treatment was steadily pursued with our poor little girl for more than five weeks, and then one morning Mr. Brown confessed that for the last three she had made no progress whatever. At the same time Mr. Jones said it was a case for diet alone. Physic could do no more. So the family decided upon consulting a homœopathic physician, under the idea that having little to rely on but diet, homœopathists paid special attention to the subject. Homœopathists. Mrs. ——— therefore wrote as civil a letter as she could to Mr. Brown announcing this decision. And what do you think his answer was ? To this mother, crushed down to the ground with grief and anxiety, hopelessness and ceaseless watching, Mr. Brown sent an angry letter, accusing her of ingratitude and want of consideration to him. Amidst all this unhappiness, he could think of nothing but his wretched self, and his miserable dignity. I wonder whether this man has got a heart, or is it all digesting apparatus ? Surely there must be room for both. And yet, one cannot always judge from appearances. Perhaps, however, it is not heartlessness but saintliness. Saintliness. We all know, that the first step towards the latter state of mind is the renunciation and destruction of all human feelings. We read of one saint whose mother, in her longing to see him, travelled on foot hundreds of

miles, until she got to his cell in the desert. She stood outside, beseeching him to let her in, that she might see him once more before she died. But all in vain. His only answer was "Avaunt, Satan," or words to that effect; such was the heavenly frame of mind to which he had brought himself. The next time he opened the door, there she was, lying dead. I do really begin to suspect our friend is three parts a saint. At any rate, it is the more charitable view to take.

Of course the lady herself had too much on her mind to think about Mr. Brown's letter, one way or another. But how about her husband? What did Mr. Brown think he was made of? That his blood was composed of milk and water, and that he would therefore take no notice of his insolence to his wife? Besides think of the imprudence. Gems like this letter are apt to be kept and shown.

Mr. Brown's
imprudence.

When Dr. ——— was consulted, Mr. Jones, who lived on the South Cliff, was requested to continue his attendance, but he declined to meet the homœopathic physician. Going from strong practice to homœopathy has been likened unto a fish jumping out of the frying-pan on to the hearth-rug. The positive gain to the situation may not be great, but, at any rate, the empyreumatization is stopped. But this refers to original homœopathy. Homœopathy, as practised now, seems quite a different thing. To the great world the distinctions made by the little medical world are often incomprehensible, and cause

much (no doubt) groundless amusement. To the unprofessional, the practice of some allopaths appears to differ so exceedingly little from the practice of some homœopaths, that the refusal of such men to meet each other, seems as funny as if Dr. A. were to refuse to meet Dr. B., because one prescribes scammony as a medicine, whilst the other prefers jalop. When people hear of wars and rumours of wars, between the contending medical castes, and compare them with Swift's great controversy that distracted the whole nation, between the big-endians and the little-endians (that is whether the egg ought to be eaten at the big or the little end), I say when the unprofessional talk in this profane manner, they of course do it in ignorance, inasmuch as they cannot possibly know anything about the matter. Still it does seem a pity that doctors cannot make it their first object to do whatever good is in their power, and strive to diminish, as far as in them lies, the misery that is in the world; and then, if they must pay some attention to their professional rules, at any rate put them as far as possible into the second place.

The change of doctors was made only just in time. The last six weeks' treatment had reduced the child to a skeleton, and brought her into such a state that she could hardly keep a spoonful of plain water on her stomach; and no wonder. It had been six weeks of incessant restlessness, tossing about, and excitement, day and night, which shocked poor

Unconscion-
able behaviour

Mr. Brown dreadfully, because he could not account for it. The original malady was gone, nothing but weakness left, the treatment unexceptionable, and yet the child would behave in this unconscionable manner. In fact he could only account for it in one way. Temper! And so the poor little thing was to be ruled with a strong hand. And yet from the moment real skill was exercised, and a correct diet used, beginning with almost plain water, these dreadful displays of temper entirely ceased, and the amendment was uninterrupted. I need not say that the instructions about diet, left by the physician from Hull, had been totally ignored by Mr. Brown.

And now I have nearly done. But I have one or two bits of advice that I must beg you to impart, in case you should ever meet with the hero of my story.

In the first place then, tell him never to play that stale trick practised by third-class doctors, of exaggerating the complaint, in order to enhance the credit of the cure. As for instance, if a person falls down a couple of steps and gets a bruise on the side, saying that he or she has broken three ribs. There is more than one objection to this habit. In the first place, it is lying; and in the second place, the lying is always found out. Now, as you will remember, Mr. Fagg, in Sheridan's "Rivals," says, "Being found out hurts the conscience."

Temperaments

Secondly—Tell him always to take temperaments into consideration, and not to treat a patient with a

nervous constitution and an active brain in the same way as he would treat a plough boy with no brains at all to speak of. It is often said that a doctor ought to be a man with a delicate stomach, it is so difficult for anyone to avoid judging others by himself. But a little girl of five years old, just after a very severe illness, is really only capable of receiving a very small quantity of food. Another time Mr. Brown should consider this, and not diet such a patient exactly as if she were a robust middle-aged medical practitioner with a great capacity.

Thirdly—Tell him that when his further attendance on a patient is declined, he should always say to everybody that he left him cured. You see, whatever happens, he will be on the right side. If the patient lives, the inference will be, as he says, that the cure was his ; if the patient dies, that the new doctor killed him. No doubt this is a stale trick, and only foolish persons will be taken in by it. But these are the very people the unscrupulous class of doctors depend upon for their practice ; and an enormous practice it sometimes brings. You know the story of the old lady and Dr. Smith. Her medical attendant in London one day recommended her to go to Bath for change of air—by-the-by, I wonder whether Mr. Brown ever recommends change of air—I suspect not, at least not if he is aware of what he is doing. But to return to my story. The London doctor said “ I will give you a letter to my friend Dr. Smith, in Bath, in which I will describe to him

all the symptoms of your case, the peculiarities of your constitution, and the mode of treatment I have adopted." So off the old lady set. But on the way curiosity was too great. She could not resist the temptation of learning her own symptoms, so she opened the letter and read:—

"Dear Smith,—Keep the old lady three weeks and then send her back to me.—Yours, &c."

I spoke of the unscrupulous class of doctors, but I sincerely believe that in England it is a very small one indeed. If it were otherwise, we should, I doubt not, have adopted the plan in use amongst the singular, but ingenious people, the Chinese. The Chinese citizen makes his doctor a weekly allowance, which is stopped when he falls ill, and is not renewed until he is restored to perfect health.

Fourthly—Tell him that however beautiful his demonstrations may be, it is foolish to waste them upon things everybody knows already, like Sidney Smith's typical Frenchman, who is always explaining matters that want no explanation, as for instance, what he does when his coffee is nearly, but not quite sweet enough. He says, "Ecoutez Monsieur, je vais vous expliquer cela." And then he goes on to show, in very clear language, and with a good deal of appropriate gesticulation, that the expedient he adopts under such circumstances is to put in "un très-petit peu de sucre. Voilà!"

Fifthly—Remind him that "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." There's

a prospect for him. He has only got to set to work in the right way—that is to read this little publication very carefully, and lay its lessons to heart, and poor Mr. Brown will become a greater man than Count Molke himself. It quite dazzles one to think of it. Count Moltke

Sixthly—Tell him never to prescribe wine unnecessarily. It is often the thin end of the wedge that opens the way to chronic drunkenness. Even for external application, caution is sometimes requisite. You remember the story of Porson. He Porson. was a great Greek scholar, but sadly addicted to drink. One day his doctor sent him an external application for Rheumatism; but he had most incautiously prepared it with strong spirits. Porson was in torture; but the temptation was too great, and he drank off the embrocation without leaving a drop for the purpose it was intended for.

Seventhly—Tell him never to profess certainty when certainty is impossible. I grant that it sometimes imposes upon foolish people. No doubt you will remember what Mr. Lecky, in his excellent Mr. Lecky. “History of European Morals,” says that “One of the first conditions of contentment to common minds is the exclusion of doubt.” But foolish people cannot save a man from getting the name of being a humbug. “He who knows nothing, doubts nothing,” says the Italian proverb.

Eighthly—Tell him that I think, for his own satisfaction, he ought to go and practice his profession in South Africa. Mr. Baldwin, the celebrated Mr. Baldwin.

traveller, says the Kaffirs can eat anything without being the worse. "One," he says, "called 'Raffler,' is always bothering me for medicines, and he especially enjoys castor oil, rhubarb, and ipecacuanha. In fact I have compounded the most disgusting drugs to get rid of him, but all in vain. I once gave him a spoonful of mustard, in a pint of warm water, which he sipped off like coffee. I then told him to follow it up with plenty of warm water, but it had no effect upon him whatever." Now what a paradise that must be a for a physic-loving doctor of the old school.

Advice.

Ninthly—Tell him, when conversing with the mother of a dying child, to keep his temper under control, for his reputation's sake, even if he is capable of no better motive. For the lady may possibly have a husband who might be so unreasonable as to be a little indignant, and even consider it incumbent on him to administer a little correction of some kind.

Advice.

Finally—Tell him that if he will only make use of his natural shrewdness, of which he possesses plenty; to learn more about diet than he knows now, and trust less to strong medicines; to be less certain where certainty is impossible; to see the superiority of truthfulness over humbug; to make up by careful observation for any deficiency there may have been in his education; to learn that wisdom and a certain degree of humility are inseparable qualities; that plausibility is a bad substitute for knowledge; and last, but not least, to keep his temper under control, he may yet become a useful member of his profession.

You see Mr. Brown is like Artemus Ward's wife, Betsy Jane ; he wants thoroughly "re-organizin." Betsy Jane.
 Is this re-organization likely ? We all know that after a certain time of life, a rigidity of mind (ossification of mind Goethe calls it) as well as of body takes place. Habits of thought become hard to change, and an opinion once given unalterable. Hervey said he never succeeded in convincing one single physician above forty of the truth of his discovery about the circulation of the blood. Hervey. In some men of great genius, this rigid era never comes, and in others, great intelligence combined with perfect honesty of mind may defer it indefinitely. Again I say is this re-organization likely in the case of our friend ? Is there any probability of this re-generative process taking place ? To begin with, the wish must come first.

"Tommy," said the village Curate in his catechizing, "what does regeneration mean ?" Regeneration.

"Being born again."

"Good boy. Would you like to be born again, Tommy ?"

"Naw."

"You would not ! Why ?"

"For fear I should be born a lassie."

Now I do not, of course, wish to suggest for a moment that Mr. Brown's point of view would be exactly the same as Tommy's. But the question is not what his objection might be, but whether there would be any. Now I believe it is not at all a rare

thing for a man, when he has arrived at about the middle of life, to be so satisfied with himself as he is, that he would be shocked at the very idea of making any alterations.

Conclusion.

A medical man of the right kind is one of the greatest blessings a community can have. For one of the wrong kind, "blessing" is perhaps not quite the appropriate word to use. The first kind uses drugs, without abusing them; reserves stimulants for rare occasions; does not teach his patients to be drunkards, by prescribing wine unnecessarily, and for the sake of popularity with them; and is always ready in forgetfulness of self, to minister to mind as well as body; to encourage the despondent; to give hope to the hopeless; and, even at times, where room for hope is gone, to suggest, without obtruding, consolation, where alone real consolation is to be found. There are such. A medical man of the wrong sort, is of course the opposite to all this.

I am, &c.,

H. S. CONSTABLE.

Wassand,

Hull.

A P P E N D I X .

UTILITARIANISM.

I suppose everybody knows that the Utilitarian war cry is "the greatest happiness to the greatest numbers," but this is simply meaningless, because "happiness" is utterly undefinable, impalpable, and unmeasureable. Goldsmith's miserable looking cripple and beggar, said of himself, "it is not every one who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth;" and Shakespeare's king said that "kings are miserable men." What does happiness mean? St. Paul says "happiness" (joy is the word he uses) means that state of mind that results from the spirit of holiness and goodness. So perhaps the Jeremy Benthamites mean the greatest holiness to the greatest numbers. But then the Esquimaux, who were brought to Paris by Prince Napoleon, and indulged with every pleasure Paris could afford, fell on their knees before the Prince, and prayed for a darkened room and plenty of blubber, and then they would be perfectly happy. So perhaps the Jeremy Benthamites mean the greatest quantity of blubber to the greatest numbers. Socrates said that "happiness" meant that state of mind which resulted from self-control, self-denial, and asceticism. Pope said "happiness" meant "virtue;" the navy said "drinking beer, with a fiddle going;" the Pythagoreans said "silence and contemplation;" the Hindoo Yogi says "standing on one leg, staring at the sun, and eating putrid meat;" the old judge said "sitting in a court of justice all day and playing whist all night;" the nice old woman said "knitting worsted stockings with a clean apron on." That very pleasant writer, Mr. Helps, says "the feeling of reverence affords the most exquisite felicity of which men are capable." Not to give more instances, again I ask, do the Utilitarians mean virtue, or self-denial, or holiness, or whist, or silence, or clean aprons, or reverence, or beer, or blubber, or what? Because if they cannot define the chief corner stone on which their system is founded, the building falls to the ground. The second corner stone is "utility," but this merely means "that

which conduces to happiness, so if "happiness" cannot be defined, neither can "utility." The third corner stone is "denial of hereditary moral sense." Now the hereditary principle has been so extensively investigated by Darwin and others, that the whole question has become changed. Herbert Spencer's doctrine, in consequence of these new lights, is something to the following effect, as I understand it:—Millions of years ago, the savage of the period, whenever he stole his chief's arrow heads, or wife, or other chattel, was always impaled at once. After this had gone on one or two thousand years, it at last began to dawn upon the savage intelligence that there was a connection between these two circumstances, and in a very few more the fact became established amongst them that when the first was discontinued the last ceased to follow. The more intelligent savages, who acted upon this discovery, surviving by natural selection (or survival of the fittest, as H. Spencer calls it) handed down to their children a slight hereditary tendency to escape impalement by abstaining from stealing. This was the origin of the moral sense in man. Gradually increasing in intensity during the succeeding ages, the feeling has at last acquired such strength that the sense of right and wrong is now almost the sole rule of conduct to great numbers of people, and those to whom it is not a rule of conduct are very apt to find themselves hanged. Of course H. Spencer does not put it in this form. He lives high up in the serene skies of abstract ideas. One cannot expect a philosopher who defines "life" to be "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes in correspondence with external coexistances and sequences," and who defines "creation" to be "the change from indefinite homogeneity to definite heterogeneity." I say one cannot expect such a man to descend to popular exposition. It would be unreasonable to do so. What I have described is whether right or wrong the philosophy of the day. Knowledge upon such subjects must be for ever infinitely inadequate; but at any rate the theory accounts for an innate conscience and innate feelings, tendencies and capacities of mind to any amount whatever, all

which Utilitarianism denies. After all, why should we make such a fuss about Darwinism? The only question that signifies two straws is what a man is now—is he a good one or a bad one? Yet he troubles his head little enough about this, but makes himself unhappy because he is told that his ancestor was a polypus in the time of chaos. Now and then we meet with angelic men and women walking on this earth. Surely it is wonderful and admirable to think that they have risen to such a height above their ancestor. Sometimes we meet with diabolic men. Surely it is wonderful and dreadful to think that they have sunk to such a depth below their ancestor. The fourth corner stone is the denial of disinterested unconscious unselfishness in man. This stone is getting into a sad crumbling state, but it never will perhaps be quite destroyed, for it would be necessary to destroy first all who by birth, habits of abstract thinking, or other causes, are incapable of comprehending the meaning of disinterested unselfishness; people who are to the higher things of human nature what the color-blind man is to color. I am afraid there are a good many such in our part of the world, for Utilitarianism is an English disease. “The cold in clime are cold in blood” says Byron. Some Benthamites, seeing the precarious condition of their corner stones, and the dilapidated state of the old structure, are crawling out by the back way—and quite right too—if I were in such a tumble down building, I would get out any way I could. They stick to Utilitarianism in name, but shuffle out of its distinctive doctrines one by one. Some try propping. One prop is denial of free will. But it is little suited to the purpose, though were it otherwise it would be serviceable enough, for connected as it is with the ultimate insoluble mysteries, it will never be completely destroyed; certainly not by reasoning, for that only makes matters worse. He who uses nothing but his reason must logically end in the denial of everything, like Mr. Mill, who denies the existence of either matter or mind; or like Hegel, who eliminates from the Deity all attributes but knowing and loving, and to the question what knows and loves, answers “the infinite nothing.”

