

But Miss Arundell told her mother—

"The moment I saw his brigand dare-devil look, I set him up as an idol, and determined he was the only man I would ever marry."

After this, Capt. Burton suddenly started for his world-famous journey to Mecca, disguised as the Mirza Abdullah, and Lady Burton gives us long extracts from his private MSS. and diaries. His writings are always vigorous and picturesque, and sometimes, as in his description of the "Charm of the Desert," his prose acquires that poetical vibration in its phrases, that afterwards was such a marked feature of his famous translation of "The Arabian Nights."

His journey to Africa was embittered by his companion Speke, who left him behind ill, and hurried back to England to lecture and publish the result of their travels, and who, in consequence, obtained all the honours that should have been accorded to Burton who was the organizer and head of the expedition.

When he returned to England, disappointed and ill, his consolation awaited him. Destiny was stronger than parental prejudice; still, the course of true love did not run smooth, and Isabella writes an earnest expostulation to her mother:—

"You have said you do not know who he is, that you do not meet him anywhere; I don't like to hear you say the first, because it makes you out illiterate, and you know how clever you are; but as to you not meeting him, considering the particular sort of society which you seek with a view to marrying your daughters, you are not likely to meet him there, because it bores him, and it is quite out of his line. In these matters he is like a noble simple savage, and has lived too much in the desert to comprehend the snobberies of our little circles in London."

The mother's only answer to this vigorous and delightfully human defence of her lover, was an awful, long, and solemn sermon, saying that "Richard was not a Christian and had no money."

The life of the Burtons after their marriage is quite as interesting reading as their romantic courtship, and there are few dull pages in the long account of their varied experiences, their travels, and their consulships in Brazil, West Africa, and Damascus, finally ending at Trieste, where Sir Richard Burton lived for 18 years and died, and where he accomplished his great translation of "The Arabian Nights."

He asked in vain to be allowed to retire four years before his time, on a pension of £300 a year. The climate disagreed with him, and he pleaded his various valuable services to the English Government; but those who loaded Stanley with honours refused him him even this modest request.

It will be difficult for anyone to read the last few pages of the second volume with dry eyes. Lady Burton tells us that the rest of her life will be given to editing her husband's works, and vindicating his memory. She ends the story of their lives with these touching words:—

"He said always—'I am gone—pay, pack, and follow.' Reader, I have paid, I have packed, I have suffered, I am waiting to join his caravan; I am waiting for a welcome sound—the tinkling of his camel-bells."

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Letters to the Editor.

AGAINST VACCINATION.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Dear Madam,—In your notes on Medical Matters (NURSING RECORD, Oct. 7, 1893, p. 161), I find one bearing this caption—"Sowing the Wind," in which certain arguments are given, apparently being representative of your side of the vaccination question, which you defend.

As slightly representative of the anti-vaccinationists, I venture to send the following contribution which, I trust, is of sufficient interest to insure insertion in your forthcoming issue. In the words of Milton's *Areopagitica*, "Who ever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter?"

The means in operation for small-pox, viz., vaccination and re-vaccination, are entirely at variance with modern discoveries in hygiene, according to (the late) Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Dr. Southwood Smith, Dr. W. J. Collins, Dr. J. H. Clark, Mr. H. D. Dudgeon, Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, and other equally distinguished hygiene specialists, who have, times out of number, conclusively demonstrated that the true preventives of both epidemic and sporadic small-pox is sanitation, *i.e.*, that insufficient and improper food, bad habits, imperfect ventilation, defective drainage, accumulations of decomposing matter, over-crowding of population, want of cleanliness, and sordid-clothes-tramps and beggars, are largely responsible, and alone accountable, for the appearance and spread of this dreaded disease, the rectifying and removal of which is the very opposite of vaccination and re-vaccination, which is introducing into the system a deleterious matter, as admitted by the latest medical census.

What is vaccine virus? According to Dr. John Epps, 25 years Director of the Jennerian Institute, and who, after vaccinating about 120,000 people, finally declared in 1861: ". . . vaccine virus is a poison. As such, it penetrates all organic systems and infects them in such a way as to act repressively on the small-pox. It is neither antidote nor corrigent, nor does it neutralise the small-pox, but only paralyses the expansive powers of a good constitution, so that the disease has to fall back upon the mucous membrane."

Science, of course, has made great strides since Dr. Epps' time, and we now know that cow-pox—*vaccina* being simply an euphemistic name—which is inoculated by vaccination, has not the slightest relationship to small-pox, but may be classed with human syphilis. This, at least, is the result of two eminent medical authorities, whose evidence has been taken by the Royal Commission on Vaccination.

Dr. Makuna's vaccination inquiry in England, published by Mr. William Tebb, led to the fact that 242 physicians testified to a cognisance of numerous cases of disease occasioned or intensified by vaccination. Of these there were nine cases of pyæmia, 19 of boils, 47 of syphilis, 115 of skin diseases, and 122 of erysipelas.

Mr. Gould's "New Medical Dictionary," a late work, we find that vaccination may be followed by a rash that is sometimes syphilitic.

Turning our attention to the Royal Commission, now sitting under the presidency of the Lord Chancellor, we discover that, during all the weary years that this body has taken evidence, there has been nothing, *absolutely nothing*, new produced to show that it is expedient to vaccinate for small-pox. That this is so, the reports already issued amply prove; but more, they also show that, in not one single instance, has the pro-vaccinationists, who have been examined, dared to say that inoculation of vaccine pus absolutely prevented small-pox, or death by it if the vaccinated were attacked. But, on the other hand, a new

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)