

## **Vaccinia : or the triumph of beauty.**

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### **Publication/Creation**

London : W. Pople for T. Ostell, 1806.

### **Persistent URL**

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# VACCINIA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be;—  
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend.

POPE.

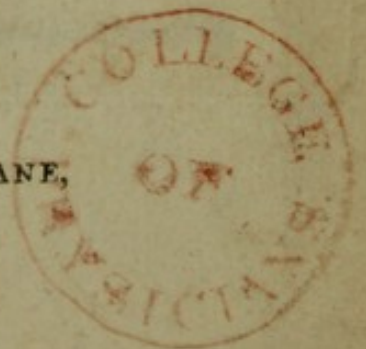


BLOSSOM.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. OSTELL, AVE-MARIA-LANE,  
By W. Pople, Old Boswell Court, Strand.

1806.





VACCINIA;  
OR, THE  
TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

---

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what was not at, nor ever shall be;  
In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend.

---

Poet.



Blossom.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. OSTREY, AVE-MARIA-LANE,  
By W. Folds, Old-Bathell-Court, Strand.

1800.

TO THE  
**ROYAL JENNERIAN SOCIETY.**

---

*Gentlemen,*

*AS Conductors of an  
Institution of the utmost national importance,  
permit me to inscribe this little Effort of the  
Muse to you:—it cannot injure the benevolent  
cause in which you are embarked, but may be  
instrumental in disseminating a Discovery that  
must render the name of JENNER universally  
respected.*



*The Public will be disappointed if it expects rapture from the high-flown Metaphor or extravagant Hyperbole, which serves more to embellish the subject than interest the reader.—*

*A good idea ought to be well dressed\* ; but it is not every one who assumes the name of Author, that has ability to clothe in purple and fine linen ; therefore I hope the plain suit of VACCINIA may be well brushed up by Public Favor, and at least make a decent appearance amongst its BETTERS.*

---

\* "An humble thought in pompous words exprest,  
Is like a clown in regal purple drest."—*and vice versa.*

*Impressed with a due sense of the importance  
of VACCINATION, and your laudable endeavours  
universally to promote it, I subscribe  
myself,*

*most respectfully,*

*Yours,*

**THE AUTHOR.**



impressed with a due sense of the importance  
of VACCINATION, and your laudable endeavours  
to promote it, I subscribe myself  
most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,  
J. B. B. B.

I hope the plain and

THE AUTHOR.

and a last time a great improvement

made by Mr. B. B. B.

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## ARGUMENT.

*Invocation—Origin and progress of the Small Pocks — Emma — Julia — my own case— Introduction of the old system of Inoculation — Baron Dimsdale — The contrast — Vaccination introduced — Recent marriage — Henry inoculated—pleasant effects—Ignorance and prejudice exposed in the tale of Credulia— Muse called to order— Subject renewed— Future effects— Muse at a loss— encouraged— Africa— Commerce in slaves— Address to Blossom—to the Jennerian Society — Conclusion.*

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A R T I C L E S

- Invention—Origin and progress of the Novel
- Poets—Paine—John—of our own time
- Introduction of the old system of inoculation
- Baron Dimsdale—The contest—For
- circulation introduced—Recent marriage—
- Henry inoculated—pleasant effects—Ignor-
- ance and prejudice exposed in the tale of
- Credulity—Muse called to order—Subject
- reversed—Future effects—Muse at a loss—
- encouraged—Africa—Commerce in slaves—
- Address to Blossom—to the Temperance Society
- Conclusion

VACCINIA;  
OR, THE  
TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

---

How fragrant the earth just broke by the plow!  
What gale is so sweet as the breath of a Cow!  
Yet still more impressive the subsequent line—  
What food so nutritious as Milk of the Kine!

---

HAD I but genius equal to my theme,  
Or Roscoe's \* language to aspire to fame,  
In pleasing numbers then my verse would glide,  
An easy advocate on Beauty's side.

---

\* Author of a fine Domestic Poem, intitled, "The Nurse,"—  
"Lorenzo de Medici," &c. &c.



YE tuneful sisters, courted by the muse,  
 Smile on my efforts, nor your lyre refuse !  
 The thought has merit ; but the task to dress  
 For public favor, or the partial Press,  
 Requires some aid from the Pierian spring,  
 To stamp its merit as a “ pretty thing \* ;”  
 Yet if the spring its copious stream deny,  
 O ! let VACCINIA pass in silence by :  
 Silence is safe ;---but 'tis no common muse  
 Can 'scape the lashes of the keen Reviews !

IN early times the ravage first began,  
 And spots appear'd that desolated man :  
 From pole to pole the malady was spread,  
 And dire contagion fill'd the loathed bed ;

---

\* A reply too often received when opinion is asked.



Thousands were borne unto an early grave,  
 The blooming virgin and the warrior brave :  
 The aged sire, the infant and its friend,  
 Their nurse infected, on her charge attend,  
 'Till Death divides them ; although some are  
     spar'd,  
 Behold the diff'rence ; how each face is scar'd,  
 Each arm how seam'd ! yet elegance of form  
 Remains unshaken 'midst the dreadful storm.  
 Such EMMA's case ; tho' beauty glares no more,  
 She clothes the naked, and she feeds the poor ;  
 Conveys the Matter\*, and the simple food,  
 And feels the " luxury of doing good :"  
 No thoughtless lover woos the virgin prize,  
 Yet EMMA 's courted by the good and wise ;

---

\* Vaccine.



Her mental beauty and instructive page,  
 Shines in the volume, and her sex engage ;  
 Each polish'd line harmoniously unite,  
 To strengthen virtue, and the muse invite.

JULIA has suffer'd, yet the beaux admire ;—  
 Has lovers plenty, and has fine attire :  
 She heeds them not, nor strikes to Captain  
 Flash ;

The girl is prudent, and she keeps her cash.  
 Of this too conscious, she may be too nice,  
 And every lover must entreat her twice :  
 Entreated twice, no certainty they find,  
 Till quite deserted, Julia's left behind.

CAN I forget—'tis painful to recite—  
 When quite a boy, confin'd both day and  
 night,



The aid of med'cine and the doctor's skill !  
 The nauseous phial and vexatious pill  
 Are fresh in memory ; and my irksome bed,  
 My anxious parents near my languid head,  
 Watching impatient for the favor'd " turn :"  
 It came ; I mended, and they ceas'd to mourn.  
 'Twas now the playthings to the chamber came,  
 The pleasing pictures and the marble game :  
 Poor muffled fellow ! I no taw could hold,  
 Or spring my knuckle for the proffer'd gold.  
 The pictures next in sympathy propos'd ;  
 But still a suff'rer, both my eyes were clos'd ;  
 Those eyes unseal'd, the mirror to me brought,  
 I loath'd myself—but is it self ! I thought.  
 In this dilemma yet disposed for play,  
 I smiled, I prated, and time pass'd away ;  
 And after all, more pleasant now to tell,  
 Though much *imprinted*, am alive and well.



When Galen's votaries muster'd all their force  
 To check the evil, or to make it worse,  
 And took the matter from degenerate man,  
 While some applauded, some decry'd the plan;  
 Yet approbation had a powerful band,  
 And DIMSDALE'S prowess echo'd in the land.  
 E'en Russia's empress baronized his name\*,  
 And northern climes resounded with his fame.

BUT casual systems can no longer please,  
 If Man from Man inoculates disease;—  
 It had its trial; and this truth is clear—  
 It had its use—but JENNER'S in the rear!

---

\* Baron Dimsdale received this honour from the Empress of Russia, for practising inoculation on herself, and promoting it in the empire.



Now mark the contrast—lo ! he comes from  
 Fold,  
 And BLOSSOM'S udder yields the *vaccine* gold.  
 Nay, gold is dross, effects of each compar'd,  
 Whole mines a trifle, by the public shar'd.

ASPASIO married—his Elmira fair  
 Presents her lord with an illustrious heir :  
 The open house proclaims its inward joy,  
 And all conspire to hail the lovely boy ;  
 But doubts arise, which soon are overweigh'd,  
 And HENRY'S arm receives the *vaccine* aid ;  
 No nauseous phial, or vexatious pill,  
 Perplex the infant, or increase the bill ;  
 No muffled hands to guard a scaly face,  
 No sealed eyes the features now erase ;  
 No nurse is wanting but a mother's care,  
 No friend infected, and no danger near :



Instead of thousands, see ONE noble pock—  
Henry is safe, and only ONE his stock.

NOW COMES CREDULIA, full of something new :

“ Well, Mistress Dobbins, how does *measter* do?

“ I’ve seen your daughter, and her arm looks

“ nice ;—

“ Yet, be assured the girl may have it twice :

“ Nay more than this, some people say as how

“ That children done by ’t have been known

“ to *low* ;

“ And what’s still worse (but this I don’t believe,

“ As clearest symptoms oftentimes deceive),

“ The squire’s son has something like two *horns*;

“ Ask Betty Filchem, with her load of thorns :

“ Tho’ call’d a witch, it may be only spight—

“ Boy, step and see, and bring your answer

“ right.—



“ Now we shall know ; for Ned will tell the truth—

“ And here he comes, with all the speed of youth—

“ Well, what says nurse, and servants at the Court?”

“ Why, laugh at *you*, and made poor me their  
“ sport !”

His little hat, too tight upon his head,  
Had pinch'd his forehead, and *each side was red !*

BUT why thus playful on a theme so great ?

Muse, raise thy pen above such idle prate—

The simple cause, the grand effect conceive,

And make e'en Prejudice itself believe !

Mark its mild progress to a future time ;

Read its extension in each distant clime ;—

Behold creation yet more fair appear,

The charming sex more lovely and more dear !

And O ! may Virtue yet conspicuous shine,

Unite with Beauty, and enrich the mine !



The feature varied, and the varied grace,  
 Nought else distinct amongst the human race;  
 The pleasing Lily and the glowing Rose,  
 Shall rise victorious o'er its worst of foes!

WHEN Bloomfield's patron\* his *Eudosia* wrote,  
 The Vaccine system had not reach'd to thought;  
 Yet even then the British Fair display'd  
 Superior sweetness, by his pen pourtray'd;  
 If then they rival'd, future Loffts, inspired,  
 Again may write, with more than beauty fir'd:

---

\* CAPEL LOFFT, author of an elegant scientific Work, entitled, "Eudosia, or a Poem on the Universe;" which contains a fine eulogy on the British women. I remember to have once seen it, and regret the book is become so scarce, and so little known. This gentleman patronized Robert Bloomfield, perhaps somewhat assisted that extraordinary genius.



A world unspotted! what can be more great!  
Nothing, if crime is banish'd from each state.

But O! our failings and our frailties mar  
The peaceful olive, and involve in war;  
From East to West, what carnage and what  
crimes!

Heaven grant us peace, and with it better times!

Excuse digression, 'tis not war or peace,  
Not legal murder, or the war to cease;  
'Tis Vaccine merit stimulates my pen—

But words are wanting to proceed again.

Ah! why discouraged, Muse?—thy theme  
renew;

Tho' plain the diction, still thy course pursue.

Perhaps 'twere better if but little known

On Afric's coast, or near the torrid zone;



The peaceful natives then might find a tomb\*,  
 And 'scape the misery of days to come.  
 Lo! the poor captive, torn from all that's dear,  
 Commence a slave, and toil from year to year;  
 Now *vaccinated* to prolong his breath,  
 Frustrates his hope; for ah, his hope was Death!  
 Had Death restor'd him to his native plains†,  
 From frequent lashes and his galling chains,  
 The wretched Negro had renew'd his bliss—  
 Can Christians sanction such a trade as this!

---

\* I should be sorry to have this sentiment misconstrued into an unfeeling remark, as I consider it might be better for the poor African to catch the infection and die at home, than survive and be consigned to that misery inseparable from Slavery.

† The Negro has a presentiment, that when he dies from home he returns to his friends in Africa, and the enjoyment of his yams and cocoa-nuts.



Yes, free-born Britons free-born brothers buy\*,  
 Nor heed the groan, nor heed the deep-fetch'd  
 sigh!

Drag man from wife, and children from their sire,  
 Crowd them in holds, 'midst suffocation dire!  
 Defend a commerce human nature shocks—  
 Go, view their dungeons floating in the Docks†!

\* The Author having suspended publication a few months, is pleased the deliberation has enabled him to notice the late humane and patriotic motion of C. J. Fox, for the total annihilation of this unfeeling and iniquitous traffick, and congratulates him and his brother senators on the probable success of their laudable endeavours to complete an object, hitherto as difficult as desirable.

† Part of this stanza was wrote at Liverpool, on a journey into the North a few weeks back. It is pleasant to observe that appearance of extensive commerce which the Docks present, at the same time humanity is interested when it recollects that too many of the ships are employed in that cruel and mercenary traffick, the Slave-trade.



Observe as men, and feel for Afric's woes ;—  
 Oh ! think how many oft those cells inclose !

COME, gentle BLOSSOM, mistress of the mead,  
 Let infants crown thee\*, and their mothers  
 — plead—

Plead for thy life, that longer thou may'st roam,  
 Plead for thy calf, and send the butcher home ;  
 Keep thee too poor for the unfeeling knife  
 Unsheath'd to pierce thee and destroy thy life ;  
 Avert the stroke of the impending axe,  
 And Oh ! reprieve thee from the cord and racks !  
 The blithsome milkmaid loves to pat thy side,  
 And force the nectar in a frothing tide ;

---

\* See Frontispiece.



Inhales the fragrance of thy breathed gale,  
 Smiles on her lover, and he takes her pail.  
 Now quit the fold, mild Empress of the Horn,  
 And range the meadow till returning morn.

YE noble band, protectors of the fair,  
 Honour'd and aided by the ROYAL HEIR\*!  
 Pursue your efforts, nor forsake your end;  
 The cause is great, and must the world befriend.  
 Yours is no common, yours no trivial case,  
 DISEASE PREVENTING, AND PRESERVING FACE!  
 Then how important is your ardent task—  
 Inquire of Fathers, and of Mothers ask!  
 Appeal to parents, for 'tis they must feel,  
 And their decision will approve your zeal;

---

\* The Heir Apparent.



Your zeal united must insure success,  
 And the Old System cause no more distress;  
 But VACCINATION o'er each kingdom spread,  
 And keep infection from the decent bed:  
 Applauding nations will record your fame,  
 AND BEAUTY TRIUMPH IN A JENNER'S NAME!

WORCESTER, Nov. 2, 1805.

T P.

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FINIS.

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*N. B.* THE "jaundiced eye" of Prejudice has lately been feasting on the flimsy productions of malevolent opposition: yet ten thousand uncontroverted facts to one ambiguous case, justify the belief that Vaccination must ultimately triumph over cruel obstinacy. There is no rule without exception, but its *general* operation is known to be mild, efficacious, and preventive.