

**The vaccine scourge : Part 2 : containing the New Beggar's Opera, alias the Walkerian Farce, alias the London Vaccine Hoax ; in answer to Dr. Walker's jenneric opera : A Rod for the Fool's Back.**

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THE  
VACCINE SCOURGE;  
PART II.  
CONTAINING  
THE NEW BEGGAR'S OPERA,  
ALIAS  
THE WALKERIAN FARCE,  
ALIAS  
THE LONDON VACCINE HOAX;  
IN ANSWER TO  
DR. WALKER'S JENNERIC OPERA.  
A ROD FOR THE FOOL'S BACK.

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London:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,  
AND SOLD BY J. CALLOW, MEDICAL BOOKSELLER,  
CROWN COURT, PRINCES STREET, SOHO.

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1815.

*Price Three Shillings.*

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## PREFACE.

**T**H**ERE** is an Institution in this Metropolis, called the London Vaccine Institution, founded by a noted Walker, and a noted Leaper; a par nobile fratrum, who may be called Gemini. One of these luminaries has disappeared, like one of the stars in the constellation of the Pleiades; and, if the sun of Jenner had again risen in our horizon, the other would long since have dissappeared also. In his absence, mists, and fogs, and stars of malign aspect arise; and birds of evil omen venture to make their appearance.

It cannot for a single moment be supposed, that the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, who honoured the immortal Jenner with the Freedom of their Corporation, presented in a handsome gold box, and subscribed five hundred pounds to the Royal Jennerian Society, would wilfully sanction an Institution, founded by the dregs of that Society, founded by a reprieved criminal and his worthy colleagues, by fraud and

chicane, by misrepresentation and falsehood, in opposition to that Society, in opposition to Jenner, in opposition to reason, to justice, to honour, and to truth.

We are informed by their publication, but can scarcely give credit to the statement, that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of St Albans, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Leeds, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Stafford, the Marquis of Bath, the Marquis of Camden, and the Lord Mayor of London, are Joint Presidents of this Institution.

We can, indeed, easily believe, that the artful and designing persons who formed this Institution, would solicit the patronage of those and other distinguished characters, on account of the honours and emoluments which would thence accrue; but we are perfectly convinced, that if such honourable characters have consented to become patrons of such an establishment, it is only in consequence of a delusion.

The Vice-Presidents are, the Bishops of Ely, Landaff, Bangor, St. Davids, Norwich, and Sodor and Man; the Earls of Bridgewater, Thanet, Sandwich, Jersey, Oxford, Waldegrave, Buckinghamshire, Hardwicke, Bathurst, Aylesbury, Chichester,

Darnley, Carysfort, Home, and Liverpool; Viscounts Sidmouth, Castlereagh, Milton, Morpeth, Palmerston, Ossulston, Bernard, and Melville; Lords Harrowby, Grantley, Boringdon, Grenville, Gwydir, Seaforth, Blaney, G. L. Gower, and J. Townsend; Sir F. Milman, Sir W. Grant, Sir M. M. Sykes, Sir V. Gibbs, Sir R. Keates, Sir J. Orde, Sir R. Peele, Sir J. Shaw, Sir T. Plumer, Sir F. Baring, and Sir B. Hobhouse, Barts. the Rt. Hon. J. H. Addington, J. Foster, T. Grenville, and G. Rose; the Hon. W. Elliot, Berkeley Paget, R. Ryder, J. W. Ward, and H. Wellesley; T. Brand, R. M. Biddulph, W. S. Bourne, T. Browne, G. Byng, T. W. Coke, J. C. Curwen, S. Favell, T. Foster, C. Grant, G. Holford, S. Horrocks, W. Huskinson, J. Jackson, J. La Touche, R. Lea, W. Mellish, C. O'Hara, W. Roscoe, H. R. and S. Thornton, W. Wilberforce, and S. Whitbread, Esqs. Alderman Scholey, Gen. Tarleton; and Drs. Buxton, Powell, and James Sims.

The Board of Managers consists of forty eight; among whom the names of Joseph Lancaster, and Joseph Fox, stand conspicuous. The two other worthy colleagues, and partners of Dr. Walker, Joseph Marshall, and Joseph Leaper, do not appear among the number of the elect; nor do we see the

name of Joseph Surface there, but he has many excellent representatives in that Board.

Mr. Fox, the zealous partizan of Dr. Walker, having adopted him, is resolved to go through thick and thin to serve him ; and determined to support him at all events. Having planted him, and made him a medical man, he is resolved to water him ; and having the happy knack of turning Jews into Christians, we may indulge the fond and flattering hope, that he will, one time or other, make Dr. Walker a Christian, and that Mr. Lancaster will teach him to read and write.

The other members of the Board are John Anderson, John Bailey, John Barrow, Richard Battley, Burton Brown, Edward Bryant, W. D. Cordell, John Fox, William Griffith, Thomas Hardy, John Hooper, Thomas Kay, William Lewis, William Norris, Richard Shillitoe, Edward Suttleffe, John Taunton, and John Wilson ; who, we are told, are of the medical profession, but we make it a rule only to believe half what we hear ; and particularly in the present instance, having searched for the names of several of those practitioners in the lists of the Colleges of Physicians, and Surgeons, but in vain.

Such as they are, however, either unknown in the annals of vaccination, or known only as enemies, or

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luke-warm friends, they constitute the Committee of Dr. Walker's medical assistants; and seem admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are chosen. It is, indeed, difficult to decide, whether they will receive, or reflect, more honour by that appointment.

The other members of this illustrious Board, in addition to certain members who belong to it *ex officio*, are John Mac. Arthur, Thos. Bellerby, Jos. Bowman, Joseph Brown, Phillip Browne, Arch. Christie, James Constable, James Curtis, George, Dawes, Jos. Fearn, Rich. Fell, Thos. Ferguson, Jacob Hagen, Jun. Bernard Harrison, Saml. Horrocks, Joshua Hutchinson, William Janson, Thos. Richardson, James Robinson, Benjamin Severs, John Simpson, Knight Spenser, James Swan, and John Wood.

*Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.*

Such are the Managers of the London Vaccine Institution, which boasts an abundance, and a superabundance, of wealth and patronage, more, much more, than we have detailed; and such are the Sheridans who are to manage the concerns of that Institution; for though they have a Whitbread among their Vice-Presidents, they have taken care

not to make him one of the Board. He would narrowly inspect their accounts.

When we see of what sort of materials the Board of *Managers* is composed, we have great reason to conclude, that Dr. Walker, whom they have chosen to be their director, and who will be a director or nothing, aut Cæsar aut nullus, *manages* them; or, at least, such of them as attend. He who would never submit to be controuled by the Royal Jennerian Society, nor by Dr. Jenner, and other distinguished characters of the medical profession, will never submit to be controuled by Joseph Fox, John Fox, Richard Shillitoe, Jacob Hagen Jun. Joseph Lancaster, or John Wood.

Among such characters he may shine conspicuous. He may now,

Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,  
And sit, and listen to his own applause.

The Managers deem it a subject of congratulation, that they are still enabled to continue the very important services of Dr. Walker in their Institution. They inform us also, in the Doctor's own elegant phraseology, that the most extensive propagation of contagious disease *does* take place in this country; and that their establishment *does* daily diffuse benefits.

They tell us, that the Doctor has prepared a history of the Smallpox, and its Inoculation, with an essay on Vaccination ; and that he has consented to supply to this pamphlet of theirs, extensive extracts from his interesting manuscripts. In this the Doctor shews his kindness, and his vanity, rather than his modesty, or his judgment, by exposing his nakedness to oblige them ; telling his pitiful tale, which is already more than twice told, and rendering his manuscript likely to be damned before it is born.

One of these benefits, no doubt, is, the distribution of those admirable instructions, drawn up by him, their Director ; in which he tells us, that a pimple rises, though there is no such thing, but only a vesicle ; and that, on the tenth day, it is considerably *depressed* on the *summit*. This is a mode of describing a pock, which the Doctor probably learned, when he was an usher in Dublin.

The centre, certainly, is in general depressed ; which the learned Doctor considers as a blemish, and an imperfection, when it occurs in the practise of others, as will hereafter appear ; but a beauty, and a mark of perfection, when it occurs in his own.

His book is, like Joseph's coat, of many colours.

Like that of the king of the beggars, it is made of patch-work. It is a complete plagiarism. It is composed of something stolen from every quarter, like a parish pudding. He is like the daw with borrowed plumes; and if you strip him of what is not his own, he will be as naked as when he came into the world.

His Board of Managers is like the ancient Parliament of Paris; a paltry and insignificant body, suffered to exist during pleasure, only for the sake of registering his edicts.

He seems willing to prove, that he is not the only person who has drawn a wrong conclusion on this subject, by quoting Dr. De Carro. His opinion, as well as that of Dr. Walker, is, that the areola is the only criterion of security. The futility of this notion is evident from the experience of Dr. Clarke of Nottingham; which confirms the observation of Dr. Jenner, that it is surprising how many people write on Vaccination, and how few understand the subject.

Dr. Walker loses no occasion of calumniating Dr. Jenner, in return for his expulsion from Salisbury Square. He says Dr. Jenner suffered vaccination to fall to the ground. This is a notorious and malicious falsehood. He availed himself of every possible opportunity to promote it.

Dr. Walker extols the exertions of Drs. Woodville and Pearson, assisted by their friend Wachsel. Some people, however, are of opinion, that, as far as regards the progress, and credit of vaccination, the two worthy Doctors, Woodville and Pearson, were doing nothing, or worse than nothing, and that Mr. Wachsel was helping them.

Dr. De Carro observes, that the Smallpox Hospital is the last place in the world, where vaccination should have been practised. From that polluted source, numbers of medical practitioners, in all parts, were supplied with smallpock instead of cowpock matter, by Dr. Woodville and Dr. Pearson; and vaccination would have fallen into total disrepute, had not Mr. Ring solicited a supply of genuine matter from Dr. Jenner.

He has proved, in his Treatise on the Cowpox, that a majority of Dr. Woodville's cases were the smallpox, and not the cowpox; that Dr. Pearson, as well as Dr. Woodville, was but imperfectly acquainted with the subject; and that they both disseminated a virulent poison far and wide, instead of a mild and safe prophylactic.

He furnished Dr. Pearson with some of the genuine matter; and, having announced in the Medical Journal that he had received it from Dr. Jen-

ner, he has, from that time to this, had innumerable applications for it, from all parts of the world.

He has had the happiness to abolish the vile traffic in that article, or, at least, in what was sold as such, both at the Smallpox Hospital, and at Dr. Pearson's Institution, and, at the latter, at a shameful price ; for which Dr. Pearson never has forgiven him and never will.

Mr. Lawrence has given notice in one of the Medical Journals, that he was appointed to be Sub-director of the London Vaccine Institution without his knowledge, or consent. This renunciation of the intended honour was hardly necessary ; for no one who knows him could, for a single moment suppose, that he would ever submit to such a degradation, and be the pitiful underling of Dr. Walker.

Those who elected such a man to such a situation laughed in their sleeves at the time. It was like converting the dust of Alexander into a bung, to stop a beer barrel. It was not done with the least hope, or expectation, that he would accept of the office, and undertake its duties ; but only with a view to further their own artful designs.

Among the Chemists, and other irregulars, appointed inoculators, by Dr. Walker's Board, is Mr. Rose the chemist, late of Parliament Street, Journey-

man of Dr. Reece, and vender of the counterfeit Eau Medicinale, made of tobacco ; and Mr. Wetherell, of Highgate, the disciple of Joannah Southcott. These, and a number of other *medical gentlemen*, will perform miracles under the auspices of such a Director as Doctor Walker, and the sanction of the London Vaccine Institution, alias the London Vaccine Hoax.

All the fellows of the Institution, whether of the medical profession or not, are honoured with a diploma. This is a great encouragement to those fellows ; and to the swarms of empirics, with which this metropolis abounds. This honour, however, is not to be confined to the metropolis ; but to extend through the British Empire, and the world. Foreign nations, and even a very considerable portion of the family of John Bull, will mistake this diploma for that of Doctor of Physic ; and it may well be doubted whether it is not full as valuable, as that of Dr. Walker from Leyden, or those from St. Andrews, or Aberdeen, which are now so common.

The managers, who take on them to dub such practitioners, tell us, they have obtained the co-operation of medical gentlemen, on a scale never before attempted ; and this is probably true. Such a co-operation of quacks, there is great reason to believe, was never before attempted ; and, it may

be hoped never will be attempted again. It may also be hoped, that no society of men will ever again attempt such a gross and shameful imposition on the public.

To exterminate the smallpox by means of chemists and apothecaries, the greatest friends of the smallpox, is to cast out devils by Belzebub the Prince of the devils. You might as well expect a fox-hunter to destroy the breed of foxes ; or a rat-catcher to exterminate the race of rats.

Great wits have short memories ; otherwise Dr. Walker would not pretend, that he diffused the benefits of vaccination in Egypt ; having often acknowledged to his friends, or, at least, to those who were once his friends, that when he arrived there he could not procure subjects for inoculation for some time ; and when he did procure them, his matter was become effete, and all his efforts to produce infection failed.

In one sense he may not regret his voyage ; for though he brought home with him no light, but rather darkness visible, Egyptian darkness, darkness that may be felt, he learned how to excite compassion for an undeserving object, by shedding crocodile's tears ; he learned how to draw the credulous and unthinking multitude into a snare, and to turn children into mummies.

Though no one who knows him well, can be surprised at any assertion of his, but when he speaks the truth, we cannot conceive how the managers could have the unblushing effrontery to declare, that he has inoculated with unprecedented success ; when it is notorious, and stands on record, and is proved by his own confession, when he describes his cases, that he has been singularly unsuccessful.

He boasts of his knowledge, and the efficacy of his matter ; but we have heard many complaints on that score ; partly on account of its inefficacy, and partly on account of its being polluted with blood.

No one can be long connected with him, nor be a member of any Board over which he has any authority, or influence, unless he will submit to be

a tool,

That men do work with, called a fool.

This Board of Managers will probably find to their sorrow, as others have found before them, that they are cherishing a serpent in their bosoms, who will try to sting them to death.

It is true, they have exalted the object of their idolatry. The wise men of the East have seen his star, and bring gifts ; and Dr. Jenner, and the other faithful friends of vaccination, are to be persecuted by his calumnies, and cast into the fiery furnace of persecution, because they will not fall down, and

worship the brazen image, which these Nebuchadnezzars have set up.

Dr. Walker singles out Mr. Ring, as the principal champion of vaccination, and his most formidable opponent; and associates him with Dr. Jenner, in Dr. Shearman's Journal, as an object of vengeance. Mr. Ring may well be proud of this honour. He may now flatter himself, that he is considered as one of the great luminaries of vaccination. This is too much for Dr. Walker to bear. He therefore attacks him with all the rancour, for which he is so notorious; and with all the low scurrility of a vindictive assassin.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion; and this may plead some apology for the followers and supporters of such a man. He talks of perils and privations, and they, probably, know no better, than to sanction his assertion; but it is now very well known to every one, who is at all conversant with the history of vaccination, that when he encountered perils and privations, in company with that noted swindler, his Cousin Marshall, he, as well as his Cousin Marshall, might say, with their brother in *Romeo and Juliet*, my poverty, and not my will, consented.

These hints may serve to warn the public against such palpable impositions, in future. Dr. Walker

is an artful, avaricious and ambitious man ; but let him be cautious how he acts, when he tries to exercise his art, to glut his avarice, and to gratify his ambition. Let him recollect what was inscribed on the tombstone of an infamous scoundrel ;

Lie still, if you're wise,  
You'll be damn'd if you rise.

We recommend to him, and his accomplices, not to try to obtain money under false pretences. A vaccine institution has long been established by the Legislature ; where, as well as at other institutions, matter may be procured free of all expence ; and no one who has any zeal in the cause of vaccination, will find much difficulty in procuring it.

Parents, with large families, have been duped by a set of swindlers, under the specious pretext of promoting this beneficial practice. If farther aid is necessary, let it be granted by Parliament, and not be thus borne unequally ; and by those who are unequal to the burden . It is not meet to take the children's bread, and throw it to the dogs.

It is true, Dr. Walker makes a job of vaccination, as well as of his Institution. He is not paid for nothing. His patients carry visible marks of his professional services to their graves. This reminds us of a man who complained that one dentist charged him half a crown for drawing a tooth

without pain; whereas another drew him round the room three times for a groat. In this, and other respects, however, there is room for a difference of opinion.

Some extol Edward Jenner, and honour his name,  
While some try with slander to sully his fame;  
Some affirm he is honest, while others declare,  
*He turned out a rascal* in Salisbury Square.

As to Dr. Walker, however successful he may now be, let him read an observation of Horace, and ponder on what he reads.

Raro antecedentem scelestum  
Deseruit pede poena claudo.

Since the preceding observations were written, Mr. Whitbread has paid the debt of nature; but we trust, there are other active and intelligent members of that institution, who will institute an inquiry into the conduct of the leading members, with regard to the collection and expenditure of money.

Mr. Rose mentioned one instance of a similar imposition, practised, like ten thousand others, on the credulity of that stupid animal, John Bull. A fellow collects more than five hundred a year of the nobility, gentry, and other charitable, and well disposed persons, of this metropolis, under pretence of purchasing beef and retailing it to the poor at its original price; and puts all the money into his own pocket. Similar abuses prevail in other institutions; and call aloud for investigation.

THE  
NEW BEGGAR'S OPERA,

&c. &c.

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I AM a jolly beggar,  
From Cockermouth I came;  
I do pretend to be a friend,  
John Walker is my name;  
And a begging we will go, will go, will go;  
And a begging we will go.

I sally'd forth to Dublin,  
But soon, alas! I found,  
They suffer'd nought with venom fraught  
To touch that holy ground.

They hate all double-dealers,  
All hypocrites despise;  
They will not suffer any puffer  
To circulate his lies.

No longer as an usher,  
I other dunces flog;  
But come to Easton, cheese to feast on,  
And there remain incog.

'Twas there I heard of Jenner,  
 And eke of vaccination,  
 Ordain'd to be, at least to me,  
 A temporal salvation.

Why should I tell a tedious,  
 Uninteresting story?  
 From Vaccine Scourge I shall emerge  
 A Solomon in glory.

Like Solomon, or Brodum,  
 My humble name I'll raise;  
 And since I find my friends unkind,  
 I'll trumpet my own praise.

" Tho' London friends disown me,  
 Yet verily I say,  
 I am a friend, an Irish friend,  
 A friend the backward way.

" And as to my religion,  
 'Tis like big Sam in height;  
 It is so tall, it is so tall,  
 So tall, 'tis out of sight.

" Let English quakers envy,  
 And vilify my fame;  
 Yet still, old Nick, who loves a trick,  
 Will glorify my name.

“ Big Sam was not enlisted  
 Because he was too tall;  
 The grenadiers express’d their fears  
 He would eclipse them all.”

Let not Joanna Southcott  
 Extol her Doctor Reece;  
 For I have been at Colchis seen,  
 And fetch’d the golden fleece.

When Glo’stershire I quitted,  
 I was distrest and undone;  
 But now, you see, I soon shall be  
 The richest man in London.

Like mushrooms, I created  
 My London Institutions:  
 My bread I earn, and serve my turn,  
 By levying contributions.

So Young, that vile impostor,  
 A Christian microscopic,  
 Or rather Jew, with selfish view,  
 First plann’d the Philanthropic.

I know the sons of science,  
 And once I knew my place;  
 At modest distance implor’d assistance,  
 And humbly su’d for grace.

My friends and benefactors,  
 But now my foes I stile 'em,  
 For charity, and eke for me,  
 Erected an asylum.

They form'd an Institution,  
 And then made such a pothor,  
 They made a rout, and turn'd me out,  
 But soon I form'd another.

There is an ancient proverb,  
 To call a man ungrateful,  
 It is to call him base and all,  
 All that is vile and hateful.

I debtor am to Jenner,  
 To Ring I am a debtor;  
 Their bounty flow'd, and much I ow'd,  
 But I was ne'er the better.

Tho' born and bred a blockhead,  
 I went beyond my tether;  
 I turn'd buffoon, in one lampoon  
 Abusing both together.

Tho' banish'd from my Station,  
 Their books, I did purloin 'em;  
 By hooks and crooks I'm in their books,  
 And never will resign 'em.

My London friends disown me,  
 I am an Irish quaker;  
 Two faults I have, I play the knave,  
 And I forget my maker.

To physic bred at Leyden,  
 I am a Leyden phial;  
 I'm charg'd with matter that makes a clatter,  
 Of this there's no denial.

Impatient of control, I  
 Still act as it behoves me,  
 And ev'ry friend in turn offend,  
 For 'tis the spirit moves me;

A spirit not of concord,  
 But one of opposition,  
 Perpetual strife embitt'ring life,  
 And av'rice, and ambition.

First, first it mov'd a Fox, for  
 All, all the race are Tartars;  
 To gain my ends, I tell my friends,  
 I'm one of Fox's martyrs.

Turn'd out of place, I now form  
 The Lon Vac Institution;  
 Endure the stroke like heart of oak,  
 And thrive by persecution.

I never would submit to  
 A just subordination ;  
 Like hog, self-will'd, I ne'er fulfil'd  
 The duties of my station.

My foes all strive to bring me  
 To ruin and to shame ;  
 But I despise their threats, and rise  
 A phoenix from the flame.

I, feigning that the flames  
 Had driven me from my station,  
 My counsel kept ; and intercept  
 Whole hosts for vaccination.

We chose one William Lawrence,  
 An eminent dissector,  
 Whose name remains, but he disdains  
 To be our Sub-director.

An jubes renovare  
 Dolorem hunc infandum ?  
 Tho' he disdains, his name remains,  
 It is an ad captandum.

'Tis thus we go a cruising,  
 And thus we trim our scullers ;  
 For many a prize we get by lies,  
 And hanging out false colours.

Still growing more audacious,  
 And in an equal tenour,  
 We now assume another plume,  
 And use the name of Jenner.

We still have our committees,  
 Our dull collectors egging;  
 Our coffers hold a sum untold,  
 Yet still we go a begging.

Some take us all for swindlers;  
 Pounds, shillings, eke and pences,  
 We all obtain, a greedy train,  
 And under false pretences.

We leave our yellow pamphlets  
 Awhile for your inspection;  
 Then alms implore from door to door,  
 And make a vast collection.

We act like vile impostors,  
 Usurping Jenner's name;  
 Lay baits for wealth, do good by stealth,  
 And blush to find it fame.

This, this is my prescription,  
 Take money quantum satis;  
 Then write up o'er each lying door,  
 Inoculation gratis.

To ev'ry good collector  
 A tempting bribe we offer,  
 Pounds, shillings, pence, a sum immense,  
 And half the booty proffer.

We take the name of Jenner,  
 To gull the British nation:  
 To gain our end, we still pretend  
 To his co-operation.

John Bull they call old England,  
 Inestimable treasure!  
 A good milch-cow, and I know how  
 To milk her at my pleasure.

Tho' hir'd as Clerk to Council,  
 Their secrets I betray'd;  
 Much, much I wrote, and many a note  
 Gross ignorance display'd.

For folly reigns triumphant,  
 With vanity close-linkt;  
 Here wisdom bright ne'er shed her light,  
 Or now is quite extinct.

Then as to little children,  
 So harmless, none should harm them,  
 I did so harm each tender arm,  
 I threaten'd to disarm them.

I took into my head-piece,  
 That pus was in the centre,  
 Not lymph alone; 'tis strange, I own,  
 Such thought a head can enter.

It never enter'd noddle  
 Of Jenner or of Ring:  
 They took some trouble to break the bubble  
 To which I fondly cling.

I made an excavation  
 "Like crater in volcano:"  
 A thing so rare we may compare  
 To fistula in ano.

From this volcano issue  
 The flames that me consume;  
 For Jenner saw I broke his law,  
 And he began to fume.

He wish'd me a straight-waistcoat,  
 And a dark cell to hide me;  
 He wish'd, I think, that pen and ink,  
 And paper, were deny'd me.

He wish'd my drink spring-water,  
 And hyssop to deterge me;  
 Wish'd me club-law, a bed of straw,  
 And hellebore to purge me.

Pronounc'd by all my judges  
 A vile and worthless elf,  
 My friends subscribe, I pay the bribe,  
 And still acquit myself.

Three hundred tools and hirelings  
 In my defence appear:  
 They plead my cause, despise the laws,  
 And what I say, they swear.

But Jenner, folks convening  
 Whom gentlemen they call,  
 Brought fresh supplies, and new allies,  
 And soon o'erwhelm'd us all.

When Sal'sb'ry Square I quitted,  
 In Sal'sb'ry Court I took  
 A room, where I, still blund'ring, ply  
 My lance by hook or crook.

This court affords an entrance,  
 An entrance to the square:  
 I lie in wait, throw out my bait,  
 And catch my gudgeons there.

They say, my great and small fry  
 That I by poaching get;  
 But I cry pish! for all is fish  
 That comes into my net.

I cut the ties of justice  
 And gratitude asunder :  
 Subscriptions raise by shameful ways,  
 And live, and thrive by plunder.

Now, now all sorts of creatures  
 In our good cause embark :  
 Both great and small now op'rate, all  
 The beasts of Noah's ark.

The chemists now turn surgeons,  
 And cobblers turn physicians ;  
 And I, who sprung from hill of dung,  
 The greatest of magicians.

Some think I am king Midas,  
 Who liv'd in days of old ;  
 Because that he, forsooth, like me,  
 Turn'd all he touch'd to gold.

Nay, some assert, another  
 Similitude appears ;  
 When hat I doff, or cap take off,  
 I shew my ass's ears.

Empirics hoist my hand-bills,  
 " The Lon : Vac : Institution ;"  
 And, through all London, bankrupts undone,  
 Solicit contribution.

When I behold such drugsters  
 All practice vaccination,  
 My mind it racks, to think these quacks  
 Are all of my creation.

The faithful friends of science  
 Will lash me in their lyrics;  
 And blast my fame, and brand my name,  
 The father of empirics.

A poison-tree now stretches  
 Her branches large and strong;  
 John Bull still suffers any puffers,  
 And sanctions all the wrong.

A hundred-headed hydra,  
 Arising in the nation,  
 Nor one alone, but many a one,  
 Demands a reformation.

Forbid such bold intruders  
 To violate the laws;  
 The serpents kill, and in your bill  
 Insert a sweeping clause.

When Dick was dubb'd a doctor,  
 And his initials sign'd,  
 He prov'd a bane to Warwick-lane,  
 And heavily was fin'd.

But if a Reece, or Caton,  
 Of life a poor man swindles,  
 That greater harm spreads no alarm,  
 And no resentment kindles.

Joe Leaper once collected  
 The splendid golden guineas ;  
 Pounds, shillings, pence, by false pretence,  
 Obtain'd of all the ninnies.

This well-known truth John Fuller,  
 And Wilberforce can tell ;  
 And many a score of flat-fish more  
 The long, long list may swell.

Then, as to honest John Bull,  
 A numskull is no rarity ;  
 He cares not how I milk the cow,  
 He thinks it all a charity.

To fight with Ring and Jenner,  
 I muster'd all my forces :  
 I vow'd I would do all I could  
 To cut off their resources.

My friends, and fellow-traitors,  
 On our success I greet ;  
 I hug myself, a cunning elf,  
 For stolen joys are sweet.

My former friends expose me,  
 And still the public warn;  
 But, dead to fame, I feel no shame,  
 And all exposure scorn.

The Central House complain'd that  
 Her practice greatly dwindled:  
 Loud clamours rise, they want supplies,  
 Her patients all are swindled.

Then, as to Dr. Jenner,  
 Who still shall be my theme,  
 His mill, he knows, no longer goes,  
 For I cut off the stream.

If chance a prize escap'd me,  
 Returning from the station,  
 The mother storm'd, but I perform'd  
 A second operation.

Thus, thus, by tacit censure,  
 My rival I defame;  
 Pretend he miss'd, and in my list  
 Score up another name.

When legislative wisdom  
 Establish'd Vaccination,  
 To some it seem'd, they were redeem'd  
 From further obligation;

And yet they pledg'd their honour,  
 In them if honour reign'd,  
 To take the field, and never yield  
 While one small-pock remain'd.

If one of them persisted,  
 If one perform'd his vow,  
 By some good luck I rise, and pluck  
 The laurel from his brow.

To point out all my fictions,  
 My treachery to trace,  
 Requires a song at least as long,  
 As long as Chevy Chace.

I feign'd that Doctor Jenner  
 Was riding on a cow;  
 I said he was a beggar, as  
 I am a beggar now.

I said, he for his own son  
 Would not the cow-pock try;  
 But when the said heavy charge I laid,  
 I knew it was a lie.

'Twas owing to the small-pox  
 In surgeon Cother's train,  
 Infectious nymph! and want of lymph,  
 It was not try'd again.

'Tis from revenge to Jenner  
 I act th' assassin's part,  
 The truth deny, and forge a lie,  
 And stab him to the heart;

Pretend he was a knavish,  
 Uncharitable elf;  
 In short, pretend, he loves no friend,  
 Or neighbour as himself;

That to the vaccine lancet  
 A neighbour's child alone  
 He would submit, but had the wit  
 Not to submit his own.

Such falsities Maclean,  
 And Reece's publication,  
 And Birch, with hints in lying prints,  
 Have publish'd thro' the nation.

The sapient Common Council,  
 And Aldermen of London,  
 Have lately blunder'd, and giv'n a hundred,  
 Or we had all been undone.

A hundred, left to Jenner's trust,  
 By stratagem I get;  
 But I cry pish! for all is fish  
 That comes into my net.

For we have our committees,  
 Our dull collectors egging;  
 Our coffers hold a mine of gold,  
 Yet still we go a begging.

Ye town and country surgeons,  
 Bring annual contributions:  
 Our matter buy, or ne'er apply  
 To London Institutions.

We beg of every nation,  
 We beg of all the Prussians;  
 Of Germans all, both great and small,  
 We beg of all the Russians.

Like other strolling beggars,  
 From **P**ole to **P**ole we wander:  
 We club together, and pluck a feather  
 From ev'ry goose and gander.

We pluck the Lords and Commons,  
 We pluck the Corporation;  
 We pluck them all, both great and small,  
 We pluck the British nation.

You see my golden pippin  
 Put forth her leaf once more,  
 And fruit unfold; the rind is gold,  
 'Tis rotten at the core.

I'm nucleus of a snowball,  
 We all are of a feather,  
 As much alike as jack and pike,  
 We therefore flock together.

We all are like sun-raisins  
 In one great cluster clung;  
 For we are naught, nor good for aught,  
 Till we are all well-hung.

Would Jenner to the vineyard  
 His little finger put,  
 He soon would trim this rotten limb,  
 And crack the carious nut.

I'm like an addled egg, or  
 A herring that is shotten:  
 I'm like touch-wood, or medlar, good  
 For nothing till 'tis rotten.

How seldom, says friend Lipscombe,  
 Two men in taste agree?  
 When old or young, or rotten as dung,  
 An open—a—— for me!

Of passion so prepost'rous  
 When first I heard, I vow,  
 I laid a bet that he would set  
 His face against the cow.

If any of my readers  
 Should not know what I mean,  
 Let them but ask, an easy task,  
 Friend Moseley, or Maclean.

When at the Quarter-Sessions,  
 His hand the culprit rear'd,  
 This precious pair, of fame so fair,  
 To character appear'd.

Manwairing was astonish'd  
 Such perjuries to hear ;  
 One swore, and swore, and swore, and swore,  
 Good God, how he did swear !

But whether this deponent  
 Was Thynne, Maclean, or Moseley,  
 A precious trio, I swear by Clio,  
 It surely was a gross lie.

His answers to the charges  
 Were admirably fitted ;  
 The Court found out some sort of doubt,  
 The felon was acquitted.

Since in some breasts his brother  
 Rais'd doubts before unknown,  
 And scruples many, I ask if any  
 Ere rose within his own,

Th' all-seeing eye beheld him  
 When roving in the dark,  
 As lovers rove, and making love  
 To soldiers in the Park.

The soldier shew'd the wounds he  
 Receiv'd in civil war,  
 And by the stroke of solid oak,  
 From pris'ner at the bar.

He stated that his blood lay  
 All scatter'd on the ground ;  
 Spread far and wide its purple tide,  
 And still bedew'd the ground.

To this the pris'ner answer'd,  
 He did it se tuendo :  
 If, in the strife, one lost his life,  
 'Twas done se defendendo ;

He said, the soldier wanted  
 To rob him in the Mall ;  
 But truly still the weakest will  
 Be going to the wall.

The soldier said, that Lipscombe  
 Had brought him to the ground ;  
 His firelock seiz'd, and would have eas'd  
 His superficial wound.

But two patrols of Bow-street  
 Came luckily that way ;  
 And reach'd the place, with eager pace,  
 To terminate the fray.

Next morn the men to Bow-street  
 The wretched caitiff bore ;  
 His shame and pride the charge deny'd,  
 Their worships bound him o'er.

The chairman then demanded,  
 What lur'd him to the Park  
 So late at night? with such delight  
 Why ramble in the dark?

He waited for an answer,  
 Still waited ; but the brute,  
 With silent curse, said nothing, or worse  
 Than nothing, and was mute.

As to Maclean, that basest  
 Of all insolvent debtors,  
 The vile Maclean, what can he mean  
 By libelling his betters?

Black venom, first, in India,  
 At Mornington he squirted ;  
 Then from that Laird, Sir David Baird,  
 The mate at Cork deserted.

All London advertis'd him,  
 While bills were seen to fly;  
 And, near the star at Temple Bar,  
 Set up a hue and cry.

But soon the state forgot him,  
 The reptile they despise;  
 And now his name, unknown to fame,  
 In deep oblivion lies.

What, tho' he was our pilot,  
 And as Aurora rose,  
 In Leadenhall he sets, and all  
 His bright career shall close.

Ye wise men of the East,  
 Why chose ye this old woman,  
 To throw out nets for your cadets,  
 In lectures prais'd by no man?

No friend to your possessions,  
 No friend to vaccination,  
 Would choose a foe, such seeds to sow,  
 And check your population.

'Tis true he is an author,  
 He call'd his book "The Science  
 Of Life;" and then, with daring pen,  
 Bade common sense defiance.

From Darwin he attempted  
 To pluck the laurel crown :  
 He claim'd the bays, and all the praise,  
 For self, for self and Brown.

But Beddoes rose for Darwin,  
 To shield his injur'd name;  
 And Lara then took up the pen,  
 To vindicate his fame.

Full oft he signs death-warrants,  
 By damning venesection :  
 All opium, lo ! his patients go  
 To heav'n without election.

He thus in India treated  
 Hindoo's like flocks of sheep ;  
 Thus, thus he treats the young cadets,  
 And sets them all asleep.

Of Reece he was the colleague,  
 And once receiv'd his pay ;  
 Each doctor hath his proper path,  
 And ev'ry dog his day.

The character of Reece may,  
 Like Southcott's, rot, I think,  
 Rot to the core ; but still the more  
 He stirs, the more 'twill stink.

In all that vile delusion  
 Reece lately made the din most ;  
 And now he flies away, and cries,  
 The devil take the hindmost.

He once was an apprentice,  
 At Bridgnorth, to a grocer  
 And tallow-chandler, was he handler  
 Of pestle and mortar ? No, Sir.

He handled no Greek grammar  
 Nor Latin, luckless wight ;  
 But he must handle tallow-candle,  
 Such things will come to light.

Then in a druggist's warehouse,  
 In Paternoster Row,  
 He made a rout, and was turn'd out,  
 But all things ebb and flow.

In Hereford Infirmary  
 He next was a dispenser ;  
 But, with renown, in Londontown,  
 He now sets up a censor.

The thing we own most readily,  
 Is neither strange nor rare ;  
 But still, I vow, we wonder how  
 The devil it got there.

Dubb'd only by St. Andrews,  
 Or Aberdeen, twin-college,  
 A man may gull that dolt, John Bull,  
 Tho' destitute of knowledge.

Such quacks, if you believe them,  
 Such quacks all skill engross;  
 Yet, if you hang the whole curs'd gang,  
 We should sustain no loss.

At Godfrey's once he seem'd  
 Of chemistry the founder;  
 And from that school, like many a fool,  
 He went ont grand compounder.

Bartholomew's he enter'd,  
 Then boasts, like major Sturgeon,  
 As if he were physician there,  
 Or, at the least, a surgeon.

So boasts his colleague, Caton,  
 And any common wh—re,  
 Or modest dame, may boast the same,  
 Who walks along the floor.

For knowledge thus collected,  
 By walking to and fro,  
 Reece may thank you, Bartholomew,  
 And Caton Guy and Co.

Their puffing advertisements  
 Oft stare us in the face ;  
 They daily stare ; empirics are  
 A national disgrace.

Religion, too, profaning,  
 Such quacks old women craze ;  
 As if for canting, room were wanting,  
 The sanctuary they raze.

'Twas Reece who rais'd so high  
 The public expectation ;  
 And made John Bull appear so dull,  
 So credulous a nation.

'Twas Reece who rais'd so high  
 The hopes of old Joanna :  
 The babe he paints, cheer'd all the saints,  
 Who sung a loud hosanna.

Tho' foil'd in his prognostics,  
 Like Southcott, and like Brothers,  
 He 'scapes their fate, and lives in state ;  
 To Bedlam they send others.

His doctrines and predictions  
 Are all a vile humbug :  
 His shop he fills with books and pills,  
 And both are quite a drug.

'Tis true, some compensation  
 He merits for his trouble :  
 He, we must own, flatter'd Pope Joan,  
 He countenanc'd the bubble.

'Twas "Jeremiah Jenkins,"  
 Who boasts he cures the phthisic ;  
 He, he who wrote in plaintive note,  
 "The present state of physic."

'Twas "Herz," and "Surgeon Fisher,"  
 Who sound a loud encomium  
 On his tooth-powder ; and still a louder  
 On that vile drug, Stramonium.

All, all the quacks of London  
 His preparation vend ;  
 Mischief most clear commences here,  
 But God knows where 'twill end.

Thus, thus, with many a fiction,  
 In many a borrow'd name,  
 He still takes care to puff his ware,  
 And trumpet his own fame.

This worthy vaccination  
 For his own children uses,  
 And in his practice, strange the fact is,  
 But in his book abuses.

With prejudice he fill'd,  
 In league with Johnny Birch,  
 The vulgar all, both great and small,  
 He then liv'd near the church.

He then fulfil'd the proverb,  
 And if we credit fame,  
 Tries to fulfil the proverb still,  
 Dead, dead to sense of shame.

His books, with Birch's nonsense,  
 In nurseries are found :  
 There, there all sorts of false reports,  
 And fooleries abound.

To Shiloh, and Millennium,  
 His countenance he lent ;  
 But now, we find, 'twas only wind  
 In hypochondre pent.

That wind, at length escaping,  
 And fav'ring Doctor Reece,  
 Has fill'd his sails with prosp'rous gales,  
 And wafts a golden fleece.

The philosophic stone, Sir,  
 The seed of metal, thrives ;  
 We now behold an age of gold,  
 And alchemy revives.

To thrive by such a system  
 Is natural enough ;  
 Men in his trade have often made  
 A fortune by a puff.

We long, whene'er we see  
 Two surgeons of such knowledge,  
 To spread their fame, and see each name  
 Inserted in the College.

One only is inserted,  
 And even he, to my sense,  
 In town appears, for many years,  
 To kill without a licence.

He still may live at Chepstow,  
 In London his diploma  
 Gives him no right to kill a mite,  
 Or cure a steatoma.

Joanna Southcott intus,  
 Reece et in cute paints ;  
 Her very name a man will shame,  
 Such honour have her saints.

He now the public scorn  
 With Weatherall must face ;  
 Face, trunk, and limb, enable him  
 To weather all disgrace.

His quondam friend, Maclean,  
 Like Lockitt hostile long,  
 His sword may sheath, and hug Macheath,  
 For both are in the wrong.

But let him cast no more  
 On Wellesley foul aspersions;  
 Advise cadets to cancel debts,  
 Or recommend desertions.

'Tis not his place on physic,  
 Or politics to prate;  
 But haul his wind, and call to mind  
 The duties of a mate.

On Ring he cast reflections,  
 But that is all a whim;  
 The man, he'll find, whom he malign'd,  
 Too much a man for him:

And, howsoe'er this verdict,  
 The gentleman may vex,  
 'Tis not the prime, or second time,  
 That he mistook the sex.

He should remember Lipscombe,  
 A serious thing the sex is;  
 Alexis won fair Corydon,  
 And Corydon Alexis.

I now wind up my poem,  
 And, to avoid confusion,  
 I shall, my friends, fasten off my ends,  
 And come to a conclusion.

When erst I liv'd at Cockermouth,  
 Well known to many a neighbour,  
 I did my best, and, like the rest,  
 I liv'd by honest labour ;

But now I live by begging,  
 And seldom beg in vain ;  
 My bread I earn, I'll ne'er return  
 To Cockermouth again.

Great charity pretending,  
 I tax both rich and poor,  
 By hook and crook ; with yellow book  
 I beg from door to door.

I tax both Lords and Commons,  
 I tax the very mob ;  
 I tax the nation, and all creation,  
 It is a perfect job.

For we have our committees,  
 Our dull collectors egging :  
 Our coffers hold a sum untold,  
 Yet still we go a begging.

And a begging we will go, will go, will go ;  
 And a begging we will go.

I now wind up my poem, I shall not conclude  
And to avoid confusion, I shall not conclude  
I shall not conclude, I shall not conclude  
And come to a conclusion, I shall not conclude

When first I liv'd at Cockermouth,  
Well known to many a neighbour,  
I did my best, and like the rest,  
I liv'd by honest labour;

But now I live by begging,  
And seldom beg in vain; no more I beg in vain  
My bread I earn, I'll never be ashamed  
To Cockermouth again, I'll never be ashamed

Great charity pretending,  
I tax both rich and poor,  
My hook and crook; with yellow book,  
I beg from door to door.

I tax both Lords and Commons, I tax the very mob;  
I tax the nation, and all creation, I tax the very mob;

It is a perfect job, I tax the very mob;  
For we have our committee, I tax the very mob;

Our dull collectors egging;  
Our collectors hold a sum untold,  
Yet still we go a begging,

And a begging we will go, will go, will go,  
And a begging we will go, will go, will go,

## NOTES.

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**THE** Jenneric Opera is a vile piece of buffoonery, which was written by Dr. Walker, out of resentment to Dr. Jenner, and the other leading members of the Royal Jennerian Society, in consequence of his being expelled from that Society; or, at least, being permitted to resign his situation as Inoculator at their central house, and Secretary to the Medical Board. He there represents Dr. Jenner as riding up to London on a cow; and going round a begging to the houses of the nobility, and gentlemen of fortune.

The doggrel rhymes, in which that low and scurrilous composition is written, are a disgrace to their author, and to the English language. They are published in a base and despicable periodical work, of equivocal generation; being the joint issue of Messrs. Moseley, Birch, Lipscombe, Reece, Nisbitt, Caton, Maclean, and John Gale Jones. The principal editors were Reece and Maclean; who, at length, fell out, and called each other quacks; and were so fortunate, that the world gave both of them implicit credit for their assertions.

Dr. Walker himself sometimes rides on a cow, and sometimes on an ass; and when he looks down on the back of that animal, glories in his elevation; and fancies he is a *Knight of the Grand Cross*.

In the same Journal, for May, is a letter from Dr. Clarke himself; in which he declares that, when he addressed his former letter to the Secretary of the Royal Jennerian Society, he had not the most remote idea of appearing before the tribunal of the public.

He observes that, although Dr. Walker had made a long extract from the report of the Cow-pock Institution at Nottingham, he had omitted the more valuable part, and among the rest, the resolution, that a surgeon should be appointed whose duty it should be to visit the poor; to encourage and persuade them to accept the advantages offered by the Institution; and to vaccinate as many as are willing, and are deemed fit subjects for the practice.

This is what Mr. Ring has done from the commencement of the practice, and still continues to do; the success he has met with may be inferred from the following extract of a letter from Dr. Jenner to a foreign physician, then in London, inserted in the life of Jenner, in the public characters. "I am happy that you have been introduced to my friend Ring. The discovery which I had the happiness to announce to the world, is much indebted to his ardent zeal and indefatigable exertions for the rapid progress which it has made; while some of those, who vainly conceived themselves instrumental in promoting its adoption, evidently meaning Dr. Woodville and Dr. Pearson, have in reality, from their ignorance and indiscretion, rather retarded than accelerated its progress."

On another occasion, he observes, that "it is surprising how many people have written on the subject of vaccination, and how few understand it." Among these, Dr. Walker, though one of the last, is not one of the least.

When Mr. Calton, surgeon of the Nottingham Cow-pock Institution was in London, and, with other medical men,

soliciting information on the subject, he was advised by Dr. Walker to call on Mr. Ring, who had gratuitously vaccinated a greater number of patients than any other private practitioner in this kingdom. In this respect the editor of a northern Medical Journal commits a mistake, by asserting, that Mr. Rigby of Norwich, had published an account of three thousand persons vaccinated at half a crown a-head, given as a premium to those who submitted to the operation; and that there was no other instance in which so great a number had been vaccinated at so small an expence to the public.

This is a rash assertion. Mr. Ring had vaccinated a much more considerable number, without putting the public to any expence, and had refused to accept of any compensation. A great majority of them he had the trouble of converting, by calling on them at their own houses, in all parts of the metropolis and the surrounding villages; particularly on the Surry side of the water, where they had no small-pock hospital, nor any place for the inoculation of the cow-pock.

He rendered the knowledge and practice of vaccination general at the West end of the town, as well as in the Borough of Southwark, and all the neighbouring villages, and in a great measure annihilated the shameful sale of the cow-pock matter, and that not always of the best kind, which long prevailed at the Small-pox Hospital, and at Dr. Pearson's Vaccine Pock Institution, by gratuitously disseminating in every direction what he collected at home and abroad. The managers of the Nottingham Cow-pock Institution thought his example worthy of imitation; and their success in visiting and inoculating the poor, at their own houses, exceeded every thing that had been done in so short a space of time out of London.

It was not to be supposed, that men who live by disease, as Rowland Hill expresses it, would calmly look on, and see a lucrative branch of their profession cut off, without making a struggle to prevent it. Many clamours have been heard on this occasion, and many complaints have been made by the despicable hirelings who conduct our periodical prints; particularly one, who, from an apothecary, has somehow or other got himself done into a doctor.

This canting hypocrite, this rogue in buckram, this pert, prim, conceited quaker, this damned double-faced fellow, as Sheridan would call him, who will shake you by the hand, while he tries to stab you to the heart, cannot conceal his chagrine, since he was disturbed in his vile project, at a Western Dispensary, doing all in his power to propagate the small-pox; spreading

“His spacious wing,

“And hatching pienty for th’ ensuing spring.”

He has been known to ask and acknowledge favours, and almost at the same moment, to propagate calumnies and falsehoods against his friend and benefactor, in the British Critic, in which he conducts the medical department; imitating the petulance and malignity of the Edinburgh Reviewers, without the least pretension to their talents.

He denies that the case of the miller of Billericay, related in Ring’s Treatise on the Gout, is a case in point; though he was cured of the gout, complicated with many other disorders. He denies that Dr. Gregory’s observations are in point, though they teach how to prevent the gout. This *smells of the shop*; and confirms the opinions of Mayerne and Heberden, that there are physicians who are not so fond of prophylactics as of drugs.

He tries to reduce Mr. Ring to the rank of an apothecary,

though he knows he is a surgeon ; though he was a surgeon, and a regular surgeon, before this medical upstart, and critical coxcomb, was born ; and though he has been one of the first to adopt, and one of the most zealous to promote, some of the principal medical and surgical improvements that have taken place in the present age.

He expresses a doubt, whether an apothecary in full practice is qualified to write a treatise on the gout. The Monthly Review justly observes, that no persons are so well qualified to write books on any subject, as those who are in full practice.

He himself is, or ought to be, in full practice ; for he has undertaken the care of two dispensaries, besides his own private practice ; though, it is well known, that one dispensary, by which is meant his share in one, is more than a man could do justice to, were there not a wide difference, in the practice of some people, between their attendance on the rich and on the poor.

This is the man who submitted to be the journey-man of an unprincipled bookseller, for the sake of advertising his name on a periodical publication ; which both from its complexion and contents, forcibly reminds us of a toad. The simile might, indeed, admit of a still farther extension. There lurks the animal, seeing every object with a jaundiced eye, and spitting his venom.

*Quid domini facient, audent cum tatis fures ?*

How will the masters of such villains prate,

When you, their slaves, can talk at such a rate ?

We have seen *one* Fothergill, and only one, in whom there was no guile.

To return to that other pretended quaker, that other rogue in buckram, that other wolf in sheep's clothing, Dr. Walker,

Mr. Thorpe, Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, tells us, in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, that the funds of the African Institution are diverted from their proper channel, and instead of benefiting the distressed Africans, only benefit the late Secretary, and perpetual Director, Mr. Zachary Macauley. Let the London Vaccine Institution beware, lest their funds also be diverted from the proper channel; and, instead of benefiting the poor, only benefit the poor in spirit, their late Secretary, and perpetual Director, or rather perpetual Dictator, Dr. Walker.

Dr. Clarke observes, that there is a note of Dr. Walker's at the bottom of p. 256, vol. XV, which demands most serious consideration. This alludes to Dr. Walker's opinion, that induration and tumefaction about the tenth day, even when a cow-pock has been ruptured, and almost obliterated, is a token of security. This token, as we shall hereafter see, Dr. Walker generally took pretty good care to produce; either by his rude and unskilful method of inserting virus, or of taking it for future inoculations.

So ambitious was he of fame, which leads to fortune, that he not only used to stop people going to Salisbury Square, or returning thence, and to re-inoculate and register Dr. Knowles's patients, whether willing or unwilling; but he actually inoculated three natives of the South Sea Islands, who were particularly recommended to Mr. Gilman; forcibly seizing them by the hand, like an assassin, and violently stabbing each of them between the finger and the thumb.

These three young men used to shew, by the most expressive attitudes and gesticulations, and also by words, as far as they were masters of our language, how their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, would resent this cruelty of Dr. Walker; and revenge their wrongs, and the unusual and unnecessary torments they had suffered, if the Dr.

should ever visit their country. Should such an event take place, the Otaheiteans and their neighbours will conclude that English savages are some of the greatest savages in the world.

In the Medical Journal for June, 1806, is a letter from Dr. Walker, in which he expresses a fear, lest Mr. Ring, whom he calls the great champion of vaccination, should, by his remarks on Dr. Walker's former letter, excite an unnecessary alarm; and increase the doubts of the public respecting vaccination. He requests Mr. Ring to point out a more simple and certain test of security than the induration about the tenth day.

He calls this a characteristic induration; but surely it is only characteristic, when it occurs spontaneously, and from the peculiar nature of the disease; not when it is occasioned by accidental violence, or by wilful violence, such as that insane operation which Dr. Walker calls the cutting up of a pustule.

He once more asserts, that the induration at the inoculated part, about the tenth day, still appears to him, to be a certain proof of the protection being complete. He still contends, that at whatever time a pock may be broken, and swept away, whether by the friction of a tight sleeve, or by his own unsparing hand, it thus gives, when at its height, a certain and invariable proof of its presence; and a certain and invariable sign of its efficacy.

He then tells us, that every one who is much acquainted with vaccine inoculation, must have noticed that a considerable quantity of pus is often produced in the centre of the pock, by the wound of the lancet. This is an extraordinary assertion; and one which has no foundation in truth. That Dr. Walker has often seen such phenomena cannot well admit of a doubt, for he tells us so himself; but then

they are his own cases, and cases of his own creation ; and he deserves all the credit of them.

He says, were I about to take matter even from such a beautiful pock as that which is exhibited, through all its stages, in Ring's Treatise, I should think it right to remove the scab, and wipe out the little subjacent drop of pus, in order to guard against impurity. Here the Doctor sees what neither Dr. Jenner, nor any other member of the Medical Council of the Royal Jennerian Society could ever see ; for they unanimously resolved, that Mr. Ring should be requested to have some of his plates struck off ; and that they should be hung up in the places of inoculation. With this request he complied, and presented them to the Society. At that time Dr. Walker could see no fault in them ; on the contrary, they were universally admired as a master-piece of art ; but since Mr. Ring thought it necessary to oppose, and expose the Doctor, he sees them with a jaundiced eye.

He tells us, that when the quantity of pus is very large, that of the vaccine matter, or rather the vaccine fluid, or lymph, in the vesicular, or cellular ring, that bounds it, is often very small. Whether this was owing to his inserting pus with the vaccine fluid, or to his rude manner of inoculating, he is at a loss to determine ; and thus he has brought himself into a dilemma, from which it is difficult to help him out.

It is, however, most likely to be owing to the rude manner in which he inserts the virus. Others may equal him in the matter, but no one in his manner of inserting it. We may say of him as Virgil says of that other Vulcan, *materiem superabat opus*. When he inoculates a poor infant, you would imagine that he was working at his old trade, and smiting the iron with his sledge hammer.

In the Medical Journal for October, 1806, Mr. Ring

published an answer to Dr. Walker ; and, as the Doctor had challenged him to do, pointed out a more simple and certain test than the induration about the tenth day ; namely, the peculiar scab, as described in the instructions of the Jennerian Society, and in other publications on that subject. This criterion is certainly less equivocal than the induration ; for it shews that the progress of the disease has not been much interrupted ; whereas, the induration, as he observes, is an occurrence which is too frequent, from the rude hand of such an inoculator as Dr. Walker, cutting up the pustule, for it is, in a great measure, a pustule in his hands, scooping out its contents, and thus interrupting the regular course of an innocent process.

This opinion, which he had before expressed, and which was obstinately controverted by Dr. Walker, had then been confirmed by the report of the Vaccine Institution at Nottingham, transmitted to the Journal by Dr. Clarke. It there appears, that Dr. Walker's opinion had been put to the test of experiment at Nottingham. Thirty-five patients, in whom the pock had been ruptured, and in whom there was well marked induration and inflammation, were inoculated again with vaccine virus ; three of whom passed through all the regular stages of the complaint ; thereby proving that they were not previously secure.

Dr. Clarke then informs us, that no cases are considered as perfect by the Nottingham Institution, which do not present the characteristic scab ; and that in one case, where there had been no induration, there was a characteristic scab. On the whole he concludes, that an induration is no proof of vaccination being complete.

Mr. Ring added some observations on the danger of cutting up a vaccine vesicle ; an operation which had been performed and described by Dr. Walker. He declares he

had known life endangered by this operation; and that it had only been performed for the sake of remedying an imaginary disease. He therefore thought it his duty to state some particulars of that process, and its effects; in order, if possible, to prevent a repetition of such a rash and unwarrantable practice.

Laura Watkins, daughter of a gentleman of distinguished character in the literary world, was vaccinated in both arms by Dr. Walker. On the eighth day, when the areola was as large as a shilling, and when he ought not to have taken matter at all, unless in a case of absolute necessity, Dr. Walker pricked the vesicle on the right arm in several places, totally removed the cuticle from its surface, and wiped out the sore with the skirt of the child's frock. He then charged two lancets, three or four vaccinators, and a considerable number of glasses.

He caused the part to bleed, by the rough manner in which he took the matter on the vaccinators; and, when charging the glasses, he first drew the flat surfaces of them over the sore; and then scraped up more of the matter with their edges. He also removed the cuticle from the left arm; but did not take any matter from it.

The patient was carried to him again on the tenth day, according to his direction. The inflammation was then as large as a crown piece. He then told Mrs. Watkins that the child was secure; and need not be brought to him any more.

A few days after, red spots appeared on the face, neck, forearms, and legs; and in about twenty-four hours, a vesicle rose on the centre of each. These were succeeded by other eruptions, resembling a nettle rash. From their being local, and entirely confined to those parts which are most exposed, there was reason to believe that they were

bug-bites; and that the vesicles which appeared on them for a few days, were occasioned by the increased irritability of the skin.

On the twentieth day, inflammation and tumefaction appeared on the right forearm; beginning at the elbow, and gradually advancing to the hand; and on the twenty-first, a swelling appeared in the axilla of the same side, attended with great pain. On this day an apothecary was called in; who, suspecting the stomach or bowels to be the seat of the complaint, ordered a warm bath, and a dose of rhubarb and magnesia, which operated several times:

On the twenty-second day, she was carried to Mr. Ring. She was then reduced to a state of extreme debility. The inflammation and tumefaction were then principally confined to the wrist and hand. The axillary glands were enlarged, and her arm could not be moved without occasioning great pain.

Mr. Ring directed, that she should be kept in a recumbent posture, with the hand and arm elevated; and that a compress, with cold water, should be frequently applied to the part affected. By these means the symptoms gradually disappeared, first at the wrist, and afterwards at the hand; the interstitial fluid being gradually absorbed, and the inflammatory diathesis subdued; but the hand continued rather œdematous for some days.

A diarrhoea occurred soon after, which once more threatened danger, but yielded to astringents. This case was seen by Dr. Jenner, Mr. Blair, and Mr. Leese, who expressed their astonishment at Dr. Walker's continuing to perform such rash and unjustifiable experiments; and at his obstinate perseverance in such a dangerous error.

On this occasion Mr. Ring observed, that it was surprising any persons could be found to countenance Dr.

Walker in his mal-practice; and that such glaring instances of misconduct should prevail most, in a quarter where it was most natural to expect an example of good practice, and a rigid compliance with rational instructions. Such instructions, it is well known, had been given, and by those who had authority to give them; although the contrary was more than once most impudently asserted by the despicable and unprincipled partizans of Dr. Walker.

Among those instructions are the following: which, unfortunately, it then was, and still is, necessary to repeat.

1. An accurate knowledge of the signs of infection, and of the character and progress of the vaccine vesicle, is essential to the success of this inoculation.

2. The success of the operation is doubtful, where there is any considerable deviation from the usual course of the disease.

3. Matter is to be taken by small superficial punctures, made in several parts of the vesicle, with a lancet introduced horizontally. Time should be allowed for the fluid to exude; which will appear on the vesicle, in the form of small pellucid drops. If necessary, very slight pressure may be applied with the flat surface of the lancet, to quicken the discharge.

4. Vaccinators require much less matter to charge them than thread or glass. When they are not intended to be used soon, they ought to be repeatedly charged.

5. An assurance of security from vaccine inoculation, can only be obtained by carefully observing the whole progress of the disease. If any doubt remains, the operation ought to be repeated.

Among other circumstances, which the inoculator was enjoined to notice, by the instructions of the Society, are the peculiar areola with which the vesicle is surrounded,

and the peculiar scab into which it is converted; circumstances which it is impossible to notice, when the vesicle is destroyed at an early period, and never appears again.

In the *Medical Journal* for June, 1804, Dr. Walker had observed, that a committee of the Royal Jennerian Society was appointed, to investigate a doubtful case, including a Woodville and a Ring; than whom, as he was pleased to say, it would be difficult to find greater authorities in the history of variolation and vaccination; and that, being of this committee, he had an opportunity of observing, with what becoming modesty, and caution, men of the greatest experience and character offer their opinions.

The Society had already testified their approbation of Mr. Ring's conduct. At a meeting of the Medical Council, October 6th, 1803, the following resolution passed:—  
 “The Council considering that, after the promulgation of the discovery of vaccination, many obstacles had occurred to the extension of the practice, to the removal of which Mr. Ring contributed in a particular manner, by his assiduity and influence, his writings and his successful practice; by which he promoted and extended vaccination through the metropolis, as well as most parts of Europe; under this conviction, the Medical Council recommend to the Board of Directors, to confer on him some signal mark of approbation, for his laudable and distinguished services.”

The Board of Directors resolved, that the pamphlets of the Society, and the works of Dr. Jenner and Mr. Ring, should be sent to the Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica; and to the Governor General of India, and the Governors of Madras and Bombay. He was already one of the Vice-Presidents of the Medical Council, and having, on this and other occasions, refused any present, or pecuniary compensation, for his services rendered to the Society, he was also elected one of their Vice-Presidents; an honour which he

participated with some of the most illustrious characters in church and state; and which had never been conferred on any other professional man but Dr. Jenner.

In the medical Journal for September, 1804, Dr. Walker tells us, it is necessary to break up a cow-pock by various punctures, in order to obtain the vaccine fluid. Certain it is, that Dr. Walker was in the habit of breaking the vesicle up and breaking it down too; contrary to the caution inculcated by the Society, whom he was bound to obey; contrary to reason, and to the instructions of all the best writers on the subject.

In this he shewed equal want of prudence, and of economy; want of prudence, because he injured the patient by his violence, and left him less secure from the small-pox; and want of economy, because he wasted so much of the fluid, which, if evacuated, ought to have been distributed among a much greater number of persons applying for that precious prophylactic.

Instead of taking it on glass, he ought to have taken it all on vaccinators, that is, small ivory instruments, in the form of lancet blades in miniature; which Mr. Ring invented, as the best mode of conveying and propagating the infection. Matter, thus conveyed to New South Wales, succeeded, when Dr. Walker's failed. Matter taken in Great Castle Street, and thus transmitted to the army, by the Medical Board, succeeded at every station; while that sent from Dr. Pearson's Cow-pock Institution, taken on glass, generally failed.

Dr. Walker says, he has known cow-pock matter, mixed with blood, used in a thousand instances; and this is highly probable, from his well-known imprudence and temerity. At the same time it is allowed, that recent blood, inserted with matter, can do no harm. The mischief accrues to the patient, whose arm is so terribly mangled.

When we read Dr. Walker's observations, we cannot help calling to mind Horace's maxim :

Quod medicorum est

Promittunt medici, tractant fabrilia fabri.

He tells us, that if inoculation is performed by an untoward application of the instrument, or by too heavy a hand, an action is set up which gives a different appearance to the pock. Dr. Walker's pocks have often a different appearance from those of other practitioners ; we may therefore conclude, that he often performs inoculation with " an untoward application of the instrument," or " with a heavy hand.

He tells us, that in such cases, a small scab is soon formed at the place of inoculation ; under which a quantity of pus is collected in the cavity, which it forms, and fills, in the centre of the pock ; and that, if a lancet be charged with this matter only, no effect is produced. This is inconsistent with what he elsewhere says ; as it is before shewn, that he is at a loss to determine whether the purulent matter is occasioned by his inserting pus with the vaccine lymph, or ~~in~~ the rude manner in which he performs the operation.

When he asserts, that a lancet charged with pus produces no effect, he betrays gross ignorance of the first principles of physiology and pathology ; from which he might learn the well-known axiom, verified every day, and every hour, *pus generat pus*. Let him take the matter of a sore head, a sore face, a sore arm, or a sore leg, and insert it, and he will soon find that it is infectious.

He tells us, that if you remove the scab from a pock, and wipe away the matter beneath, it will resemble the crater of a volcano rather than a tumulus ; that is, a concavity is not

a convexity, nor a convexity a concavity; which was very well known before he was born.

He tells us, that if the flow of matter is increased by many punctures, and repeated pressure, diluted virus may be obtained; yet adds, without the least consistency, that when the scab is removed, and the pock broken down, the fluid will be as active as in a fully formed pock. It is well known, that the fluid first collected is most active; and that which flows in consequence of continued pressure, is less active, and less likely to produce infection.

When we consider what havoc he made with the cow-pocks that fell into his hands, we cannot help wondering that so few failures have taken place. The protecting virtue of the guardian fluid is indeed truly astonishing, and almost incredible. After all the punctures, incisions, pressures, frictions, abrasions, lacerations, contusions, caustications, and combustions, which the vaccine vesicle has undergone, it may be considered like gold which has been tried seven times:

per saxa, per ignes,  
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

In the same Journal is a letter from Mr. Ring, relative to the exhibition of burnt sponge in the form of lozenges; by which Dr. M<sup>c</sup> Dermott, and many others have been able to cure, what they could never cure before, a bronchocele. Mr. Ring did not pretend, in his former communication, to be the discoverer of the virtue of burnt sponge, or the first who proposed its exhibition in that form; but asserted the superiority of that form, in opposition to the prevalent opinion of the most eminent physicians and physiologists; and the safety and necessity of giving the medicine more frequently, and in a larger quantity than others had done.

This could not but excite the jealousy of Dr. Walker ; and provoke his scurrility ; but, to use the words of Dr. Parry, as quoted in Ring's answer to Moseley, it affords a farther proof, if any were still wanting, that insolence usually accompanies vice.

Dr. Walker also accuses Mr. Ring of a bad memory ; a charge in which he is rather singular, and which is more often brought against great wits, such as the Doctor himself. As to Mr. Ring, his memory is certainly good ; nevertheless he would long since have forgotten, and forgiven, all the injuries he has received, and all the ingratitude he has experienced from Dr. Walker, were not the recollection of them still occasionally revived by fresh insults.

In the Medical Journal for October, 1804, he published some remarks on the inaccuracy of Dr. Walker's description of the primary pustule, in variolous inoculation ; and his regret that, from want of observing the necessary precautions in taking the vaccine fluid, Dr. Walker had either inserted it, or seen it inserted, mixed with blood, a thousand times. He also censured some other mal-practices, of which the Doctor had been guilty.

In the same Journal Dr. Walker talks about covering a man with cow-pocks, and *fleaing* him alive. We suppose he meant to have said *flaying*. In the same volume, with great consistency, he gives us a specimen of his orthographical and philological acumen. He subjoins a testimonial, in favour of the Medical Council of the Royal Jennerian Society ; telling the world, that it is composed of fifty professional men, Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries ; and that, perhaps, greater talent than it includes, is not to be found in any country. After this acknowledgment, it is rather surprising that he should shew so little respect to their instructions.

In the Journal for November, he published an answer to Mr Ring, whom he terms the indefatigable champion of vacciolation; and alleges the importance which he attaches to what comes from the pen of a Ring, as an apology for occupying so many pages of that publication with a reply. He endeavours to defend his rash practice of maiming and mutilating the vesicle; but all his arguments, if arguments they can be called, consist of opinions without reason, and assertions without proof.

In the Medical Journal for December, 1804, he styles Dr. Jenner the estimable character, on whom it has fallen to discover, and reveal to a suffering world, the means of escaping the pestilential horrors of the small-pox. Little would the world imagine, that he could so soon alter his opinion of his benefactor; or at least the language in which he describes him: but

*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret;* and the nature of Dr. Walker is not to be grateful.

He then declares, in an address to General Fox, that he was associated with Dr. Marshall, in an order from the Admiralty, to take his passage to the Mediterranean, on board the Endymion. The fact is, Dr. Marshall obtained permission for that purpose; but Dr. Walker had no other authority for accompanying him, than his own unparalleled assurance.

Dr. Marshall is supposed to have dubbed himself a doctor, while he resided *incog.* at Eastington. The precise time when Dr. Walker assumed that title, is not known; but there is reason to believe, that he went on board the Endymion as a servant, or assistant, of Marshall; and that when he arrived at the Mediterranean, he also suddenly emerged from his obscurity, and became a great doctor.

His compliments were sent by Marshall to those who had

never heard his name, nor knew that such a being existed ; and they were both announced in the Madrid Gazette, as accredited agents of the Commander in Chief, and of the Admiralty, appointed to vaccinate the soldiers and sailors of Great Britain, on board the grand fleet, in the Egyptian expedition.

An eminent medical man called on Mr. Ring, and asked him whether he was much acquainted with his correspondent Dr. Marshall. Mr. Ring replied, that he knew nothing of him but as an inoculator, whom he had first seen at Dr. Jenner's, in Bond Street ; who had been recommended by Dr. Jenner to Mr. Angerstein ; and whom Mr. Ring supplied with vaccine virus. The gentleman then informed Mr. Ring, he heard from a person of high rank, nearly allied to the first Lord of the Admiralty, that, when these men arrived at Gibraltar, instead of taking out of their portman-teaus books about vaccination, they took out books about the French revolution.

Mr. Ring answered, that his correspondence with Dr. Marshall was only on the subject of vaccination ; and that he had no reason to think he could disgrace himself by corresponding with any one, who was recommended by Dr. Jenner and Mr. Angerstein.

The subsequent conduct of Marshall, at Lymington, and in London, has been such, that we may say, the last end of that man is worse than the first. That of Walker is still *sub judice* ; but there is one consolation attending his case, which is, that if any alteration should ever take place in his conduct, it must be for the better.

The style of his address to General Fox, Governor of Minorca, is curious.

He tells the Governor Fox, as he calls him, what is a great fib, that he, John Walker, M. D. is associated with Joseph

Head Marshall, M. D. in an order from the Admiralty, to take a passage on board the *Endymion*. He returns thanks to the Governor for his liberal attention to *themselves*. He confesses they have done their business only by halves, and the safety of the inhabitants *might* be concerned in it; that the honour of the medical profession, as well as individual character, should be supported; and it ought not to appear *to them*, that the British Government had in any way patronized charlatans.

This, however, is no more than what has long appeared to all the rest of the world; for no Government on the face of the earth has ever patronised charlatans half so much as the Government of Great Britain. Witness the scandalous advertisements in every daily print; in every form and in every place; witness the swarms of charlatans throughout the whole wide-extended empire of Great Britain.

A spurious disease was produced by matter, which they had brought from Gloucestershire; and the genuine one by what they received from Mr. Ring. Having lost this infection, Dr. Walker, in his wisdom, recommended the spurious sort, as a temporary prophylactic, till Dr. Marshall should arrive from Gibraltar with a fresh supply. He thinks it may be, in comparison of the genuine cow-pock, what one coat of lime would be, pointing to a clouded, or stained part of their town-hall, to what was sufficient to whitewash the wall.

He talks about limpid virus passing to a state of pus, a process inconsistent with reason and experience; and declares he believes, what no man in his senses ever can believe, and no one but himself ever did believe, that unequivocally spurious, or degenerated, cow-pock matter, produces all the effects which had lately been attributed to the true; that is,

a partial, and temporary protection, against the virulence of the smallpox.

Had George Barrington presented an address to the Governor of Botany Bay, in behalf of himself and Darcy Wentworth, he would have expressed himself in much better language. He, too, would have maintained, that the honour of the medical profession, as well as individual character, should be supported; and, had he known the secret of establishing institutions, and raising subscriptions, and obtaining money under false pretences, as well as Dr. Walker, he would have supported the honour of the medical profession, and individual character, full as well as Dr. Walker has done.

Such impositions are not uncommon. In the first number of the New Monthly Magazine it is stated, that a person, named Andrew Thompson, formed a scheme for an institution, under the title of the British Endeavour; the pretended object of which was, to bring up the children of paupers for the commercial sea service. He had collected from the Royal Family, and others, a sum of nearly £2000; but some circumstances of a suspicious nature having come to the knowledge of the Duke of Sussex, he sent for Dr. Clarke; and desired him to inquire into the character of this man. The result was, that a general meeting of the subscribers was convened; a committee was appointed; and Andrew Thompson was delivered up to the just dispensation of the law.

Some people are so unreasonable as to think, that Andrew Thompson had as good a right to found an institution, raise subscriptions, and collect money, as John Walker; but such people do not consider, that "*the dignity of the medical profession, as well as individual character, should be supported.*"

Others think, that the dispensations of the law are rather unequal; that Justice is lame as well as blind among us; and that little swindlers, and other offenders, are now and then hanged or transported, while those of the first magnitude are suffered to commit their depredations with impunity.

Thus petty rogues submit to fate,  
That great ones may enjoy the world in state.

The following copy of a letter from the late Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. to Dr. Jenner, is an ample proof of the gross and shameful imposition which long has been, and still is, practised upon public credulity.

SIR,

I was much concerned to receive the inclosed last night. Soon after I came to town last January, I received a printed notice of my being elected a Vice President of the London Vaccine Institution, which I supposed to be the Royal Jennerian Society. Being entirely ignorant of the distinction, and of all other circumstances stated in the inclosed, I concluded that the Institution was immediately under your direction; and that the honour, which I naturally considered it, had been conferred on me in consequence of the conversation which I had with you, at my own house, on the first of last August.

I subscribed ten guineas, under the full conviction that this benefaction would be a testimony of my esteem for you; as well as a charitable donation. I shall be glad, whenever your leisure will permit, to have some further communication with you on this subject.

I have the honour to be,

With great regard, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

J. H. BROWNE.

A very eminent physician, speaking of the prosperous and flourishing state of the London Vaccine Institution, called it successful villainy; and, indeed, it is well known, that, owing to the ignorance of one part of the community, and the indolence and apathy of another, villainy is too often successful.

It is well known, that Dr. Walker, though elected as Secretary to the Medical Council, as well as Inoculator to the Central House of the Jennerian Society, was scarcely capable of writing a common letter. Though elected out of charity, he was rude, indocile, untractable, and deaf to all remonstrance; and, though incapable of writing the minutes of the Medical Council, he betrayed their correspondence, and exposed his own ignorance in the public journals.

At a Special General Court of the Royal Jennerian Society, William Smith, Esq. M. P. in the chair, the following resolution was moved by Dr. Denman, and seconded by James Moore, Esq.

“Resolved, that it appearing from the minutes of the Medical Council, that Dr. John Walker, Rresident Inoculator and Medical Secretary of the Society, *has very materially deviated from the practice of vaccination, enjoined in the printed instructions of the Society*, and that such conduct is entirely irregular, unauthorised, and inconsistent with his duty; it likewise appearing, that Dr. Walker has published, under various forms, and at different periods, doctrines, and opinions, *directly contrary to the instructions for vaccination, published under the sanction of the Society*, and the Medical Council having submitted it to a Special General Court, to determine on the fitness of Dr. Walker, to continue in the situation of Rresident Inoculator and Medical Secretary,

“Resolved, *that Dr. John Walker is unfit to continue*

*in the offices of Resident Inoculator and Medical Secretary of this Society, and that he be therefore dismissed from those offices."*

An amendment of this resolution was carried by a majority of three ; there being 73 in favour of the amendment, and 70 in favour of the original motion. *More than thirty of those who voted for the amendment, had become governors, to defeat the measure of the old members ; and to make the Society, what Dr. Walker had intended it, a mere job.* At a subsequent court, as has been already stated, when there was a majority against him, he was permitted to resign.

A ballot for the original question had been demanded by Dr. Jenner, Dr. Lettsome, Mr. Angerstein, Mr. Blair, and all that was respectable at the meeting ; and the consequence was, that the culprit was compelled to retire. But he had not travelled in vain. When he came home from the Mediterranean, Dr. Marshall entrusted him with some handsome vases, as a present to the Rev. George Jenner ; which he refused to deliver up, because Dr. Marshall, as he alleged, owed him ten pounds.

He still denied that he had in any respect disobeyed the instructions of the Medical Council, though the contrary was notorious ; and, though paid fifty pounds more than his due, he robbed the society of all their records ; and, for a long time, refused to quit the Central House.

When he did quit it, he took an apartment in the avenue leading to the Square, called Salisbury Court ; from which he used to issue, and intercept those who were going to be vaccinated in the Square ; and, having the records of the Society in his possession, tried to deprive them of all their practice and correspondence.

He was succeeded by Dr. Knowles ; whom Dr. Moseley

called, in derision, Dr. *Know less*. It is, however, difficult to conceive, how either he, or any other man, could know less than Dr. Walker.

He was an officer in the Tower Hamlets, when Dr. Walker was permitted to resign; and this was considered a reproach to those who elected him; but, had any splendid talents been requisite for the situation, Dr. Walker is the last man in the world whom they would have thought of electing.

As to Dr. Knowles, he had been a pupil of Dr. Willan; who not only proposed him, but assured the Medical Council, that he was *every thing they could wish*.

Those, however, who are much acquainted with modern quakers, at least the medical part of them, are not much surprised at any thing of this sort. Like the medical professors at our English Universities, they are great professors, but little performers. As to their religion, it is neither here nor there; and as to their morality, and general pursuits, one is always writing a satire, another is always acting the part of a satyr. One is always acting the part of a knave, another the part of a liar, and another the part of a fool.

Avarice and ambition are their ruling passions. One of them, who wrote a treatise on the subject, pretended that he had seen a considerable number of imperfect cow-pocks, but confessed, in private, that he had never seen one. This was for the sake of paying his court to Dr. Jenner; whom he expected to introduce him, and his book, to the minister. By becoming a partisan, and finding an excuse for all failures, he hoped to have been exalted above his fellows, and to have presided over the realms of vaccination.

The fact is, that he received an account of such imperfect cow-pocks from another practitioner, and published it literally; retaining the first person, and making it appear that such cases had occurred in his own practice. In truth,

your Walkers, and Willans, and Fothergills of the present age, are no more like the Walkers, and Willans, and Fothergills of former times, than darkness is to light; than lead and brass are to silver and gold; or the wrong side of Gobelin tapestry to the right.

The London Vaccine Institution, with Dr. Walker at their head, under the title of their director, have incorporated the lowest and most ignorant retail druggists, and chemists, with themselves, as inoculators, and fellow-labourers in the same vineyard; thus creating a nursery for quacks, and establishing a hot-bed for medical mushrooms, and impostors. These arrogant pretenders have only to attend a course or two of anatomical lectures, walk a hospital, and then go to Leyden, like other Walkers, and they will be sure to make excellent doctors.

It may, however, be worth while for our medical reformers to observe, what shoals of empirics daily start up, under the sanction of a diploma from St. Andrews or Aberdeen; or hang out false colours, pretending to be surgeons, without any qualification, or legal right. The College of Surgeons, we are told, have no authority but over their own members. It remains, however, to be seen, how long the legislature will sanction such impositions.

Joseph Leaper is in the same predicament with John Walker; being a man whom all the honourable part of the quakers disown. He is so fond of money, that he offered to collect for the Jennerian Society without any emolument; but the society soon found reason to dismiss him from his office. He afterwards collected for the London Vaccine Institution; and many governors of the Royal Jennerian Society paid him their subscriptions, under an idea that he was still their own collector.

He is said to have been, at one time, more than four

hundred guineas in arrears to the London Vaccine Institution; and there is reason to doubt whether he has yet settled his account; for he has since been confined in the King's Bench Prison, for eighteen hundred pounds due to Government.

Mr. Fuller made him refund. No reflection is meant on that gentleman, by the manner in which we have spoken of him. It is only in imitation of the style of Dr. Walker; who, in a letter to the private Secretary of the Duke of Richmond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, speaking of him, says, Mr. Fuller, we call him Fooler. He was not, however, such a fool, as to let a Walker, or a Leaper, swindle him out of his money.

Neither is any reflection here intended to be cast on Mr. Wilberforce. The contemptuous expression is put into the mouth of one of those, who have abused his generosity; and taken advantage of his humane and charitable disposition. When Joseph Leaper called on him, knowing that he had been collector to the Jennerian Society, Mr. Wilberforce gave him ten guineas; thinking that he had given it to this Society, or to some society connected with it; and little suspecting that he was aiding and abetting a Society in opposition to reason, to justice, and to Jenner.

As to Dr. Reece, he published the Medical Observer, in which Dr. Walker's Jenneric Opera afterwards appeared, in order to discountenance all quackery but his own. He there exposed the folly and futility of many nostrums, but not of his own, called Reece's Domestic Medical Guide, and Reece's Medical Chest, alias the Box of Pandora.

Dr. Maclean is a doctor of a similar stamp; for whose diploma, as well as for that of Dr. Reece, you must not search the archives of Edinburgh or Glasgow, but those of St. Andrews or Aberdeen; which are continually granting

the most ignorant surgeons and apothecaries a license to break the sixth commandment.

He was once a hospital mate, that is a mere dispenser, one of the very lowest order of medical beings in India; where he used to give a man in a fever five hundred drops of Laudanum in an hour; and as many more in a clyster. He was sent home by Marquis Wellesley on account of his seditious writings.

He afterwards deserted from Sir David Baird's army at Corke; and was advertised in the *Hue and Cry*, as a hospital mate. He then became connected with Paul, and other desperate adventurers, in the *Pilot*; of which he was the editor. He was next editor of the *Aurora*; still verifying the old adage, that a rolling stone gathers no moss. He has, at length, found his proper level, and writes for *Leadenhall Street*.

With respect to vaccination, or any other question, he was in *utrumque paratus*; and, having offered the service of his venal pen to Dr. Jenner, which was refused, as unnecessary in a good cause, he entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Dr. Reece, Dr. Hector Campbell, and other irregulars, who defied the College of Physicians.

He then became a colleague of Dr. Reece, as editor of the *Medical Observer*; and shewed his resentment to Dr. Jenner, by admitting philippics, containing every kind of calumny and falsehood, against him and his valuable discovery, and against his advocates, from the pens of Dr. Moseley, Mr. Lipscombe, Mr. Birch,, and the other members of what Dr. Moseley calls his "*chosen band*." He, also, in conjunction with his colleague, vented his malignity against all that is respectable in the medical profession.

Dr. Moseley, Dr. Maclean, and Dr. Thynne, appeared at Hicks's Hall, to give a character to Dr. Lipscombe. It

should, however, be recollected, that when the friends and associates of such a man come before a court of justice to clear *his* character, they also come to clear *their own*. Such testimony should, therefore, be received with great caution. Dr. Maclean swore that he had never heard, what had been heard by all the rest of the world. This is very improbable; and yet it must be acknowledged, that in all cases of crim. con. those who are most nearly concerned, are generally the last to hear the report.

This honest and valuable member of the community, has been advanced, either by virtue of his own merits, or by the interest of Dr. Dick, whose cause he espoused, with his own and that of other irregulars, to the new office of Lecturer to Indian Cadets, on the subject of health; and it is natural to suppose, that he will not say much in favour of vaccination.

Dr. Reece served his apprenticeship to Mr. Shuttleworth, a grocer and tallow-chandler of Bridgnorth. He was afterwards a warehouse-man to Jackson and Manly, Druggists, in Paternoster Row. He was then so ignorant, that he was incapable of distinguishing one drug from another; and so idle and impertinent, that he was turned out of door late at night; and obliged to call for his wages the next morning.

He was afterwards apothecary, or assistant apothecary, to the Hereford Infirmary. He has also practised as a surgeon at Chepstow; and his name appears on the list of surgeons, among those who have no right to practice in, or within seven miles of London. He is not a member of the College of physicians, and consequently has no right to practice here in that capacity; nevertheless, he practises what he pleases, like other irregulars; and much more than he understands.

He has established a dispensary for consumptive patients;

and boasts that the Prince Regent is one of his patrons. He styles himself late of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; as his friend Caton styles himself late of the United Hospitals of Guy and St. Thomas; thus pretending, what is a most barefaced imposition, that they had been either physicians, or surgeons, of the hospitals in question. Men who dupe the public by such artifices, and procure patients, or purchasers for their books, by such a stratagem, are no better than swindlers; They obtain money under false pretences.

Dr. Reece has omitted one article, that on a certain disease, in his publication; and recommends his friend Caton's treatise on the subject. His work is not much approved of by the critics; but in this, as well as in his writings against vaccination, he may say,

*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa CATONI.*

Of Dr. Reece we may say,

*tibi nomina mille,*

*Mille nocendi artes.*

All his writings have one tendency, that of aggrandising himself, and depreciating all that is respectable in the medical profession. For this purpose, he employs many hands, and assumes many names. He may say, *Qui facit per alium facit per se*; and what a man pays for, he may surely call his own, whether written by Dr. Nisbett, or Dr. Maclean.

He is the reputed author of "a Treatise on the Present State of the Practice of Physic," published under the name of Jeremiah Jenkins; in which he lashes the College of Physicians, on account of their interrupting him, and other irregulars, in their practice. He is also the reputed author of "a Treatise on Stramonium," published under the name of Surgeon Fisher.

*Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum.*

He is also the reputed author of "a Treatise on the Eau

"Medicinale," published under the name of Dr. Desgenettes; which was neither more nor less than a handbill for puffing off a vile nostrum under that name, sold at his shop in Parliament Street. In this vile publication it was pretended, that the Doctor had become acquainted with the composition of the Eau Medicinale before he left France; that he had improved it; that he now offered it to the public at rather a lower price than the original, not for the sake of emolument, but with the intention of divulging the secret, when it had a fair trial.

This is the nostrum which occasioned the fierce contention between Dr. Maris, partner of Dr. Reece, and Dr. Jones. The American war was occasioned by a little tea; this by a little tincture of tobacco. Dr. Desgenettes, however, like too many of his countrymen, has broken his word, and violated his promise. He has sold John Bull a vast deal of the tincture of his own tobacco, at eight shillings a bottle, containing one dose, that is thirty-two shillings an ounce; but he has not divulged his secret. That is not to be divulged till Shiloh comes.

He is also the reputed author of "a Treatise on the Charcoal of the Areka Nut," published under the name of J. P. Herz, Dentist. This has been successfully sold in his three shops; first in Henrietta Street, then in Bedford Street, and now in Piccadilly; where he displays his yellow balls, but all is not gold that glitters:

He is the professed author, but not the reputed author, of "a Treatise on Tropical Diseases;" and woe be to those who are so unfortunate as to place any confidence in that publication. Woe be to those who shall open that other Box of Pandora, called a Medical Chest for Tropical Climates, which accompanies it!

These, and many other publications, he has made sub-

servient to his own purpose, by making them recommend himself, and each other. He has also found means to procure panegyrics from the Gentleman's Magazine, and the Critical Review, for all the worst of his trash; even for that which has been damned by all the rest of the world. Such is the corrupt and degraded state of modern Reviews, and the modern press.

He has even the assurance to subjoin an encomium on his works, from that vile publication, the Medical Compendium, his own Review, in order to puff off his own ware; telling us what an excellent work such or such a publication is, and that no family ought to be without it.

As to his Stramonium, it is the vile drug made use of in India, for all the most base and abominable purposes; causing intoxication, like the cup of Circe; and metamorphosing men into brutes; and the public are not much obliged to Dr. Reece for trying to introduce so deleterious a drug into practice. If that is physic, throw physic to the dogs; I will have none of it.

As to vaccination, Dr. Reece did not appear hostile to it in the first editions of his Domestic Medical Guide; but in the later editions of that vile and contemptible work, he has inserted, what, in the language of the College of Physicians, originated either from *gross ignorance*, or *wilful misrepresentation*.

His opposition to the practice, which he has adopted in his own family, and recommends to his patients, like that of Dr. Moseley, Dr. Rowley, and Mr. Birch, evidently arises rather from animosity and personal resentment, than from objection to the thing itself; and his perseverance in the practice, in spite of his invectives against it, is the highest compliment ever paid to it, and the strongest and most

flattering testimonial in its favour. It is a compliment dictated by justice, and extorted by truth.

Dr. Reece, quoting Mr. Birch's words, and calling him learned, wisely asks whether the cow-pox is the itch, and whether it is the venereal disease. To this an ingenious author, who was born on the other side of the Tweed, replies, if it were the itch, it would be known in Scotland; and if it were the venereal disease, it would be known in France.

In his Medical Guide, and his Medical Dictionary, which may more properly be called a Medical Hoax, since it is little more than a copy of the former, alphabetically arranged, he asserts, that he saw the small-pox in a patient of Mr. Ring's; and that every one present, except Mr. Ring, declared it to be the chicken-pox. This is an unfounded assertion. He had then never been present with Mr. Ring, at the examination of any case; and as to that which he alludes to, as appears by his subsequent declaration, Mr. Ring has in his possession a letter from Dr. Willan, in which he affirms, that if he ever saw one case of chicken-pox more distinct than all others, it was the case in question.

Dr. Maclean, aping Dr. Moseley, calls the practitioners of midwifery, who are friends to vaccination, male-sisters. He cannot say, however, that any one of them was ever male-sister to him, or to his friend Dr. Lipscombe.

In the New Medical and Physical Journal for March, 1815, is a letter from Dr. Walker to Mr. Chapman of Luton; in answer to some queries respecting vaccination. These queries were contained in a letter from Mr. Chapman, which Dr. Walker has also published without asking his consent.

Dr. Walker tells us in the preamble, that his answer to Mr. Chapman is the reverse of well written; and, indeed,

it would be surprising if it were otherwise. He then begins as follows :—

“ John Walker to C. Chapman, *very respectfully*.

“ My dear friend, I *may* feel flattered at thy addressing me on the subject of the protection afforded by vaccination against the small-pox, &c.———Of the National Vaccine Establishment he says, “ in the selection of their Directors, Inoculators, &c. with the exception of Dr. Jenner, who soon left them in disgust, it should seem that regard was had to other causes of recommendation than that of experience, or eminence in vaccination; but *I*, indeed, scarcely ever feel interest enough in their reports, to get attentively through the reading of them. In vaccinating, *I* generally make one puncture, or incision, in each arm. When one of them only produces the effect, *I* inoculate the other, in a few days, from the incipient pock. On whatever part of the body *I* make this second application of vaccine ichor, &c. Of the many thousands of pocks which meet *my* eye during the year, *I* generally have to break *them* up, or cut *them* to pieces, &c. This does not prevent the supervention of the one only true criterion, &c.” This criterion, he afterwards tells us, is the inflammation and induration; the folly and absurdity of which opinion have been fully demonstrated.

He returns, however, like a dog to his vomit; and, in spite of Dr. Clarke of Nottingham, in spite of the most eminent practitioners of vaccination, in spite of reason, and in spite of truth, obstinately maintains the opinion which has been so decidedly refuted.

He calls Mr. Ring a very zealous advocate of vaccination, and a meritorious practiser of it in the beginning. We know, however, no reason why he is a less meritorious practiser of it now than in the beginning. His zeal is not

diminished ; and he has not relaxed in his exertions. Dr. Walker repeats the calumny of the Edinburgh Review ; but this Mr. Ring has perfectly confuted in his publication entitled "The beauties of the Edinburgh Review, alias The Stinkpot of Literature."

Dr. Walker tells us, that Mr. Ring is an incorrigible punster. This is an unpardonable offence in a medical man. Swift, however, tells us, that no man despises a pun, but one who is incapable of making a good pun. Swift himself was a punster, Shakespeare was a punster, and Milton was a punster ; but that bright luminary, John Walker, had not then risen.

If the common definition of a pun is correct, that a pun is what cannot be translated into another language, Dr. Walker is the greatest punster in the world ; for it is impossible to translate, or even to understand, half the nonsense he writes.

He thinks the National Vaccine Establishment too cautious ; and that their publications tend to create a false alarm. He thinks Dr. Jenner and Mr. Ring were also too cautious ; and that their publications also tend to create a false alarm. If this is a fault, it is a fault of the right side ; and one that will rather be applauded than condemned by every wise and prudent man.

Whether they will answer all Dr. Walker's foolish and ridiculous observations, remains to be determined ; but we have reason to believe, however insulted, and provoked to a contest, by such a character, they will decline that honour.

The former part of the Vaccine Scourge will justify them in that resolution ; and the present shews, that what he calls an infallible criterion of infection being complete, proved fallible no less than three times, in one place, in one season, and in the practice of one person.

Dr. Walker, however, will not forgive them ; for having been applied to, both publicly and privately, as leading members of the Royal Jennerian Society, and solicited to consent to a union of that Society with the Walkerian Society, called the London Vaccine Institution, they have obstinately refused to form such a base and infamous coalition. The avowed motive for this private application was, that Dr. Walker's salary was not sufficient. His hirelings are now collecting subscriptions from house to house ; and they of the household will divide the spoil.

Quacks, and swindlers, increase and multiply, in consequence of such countenance, example, and patronage. It may even be doubted, whether the numerous gangs of impostors and swindlers, who now infest this metropolis, and co-operate with that Institution, under the forms of inoculators and collectors, are not a greater nuisance, and a greater curse, than the small-pox.

When Dr. Walker attacks Mr. Ring's Treatise on the Cow-pox, the viper discharges his venom ; but at the same time he gnaws a file. The following extract of a letter from Dr. Brandreth of Liverpool, to Dr. Marshall, published in the 9th vol. of the Medical Journal, will serve as an antidote for that poison ; and shield it from Dr. Walker's malignity.

After representing vaccination as spreading rapidly in his neighbourhood, and overcoming every obstacle, he considers the efficacy of it as indisputably established ; "but," he adds, "it is wholly unnecessary to repeat the advantages which must accrue from this discovery, since they have already been so ably illustrated by Mr. Ring ; whose Treatise on this subject is a master-piece ; written with great zeal and candour, and great knowledge of the subject."

"The mass of evidence, which he has produced in its favour, would convert an infidel ; and I peculiarly admire

the ingenuity and success with which he has detected the sources of unfavourable reports ; and laid before his reader, in the compass of a moderate volume, all the knowledge, and an analytical view of all the publications on the subject. I can add nothing useful."

As to Dr. Walker's merits, qualifications, and services in the cause of vaccination, the following extract of a letter from Dr. Jenner to a gentleman in Great Russel Street, will afford a sufficient specimen ; and also shew, whether Dr. Walker's declaration, in his circular letter to the Governors, that he had never disobeyed the instructions of the Medical Council, "but always been perfectly submissive, even in opposition to his own opinion, when they differed from him on the subject of vaccination," was really true, or only an impudent falsehood, and mere hypocritical cant. Speaking of Dr. Walker, he says,

"I request you will have the kindness to signify to the Medical Council, my wish to be exonerated from any further responsibility for his conduct at the Central House ; and, if this cannot be effected in any other way, that the Society will accept my resignation, as President of the Medical Council."

Dr. Walker's notion that a cow-pock has a pustule in the centre, reminds us of a man who fancied he had a rupture, and applied to Mr. Pott. Pish ! says Mr. Pott ; damn the fellow, he has a rupture in his brain. Had he read Dr. Walker's observations, he would have said, pish ! damn the fellow, he has a pustule in his brain.

Whether the Doctor is an incorrigible punster or not, we shall not pretend to determine ; but this we may venture to affirm, that it is no great disgrace to be called an incorrigible punster by an incorrigible knave, an incorrigible fool, an incorrigible liar ; and, in one word, an incorrigible scoundrel.

Dr. Walker charges Mr. Ring with returning to the subject with which he set out; but this arose, not from his being deficient in the knowledge of arrangement, but from the accession of new materials, and a re-capitulation of the subject, by way of synopsis.

And now, were we not afraid that the Doctor would call us punsters, before taking our leave of him, we would ask, whether he remembers the time when he was a *walker* of the hospital, and used to carry Dr. Saunders's case book up and down the wards? whether he remembers the time when he *walked* to Leyden, to attend lectures which he did not understand? and whether he does not often laugh in his sleeve, when he reflects how easy it is to be done into a doctor?

We would ask him, when he reads the lucubrations of Dr. Adams, Dr. Moseley, Dr. Rowley, Dr. Thornton, and, above all, when he reads his own, if he ever thinks them worth reading, whether he does not laugh in his sleeve, to think how easy it is to become a licentiate of the College of Physicians?

We would ask him, whether he continues to *walk* into the meeting houses of the real quakers, as he formerly used to do, to disturb them in their holy meditations, interrupt them in their devotions, and insult them at the moment of their divine worship, till they compel him to *walk* out again?

We would ask him, whether he ever *walked* the deck of the *Endymion*, or sat down to a mess, or drank a draught of grog, or dared to look in the face of Sir Thomas Williams, the gallant commander of the ship, without a blush? whether he did not feel some sense of shame, and some compunction of conscience, when he reflected on the clandestine manner in which he had come on board?

We would also ask him, whether what has been reported on high authority is true, namely, that he shewed the same

turbulent, untractable, and rebellious disposition, when abroad, as he has shewn at home, and endeavoured to excite mutiny on board five ships in the Mediterranean? and whether he was not often threatened with a cat o' nine-tails, if he did not instantly *walk* out of the ship, faster than he *walked* in?

We would ask him, whether a knave, a fool, or a mad-man, is fit to be trusted with the care of health, and ought to be left at full liberty to cut, maim, mangle, and mutilate the human frame? whether the blind ought to lead the blind, and the lame the lame? and whether those ought to direct others, who stand in need of a director?

We once received a letter from a celebrated character; in which, speaking of Dr. Walker, he says, "but I cannot help feeling some compassion for a man, who, from physical causes, must ever err;" and, we may add, from metaphysical causes, for he is a man of a most violent, and vindictive spirit; and much more prone to resent a supposed injury, than to acknowledge an unequivocal obligation. *Mala mens, malus animus.*

If these physical causes of error really exist, he is the last man in the world who ought to be made a Director. To put a lancet into the hands of such a man, is like putting a sword into the hand of a madman. He will cut up a cow-pock with as little mercy, as he cuts up Dr. Jenner and Mr. Ring; and, if possible, bring greater disgrace on vaccination than he has already brought.

As an inoculator, he will do mischief in the retail way, and may be considered as a cutting-butcher; but as a director, he will do it in the wholesale way, and may be considered as a carcase-butcher. The Jennerian Society let down the practice quite low enough, by sometimes putting the vaccine lancet into the hands of apothecaries, who are

scarcely to be considered as medical men; but he, and his institution, have let it down still lower, by putting that instrument into the hands of the chemists; forgetting, that children should never play with edged tools.

These men, as the physicians of the poor, are, and always have been, the greatest, and most formidable enemies, of vaccination. Some of them pretend to be friends to it; but in spite of plausible professions, their attachment to the practice is very equivocal. They are formidable as enemies; but much more formidable as allies.

An open foe may prove a curse,  
But a pretended friend is worse.

The lancet, in such hands, is converted into a tomahawk; and the guardian lymph, and life-preserving fluid, into a deadly poison.

We would offer our friendly admonitions to Dr. Walker, did we not know, by long and fatal experience, that he is too wise to take counsel, and too proud to take warning. We would advise him to reflect, ere it is too late, on the temerity of his conduct; and to retire from the gulph into which he is plunging. If he madly persists in his blind career, we shudder at the thoughts of it; and tremble for the consequences that will ensue.

Similar tragedies to those of Clapham, and Nursery Place, will be acted again and again; and the characters of Buckland and Walker will be revived in the persons of other apothecaries, and other mechanics. Let not such ill success be ascribed to vaccination itself, for were it attended with any particular danger, such melancholy events would frequently occur in the practice of regular and well-educated physicians and surgeons.

When Dr. Walker treats Mr. Ring with contempt, we

would advise him not to go too far, and rouse his resentment. Should he, however, in the pride and naughtiness of his heart, so far forget the things that belong to his peace, it will not be the first time that the lion has been insulted by an ass.

Should the Doctor despise our caution, he will rue the day, when he despised the terrors of that pen. He will pass the fiery ordeal of criticism, and *walk* over burning ploughshares, without the robe of innocence to protect him.

Dr. Coxe, of Philadelphia, says, I cannot refrain from adding the character of the Vaccine, as drawn by the enthusiastic, but masterly, hand of Mr. Ring. Dr. Waterhouse, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic, in the University of Cambridge, in New England, says, Mr. Ring has collected from every publication in every country, the most important facts respecting the vaccine discovery, its practice, and progress ; to which is added his own experience. He has happily contrived to engage the mind with pleasure, while he fills it with clear and instructive ideas."

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

These two distinguished characters, although they well knew, that no prophet is honoured in his own country, little imagined that the individual, on whom they lavished such flattering encomiums, would be assailed by the venom and malignity of low empirics, impudent impostors, ignorant mechanics, and rude and unprincipled assassins.



# A NEW SONG,

CALLED

## THE DISPENSARY;

OR THE

### DAW WITH BORROWED FEATHERS.

---

A Few preliminary remarks to this poem appear necessary. First it is proper to state, that there are many antivaccinists in this metropolis, and many vile impostors who commit similar depredations, under the semblance of medical practitioners, or officers belonging to public charities; but this may serve as a specimen of them all.

Some people may suppose, that Mr. Dawes, late an apothecary of Newman Street, now calling himself Dr. Dawes, and residing at Walworth, is the person to whom the author of the following poem alludes; but we shall not so far gratify their idle curiosity, as to answer that question. One observation, however, we shall take the liberty to make, which is, that the privilege of granting a diploma

to apothecaries, and other uneducated practitioners of physic, or even to surgeons without an examination, is the greatest abuse under heaven.

We most cordially agree with Dr. Young, that an allowance equivalent to their present income, ought to be granted to the universities of St. Andrews and Aberdeen; but they should no longer be suffered to grow rich *by degrees*. They should no longer be suffered to arm students of the materia medica, and practitioners of the pestle and mortar, with a licence to kill. They should no longer be suffered to authorise apothecaries, to touch the altar of medicine with unwashed, and unhallowed hands.

It is difficult to conceive, how those Professors at decayed Universities can reconcile such proceeding to their conscience, if they have any conscience. Every foot of land which they purchase with their ill-gotten wealth, may be called Aceldama; it is a field of blood.

THE DISPENSARY,  
OR THE  
DAW WITH BORROWED FEATHERS.

---

I've lash'd one vile impostor,  
I now shall lash another :  
A Daw assumes his borrow'd plumes,  
In all respects a brother.

But, lest my muse should blunder,  
And go beyond her pale,  
I'll change my plan, and leave the man,  
To tell his own sad tale.

From gallipots emerging,  
In labour and abortion,  
With heaps of drugs, and vile humbugs,  
I practis'd great extortion.

Dispensary I founded,  
Like honest Doctor Thynne,  
My time to spend, and women tend  
At home in Lying-in.

I rais'd immense subscriptions,  
 Proposing, on condition  
 I shar'd the pelf, that I myself  
 Should be the mock physician.

When poticary dunces  
 Thus dare approach the altar  
 Of chaste Lucina, or give Quinquina,  
 They well deserve a halter.

Physicians may, says Dryden,  
 Tho' dark, to human kind  
 Give some relief, and sooth their grief,  
 But we are wholly blind.

Yet we compound prescriptions,  
 We read the Doctor's bill ;  
 And Pope admits, with other wits,  
 We sometimes learn to kill.

The healing art, so practis'd,  
 Is all a mere humbug ;  
 Men physic deem not worth esteem ;  
 For now 'tis quite a drug.

My bitter draught, they fancy,  
 The stomach only clogs ;  
 And ev'ry rake cries, Physic take,  
 And throw it to the dogs.

When Pharmacy you lift up,  
 And in a chariot mount her,  
 Some would be willing, like a bad shilling,  
 To nail her to the counter.

Physicians and chirurgeons  
 May study physiology ;  
 And, oft dissecting, or inspecting,  
 May understand pathology ;

But drugsters should be nail'd,  
 Though Englishmen, so willing,  
 Trust them with lives, and teeming wives,  
 To counter, like bad shilling.

Such upstarts, of humanity,  
 And honour have no high sense,  
 Who their small skill can trust, and kill  
 Their game without a licence.

They pass no fiery ordeal,  
 And no examination  
 At any College, like men of knowledge,  
 Nor medical probation.

Their subjects of probation  
 Are mere materials all,  
 From Cedar on Mount Libanon,  
 To Hyssop on the wall.

Their chemicals, in healing,  
 May sometimes claim a part;  
 But, at the best, must be confest  
 A mere auxiliar art.

To Walworth now retiring,  
 I multiply my fees;  
 Amassing which, I now grow rich,  
 Like Brodum, *by degrees*.

No longer, a dispenser,  
 I brother-pestles meet;  
 Nor mortar pound, with tinkling sound,  
 Nor live in Newman Street.

Economy I practise,  
 I seldom buy my dinners;  
 But prowl for meat, and often eat  
 With publicans and sinners.

On midwives and on nurses,  
 Some young, some past their prime,  
 I call for fare; and still take care  
 To call at pudding time.

A midwife once expected  
 Her darling home from school;  
 But I stept in, like Harlequin,  
 And made the boy a fool.

I ate up his plumb-pudding,  
 Ungrateful and unjust;  
 There's many a slip twixt cup and lip,  
 So take care whom you trust.

I call at public houses,  
 And think it is no crime  
 Potluck to share; and still take care  
 To call at pudding time.

I am an owl in wisdom,  
 In innocence a dove;  
 I oft assume the turtle's plume,  
 But 'tis myself I love.

My friends long since forsook me,  
 But all their handsome feathers  
 At once I clap into my cap,  
 And bear all sorts of weathers.

I try'd to keep the Sculptor,  
 But I was much mistaken;  
 I once could boast in him a host,  
 But could not save my *Bacon*.

All honest men forsook me,  
 But I their names employ;  
 For, highly fam'd, like ducks when tam'd,  
 They serve as a decoy.

Tho' scorn'd by men of honour,  
 With riches I am blest;  
 And still assume another's plume,  
 To feather my own nest.

Some hate me, as a miser,  
 And yet 'tis good and pleasant,  
 To heap up gold, and to be told  
 I am a golden pheasant.

Some think I am a blackbird,  
 Some think I am a rook;  
 My legs, and back, and heart are black,  
 And black as Hell I look.

My charity still prospers,  
 It still at home begins,  
 And still ends there; but 'tis I swear,  
 A cloke for many sins.

I still shall keep it open,  
 Tho' no one end fulfilling,  
 But private ends, without my friends,  
 While I can get a shilling.

I'm President, Committee,  
 I'm Treas'rer, Secretáry;  
 I'm Auditeur, and Accoucheur,  
 And Doctor-Poticáry.

I wait on wealth and titles,  
 I then am all urbanity;  
 And well I know a tale of woe,  
 That will excite humanity.

Here many a God and Goddess,  
 Like Jupiter of old,  
 If you their love, or pity move,  
 Descends in show'rs of gold.

Pray, let me give a warning,  
 Men are not always just;  
 Then, lest your coin they should purloin,  
 Be cautious whom you trust.

This legal kind of swindling  
 Macdonogh first invented;  
 By which alone, it is well known,  
 His fortune was augmented.

This Frenchify'd Hibernian,  
 This fortune-hunting hero,  
 No better than a Charlatan,  
 In vice resembled Nero.

For females an asylum, who  
 Unfortunate had been,  
 He did erect, and them protect;  
 His Patroness the Queen.

He, he was their fac-totum,  
 Their Treasurer, Physician,  
 Their Auditeur, and Accoucheur,  
 All, all an imposition.

Plans, left at every mansion,  
 Audaciously pretend  
 Objects for lying-in applying,  
 Applying without end.

Poor wretches call, whose husbands  
 Are riding on the billow ;  
 Pregnant, alas ! for such they pass,  
 When pregnant with a pillow.

But most, unhappy women,  
 Unfortunate we style 'em,  
 Soft pity claim, expos'd to shame,  
 And wanting an asylum.

By these, and other arts,  
 Too numerous to mention,  
 He still enjoy'd, though unemploy'd,  
 A sinecure, and pension.

His conduct an example  
 Held out to Doctor Thynne ;  
 Their steps I tread, and get my bread  
 By women lying-in

The duties of their stations  
 To others they deputed ;  
 And arduous toil for easy spoil,  
 And pleasure, still commuted.

I imitate them both,  
 And pluck from each a feather ;  
 You may in me their virtues see,  
 All, all combin'd together.

Like them, like them I practise,  
 What some may call barbarity :  
 On alms I live, on alms I thrive,  
 And swallow up the charity.

I pay my good collectors  
 Good poundage for their trouble :  
 When the curmudgeons have caught fresh gudgeons,  
 Then, then I pay them double.

Thus, by the lure of av'rice,  
 And of ambition led,  
 My crimes I crown, draw vengeance down  
 On this devoted head.

And yet my darling sin  
 Is anti-vaccination :  
 I Heav'n oppose, and join the foes  
 Of human preservation.

Let Walker have committees,  
 O'er idle drones to hector ;  
 And let him, putting up rules for cutting,  
 Still serve as a *director*.

Let him still have his Scribes,  
 And Pharisees, poor elf !  
 On others call, while I do all  
 My dirty work myself.

His patients old Macdonogh  
 Still multiply'd by twenty,  
 They were so few ; thus, thus, he knew,  
 Subscriptions would be plenty.

Him Kennedy succeeding,  
 Drew profit from long wars ;  
 Pleading for lives of pregnant wives,  
 And widows of our tars.

Such were my predecessors,  
 I follow their example ;  
 From the same soil I reap my spoil,  
 The crop I reap is ample.

My tales are so pathetic,  
 That hearts more hard than steel,  
 For all the woes that I disclose  
 Must some compassion feel.

Some, ruin'd, then deserted,  
 Your sympathy command;  
 And wives of tars that wage our wars,  
 And those of troops by land.

But who is this dispenser  
 Of justice, that presumes  
 To lay down law, and strip the Daw  
 Of all his borrow'd plumes?

My conscience now upbraids me,  
 Her stings allow no rest;  
 And now I reel, and now I feel  
 A Hell within my breast.

And now, I see, old Satan  
 And Belzebub are beck'ning;  
 I'm rather loth to meet them both,  
 But that's-an after-reck'ning.

## NOTES.

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Mr. Dawes, or Dr. Dawes, as he loves to style himself, and whom some people shrewdly suspect to be the hero of our song, has certainly been hostile to vaccination, as far as vaccination has been hostile to his interest; which is no more than may be said of most other apothecaries; and this is one reason among many others, why the Legislature should be cautious, how it arms them with new powers, or invests them with new privileges.

Vaccination has justly been considered as a touchstone, by which we may appreciate the humanity of a medical man. By this we may decide, how far he is actuated by motives of philanthropy, and public spirit, in his professional career. If we judge of Mr. Dawes, alias Dr. Dawes, by this criterion, he will appear to as little advantage as the daw in the fable; or that other shabby bird, which is the subject of our present lucubrations.

He has a Dispensary in Newman Street, which, we believe, is called the General Dispensary; a very plausible appellation, and a good ad captandum; one branch of which is, that for attending lying-in women at their own houses. Of this Institution he is the visiting apothecary; we should as soon think of appointing a visiting cobbler; or a visiting undertaker.

His income must be immense; of his outgoings we have not been able to procure any account. His revenue, in this respect, resembles the beasts entering the lion's den, or guineas going into the Bank. The tracks are all one way. One of

his collectors used to get, on an average, nearly a hundred a year; being allowed a shilling in the pound for old subscriptions, and two shillings in the pound for new. Hence some little conjecture may be formed of the great amount of his subscriptions.

We hope a time will come, when the public will be a little more cautious whom they trust; and when subscribers to public charities, whether under the superintendence of regulars or irregulars, will think it their duty to examine, whether what they so liberally bestow is faithfully applied.

The Public Lying-in Hospital in Brownlow Street, the City of London Lying-in Hospital, the Westminster Lying-in Hospital, and the Queen's Lying-in Hospital, now at Paddington, are well deserving of all possible encouragement and support. They are all conducted by able and upright Governors, and professional men; but this is no reason why the subscribers to those excellent Institutions should be remiss in their attendance and inquiries; or relax in their vigilance.

We have now before us an account of an action brought against Mr. Dawes, who is described as an Apothecary, residing in the neighbourhood of Newman Street, for signing a certificate of lunacy, without ever seeing the plaintiff. Mr. Jekyll, counsel for the plaintiff, described Mr. Dawes, the defendant, as a medical man; but it would puzzle Mr. Jekyll, or any other gentleman of the Bar, to show, how the study of the *materia medica* can qualify a person for the practice of physic, and make him a medical man; how a student of simples should understand the nature of the *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*; and be capable of deciding whether a man is insane, even if he had seen him a thousand times.

# A NEW SONG,

CALLED

## THE EDITOR IN DISTRESS,

*In answer to an Advertisement of Dr. Maclean, Editor of that vile publication, the Medical Observer, in the Essex Herald.*

**Ye men of Essex, one and all,**

**Give ear unto my ditty ;**

**In vain, in vain, for help I call,**

**In vain, the more's the pity.**

**In vain I draw my grey goose quill,**

**And brandish it with fervor ;**

**In vain, in vain, with lies I fill**

**My Medical Observer.**

**Here Jenner and his host invade**

**Our craft with vaccination ;**

**There patent quacks encroach on trade,**

**And threaten our starvation.**

**In vain I call on Doctor Reece,**

**Who first assail'd the quacks, Sir,**

**And robb'd them of their golden fleece,**

**And laid them on their backs, Sir.**

And now he drives a brisker trade  
 Than any quack beside, Sir ;  
 The ladies all are doctors made,  
 And he will be their " Guide," Sir.

His conscience is not over nice  
 He tells the pretty ninnies,  
 He'll cure consumptions in a trice,  
 And ease them of their guineas.

A lady now your pulse may feel,  
 A lady breathe a vein, Sir ;  
 A tender heart no longer steel,  
 But sooth a lover's pain, Sir.

His " Chest " a pretty plaything seems,  
 The pretty dolls it pleases ;  
 But, like Pandora's box, it teems  
 With all sorts of diseases.

While ladies ever and anon  
 Dispense their panacea,  
 Their Ipecac brings sickness on,  
 Their Jalap diarrhea.

Six leeches, on the larynx put  
 Of infant son, or daughter,  
 The little thread of life will cut,  
 And make a dreadful slaughter,

With Sugar o' Lead, which he commends,  
 They cause the painters colic ;  
 But, ere the dismal prospect ends,  
 They will repent their frolic,

Sage doctors may prolong the scene,  
 Prolong the vital breath, Sir,  
 But cruel pangs will intervene,  
 Or palsy, worse than death, Sir.

The Clergy too, perform their part,  
 For Reece makes many a tool, Sir,  
 And when they go beyond their art,  
 The Clergy play the fool, Sir.

Domestic doctors are a sham,  
 For dabbling, rules there are, Sir,  
 Ne sutor ultra crepidam  
 Is a wiser rule by far, Sir,

Tho' bishops or archbishops now  
 May vomit, sweat, or purge ye,  
 The healing art will not allow  
 The benefit of Clergy.

Man, man, alas ! of fragile stuff,  
 And finite pow'r, is made, Sir,  
 Nature has cut out work enough,  
 Let each man mind his trade, Sir.

In vain I call on Johnny Birch,  
 That "foe to bestial practice ;"  
 Ev'n Mosely leaves me in the lurch,  
 Whose skull most surely crackt is.

When he his town diploma took,  
 With such a lack of knowledge,  
 The friend of lunatics, Saint Luke,  
 Presided o'er the College.

To lead the silly mob astray,  
 Some vulgar theme he chuses ;  
 And with his humour, night and day,  
 The rabble rout amuses.

If humour cur'd an ague fit,  
 Or alter'd man's condition,  
 Joe Miller the disease would hit,  
 And be the best physician.

In vain I Lipscomb, Lipscomb call,  
 Rebuk'd by stern Manwaring ;  
 Whom once I sav'd at Hick's Hall,  
 From Pillory, by swearing.

In vain I call on John Gale Jones,  
 And Squirrel, for assistance,  
 And offer pelf ; their lazy bones,  
 They still keep at a distance.

To Rogers next for aid I look,  
 And make my plaintive moan, Sir ;  
 I cannot make him write my book,  
 He did not write his own, Sir.

'Twas Birch this limb of physic rear'd,  
 His catspaw and his tool, Sir ;  
 And Hudibras long since declar'd,  
 A catspaw is a fool, Sir.

The book, his image, Birch begot.  
 So destitute of knowledge ;  
 More fool, or knave, it matters not,  
 So branded by the College.

There his own wreath the boaster twin'd,  
 A vain conceited elf, Sir ;  
 And as his neighbours were unkind,  
 The numpskull prais'd himself, Sir.

Burnett and Allcock act a part,  
 Both born to live in story ;  
 They rival Sutton in his art,  
 And Herod in his glory.

For poor John Bull a snare they set,  
 A printed lying bill ;  
 The sixth commandment they forget,  
 It is, Thou shalt not kill.

The seeds of death around they shed,  
 A baneful operation ;  
 And when 'tis sown, the pest will spread,  
 Like wildfire, thro' the nation.

Let him who counts o'er all the slain,  
 The stars of heav'n count o'er, Sir ;  
 The billows of the stormy main,  
 The sands upon the shore, Sir.

But lo ! Jennerians, one and all,  
 Advance in dread array ;  
 Arise, arise, at Mammon's call,  
 And meet the promis'd fray.

Full in the front let Moseley stand,  
 Let Lipscomb stand behind, Sir,  
 The corp'ral of the chosen band,  
 The lover of mankind, Sir.

But ah ! divine and human laws  
 Have Jenner still defended ;  
 In vain we strive against his cause,  
 A cause by Heav'n defended.

Soon, soon our routed troops will fly,  
 And he who made the din most,  
 Ere long will turn his back, and cry  
 The devil take the hindmost.

## NOTES.

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**De mortuis nil nisi bonum** is a common maxim, but **de mortuis nil nisi verum** is a much better. This will plead our apology for alluding to Dr. Maclean's advertisement in the **Essex Herald**. The preceding song on that subject, was written long ago ; but the publication of it was prevented till now, by unavoidable circumstances.

The following was published in the fourth volume of the **Satirist** ; and was recommended to be sung by the Doctor, in his capacity of Lecturer to the East India Company.

Years ago, in the East, from Brunonian schools,

I unfolded "The Science of Life ;"

And I here, disregarding the Warwick-lane fools,

Will maintain it against all their strife.

When the Governor Wellesley imprison'd me close,

And transported me cruelly home,

It afforded my thoughts of sedition repose,

And inclin'd me through Europe to roam.

Then, deserting my post, as an indigent mate,

I eluded the hardships of war ;

And, by trying the principles lodg'd in my pate,

They have prov'd to me better by far.

By drams, ounces, and pounds, I dispense deadly wares,

Which "the Fellows" dose only by grains :

Such a plan is effectual ; but as for theirs,

It exuded from cold addled brains.

Who'd peruse their dull books, or, for medical skill,  
 To their fountains of learning repair?  
 If my practice is bold, I have licence to kill,  
 By a vote of the East India chair.

Tho' the King, Lords, and Commons, the State and the Church,  
 To expel dread contagion unite,  
 With brave Campbell, and Moseley, Reece, Lipscomb and Birch,  
 I'll diffuse it from envy and spite.

I have learn'd how to humbug the wealthy John Bull,  
 Which is all I was anxious to know ;  
 My "Observer" I'll cram with abuse to the full,  
 And still spurn the vile College, my foe.

This is the composition which induced Dr. Maclean to challenge Mr. Blair. The law of honour requires, that one who provokes another to a duel should be a man of honour, and a gentleman ; and when Dr. Maclean can make good his title to those qualifications, we have no reason to doubt that Mr. Blair will accept the challenge.

His appointment of Lecturer to the Cadets of the India Company is one of those extraordinary occurrences, which are not easy to be accounted for. It is ascribed to the friendship, and interest of Dr. Dick ; whom he defended in his Observer, with himself, and other irregulars, when prosecuted by the College. It is certainly rather strange, that the only person whom the College have prosecuted to conviction is Dr. Dick, the most respectable of all those who practised without a licence ; but then it must be considered, that Dr. Dick was a just object of jealousy ; and was attending the late Marquis of Lansdown, Lord Monson, and other persons of distinction.

Charity begins at home ; and too often ends there. When the College prosecuted a skilful and eminent Surgeon, they

should also have prosecuted the numerous shoals of ignorant, and illiterate quacks, with which this Metropolis, and the whole kingdom, are infested. This ought they to have done; and not to have left the other undone.

Instead of this, they prosecute Dr. Dick, not for injuring the public, but for injuring themselves; not for want of professional talent, but for signing his initials, encroaching on their province, and taking their fees.

*Dant veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*

There are many respectable members in that College; but we have great reason to believe, and to lament, that there never yet was a liberal College.

We have ventured to call the proprietors of quack medicines, against whom Dr. Reece brandished his grey goose quill, because they obstructed his progress, patent quacks. He, and all his fraternity, who try to thrive by more secret, and insidious arts, and to rise "by Degrees," may be called latent quacks.

His Dispensary for Consumptions, though patronised by the Prince Regent, is, like the London Vaccine Institution, and the General Dispensary in Newman street, a mere *ad captandum*. It is literally a take-in.

He accuses Buchan of being inert. He himself, in his Domestic Medicine, is too bold. He orders large doses of medicine; and encourages the ignorant, of both sexes, to undertake the cure of the most difficult and dangerous diseases.

But fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.

Sir George Baker, and other learned and experienced physicians, had nearly banished that deleterious drug, Lead,

from the catalogue of internal medicines ; but Dr. Reece, and some other self-taught practitioners, have restored it. The Doctor disapproves of it as an external application ; but recommends it as an internal one. He strains at a gnat, but swallows a camel.

He has recourse to religious exhortations, and hypocritical cant, in order to prevail on all the Clergy, as well as private families, to purchase his Medical Guides, and Medical Chests. What they will learn from him is another question ; but this we know, that a poor woman, in a court near the Strand, lost her life, in consequence of a strangulated rupture, which he mistook for another complaint. This, Mr. Blair, and her surviving husband, can attest.

Mr. Birch has paid the debt of nature since the observations on him were written ; and an officious, and ill-judging friend has affirmed, in one of the public prints, that his writings are free from scurrility. Those who read his writings, particularly his Cow-pock Chronicle, and the Edinburgh Review, and the Sun, will tell another tale. He has, all along, been well known to be the most scurrilous, and the most vindictive, of all the writers against vaccination.

His account of the Widford cases, though sanctioned by his pupil Mr. Rogers, is, as we have been assured by the Clergyman of that village, and other respectable authorities, totally destitute of foundation ; and it is not much to the credit of the London newspapers, and magazines, that such vile and wilful misrepresentations have been so constantly admitted. Nothing, but the most base and sordid motive, could have given rise to the admission of so much calumny and falsehood.

These remarks are called for by every motive of justice and humanity. An author cannot be said to be dead, while his

lucubrations are living; and living, alas! only to do mischief.

As to Mr. Burnett, he can scarcely be said to be a medical man; but he writes over the entrance to his parlour "The Surgery." This is an artifice, which has answered his end; and the lower class of people think him as good a surgeon as the best. Such practices, as well as the more bold and daring one, of writing Surgeon on the front of a house, without a right to the title, are now so common, that the College of Surgeons ought to take the subject into their serious consideration.

In the New Medical and Physical Journal for April, 1815, is a communication from Dr. Walker; in which he casts some reflections on Mr. Rose, insinuating that Mr. Rose had brought in a Bill to found a National Vaccine Establishment, for the sake of increasing his patronage, and not for the sake of preserving human life. The Doctor owes him a grudge, because he refused to patronise his London Vaccine Institution.

He tells us, that on receiving information of the National Vaccine Establishment not being able to furnish a regular supply of vaccine matter, he had sent a letter to Mr. Rose, offering to supply the deficiency. No application, however, had been made to the Doctor for his sanies; and we venture to say, none ever will.

Mr. Rose, on reading the Doctor's own account of this matter, will exclaim,

*Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;*

I hate the Greeks, and fear their gifts abhor'd,

Their gifts are more destructive than their sword.

In the New Medical and Physical Journal for May, Dr. Walker makes Sir Everard Home, Master of the College of

Surgeons, talk nonsense, in his first Hunterian Oration, telling us, that Surgery has now advanced its claim to the highest consideration; but that, nevertheless, medicine ought to rank the first in the healing art. This, if it means any thing, means, that surgery has the highest claims, and medicine still higher.

Such a speech was not calculated to enlighten the minds of surgeons, nor to excite much emulation among them; neither was it calculated to reflect much lustre on the College. Those who read the works of Hunter and of Home will agree with Dr. Walker, that it is a mere compliment to medicine, as far as medicine can be separated from surgery, at the expense of truth.

We are rather inclined to agree in opinion with Dr. Hunter, that surgery is the most ancient, and the most noble, of all arts. The College of Physicians would have cut a pitiful figure at the late battle in Belgium; even if they had all the worshipful Company of Apothecaries, with all their pestles and mortars, and chemicals and galenicals, and gallipots and glister pipes, at their heels.

Dr. Walker tells us, he maintained in his inaugural dissertation, that physic might possibly be rendered a useful art; but that the utility of surgery is much less equivocal. We would, however, advise him to be rather more cautious, in future, how he publishes an account of his own practice in inoculation; lest he should excite doubts of the utility of surgery also.

If Mr. Rose has any patronage in the National Vaccine Establishment, as Dr. Walker insinuates, let Dr. Walker solicit an appointment in that institution. Let him no longer court notoriety, nor publish his long catalogue of errors to the world; but, for the first time in his life, learn a little modesty, and a little humility; and inoculate *under the Rose*.

In the Edinburgh Medical Journal for July, 1815, Dr. Bateman casts a reflection, and not for the first time, on the advocates as well as the opponents of vaccination, for their *violence*. Certainly it was not to be expected, that a man would be violent in the extermination of disease, and cutting off a profitable branch of his profession, against whom an injunction was obtained in the Court of Chancery, by Mrs. Willan, to stop the sale of a work on cutaneous diseases; in which was inserted what he had purloined from the manuscripts of her late husband, to whom he owed his elevation.

This plagiarism was committed, not by *violence*, but by stealth.

An open foe may prove a curse,  
But a pretended friend is worse.

Dr. Bateman, as well as Dr. Fothergill and Dr. Walker, is a *quaker*; we will not say a *friend*. Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers. Verily ye shall receive the greater damnation.

On this occasion we are forcibly reminded of what Mr. Sayre long since observed, in his poetical epistle to Dr. Willan himself:

" Knowledge may be cutaneous all,  
" And sanctity skin-deep."

As to Dr. Walker, it must be a sufficient mortification to him, that Mr. Ring, against whom he has particularly directed his venom and malignity, is still considered, both by his friends and foes, as the principal advocate of vaccination; and the principal promoter of the practice.

Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni  
Tormentum majus.

He has lately received the following unsolicited, and unexpected testimonial, from the National Vaccine Establishment; which reflects equal honour on him and themselves.

“National Vaccine Establishment, Leicester Square,  
24th June, 1815.

Sir,

I am desired by the Board of this Establishment, to return you their sincere Thanks for the great Interest you have ever taken, and continue to take, in the cause of Vaccination.

I am, Sir,

truly yours, &c. &c.

JAMES HERVEY,

Registrar.”

This Board consists of the President and Consors of the Royal College of Physicians, and the Master and Wardens of the Royal College of Surgeons, for the time being. The members of the two Colleges, who at present constitute the Board, are Dr. Latham, Dr. Ainslie, Dr. Haworth, Dr. Hume, Dr. Cholmeley, Sir William Blizard, Mr. Cline, and Mr. Norris. They will not send a testimonial of this sort to Dr. Walker. To use the Doctor's own learned, correct, and elegant language, they would sooner be “*flead* alive.”

To conclude, we hope, and trust, that both Colleges will in future be a little more circumspect; and a little more cautious whom they admit into their bodies, either as fellows, licentiates, or members.

No one who peruses the lucubrations, or is acquainted with the characters, of Dr. Moseley, Dr. Rowley, Dr. Walker, Dr. Reece, Mr. Birch, or Mr. Skinner, will deny the necessity of this caution.

THE END.

P. S. Since the preceding observations were written, several erroneous opinions, concerning inoculation, have appeared in the daily papers; said to have been expressed by the Earl of Stanhope, in the House of Lords.

Possibly the reporters were mistaken; otherwise that House would well deserve the name by which it has often been called, that of the House of Incurables; and ought to be placed under the patronage of St. Luke.

There is but one sort of cow-pock matter in use, among medical practitioners; which is supposed never to have proved fatal, unless through ignorance or neglect. On the contrary, the inoculation of the small-pox often proves fatal; but it is, and always has been the custom, with inoculators for that disease, to try to find some excuse for all the deaths which occur in the practice; and attribute them to the teeth, the mismanagement of parents or nurses, or any cause but inoculation.

With regard to the small-pox Hospital, when out-patients were inoculated there, and had the disorder severely, they were, in general, not carried again; and it frequently happened, that no intelligence of their deaths was sent to the Hospital. No rational inference, therefore, can be drawn in favour of the practice from such an imperfect source of information.