

The vaccine scourge, in answer to the calumnies and falsehoods, lately circulated with great industry by that extraordinary surgeon, Mr. Birch, and other anti-vaccinists.

Contributors

Birch.

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THE
VACCINE SCOURGE,
 IN
 ANSWER
 TO THE
CALUMNIES AND FALSEHOODS,
 LATELY CIRCULATED WITH GREAT INDUSTRY
 BY THAT
 EXTRAORDINARY SURGEON,
 MR. BIRCH,
 AND OTHER ANTI-VACCINISTS.

A Rod for the Fool's Back.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY, FLEET STREET; AND J. CALLOW,
CROWN COURT, SOHO.

1808.

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THE

VAGABOND SCOURGE

ANSWER

TO THE

CARICATURES AND FALSIFICATIONS

OF THE GREAT BRITISH

ATTORNEYS AND SURVEYORS

AND DIRECT

OF THE GREAT BRITISH

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH

LONDON:

PRINTED BY S. GOSNELL, AT THE GREAT BRITISH, AND IN THE

**S. Gosnell, Printer,
Little Queen Street.**

THE
VACCINE SCOURGE.

THIS publication will consist of a variety of articles in verse and prose, on the subject of Vaccination; partly written by the Editor, and partly communicated by his correspondents, or derived from other authentic sources. The intention of it is, to check those daring attacks, which are daily made by certain artful and self-interested medical practitioners, on the most useful of all inventions; and to accelerate the general adoption of a practice, on which the health and happiness of the present generation, and of all posterity, essentially depend.

In this undertaking the Editor is actuated, not by any motive of private animosity, or personal resentment; but by a sincere and ardent wish to extend the boundaries of science, and promote the welfare of mankind. The friends of Vaccination are accused by the ignorant and prejudiced part of the community, of being too severe in their writings, and a general clamour has been raised against them on this account; but they were not the first to employ the shafts of satire; nor will they be the

last to lay them aside, when it can be done consistently with their duty. Till that period arrives, they will act in their own defence; and in defence of the great cause of humanity in which they are engaged. The opponents of Vaccination would sacrifice to their own sordid views, all the benefits and blessings of the most valuable discovery ever made by man. They shall not escape with impunity; but, sooner or later, meet with their deserts.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

Arm'd with bold satire, when I draw my pen,
To brand the harden'd front of guilty men,
The cause of truth I vindicate, and "see
One not afraid of Heav'n afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.
Rev'rent I touch thee,—but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal."

THE VACCINE SCOURGE. 6
I with jealousy burn when my brother
Time and place at their banquet confounding
In their toasts forget me, Gay, and others,
Jenner's health bounding.

A NEW SONG,

CALL'D

“ IMPOSTORS OF EVERY DEGREE,”

Sung by an Antivaccinist at Spring Gardens, on All Fools' Day.

IMPOSTORS of ev'ry degree,
Of ev'ry profession and calling,
Come hither, and listen to me,
While I give Doctor Jenner a mauling.

I envy the rising renown
Of that star in our hemisphere shining ;
I envy his bright civic crown,
And the laurel his temples entwining.

I envy the skill he displays
When he scans all the works of creation ;
When the pest, like an angel, he stays
By his wonderful art, Vaccination.

I envy his lot : while the brood
Of unprincip'l'd quacks disregard him,
He 's belov'd by the wise and the good,
And the thanks of all nations reward him.

I with jealousy burn when my brothers,
Time and place at their banquets confounding,
In their toasts forget me, Guy, and others,
Jenner's health, and his praises resounding.

I with jealousy burn when they send
Diplomas their plaudits expressing ;
And have cause to complain of his friend,
Who has given me many a dressing.

By truth and fair logic defeated,
With falsehood I branded their name ;
Ev'ry lie with additions repeated,
And with calumny blasted their fame.

To Saint Stephen's at length I was drag'd,
Where my memory wanted a jogging ;
And when, like a Brodum, I brag'd,
I from Lister and Cline had a flogging.

If I doubt what I see with my eyes,
My good Saint did the same long before me ;
And if doctors my talents despise,
Undertakers and sextons adore me.

This distinction to me was bequeath'd ;
Brother Tanner who held the same station
In the days of fair Montagu, breath'd
Like revenge against her innovation.

I shall still all improvement oppose,
And Sampson in glory surpass,
While by thousands I vanquish my foes
With his weapon, the jaw of an ass.

Though I'm blest with the gift of the gab,
Yet you all may see, under my beaver,
The thick skull that was clapt by Queen Mab
On the shoulders of Bottom the weaver.

I had once a most famous machine,
And electrify'd all my good neighbours ;
I then felt neither grief nor chagrin,
I liv'd well by the fruits of my labours.

But the times are much alter'd of late,
On my manor the barber is poaching ;
And Jenner, predestin'd by fate,
On my trade, as a surgeon, encroaching.

When my goosequill in anger I wield,
At the cow-poxers hurling my thunder,
I can ne'er without shame quit the field,
For I still am committing some blunder.

Half-despairing I knock my poor pate,
To know if my wits will e'er come ;
But I'm still in the same wretched state,
For there's nobody ever at home.

Scorn'd alike by my friends and my foes,
 I once made an appeal to the College ;
 But, what I could never suppose,
 They question'd my word, and my knowledge.

They declare, when my pen and my tongue
 Attack'd Jenner, and vile Vaccination,
 From gross ignorance only it sprung,
 Or from wilful misrepresentation.

If I tell them, the face of an ox
 A Jennerian subject adorns,
 They remind me, that after small-pox,
 We sometimes were troubl'd with horns.

This insult will plead an excuse
 For my duping my dull country cousins ;
 By cart-loads I 'll scatter abuse,
 And disperse lying pamphlets by dozens.

I 'll alarm all the country around
 With the notes of my terrible tocsin ;
 And each quack's venal tongue shall resound
 With the " Fatal Effects" of cow-poxing.

No longer let Jenner's vile crew
 With the calls of humanity bore us ;
 Silly scruples of conscience adieu !
 Set a can of good liquor before us.

If a family Heav'n has bestow'd,
The small-pox is a kind dispensation;
It will ease a poor man of his load,
And serve also to check population,

With a subtle contagion it teems,
We have only to set it a-going,
And the box of Pandora it seems,
All the seeds of mortality sowing.

So his enemy Sampson assails,
He takes foxes where'er he can find them;
And, with firebrands ty'd on to their tails,
They leave death and destruction behind them.

Frantic mothers their curses have shed,
But Saint Pancras with glory has crown'd us;
The dire pest we'll incessantly spread,
And, like poison-trees, blast all around us:

Under Adams and Wachsel enlist,
Let the Charity cover our sins;
All the dictates of reason resist,
And swear small-pox and cow-pox are twins,

We'll a blacking and whiting ball use,
Until those who now make such a pother,
Cannot cow-pox in preference choose,
Nor distinguish one pox from the other.

Arm'd with cow-pox and small-pox we 'll stand,
 Which the child that 's unborn will soon rue;
 Sally forth with a lance in each hand,
 And place both in "A Popular View."

Should our conscience be troubl'd with qualms,
 For our crimes we 'll procure absolution;
 Wear a Quaker's plain garb, and ask alms,
 For "The London Vaccine Institution."

At our practice the College may sneer,
 But their censure our ridicule causes;
 No disgrace, no reflection we fear,
 Content with our own loud applauses,

We 'll follow our murderous plan;
 And as we are birds of a feather,
 We 'll do all the mischief we can,
 And go to the devil together.

NOTES.

LINE 19, Page 6. *Me, Guy, and others.*—One of the “Serious Reasons” given by Mr. Birch, for his “uniformly opposing the practice of Vaccination,” is, that “at the anniversary dinner of Mr. Guy’s Hospital,” the professors paid more compliments to Dr. Jenner, and Vaccination, than to Mr. Birch, and Mr. Guy.

Line 23, Page 6. *His friend.*—So many of Dr. Jenner’s friends have given Mr. Birch a dressing, that some people are at a loss to determine which of them is here alluded to. We cannot, however, help thinking, that the lot will fall on Mr. Ring; who opposed Mr. Birch in his favourite measure, the Surgeons’ Bill. Mr. Birch, therefore, opposes him in his favourite measure, by way of retaliation. Mr. Birch having published a Dressing for Lord Thurlow, the great opponent of the bill, Mr. Ring published “Reflections on the Surgeons’ Bill;” which may be considered as his first *Dressing for Mr. Birch.*

Line 29, Page 6. *To Saint Stephen’s.*—Mr. Birch was summoned to appear before the Committee of the House of Commons, in order to justify the unfavourable reports against Vaccination, which he had been circulating with so much industry. It was on this occasion, Admiral Berkeley remarked, that Dr. Jenner had been raking the very

kennels for evidence against himself.—See Ring's Answers to Dr. Moseley, and Mr. Birch.

Line 38, Page 6. *Brother Tanner*.—Mr. Tanner, formerly a surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, and a worthy predecessor of Mr. Birch, wrote against the inoculation of the small-pox.

Line 47, Page 7. *Queen Mab*.—According to Shakespeare, Queen Mab was not the fairy, who clapped the head of an ass on the shoulders of Bottom the weaver. We shall leave it to the future commentators on that celebrated author to settle this point.

Line 54, Page 7. *The barber*.—A surgeon who practises electricity, and the inoculation of the small-pox, like Mr. Birch, is now reduced to a sad dilemma. Dr. Jenner and his followers are his rivals on one side, and barbers on the other; so that he may be said to be between hawk and buzzard.

Line 76, Page 8. *Horns*.—Virgil, when he says,

Qui cornu petit, et pedibus qui spargit arenam,

very aptly describes the disposition of horned animals to *attack every one whom they meet, and to kick up a great dust.*

Line 79, Page 8. *By cart-loads*.—A clergyman who was coming to town, saw an errand-cart decorated with Mr. Birch's hand-bills, such as we see stuck up in every stinking corner; and the driver gratuitously distributing his false and delusive pamphlet among the ignorant, and illiterate country people whom he met. The greater part of his

despicable trash was thus disposed of; and it is suspected that in the long run, the poor rustics will pay dearly for the presents they have received.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

Line 84, Page 8. *Fatal Effects*.—The title of Mr. Birch's pamphlet here alluded to, in which calumny and falsehood vie with each other, is, "The Fatal Effects of Cow-pox Protection." It is worthy of remark, that when he received the Report of the Ringwood cases, which, from its great improbability, he had reason to think false, he published it in the Morning Post, with his initials, on the first of January, making the editor usher in the new year with a lie in his mouth; but, when he was assured by the best authority, and by the very person to whom he applied for information, that it was false, he republished it anonymously; conscious that it would not bear investigation, yet resolved that it should do some mischief.

In this pamphlet, among other base and infamous misrepresentations, he has brought forward charges against Mr. Ring, which, we have authority for asserting, are totally destitute of foundation; and, as he knows them to be so, they must recoil on himself. In one of the cases in which he pretends a failure occurred, that of Daniel Butler, 42, Marybone Lane, it has been proved by Mr. Ring, in the Medical Journal, and by others, that the patient had previously received the infection of the small-pox. Some of the rest, it has also been proved by the highest authorities, never had the small-pox. Others were never vaccinated by Mr. Ring; and some of them, there is reason to believe, never had any existence, except in the brain of Mr. Birch, and the other members of the "Chosen

Band," of whom a very accurate and interesting description may be found in Ring's "Rowland for an Oliver."

One dark feature in Mr. Birch's conduct on this occasion, must not pass unnoticed. He, and Mr. Walker, having been charged by Mr. Ring, in the Medical Journal, with an attempt to deceive a poor woman of the name of Ball, in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, into an opinion of her child having the small-pox, when Dr. Willan, and other competent judges, declared it was only a common eruption; they both sent a note to the editors of the Journal, denying that they had ever said it was the small-pox. Mrs. Ball, however, adduced incontestable evidence of the truth of her assertion; which may be seen in the Journal. Mr. Birch now eats his own words, declares the child had the small-pox; and, with an equal degree of audacity and depravity, in direct opposition to the well-known truth, declares the child was vaccinated by Mr. Ring.

One child, whom Mr. Birch upbraids Mr. Ring with omitting, in his Report as a Member of the College of Surgeons, as a case of failure, had not the small-pox till long after the Report was delivered in; and of course it *could* not be included. But if Mr. Birch were as honest, and as candid, as he wishes to be thought, he would either not have mentioned this case at all, or have acknowledged, that, if it really occurred, it ought not to have been included in that Report.

It is that of one of the vast number of paupers, whom Mr. Ring vaccinated gratuitously at their own houses, in the Borough and elsewhere, eight years ago, in spite of the prejudices excited by the dregs of the profession, particularly by Mr. Birch. The name of the child is George

Carter, No. 3, Cabbage Court, Long Lane, Bermondsey. On inquiry we find, that the pock was accidentally rubbed off, within the first week. When we consider the extent and multiplicity of Mr. Ring's engagements at that time, his gratuitous inoculation at home and abroad, his distribution of vaccine virus and instructions, his attendance at Medical Societies in order to gain and communicate information on the subject, his correspondence, his publications, and his private practice, we cannot but consider it singular, that there were so few well-authenticated failures in his patients; and that any man should be found so void of shame, as to bring forward this trifling imperfection in a new practice as a reproach.

Mr. Birch tells us, the College of Physicians gave absolute credit to Mr. Ring's statements; while they gave no credit to those of his friend Dr. Moseley. We shall not presume to determine what reason the College had for shewing such a partiality to Mr. Ring; but we cannot help observing, that Mr. Birch, in his usual blundering way, pays him a compliment which he did not intend; and casts a very severe reflection on his friend Dr. Moseley.

Line 89, Page 9. *If a family.*—Mr. Birch tells us, inoculators do not seem to consider, that the small-pox is a merciful dispensation of Providence, to lessen the burden of a poor man's family. A writer in the Sunday Review calls this brutality. Be that as it may, it is one of his "serious reasons for uniformly opposing the practice of vaccination."

Line 98, Page 9. *Foxes.*—The multitudes of children who are inoculated at the Small-pox Hospital, and sent

through all the streets of the metropolis propagating the infection, have been justly compared to foxes with firebrands at their tails, carrying death and destruction wherever they go.

Line 104, Page 9. *Poison-trees.*—The Small-pox Hospital itself, as well as the inoculator of the small-pox, resembles a poison-tree, on account of the horror and desolation which it spreads around.

Line 108, Page 9. *Small-pox and cow pox are twins.*—Dr. Adams, physician of the Small-pox Hospital, pretends that he has discovered a mild sort of small-pox; that the cow-pox as well as the small-pox is occasionally an eruptive disorder, and the small-pox as well as the cow-pox occasionally a non-eruptive disorder; in short, he alternately white-washes the small-pox, and blackens the cow-pox, till he concludes they are one and the same thing. In his hand they probably are so; but he seems to overlook one slight difference between the two diseases as they commonly appear, which is, that one of them is infectious, and the other is not.

Line 115, Page 10. *A lance in each hand.*—It has been observed, that a medical man who inoculates in both kinds, and is willing to do any thing for the sake of lucre, should have a label round his neck, with this motto, *In utrumque paratus:*

Line 116, Page 10. *A Popular View.*—In a work published under this title, as an *ad captandum vulgus*, Dr. Adams tries to persuade the public, that it is not material

whether they adopt the inoculation of the small-pox or that of the cow-pox, provided they employ him to insert the matter. This bait for gudgeons would be more readily swallowed, did we not so often hear of deaths occurring in those who are inoculated with the small-pox at his Institution. Such pretences, however, are common, when certain medical practitioners wish to place themselves—and their practice—in a “*Popular View.*”

Line 119, Page 10.

Wear a Quaker's plain garb, and ask alms

For the London Vaccine Institution.

A plain garb is a proper emblem of the simplicity and purity of character, by which *genuine* Quakers are distinguished; but it may be doubted whether John Walker and Joseph Leaper, the two *spurious* Quakers who founded the London Vaccine Institution, one of whom was expelled by the Quakers, and the other refused admission into that conscientious fraternity, have any right to this garb.

Dr. Walker was once Resident Inoculator, and Medical Secretary, to the Royal Jennerian Society; and, when on the point of being dismissed from his situation by a ballot, at a general meeting, on account of his mal-practices and misconduct, was permitted as an indulgence to resign. He was paid more than his salary; but he refused to deliver up the registers which had been entrusted to his care. He has since turned them to his advantage; by transferring the correspondence of that Institution to his own.

In return for the lenity shewn to him, he has ever since manifested the most implacable rancour and resentment against the Society, by taking an apartment in Salisbury Court, leading to Salisbury Square; in which the Central

House of the Society is situated. From this place he rushes forth, and interrupts the mothers who are carrying their children to Salisbury Square. Some of them he entices into his apartment, and others he drags in by force; thereby frequently cutting off the supply of matter from the Society, and robbing them of subscriptions; which are naturally withdrawn from an institution where practitioners are disappointed, and transferred to another where they are better accommodated.

Various other manoeuvres of these two pretended Quakers also deserve notice; and are fit to be ranked with those of Mr. Robert Young, the founder of the Philanthropic Reform. In order to procure patronage and subscriptions, they set down the names of distinguished characters without their knowledge or consent, and even contrary to their express command. These serve as a decoy for others; who, in their turn, serve as a decoy for them.

It is hoped they will in future be more on their guard; and whatever money they obtain, take care not to obtain it under false pretences. It is also to be hoped, that when they appoint assistant inoculators in future, they will first ascertain that they are in the land of the living. One of their diplomas was lately sent to Amesbury, for a gentleman who had been dead more than two years; and a letter was addressed to him, in which they thank him for his offer of support and co-operation. Many other practitioners have been appointed without their consent.

Ere they issue their diplomas, and pretend to judge of the qualifications of others, we advise them to give some proofs of their own. But whatever may be their professional qualifications, they are perfectly well qualified in

all the arts of deceit. One of them is, that they represent themselves as friendly to Dr. Jenner; when it is well known, that they are as much in opposition to him, as if they had approached the altar, like Hannibal, and sworn eternal enmity to his name.

Some of their evil deeds have already come to light; and others may probably hereafter come to light; which the limits of the present number of this work will not allow us to lay before the public. In the mean time we advise them not to puff in periodical publications; and not to provoke a disclosure of the many flagrant instances of malpractice, of which their inoculator has been guilty. We advise them, not to pass off a *counterfeit vaccine institution* for an *original*; and no longer to personate the Jennerian Society, in order to obtain patronage and subscriptions. We also advise them, when a lady sends to them for matter, putting only the initial of her Christian name, not to mistake her for a surgeon, and dub her an assistant inoculator, as they have done in more instances than one; whereby they have exposed themselves to ridicule and contempt.

They have likewise dubbed a vast number of irregular practitioners in all parts of the kingdom; of whose irregular practices we shall probably soon hear an account. *Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!*

The public have been too long deluded by the hypocritical cant of the two artful and designing men, by whom the London Vaccine Institution was devised. One of them, for reasons best known to himself, undertook the office of Collector to the Royal Jennerian Society; which he afterwards resigned. He has since been soliciting patronage, and "asking alms," for the London Vaccine Institution;

and many persons of distinction have been duped by his artifices and intrigues; not knowing that he has resigned his former office.

The other has uniformly been the pest of the Jennerian Society, from their first establishment to the present hour. This is not at all surprising to those who know the man. An army physician, who knew him when abroad, congratulated the friends of Dr. Jenner on their getting rid of him; and several persons of high rank, who had received information of his conduct in the Mediterranean, and in Egypt, declared their conviction, that no Society could ever prosper, of which he was a member.

We have now discharged our duty; and enabled the public to distinguish the Royal Jennerian Society from a vile and despicable job; which owes all its importance to its being mistaken for that noble establishment. We trust our countrymen will in future beware of those who come unto them in sheep's clothing; and no longer be deceived by artful and designing men, who

Wear a Quaker's plain garb, and ask alms
For the London Vaccine Institution.

This Institution may be considered as a foul imposthume, or a festering sore, with which the Royal Jennerian Society for the Extermination of the Small-pox has for some time been afflicted.

Non tamen ulla magis præsens fortuna laborum est,
Quam si quis ferro potuit rescindere summum
Ulceris os : alitur vitium, vivitque tegendo.

It is the more necessary to put our fellow-citizens on their guard against this Institution, when accounts are received, that the very members of the Jennerian Society are daily

imposed on by its Collector; who, having been the Collector of that Society, calls on them, and receives their subscriptions; which they suppose they are paying for the support of the Institution that is under the direction of Dr. Jenner, and honoured with his name.

The following Caution has been published by the Royal Jennerian Society :

“ The Directors of the Royal Jennerian Society having received positive information, that Dr. *John Walker*, their late Resident Inoculator and Medical Secretary, has long been attempting, not only by various insidious representations, and even by force, to obstruct patients going to the Central House of the Society for Inoculation, but also, by the use of the registers of the Society, formerly intrusted to his care as one of their officers, and which he has pertinaciously refused to give up, to deprive the Society of the co-operation of their friends and correspondents throughout the country, hereby give notice, in answer to the inquiries which have been made, that the Society have no connexion whatever with the said Dr. *John Walker*; and that Dr. KNOWLES is the Resident Inoculator of the Society, at their house, No. 14, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; to whom they beg that all communications may be addressed, post paid.”

A NEW SONG.

COME, lend me your ears, and I'll sing you a song,
 All you that have short ears, and you that have long;
 For things of great moment I'm going to mention,
 So tarry a while, and bestow your attention.

Derry down.

You know the Small-pox, both at home and afar,
 Oft disfigures our faces with many a scar:
 It blinds many thousands, and kills many more,
 Than great guns at sea, or than muskets on shore.

Derry down.

That such a dire foe from the world should be driv'n,
 A Jenner arises predestin'd by Heav'n;
 Who brings a new system, I mean Vaccination,
 The gift of a God for mankind's preservation.

Derry down.

Though England has ever been famous in story,
 Yet nothing adds more to her pride and her glory,
 Than his divine method of inoculation,
 Which extends o'er the globe, and restores population.

Derry down.

Already have myriads, in ev'ry known clime,
 And nation, a truth, tho' related in rhyme,
 Embrac'd the new mode, that's quite harmless, and frees
 Mankind from a loathsome and fatal disease.

Derry down.

This blessing to stifle, when yet in its birth,
And banish at once from the face of the earth,
The Fiend, that all good and all virtue cries down,
Made tools of a few wretched asses in town.

Derry down.

Thus freighted with falsehood, and ev'ry black art,
That weakens the head, and debases the heart,
They clamour against what the gods have bestow'd,
While each squirts his venom about like a toad.

Derry down.

Their books full of lies, and their papers and bills
Stuck up in all places, near Leake's Patent Pills,
Have oft been refuted, but always in vain,
The dogs still return to their vomits again.

Derry down.

These fools, who reject the great boon Vaccination,
We'll leave to enjoy their desert—detestation;
And, the measure to fill of eternal disgrace,
We'll brand them as foes of the whole human race,

Derry down.

E. H.

Just published, Price 2s.

THE

VACCINE

PHANTASMAGORIA,

“ It is the very error of the Moon ;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.”

Sold by J. MURRAY, Fleet Street; and J. CALLOW,
Crown Court, Soho.