

Letters to Dr. Rowley, on his late pamphlet, entitled "Cow-pox inoculation, no security against small-pox infection." / By Aculeus.

Contributors

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LETTERS
TO
DR. ROWLEY,
&c. &c.

LETTERS

TO

DR. ROWLEY

1787

LETTERS
TO
DR. ROWLEY,
ON HIS LATE PAMPHLET, ENTITLED
“COW-POX INOCULATION,
'NO SECURITY AGAINST
SMALL-POX INFECTION.”

By ACULEUS.



“ If, according to Lord MONBODDO, mankind once resembled the brute Creation by having TAILS; may we not, according to Dr. ROWLEY, expect to see them in turn graced with HORNS?” Letter the Tenth.

London.

PRINTED BY J. NORRIS, 8, MOOR-STREET, SOHO.

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1805.

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LETTERS

DR. ROWLEY

ON HIS LATE PAMPHLET, ENTITLED
"COW-POX IN OCCUPATION"

AN SECURITY BEARING

SMALL-POX INFECTION.

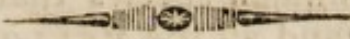


It is recommended to read the account of the
the following facts: ...
in the ...

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1802

PREFACE.



TO THE PUBLIC.

AFTER the innumerable satisfactory proofs of the efficacy of Cow-pock inoculation as a perfectly harmless, yet effectual, preventive to Small-pox infection, and after the numerous excellent publications on the subject, from physicians of the first eminence in the country, I think it unnecessary to add any thing further by way of confirmation; although, at the same time, were I so disposed, it is in my power to produce many new and very strong facts, in corroboration of their opinion. If the opposers of this benign discovery will obstinately and pertinaciously persist in their clamorous hostility, it is in vain to expect they will be diverted from their purpose by argument; no accumulation of evidence, however satisfactory and conclusive, will compel them from their ground, which is altogether independent of the real merits of Cow-pock, and centers in private interest in opposition to public good. These characters are well aware of the influence of popular opinion on the success of any plan—they know that the voice of the multitude, like a vast current, effects by its force what a smaller, but more enlightened body, would be inadequate to perform. They are not ignorant of the effects of *prejudice* in securing the popular voice, and hence they assiduously endeavour, by addressing themselves to this prejudice, to gain their point, and frustrate the benevolent designs of the friends to

humanity and Vaccination. It is well known that the Cow-pock is not infectious, never mortal, and scarcely ever attended with the smallest inconvenience; whereas the Small-pox is a loathsome, highly infectious, and mortal disease, and has swept off more of the human species than all the WARS, all the PLAGUES, and all the YELLOW FEVERS, that have ever devastated society. What *reasonable* opposition, then, could any person calculate on seeing made to a plan so simple, and at the same time all-important, as the Cow-pock—would not any one suppose that such a plan should meet with instant and joyous support, not only from every parent of a family, but from the *government*, as the parent of the state, whose duty and interest it is to protect the lives of its subjects, and defend one individual against the wanton outrage of another? at least is it not reasonable to imagine, that no one would be found so stupid as to object to giving this benevolent scheme a fair *trial*? Above all, could it be expected that medical men, to whom is entrusted the sacred deposit of life and health, and whose learning and information give them opportunity of forming a just estimate of its value and importance—that these characters should oppose themselves to its progress could hardly be conceived; scarcely from the most ignorant, could such a thing be looked for; yet we find the fact is otherwise.—We see in this instance, perhaps more forcibly than any other, the effect of self-interest, in opposition to truth, candour, and the most sacred duty. Small-pox inoculation is a source of great revenue to certain practitioners, who have succeeded in making the public believe they were possessed of some secret improvement, or new method of inoculation, by which means they have secured to themselves an extensive practice. Inoculation mitigates, and in a great measure prevents the *mortality* of the Small-pox, not more than one in 2 or 300 dying; whereas in the natural way it is known that one

in 6 dies on an average: but does inoculation prevent the Small-pox communicating itself to others by infection? No, so unhappy is the reverse, that since the introduction of inoculation, the mortality has uniformly exceeded what it was before; and many sensible men, from principles of benevolence, have objected, on this very account, against inoculation: even the celebrated Baron Dimsdale, so well known as having inoculated the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, for which he was ennobled, and whose success in inoculation was so very remarkable, seriously argued against the propriety of the practice, and advised the Empress not to introduce the custom into her dominions! What, on the contrary, would have been this great man's opinion respecting *Vaccination*? Would he not have told her majesty, "this is a most valuable acquisition; it is never fatal—never infectious—does not occasion a day's, and seldom an hour's indisposition—requires no medicine, except the body be previously disordered, as in the case of *itch* particularly, when it is improper and unadvisable—is a perfect and effectual prophylactic of Small-pox, and only requires to be kept out of ignorant or designing hands, to eradicate the Small-pox from your territories, and from the face of the globe"?

That effects so vast and beneficial should result from so simple a cause, might well excite great doubt in the minds of every person, particularly of medical characters, whose experience has often convinced them of the danger of trusting to mere assertion; these would naturally make enquiry, and prove the facts before they ventured to act upon so bold a conjecture; they would not give their sanction to the practice until they had fully proved, by repeated experiments, the certainty of its preventive power, as well as the mildness of its symptoms; nor would they, on the other hand, sceptically refuse to make these investigations, and, like the prejudiced and ignorant, content them-

selves with saying, "*it is impossible*"; much less could they be expected to oppose the new practice, as an "impious attempt to wrest from the Almighty the decrees of his providence," and talk about "a divine ordinance" in favour of Small-pox mortality. Such a procedure would convict them, in the minds of every person of sense and true piety, of little less than insanity! I would now ask any unprejudiced person, whether this be not a fair statement of the probable result of a proposition of the nature of Cow-pock, supposing for a moment no such discovery had been made. I ask, with confidence, whether any thing materially different could be expected. "Yes"! replies one who *knows the world*, and has seen the effects of selfishness, bigotry, and professional obstinacy, or vanity—"yes! I do not care how beneficial your plan, or how certain its operation; you have told me enough to answer your question in the *negative*. Do you not say that the Cow-pock *requires no physic*? that it is not *infectious* or *dangerous*? How little then must you know of human nature to suppose, that such a plan can meet with the support of *medical men*, who *live upon* the diseases of their fellow-creatures! whose charges are in proportion to the *dangerous* nature of the disorder, and who get so large a profit on the *medicines* they administer. I tell you they will oppose it *to a man*! except, indeed, any be found so *very virtuous* as to relinquish their private interest to a sense of public duty, or whose practice in Small-pox inoculation is inconsiderable. If you want to succeed, get the government to fix a handsome price on Cow-pock inoculation, and interdict the use of the lancet by any but professional men, who shall be responsible in a penalty of a considerable sum in case of well-attested failure, and then you may do! As to expecting, because a man has learned Greek and Latin, or studied anatomy, that, therefore, he is to be cured of his selfishness; or, if naturally superstitious, that these will operate a change in this respect, it

is giving to acquirements of mere scholastic learning a power never supposed inherent in them, although it must be confessed that these advantages tend to enlarge the mind, and remove unfounded prepossessions." How far what has been said relates to the subject of the following Letters, is left to those who have read Dr. Rowley's pamphlet, to judge—whether he has not endeavoured to impose on the public by a set of new-coined phrases, and grossly misrepresented facts, will be known by those whose acquaintance with the subject enables them to form a correct opinion; for my own part, I confess that I consider his pamphlet as totally unworthy a serious reply; and have therefore, in these *Letters*, purposely avoided every thing like argument. Of what use is argument with one who plainly tells you he has made up his opinion, and believes it an act of gross *impiety* to inoculate for the *Cow-pock*, as interfering with the decrees of Heaven, while, at the same time, he himself is inoculating for the *Small-pox*, and boasts his partial success in this very interference, namely, the abating of mortality by a NEW METHOD! To argue with a person of this description, would be beating the air. It is, however, a duty every man owes to the public to detect falsehood, particularly where error may be productive of serious danger to their best interests. I have, therefore, added an Appendix, giving the result of enquiries made into those *Cases* which he has most pompously displayed, and made the subject of Copper-plate Engravings to attract the public notice, and thus impress them unfavourably to the cause of Vaccination—these odious pictures have been hung out to view, "professedly to alarm the apprehensions of those "*tender parents*" to whom the Doctor so cordially and modestly recommends his publication as "*necessary to be read*". Many other cases might also be added, but this would swell the present pamphlet to the size of the Doctor's itself; and as my ambition does not lead me to appear a *great*

Author, I must, on this account, omit their insertion; in the *Letters*, I have given all the attention most of them deserve. My principal design is not, however, so much to expose the misrepresentations contained in his pamphlet, as to ridicule the vanity of its Author, whose self-importance sets him above all his contemporaries, and arrogates the power of correcting all systems, and reforming all abuses. This idea has betrayed him into an almost total disregard to the duty he owed to himself, no less than to those whose characters he has branded with disgraceful epithets, many of whom are known to the world as the most respectable, most scientific, and benevolent of the medical profession*. Vaccination is a discovery of the greatest importance to the health and lives of mankind, and has excited the attention of men distinguished for their talents, learning, and medical skill, not only in this, but every other country; and the united suffrages of such a body in its favour, is enough of itself to claim some share of deference. This important consideration appears, however, to have been entirely disregarded in the pamphlet alluded to, and instead of that candid, cool, and impartial discussion of the subject which was to have been expected of its author, as a professional character and a friend to science, we find him indulging in a latitude of common-place invective, ill befitting his subject, and by no means becoming a person of his *station* and *years*.

But shall *age* and *profession* screen a man from merited censure, or protect him from a just exposure, in thus wantonly undermining a fabric erected with so much labour, such expence, and time, and which was designed as a lasting asylum to suffering humanity from the ravages of its worst enemy? Shall the object of an enlightened Government, in rewarding the promulgator of the great discovery be

* See *Dr. Thornton's Letter in the Appendix.*

frustrated, to gratify the views of an interested individual, and the Nation submit without emotion to a blow aimed at its very VITALS!—I trust not;—I trust that the good sense of the people of England will feel the injury, and know how to repel it as they ought. With regard to myself, it can be but of trifling moment what reception I may meet with: my object is not to appear on the public stage, but merely to promote, as far as in my power, the cause of humanity, in counteracting the pernicious tendency of works like that, which gave occasion to these Letters. I have, therefore, chosen to conceal my name, as a thing which ought to have no influence on any person's opinion; yet even this would not have been done, if by a different procedure I could more effectually have served the cause, by awakening the public to a just sense of the danger of false impressions on so important a point.

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LETTER I.

Most Learned Sir,

WITH the most profound reverence for your very superior talents and long-established fame, I venture to approach the shrine of your pre-eminence, and, over-awed by the dignity of your high station, am scarcely able to express my veneration for such exalted genius, such acute penetration, and such unequalled proficiency in science and literature, as distinguish you amongst the philosophers and scholars of the present age! Such presumption, on my part, would be too daring, and I should sink into the dust, did I not reflect on the extreme *modesty* which graces and veils all your sublime attainments; on that *mildness* and gentlemanly *suavity* which adorn your character, and display themselves in every page of your unparalelled writings! Encouraged by these, I feel emboldened to address you, not, however, with the vain hope of adding any thing to your fame, or increasing the public veneration for your deep *erudition* and unrivalled celebrity, as an author and a physician. No, sir; such an idea would be to insult your dignity, and deservedly to incur your indignation and contempt. I am only fearful that, in the expression of my real sentiments, I may fall short of the mark, and thus detract from that brightness which now shines around your name, or, by the rudeness of my speech, diminish the splendour of your exalted reputation. Excuse me, sir, if, in my remarks on your publication, I depart from that *timidity* which should characterize an unlettered and juvenile writer, when addressing so venerable and literary an author as yourself. My only object is, to hold up to the admiration of the world

your *superlative* treatise, intitled "Cow-pox Inoculation no Security against Small-pox Infection." In doing this, I shall have frequent occasion to extol the perspicacity of your discernment; pay a compliment to your candour and impartiality; and, above all, to admire your grammatical accuracy and strict *logical* deduction; the latter of which, while it astonishes the reader, confounds your adversaries with the irresistible force of reason, and raises a monument to your fame, more substantial and more enviable than marble; lasting as time, and exalted as Parnassus!

The advocates of Vaccination must now "hide their diminished heads", eclipsed like morning stars by the superior splendour of your beams. At one stroke of your magic wand you have dissipated their airy visions, and laid in the dust their towering hopes! Even though backed by the concurrent opinion of every state in Europe, the voice of all Asia, and the suffrage of the New World, they are now compelled to abandon the field, and surrender to your resistless energy of argument! No longer shall the name of JENNER claim the grateful tribute of applause, or hope to gain a place among the benefactors of mankind. No longer shall Cow-pock disgrace the annals of medical science, or deluded thousands grope in the darkness of ignorance; YOU, SIR, have torn away the mask, and exposed to the world the Hydra VACCINATION in its true colours, in all its odious deformity! Nations yet unborn shall celebrate *your* fame, and bless you as the restorer of Truth, and *genuine* Small-pox Inoculation! What heart but must relent, when considering the evils entailed upon man by the daring presumption of "ignorant fanatics," and contemplating the fatal effects of *new-fangled practice*. What though the Bills of Mortality exhibit a striking decrease of deaths in consequence of the introduction of the Cow-pock? and what if thousands are snatched from the tomb! shall *trifles* such

as these invalidate your theory? shall considerations of this nature, outweigh in the scales of rational judgment, the hoary claims of ancient usage, and supersede the authority of variolous inoculation? Forbid it Reason, forbid it Science, forbid it *Religion*! How impious! to stem the tide of pestilence, and arrest the progress of a disease sent by the Almighty as a visitation to his creatures; to oppose the feeble arm of human ingenuity to the awful decree of Heaven! shall it be urged that the antidote is furnished by the same hand that sent the affliction, and that, therefore, it is our duty to employ it? shall the uniform practice of the world, in applying remedies to other disorders, be brought forward in defence of this "presumptuous" novelty? but, above all, shall we owe to a *horned animal, a mere beast without a soul*, the means of eradicating one of the most formidable enemies of our race; and, not content with drinking its milk, and eating its flesh at our tables, be indebted to this source also for our protection from the SMALL-POX! 'Tis too much to bear! I spurn the *degrading* thought, and hail the return of our ancient practice, derived, not from the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, or the fishes of the sea, but obtained from the delightful source of the Small-pox itself, and continued "successfully from MAN TO MAN!" this is no daring innovation, no modern chimera, no presumptuous interference with the decrees of Heaven, but a sacred privilege, and comes sanctioned by the example of our wise forefathers. Like some vast mountain towering through the clouds, whose summit is obscured from our sight, the SMALL-POX rears its tremendous head, and in awful sublimity demands our veneration! 'Tis *your's* to guard it from every attack, to protect it from the assaults of "furious vaccinating enthusiasts," and vindicate its claims to public respect. Under *your* guardianship, sir, it is hoped it will long afford abundant pasture to the medical flocks which have hitherto

fattened on its sides—the depredations of vaccinating wolves shall no longer infest its borders, or threaten the peaceful herds with desolation; but, secure under your auspices, they may, for the future, frisk and revel in their wonted abundance! In my next letter I propose to notice more particularly your pamphlet, which certainly is entitled to all the attention I can bestow upon it, and which raises its author to the highest rank among the scientific and literary characters of the age! In the mean time permit me, *most learned sir*, to subscribe myself your unflattering admirer,

ACULEUS.

LETTER II.

Most Learned Sir,

A GREEABLY to my promise, I now proceed to examine your pamphlet, the title of which is alone sufficient to inspire with timidity the most daring courage; it displays such profuse *learning*; so majestic and commanding are its pretensions; that no one could, at the first blush, hesitate to pronounce the author, the most candid, literary, philosophic philanthropist that ever favoured the public with his works. “*Member of the University of Oxford, the Royal College of Physicians in London, Physician to the St. Mary-le-bone Infirmary, Author of Schola Medicinæ Universalis Nova, The rational and improved Practice of Physic, and Public Lecturer on the Theory and Practice of Medicine, excluding False Systems, &c. &c. &c.*” are enough to over-awe the most presumptuous; but these sonorous addenda to your venerable name are but the *tail of the comet*; the radiant train which attends upon its greatness. The name of ROWLEY is the blazing meteor, whose ardent glory illumines

the dark expanse of error, and eclipses the feeble glimmer of contemporary writers. Be mine the task to mark its glorious progress; to trace its elliptic course; and record, to future generations, its unparalleled splendour!! Through ninety-four long and luminous pages, have my rapt senses been carried with increased and still increasing wonder. How shall I attempt to describe the mingled sensations of astonishment, admiration, gratitude and devotion, inspired by their perusal? Posterity, sir, can alone fill up the measure of obligation due to you as the Champion of Truth, the Defender of Religion, the Saviour and Redeemer of Small-pox Inoculation! With that noble *disinterestedness* which is the true stamp of a great mind, you have opposed the prejudices of the age, and stemmed the torrent of popular opinion; you have opposed the errors of the whole body of physicians; and, with unequalled magnanimity, ventured your high reputation, by avowing sentiments in direct opposition to those of every person esteemed for their good sense, benevolence, and knowledge in the profession; not only so, you have, in your zeal for the public good, portrayed, in striking colours, the odious deformity of an "Ox-faced boy," and exhibited, in your picture of a girl, all the conglomerated evils of "*Cow-pox mange, cow-pox abscess, and cow-pox ulcers!*" These, like beacons to the unweary mariner, warn us to shun the dangerous shore; and, as the prudent farmer suspends upon a pole the hideous *scarecrow*, to frighten the feathered pillagers and protect his future harvest, so have *you*, sir, by a device, which reflects the highest credit on your *ingenuity* and benevolence, contrived to defend the good field of Small-pox Inoculation, by holding up to the unsuspecting parent, with all the aid of fanciful delineation and glaring colours, the loathsome spectacle of human deformity and disease. Regardless of any consequences which might ensue from the exposure at every print-shop of such images to the

view of pregnant mothers, whose active imaginations might imprint upon their charge the likeness of *your children*, you have boldly ventured forth, and strike with commanding hand, all the strings of parental fondness and maternal partiality. What mother, possessed of common sensibility, would, after such a scene, venture to entrust her darling child to so disastrous and fatal an experiment as Vaccination? especially when she is at the same time informed, *from the very highest and most undoubted authority*, of your "New and improved refined method of inoculating for the Small-pox"!! They must know little of human nature who can suppose, that, after such a warning, and such a recommendation, the advocates of Cow-pock would be able to subdue her repugnance, or, by appeals to her *reason* alone, overcome the strong impression thus made on her most tender feelings. In vain might they attempt to urge, that you, sir, was actuated by self-interest and a love of popularity; that you had perverted and distorted facts to throw an odium on names, whose well-earned reputation excited your envy; that, under the pretence of philanthropy, you concealed an over-weaning vanity and selfishness; that, in short, the whole scope and intent of your pamphlet was to puff your private practice, and, beneath the sanction of age, and those glittering titles which it is in the power even of mediocrity to procure, to impose upon the community by concealing the *benefits of Vaccination*, and the *mortality* of the variolous disease. No, sir, you are too well assured of the ground you have taken, to fear the influence of any facts which the friends of Cow-pock Inoculation have it in their power to produce; you have, like an able general, attacked the citadel, and the whole garrison surrenders to your arms! Following the example of other celebrated commanders, you very prudently disavow all design, while, at the same time, you proceed to your great work of moving the *feelings*, and secur-

ing the *prejudices*, of tender mothers, in favour of the ancient practice of Small-pox Inoculation, or rather, of your “*New improved method*”:—you remark, that, “in the art dedicated to preserve the health of man and cure diseases, *prejudices* should be avoided as much as possible, and *passions* should be EXTINCT.” Thus your deep knowledge of human nature displays itself even at the very outset; but, when you proceed to the thirty-third page of your inestimable work, we behold, in the short space of ten lines collected, all that the most experienced study of the subject through a long life could afford. Here we discover the arcanum of wisdom, which, like the philosopher’s stone, is capable of turning *dross itself* into gold. These maxims, well understood and well practised upon, will insure not only fortune but fame! Here we are instructed, that, with the help of a *name*; with the reputation of *learning*, and bold pretensions to *science*, a man may calculate upon absolute success with the majority of mankind; and, however hollow his assertions, or extravagant his vanity, may yet pass for a man of sense, and impose his *ipse dixit* on a credulous multitude. Excuse me, sir, if, in my admiration of your great discernment, I quote your own words: they explain so fully the whole system on which you have erected your splendid reputation, that I am charmed with reading and transcribing them. “The irresolute, superficial and credulous public, who cannot be judges of medicine, frequently receive the semblance of reason for reason itself, and rest perfectly satisfied with the jejune arguments issuing from enthusiasm, or *profound artifice*; but penetrating, reasoning minds,” (against whom, my dear sir, you cannot be too much on your guard), “penetrating, reasoning minds perceive their fallacy, and resist their seductive power. The *artful* erect the structure of *their extraordinary success*, on a supposition, that the majority of mankind are ABSOLUTE FOOLS, and

easily seduced; particularly in every thing concerning a science they cannot understand." This compendious aphorism should be deeply studied by every pretender to medical fame, indeed by every one, in whatever walk, who wishes to rise into distinction. You have here bequeathed to your brethren of the profession, the infallible rule by which they may secure to themselves that high reputation, which belongs at present so exclusively to yourself. But, sir, it is to be regretted, that the best things are most liable to abuse; and I am fearful lest ignorant *quacks*, whose fulsome egotism is already so disgusting to every person of sense and modesty, should take advantage of these means to raise themselves to unmerited popularity, or by imposing upon the "credulity of the public", frustrate the benevolent designs of the more honourable members of the medical body; in that case, popular favour would become little short of absolute satire on the character of its possessor, and a mark of suspicion at least, if not contempt, with the more enlightened few; YOU, sir, would, at any rate, afford a glorious exception to the general rule, and, should any rude hand venture to assail your reputation, I shall always be ready to vindicate it, and prove myself, *most learned sir*, your champion and constant admirer.

ACULEUS.

LETTER III.

Most Learned Sir,

IT is a characteristic of your style that it arrests the attention of the reader by the boldness and energy of the first periods. You begin by laying claim, like the Corsican Emperor of the French, to the Crown, without waiting for the tardy move-

ments of that sovereign pontiff, public opinion, to place it on your head. — It is yours “to investigate and expose *imposition*, to refute medical errors, and to establish demonstrative truths.” — What more exalted station could you have assumed? Yet, great as your claims may appear, you appeal in their support to *your own works*: — “*Schola Medicinæ universalis nova*,” is produced as the admiration of all “the learned Faculty *all through Europe!*” and lest the envy of professional rivalship should withhold a just tribute to your deserts, you proceed to inform the reader, that the “*Böerhaavian, Cullenian, and Brunonian Systems*,” those once proud usurpers of public favour, are now superseded by your own scientific and superior doctrines. Unrivalled man! how shall I attempt to do justice to your great merit! how portray those matchless powers, which have thus by their own native strength risen like Alcides from his cradle, the astonishment of every beholder, and by their splendour obliterated the remembrance of a CULLEN and a BÖERHAAVE! — You have “reassumed the pen!” not like the pigmy authors of the day, to submit your opinions to the censureship of other’s opinion, but like a Lord Chancellor, to “investigate and expose imposition,” or, like the Pope of Rome, to thunder your anathematizing Bull on all who presume to advocate the extermination of the Small-pox!! — Who, after reading the two first pages of your introduction, will dare oppose themselves? Such temerity cannot admit a supposition! THE ROYAL JENNERIAN INSTITUTION must henceforward be forever closed, and every *Central House* be laid under *inquisition*. Every lancet will be sheathed, and every promoter of Vaccination be regarded as an enemy and a “traitor” to the Holy Anti-Vaccinarian State. In vain may they urge in their defence the accomplishment of their hopes in Vienna, the universal adoption of the Cow-pock among the subjects of the Chinese Empire and throughout the East — its beneficent effects on the Continent of America,

in Russia, Sweden, every state in Europe, and indeed wherever it is known.—YOUR voice is LAW; —YOUR fiat, FATE: and though thousands and tens of thousands stand ready to undergo the severest tests of Variolous infection and escape unhurt, secured beneath the “Egis of Jenner”—though Small-pox, on the other hand, should array itself in tenfold horror and malignity to revenge its injured claims on the Community, still shall the public voice support YOUR fame, and JENNER, PEARSON, WOODVILLE, LETTSOM, THORNTON, RING, WALKER, and all the host of Vaccinators, be condemned, with their Cause, to everlasting infamy and scorn!!—Enchanting thought! How shall the trump of fame proclaim your praise, great ROWLEY, when all the fertile streams of Vaccination (fertile in mischief to mankind) which now meander throughout the habitable globe, and are the pride and boast of their deluded possessors, shall be dried up by your effulgent beams, Great SUN of Science!—The worshippers of Budda shall no longer bow the knee to a dumb beast, and fall down in adoration of their God for its beneficence; but, regarding it as the author of “*Cow-pox mange, Cow-pox abscess, Cow-pox blotches, Cow-pox evil, Cow-pox ulcers, Cow-pox boils, Cow-pox irruptions, and Cow-pox MORTIFICATION,*” they will rush impetuous and indignant, upon the source of such accumulated calamity, and, in the fury of their resentment, “leave not a Cow behind!!” But I hasten back from this delightful anticipation, to the further contemplation of your erudite composition: and here, the first thing that strikes my attention, is the extreme tenderness with which you treat these miserable Vaccinists. Scrupulously attentive to the claims of “*honour and professional delicacy*” on the one hand, you forbear to expose their names to ignominy, “*except in unavoidable instances;*” while on the other, you bow submissive to the injunctions “*of imperious, conscientious and religious duty,*” regardless of “*Friend-*

ship," regardless of character, regardless of every consideration of "*earthly* estimation." Pious author! your virtues surpass all terrestrial means of recompense, and you must seek in your own works, that reward such exalted virtue merits! It is with pain I remark a circumstance which proves that imperfection is to be found, even in the most immaculate characters; this however is but a necessary check on human greatness, and by correcting the effusions of pride, tends but to render us more truly amiable.

In your note on page v, you obscure the brightness of the "*liberality*" above alluded to, by referring the reader in a note to those very names your "*professional delicacy*" before concealed; thus by exposing these wretched fugitives, every incitement to reformation which your clemency inspired, is at once cut off.—Pardon the freedom of this observation, the truth of which will, I am persuaded, in a mind so *liberal* as yours, plead its apology; for as you justly observe, these checks on human sufficiency tend to "*humble vanity, banish obstinacy, and produce future circumspection.*" I pass over in silence that proof of your tenderness and humanity, in concealing the *secrets* of families; especially as you seem yourself fully sensible of its merit, and claim a due share of praise for your *prudence*. Sensibly alive to your own reputation, you have taken unnecessary pains to disclaim the charge of aiding in the cause of Vaccination.—No person, sir, who reads your pamphlet, will ever impute a single failure to *you*;—on the contrary, they will find that your penetrating eye foresaw all the dreadful catastrophe, even while the monster was in embryo, and cannot fail of giving you full credit for your sagacity, if not as a *physician*, at least as a *prophet*.

Fear not, most magnanimous defender of Small-pox; fear not the raving abuse of "*vaccinating fury and infatuation*;" the *Laws* protect your *person*, and your *fame* is placed far beyond the reach of their cornuted malice. Posterity shall read in your own produc-

tions the praises of their illustrious Author, and be astonished, in the works of your contemporaries, not to find a suitable appreciation of that great merit which you, sir, alone seem fully sensible of!

Permit me once more to subscribe myself, *most learned sir*, your humble encomiast,

ACULEUS.

LETTER IV.

Most Learned Sir,

SINCE writing my last, I have had an opportunity of conversing with one of the strenuous supporters and defenders of Vaccination; he had perused your pamphlet, which he insultingly termed, "*a mere puff of the Doctor's*", and proceeded to prove from various passages, that, with all those repeated professions of disinterestedness with which it abounds, you was, in fact, only labouring in your own vineyard, and endeavouring to attract a share of public attention. Judge, sir, what must have been my emotions, and what warmth of indignation such an aspersion on your august character, must have created in my bosom! Is it possible, sir, to conceive any thing more despicable than the wretch, who could deliberately sit down to vilify the most respectable characters of the country, and prejudice the public against one of the greatest blessings, ever bestowed by the Father of Goodness upon his children, for no other purpose; than merely to promote his own private interest, and gratify a superannuated thirst of popularity, or dotting vanity? I will not, I cannot harbour an idea so degrading to your character and to humanity;—yet it may perhaps be agreeable to you to be informed what was the opinion of this Vaccinist,

merely as a matter of curiosity. In the first place, he objected to the "Lectures" advertised throughout your pamphlet, as being but another means of courting popularity; and accused you of insufferable vanity, in setting yourself up as the corrector of "erroneous systems," and stamping with opprobrium every thing that did not exactly square with your own ideas; thus making yourself a perfect medical oracle. He ridiculed your favourite term, "*beastly disease*," as a mere bait to catch the prejudices of the vulgar; and asserted, that what you call Cow-pox mange, ulcer, &c. &c. are nothing more nor less than an inveterate *Itch*, or Scrophulous affection, totally unconnected with the Cow-pock; referring at the same time to the publications on the subject, where the Cow-pock itself is proved to be as harmless as a drop of milk; and, so far from being injurious to the human system, has frequently been found to remove cutaneous diseases, Scarlatina, Scrophula, Crusta Lactea, &c. and he accused you violently of perverting the truth, when, on examination of your "*Cases*," he found that the irruption did not take place, till six, twelve, or eighteen months; nay, several years, in some instances, after the Vaccine pustule had dried away:—but above all, he appeared diverted with what he termed your Conjurational Story about the *African Yaws*, and the *Ox-faced Boy*;—with your account of Dr. Moseley and Mr. Birch, who, like two corks, are brought in to buoy you up on the sea of self-importance and vain-glory.—What was your boasted "*opinion*?"—that TIME was necessary to prove the eventual efficacy of the Vaccine practice!—As to the tale about Mrs. Stevens, he only remarked, that the cases were not *parallel*, and of course argued nothing. But I am fatigued with the tedious repetition of so much calumny:—perhaps at another time, I may communicate more of the observations of this critical Vaccinator; at present, I hope you will excuse my dwelling any

longer on a topic so repugnant to my feelings:—I am impatient to proceed in my encomiums on your scientific, logical, divine Treatise, on the “*beastly disease*,” and its more than beastly promoters. As far as I can perceive, you seem fully disposed to let them feel the weight of your arm; and when such a power is fully exerted, I can conceive no hope for their escape; you must in the end, gain a complete victory, and put to the route all your adversaries; in which great enterprize, I wish you *all the success you deserve*; and remain, dear sir, yours most devotedly,

ACULEUS.

LETTER V.

Most Learned Sir,

NOTWITHSTANDING all the ridicule of the Vaccinator, I cannot sufficiently admire the strength of reasoning contained under the head of “*Cow-pox mange, evil, blotches, ulcer, and mortification.*” The thought was happy, of exhibiting *one of each sex*. Your boy and girl make a perfect couple, and embrace the whole circle of parental attachment; for, some have both boys and girls; others, only boys; while others, again, possess only the likeness of the mother. These infant pledges have strong claims on the feelings of their parents; and I admire the ingenuity with which you contrive to engage these feelings on your side; while at the same time, you disavow, with stoical apathy, all pretensions of the kind, and make “a solemn appeal, not to the *passions* of mankind, but to the reason and judgment of all *who are capable of deep reflection* :”—this is certainly a master-stroke of policy:—my only

fear is, that it may be discovered by these persons "of deep reflection," and thus lose all its effect: however, as you have said, the majority are "*superficial and credulous*;" so that they will feel themselves flattered by being considered as "persons of *deep reflection*:" and by flattering the vanity of any one, you at once lay hold on their passions, attacked thus on the weakest side. This consideration confirms your skill, and raises my admiration to the highest pitch. I am only sorry that in your long note on p. viii. you mention the "apothecary of repute" treating what you term Cow-pox mange, as the *ITCH*; for thus you bring the opinion of a person of eminence in support of the *Vaccinator's assertion*; who declares, that in no part of your pamphlet is it disproved: now, sir, I hope and trust, that in the future editions of your work, (*as, no doubt, future editions will appear,*) you will explain this matter, and point out the specific difference between your Cow-pox mange, evil, abscess, ulcer, &c. and the different species of *itch*: this is the more important, as it appears to be the corner-stone of your fabric; and this but removed, your two copper-plates will be no longer of any use; which would be a vexatious circumstance, as I am convinced to these is owing in a great measure (I will not say entirely) the sale of your work:—but even if this should unfortunately happen, I would suggest to you another expedient, which has often been resorted to with success in extreme cases:—print a new title-page, with the words "SECOND EDITION" in capitals, inserted under the Latin motto. This may lessen the "dead stock" which I fear you may have on hand, and which is always so unpleasant to authors and booksellers.—Were I to recount all the causes of my admiration as I proceed in your charming work, it would be nothing short of transcribing the whole; I am compelled, like a traveller through a romantic and picturesque country, to content myself with barely noticing the most prominent features;—

thus, instead of dwelling any longer on your African-yaw note, or the trio of medical prophets, I must proceed to follow your steps through the thundering pages of your introduction.

The scene in the third act, opens with the ignominious flight of "vaccinating, disappointed zealots," forced from one post to another; till, by the invincible energy of truth, they are hurled into *non-entity*, and have "no ground whatever to stand on." Here, you rival the great MILTON himself in his defeat of the fallen angels; and consign your victims to a limbo of vanity, no less sublime in its conception, than that of the poet's devils! Triumphant in such a glorious victory, you exultingly exclaim over the "*inhuman tyranny; despotic, haughty insolence, barbarity, and furious zeal,*" of the vanquished; reminding tender parents of their emancipation from such cruel power; and putting in their hands the rod of LAW, to scourge future attempts on the part of their "*despotic, inhuman, haughty, insolent, barbarous, and furious tyrants!*" Surely, this must be allowed to be highly sublime and poetical; I fear however, should any of your "esteemed friends," some few of whom you say are "of the first professional ability for learning and integrity," read this climax of epithet; however they might be disposed to admire you as a poet, they would not feel themselves much flattered by being placed on the list of favourites.—They should however recollect, that in the heat of battle, a man can scarcely be expected to distinguish between friend and foe; particularly when blinded by zeal, in a cause where all his reputation is at stake. It is truly dreadful to anticipate the probable consequences of strict justice, in the case of the Vaccinists; for you clearly demonstrate, that they are guilty of a breach, not only of every thing decent and humane, but also of the "*sixth commandment;*" and of course the laws of the land; for what is the difference between killing a man downright

and his dying *after* Vaccination? Surely none! and our magistrates and judges must in future take the same cognizance of Vaccination as of deliberate murder, and tuck up every offender in the country, though not a physician; but *yourself, Dr. Moseley, and Mr. Birch*, be left behind!—Your talents for argument, are no less striking, than for poetry. What person of “deep reflection,” can read your proof of Small-pox superiority, without conviction? “*Small-pox*,” you observe, “is a disease conveyed *by inoculation* from *man to man* successfully;” and from this circumstance, pointedly deduce its advantage over the Cow-pock; yet, sir, clear and convincing as this reasoning must appear to every one “capable of *deep reflection*,” it is to be lamented that there are others who will not be able to perceive its force; and others again, who by a parity of reasoning, will confirm the superiority of the *ITCH* itself; and arrive by this means at the very words of your sapient conclusion, namely, that the two diseases are “*therefore dissimilar*.” Such persons are unworthy your notice, and you very properly proceed to correct the insolence of those, who have “*dared*” to make “*calculations*” of the comparative mortality of Small-pox inoculation and Cow-pock:—this, of all “*daring, futile, and ridiculous violations of truth and reason*,” is the most *daring*; for by this means they clearly demonstrate to the senses of the vulgar, illiterate multitude, who know nothing at all of “*Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, and Therapeutics, nor even understand those terms*,” the palpable superiority of Vaccination. Who would not prefer a slight vesicle on the arm, which never killed a single individual, nor once in a thousand instances occasioned an hour’s indisposition, to the bare chance of the most loathsome disease that ever infested the “*human*” or any other frame; and which confessedly requires so much medical attendance? especially too when they find, that frequent instances of

mortality occur in the practice of the most celebrated Inoculators? For my own part, I candidly confess that such arguments would be irresistible, did I not entertain so profound a veneration for your learned opinion in the case; besides, sir, "who can tell," for fifty, seventy, or an hundred and twenty "*years to come,*" what may be the consequences of Vaccination? for it is a truth well established by you, sir, and substantiated by your list of "*Cases,*" that whatever disease occurs "*after Vaccination*" is entirely owing to that "*beastly*" operation; and I propose, in humble imitation of your example, to draw up a list of *Cases*, shewing all the *tooth-aches, broken bones, black eyes, bloody noses, &c. &c.* which have come within my knowledge; and which, when added to the lists of Dr. Squirrel, Moseley, and your other friends, will make quite a formidable appearance!

Wishing you an increase of support, and every success in your "*anti-Vaccinarian*" project, I remain, most learned sir, yours, &c.

ACULEUS.

LETTER VI.

Most Learned Sir,

"*WHAT cannot be proved, should never be asserted.*" Now, sir, I *assert*, that the French king, Louis XV. would not have died of the Small-pox, had *your* "*antiseptic plan*" been adopted; but that the whole and sole cause and reason of his death, was an ignorance of your "*antiseptic plan,*" which, without QUACKERY, is the only safe, sovereign, and infallible remedy against the natural, *Providential*, or inoculated, Small-pox! This I stand ready to demonstrate, from the words of your pamphlet itself—an authority which no one bu

the most stupid and ignorant "vaccinating zealot" will dare to question; indeed, the more I attend to your reasoning, the more conclusive it appears, and the more I am struck with the modesty and disinterestedness with which you appeal to your own practice, in support of your positions. With what piety of devotion do you kneel before the altar of "Sacred Truth," and offer up your own encomiums! The whole note which concludes the introduction, (and surely it must be allowed that *notes* were indispensable in an *introduction*,) the whole note, I say, is so truly excellent, that it would be an act of injustice to select any particular passage; excuse me therefore for repeating it *verbatim*; but why, good sir, did you tempt us with naming the "REMARKABLE INSTANCE," and then withhold its relation? I hope in your subsequent editions, you will favour the public with all the circumstances at full length;—relating to *yourself*, they cannot fail to be highly interesting, and I am sorry I cannot now add them to my quotation—you speak like a true philosopher and physician. "*Mankind may be always pronounced ignorant in proportion as they may be credulous. To form the justest estimation of wisdom or folly, it is necessary, it is always necessary, to know whether a man be a man of imagination or of strict demonstration, a man of opinions and slave to conjectures; or a matter-of-fact-man, a strict adherer to nothing but truth. To those who comprehend the actual limits of human understanding it is not difficult to discover the strength, or weakness of human intellects. Propositions are true, demonstrable, and evident, or suppositious, conjectural, and unproved assertions;—the most sensible men adhere only to the former, but weak-minded men whom the world should never trust in sickness, as unfit for the profession of physic, assent to the latter. In my lectures on the art of physic both theoretical and practical, I have fully proved that there is no necessity for that bane of the profession, con-*

jecture or hypothesis, and if *I* were asked whether, if *I MYSELF* were dangerously ill, *I* would suffer any hypothetical, however plausible, physician to prescribe for *my* malady, *MY ANSWER* would be *NO*, assuredly *NO*; unless *I* wished to risk the loss of life. *I* could give a *REMARKABLE INSTANCE* of this.—Speculation and hypothesis *are always at variance* with sound experience and successful practice. It is lamentable *for Society*, to see a *concourse* of sagacious Vaccinators sitting in partial judgement, raising questions, perplexities, and doubts, and *making enquiries* into abstruse hidden points which can *never* be solved; and if solved, could be of no utility whatever” (*ipse dixit*) “to society, and at the same time *daringly* controverting, and evading the most decided and evident truths militating against Vaccination.”—Here, sir, you shine in your true colours, and exhibit to the “*world*” a specimen of style, which is only matched by your professional superiority.—I pause, to contemplate and admire in silence, all the beauties of this precious *bouquet*, culled from the garden of your florid introduction; as it must likewise afford a source of delightful complacency to your own reflections, I will not interrupt your enjoyment any longer, but subscribe myself yours,

ACULEUS.

LETTER VII.

Most Learned Sir,

AT length I find myself at the entrance of your stupendous fabric, having passed through the charming visto of *twelve introductory pages*, whose structure, in every part, so much resembles the building itself, that I cannot imagine why any di-

vision was made. I observe here a repetition of the same images of "infatuation and intemperate zeal," painted in the same colours; and the same fanciful decoration which attracted my notice on entering the portico; no doubt your superior judgment had some end in view, further than the mere *name* of an *Introduction*; for else it might be argued that those elaborate *notes*, which grace the bottom of almost every page, had no further utility attached to them, than merely to give an appearance of erudition: this would be to accuse you of that foolish vanity which never characterises persons of your *age* and great literary merit; so that I conclude there must be some real use designed in every part. Before I enter any further, permit me to dwell a few moments on the beauty and correctness of the front of the edifice.—The first period is a specimen of the true sublime, and appears to have been hewn out expressly for the very spot in which it is placed; your second is no less worthy of admiration, although, as you observe, a little out of place, "*It is not to the purpose,*" as you very pertinently remark, "to shew the destructive effects of human passions, prejudices, and the artifices exercised on unsuspecting credulity."—"How arts and sciences have been *elevated by virtue*, industry, and strict moral discipline, belongs to the historian, to the politician, to the contemplative philosopher and divine, to narrate, to investigate, and, *if possible*, to CORRECT!" Now here, sir, I can perceive the elegant precision which distinguishes your writings in general; by *correcting* virtue and industry, something may be gained; whereas vice and idleness are too often found incorrigible. The connexion is also beautifully preserved by the word "however," in the two following sentences, when speaking of the *dedicated* art. I pass on a little farther, and find you quite "at home" in your subject. The "divine salutary art" gives you a fair and honourable opportunity of paying a suitable

compliment to yourself, as a man of "profound science, acute penetration, circumspection, and SUPERLATIVE WISDOM."—You inform the reader, that "science, sagacity, and long *practical experience*," have formed your mind; that you "reflect seriously, determine with caution; are modest, candid, and unassuming;" in short, that you are one of the "most excellent physicians:" and to prove that even the *credulous* of the faculty possess more than *human* powers, you, in the next page, draw a line of distinction between "*human*," and "*medical*, credulity." Thus, sir, are you deified at once! Your note on page 70, is a further confirmation of your claims on the public adoration! How few, sir, like yourself, have "considered the *actual* nature and state of man, and who have read, studied, and reflected judiciously on the ancient and modern history of philosophy and medicine!" Your "*History of Physic in Schola Medicinæ Universalis Nova*," must afford a striking proof of the superiority of its author, over all the medical characters on record; and though unfortunately, it amounts, as you observe, to "a complete satire" on the *divine art and the divine artists*; yet, no doubt, it must reflect the greatest splendour on your towering name, unblemished with that "credulity, assenting folly, artful design, and imposition," which disgrace your predecessors and contemporaries. After these just, though severe animadversions on others, many of whom have heretofore passed for men of great talents, candour, learning, and worth; the reader may form some faint estimate of your transcendant character, or at least of your own sentiments respecting *yourself*; as few writers are found to disparage themselves in their own works.

To return to the main subject; I cannot sufficiently admire the boldness with which you attack the advocates of Cow-pock, as a furious "host of infatuated visionists and daring projectors, who bid defiance to truth and successful practice." This

displays your courage; particularly when it is recollected, that these very persons are many of them distinguished for their learning, moderation, and sound philosophy, and rank among the most respectable of the medical profession; at least, they pass for such with the "credulous multitude," who are unacquainted with your great superiority. Happy would it have been for the cause of science, had every philosopher and physician confined himself, as you, sir, have done, to the ancient boundaries of knowledge, and discarded every thing like hypothesis! but, alas! history tells us, in every age, of such "daring projectors," such "enthusiastic madmen," as Euclid, Gallileo, Archimedes, Galen, and a thousand other speculatists;—of NEWTON, whose new and fanciful system was opposed by such cautious and discerning characters as yourself, on its very *first appearance*. Of Columbus, too; how was his airy, hot-headed project, repelled by every solid "*matter-of-fact-man?*" yet, wild and extravagant as it was, we find some "enthusiasts bidding defiance to truth," and favouring even this "*daring projector.*" But why do I mention these? You, sir, have furnished me with an instance the most satisfactory and complete, that all history can afford; SWEDENBORG; who, not confining his researches to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, by which he acquired so much fame; nor contented with the luxury and splendour of a court where he was so highly caressed, by his monarch and all men of science and literature, as a philosopher and scholar; left his native country to comply with what he believed to be the divine service of his Lord and Master; and, preferring the conversation of Angels to that of Princes, spent his days in obscurity and retirement, publishing "celestial visions" to the world, and enforcing a code of doctrine confessedly new by argument and Scripture authority; insisting on our having but *one*

object of adoration, with other extravagant notions, which none but a "*madman*" would have dared to propound; SWEDENBORG! whose very name is the scoff of every ignorant sectarian, and bigoted friend to the "religion of his forefathers" (*no matter what that happened to be,*) whose writings and doctrine are opposed by every modern atheist and materialist (those men of true science and philosophy) as chimerical and absurd! When doctrines such as his, can obtain "followers," who would not be a Jew, or rather Pagan, (since Judaism, like Christianity, was once an innovation)? To talk about the other world, and pretend that "all was spiritual," is alone sufficient to convict him of insanity, and must amount to nothing short of a proof of absolute dementation in the mind of every sober, rational Christian.— Besides, sir, since we are to reject "hypothesis and conjecture," what folly must it be to credit the existence of another world!—does not all our proof rest on the bare assertion of such "enthusiastic madmen" as *Swedenborg*? I hope, sir, you will take up the subject fully in some future course of "Lectures," and demonstrate the non-existence of angels, and every thing "spiritual," that mankind may be no longer under delusions of so dangerous a nature;—but do not, for my sake, let it be, like your "*disputations*" with the Swedish divine, in "*LATIN!*" as, though it may show your *learning*, yet it will run me to the expense of an *interpreter*.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, but its importance will, I hope, be some apology: in "exploding false systems," I hope, sir, you will turn your serious attention to religion, that in future we may know how to act, what to think, and whom to believe;—the world has long wanted such a guide, and as you have now conquered Medicine, you will have the more leisure to attend to Religion.

It is now time to conclude this letter, by assuring you of my profound veneration for your universal and unrivalled talents.

ACULEUS.

LETTER VIII.

Most Learned Sir,

NATURE seems to have qualified you for greatness alike in every walk; whether you touch Medicine, History, Morality, or Theology; to correct medical errors—to record the follies of enthusiasts to future ages—to expatiate on the vices and follies of mankind, or to explode spirituality from religious topics, and detect the insane excentricities of its votaries, are alike familiar to your pen; in all you shine, the admiration of your readers; and your versatile genius fits you for any pursuit. I have already noticed your poetic merit, and had you been educated a painter, the world would have celebrated your fame as the HOGARTH of the present day.—What can be a finer specimen of talent for description, than your recital of the conduct of the Vaccinators in the 4th and 5th pages of your heroic pamphlet? It displays a vigour of fancy, and brightness of colouring, which only want the canvas, to immortalize your fame! As when the fertile borders of Vesuvius, in peaceful tranquillity, are covered with luxuriant vegetation and happy inhabitants, suddenly a rumbling noise is heard, portentous of the approaching fiery inundation, the scene is changed to tumult, confusion, and consternation; and, anon, the flaming deluge sweeps away houses, vineyards, cattle, and all the hopes of the year: so, just at the enviable moment when Small-pox inoculation had, under your fostering care, been brought to “the utmost degree

of perfection, and when the utility of the practice had been firmly established by *gradual improvement* for near one hundred years;” at that moment “was ushered into the world a new disease taken from the brute creation, *namely the Cow-pock!*” which with unprecedented rapidity swept away the profits and almost the remembrance of Small-pox inoculation, reared with so much care, and productive of so much comfort to the whole tribe of inoculators! What was to be done? To attempt to oppose the progress of such a mighty power was vain—it was concluded to wait the issue in patient submission, until an opening should offer to rebuild their desolated tower, and restore their craft to the credit of the public. You, sir, are well qualified for the office you have engaged in; and like a true hero, who rallies his vanquished troops, and endeavours to repair his loss by taking advantage of the conduct of his adversary, now in turn “endeavour to attract all the credulous who are seldom at the labour of thinking and reasoning for themselves; you flatter, fasten and seize on others,” and, by the credit of your *name and its appendages*, erect a standard for deserters, under which they may arrange themselves, and advance boldly to the combat.—Thus, sir, you must be regarded as the Commander-in-Chief, and entitled to all the credit of every advantage gained over the Vaccinating invaders of your rights.—Your subalterns, it is hoped, will know their proper places, and not dare dispute with you the title to pre-eminence, but give you that enviable superiority which Satan is described by the poet, as holding over the Legions of Pandemonium. Though fallen from your high estate, and forced to submit to a temporary degradation, yet let not the victorious Jennerian forces imagine you are yet finally subdued.—Soon shall they see you rise to vengeance, and experience the dreadful consequences of their temerity. Already you remind these “well-intentioned” gentlemen, of their “artful stratagem, cavilling, misrepresentation, noisy altercation, and ab-

solute falsehood." But I will not anticipate your victory by developing the magazine of epithets; which must be reserved to its proper place, and with which you so completely overwhelm your antagonists, and secure the field.—In my next I shall have occasion to notice some further traits of your character, which will ever afford an ample source of eulogium, and furnish abundant matter to the pen of your future biographer; mine is but an humble task in comparison of his: I, am confined to a solitary pamphlet; *he* shall take the ample range of all your works; and whether he write in Latin or English, he may find sufficient materials, I doubt not, even from your own expressions, to sound your fame to latest posterity.

Accept, *most learned sir*, once more of the homage of your very devoted

ACULEUS.

LETTER IX.

Most Learned Sir,

THE advocates of Vaccination plume themselves not a little, in never having lost a single patient, out of the innumerable subjects who have undergone the simple process; when every one knows that this has never been denied—to talk of losing a patient with a single pock, or at most two or three trifling pimples in addition, is ridiculous. Persons, to be sure, *have died* from the scratch of a pin, or the puncture of a needle; but what medical practitioner would not be ashamed to boast of having cured such a complaint, for it cannot be called a disease, and indeed it is difficult to find a proper name for so insignificant a matter?—to tell the truth, this is my principal objection against the Cow-pock, that it scarcely merits

a name in our medical books.—Dr. Jenner, to be sure, has tried to give it a sounding title, by calling it, in his first pamphlets “Variolæ Vaccinæ,” but even the propriety of this has been questioned, with great reason, by Dr. Pearson, as borrowing its grandeur from the noble Small-pox or true Variola of the Ancients, to which it appears to have no claims whatever, although its early supporters tried very hard to make it out; the one is a mere pimple, and I know no better name for it; the other a formidable disease, requiring a regular course of medicine, with great sagacity and long experience in the treatment of it, nor is it, after all, exempt from absolute *danger*. This, then, becomes a proper subject of medical study and attention. and, accordingly, I am rejoiced to find you on its side. Continue, great sir, your laudable exertions in its defence, and bear down, by every means in your power, all opposition to so lucrative a practice as Small-pox inoculation.

As unlike the deluded and visionary Vaccionists as their pimple to your pustules, you do not pretend to an *infallible* practice; but, disdaining the foul charge of quackery, honestly confess, that notwithstanding all your skill and all your care in the treatment of ordinary diseases at the Dispensary, *eight* out of every *hundred*, are snatched from your hands by death.—I do not here mean the Small-pox, which you have already told us yields in *every instance* to your new refined *antiseptic plan*; and by which you have so completely routed the antiphlogistic camp, exploding the whole host of calomel, jalap, saline draughts, and venesection; and forcing your opponents to “retire in silence, grief, and shame;” but I allude to cases of fever at the St. Mary-le-bone Infirmary. This may seem a large number to lose, (*eight in a hundred!*) with those who are daily accustomed to read in the newspapers, and puffing pamphlets, of *infallible remedies*; but to those “who reason and reflect before they conclude,” it must appear next to miraculous, that you should be able to retain the

ninety and two! Of all the species of "*madness*" recorded in your false system, history of medicine, a string of which graces one of your notes to the pamphlet, not one is to be found so pernicious in its effects as the Cow-pox; this ridiculous innovation has nearly ruined the business of the apothecary, as well as the practice of the Small-pox inoculators, for no medicine is necessary, none of Squirrel's "*tonic drops*" or "*powders*," no opening draughts; no antiseptic nostrums; whereas, in the old practice, phials, powders, pills, and drops, have been standing etcetera in every doctor's bill since the days of Hippocrates; besides, sir, the *undertakers* complain with great reason; having never had a job from the Cow-pock since its first appearance.—Such conduct as the Vaccinators', to say the least of it, is very ungenerous; they have not the liberality like you, sir, to make an allowance of *eight per cent.* for the benefit of trade, but keep all to themselves. These *gentlemen*, as you term them, should be "more modest and less conceited, and endeavour to learn their profession from the *most learned*, intelligent, and experienced," like yourself; we should not then have such "*crudities*" as Vaccination, Pneumatic Medicine, Electricity, &c. &c. No Cow-pock, no Gas and Vital Air Madness, by which such "*violent enthusiasts*" as Doctors Jenner, Pearson, and Thornton, have disgraced themselves, and imposed upon the whole scientific world; no such daring projects would then be heard of; but things would go on in their old way, and the order of Providence be no longer disturbed, by calling in the elements, and the very Cows, to protract the term of life; people would then die "*a natural death*," and mankind no more presume, with impious hand, to interfere with the will of heaven.

In my next, I shall say more on this subject, on which you have thrown so much light by your pamphlet, and immortalized your name. At pre-

sent, I must conclude, by repeating my assurances of the most profound respect; being, *learned sir*, your very humble admirer,

ACULEUS.

LETTER X.

Most Learned Sir,

HAD SWEDENBORG possessed *your* talent for investigating truth, and explaining theological mysteries, the world would have been *illuminated* indeed! *He* pretended to be favoured with celestial visions for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and, with the dull reasoning of a mathematician, laboured, by voluminous writings, to demonstrate, that his doctrines were conformable to Scripture, and the character of the Supreme Being as a good and wise father of his children; but you, more able sir, have developed, in *three* lines of text, and *six* of *note*, a mystery hid from the foundation of the world! Your own native genius, and not any borrowed light from the Angelic Heaven, directs your researches; and, instead of "a *raving mad follower*" of the Swedish divine, you stand confessed as the polar-star of divinity. *You* boast an intimate knowledge of the decrees of Heaven, and shew what is ordained for the visitation of man, and what he has brought upon himself by his presumption. You, sir, demonstrate, *without argument*, the right of inoculation for the Small-pox, and clearly prove, *in the same manner*, that to inoculate for the Cow-pock, or even the Chicken-pox, is an impious and flagrant "violation of our *most holy Religion*:" for, who can be so blind as not to see, that whether a man "lies with a beast, and contaminates the *form of the Creator* with the brute

creation ;” or, whether he dips his lancet in the pelucid virus on a milk-maid’s hand, and thus raises a vesicle on the arm of his child ; he is alike guilty of *bestiality* ; alike obnoxious to the divine law, and all the penalties of human justice ?—Thus are the Vaccinators convicted, not only of “ a breach of the sixth commandment,” as noticed in my former letter ; but of actual intercourse with the brute creation !! “ The contemplative and *learned* ministers of the Gospel,” whom you piously call upon to corroborate your doctrine, cannot fail to perceive, that, although *Small-pox* inoculation is perfectly allowable to man as a free, rational, and accountable agent ; and that all the opposition once made to the practice, as “ *wresting out of the hands of the Almighty the divine dispensations of his Providence,*” arose from gross ignorance and barbarous, absurd superstition ; yet, that this very same objection, when brought against the *Cow-pock*, is perfectly rational, religious, and conclusive.—What a degeneracy shall we witness in the next generation, contaminated, deformed, and *brutalized by millions* over the whole face of the earth !” what signal punishment awaits “ presumptuous man,” for this “ *daring violation of our most Holy Religion !*” If, according to LORD MONBODDO, men once resembled the brute creation by having TAILS ; may we not, according to DR. ROWLEY, expect to find them in turn, graced with HORNS ? Will not our grand-sons and grand-daughters forget the human accent, and low responsive to the grazing herds ; or, leaving their mother’s breast, associate with the beasts of the field ? shall we not behold, in addition to the many sheep-faced boys who now trudge daily to school, and the hoggish boors who break the clod, a future race, of mungrel aspect and intellect, more resembling CALVES than human beings ? will not the natural consequence be, that, instead of our children sending their sons to study “ *Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, and Therapeutics,*” we shall

see them quartered for sale on the butchers' shambles? Dreadful thought! yet consequences no less shocking are to be expected, if "*Mankind*" continue, in despite of every friendly and *disinterested* admonition, in the "beastly" practice of Vaccination. Be it so.—You, sir, are clear in the sight of God and man;—*your* hands are washed in innocence;—and, when divine justice shall sweep with the besom of destruction the impious herd of Vaccinists from the face of the earth, or visit a guilty and polluted land with universal desolation; *you* at least will escape "unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!"—

I turn from this awful scene, to contemplate the noble candour with which, notwithstanding their crimes, you treat the Vaccinators, in acknowledging their claims to superiority, by admitting their strongest argument in favour of the new practice: but lest this might appear to argue an inconsistency on your part, I shall devote my next letter to a proper explanation of this subject, and reconcile this apparent contradiction, by shewing the real motive which leads to such candour; and I hope to be able fully to prove, that this part of your *Treatise* is in exact conformity to your main design, namely, the promotion of your "*new, improved, refined, and successful mode of Small-pox inoculation.*"

In the mean time, permit me once more to claim the privilege of subscribing myself your humble admirer,

ACULEUS.

LETTER XI.

Most Learned Sir,

IT is remarkable that whenever you mean to wound most severely, you cover the design by an appearance of openness and sincerity. When you reprobate the friends of Vaccination as base violators of all laws, human and divine, and hold them up to the resentment of an injured community, you in the same page compliment them upon their *benevolent intentions*, and acknowledged *medical skill*. This, sir, is a proof of *policy*, and entitles you, not to the name of a base assassin, but to the reputation of an able general. How cautiously have you endeavoured to word your approbation where it would have been impolitic to have withheld it! “The strongest argument in favour of Vaccination WAS, that the Cow-pock could not prove *infectious* from one *human* being to another, by respiration nor contact. This certainly, IF TRUE, and if it had proved a certain preventive to Small-pox, *was a desideratum of the greatest consequence.*” In the same manner, when speaking of the acknowledged mildness of Cow-pock, you say, “they had it APPARENTLY very mild;” in stating likewise that “great numbers had been inoculated with Small-pox matter after Vaccination, and that the Small-pox never appeared;” you cautiously conclude, “this APPARENT proof had great weight.” If any person shall object against your prudence, that part of the “retrospect,” p. 31, 32. where you plainly and unreservedly confess that the non-infection of Cow-pock is a circumstance of superiority over Small-pox “*very important,*” and avow in the most open manner, that “the Cow-pox does not spread its influence among the non-infected, except by inoculation; whereas the infection of the SMALL-POX, on the contrary,

whether from inoculation, or received naturally by respiration, does frequently spread the Small-pox infection;" I beg leave, in your defence to remark, that so far from an *exception*, this very passage is a *confirmation* of what I before stated; this show of "*the greatest candour*," when examined and viewed in itself, is nothing more than *what every body knew long ago!* and to have denied this, would have been exposing and frustrating all your design; but let it be noticed what use you make of this *confession*; is it not to exalt your own penetration over all the *gentlemen* of the Profession, by producing it as a proof of your superior sagacity in discovering, that a perfect analogy does not exist between Cow-pock and Small-pox, without which you pronounce it impossible that the former can counteract the effects of the latter? I know very well, that "*superficial minds*" will not see the depth of your argument for the necessity of this perfect resemblance, in order to produce the desired effect, and will impertinently demand, "how then does it happen, that the Cow-pock actually *does* prevent the Small-pox?" But this is nothing to my purpose; I am now speaking of your intimate knowledge and unrivalled proficiency in the art of *ambuscade*, so necessary to every great commander;—it would be tedious to repeat all the proofs with which your work abounds; in some cases amounting even to apparent contradiction of terms in the same sentence; thus, where you style Vaccination "*an important discovery*," do you not add that in thinking minds it excited "*horrid disgust*," and after decrying its "*nasty filthy origin*," proceed to term it "*a new and apparently promising invention?*" informing the reader, at the same time, that it "*received the sanction of some gentlemen of very great learning and eminence in the Profession, who gave their suffrages from the most refined principles of humanity?*" do you not still increase the number of these "*eminent practitioners*," by say-

ing that they conceived their favourable opinion from "the most eminent Vaccinators?" All this might appear unaccountable and contradictory, did we not consider that it is part of a deep-laid plan, as I before hinted, and which reflects immortal honour on the head and heart of its author. This "immortal honour" is the glorious object of your pursuit, and you lay claim to it in the very next passage, by crowning the "Royal College of Physicians in London," (of whom you say you are one,) for their "*discernment and good sense*" in pursuing that cautious line of conduct, becoming them perhaps as a medical body, but which you ingeniously endeavour to represent as a tacit condemnation of the new practice: the "*sagacity and foresight,*" "*discernment and good sense,*" you give them credit for, is evidently designed for *yourself*; and certainly every body must acknowledge they are your just due. Indeed, sir, whichever side you take, you are equally happy in turning it to your own purpose; and whether you extol the candour and liberality of the friends to Vaccination, or reprobate them as mad and daring enthusiasts; whether you represent the Cow-pock as a beneficial, safe, and important discovery, or vilify it as a beastly disease, derived from the brute creation; you alike promote your own cause, and prove the excellence of your own practice. The dexterity you display in this respect, rivals the performance of a professed juggler, and would lead any one to suppose you had been educated to the science of leger-de-main. With what *effect* do you bring together in one sentence, the most heterogeneous and incongruous ideas, and astonish the reader by the grandeur of the climax! "Another *class* of *medical* practitioners, some well, and others little known, followed the captivating example of their leaders; *clergymen, ladies of rank, old women, and many others!*" Here is a *class* indeed! The reverend gentlemen, or, to use your own phrase, "the contemplative and learned ministers of the Gos-

pel of Jesus Christ," will no doubt feel themselves highly complimented by the respectful manner in which they are brought forward; the *ladies of rank* must likewise feel gratified on the same score; but the grave matrons will, I fear, take offence at the opprobrious term *old women*, especially as you in another place speak of them in a manner which leaves no room to doubt your meaning:—should this be the case, I tremble for the fate of your pamphlet:—will they not, in revenge for the insult, consign it, pictures and all, to the flames; or in cold blood, dissect the sheets, and maliciously apply them to the degrading office of wrapping round the ends of their candles? I would strenuously recommend you, sir, to make your peace with these ladies in the very next edition: for depend upon it, if the "*old women*" desert you cause, it will want its most able supporters. That I may not be misunderstood as speaking ironically, I will relate to you a fact, for the truth of which I pledge my honour:—'twas but yesterday, as I went gazing along at the windows of a print-shop, my attention was attracted by a picture of some size, dedicated to the *Anti-Vaccinarian Society*, and exhibiting the effects of Vaccination in the production of *cowes*, which appeared making their way through various parts of the bodies of those who had been vaccinated. I stepped in to buy it, but unfortunately was too late; a gentleman had that instant paid the money for the only remaining copy, which was taken accordingly from the window. The *old lady* however entertained me with an oration of at least a quarter of an hour, in which she declaimed against the "*bestly disease*," and the impiety of introducing "*the brute nater*" into our bodies. This led to a discussion of the moral and physical effects of Vaccination. "Surely," said the orator, who now began to wax warm in the cause; "*surely men are brutes* enough already without making themselves any *worse*!"—I kept a serious countenance all this while, and just remarked, that

I expected to see children with *tails* and *horns* soon. “Indeed,” returned the honest old woman, who did not suspect my sincerity, “*I should not be at all surprized at it.*” But pray, said I, ma’am, what is the consequence of Cow-pox inoculation?—“Oh, I don’t know; they all tell me it is a filthy disorder from brute beasts; and if my Sally, who is greatly in favour of it, persists in having her child *done with it*, I shall not speak to her:—the child to be sure is not *born* yet; but when it is, I mean to tell them my mind:—I would not have a child of mine inoculated with Cow-pock, no not for all the world; I don’t know how, it seems so *unnatural*” Yes, ma’am, that must be allowed; but is not *Small-pox* too, unnatural? “Oh, to be sure it is not right to inoculate for Small-pox neither,” said she: “it is very wicked to take the power out of God Almighty’s hands; and my child never was inoculated; for just as it was a-going to be, it took it the natural way, and I thanked God for it, as I had nothing to answer for.”—I then left the good old lady, and determined, the first leisure moment, to relate to you our conversation. I did not ask her if she had read your pamphlet, but from her conversation I thought it very probable, excepting that she did not approve of your “new and improved method of Small-pox inoculation;”—in other respects, you will see her arguments were almost the repetition of your own words; let me therefore beg you, sir, to heal this breach as soon as possible, as the consequences of losing such able advocates would be incalculable.

I am, most learned sir,

Yours, devotedly,

ACULEUS.

LETTER XII.

Most Learned Sir,

THE Vaccinator, whose remarks on a former occasion made the subject of one of my letters, paid me another visit this morning; and lest I should forget his ill-natured strictures on your admirable work, I hasten to communicate them to you: after repeating what he had before said about your producing as evidence against the Cow-pock, every trifling cutaneous irruption, or case of real *itch*, which had happened to the subjects of Vaccination many months, and even years afterwards, and the children in the interim had enjoyed uncommon and uninterrupted health; he said, it reminded him of a little anecdote when a boy.—His *grandmother*, in order to intimidate him from taking the pins from her pincushion, told him with a very *grave* face that they were POISON! and that if the point of one were but to scratch his little finger, he would assuredly *die after it!* This answered her *purpose*. I confess I could not help smiling at the inference, although evidently to your disadvantage, as one of “the elders of the profession,” and so well known, as you say, “in the *great world* :”—but when he proceeded to say, you deserved to be publicly chastised, for imputing every complaint which medical men all know to be common among children, to the *Cow-pock*, and that, instead of being, as you term them, “new complaints,” they were in fact as *old* as the *ITCH* itself;—I could not refrain from some expressions of displeasure. He still however continued, observing that the *canting*, whining lamentation about “*principles of honour*” which concludes the chapter, was enough to disgust any person of the smallest share of discernment;—he then

adverted, with an air of contempt, to your *note* on "VELNO'S VEGETABLE SYRUP," where the puffing advertisement of a *newspaper*, is brought forward with all the gravity and importance of material evidence:—I insisted, however, that this was fair enough, as you might have perhaps some interest in the sale of this "*celebrated remedy*," and at any rate it could be productive of no *injury*. On one point, I must beg leave to request some explanation, as neither of us could make it out:—you speak of Small-pox in the "*natural way*," and Small-pox "*from the Almighty*:"—Now, we were unable to comprehend the meaning of that distinction you point out, and the Vaccinator said it was something like your "*human and medical credulity!*" Indeed, great sir, whenever you speak of divine things, it is, I confess, rather difficult to understand exactly what you mean, such is the *depth* of your expressions and reasoning.—What, for instance, is meant by "the divine ordinance of God" in favour of Small-pox? this is a matter of serious enquiry;—for if such an "ordinance" exists, it should intimidate the "impious" Vaccinators, who now "*blasphemously*" question your assertion, and demand, "where then is the authority for Small-pox inoculation?" We next proceeded to that part of your inimitable pamphlet, which, of all the rest, most excites my admiration, as it shews (to use your own words) that you "know the right use of reason or *logic* in searching after truth, and applying it judiciously," and proves you not only "rank as a *gentleman* in this country," but that your learning *entitles* you to that rank; but above all, it shews plainly your proficiency in what may be termed "*actual bed-side*" *logic*. I need not add, that I allude to the manner in which you prove the impossibility of eradicating the Small-pox; yet, (would you have believed it, sir?) the ill-natured Vaccinator would not allow there was a word of argument in the whole chapter; but resembled it to a Sign in the country,

over which the artist, to prevent mistake, wrote, "THIS IS A HORSE:" but I ask, do you not, *besides* saying at the head of the chapter the very words, "Small-pox never can be exterminated," conclude like every other logician, or like Euclid, with a *quod erat demonstrandum*? "THEREFORE," or "IT APPEARS THEN, that extermination is impossible!" Is not this the very *end* of all argument? Of what use to fill up the chapter with dry and tedious deduction, when by a few words at the end, the same thing is effected, namely, a *conclusion* in favour of your *first position*! As to cavilling about *egotisms*, it is beneath the dignity of a critic;—the Vaccinator counted up *nine* in about as many *lines*: every author, when writing about himself, is obliged to use the pronouns personal; and this in exact proportion to his self-importance.—I pass over for the present in silence, the contemptuous conduct of "the honourable committee of the house of commons," trusting you will fulfill your *threat*, and bring these *honourable gentlemen* to "an explanation."

Wishing you ample success, I remain, &c &c.

ACULEUS.

LETTER XIII.

"Painful pre-eminence yourself to view,
Above life's weakness and its comforts too."

Most Learned Sir,

YOUR talent for "deep reasoning" and scrupulous analysis of *assertions and propositions*, towers far beyond every contemporary, and you are compelled to look down upon an ignorant crowd of "versatile injudicious minds," who, alas! are

unconscious of your superiority!—Your profound arguments are thrown away upon “*weak versatile man!*” who, alas! does not know, like yourself, “to reason judiciously and judge impartially.” Your elaborate “practical reflections and *reasonings*” can therefore have but little effect.—In vain have you laboured through seven long pages, to extol your own superiority, and expose the fallacious “EXCUSES” of “superficial-brained, violent Vaccinators,” who, instead of giving implicit credit to your assertions, *dare* to make enquiry into the particulars of the cases objected, and insist, that when a spurious irruption takes place in consequence of ignorance or any other defect, and the Small-pox occurs, this is no argument against the efficacy of the Cow-pock itself, as a prophylactic of the Small-pox; and that it would be ridiculous to expect any benefit from an irruption, which was never pretended to afford security, any more than spurious cases of Small-pox itself; which cases, they contend, are well known to every medical man, as having occurred in Small-pox inoculation; although you, sir, exultingly demand, “who ever heard of a spurious Small-pox?”—I might refer you to the writings of Drs. Pearson and Thornton, as well as several others, both in this country and abroad; but the statements of such characters cannot be expected to merit any attention from one of your “hoary experience” and superior medical knowledge.—But you even admit their plea; and, to shew your adroitness, turn this very argument against their cause, by producing cases, confessedly *not of Cow-pock*, as a proof of “Cow-pox malignity.”—What armour can withstand such dexterity as this? Even truth itself is vanquished and dismayed! But the brightest trait in your character, that which adorns and crowns all your other splendid and superlative attainments, is your RELIGION. With what devotion and respect do you name the Supreme Being, and with

what fervour defend his decrees! Not even your high respect for the "well-intentioned Vaccionists" can restrain your generous indignation, when put in competition with the duty you owe to your *religion* and your practice: in the same sentence, where you applaud the benevolence of intention, which dictated Vaccination to mitigate, or rather exterminate, the Small-pox, you break out in strong invective against them as "bidding bold defiance to Heaven itself; even to the will of God," and accuse them of "*wanton, sportful* experiments;" as persons "who have lost their senses and reason;" as "*barbarous* irrational projectors, disgraceful to the Profession." My friend the Vaccinator, laughs at your *liberality*, where you say, "it might appear illiberal to press the subject farther:" but he must be prejudiced; the only thing I ever heard him admire in your pamphlet (and even in this I cannot answer for his sincerity) was what he termed a beautiful anti-climax: the expression I think was, "let experienced Physicians, Moralists, DIVINES, and persons possessing common sense and reason," &c. For my own part, I find constant cause of admiration in the solidity of your arguments, the harmony and consistency of your phraseology, and the Christian mildness and urbanity diffused over every part of your writings!—What tender humanity is seen in your concern for brute beasts, and how piously and aptly do you quote the Sacred Writings! In short, let me ask, where shall we find among the physicians of the present day, or indeed of past ages, one who so eminently unites the accomplishments of the Scholar and the Gentleman, the acuteness of a Metaphysician, the learning of a Barrister, and all the anti-erroneous superiority of a Medical Practitioner and HISTORIAN; to say nothing of your deep knowledge of Theological Mysteries! I am obliged to confess, that the more attentively I peruse, and the more carefully I examine the pages of your pamphlet, the more I am wrapt in admiration of its sublime author.

Once more then, sir, let me subscribe myself your
unflattering admirer,

ACULEUS.

LETTER XIV.

Most Learned Sir,

ALREADY are the Vaccionists reduced "to the last expiring struggle!"* You have given their idol a mortal blow; and though it may linger on the verge of life a little longer, yet shortly shall it be consigned to everlasting darkness and oblivion; its deluded votaries cannot long survive; their "presumptuous" hopes are fled, for ever fled; and you have denounced an awful vengeance on their devoted heads! Yet still your gentle nature relentingly acknowledges their "humanity," and gives them credit for their "benevolence."—Who knows? Perhaps a little farther, and we shall find you melting into compassion, and pitying their well-meant errors, dispensing to them a free pardon! Let me then for a moment venture to plead their cause. You may possibly be deceived;—the "decrees of Providence" may not be so unchangeably fixed for pestilence upon his poor weak creatures as you at present suppose; and, like Nineveh of old, they may yet, by the preaching of a second JONAH, be reprieved.—Though you can see "no signs of Small-pox extermination," yet

* The elegant conciseness of style which distinguishes my author, is visible in this paragraph;—it begins, "But the last expiring struggle, FOR the Gentlemen Vaccinators hold out to the last extremity, and keep advertising for more victims as though nothing inimical or disastrous to their project had happened, FOR they mention none, though they know many, is rather more curious than the rest." !!!!!!!!!!! —If any one shall doubt the possibility of correctness in this quotation, let him take the trouble to look at page 20 of the pamphlet itself, where he will see this truly "curious" morceau, *verbatim et literatim*.

even this may yet be permitted, and a different commission be given you to proclaim: perhaps, sir, the many thousands who have escaped the Small-pox by a proper and *real* Vaccination, may be an earnest of future and final success.—Do you not yourself claim the merit of an “*improved, refined, and new* method of Variolous inoculation?” Do you not tell us, that the *improvement* has been gradually progressing these *hundred years*; and may not all the objections against Vaccination which now strike you so forcibly as insuperable obstacles, be *in time* removed? Spare, then, O! spare the unoffending few who have, as you acknowledge, been actuated by the purest motives of benevolence, and let Vaccination have a little longer trial before you inflict the severity of your sentence.

Perish, vain hope!—I see but too plainly, in the *note* on your very next page,—I see them “drowning, and catching at straws!” While you triumph in their misery, and insult them by your pity. I hear the funeral eulogy of Vaccination delivered in solemn accents, and, like another Brutus, you yourself become the orator and executioner! “The recital must fill every humane mind with anxiety; for the public have given, as well as many of the Faculty of Medicine, such implicit confidence in Vaccination, from the *numerous favourable and continual* representations from time to time published *by the most respectable Vaccinators*,—that its doubtfulness and failure, with future apprehensions, must fill the mind with VEXATION and HORROR.”—“But because he was *ambitious*, I slew him;” exclaimed the Roman assassin of his honourable friend—yet Brutus was an *honourable man*; and so are *you*, most excellent ROWLEY!—It was fit to curb the *ambition* of this bold *usurper*, this medical Cæsar, grasping at nothing less than universal dominion.—What! shall this interloper, this borrowed simple Vaccine vesicle, invade with impunity the fertile fields of Variolation? Where,

then, is the immense practice of a SUTTON, a KIRKLAND, a JONEY, or the noble DIMSDALE? "Gone with the years that roll beyond the flood,"—never, ah, never to return!—Once *lost*, the sacred Small-pox balsam, where would it be *found*? In vain were every diabolical incantation and magic spell to bring it back. — No human art could then regain the invaluable pearl of practice, which has proved a source of such immense wealth to the medical world!

Let not the "intemperate Vaccinators" "**HUG themselves with the IDEA,**" that the uprightness of their intention, and the numerous proofs in favour of their practice, will avail them any thing; that because partial success has already crowned their labours, therefore it is but reasonable to expect, when the practice becomes better understood, they shall obtain the object of their hopes,—the total extinction of the Small-pox.—"How is it possible? can presumptuous, vain man, alter the decrees of *Providence*, of *Heaven*?—Is it not an *impious* supposition, unthinking, irrational, profane?"—This question of yours at once resolves the utter impossibility of Small-pox extermination, and is more to your purpose than a thousand arguments. You, sir, know full well the prejudices, or rather superstition, of the illiterate, who, instead of reasoning, are at once influenced by the impressions made on their feelings, especially in what concerns religion; hence, by merely naming *impiety*, and attaching the idea to Vaccination, you induce a religious aversion to the practice, however consistent it be to the will and order of Providence, or conformable to his real character of a beneficent Being.—Let the Vaccinators beware of the "incensed" mob of "*the poorer sort of people,*" especially now their prejudices and passions are heightened and inflamed by your pamphlet, promising them nothing short of "despair and misery," and representing to them the intentions of their benefactors as a "vile, beastly project," surpassing in

culpability that of the transfusers with all their crimes; telling them that the Vaccinators are "enthusiastic zealots," "*respectable, interested* and perhaps misled," "otherwise very honourable practitioners;" "sometimes frantic," "bidding defiance to the most evident truths;" "who cannot, nor dare repent;" "turning a deaf ear to the voice of Truth and *demonstration*, and violently resisting whatever opposes their infatuation;" little, if any thing, short of "desperate" assassins of their species! Well, sir, may you add; "who can foresee what in future may be the consequence?" shall we not behold our streets run down with blood of thousands of innocent victims, sacrificed at the shrine of popular fury, and blind, indiscriminating rage; while the more eminent promoters of Cow-pock, such as Dr. Jenner, and his reverend namesake; Dr. Pearson, that zealous and indefatigable friend to the cause; Dr. Woodville, that early labourer, who is so well known for his unremitting assiduity; Dr. Ring especially, whose enthusiasm carried him such lengths in its support; the aged and venerable Dr. Lettsom; with many other celebrated champions; shall be dragged to the stake, and while the curling flames ascend the skies, and the smoke of the sacrifice embrowns the air, the SOVEREIGN PEOPLE shall shout your praise, erect a statue of gold to your honour, and institute gymnasia in perpetual celebration of their victory over their tyrants, and their emancipation from "*Jennerian despotic power!*"

How awfully impressive is your description of the convulsion of nature at the bare prospect of success attending Vaccination!—What powers of eloquence are here displayed! "*EARTH trembled! and HEAVEN profusely shed tears at the wretched, servile, unhappy state of MAN!! REASON was trampled on, and CHIMERA rode in a triumphal car, surrounded by PARASITES! JUSTICE seemed paralysed with astonishment!!!*" If effects like these were produced on that trifling occasion, what may we not expect when

Small-pox inoculation shall revive its drooping head, upholden by your arm, and vindicated by the whole multitude of the "*poorer sort of people*" at your back? JUSTICE, no longer "paralysed with astonishment," shall rouse up to vengeance, and pour the thunderbolts of her power on the Vaccinating "Tyrants:" not only shall this mighty globe, "with all that it inhabit, be dissolved;" but Heaven's own azure arch shall burst in flames, and all the host of hell break forth in mutiny!! I am only apprehensive for your safety in the general concussion; and would fain hope that such consequences may not ensue, but that things will go on in their usual way, whether the cause of Vaccination shall prove to be a public blessing, or your "own plan of management" shall ensure the continuance of the Small-pox.

With all due submission, and with unceasing admiration of your truly sublime pamphlet, I remain, most learned sir, yours, &c.

ACULEUS.

LETTER XV.

Most Learned Sir,

A MIDST all the temptations and allurements of *vice* to stand our ground, and surrounded by the blandishments of prosperity to retain our uprightness, and preserve unsullied our integrity, is a noble proof of exalted virtue. This glorious privilege is *yours!*—Notwithstanding "*threats, intimidation, poverty, despair;*" "*scurrilous abuse, flat contradiction, and the dread of princely power,*" on the one hand; or the charms of "*power, honour, RICHES,*" on the other; you have magnanimously persevered in your virtuous *disinterested* attachment to the Small-pox;—you have performed your vow,

and resisted all the attempts of fact and argument to swerve you from your duty: well may you exclaim, "*Virtue, inestimable virtue, is its own REWARD!*" for who, after reading your Treatise, will ever employ any other physician, when they can obtain your assistance? Do you not tell the world of your "long experience, constant study, and extensive practice?" that your "*intellects have been actuated by daily conflicts?*" that you "have had to conquer disease in *all its various* appearances, and in different constitutions, through a *long life* constantly engaged in *the mental attentions to all the variety nature presents?*" that you, sir, are eminently qualified "as an adequate judge on *all* important professional questions?" that your "*INTELLECTUALS, unbiassed and vigorous,*" render you "adequate to *ALL the most important* concerns of life or *professions?*" Let any one who doubts your pretensions, look to the *note* on page 7 or 70;—in short, let them look in any part of your pamphlet, or even the advertisement on the *back* of it; and they can no longer remain in ignorance of your claims on the public admiration. Who, I ask, will after this employ any other physician? much less the supporters of Vaccination, whose characters you have so blackened, that their very friends are now ashamed to know them.

What an immense "REWARD" awaits your virtuous labours! your refined methods will now take place of every other: the "*NOBILITY, GENTRY, and CLERGY,*" with all the grandees of the nation, will come flocking to your house, eager to shew their high sense of your superlative merit; and "*the PEOPLE, that is, the inferior multitude,*" must look up to you almost with adoration, for the zeal you have manifested in their behalf, and the honourable mention made of them in your pamphlet: how will they bless you for the establishment of the ANTI-VACCINARIAN SOCIETY, whence, like Sampson's foxes, they may carry firebrands of death

among their neighbours! Vain will now prove all the endeavours of the Vaccinators to eradicate the Small-pox; you have fixed it upon a firm base, and secured an ample practice; for every patient you inoculate *gratis*, you may safely calculate upon half a dozen who will be obliged to pay handsomely for your attendance;—nay, much more, for these spread the infection still farther, and those again more wide, so that it may literally be said, the number is at length *incalculable*. Thus, sir, while you gain with the unthinking vulgar, full credit for your liberality in gratuitously inoculating their children, you secure the approbation of the more wise, who cannot fail to see the consequences to yourself, and highly to applaud your contrivance. “Virtue, inestimable virtue, is its own reward!” That you may not be frustrated in the accomplishment of this glorious purpose by any opposition of human argument, you produce for your security nothing less than a “divine ordinance” in your favour, and declare that whoever attempts to stop the progress of the Small-pox by Vaccination, is an “*irrational, profane, and blasphemous opposer of the Divine ordinance of God the Creator of man and all beings!*” So have I seen stuck up to public view, a painted board, on which was written in large characters, to intimidate the robbers of the orchard, “STEEL TRAPS AND SPRING-GUNS SET IN THESE GROUNDS.” Who will be so daring as to risk the consequences, when forewarned of their danger? will any be found so hardy as to infringe upon your *sacred* boundaries? No, sir; you may rest in peace, and calculate with certainty on the total renunciation of the Cow-pock, or at least among all who have any respect for your authority. How piously do you exhort these impious advocates of Vaccination “to repent in time, and appeal to Heaven for mercy!” and offer them pardon as “*vicar on earth,*” if, like true penitents, they “repeat the *confession* in the beginning of the

Prayer-book ;" which, to preclude all excuse, you have kindly taken the trouble not only to refer to, but reprint. Even the "Honourable Committee of the House of Commons" will be brought to their knees, and, in deep contrition for past offences, not only in rewarding Dr. Jenner, but also in making you appear, as you observe, *little better than an absolute fool* (or words to that effect) will "*make a motion* to have your written parallel evidence produced," and by new-modelling, or otherwise, make it appear as it must have been originally, true sterling good sense, and sound reason. With what "*extreme concern*" must the "Honourable House" reflect on having suppressed that important part of your "parallel evidence" which related to what you term, "MY NEW Treatment of Small-pox," which you now assure them would, like Paddy Bull's proposition to make use of moonlight all the year round, have "*saved the whole nation a great many pounds :*" but it seems these honourable gentlemen, "not having the fear of God before their eyes, or at the instigation of the devil," impiously disregarded your superior claims, and bestowed their favour upon Dr. JENNER. Unpardonable offence!—'Tis here I trace the prime cause of all your well-grounded resentment;—from this source are to be derived all those plenteous streams of invective, which spread irri- guous over the charming field of your pious pam- phlet, rendering it the admiration of every passen- ger.—Refreshed at this fountain, your fertile genius is animated to new and inexhaustible expedient, and the labour of your pen is forgot, in the exhilarat- ing prospect of bringing down vengeance on the heads of the daring supporters of a novel expedient, in opposition to your "old and experienced," "new, refined, improved treatment of the Small-pox :"—this "well-intentioned novelty," it seems, prevailed over all the commanding claims of your no less well-intentioned "new and refined practice," and

“ the liberal inventor was rewarded with ten thousand pounds of the *public money* for his generous, free communication of Vaccination.” This was, to use your own elegant expression, in another place, “ a *horrid discouraging* circumstance,” and enough to fill your aged breast with “ *vexation and horror.*” —“ All was violence, BLAZE, uproar, and tumult.” What a scene! well may you hint, that the parliament were “ *mad,*” or, like Judas of old, ask, *Might not this money have been given to the poor?* But the hour of retribution is come, and “ MANKIND shall arouse from their Vaccinating *lethargy,* to chase from *their houses* all who propose Vaccination instead of *salutary* Small-pox inoculation,” (that is, your *salutary* method);—no longer shall “ MANKIND become the victims to *horrid beastly* diseases, that a few *fanatics in science,*” such as Drs. Jenner, Lettson, Pearson, “ may *revel in* WEALTH, and pursue their *vain-glorious flights* into the *clouds* of ruinous conjecture! forbid it, HEAVEN! forbid it, *humanity!* forbid it, *reason, justice, and truth!*” But after this fall from *heaven,* I agree with you that “ *here, then, it may become* necessary to take breath;” and leaving the Vaccinators to your mercy, I must again subscribe myself,

Your devoted,

ACULEUS.

P. S. You see I *follow copy,* as the printers say, and have carefully observed the punctuation, and marked the Italicism precisely as in the original, p. 73.—“ *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*”

LETTER XV.

Most Learned Sir,

BY this time I hope you have *taken breath*; and as I myself feel refreshed by the "*pause*," it is with the greater alacrity I pursue the theme of your praise.—My limits unfortunately prevent the noticing of many passages which would afford abundant subject for eulogium, and I am obliged to pass over innumerable beauties for want of leisure and room; like the bee when revelling in all the luxury of a flower-garden, I find so many new enticements, that, in the profusion of sweets, it is difficult sometimes to make a choice, and utterly impossible to pay my homage to all: you will, therefore, I trust, pardon a seeming neglect of some parts which, in your opinion, are more deserving of notice than those I have selected:—three things must strike every reader's attention, as they are the prominent features of your pamphlet; your *disinterestedness*, your *piety*, and your *magnanimity of soul*! The two first are imprinted on every page, and the latter displays itself in the mercy you shew even to your greatest enemies; to the most atrocious offenders against the sacred cause:—even after sentence has been passed, and your justice had denounced the punishment due to their crimes; after you have convicted the Vaccinators of "*flying in the face of Heaven*," and have even told them in plain terms, as "*vicegerent upon earth*," that "*the Lord laugheth them to scorn*:"—after this and much more to the same purpose, with what soothing accents do you invite them to a sense of duty, and call them, like heretical children, to the bosom of *mother church*! you assure them in cordial affection, that your displeasure is directed

not to their persons but their faults, and then nobly add; "let the Vaccinators honourably come forth, and acknowledge that their WELL-INTENTIONED endeavours have failed; *publicly read their recantation*, and suppress their Cow-pock project with as much ardour and vehemence as they have supported it!"—You do not even insist on their doing *penance* or walking barefooted to church, but merely on their repeating the *confession* in the *Prayer-book* and reading a public recantation, in order to obtain from your sovereign pontificate clemency a plenary indulgence and free pardon! The conqueror who, after a hard-fought battle, graces his victory by shewing mercy to the vanquished, and, instead of wreaking vengeance on their heads, offers them mercy and spares their forfeited lives, claims not an equal tribute of applause with yourself, sir, in this glorious triumph of true heroism! "Having proceeded through an arduous and *painful* undertaking, *in which the happiness or wretchedness* of MILLIONS of MANKIND are involved," you rest from all your toil, and complacently survey your subjugated opponents at your feet;—here, dependent solely on your mercy, they have no right to look up for forgiveness, and, palpitating in the agonies of suspense and dread, wait only your nod to hurl them to perdition:—to Heaven they dare not raise their eyes, assured beforehand, that for their "well-intentioned endeavours," "the Lord laugheth them to scorn;" when, lo! your stern majestic brow relaxes into mercy! THEY LIVE!! And shall not future generations chant your praise? shall not the grateful pæans swell the air, and "MILLIONS" chorus join? Yes! History shall cull her fairest plume to grace her brightest page, and speak YOUR PRAISE, great and immortal ROWLEY! unequalled for originality of thought,—unrivalled in *logical* skill, unprecedented in oratorical powers and scholastic erudition; the ornament and boast of your *profession*, the paragon of science

and literature, the nè plus ultra of every human perfection !!!

Wishing you, great and magnanimous sir, all the fame you merit, and that your Anti-Vaccinarian Society may produce you the emolument you promise yourself from its institution,

I remain, yours to the end,

ACULEUS.

APPENDIX.

“*Twenty-fourth communication from Dr. Thornton relative to Pneumatic Medicine.*” From the Philosophical Magazine, vol. 23, p. 68.

To Mr. TILLOCH.

“ Sir,

*Hinde-street, Manchester-square,
Oct. 21, 1805.*

“ **I**N Dr. Rowley’s late extraordinary publication against the discovery of the virtuous and illustrious Dr. Jenner, he puts down, as one of the madneses of Mankind, their belief of any good having arisen from pneumatic agency. “Cow-pox mad” and “*air-mad*” is an easy method of aspersing among the vulgar part of the community, those who wish to become, and are zealous to be benefactors of mankind: and I appeal for the vindication of my name to the *philosophic* world before whose tribunal I am feelingly alive; not caring, indeed, as many do, after pecuniary gains, which such attacks are intended to deprive me of. If I and my believers are indeed *mad*, I trust it is the madness of St. Paul, a *learned* conviction of the truth: I shall therefore proceed on with more cases confirming the practice.”

In the preface, I engaged to give the true state of the case respecting the two subjects, the pictures of which grace Dr. Rowley’s pamphlet, and which he details with such exultation as proofs of “Cow-pox malignity.” In the list of cases many others might likewise be pointed out equally devoid of foundation. I have taken the trouble to examine into several, and find that they are all discoloured.

and misrepresented—in most, great doubt exists, either of the recurrence of the Small-pox, or of the subjects having been constitutionally affected with the Cow-pock; in some, the Small-pox had been contracted previous to Vaccination, and in others no vaccine pustule had ever been produced; some were scrophulous, and some, cases of the itch; in short, I can entertain no doubt, that if a minute enquiry was made into all the cases, there could not be produced a more satisfactory evidence in favour of Vaccination, than this poor attempt to obstruct its progress would afford; I trust such an enquiry will be made, and it is with peculiar satisfaction I read in this morning's Post, a paragraph in the following words: "Dr. Thornton is about to publish, in a letter to Dr. Moseley, a most powerful attack on Dr. Rowley's late work on the Cow-pock. Dr. Thornton, as all the world allows, is fully adequate to the meritorious task, and the public will shortly be in possession of the truth respecting the numerous adverse cases reported by Dr. Rowley, which Dr. Thornton has already advertised have been upon investigation as far as it has advanced, wholly against Dr. Rowley." As Dr. Thornton is so much better qualified than myself to give a statement of these cases, I shall suppress the result of my enquiries which I had prepared for the press, and merely give a brief relation of those two which are mentioned in the preface, and first of Marianne Lewis, Case 88. The mother of the child states, that it was vaccinated at the Small-pox Hospital in *May* 1803; she thinks there were near two hundred vaccinated at the same time—*she never carried the child to be seen afterwards*; there was no regular pustule, a little sore which soon healed up without inflammation, was all that was produced. The child was particularly healthy till *April* 1804, when it had irruptions on the head and breast, which continued four months; she was then quite well again, and continued so till *May* last, when the irruption again

appeared and extended all over the body, it is now in a great measure healed again. The mother adds, " Dr. Rowley gave it as his opinion that the sore from inoculation was neither Cow-pock nor a Small-pox pustule, but something between both". Admitting, however, the child to have had the Cow-pock, which in the present case does not appear to have been the case, a comparison of dates will be sufficient to remove any charge against Vaccination as the *occasion* of the irruption, which did not appear till eleven months afterward. This must remind the reader of the story of " the grandmother's pin-cushion", and is certainly all the reply the *case* deserves. The next terrible " case" is that of the " ox-faced boy" No. 36, which, like the above, has been made the subject of a picture in Dr. Rowley's pretty book, and as it has no doubt been of great benefit to the sale, I would beg leave to hint to the humane and pious author, the propriety of his paying some small share of his promised attention to the parents of the boy, as they at present seem greatly dissatisfied: the father observed " Dr. Rowley promised to do something for the child, but has never been to see him since taking his *picture*." Mr. Jowles says his son was vaccinated *four or five years ago*, after which an irruption took place on the face and continued about a *month*, from which time, *till Christmas last*, he was very healthy; about that time two scrophulous tumours appeared on the face, and one on the arm: this case, which although the Doctor prudently avoids saying directly was the result of Vaccination, yet he evidently means to imply as much, by classing it under the head of " proofs and illustrations", and by placing the picture at the front of his pamphlet; is only called " the Cow-poxed, Ox-faced Boy", that is, a boy who, having been vaccinated, was visited four years afterward, by the terrible scrophulous affection which disfigured his face, and which

might, with equal propriety, have been termed *dumpling-faced*, as Ox-faced, but this would not have served the purpose so well; it might be owing to my want of knowledge in physiognomy, but I could not discern the smallest resemblance either of an Ox or a Cow in the original. Can a mere "nickname", given to the poor boy, have any effect with persons of even common understanding, much less can it be expected to prejudice those deep, penetrating, reasoning minds the Author appeals to? So far is Vaccination from causing scrophulous irruptions, that it has frequently been found to remove them. In proof of this, I should here quote several important instances from the writings of some of the most respectable of the medical profession, but these, as well as the result of my examination of Dr. Rowley's cases, are omitted in consequence of a persuasion that the Letter of Dr. Thornton will more ably perform the service.

That the Small-pox may in some instances have occurred after Vaccination, is by no means matter of astonishment, even were the fact incontrovertibly proved; for however Dr. R. may affect an ignorance of it, there are instances of the same kind even after Small-pox inoculation itself, still these scattering, solitary failures, have never been deemed a rational objection to the practice of variolation. But for a moment allowing *all* the suspicious cases to have actually *died*, what, let me ask, is the comparison between these, and the number of deaths even by *inoculated* Small-pox? take the most favourable calculation of 1 in 300, and will it not be found far to exceed all the cases of every description attempted to be produced against the Cow-pock?—It is acknowledged that the Cow-pock is not, however, either infectious, or mortal, in *any case*. Now, for the sake of argument, suppose that the "improved, new, refined, and successful method of inoculation", which Dr. ROWLEY so much insists upon, to possess all the advantage even himself could de-

mand---suppose not a single patient was ever lost; is his deduction legal, that this should supersede Vaccination? I am truly ashamed to hear a person, of his professed acquaintance with Small-pox, argue so weakly. Does he not know, that the great danger arising from Small-pox is owing to its infectious quality, and that although inoculation should be absolutely safe, yet that others are liable to take it from the inoculated subject? In consequence of this circumstance, does he not know, that, since the introduction of inoculation, the deaths by Small-pox have been *increased* instead of diminished? Why then does he continue to cant about humanity, reason, and *Religion* above all things, when his sole aim, in decrying vaccination, is evidently to recommend his private practice at the risk of the lives of his fellow-creatures? That this is his object I need only appeal to his own pamphlet. Before I conclude these remarks, I would ask this one question---If Dr. ROWLEY really meant what he spoke, when he calls vaccination "a new and apparently promising invention", why did he not, as a friend to so good a cause, at least try the merits of the new practice? What right had he (even supposing a total failure had ensued) to condemn it before a fair trial had been given? Surely he had no ground of reason from analogy, and he will not claim to himself any *prophetic* merit: Is this any argument in favour of his good sense, or his Humanity? Yet, now we find him assuming as much consequence, as if vaccination had failed in every instance, and he alone had been the great detector of its insufficiency. Why does he take so much pains to dilate upon every the most trifling circumstance of discouragement (which, as a man of Humanity, ought rather to excite sensations of regret than triumph), and, not content with a plain statement of facts, distort, pervert and colour them, till all resemblance of the simple original is lost? Let him answer this question to his own conscience before he attacks the motives

of others, who have been guided by the purest intentions of benefiting society, in eradicating the most loathsome pestilence that ever was permitted to visit man. Their labours may yet, by the blessing of Heaven, be crowned with ample success, and all the mistakes of early ignorance be in a short time completely guarded against; the first thing necessary for correcting a fault is to be sensible of its existence, and the scattering instances of doubtful or opposing evidence, may thus be the means of great and permanent benefit to the cause in general. What then becomes of the Doctor's laboured opposition? in what other light does it deserve to be regarded than that in which I have treated it in the preceding letters, a proof of insupportable vanity and self-conceit, in contradiction to the sentiments of the whole world, and undeserving a serious reply? In the end it must prove greatly to the advantage of Vaccination, that such objections have been made, for by this means every mistake is effectually detected, and practitioners enabled to remedy any errors they may have fallen into through want of greater experience, and its final triumph must be the more glorious, after having had to encounter and overcome such inveterate opposition from ignorance, interest, superstition, and prejudice. The firm supporters of the cause, will then look back with heart-felt satisfaction on their past labours, and receive the reward of public confidence and public gratitude they so richly merit, for their disinterested zeal and benevolent perseverance, while the insects of opposition shall be forgot, or only remembered from the trouble they have occasioned.

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