

Dr. Peacock read the paper
 Which described this powerful *fetish*,
 And in tone of voice commanding
 He directed all the doctors,
 All the doctors, French and English,
 To accept it as their *fetish*—
 As the true and only *fetish*
 That could “stamp out” the small-pox.
 All the doctors bowed their heads,
 Bowed their heads in humble worship
 All save ONE, who said he couldn’t—
 Said he wouldn’t—bow his head to any *fetish*,
 Bow his head to naught but TRUTH.
 Then the doctors made a rumpus ;
 Such a roaring, rousing rumpus,
 In which the dainty Peacock joined ;
 Strutting up and down the platform,
 Scolding like a market huckster,
 Crying out in fretful anger,
 It is Dr. A. M. Ross—(our Nemesis)—
 Who dares to doubt this mighty *fetish*—
 Dares to question and defy us