

Grew more destructive day by day,
 Slaughtering children by the score,
 Till eight hundred empty cradles
 Spoke in tones of solemn warning
 'Gainst the worship of a fetish ;
 Fetish powerless to save them
 From the dread disease small-pox.
 But the doctors and the papers
 More remorseless grew each day—
 In their purpose that the people
 Should *en masse* be vaccinated,
 Or they'd know the reason why.
 An old and barbarous law was found
 Suited to their brutal purpose :
 This the doctors brushed up, fixed up,
 And in working order got it,
 That they might break down the spirit
 Of the people who defied them—
 Who despised their filthy fetish.
 Then the vaccinating doctors
 Sang a song of joy and gladness,
 Rubbed their palms in expectation

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