

I studied medicine in the three universities of Greifswald, Goettingen, and Bonn from 1847-51; vegetated in Prussian prisons until 1853, and tried to practise medicine in Manchester, England. But Old England and I did not get on very well with one another—at least I did not—and since the end of 1853 I have enjoyed the always generous hospitality of my second and kinder motherland, the United States of America. That is all there is of *me*.

Some of you may be interested, however, in learning why any young man should study in three universities, in place of one, as is the custom with us. Part of the German universities date from the Middle Ages—those of Prague (1347), Vienna (1365), Heidelberg (1346), Cologne (1388), Erfurt (1392), both of the latter now extinct, from the fourteenth century. The more recent ones have readily adapted themselves to the inherited customs. The search of adventure, the eagerness to see distant or foreign parts, or the reputation of a famous teacher would draw hosts of young men away from their firesides and neighborhoods. A personal instance of that I may be permitted to mention. When I left the “Gymnasium” I knew the world from books—that is, not at all. A few miles adjoining my village and my college town formed my actual horizon. So I selected a university on account of its distance from my home. Even in that respect, however, I could not satisfy my longings to their fullest extent; for the two ends would not meet, that is, the fare between my village and Königsberg was excessive compared with my means.

Now, when I had been in Greifswald three semesters and had taken a bird's eye view of what medicine might imply, I felt the necessity of studying more chemistry, and pathological anatomy. You wonder, you men of the twentieth century, what I may mean. Now, at that time there was no Adami at Greifswald. There were, alongside of Vienna where Rokitansky taught, only two places in all Germany in which pathological anatomy could be learned. One of them was Würzburg, there was Virchow; the other was Goettingen, there was Frerichs. So to Goettingen I went in search of pathological anatomy. My notes of that year and my clumsy drawings I still esteem very highly. At the same time I looked for the advantages of chemical laboratory work under Wiggers and Woehler. You see, I have already mentioned to you names that will never disappear from the history of medicine. In Goettingen I remained a year only, on account of the inferiority of its clinical instruction.

Our senior professor of clinical medicine, for instance, was never satisfied until he tortured out of every patient the admission that some time or other he had taken a drink of cold water. A “cold drink” was his universal etiology. In that respect he was worse than even