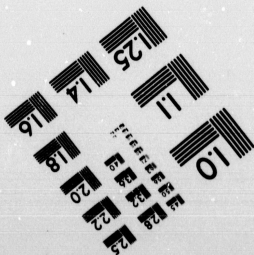
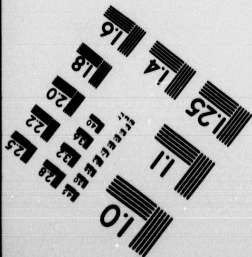
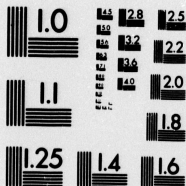


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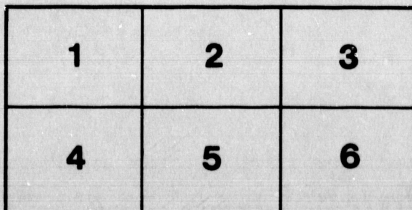
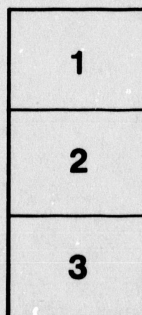
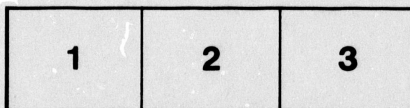
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PERSONALITY OF HAHNEMANN

— DELIVERED —

FEBRUARY 4th, 1892,

— BY —

CL. T. CAMPBELL, M. D., (H. H. C.)

*President of the Institute of Homeopathy, Ontario, Member of the Examining
Board of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario, Canada.*

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

HAHNEMANN SOCIETY

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The Personality of Hahnemann.*

I am not sure that the title given to my address is sufficiently distinctive, or sufficiently comprehensive, or if it be only suggestive. But I do know that if we think of Hahnemann at all, his personality must occupy a great share of our attention, for it is a most prominent feature of his life and work.

Have you ever noticed how few of our friends and acquaintances have any distinct personality? Take away from neighbor A his wealth, from B his social rank, from C his wife's relations, from D his political influence in the corner grocery, from E his tailor's skill, and what is left? What remains behind all the accessories of social circumstances by which we will remember him when death strips off the perishable garb in which Time dresses men? But Hahnemann had such a distinct personality,—shining out, clearly defined, so that we see the man himself, not in his time dress, but in his eternal character; a personality so marked that we realize at a glance how lasting the impression such an one must make on his contemporaries—and on posterity—no matter what branch of science he studied, or what calling he pursued. There have been, and there are to-day, men of this kind; but at the time in which Hahnemann appeared just such an one was needed in the field of medicine. It was a period of ignorance, doubt and confusion. Systems of medicine, so called, there were in abundance. Stoll in Germany (1742-1788) had popularized an evacuant method, founded on the theory that most diseases were due to gastric impurities; and Kampf at the same time carried this idea to its logical conclusion, and for all

*Delivered before the Hahnemann Society of the Homœopathic Hospital College, February 4th, 1892.

diseases had one remedy—the clyster—to be administered daily for months if necessary, some of his patients having taken over 5,000 injections before they finally recovered. Brown had many followers who placed implicit confidence in the theory of irritability, classifying all diseases into the sthenic and the asthenic, and prescribing depleting or stimulating remedies as the case might require. Shelling and his friends adopted a theory of what they termed “natural philosophy,” describing the processes of health and disease in language more learned than intelligible, yet claiming for their theory, in the words of Steffins, that it “has the priority of knowledge, for it is the knowledge of knowledge, and must be regarded as potentized knowledge.” Then there were the advocates of chemical treatment, who found the sources of all physical ills in the disturbance of chemical processes, and their treatment in the application of chemical compounds. Some physicians adopted a theory, and clung to it, despite all consequences, as tenaciously as the immortal Dr. Sangrado before them. A greater number changed from one theory to another, and ran the gamut of all methods. They certainly had a large variety to select from in each case. Hahnemann himself in his paper on “The present want of Foreign Medicines” (see Lesser Writings), attempted to catalogue the various plans which offered themselves to the physician: “The method of treating diseases by scouring out the stomach and bowels; the method of treatment which aims its medicinal darts at imaginary acridities and impurities in the blood, and other humors, at cancerous, rachitic, scrofulous, gouty, herpetic, and scorbutic acridities; the method of treatment that presupposes in most diseases a species of fundamental morbid action, such as dentition, or derangement of the biliary system, or hemorrhoids, or infarctus, or obstruction of the mesenteric glands, or worms, and directs the treatment against these; the method which imagines it has always to do with debility, and conceives it is bound to stimulate, and re-stimulate (which they call strengthen), the method which regards the diseased body as a mere chemically decomposed mass, which must be restored to the proper chemical condition by chemical antidotes—nitrogenous, oxygenous, hydrogenous; another method that supposes diseases to have no other originating cause but mucosities; another that sees only the inspissation of the juices; and yet another that thinks it has only to combat putridity,” and

so on. Others amalgamated all methods, as Puchelt, writing in Hufeland's Journal, some years later (1819): "We live now," he says, "in a time in which most systems are blended and united. The mechanical and chemical views of the organism have united, and are subordinated to, or collocated with, the dynamico-vital view. The humoral and solidary theories are amalgamated, and have resolved themselves into the idea of the reciprocal action of the solid and fluid portions of the organism. The evacuating and stimulating, depleting and fortifying, and many other conflicting methods of treatment, dwell peacefully side by side in general therapeutics, and mutually limit one another. All are used by our contemporaries in various diseases, though one may prefer one method—another, another."

Let Hahnemann himself describe the medical science of his day, as it appeared to him after he had investigated it from Alpha to Omega: "An elaborate house of cards; a thing altogether opposed to nature and experience; a tissue of guesses and assumptions; a mere nullity; a pitiful self-delusion; * * * which labors under the curse of not being what it pretends to be—unable to do what it promises to do."

More than two thousand years had passed since the days of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, and the medical generation of the twentieth century was no wiser than that of the first. Some of the ablest and best of men in every age had been engaged in practicing medicine and in teaching medicine. To it had been given the talents of the wise; the gold of the wealthy; the patronage of the powerful. But while there had been motion and commotion, there had been no progress. And if the great physician of Cos could have been re-incarnated in Vienna or Leipsic, in London or Paris, in the days of which we speak, he would have been a better physician than any of his descendants, with the experience of twenty centuries at their command. What was the cause of this barrenness? It may with justice, I think, be attributed largely to the influence of that philosophy which dominated all intellectual life from the days when Socrates talked and Plato wrote, all down the ages until Bacon pointed out a better way, and led into more fruitful fields—a philosophy which, it has been epigrammatically said, "disdained to be useful and was content to be stationary." It was a philosophy which exploited in words, but was barren in deeds. A philosophy of dialectics,

whose weapons were syllogisms, whose battlefield was the academy, whereon victories were won in verbose disputations which commenced anew as soon as they were ended. A philosophy of the treadmill, going round and round, but never forward. The philosophy of Tartarus, wherein weary Sisyphus ever rolls the same recoiling stone, and thirsty Tantalus clutches in vain at the receding clusters. This philosophy dominated all science, and permeated all intellectual life, until Bacon taught a philosophy of utility and of progress. It influenced and controlled the teachers of medicine as of all other branches of learning; and it need be no matter of surprise that all movement in medicine was by way of the treadmill, and not by way of the straight road that leads to some definite goal. And with all the diversities of medical belief and medical practice, the system of medical ethics corresponded. "A savage partisan spirit," says a writer, (Professor Roose, in 1803; Harris' Archiv. Med., Erf., III. p. 1) "has taken possession of many minds, and seems to be spreading universally. Physicians split into sects, every one of which embitters the other by violent and often unfounded contradictions. Dogmatism and a persecuting spirit are becoming common among physicians, and are only distinguished from the dogmatism and persecution of enraged religious sects in former times by being fortunately powerless to arm the secular authorities with fire and sword against their adversaries."

So intensely ignorant were the bulk of medical practitioners, that they failed to realize their ignorance—having reached that lowest moral plane whereon stands the man who does not know,—and does not know that he does not know. Here and there one had mounted a little higher, and had his eyes sufficiently opened to recognize darkness, like Girtanner,* who declared that "as the healing art has no fixed principles, as nothing is demonstrated clearly in it, every physician has the right to follow his own opinions. When there is no question of real knowledge, where every one is only guessing, one opinion is as good as another. In the dense Egyptian darkness of ignorance in which physicians are groping their way, not even the faintest ray of light has penetrated, by means of which they can see their

*Ausführliche Darstellung des Brownishen System. Göttingen, 1798. II. pp. 608, 610.

course." A century has passed since Girtanner wrote, and you will find not a few physicians of the Old School who are not yet out of the slough of medical agnosticism. Just imagine yourselves back on the earth in one of its earlier stages of development viewing the forms of life from the shores of a palaeozoic sea. See what a variety of *outré* shapes! There is a sponge-like creature, whose whole existence is spent in alternate sucking-in and squirting-out; and there the rotifer swings around on its own axis, always pursuing and never overtaking. The mollusk crawls slowly over its sandy bed, tentatively projecting itself from its shell, but at the approach of anything novel quickly retreating under its calcareous roof, while his little neighbor, the octapod cuttle-fish, as promptly hides itself in the darkness of its own secretions. The zoophyte seems to float on the surface; but though it moves with every undulation of the water, yet its roots cling to the sea-bed, and there is always motion but no progress. Over the land crawl saurian forms, while semi-erect mammalia bend towards the earth, yet turn their faces upward at times, as though their eyes would catch gleams of more light than the earth reflects. Then, at once, almost with the suddenness of a new creation, if such a thing were possible, a fully developed vertebrate being appears, standing erect, and capable of no other posture, because it is fashioned and framed to stand and move in that way, and in no other. Such was the advent of Hahnemann in the world of medical science.

During the last century there lived a porcelain painter by the name of Hahnemann in the little town of Meissen, in Saxony. Not a very notable man in any way; industrious, intelligent, honest, I should think, but certainly not a rich man, nor one of any special rank in his community. To this man and his wife came their first-born on the 10th April, 1755, to whom they gave the name Samuel Christian Frederick,—to be known in after years as Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, the originator of the great reform in medicine.

Of the childhood of Hahnemann record tells but little, and that little of no consequence. Not many great men were great in their boyhood. In their school days they might show signs of the coming greatness, show it not so much in any wonderful works they might perform, as in those indications of character which in after times achieve greatness. Energetic it may be

truthfully said was Hahnemann in his school days, else had he not persisted in spite of domestic difficulties and lack of pecuniary means to pursue his studies. And if he gave signs therein of his coming greatness, it was only as the industrious school boy, eager to acquire knowledge and to cultivate his talents, gives unmistakable evidence of an intelligent perseverance that is fruitful of great things. Doubtless he was a school boy who was not content with memorizing by rote, and learning his allotted task and no more. But a boy whose books were not closed when school hours were over; who preferred to get a little more of his lesson rather than a little less; a boy who was not satisfied with memorizing simply, but who wanted to know the why and the wherefore of that which he learned. Many a time he must have questioned and questioned again his teachers, almost wearying them it may be with his pertinacity; and yet delighting them as teachers are always delighted with earnest scholars. And they showed their appreciation of his industry; for while his father, unable to provide the means to continue his education, would have taken him away from school, and apprenticed him to his own trade, the teachers prevented it by remitting his fees during the last eight years of his school life, and by utilizing his services, thus giving him the opportunity his father's circumstances would not allow. At the age of 12 he was employed in teaching classics, so that his long life of labor continued from the age of 12 to that of 88; for he was in active service up to a few weeks from the date of his death—76 years of work.

In 1775 Hahnemann finished his preliminary course at school and entered upon the study of medicine in Leipsic. His father gave him his blessing and thirty thalers, the last money he ever received from that source. Henceforth he had to fight his own battle; and he fought it—at Leipsic, at Vienna, and at Erlangen, where he graduated in 1779. His student life was not one of pleasure and amusement. We never hear of his being out with the boys all night—painting the town red, as is the custom of students in all ages. There was no drinking, no dicing, no duelling for him. There could not be; he had neither money to purchase, nor time to sow any wild oats. All his spare moments were given to work which could provide an income, teaching and translating. His professors, like the teachers of his earlier days, remitted their fees to the earnest student, whose energy and in-

telligence gave such promise for the future. While at Vienna, Von Quarin, the emperor's physician, became his special friend and patron, and secured for him the position of librarian and resident physician to the governor of Transylvania, and thus he was enabled to secure the means of supporting himself and pursuing his studies in medicine and chemistry. A hard life, you will say, for the young student, but a successful one, in that he attained wisdom and experience, which for one in his circumstances could be obtained no other way. A lesson here of encouragement and warning to the student of all times. Money and comfortable surroundings are good things to have; but poverty is the fire that tries the gold. In this age, and on this continent, more than in any other time or place, the ambitious young man can lift himself out of his circumstances and can attain all the education which money and rank can procure. But he must work and not waste the golden days of opportunity in idleness and dissipation. The disciple of Minerva cannot enter the service of Venus or of Bacchus. By his own untiring energy the poor student Hahnemann acquired the knowledge that fitted him to be the apostle of a new dispensation in science, and through his own efforts he reached a pinnacle of fame whereon he stands alone for all time. To-day the name of Hahnemann is known wherever medicine is practiced in the civilized world; but who knows where lived or when died, the wealthier contemporaries of Hahnemann, whose names were entered upon the same university lists with his?

In 1779, Hahnemann received his degree, and now we find him settled in practice. Or, rather, I should say, "unsettled." He went to Hettstadt, in Saxony; from thence to Dessau; next to Gommern; and then to Dresden; back to Leipsic; from there elsewhere, to innumerable places; and again to Leipsic, where he remained, until professional prejudice drove him out. I do not think that during the lengthened period of his Wanderjahre, Hahnemann could be called a popular physician. The fact was, he did not have the qualifications for a popular doctor. The physician of those days was supposed to be a very learned man,—and generally was, except in medicine. His business, apparently, was to dress soberly, look wisely, act gravely, talk learnedly,—and pocket his fees with dignity. So far as treating diseases was concerned, his line of practice involved the necessity of putting drugs of which he knew little into bodies of which he knew less,

—sometimes in accordance with the fanciful theories of the day, sometimes in accordance with whims of his own. Why he did what he did, and why he left undone what he did not do, concerned him very little; and if he wanted to live a comfortable life he allowed them to concern him not at all. Perhaps the greatest weakness of so-called medical science in those days was servile imitation. Slavish submission to recognized authorities characterized the average physician. Bound in the fetters of dogmatic assertion he stumbled through life, trying to plant his uncertain feet in the footsteps of those he accepted as his masters; preferring that his patient should die according to rule rather than be cured by unauthorized measures; and opposing heresy more vigorously than he opposed disease. Travelers tell us that in the Fiji Islands when a chief marches forth, followed in single file by his soldiers, should he stumble and fall, every soldier immediately stumbles and falls; and if one should forget himself and stand upright, he is promptly clubbed to death by his more loyal fellows. But Hahnemann was not a Fijian. He declined to follow any leader in file and loyally stumble whenever his leader tripped. And though his fellows tried to apply the Fijian discipline, they could not club him into submission or silence. He could not believe simply because some one else believed; he could not do simply because some one else had done. He wanted a reason for his creed, and for his work. He wanted evidence of the truth before he would accept anything as true.

A century and a half before his time, a great philosopher issued to the world his "Discourse on the Method of Using the Reason, and of Seeking Scientific Truth." The central idea of his philosophy was, as a necessary accompaniment of the earnest search for truth, to give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted. Hahnemann had adopted for his mode of practice in scientific pursuits, the doctrine of Des Cartes, and wanted to know before he would believe; and would believe only what he knew.

Hahnemann was no quack. The quack has been defined to be "a boastful pretender to a knowledge he does not possess." There are two varieties of the creature in the profession to-day, as in all days; the self-conscious quack, who is a knave; and the unconscious quack, who is a fool. Hahnemann had the charac-

teristics of neither. He boasted of no knowledge he did not possess; no skill he had not acquired. He uttered his belief in nothing but that which he was assured he knew. He condemned nothing of whose falsity he had not been convinced by the evidence. And to all students of science I commend the spirit of Hahnemann; before all I hold up the Cartesian basis of faith. For practical, every-day life it is sometimes necessary to tacitly accept certain ideas as correct; to admit the possible existence of certain reputed facts. But give unqualified assent nowhere, and to no thing, unless convinced by incontrovertible evidence of its truth; deny the truth of no statement of theory or fact, unless your own researches have assured you it is false. Believe nothing simply because someone in authority has said it. The true Hahnemannian has the independent spirit of Hahnemann, and will not accept even the assertions of Hahnemann himself, until he has found by his own investigation and experience that they are true. Where circumstances have not enabled him to decide for himself, he must remain an agnostic. Not a contented agnostic; but an agnostic striving ever to raise himself out of the darkness of agnosticism; content only not to know so long as he is unable to know. For the fashionable physicians of his time, Hahnemann has nothing but pity and contempt; and did not hesitate to express it. What he thought of their unscientific practice may be best judged from the fact that in one of his writings during this time he declares "the bungling of physicians" to be "the most fruitful cause of death." And he vigorously attacked the teaching of the time. "The old teachers of materia medica," he says, "with their puerilities, vagaries, old wives' tales and falsities, are venerated as authorities, even in the most recent times—with a few exceptions—and neither the originators nor their weak disciples deserve to be spared. We must forcibly sever ourselves from these deified oracles if we wish to shake off the yoke of ignorance and credulity in the most important department of medical medicine."* But he was no idle Diogenes, who squatted in his tub and railed at his contemporaries. He pursued his medical practice conscientiously, so far as his knowledge went. But not slavishly. His originality showed itself in his practice; as, for example, when, in opposition to the universal custom of

*Cullen, II. p. 58.

chaining up lunatics as if they were criminals, he treated and cured a prominent literary man without violence or restraint; declaring that "these sufferers are always rendered worse by rough treatment and never better." He was thus the first to introduce rational and humane treatment of insanity. He devoted special attention to hygiene. He may indeed be called the pioneer hygienist of modern times; for there is more on this subject to be found in one of his lesser writings* than in all the writings of all the medical authors of his time, and for thirty years after.

Nor was he an obscure physician, unknown to his contemporaries. Even in his younger years of uncertainty and doubt his professional standing might have satisfied a more than average man. Says a biographer—Brunnow—"Even in the beginning of his career as a physician he succeeded in achieving many splendid cures by his simple method of treatment, and wherever he went he carried with him the reputation of a careful and successful practitioner." The German medical journals of the period have frequent references to him as a capable physician of widely extended fame. And Hufeland, the leading physician of that day, and in his own country, calls him, "A man whose services to our art are sufficiently important . . . one of the most distinguished physicians of Germany . . . a physician of matured experience and reflection." In his unsatisfied searchings after medical truth, he explored the realms of chemistry with results which gave him a reputation as one of the most accomplished scientists of his day. His works on arsenic; on the adulteration of wines; on tests for metals; on the soluble mercury to which his name was subsequently given; and the innumerable articles from his pen in the scientific journals of his time, stamped him an original and practical thinker. "A great chemist he would have been," said Berzelius, in after days, "if he had not been a great quack"—the involuntary homage of a prejudiced opponent. He found time for translating, with free notes, many of the leading text-books; and in not a few cases the translations were more valuable than the original works.

Let me give you an illustration (for which I am indebted to Ameke's History of Homœopathy) which may give some idea of his industry, and of his learning.

*Guide to the Treatment of Ulcers.

In the year 1784 Hahnemann translated Demachy's "Art of Manufacturing Chemical Products." Demachy was one of the first chemists of the day. His work was considered a very valuable one; and was translated into several languages. It is not known now, of course; because it was full of the errors of the times, and has long since been superseded. But it was a textbook a century ago. Of Hahnemann's translation, Crell's *Annalen*, the leading chemical journal of Germany, said: "The work has fallen into the hands of a writer who has improved and perfected it. . . . Dr. Hahnemann has added a great many notes of his own, by which the scope of this work has been increased, and its errors corrected, etc. Let us see how far this eulogy is borne out. In addition to translating the text, Ameke says that Hahnemann has added notes citing ten authors on the subject of the preparation of antimonials; and quotes a number of works on lead, quicksilver, camphor, succinic acid and borax. Where D. remarks that he knows no works on the carbonification of turf, H. mentions six; where D. speaks of a rare Italian book, H. gives further details concerning it; where D. speaks of a French analyst without giving his name, H. adds the name of the author and of his book; D. mentions a celebrated German doctor, and H. is able to give the name, work, passage referred to; and so in many other cases. In numerous places he gives more precise information in explanation of the text, and gives fuller details of the chemical reaction. Under the head of distillation he gives practical details which improve on Demachy's methods, he describes an areometer of his own invention. He describes an improvement on Demachy's method of increasing flame where there is not a proper current of air. He gives directions to the mason and the potter for special retorts. He gives precise directions as to how hearths and grates should be made, and of what height they should be, and how the fire is to be regulated. He shows himself well acquainted with the manufacture of chemicals in other countries; and corrects Demachy in several particulars. He gives full information as to pit coal and coke in England. He introduces new tests for several metals and acids; and so on. And this was his method with all his translations. He touched nothing without improving it. He translated no book in which he did not make it perfectly plain that he knew as much about the subject as the original author; and in many cases much more.

Let it be remembered, also, that in acquiring the knowledge necessary for this great labor Hahnemann was at a disadvantage compared with most of the authors he translated. They were generally learned professors, who had at their disposal college laboratories and apparatus; sometimes they had government money at their disposal. Hahnemann had none of this. He was a private physician; a comparatively poor man; dependent upon his daily work for his daily bread; experimenting with very imperfect machinery in the intervals snatched from professional toil. And yet with all these disadvantages, he showed himself in every branch of learning and of science the equal, even the superior of experts and specialists.

His labor was appreciated by his contemporaries. Read Ameke's History of Homœopathy, and see the long list of quotations from the scholars and scientists of his time, who gave him ungrudging praise for his investigations and discoveries. Even Hufeland, already quoted, while opposing Homœopathy, could speak of Hahnemann as "one of the most distinguished, gifted and original of physicians," one "who has given proof in many of his earlier writings of a grand philosophical acumen, and of a rare power of observation." To those who think this man was a theoriser or a charlatan, let this be the answer: that no one showing the characteristics he showed in the practical nature of his scientific pursuits, could ever degenerate into what some of his enemies long afterwards charged him with being. In all things he showed himself, then and always, the practical man. Showed it even in marrying a good, sensible woman. For amid his many occupations he found time to get married. He realized that even the student of science needs the support and aid of a wife. Perhaps he turned to matrimony as a hoped-for recompense for his disappointments in medicine. Henrietta Kuchler, the lady he married in 1783, made him a good wife, in so far as she became the efficient manager of his domestic affairs; though possibly not in all things a congenial spirit. She was a practical woman. I do not suppose she took as lively an interest in his views on medical and scientific questions as he might have desired. She was rather a type of the sensible housewife, who tries to make the best of what is, without aspiring to higher ideals. Philosophers' wives sometimes get a bad name because they do not enter into the higher aspirations of their husbands. But they do not al-

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ways deserve the censures they receive. Perhaps they have a hard time of it, when their husbands persist in mounting up to the higher altitudes, regardless of the very important affairs of every-day life. The wife has to get the dinner ready; and the husband does not always provide the beef and potatoes. If she cannot climb up to the philosopher's attic, the husband will not come down to the kitchen floor, and take his share of her domestic worries. Socrates' pupils tell some hard tales about Xantippe; but we have never heard her side of the story. If she plagued him by her active tongue, no doubt he more than repaid the debt by his philosophic indifference to sublunary affairs. But however it may have been in Hahnemann's case, and whatever his pupils may have said, he never speaks other than most kindly and affectionately of his wife, thus setting a good example to all of us who think ourselves the intellectual superiors of our wives, and who may be inclined to forget how much we are indebted to them for the domestic happiness we enjoy. It is very nice to have a Martha who will sit at our feet and gather the words of wisdom that fall from our lips; but when dinner time comes we would be in a sad plight were it not for the Mary who has been supervising the *cuisine*.

But to return from this digression: Hahnemann, collecting facts, and interrogating them, as a student should, at last found the answer. Over the darkness of medical chaos light began to dawn. You all know the story, how, somewhere about 1790, translating Cullen, he was struck with the contradictory statements made concerning quinine; how he determined to find out for himself the action of the drug on the healthy organism; how he proved it, and found the symptoms of intermittent fever. Did he at once jump to conclusions—develop a theory—proclaim a dogma—and then begin a search for more facts to support it? That was not his method. He continued to investigate; he proved drugs on himself and his friends; he accumulated facts; and not until 1796, in an article in *Hufeland's Journal*, "On a New Principle for Discovering the Curative Power of Drugs," did he announce the law *Similia Similibus Curantur*. And let it be noticed that in his first utterances regarding his new system, Hahnemann acted according to a well-recognized principle of medical ethics. He spoke first to his own profession. His announcement was made in the leading medical periodical—*Hufeland's Journal*.

And he continued that plan until the persecution of his contemporaries relieved him from all obligation. His first provings were published in Latin ; the first edition of the *Organon* was for physicians only. And that is a principle upon which the true physician will ever act. The accumulated fund of medical experience—be it much or little—has been placed freely at our disposal. Our grateful acknowledgments are shown by contributing to the general fund all that we may find. If we have discovered a new remedy, if we have invented a new appliance, if we have developed a new theory, to our own profession it must be submitted for their judgment, and if approved, for their service. An appeal to the laity is ever the first resort of the charlatan ; the last resource of the scientist.

Hahnemann, I have said, did not rush into print the moment he thought he saw new light in the treatment of disease. Six years passed before he announced his "New Principle ;" twenty years passed before he published his more matured ideas in the "*Organon* ;" twenty-eight years before their complete development in the book on "*Chronic Diseases*." All this time he was studying, enquiring, experimenting, accumulating facts. For he was a practical man ; not a theorizer. He gathered up facts ; arranged them ; questioned them ; practiced medicine in accordance with them, and only made up theories afterwards to account for the facts. He found by investigation that the medicine that would promptly antagonize a disease was the medicine which produced upon the healthy person symptoms similar to that disease ; and thereupon he developed his theory of Homœopathy. He found that small and still smaller doses were more efficacious than the dose of ordinary practice ; and on this fact he developed his theory of potentization and dynamization. After experience in the treatment of diseases of long standing, he gathered up certain other facts ; and on these he based his theory of chronic diseases. Always it was the practical first—the theoretical afterwards. Let him speak for himself on this matter, in the preface to the *Organon* : "Facts and Experience," he says, "must be at the root of all revelations of truth. If we take a single step outside the region of observation, we shall find ourselves in the infinite kingdom of fantasy and arbitrary assumption—the parent of disastrous delusion and of absolute nothingness." To demand evidence in accordance with the Cartesian philosophy ; to accu-

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multate facts, and draw conclusions from facts only, as taught by Bacon ; these constituted the cardinal principles upon which Hahnemann attempted to base his doctrines. And though he may have made mistakes, as fallible men will ; though he may sometimes have accepted as evidence what proved to be false evidence, and as facts what were not facts, yet the methods of his mental operations were based on true principles—the principles which must guide every student of science, if he would seek truth only, and would be satisfied with nothing but truth.

The first announcement of the doctrines of Homœopathy was received with a fair measure of respectful attention by the profession. While many criticised and objected, yet Hahnemann's reputation as a scientist was too great for his opinion to be treated with contempt, or opposed with malice. But this did not continue. As his views developed and his convictions of their truth strengthened, he became impatient with the professional conservatism which hesitated to receive the new gospel of medicine. He replied sharply to his critics ; gave back blow for blow and usually with interest added ; “ carried the war into Africa ;” converted his defensive movements into attacks ; and thus each party to the contest became more embittered. Meanwhile the druggists urged on the fight. Hahnemann had not only repeatedly pointed out the incompetence of this class, and proved their too common practice of adulteration ; he decided to prepare his own medicines. If his views were adopted, all physicians would do the same. Like the silversmiths of Ephesus, the druggists saw with alarm that their craft was in danger and stimulated the opposition by all means in their power. So the war went on. Not only the candid and honest criticism of the intelligent physicians, but the envy of the small men, the professional jealousy of local practitioners, the stupid malice of the ignorant, all fanned by the sordid virulence of the apothecaries, swept in a cyclone around Hahnemann and his followers. The chasm between the new school and the old grew wider each day, and when the persecution culminated by the apothecaries invoking the aid of an old law which forbade physicians making up their own prescriptions, and drove him out of Leipsic, the chasm had become unbridgeable. Had Hahnemann been more tolerant of the errors and absurdities of medical practice, he might not have met with the same opposition from the profession. Had

he simply added on Homœopathy to the innumerable theories of the day, and only claimed for it that it was *a* method, and not *the* method of cure, it is quite probable it might have been accepted to that extent. But how could he? It is the very nature of truth to have no toleration for error. There are no degrees of comparison for the adjective "true." A thing must be either true or not true. If it be true, then it cannot tolerate the untrue; there can be no compromise with error. Compromises in politics are said to be necessary at times; but compromises in science must be always unsatisfactory, for the reason that a scientific truth cannot compromise with an unscientific error. Compromises of this kind have been thus illustrated: two men differ in regard to a mathematical proposition, one maintains that 2 and 2 make 4, the other that 2 and 2 make 6; they finally compromise and agree that 2 and 2 equal 5. Truth can only compromise with error, to speak in paradox, when error corrects itself in the light of truth, and becomes true. There can be no compromise between the New School in Medicine and the Old School, until the Old School adopts the principles and practices of the New. Hahnemann realized himself that the situation called for emphatic utterances. In 1808, in one of his lesser writings, he says: "It must some time or other be boldly and publicly said, so let it now be boldly and frankly said before the whole world, that our art requires a thorough reform from top to bottom. What should not be done is done; and what is essential is utterly neglected. The evil has come to such a pitch that the well-meant mildness of a John Huss is no longer of any use, but the fiery zeal of a stalwart Luther is required to clear away this monstrous leaven. * * * O that it were mine to direct the better portion of the medical world who can feel for the sufferings of their fellow creatures, and long to know how they may relieve them, to those purer principles which lead directly to the desired goal." Perhaps if Hahnemann had been a milder mannered man, if he had not expressed his opinion in such strong terms, and condemned medical error so vigorously, if he had not been so dogmatic, intolerant, bigoted, if you choose so to call it, he would have had a more pleasant time with his contemporaries. But he could not have done other than he did, because he was not constructed that way. His moral anatomy was perfectly developed, in that he possessed

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those two necessary structures, without which no man is fully equipped for the work of life, he had both a head and a backbone. And if it had been possible for him to have acted other than he did, Homœopathy would not have attained its present standing. It requires a man with the characteristics of Hahnemann to be a successful agitator against ignorance and evil, a man of strong feelings, unshaken convictions, determined will, and emphatic utterance. A reformer cannot be a limber-backed, thin-muscled, tender-voiced, kid-gloved man. Remember this, you who may be inclined to criticise Hahnemann, or even our own pioneers on this continent, because of the roughness, bitterness, arrogance even, which may have characterized him and them. If we have not to suffer the persecution our medical fathers suffered, if we have not to contend with the invincible ignorance and malicious bigotry that opposed them, it is because their emphatic intolerance of error, their uncompromising support of truth, made the reforms they advocated possible, and smoothed the pathway for our feet. And yet with all his apparent arrogance, Hahnemann was possessed of that true spirit of humility which controls every earnest student. "No encomiums of me," he wrote to his friend Stapf, "I feel myself to be nothing more than a plain, straight-forward man, who merely tries to do his duty." And, on his death-bed, to the sympathizing wife, who could not understand why Divine Providence should permit one who had relieved so much suffering to be himself so great a sufferer, he could say: "Why should I expect exemption from suffering? Every one works according to the gifts and powers he has received from Providence, and *more* or *less* are words used only at the judgment seat of man. Providence owes me nothing; I owe it much, yes, everything." Nor was there in him any feeling of personal animosity towards those whose practices he condemned. The men he rather pitied, when he could not respect, their deeds only he attacked. To a young physician (Schreter, of Lemberg, in 1829) who had been inveighing warmly against his medical opponents, he wrote advising him to moderate his language. "No good result," he wrote, "will come of it. You put yourself out of temper by it—a most undesirable state of mind. Rather compassionate the poor, blind, infatuated creatures; it is mortification enough for them to be unable to accomplish anything valuable. Just leave them alone and go

along in the path of rectitude. Be honorable in your practice without allowing yourself to be led astray. You will then have the blessing of a good conscience, and can live your own life cheerfully and happily in privacy."

But he could afford to possess his soul in peace, for he had unbounded confidence in the success of his doctrine. He knew it was true, and he knew that the truth must and would prevail. Writing to Stapf in 1815 he said: "Our art requires no political lever, no worldly decorations in order to become something. It grows gradually, at first unrecognized, surrounded as it is by all manner of weeds which luxuriate around it, from an insignificant acorn to a sapling; soon its summit will overreach the rank weeds. Patience! It is striking deep its roots into the earth; it is increasing its strength imperceptibly but all the more surely, and will in its own time grow into an oak of God which, no longer to be shaken by storms, spreads out its branches into all regions, that suffering humanity may be healed under its beneficent shade."

Driven out of Leipsic by the apothecaries, Hahnemann accepted a position as hofrath and physician to his old friend and client, the Duke of Anhalt-Coethen. And in his new home at Coethen, from 1821 to 1835, he lived happily, pursuing his studies as indefatigably as ever, but surrounded by an able and devoted band of assistants, including members of his own family. Here he had the respect and love of court and people; here he suffered the saddest bereavement that can come to any man—the death on the 30th of March, 1831, of the woman who had been his partner in adversity and in prosperity for 46 years, and here he comforted himself in his bereavement, as some men will and can, by a second marriage. Here in Coethen he was the popular as well as the successful physician. But he did not on that account adopt a slovenly and careless method of work. His treatment of every case submitted to him was the typical Homœopathic treatment. Cautiously he investigated the condition of his patient and recorded the symptoms. Between 30 and 40 folio volumes in his own handwriting, it is said, contained the records of his practice. An allopathic sneak of his time relates with great glee how he called on Hahnemann, pretending to be ill, and how he was carefully examined [and questioned and all the supposed symptoms noted—the process lasting about an hour

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—until the master, evidently suspecting a fraud from internal evidence, put a stop to the farce by demanding a large fee, whereupon the *pseudo*-patient sneaked out. But this thorough examination was always his method. He was not content with subjective symptoms alone, though he estimated them highly and gave them a significance they never had before; but he wanted all the symptoms—internal as well as external—objective as well as subjective. He did not despise pathology—which is but symptomatology of abnormal structure and function—he wanted the “totality of the symptoms.” And only a skilled pathologist could see clearly the symptoms inside as well as those outside. He did not neglect the cause of the disease. “Never mind the cause,” say some, “if you only see the symptoms clearly.” Not so thought Hahnemann. These are his words in the *Organon*: “The physician must avail himself of all the particulars he can learn, both respecting the probable origin of the acute malady and the most significant points in the history of the chronic diseases, to aid him in the discovery of their fundamental cause.” (Sec. 5.) And again in his work on Chronic Diseases (Hempel’s edition, 1845, vol. 1, p. 52): “The first duty of the physician who appreciates the dignity of his character and the value of human life is to inquire into the whole condition of the patient, the cause of the disease, etc.”

Thus, having ascertained the cause of the disease, inquired into the condition of the patient and noted the totality of the symptoms, he selected as his remedy that article in the *materia medica* whose recorded action on the healthy subject most clearly pictured the diseased condition he was about to treat. And that is the method of all true Homœopathsists—of all true Hahnemannians—to-day.

Was he always successful? it may be asked. Of course not. His success was astonishing; but he had his failures like all other physicians. How could it be otherwise? Admitting that Homœopathy, correctly applied, will cure every diseased state, the fact remains that in our day, and much more in his, the Homœopathic *Materia Medica* is incomplete. There are thousands of medicinal substances in nature, each one homœopathic to some congeries of symptoms, which have never been proven. And Hahnemann had even less material to work with than we have. So he had his failures; and his enemies took good care to

publish them. And he made his mistakes, as all fallible men will. Take a notable example: In 1800 he thought he discovered, in the decomposition of borax, a new element, to which he gave the name of alkali-pneum. He was mistaken; it was only borax after all. But as soon as his mistake was pointed out by other chemists and confirmed by himself he published a long explanatory article, freely admitting his error; and, having sold some of his supposed alkali, he caused the money to be refunded. Chemists more noted than Hahnemann were making similar mistakes in those early days of the science; but Hahnemann stands almost alone in this—that he was always ready to confess his mistakes. Truth was his goal. It mattered not to him if his own reputation suffered so the goal was reached.

But his mistakes and failures were trifling as the spots which the keen eye detects on the surface of the sun but which cannot dim its brightness.

What was the personal appearance of Hahnemann? it may be asked. Let Brunnow,* who was admitted to intimate social relations with his family, describe him in his 62nd year. "Silvery locks surrounded his lofty, thoughtful brow, beneath which his intelligent eyes flashed forth with piercing fire. His whole face had a calm inquiring, grand expression; only at times did the expression of a delicate humor replace that of deep earnestness which indicated that he had gone through many troubles and struggles. His bearing was upright, his gait firm, his movements alert, like those of a man of thirty. When he went out he dressed quite simply, in a dark-colored surtout, and breeches and boots. In his own room, however, he liked to wear a brightly-flowered dressing gown, yellow slippers and black velvet cap. His long pipe was seldom out of his hand, and this indulgence in tobacco was the only relaxation from his abstemious mode of life. His drink was water, milk, and white beer; his food extremely frugal. His whole domestic arrangements were as simple as his food and his dress. * * * When the day's work was done, Hahnemann was accustomed to recruit himself from the hours of eight to ten by conversation in a familiar circle of friends. All his friends and pupils had free access to him, and were happy and cheerful while smoking and drinking white beer. In the middle of the listening

*Ein Blick auf Hahnemann, Leipsic, 1844

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circle, in his comfortable arm-chair, with his long pipe in his hand, sat the venerable Esculapius, and alternately related amusing and serious stories from his stormy life, while puffing clouds of smoke from his pipe." Seminary Director Albrecht, who enjoyed familiar intercourse with him from 1821 to 1835, says: "Hahnemann was always happiest in his family circle, and displayed here as nowhere else a most amiable disposition to mirth and cheerfulness. He jested with his children in the intervals which he could devote to them; sang cradle songs to the little ones; composed little verses for them; and used every opportunity to instruct them. Although at first he had but little, he spent as much as he could possibly save on the education and culture of his children. He wished them to learn all that was worth learning."* Later in life, Griesslich, after visiting him at Coethen, gave this description: "Hahnemann, at the age of seventy-seven, showed in every action all the fire of a young man. No trace of old age could be detected in his physical appearance, except the white locks surrounding his temples, and the bald crown, which is covered with a velvet cap. Small and sturdy in form, Hahnemann is lively and brisk. Every movement is full of life. His eyes reveal his inquiring spirit. They flash with the fire of youth. His features are sharp and animated. As old age seems to have left few traces on his body, so it is with his mind. His language is fiery, fluent, often becomes vehement, as a stream of lava, against his enemies and opponents, not of himself personally (for that he never alluded to) but of the great truths to the testing of which he had summoned his colleagues for many decades. His memory seems to be unaffected. After long interludes and side conversation, he continues where he left off. When he becomes heated in conversation, which often happens, whether about friend or foe, or on scientific subjects, his words flow forth uninterruptedly, his whole manner becomes extremely animated, and an expression appears on his countenance which his visitor (Griesslich) admired in silence. Perspiration covers his lofty brow; his cap is removed, even his long pipe, his trusty companion, goes out, and must be re-lighted by the taper which is at hand, and kept burning all day. But the white beer must not be forgotten. The venerable old man had

*Hahnemann's Leben, Leipsic, 2nd edit., 1875.

so accustomed himself to this sweet drink that it always stood in a large covered glass on his table. At his meals, too, he takes this drink. He does not drink wine. His mode of life is very simple, abstemious and patriarchal.”*

Hahnemann's hand-writing was small, neat and precise. He was careful in composition, making many corrections until the form of expression suited him. His eyesight continued good to old age, so that he did not require the aid of spectacles. His physical condition was excellent. His life was one of work, not of dissipation; and his body had been well cared for. This well accounts for his capacity for labor, and explains the amount of work he could perform, often spending the hours of the night as well as the day in writing and in study. A list of his principal works, including the chief articles written for the journals and the large pamphlets, number 114 during the years 1777 to 1832. His correspondence during this time was also very extensive; and if his letters were all preserved, they would fill several volumes. The extent to which Hahnemann pursued his studies was remarkable and was possible only for one who possessed in the highest degree a sound mind in a sound body. Albrecht (loc. cit.) says: "His amount of knowledge was astonishing. He was at home in all the sciences, even in those which had no connection with medicine. Information could be obtained from him about them all. For even if he had not particularly pursued any branch of science, he was sure to have read a great deal about it. 'A really educated man,' he used often to say, 'must be well up in all subjects.' Thus he was well acquainted with astronomy. He was a good meteorologist. He was not less thoroughly acquainted with geography. He had paid special attention to magnetism and mesmerism, and made use of them in certain cases of disease with favorable results. * * His translations showed that he was proficient in modern languages; while at the same time he was a most thorough classical scholar." What a lesson this teaches to physicians of our own day! What an advocate of higher education Hahnemann would have been had he lived with us! What a contempt he would have expressed for the so-called "doctor" whose library consists of a solitary book on practice; perhaps one on symptomatology, if the owner is a

*Skizzen, etc., Karlsruhe, 1830.

Homœopath ; who not only thinks it unnecessary for the physician to be a cultured man in the broadest sense, but who has no use even for the sciences allied to medicine. Do you want to be a true Hahnemannian? It is not enough to be well acquainted with the *materia medica*. You are unworthy to bear the name of Hahnemann if you do not, like him, strive to be "well up in all subjects."

Hahnemann astonished his friends when at the age of eighty he took for his second wife an intelligent, accomplished and cultured French lady of 34 years—Mme. Melanie d'Hervilly Gohier. But Hahnemann at eighty was younger than some of us at fifty; and was doubtless well-fitted for the companionship of the lady who charmed him in his later years. The arrangement, at all events, seems to have been perfectly satisfactory to both parties. His wife persuaded him to remove to Paris, where a larger field was opened up for his labors; and from that city, five years after his marriage, he writes to his friend, Dr. Schreter, of Lemberg: "I cannot remember in my life having ever felt better and happier than here in Paris, where I am enjoying the affectionate intercourse of my dear Melanie, who cares for nothing in the world more than for me. I find, too, that my medical labors begin to excite more than attention—respect—for our divine healing art in this great metropolis." An American lady,* who visited him in Paris, in 1839, four years after he had removed to that city, wrote an account of her interview which was published subsequently by the pioneer homœopathic publisher of this country, Wm. Radde. She was evidently a most enthusiastic admirer of Hahnemann and his wife, and was possibly inclined to exaggerate. She speaks of him as a sort of Monte Christo, living in a large palace, most magnificently furnished, attended by a princely retinue, and receiving at his daily levee a host of patients so great in number that one wonders how with his habits of patient investigation into his cases he could ever have prescribed for one-fourth of them. But her description of his personal appearance corresponds with that of Brunnow and of Griesselich. She found him sitting at his table, which was covered with books; his wife by his side acting as his secretary; questioning the patient and recording the symptoms. "His slender and diminutive form," we are

*Helen Berkeley.

told "was enveloped in a flowered dressing-gown of rich materials, and too comfortable in appearance to be of other than Parisian make. The crown of his large, beautifully proportioned head was covered by a skull-cap of black velvet. From beneath it strayed a few thin, snowy locks, which clustered about his noble forehead, and spoke of the advanced age which the lingering freshness of his florid complexion seemed to deny. His eyes were dark, deep set, glittering, and full of animation. As he greeted me, he removed from his mouth a long painted pipe, the bowl of which nearly reached to his knees. But after the first salutation it was instantly resumed, as I was apprized by the volumes of blue smoke which began to curl about his head, as though to veil it from my injudicious scrutiny." Here, then, in Paris, he lived for some eight years after his marriage; busy in the practice of his profession; happy in his domestic relations; and here, at last, his labors ceased, and he entered into deserved rest.

Let Jahr tell the story of Hahnemann's departure. Writing on the 4th of June, 1843, to the Allgemeine Homœopathische Zeitung, (Vol. 24, No. 17) he says: "About the 15th of April he was taken ill with the malady which usually attacked him in the Spring—a bronchial catarrh—and it took such hold of him that his wife admitted no one. The report was spread several times that he was dead; this, however, was contradicted. I had been intending to call myself, when I received a note from Mme. Hahnemann begging me to come that same day. I went at once, and was admitted to Hahnemann's bed-room. Here—think of the sight—instead of seeing Hahnemann—the dear, friendly old man—smile his greeting, I found his wife stretched in tears on the bed, and him lying cold and stiff by her side, having passed five hours before into that life where there is no strife, no sickness, and no death. Yes, dear friends, our venerable Father Hahnemann has finished his course. A chest affection has, after six weeks' illness, liberated his spirit from its weary frame. His mental powers remained unimpaired up to the last moment, and although his voice became more and more unintelligible, yet his broken words testified to the continued clearness of his mind and to the calm with which he anticipated his approaching end.
* * * Profound grief for this great loss is felt here by all his followers. All shed tears of gratitude and affection for him.

But the loss of those who have had the happiness of enjoying the friendship of this great man can only be estimated by those who have known him in his domestic circle, and especially during his last years. He, himself, when not persecuted by others, was not only a *good*, but a simple-hearted and benevolent man, who was never happier than when among friends to whom he could unreservedly open his heart. Well, he has nobly fought through and gloriously completed his difficult and often painful course. *Sit ei terra levis.*"

And so, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, in the fullness of years, whose end crowned his life-work, Hahnemann died. Died, did I say? No; not that. Some men never die. Though the atoms that have built up the body are resolved into elemental forms, that man lives on in noble deeds, in winged words, in thoughts that never die. And Hahnemann lives to-day, and will live through all time, in the doctrines he taught, in the work he performed, in the influence he exerted on medical science.

For the first time in the world's history we see the practice of medicine resting on a scientific basis; and that was Hahnemann's work. While faint and uncertain glimpses of the principles he enunciated had been caught at times, "as through a glass darkly," by some of his predecessors, it was left for him to see the truth in all its brightness; to comprehend it in all its details; to promulgate it, to impress it on all future generations.

The new *Organon* of rational medicine embraces these elements: The recognition of disease by the totality of its symptoms; the individualization of diseased subjects; the proving of medicines upon persons in health; the administration of a simple prescription in the smallest effective dose, in accordance with an unvarying rule—the law of similarity. This was the work of a creative genius, operating on a world of chaos—formless and void, vitalizing medical science, and bringing it into systematic and definite shape. This was Hahnemann's creative work—a work in which he stood and stands alone.

Macaulay, writing of Lord Bacon, likens him to Moses on Mount Pisgah. "There we see the great lawgiver looking around from his lone elevation on an infinite expanse. Behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, in which successive gen-

erations have sojourned, always moving yet never advancing; reaping no harvest and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand on a far lovelier land,—following with his eye the long course of fertilizing rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals; measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Bathsheba.”

Such words might well be applied to Hahnemann, as we see him in his *Organon*, surveying the barren waste behind, looking forward to the fruitful plain before. But if he were the keen-eyed law-giver Moses on the mountain top, equally true is it that he was the militant Joshua, leading on to the coveted land he had viewed from Pisgah's height; crossing with fearless tread the swift rolling Jordan that opposed its floods in vain; pushing on through hostile hordes; battling with the hosts of stolid ignorance and stubborn prejudice and dogmatic conservatism. Forty-seven years of such warfare had he; begun single-handed, with no one on his side but the Divine Truth itself; and before that warfare ended and his life-work closed in peace, he had gained victories worthy of the cause for which he fought. He saw his doctrines spread over Europe,—and taking root beyond the sea, in this western continent. More than 500 followers in his own profession carried the banner of Homœopathy; a dozen periodicals advocated the law of similia; while the leader himself had obtained honor and fame and wealth enough to satisfy a more ambitious man than he.

Since his time, what are the improvements that have been made in medicine? None. In surgery there have been great advances; in chemistry and biology there have been great discoveries; in the allied sciences there have been marked developments. But in medical practice in its stricter sense—in the treatment of diseased conditions by specific remedies—how barren of results have been all later investigations! What has the Old School of medicine accomplished? The chemical laboratory has added a few trifles to its *materia medica*; and that is all of value for which it claims credit.

But if it has shown little originality, it has exhibited fair powers of imitation. Many of the remedies introduced and proven by Hahnemann have been appropriated, and without acknowledgment. The maximum dose has been supplanted by a dose approximating the minimum. The barbarities of the lancet and kindred abominations which Hahnemann exercised have disappeared, or only flit across the scene, ghosts of a dead medical past. The hygienic regimen that Hahnemann practiced, the sanitary rules that he taught, have become an important element in Old School therapeutics; have, in fact, become the chief medical paraphernalia of many of the best of Old School physicians, who despair of curing disease, and hope only to prevent it. All the improvements in the practice of the Old School to-day are either directly or indirectly the offspring of Homœopathy, and can be traced back to the great apostle of medical reform—Samuel Hahnemann. Theories more or less fanciful have been evolved; and facts have been more or less distorted to uphold the theories. Some are as fallacious as the mythical *elixir vitæ* expressed by Brown-Sequard from the *Agni Succus*; some may have a more plausible origin in the microscopic field investigated by Pasteur and Koch; but none have developed therapeutic measures to compare with the law of *similia*. Nor can they, if the law of *similia* be, as we believe, the law of specific therapeutics. They are but *ignis fatui* in the swamp of Old School medicine—retreating the further into the dim distance the more they are pursued.

I hold up for you the personality of Hahnemann as the bright example for the imitation of all who would be true physicians. Some men boast of being Hahnemannians. It is a most laudable desire to seek ever to be worthy to bear the name of the great master in medicine. How may that be best accomplished? How can we deserve the name of Hahnemannians? It is not by simply attempting to follow him in all the little details of medical practice—details which he varied as circumstances required. That would be no more essential than to speak his language; to wear garments of the fashion he wore; to smoke his pipe; or to make his white beer our daily beverage. It is not necessary to believe implicitly everything he believed; to accept his *ipse dixit*, for no other reason than because the master has spoken. The true Hahnemannian is one who, after due study and ample expe-

rience, accepts that great principle in medicine, the law of *similia*, with its logical corollaries—the simple prescription and the minimum dose. Accepting these as true, he must possess also the spirit of independence which Hahnemann possessed—the spirit which will permit the adoption of no theory simply because some great man announced it; which will accept as true only those things which personal experience and investigation have proved to be true. He must have the studious disposition of Hahnemann, that will consider every day wasted on which nothing has been learned. He must have the courage of Hahnemann, to think the truth, and speak the truth, and do the right, though earth and hell oppose. He must keep ever before him the one practical aim which filled the field of Hahnemann's mental vision through all his life, and which is enunciated in the opening sentence of the Organon: "The first and sole duty of the physician is to heal the sick." To be honest in purpose, constant in study, independent in thought, persistent in effort, brave in adversity, humble in prosperity; these things characterized Hahnemann, and must characterize all who would call themselves by his name. To know—so far as he can know—the science which he strives to make his own; but still more to know himself—to know his own power and his own weakness; to have the courage of his convictions; to control himself so that he may utilize all his talents to the best advantage in the pursuit of truth—these are always the salient features of a true Hahnemannian. And these make the successful man; for the mental processes of such an one lead him ever to the attainment of that which ends in success.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power—power of herself
Would come uncalled for—but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

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