

Crank (C.D.)

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

*Twenty-First Annual Commencement*

OF THE

**Hahnemannian Medical Institute,**

*March 9th, 1871,*

BY

Box 3 -

C. D. CRANK, M. D.

PUBLISHED BY THE INSTITUTE.

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1871.



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THE HAHNEMANNIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE, an association of the students in attendance at THE HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE of Philadelphia, Pa., conducts a curriculum of medical examinations—systematic reviews of the lectures of the College Faculty. The quizitorial chairs, corresponding to the professorial chairs of the College, are filled by members of the Institute, the “quizitors” being chosen at stated monthly elections.

Diplomas are conferred upon graduating members at the annual commencement, held at the close of each session.

GEO. H. HACKETT,

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*Committee on Printing.*

## VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

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MR. PRESIDENT,

MEMBERS OF THE HAHNEMANNIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE,  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

The object which brings us together on this and similar occasions is one which time-honored custom has hallowed, rendering peculiarly agreeable the exercise of thought—as it leads the mind to themes which form a bond of union only less tender and enduring than that of kinship. Five months ago we convened in “THE HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE,” associated in this Institute to prepare ourselves for the great issues of medical life. Five months, did I say? It seems but yesterday since we were welcomed on board the “old Homœopathic ship, raised the anchor, cast loose her cables, and spread her sails, with earnest purposes and high hopes, to favoring gales,” each heart bounding with joy, exclaiming, as hand grasped hand, “Here we are for our winter’s voyage!” To-night we assemble in this hall to celebrate the Twenty-first Annual Commencement of our Institute, and exchange that saddening word, “Farewell!” What a commingling of thought and feeling stirs the heart at this hour—an hour which divides the past from the immediate future—the receptive student life from the active, aggressive, practical life! How the mind glides back, living over again those happy hours—hours of pleasure and profit, and how many, many pleasing reminiscences are treasured in the archives of memory!

Looking around us this evening, how many familiar faces meet our gaze—faces which we have learned to love, not alone for their smiles of friendship which we have enjoyed, but whose presence in yonder halls told us that our aims were one, each and all striving for the same great purpose; ~~with~~ hearts throb-

*the*

bing under the same mighty impulses, soldiers enlisted in the same cause and tenting on the same field, thus endeared to each other by a mutual sympathy and united by a common tie! Here a face reminding us of some pleasing event, there a countenance which awakens some happy remembrance, and there they are in the old amphitheatre—can you not see them, each individual in his accustomed place, waiting for the professor? Here he comes! Down go the feet with a merry applause. The professor acknowledges, the lecture commences. Will you ever forget them? Ah, no. Such are the incidents which make up the happy hours of college life, around which the tendrils of the heart entwine, the flowers which never die, but increase in fragrance with the flight of years.

Our meeting to-night tells us they are past. Heart which has responded to heart, and words of kindness reciprocated by deeds of affection, brighten as they take their flight. And as we realize that never as now shall we meet again, a weight of sadness burdens the soul. Yet other feelings pervade our being. The star which has led us on and onward over rugged paths, and through long years of study, rests over the object of our search, and the hopes which heretofore buoyed us up have now ripened into fruition; thus feelings of joy animate our being, for success affords the greatest of joy.

Amid this conflict of thought and feeling, of joy and sorrow, other considerations press around us for recognition and expression—considerations of a higher import; and if possible let us forget the present, and as in the past we have advised, counselled and cheered each other, so let us once more, ere we separate, unite our thoughts in lively sympathy as we anticipate the duties awaiting us only a little way ahead. Already the eager eye peers up along the vista of the opening future, replete with stirring indications of duty, and Hope, still ready now as in the past, lends her charms to clothe them in the garb our hearts would have them wear.

“Hope, sweet bird, while thus the heart can fill,  
Let earth be ice, the soul hath summer still.”

And it is right, for success is the object of us all, and hope in-

spires to noble deeds. Yet let us not forget the midnight hours of toil, the firm, unyielding spirit which has brought within our grasp that success which gladdens each heart to-night, and here, while the mind still smarts under the lash of the task-master Necessity, let us know that the same close application and determined spirit are necessary for the faithful discharge of those duties soon to be ours. Let us fully realize that to attain the success which our hopes depict, there is work to be done, great life-problems to be solved—problems demanding the power of intelligent thought and the hickory of determined will. Thus early in our studies has the great essential truth been pressed home to our minds, that “all the dews, sunshine, and balmy air of heaven cannot impart life to inorganic things,” cannot give force to unwilling recipients. It is individual mind that unfolds, perfects, and becomes great, and individual force must be present, or all is useless.

“He most lives who thinks most,  
Acts the noblest, does the best.”

Precept and example may show us the way, but effort—self-effort, can give us power to act—act wisely—

“Lifeless things drift with the tides”—

and the position which we assume in the field of strife makes it ours by every consideration of life and death, time and eternity, to grapple facts with intellectual vigor, and co-ordinate results with logical accuracy.

As the world's wide theatre just lifts its curtain upon the stage of which we are to become practical actors, as we look out amid the elements with which we have to contend—elements to be focalized and utilized by our efforts—what do we observe? We behold a world of improvement, and we are inspired with the mighty truth that we are acting in the current of an endlessly progressive humanity. Progress is the word, for we see it everywhere; it is in every heart and on every tongue. All the elements are agitated; all the mental, moral, and physical activities are at work; and the one all-pervading thought that it is the genius of our age to utilize them, animates every

being, and directs all action. As we catch the inspiration, instinctively we turn to the profession of our choice, the chosen work of our lives, and the mind glides back step by step, reviewing the darkened pathway of medical science, thickly strewn with the dogmas of men, each in their turn weighed in the balance of human experience and found wanting. We ask, Is there to be no progress here? Shall this noble science continue to don the intellectual wardrobes of the musty past; to wear the ragged; worn-out garments of long ago, while all other arts and sciences are dressed in the living truths of the nineteenth century? What wails are these which come up from the baptismal pools of Error? Listen to the language of men honored for their medical knowledge, gained by study and large experience—men who are recognized as authority by the profession at large: “The science of medicine is founded on conjecture and improved by murder.”—Sir Astley Cooper. “We have assisted in multiplying diseases, nay, more, we have increased their mortality.”—The eminent Dr. Rush. “I declare it to be my honest conviction that if there were not a single physician or drug in the world, there would be less mortality.”—Dr. Johnson. “The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon; it has destroyed more lives than war, pestilence, and famine combined,” was the experience of Dr. Good.

As these wails of disappointment, from minds eminent in that school, break upon our ear, we exclaim, How can such things be! Is there to be no progress here? “Is there no balm in Gilead?” The science and art of medicine, having its origin in the necessities of human nature, based upon the highest considerations of man, even that of life, shall it forever rest on conjecture, multiply disease, and increase the rates of mortality? Shall it fail to meet the end for which it was created? We answer, No. Right struggling against Prejudice, and Reason battling against time-honored Absurdities, cry, No; suffering Humanity cries, No; and all Nature proclaims a far more glorious day for this drug-cursed world. Here then do we find an answer, and Duty points her imperious finger to the work. Shall we, can we shrink from its performance, however arduous the task? The cries of

a suffering world as they reach us from every side, say, Never! Every beacon along the shores of Life's troubled sea beckons us forward to the work. Let us enter upon this labor manfully, with our efforts governed by intelligent convictions and comprehensive aims. And as we take our position, it is well for us, as it is best for all who enter upon fields of conflict, where foes are to be met, to fully realize that however earnest the attempts made to parry the missiles of the King of Terrors, while made in obedience to the blind dictum of untenable theories, we find Death the victor, and Man the vanquished victim of the forever dreaded foe; and as we go out to battle, we should not only consider this foe in all his protean forms, but we should be certain that we rightly estimate our ability to cope with the enemy, and that the logical formula with which we proceed to grapple with conditions, wrestle with facts, aggregate and co-ordinate results, is unmistakably correct.

All along the way, with eyes fixed on the history of human progress, we discover the skeletons of worn-out theories, each in turn a subject for the faith of man. Turn to the pages of Broussaism. Where are the theories of Æsculapius, Galen, Stahl, Hoofman, Cullen, Paracelsus, Sydenham, Haller, and hosts of others? Stranded on the shores of Time by human progress. Thickly strewn indeed is the battle-field with the skeletons of the ruined and exploded theories of the past in all departments of science and of civilization, but nowhere are there presented such ghastly sights as the ghosts of time-served theories of the medical profession that still haunt the experience of its practice. The student is not slow to observe this all-important fact, that only as theories have become the exponents of nature and art have they outlived their generation. The observing mind discovers that the progressive strides of humanity, and the progress which marks this age as comprehensively vast, are based upon the utilization of Nature's laws and forces to the necessity of mankind. Men failed in other ages to comprehend these relations, and when the sun of truth would cast its rays of light into the darkness of a heathen night, they barred the door, preferring to grope in ignorance, that the opinions of men might reign supreme.

All great and fundamental truths are based upon natural laws, and when over-zealous men endeavor to undermine or to operate contrary to these laws, they are fighting the God of Nature, and must suffer defeat. Here, then, is a starting point—a standard by which we may rightly measure our belief and weigh its utility in the necessities of life. But as we remember that freedom of thought has been visited with violent condemnation, the right to reason boldly denied—human experience, observation, and the revelations of science distrusted, aye, *smothered*—we should not be surprised to find, even in this enlightened age, minds eminent in the works of life adjudging Nature and declaring her a profane teacher. They once pointed the finger of Scorn at that band of noble thinkers who dared to differ and to do, but to-day are proud to acknowledge their works, for they are the glories of the nineteenth century. The children of those who exiled Hahnemann have erected a monument to the memory of his greatness, which now stands in the public square of his native city; and why should not the same illiberal spirit denounce his followers in our land, and the next generation claim our truths as their own? Nay, are they not doing so already? God never permitted a truth to dawn on earth through the agency of one man's mind that did not arouse the bitter enmity and opposition of other men, who should have espoused the truth and become the disciples of him through whom it was revealed. The revelations are first regarded as absurd, impossible; then as nothing new; finally accepted as but the self-same experience of the past—but facts are facts, and the demonstrations of experience must be the conclusive arguments of acceptance.

We should learn lessons of wisdom from the history of the past, that we may avoid the stumbling blocks of those who have travelled before; keep fixed in mind that the laws of Nature are immutable, and the volume from which we are to take our instructions lies open before us, and that by no ingenuity of man can those laws be twisted from their purpose in the economy of nature and art, however ingenious the effort, or hoary with antiquity the theory. Though a hundred, yea, ten

thousand medical theories exist, the laws governing life, health, and disease remain the same. Theory never changed a natural law, and never will. It is only when men act in harmony with these laws that any reform is consummated. In the art of medicine this is unmistakably correct. Any theory or formula which is not founded on this rock will be found to rest upon the sand; and when the winds of investigation blow and the rains of experimentation beat upon it, it will surely fall. Then let us look well to our formula; view it in the light of Nature's law, try it by the light of Nature's truth, test it by observation and experience.

This we have done. We have added our investigation and experience to that of thousands of others, and have ever found it, like the Author of all truth, without variance or shadow of turning. Where it has seemingly failed, we must attribute the failure to our ignorance, not to the law; for the laws of Nature are as infallible as their Author, and for one of us to deny the results of this experience is to prove false to our manhood, to our humanity, and to our God.

Who will have the temerity to assert that the God of Nature has required of man a course of action without the guiding light of law? That we possess that law, none, without impartial investigation, have a right to deny. And who, by investigation or observation, is qualified to deny the truth of that great law discovered by Hahnemann? It is this law which we will present to human reason as the exponent of the forces at work and of the laws that govern them in the cure of disease. It presents the formula by which the internal eye is governed in its rational activities, as the external is guided by the microscope in the examination of the invisibly small and intangibly minute objects in the outer world; and while this physical aid of human reason has lighted up the pathway of man in search of physiological and pathological truths, it has also carried the torch by which time-honored errors have been displaced, leaving the gilded theories of masters in scientific pursuits among the records of long ago.

Where is the microscope in therapeutics? Where is the cor-

responding improvement here, save in Homœopathy. Where is the torch to light up this darkened avenue of the profession, which is acknowledged to be founded on conjecture, and which its own works condemn. It was Hahnemann who unbarred the gates of Darkness, disenthraling an Angel of Light, who, as she sped Heavenward, dropped her mantle of healing upon the earth. Though possessing a correct formula, we find but partially surveyed the great empire of Medicine; but with this compass to direct, it is our destiny to labor for the completion of the survey, and bring together material for the building of Medicine's grand temple.

This is our work—a work which distinguishes us from all other medical schools—a work broad as human necessities amid the ills of life, and high as Heaven whence it came—a work demanding minds of enlarged views and elevated purposes, the magnet of whose soul is truth. Such character, living under the immense uplifting forces of this progressive age, can never be weak, is progressive, must be creative; it was Newton's Apple, Fulton's Motive Power, Harvey's Circulation, and Hahnemann's Similia. Let it be our guide.

We start out with an unerring guide in our therapeutical law, pointing with emphasis to the manifold agencies sustaining disturbing relations to the vital economy. Not until they are thoroughly understood, will the necessities of man, lashed to fury in a world of pathology, find a curative response in our *Materia Medica*. Nor is our labor in this direction confined to crude drugs, for we find forces at work capable of effecting a wider range of modification in vital phenomena than is ordinarily comprehended, and never embodied in any *Materia Medica*—forces of which we know comparatively nothing; and a complete understanding of their nature and action will open new fields for study and research in their application little “dreamed of in the world's philosophy.”

Let us then read Nature's volume; study well each page; carefully observe her operations; patiently, conscientiously, and thoroughly investigate each law, that reason may be perfected and the heart kept pure. Then shall we be in the best man-

ner prepared for action. Thus stimulated to exertion, we shall act in concert in the noble work of life; and thus, as true success is obtained, the sun shall stand above us, rolling its tide of glory along our way. As we enter upon this work, let us remember that persistent and rational inquiry, so far as possible free from prejudice and bigotry, has been the passport to success in all the useful enterprises of man; let us remember also that individual interests of men have ever been in conflict with the common good as computed by them; and however unbending the laws of Nature, we shall find the spirit of liberality conducive to the triumph of truth, so long as we in nothing compromise the law of the God of truth.

We should remember that minds aspiring to nothing higher than fame or position can never be truly great—never forgetting that there is a difference between ignorant zeal and intelligent earnestness. No one in the profession has travelled far its rugged paths without realizing the necessity for co-operative sympathy and its priceless value in the work of life. As we go hence to our several fields of activity, may this truth illumine our minds, that in many respects our interests are common, and that whatever injury is done to one affects us all by a common sympathy, admonishing us to a common jealousy for the rights, the character, and the interest of each and all. Therefore let self-abnegation be the crowning virtue of our professional lives, that the dignity and best interests of the profession may be maintained, and the demands of suffering humanity responded to legitimately and in consonance with enlightened reason.

Yet the benefits to be derived from this co-operation would be but imperfectly met if confined simply to the medical profession. It behooves us by a conscientious and intelligently directed assiduity so to demean ourselves as to secure the hearty support of the laity, for without your charitable indulgence and feeling co-operation, ladies and gentlemen, we must move on to the performance of our duties as a comparatively onerous task; and in proportion to that mutual sympathy will be the blessings conferred by the medical profession. That you appreciate the

blessings of Homœopathy and its great work amid the ills of life your labors attest. Yonder Homœopathic Hospital is a noble expression of that appreciation, and stands as an honor to the Homœopathic ladies of Philadelphia, and the blessings which it may dispense can only be computed by Him who holds the records in His hands. This lively co-operation evinced by you strengthens us for a faithful discharge of our duties, and we shall leave your midst believing that here, as elsewhere, is Homœopathy not only sustained by wealth and intelligence, but by noble and generous impulses.

As we now separate, we go forth with common occasion for cheer. Our winter's voyage has been replete with matter of interest, thrilling and truly all-absorbing. The great law of Homœopathy has been presented for our examination, and as we have explored its works we have found new beauties to attract our admiration, and greater truths for our study. We go forth firmly believing that all minds must acknowledge these truths, for the world is fast coming to acknowledge that Homœopathy is no will-o'-the-wisp hovering over the swamp of Allopathy, misguiding the already suffering, nearly blinded victims into a mire of empiricism. The world must soon recognize the sun, now high in the heavens, dispelling the darkness of the night which held the minds of men in the protracted sleep of ages, from which our antiquarian brethren come forth wiping from their eyes the mist which long darkened their vision and bewildered their understanding. We go forth firm in these convictions, our faith based upon God's eternal laws. Coming years may alter the channel, enlarge the scope, but what is really and fundamentally true ever lives, to keep step with the march of ages.

With its original and essential truth, Homœopathy has nothing to fear, everything to gain, by the progress of events, for it will unfold its beauties and bring to the world's comprehension the law of *Similia similibus curantur*. With this truth before us let us go, not as bigoted adherents to theories, but as men living in the light of a progressive age, willing to grasp the hand of Truth wherever found, however humble the garb in

which she may appear—proud of our insignia, for it means truth in science, and progress in medicine.

Let us then be free in thought, noble in purpose, determined in action, and along our walk shall bloom the flowers of life, their fragrance full of joy and inspiration; around our arduous toil shall cluster the blessings of relieved humanity, and about each effort shall crystallize success approved by Heaven. Thus, as one by one the events of life are brought to view, as the panorama of time is unrolled by the hand that guides the ship and rules the storm, we shall be best prepared to meet and appreciate each unfolding duty. Now, farewell! With faith in the one God, hopes in the same heaven, with these duties performed and life's record complete, we may join in the same glories, and together move on and on in the spheres of spiritual activity marked out for us by the God of mind.

HONORED PROFESSORS OF THE HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE:—To you, in behalf of the Hahnemannian Medical Institute, it is my duty to say farewell. Words seem inadequate as vehicles of thought for the expression of those emotions that well up from the fountains of the inner life in search of an avenue for the play of mutual sympathy. Be assured that your kind words, which have made cheerful the midnight hours of toil, the patience which you have exercised toward us, surrounded as you have been by professional cares and arduous duties, your expressions of kindly sympathy for our welfare and usefulness have not returned from the moral auditorium without leaving their impress—an impress that will go with us, actuating our motives in our intercourse with the victims of disease as subjects of our professional care and solicitude, until we in turn shall require the same tender ministrations of comfort in the struggle for a little longer life.

We go from you with the abiding impression that we go with your sympathy, to cheer, to aid, and, if necessary, to vindicate us in the right against "the zeal not according to knowledge," shown in opposition to our progress by the illiberal devotees of antiquarian medicine. We go from you with a task to perform—a task comparatively easy contrasted with

the difficulties that opposed you and your co-workers as you came out from the long night of Allopathic reign. You have familiarized our minds with the elements of the same truths that enlightened your own in the science and art of medicine; have labored hard and brought to bear every means to acquaint us with the science in all its various branches, while we in turn have endeavored to bring receptive minds to the task. We go forth richly laden with instruction, and shall ever refer to our Alma Mater with feelings of pride and spirit-chastened gratitude.

How shall we reward you? Our firm adherence to the principles of truths which you have advocated may occasion hours of joy; our success as practitioners may be to you a source of pleasure; turning to your records in after years, and there finding names which are engraven on the scroll of honor, may be to you a source of pride; but that cannot reward you. When the elements of life, now broken and discordant by opinions of men, shall be united in the harmonies of the after life; when there shall be no stranger, and minds striving for the same great truths shall be as one, each heart glowing with fraternal love;

“When all things shall be righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old;”

—then and then only may you receive your full reward. But you are not all here. *He who laid the corner-stone of this Institute*—one who ventured forth as a standard-bearer in the march of therapeutical reform—is absent; no longer fills his chair in yonder halls of learning. Walter Williamson, M. D., our Emeritus professor, from the summit of his ambition, in the ripeness of years, in the fullness of experience and benevolent sympathy, rich in the elements of science, has been borne away by the mandate of that messenger whose grasp may not be parried by any of us.

It is of less importance at what period of life we leave the field of vital and moral activity, than how we have met and discharged the duties devolving upon us in the chosen field of

action ; and it is well for all to emulate the virtues of those who have faced and performed manfully the duties of life, and to endeavor to shine in the light that sheds its lustre upon the memory of the worthy departed. Such men compel, however reluctantly, the tribute of respect from opponents and the heart-felt sympathy of co-workers in the rugged ways of reform, by which is sought the correction of time-honored errors.

Prof. Williamson is no longer with you. He has gone from the busy walks of men, but his deeds remain, and the works of his heart and hand shall ever remain as enduring monuments of his soul's ideal, and his words shall continue to echo along the future, while memory acts in its integrity in the long résumé of after years. And thus as one by one you are called upon to resign the works of life, it shall be ours to perpetuate the truths of your teachings, and, duly capacitated to fill your places in the work of reform, to leave, as you shall have done to us, to our successors Homœopathy not only unimpaired, but improved.





