

**THE PORCELAIN  
PAINTER'S  
SON: A FANTASY**

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The Porcelain Painter's Son: A Fantasy by Samuel Arthur Jones

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**SAMUEL ARTHUR JONES**

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# The Porcelain Painter's Son:

A FANTASY.

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"Is not this something more than *fantasy*?"

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 1.*

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Edited, with a Foreword,

BY

SAMUEL ARTHUR JONES, M. D.

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BOERICKE & TAFEL,  
1898.

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INSCRIBED  
TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF  
A. J. T.

"Faithful amongst the faithless found."

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## FOREWORD.

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The editor is of the opinion that many a reader of *The Porcelain Painter's Son* will ask, "Is not this something more than fantasy?" In very truth it is; for the author, whom we have known long and very intimately, is, as he himself puts it, 'too near the end of the road' for idle trifling. It is a fantasy, but one that is founded upon a solid substratum of fact—serious fact to the porcelain painter's son, who lived it nearly a century ago. Fact and fancy are united to form the fabric; the web of a man's life is here, the flowers of fancy are wholly in the woof. He who has combined these in this fantasy felt to the very core of him that some salient facts of Hahne-mann's life should not be allowed to pass into forgetfulness so long as it is useful that any physician shall be distinguished

by the adjective 'homœopathic,' and he is fully assured that the flowers of fancy need not disturb the most serious reader: they are allowed only that they may embellish the dusty wayside of a fellowman's life just as they do our own. It is then as a sprig of rosemary ("that's for remembrance") that this fantasy is laid on the grave of him whose life-journey it briefly outlines with only so much of over-coloring as flings a deeper shadow here and there but gives the salient points a bolder relief, while it faithfully preserves the perspective.

The author writes to us, "You will see that I found the web of fact in Hahnemann's life; the woof of fancy alone is mine. The fantasy is a 'projection' not at all difficult when a deep reverence inspires the attempt to people the dead past, to even live therein in the company of actors upon whom the prompter has long since rang down the curtain. It is not surprising that, in imagination, one should be able to enter Frau Weber's

Wirtshaus and both see and hear her guests without stepping out from his own latter-day surroundings; and such is the power of sympathy that many of us can actually feel the good-hearted school-master's 'katzenjammer'—we *know how it is ourselves*,—so very human are we all !''

Both the author and his publishers have asked a slender service of the editor: to separate web from woof, and this for the sake of those who are not possessed of that knowledge of Hahnemann's career which the benefits that many of such readers have had from his labors would seem to make the obligation of a becoming sense of gratitude. These, it is to be feared, are not to be found only among the laity. We do not learn that Bradford's *Life of Hahnemann* is 'out of print,' nor are we especially concerned when a generous publisher finds himself 'out of pocket' for an endeavor to provide us homœopathic physicians with the bread of professional life