

THE
ENTHUSIASM
OF
HOMŒOPATHY

J. H. CLARKE



88



THE ENTHUSIASM OF HOMŒOPATHY

WITH THE STORY OF
A GREAT ENTHUSIAST

BY

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PREFACE

I AM indebted to the Council of the British Homœopathic Society for permission to reproduce the presidential address delivered by me in October, 1906. It has occurred to me that it may be of some service to our cause to give the address a separate existence, as it may possibly interest a wider circle of readers than the Society's Journal can reach.

In the history of the Enthusiasm of Homœopathy the name of one of our own countrymen must not be forgotten, and that is the name of

Dr. John Epps. As my address dealt particularly with the career of Dr. Mure, I may be allowed to say a few words about Dr. Epps in this Preface. In meteoric brilliance, and in universality of reach, the career of Dr. John Epps cannot compare with that of Dr. Mure; but if John Epps did not found a new empire of Homœopathy in a new world, he kindled an undying flame of interest in Hahnemann's great discovery among the common people of our land. Mure and Epps were both alike inspired with unswerving and selfless devotion to the cause of Homœopathy and the cause of humanity, which with them were one and the same thing.

It is not a little remarkable that the divine afflatus fired them both at about the same period. Mure, as

we shall see, studied medicine because he had been cured by Homœopathy; and he took his degree in 1836. John Epps was converted to Homœopathy by the work of another Frenchman, Paul Francis Curie, grandfather of Pierre Curie of Radium fame, in 1837. From that time onward to the day of his death, some thirty-two years later, John Epps never ceased from his missionary labours; and to his efforts the present popularity of Homœopathy throughout our land is in no small measure due. Among the converts he made was the late Major Vaughan Morgan, whose services to the cause of Homœopathy as Treasurer of the London Homœopathic Hospital are part of history.

With the expression of my wish that the examples of Drs. Mure and Epps may prove contagious in our

6 ENTHUSIASM OF HOMŒOPATHY

own times, and that their policy of the Fiery Cross may prevail in homœopathic ranks, I commend my presidential address to the kind consideration of my readers.

JOHN H. CLARKE.

8, BOLTON STREET, W.

July 10, 1907.



The Enthusiasm of Homœopathy

FELLOWS AND MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH HOMŒOPATHIC SOCIETY,—First let me express the deep sense of gratitude I feel for the great honour you have conferred upon me in electing me to the highest office in your gift—a gratitude which is all the deeper because the honour was entirely unsolicited on my part, and unexpected. I accept the honour with the greater pleasure because I recognise in it something more than a purely personal favour. There is only one possible reason why you have elected me, and that is that you all know me for a “whole hogger,” and, doubtless, will expect me to live up to my reputation. I assure you that the best of all that is

in me is at the service of this Society so long as, by your favour, I occupy this chair; for in serving this Society I know I am serving the cause of Homœopathy.

Homœopathy is a jealous mistress: she will brook no serious rival. My friend, Dr. Moir, was telling me the other day that some authority has stated that no person can attain the first rank in any game with a ball, and be first-rate in any other line of life as well. Whether or not Homœopathy is to be reckoned as a game of ball—by virtue of its globules, its pilules, and its globular drops—certain it is that it provides scope for all the best energies of every one of us—and of as many more as like to come into the fold—and a life-devotion to Homœopathy will not leave much energy to spare for anything else.

And from whatever point of view we regard it, Homœopathy is a mistress of whom we have every reason to be proud. Whether we regard it as a philosophy,

as a science, or as a life-saving, health-giving art, we may well be content to devote our lives to its exposition, elucidation and advancement. There is no branch of human endeavour more fruitful than ours in the practical advancement of our race and civilisation, and there is no department of our art, no section or degree of Homœopathy, which does not command the sympathy and fostering care of our Society. Like the Roman poet, our Society may say—*Homœopata sum : nihil homœopathici a me alienum puto.*

If any one wishes to know what is my religion, I reply, I am a Homœopath. My politics? I am a Homœopath. My fatherland? Homœopathy. With me, Homœopathy is first, and second, and third, and everything else that is desirable comes after that. This, I feel, is the proper attitude for this Society to assume, and that this is the attitude the Society has assumed, I read as the meaning of your election of myself to occupy this chair.

Among the pleasures which your choice has given me, not the smallest is the fact that I succeed in this office my godfather in Homœopathy, Dr. Alfred Edward Hawkes. It is now thirty years since he took on himself the responsibility of inducting me into the art and mystery of our craft, as he had already inducted James Compton Burnett before me. I can only say I hope I may not disgrace my parentage in the way I discharge the office of this chair; for I am certain of this, the British Homœopathic Society has never possessed a more devoted, whole-hearted, and efficient President than it possessed in him.

When I took my first timid peeps into Homœopathy, I had a notion at the back of my mind that I should soon be able to find out and appropriate all the good there was in it, and that I need not necessarily separate myself from the body of the profession, if I decided to make

use of it. But that notion was pretty soon knocked out of me. I found in it very much more than I anticipated, and I found this in addition, that if I was to make anything at all out of it, I must devote my life to it, and associate myself with others who did the same. In short, there was no help for it, I must go the whole hog or none.

“YES” OR “NO”?

It is a very useful habit to acquire, especially early in life, to answer every question presented for solution with a simple “yes” or “no.” This may seem trite and common-place, but it is not quite so easy to practise as it looks; and I cordially commend it to the younger portion of my hearers for their most careful consideration. If you think of it for a moment, you will perceive that ninety-nine persons out of every hundred, when they are confronted with a vital question in their path, answer it with that seductive

little particle, "perhaps;" or, they are like the divine who stumbled over some knotty point of theology in his sermon, and dealt with it in the way you remember: "Brethren," said he, "do not let us shirk this question, let us boldly face it, and—pass it by," and this is what he did; and that is what most of us are doing, all day long, without knowing it. But there is no progress possible along that line.

The only possible line of progress is to think a thing out to the bottom, to reduce it to the point where a "yes" or a "no" is all that is required. Is it a fact that likes cure likes, or is it not? That was the first question to be answered. The answer, on the evidence, was overwhelmingly "yes." Therefore, that question was done with for ever. There was no need to waste a halfpenny-worth of thought on that point ever again. But there were plenty of other questions arising out of it. These, again, had each

in its turn to be answered "yes" or "no," and once answered these, in their turn, were out of the way for good and all. But until they have been answered they are so many *impedimenta* which will stop our advance altogether, or send us off into some easy by-path which leads us nowhere, or into a bog.

Every member of this Society has answered the first great question in the same way that I did. For us the question of Homœopathy is no longer a matter of "perhaps"; it is a fact settled once for all. It is not a matter of creed; it is a matter of knowledge; it belongs to the "everlasting yea."

But the questions that come after? What of them? These are many and of many kinds, and to no two of us are they presented in exactly the same way, or in exactly the same order. And this is quite right; for we are all differently constituted, and all have finally to shape

our work to our own pattern. Happily, Homœopathy is like Nature—infinite in its varieties and possibilities, so that every one of us is able to strike out the line most suited to his gifts. The knowledge of this should breed in us all a wholesome charity to one another. It is not in the nature of things that we should all practice on the same exact model. But whilst broadening and deepening our sympathies it should also make strong and deep the current of our enthusiasm for the one common object we have at heart.

It seems to be my fate to take the longest possible route in order to reach any goal. Born but one hundred and thirty miles from London, I was not allowed to see this Promised Land until I had travelled some six and twenty thousand :—I came by way of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and New Zealand. In the same way fate compelled me to circumnavigate Homœopathy, to sail over its oceans^k

explore its continents, and visit its distant isles, before it permitted me to reach this present goal, which is the highest to which a British homœopath can aspire. However, I am not complaining of fate. Fate generally knows what she is about, and I make it a fixed rule in life never, on any account, to quarrel with her. The result of my peregrinations is that I have had a good deal of my native provincialism and parochialism knocked out of me, and am all the better able to take the wider and juster view which you expect in one who occupies this chair, and which I feel that this Society itself desires to take.

It seems to me that this Society ought to command the sympathies of every section of homœopaths; and it ought, in its turn, to foster Homœopathy in all its grades and all its branches. This Society should have no preferences; however much and however acutely certain sections of homœopaths may debate certain points among themselves—and it

is in every way desirable that they should do so—our Society, as a Society, can take no side in the disputes, and I, as your President, shall endeavour to preserve this judicial position as your representative.

TWO KINDS OF PURITANS.

I have observed that in the homœopathic fold there are puritans of two sorts. I am no puritan myself, but I have a good deal of sympathy with puritans of all kinds. The homœopathic puritans appear at both ends, as it were, of the homœopathic scale. On the one hand there are those who refuse to prescribe in a case of disease any drug which has not actually caused that disease, or something very like it. At the same time the puritans of this type generally object to prescribing on any symptom which has not been produced on a healthy person; or, if they do prescribe on a symptom otherwise obtained, they^{ite} feel constrained to apologise to the^{nse}

allopaths for this lapse from virtue, as they feel it to be.

At the other end of the scale are puritans of another sort. These take Hahnemann's *Organon* for their scripture, and in accordance with its directions take the symptoms of each case for their guide, irrespective of the name of the disease the patient may be suffering from. These consider that the only path of virtue lies in giving one remedy at a time, and the smallest possible dose of that.

Having travelled over all this ground, as I have already said, from one end of the scale to the other, both these types of puritans have my warm sympathies, though for my own part I must profess myself a perfect libertine in these matters—and I think, as I have already said, that this Society, in its corporate capacity, ought to be a libertine also.

Each of these sections of homœopaths and every shade between, must be allowed to work out its salvation in peace, and each

individual homœopath must be allowed to do the same. It is not so much a question of which is right and which is wrong as it is a question of individual capacity. There is not one of us who cannot teach the rest something, though he can never communicate all he knows. But all can help in the evolution of our body. If any one cares to know what my own personal proclivities are, I should put it in this aphoristic form: "The further from Allopathy the nearer to Grace,"—or "The nearer to Allopathy the further from Grace," if you prefer it that way. But I am not here to-night to trouble you with personalities. We are all members of one Society, and this Society has only one interest—Homœopathy. It is inspired by one enthusiasm—the enthusiasm of Homœopathy. Every sincere worker whose chief aim in life is to exemplify the homœopathic law has the right to the Society's countenance and support. The law is one and the glory of it; and

though we cannot all practise it exactly alike, however much we may desire to do so, we can all aim at one ideal, and the higher we pitch our aim the more likely we are to reach high attainment; but we have each to find out the particular method which gives the best results to our individual limited powers.

Only, it will be well if we do not take too humble a view of our powers and their limitations; and, whatever we do, let us ever be eager to extend our borders. I hold that the greatest service any man can render to his fellows is to make them discontented with their lot; and the more discontented I can leave you all to-night, at the close of this address, the better gratified I shall be. The days have gone by for ever when the recessional hymn used to be sung at the church door as the great ones emerged after service:—

“God bless the squire and all his rich relations,
 And teach us poor folks to keep our proper
 stations.”

This is the hymn which the allopathic squirearchy would dearly love to have homœopaths sing. But our hymning days are over, and, for my part, I never had a voice. As for stations, I maintain that we have no station—we must always be moving on; and if I can, in some measure, discharge the humble policeman's duty, of moving you all on to-night, I shall feel that my election has not been in vain.

There is a world of importance in that "moving on." Motion is life. Stagnation is decay. And no less important than motion is the direction in which the movement takes place. It matters not what our grade or shade of homœopathic practice may be; so long as we are ever moving onward, forward, and upward, farther and farther away from the region of allopathic name-fetters and negation, we are contributing to the evolution of our art and the welfare of our race. And the force which alone can move us is enthusiasm—the enthusiasm of Homœopathy

In the clash of conflicting creeds, the "Enthusiasm of Humanity" has been put forward as an all-sufficient motive power to inspire the efforts of every good man in striving for the welfare of the race. In this Society, and in all cognate societies, the spring of all our efforts against human ills, the force which carries us onward towards the perfecting of our art, is the enthusiasm of Homœopathy. It is this which inspired Hahnemann, when once he had grasped the idea, to undertake those mighty labours the magnitude of which even his followers but imperfectly recognise. It was this which upheld him through all the persecutions with which his professional brethren greeted his great reform. The enthusiasm of Homœopathy has had its martyrs as well as its heroes; and who shall say that its martyrs have not suffered in a cause worthy of their pains? Enthusiasm knows no laws of human making—only the laws of Nature herself.

THE STORY OF DR. MURE.

Of all the enthusiasts whom Homœopathy has evoked, there is none more remarkable than the fiery Mure, now best known by his classic work entitled *Materia Medica of Brazil*. The story of his career is so very remarkable, and so very appropriate to a time of revival such as we now see beginning in our own land that I will give it you in the words of Dr. Dudgeon from the second volume of the *British Journal of Homœopathy* (1841) *an apropos* of a notice of Mure's work, *Doctrines de l'École de Rio de Janeiro et Pathogenesie Bresilienne*, published in Paris in 1849. Dr. Dudgeon truly says "Mure's whole career bears such an air of knight-errantry and romance about it, that it seems, something like a fiction," but he has every reason to believe that the facts as stated are true. At the time Dr. Dudgeon wrote, Dr. Mure was still living and the whole of his professional career

up to this date comprised only thirteen years. Dr. Dudgeon shall tell how much he put into them.

“ M. Mure was a French merchant, well known at Palermo ; and having fallen into extreme ill-health (phthisis pulmonalis is said to have been his malady), he was given over by his allopathic physicians. Apparently in the last stage of consumption, the *Organon* of Hahnemann fell well into his hands, which he eagerly perused ; and struck by the new light revealed in this extraordinary work, a ray of hope beamed upon him, and he hastened away from Palermo to seek that relief from the hands of the homœopathists which he was unable to obtain from the adherents of the old school. On his arrival at Lyons he placed himself under the care of the venerable Dr. Count des Guidi. Such was his miserable condition on leaving Sicily, his friends scarcely expected he would survive the fatigues of

the sea voyage. Their astonishment was great when they saw him return in a few months in perfect health. All Palermo flocked around him, and begged he would give them information respecting the system which had produced on him these marvellous results.

“He made some cautious experiments with homœopathic remedies, and with complete success. Several physicians of Palermo were convinced by the proofs they saw of the efficacy of Homœopathy, and set about studying it with diligence.

“Mure was now resolved to consecrate the life that had been saved by Homœopathy to its propagation ; and, abandoning his commercial pursuits, he went to Montpellier to study medicine and obtain the legal qualifications for practising as a physician.

“Having completed his studies and obtained his degree, he began to devote himself to propagate Homœopathy. Malt was the first spot he chose for his opera

tions. He arrived there in 1836. In the Grand Hall of the Knights of Provence, at Valetta, he got up an exhibition of his cures; something, we suppose, in the style of those formerly witnessed in this country, though on a more extensive scale, but not on that account of less questionable propriety; but Dr. Mure, in his proselytising ardour, was no stickler for professional etiquette. He succeeded in making converts of some medical men there, particularly of Drs. Fennich, Buonavia, and De Claude. The cholera having broken out in the kingdom of Naples, he crossed over to Palermo in 1837, and on the voyage wrote some papers on the progress of Homœopathy and the homœopathic treatment of cholera, with Hahnemann's instructions for the cure of that disease. These he published on his arrival. The cholera not appearing in Sicily, he went elsewhere to propagate the faith, but was speedily recalled to Palermo by the invasion of the pest in

1837; he did not arrive there, however, until the disease was already in its decline, after having carried off near a quarter of the population in forty days. Whilst most of the allopathic physicians had fled from the town during these fatal days, two of Mure's disciples, Drs. De Blasi and Bartoli, remained faithful to their post, and were instrumental in rescuing a number of persons from the grave. However, the Academy of Palermo, which had erased De Blasi's name from among its members on account of his heretical opinions, refused to register the cases treated by the homœopathists; but the Government, appreciating the excellence of their treatment, took care to spread a knowledge of the method pursued by them among the parts of the country still ravaged by the plague.

“Our hero now set about translating a repertorium from the German for the use of the Sicilian physicians, and established a pharmacy, where he made all the

homœopathic preparations with his own hands. He here invented a machine for triturating the medicines, and another for succussing the dilutions, of which he has given us drawings in the *Bibl. Hom. de Genève*, and also in the work before us. His plan was to triturate every substance, mineral, vegetable, and animal, up to the third attenuation, and with his succussion machines to give 300 shakes to each dilution. He undertook to supply every medical man gratuitously with all the homœopathic preparations. Not being able to obtain bottles in sufficient quantity, he established a glass-blowing manufactory, himself instructing the workmen, whereby he was enabled to supply with pocket pharmacies all the medical men who applied to him, and who were by no means few in number. During this time he translated into Italian Jahr's Manual.

“In the beginning of 1838 he opened a dispensary at Palermo, and soon afterwards a second in the centre of the town

on a magnificent scale. In less than a year the number of patients daily seen here amounted to upwards of 200, and above six physicians were occupied in attending to them. Physicians, students, lawyers, priests, literary men, flocked to this temple of charity to hear from the patients themselves an account of their astonishing cures, we are told; and thus this dispensary became the centre of the propaganda for Sicily. The allopathic physicians, our informant assures us, found themselves almost deserted by their patients; the apothecaries begged to be allowed to sell the homœopathic medicines, and the wards of the great hospital were almost forsaken. In some public hospitals Homœopathy was adopted, viz., in the hospitals of Morreale, Mistretta, Pietrapertzia, and that of the brothers of San Giovanni de Dio, their physicians having become converts to the new system. In a very short time about thirty physicians declared themselves favourable to the new

doctrines, the principal of whom were Tranchina, De Blasi, De Bartoli, Morello, Tripi, Calandra, Bandiera, the Marquis Inguagiato, Vassallo, Lipomi, Cinirella, Acito, Maglienti, Strina, Selvaggio, Perez, Evola, Bonelli, Bataglia, Magri.

“Under the editorship of De Blasi the *Annali di la med. Omiopatica*, a periodical journal for the propagation of Homœopathy, was established.

“A homœopathic society was formed, which in 1844 was formally recognised by Government and converted into ‘The Royal Homœopathic Academy.’ Courses of lectures on Homœopathy were delivered.

“Having thus given the impulse to Homœopathy in Sicily, our indefatigable colleague, desiring a new field for his beneficent conquests, turned his eyes towards Paris; and, thinking things were not going on quickly enough there to his liking, he resolved to stir up the energies of his dormant *confrères*.

“Arrived in Paris, in 1839, he imme-

diately set about the foundation of a homœopathic institute, for the purpose of spreading the system by practice, instruction, and publications.

“A dispensary was opened every day for the poor; courses of lectures were announced: on Clinical Homœopathy by Dr. Croserio; on the Theory and History of Homœopathy, and on Materia Medica by Dr. Jahr. Two newspapers for the indoctrination of the public were set a-going—a daily one, the *Capitole*; and a weekly one, the *Nouveau Monde*. A homœopathic pharmacy was established, provided with all Dr. Mure's ingenious apparatus. A library, containing all the homœopathic works necessary for the student, was formed.

“The opening of this institute on November 20, 1839, was rendered peculiarly imposing by the presence of Hahnemann himself, and a long oration was pronounced by Dr. Jahr, which is reported in the *Bibl. Hom. de Genève* for

1840, where also may be found numerous particulars relative to the impulse given to Homœopathy in France by Dr. Mure, the opposition he encountered, and the spirit with which he attacked his adversaries.

“But this restless spirit yearned like Alexander for new worlds to conquer; he desired to find some land where he might be the first to break the ground, and to convey blessings hitherto unknown to a race of men ignorant of the glorious doctrines of Hahnemann. He determined to cross the ocean and rear the standard of Homœopathy in the virgin soil of South America. Accordingly he sailed for Rio de Janeiro, and arrived there in 1840. The traces of Homœopathy in the Brazilian empire were but few before that time. In 1834, a Dr. Maya had published an article against Homœopathy. In 1837 M. Jahn had presented a thesis on Homœopathy to the Faculty of Medicine of Rio, in which he related some cases

of homœopathic treatment, but these were performed with massive doses of medicines in the crude state, and were not crowned with much success. Dr. Mure himself had before this time sent books and medicines to Brazil, but no one seems to have taken any notice of them. Shortly after his arrival in Rio he converted a young surgeon of considerable celebrity as a skilful operator, A. J. Souto de Amaral, who died two years afterwards without ever abandoning entirely allopathic procedures. He was shortly after his arrival despatched by the Brazilian Government to Ste. Catherine to found a phalansterian colony, for our hero is an ardent Fourierist, and a disciple of Swedenborg to boot. On his journey he treated many patients, and spread abroad a knowledge of the system. At Ste. Catherine he made a convert of Dr. T. de Silveira. At the end of March, 1841, we find him again at Rio, where he was joined by Dr. Lisboa, and he

soon succeeded in converting a number of allopathic physicians, and vigorously assailed the old school by his publications and successful practice. He travelled about from place to place, creating wherever he went a homœopathic public, whom he left in charge of some medical man of whom he had made a convert. His custom, we believe, was, when he arrived in any new town, to address appeals to the priests, in the name of charity and Christianity, to assist him in the propagation of the system, and by this means he made numerous converts among the clergy, whose influence with the laity served to spread a knowledge of Homœopathy in a very short time, and crowds speedily flocked to his gratuitous consultations.

“His resources being speedily exhausted in these disinterested efforts to spread the use, he found himself forced to settle down to remunerative practice, which he did in Rio in 1842. Towards the end

of that year, with the assistance of Dr. Martins and Dr. Lisboa, he founded the Brazilian Institute, and opened the first dispensary in Rio. In July, 1844, the foundation of the homœopathic school was laid, and the course of study was opened in January, 1845."

—On this wonderful story of the sacred fire I have only a few remarks to make. Mure's descent on Paris may seem to us a somewhat gratuitous piece of missioning; but those who have read the letters of Hahnemann, published in the *Homœopathic World* in April, 1905, will realise that there was plenty of justification for it; if, indeed, anything more in this line was needed than the co-operation of Jahr and of Hahnemann himself in the enterprise.

Another point worthy of notice is the fact that the Homœopathic Society, formed by Mure in Palermo, became a few years later "The Royal Homœopathic Aca-

demy," and that reminds me of our own Society. Now that the air is thick with Royal Charters, is there, I ask, any reason why our Society should not have what is surely its due, and become the "Royal" or the "Imperial" Homœopathic Society?

Yet another lesson may be drawn from this history. When a patient was cured by a homœopath in those days he did not fall down and worship the man who cured him; but he was at once on fire with enthusiasm for the *System* which had cured him. Gratitude to the doctor or doctors, no doubt, there was, but the greater glory was the glory of Homœopathy. It seems to me that nowadays things are somewhat reversed.

Finally—before leaving this inspiring topic—I should like to point out that the Homœopathy which cured Mure, and with which he worked most of his wonders, was the Homœopathy of the *Organon*, the *Materia Medica Pura*, and

the *Chronic Diseases*. We cannot go back to those times, or give up the hundreds of remedies which have been added to the materia medica since then; but it is open to question whether we do not lose almost as much as we gain by these additions. When the symptom lists of the materia medica were in the compass of Hahnemann's own works, with a few additions, it was possible to know every remedy almost by heart. Now it is not possible, and a scrappy knowledge of many things has to do duty for a perfect knowledge of a few. The remedy for this state of things is to perfect the form of our materia medica and our repertories. Especially in the latter direction is the need great and pressing.

A GRAND NATURAL LAW.

What, then, is Homœopathy that it should deserve and command such consuming enthusiasm as it has evoked?

Homœopathy is the exemplification in the sphere of drug-action of a grand natural law which lies at the root of all the philosophies. The law itself is wider, deeper and vaster than the part of it we know and use; but Hahnemann has seized it, and fixed it for ever in the realm of drug-action, and brought it into the region of practical affairs. Philosophies are very fine things indeed, and of the greatest value in clearing the minds of thinkers; but the philosopher who can make his philosophy *work*, and, above all, who can enable all who will to work it equally with himself—he is indeed among the heroes and demi-gods of the race. Such is Hahnemann. The law of “Likes to Likes” may be developed infinitely in many directions, affording work for philosophers for ages to come; but that is not our concern. Our business is to *do*, and in the sphere of our action there is scope for all the enthusiasm and all the effort that any one lifetime can

manifest. For us "Likes to Likes" means, as it meant to Hahnemann—healing the sick. By the clearness of his vision of the law of Likes in the realm of drug-action, by the amazing industry and masterly skill with which he spelled out for us the language of drugs and the language of morbid action, enabling us to interpret either into the terms of the other, he has secured for ever the liberty of all those medical men who have the will to be free. We are no longer the slaves of authority—we can go direct to Nature and interrogate her for ourselves. There is no high priest of medical science, there is no church, there is no academy, which we are bound to ask to do the interpreting for us. Hahnemann has abolished all that ceremony, and has given liberty to the medical world.

True, the medical world does not like liberty over much. The "helots" of medical science prefer their chains to the

alternative of having to do their thinking for themselves. Thinking is still the *summum malum* of the average medical man; and herein lies the strength of the academies in their efforts to strangle Homœopathy. They may spare themselves this trouble. Evolution is on their track, and if they do not move onward and cast off their chains in time, it will crush them and their chains together.

Homœopaths are sometimes aghast when they contemplate the numbers of the opposition. They forget that in some things numbers do not count; and when the numbers are opposing a natural law, and the few have the law on their side, the few are the strong, and the many are the weak, no matter how large their majority may be. When there was but one homœopath in existence, Hahnemann himself, even then Homœopathy was stronger than the entire world of medical obscurantism arrayed against it. Why, then, should homœopaths of the present

day, with thousands of duly qualified adherents, and millions of lay supporters, harbour any doubt as to our ultimate victory? I can understand homœopaths being modest about their own powers, though I have no particular admiration for the Uriah Heep tone either in homœopaths or in any one else. But I cannot understand any homœopath adopting humble and apologetic views of Homœopathy. As well might it be possible for the astronomer to apologise for the meanness of the universe with its myriad globes of light; or the botanist to be humble about the wonders of the world of vegetation, as for the homœopath to be apologetic in regard to Homœopathy. We may not all be Mures, but we must all be touched with the fire of the enthusiasm of Homœopathy if we are worthily to fill the position of trust we have accepted in joining its ranks.

It may be well to distinguish a little

between Hahnemann and Homœopathy. It will be noticed that it is the enthusiasm of *Homœopathy* that is the gospel I am preaching, and not the worship of its discoverer. In my admiration of Hahnemann, and in my gratitude to him, I yield to no man; but Homœopathy is greater than Hahnemann: Hahnemann discovered and revealed its laws, but he did not make its laws, and it existed in the nature of things before he or our world was born.

Hahnemann asked for the world's criticism, and for ours; and there is only one criticism we can make: "Do it after me," he said, "only, do it right." It is by *doing*, only, that we can effectively criticise Hahnemann. The criticism that is to try his work is the criterion of our practice. Neither Hahnemann nor any other man is above that; and it is not in accepting his words as inspired utterances that we do him most honour, it is by putting them to the test of

practice and confirming, enlarging, or disproving them.

The worship of Hahnemann is not the religion of this Society, but the enthusiasm of Homœopathy is; and the more complete our devotion, the more fiery our zeal, the greater is the glory we render to our leader and benefactor. Individual members of this Society may have many religions. For aught I know, there is no bar to our membership in Judaism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Agnosticism, Buddhism, Confucianism, or any other religious profession. But the Society has a religion of its own—the Enthusiasm of Homœopathy. It is this which has moved the Society to deeds in the past, and it is this which must carry us on to conquest in the future. The same fire which urged Mure to his great work moved this Society to produce Dudgeon's translations of Hahnemann's *Organon*, and his *Materia Medica Pura*. The same fire moved Hughes

to design and complete his grand work, the *Cyclopædia of Drug Pathogenesis*. The same motive has fashioned and put into shape a clinical repertory to the great treasures of our library, for which Drs. Dudgeon, Epps, and Burford are, I believe, chiefly responsible. The sacred fire is not exhausted by these efforts; it is only beginning to blaze; and with due direction will produce yet greater results in the future.

THE BRITISH HOMŒOPATHIC SOCIETY— ITS WORK AND RELATIONS.

The isolation of our body has thrown upon this Society work which is not absolutely proper to it, and on this account its monthly meetings have been distributed among sectional subjects which have left to Homœopathy proper—for *materia medica* is Homœopathy—only three evenings in the session. I am not sure that it would not have been better to have established one or more sub-

sidiary societies for the work of the other sections, for it is plain that if it takes the Society four years to compass a dozen materia medica evenings the enthusiasm of Homœopathy can hardly have adequate vent in its public gatherings. At our next annual meeting, I believe, proposals are to be brought forward which it is hoped may meet this defect in a measure; but, in the meantime, I would point out that Homœopathy enters into every field of our operations, and I would suggest that the readers of papers—whether in surgery, gynæcology, or pathology—should endeavour to keep the subject of materia medica well in view, so that every night of the session should be a Homœopathy night, no matter to what section the subject of the paper may belong.

I have noticed with pleasure of late years a very markedly increased interest in materia medica in our Society, and this has been signalled by the large attend-

ances and keen discussions which materia medica evenings have always commanded. I have been told that it has been more difficult to secure papers for the materia medica evenings of the Society than for the others. This I can hardly understand ; for a little Society of about a dozen members, established for materia medica subjects alone, has found no difficulty in providing two papers a month during the session, and its members last session provided papers for at least four evenings for this Society into the bargain. I trust, then, that however active this Society may be during the coming session in other branches of its work, the Enthusiasm of Homœopathy may compel adequate attention to the subject of drug-action.

There are two other matters to which I should like to allude before I conclude, and one is the position which this Society ought to occupy in relation to the homœopathic public ; and the other is the attitude

our Society ought to assume towards the Allopathic Sect.

I will take these subjects in the order in which I have named them.

What, I should like to ask, does the British homœopathic public know about the British Homœopathic Society? Very little, I fear. Why is that? The reason, I shall probably be told, is that our Society is by its very nature an exclusively professional society. This is so; but it is so because professional intercourse is in its way just as important for the advancement of homœopathic interests as is popular combination and support. Now, homœopathic interests are the interests of the public when we come to analyse them; and it is in every way desirable that our Society should command the interest of the public in its proceedings, in the same way that the Royal Society commands the interest of the British public in its doings, as being composed of its expert representatives in

the world of science. On the other hand, our Society should extend a sympathetic interest to all lay societies working for the common cause. I am not forgetting that the British Homœopathic Association is a child of this Society, but I think that the Society itself might in some way recognise its relation and duty to the homœopathic public by some public annual function analogous to the annual *soirée* of the Royal Society.

And now about the allopaths—what is the duty of this Society towards them? My reply to that query is that we ought to leave them severely alone. Individually, allopaths are, no doubt, jolly good fellows, like the rest of us; but the allopathic body as such claims no allegiance and no respect from us. The profession is one thing, the allopathic sect is another. We are as much “the profession” as they, and are just as much entitled to make our own rules as they are, and just as little entitled to impose

rules of our making on them as they are to impose their rules on us.

Our business is to go on our own way absolutely regardless of anything they may think, or do, or say—to treat them in short, in exactly the same way as they treat us. If they presume to talk to us about manners, or ethics, or etiquette, we can reply that when their representative journals and societies freely welcome our communications we will listen to anything they may have to say about manners—but not before. We will not promise, even then, to accept their suggestions; but until they alter their own behaviour towards us, they are simply out of court.

As to what they may say about our practice—there, again, they are quite out of court. There have been members of our Society who have thought it necessary to apologise to allopaths for using some of the remedies we use, such, for instance, as *lachesis* and *psorinum*. Others have

apologised for using high potencies, and have sought to justify themselves by the discoveries of chemists and physicists of the powers of infinitesimal quantities. Now, this is all wrong. Homœopaths owe no allegiance to allopaths. Homœopathy is established science. Allopathy is established nescience. The sight of Homœopathy paying court to allopathy—of homœopaths paying court to allopaths, is to me sickening in the extreme. It is light paying court to darkness; truth paying court to error; virtue paying court to vice. One blast of the enthusiasm of Homœopathy should be enough to cremate such infamy from our midst.

Fellow Homœopathists of this Society, I have done. Open your hearts to the sacred fire. Do nothing to quench it, but everything to feed it, and let the session which now opens become an epoch in our history and in the history of Homœopathy in our land. That it may be such is my wish and hope, and whatever there is in

me to help you to make it such is entirely and cordially at your service.

POST SCRIPTUM.

Here, gentlemen, originally closed my address, written, as it was, before my recent visit to America. But I cannot allow the epoch-making events of the International Homœopathic Congress of 1906 to pass without reference in an address on the Enthusiasm of Homœopathy, although by so doing I may run the risk of appearing to forestall the reports of your own chosen delegates to that Congress. In those historic six days at Atlantic City, including the 10th to the 15th of September, the gathering under President James H. McClelland achieved a very triumph of the Enthusiasm of Homœopathy. We who witnessed it, who shared in it, who wondered at the victory it has gained, at the unassailable position it has won in the New World, bring back the story for your emulation. A pro-

found confidence in the immutable Law of Similars, a burning zeal to make the right prevail, to advance the welfare of mankind, a single eye to the interests of our science, and a lofty scorn for all base truckling to the allopathic faction—these are the forces with which our Transatlantic cousins have won their victories; these are the forces which will carry them and us on to complete triumph. Gentlemen of the British Homœopathic Society, I bring you the New World's greetings. As true as two and two make four we can win if we will. America has shown us how it can be done—shall we—*can* we—hesitate to follow?



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