

HOMŒOPATHY AND THE HEART

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If there was a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Heart, the gaols would be bulging with offenders, as so many people consistently maltreat this vital organ. We are only issued with one heart at birth, yet many folk appear to think they can indent for a new one at any time, judging by the behaviour they mete out to this long suffering structure.

The heart is approximately the size of a clenched fist and beats about 72 times a minute in the adult. During the working day, it has to shift—so I have read—about 12 tons of blood. The only rest which it can snatch is in between beats, so that it cannot be charged with laziness. Since this small but essential organ puts up such a magnificent performance, it is only ordinary justice to give it the best working conditions, and yet it has to function far too often under very adverse circumstances.

Some handicaps come from within because of a poor inheritance, but others are superimposed from without and can cut short many a useful life. Many people consistently poison the heart with too much tea and too much tobacco. Over eating can oppress the heart in three ways. A dilated stomach deprives the heart of its normal elbow room. The deposit of fat in the heart muscle obviously weakens it, and the increase in bodily weight can prove a great burden. However solid the human body appears to be, a great deal of its weight is merely water and too many people are always carrying about a pailful of water in each hand, which does not make the heart's job any easier.

THE STRAIN OF LIVING

People who are very abstemious in many ways do not always extend their spare habits into their business life. There is much wear and tear nowadays connected with the process of making a living, but how often does the doctor have to warn the business man that he is heading for trouble, a warning that is usually, or often neglected. The incidence of coronary throm-

basis is very high in doctors I believe, and no wonder, considering the stress and strain, late hours and irregular meals of the ordinary general practitioner.

It was Mark Twain who said that we should be careful in the choice of our ancestors. Some people are saddled at birth with what is popularly and rightly termed a weak heart. They are always more or less tired and feel the cold intensely. The pulse feels more like a thread to the finger than the ordinary beat of the radial artery. A late homœopathic colleague of mine warned me that my efforts to improve his health would not be wildly successful, and he was largely but not altogether correct, as he did admit to a noticeable increase in bodily vigour.

"Each illness takes another slice out of my heart, and I have glycerine in my veins instead of blood", he wrote me. When a student his teachers warned him to seek a healthier occupation if he wanted to continue to live. He reached his 60th year, however, which was a tribute to the power of homœopathy.

Many of these patients can be made stronger and how encouraging it is for them when they find that hills are not so steep. I remember a girl who was invalided out of the services with a heart in a parlous state. KALI CARB. transformed her into a useful and energetic member of society. Another lady did splendidly on LYCOPODIUM, but later turned towards SULPHUR. Her daughter was turned down on medical examination for a post, but SPIGELIA gave her a normal heart, so that some years later she was readily passed for the same job.

It is interesting to note that in a number of these cases of weak heart, there is a flattening or even depression of two or three of the vertebræ of the spine in the dorsal region. Those of us who practice spinal manipulation as well as homœopathy have often seen this and know by experience that these are difficult cases, who must live carefully, though they can be improved.

I never cease to be thrilled at the manner in which homœopathy can pull people out of the grave. Some cases can never be forgotten. One old lady lay dying and the family sent in word that her pulse was only beating at the rate of

about 40 to the minute. I gave her son homœopathic DIGITALIS for her and six doses caused the local doctor, who used to look in, to shout out, "It's a miracle, it's a miracle!"

So it was, but miracles happen quite often with homœopathic treatment. She recovered but was desperately ill next year an ARSENICUM saved her. She was so restless that she kept moving from her bed to a fireside chair. She was another example that the name of the disease does not matter. Her symptoms demanded ARSENICUM the second time.

A PATHETIC GIBE CRUSHED

I was sent for at midnight to an old gentleman who suffered severely from *angina pectoris*. He could not walk any distance without pain and swallowed nitroglycerine tablets galore. This had been going on for two years. He was in agony from a severe pain in his left arm, the only symptom.

These are the cases wherein the correct medicine must be found right speedily, but it might be one of a dozen. There was no other helpful symptom. The first four medicines failed to help but the fifth one hit the mark. In less than five minutes his family and I could see a different look on his face. He only had one slight recurrence which the medicine quickly cured and he remained in excellent health for some years, being able to walk with pleasure.

This was the type of case which crushes that stale and really pathetic gibe that homœopathy gets its results by faith. The patient was anxious enough to have his pain relieved, and I was only too eager to cut short his attack but it was the fifth medicine that cured him. Only one of the preceding four made a momentary improvement. And he remained cured for years, too.

If the result was due to faith, then the very first remedy should have brought peace to him. He had swallowed enough nitroglycerine to blow Edinburgh Castle off its bedplate but that, and the allopathic faith in it, had done him no good whatsoever.

A case of *coronary thrombosis* had spent many months in bed before he came to me and still got severe pain down both

arms on the least exertion. On this occasion, I took aim at the outside as he was a SULPHUR patient and he has been back at his occupation of seafaring for years, as I heard recently. It is of interest to note that not so very far from him lived a farmer whose *duodenal ulcer* I cured with SULPHUR, because he also was a SULPHUR patient.

The name of the disease does not matter. As I write this, I call to mind a third patient near them, who always responded to SULPHUR, whether it was his blood pressure or kidneys or giddiness. SULPHUR was the constitutional medicine of these three men and the name of their different diseases mattered not.

A hotel keeper was just a little bag of NUX VOMICA. His heart was so affected that a musical squeak could be heard when standing some distance away from him. No stethoscope was needed. NUX VOMICA was his special medicine, and kept him going till he was well over 80. He would bound out of bed at 5 a.m. and was on the go till midnight.

One of the very first homœopathic patients I had was a very advanced case of heart disease. The patient was swollen all over and literally purple in colour. She was obviously dying and I had just time to give one dose of LACHESIS, which would have saved her had she got it weeks earlier. Another case of heart disease in those early days got MERCURIUS because of the appalling smell from her mouth and did perfectly. Beginners in homœopathy often seem to get these straightforward cases to encourage them! They can go long enough before they encounter another.

One patient who could not walk any distance without exhaustion, responded wonderfully to CARCINOSIN, which was not given for her heart at all, but for other reasons. Her pulse firmed up under the influence of successive doses and she has needed no treatment for several years now.

An elderly lady was taken by a kindly but misguided friend for a run in a car directly after lunch and was well bounced about in the back seat. Her heart was bad enough already and this outing seemed to finish her. I found her the colour of clay, pulseless and belching up wind. CARBO VEG. C.M., repeated every few minutes, got her comfortable and in a few days I got

her on to LYCOPODIUM, which was her constitutional remedy. Her life had been nothing but illness and a single dose of the 12th potency retraced nearly everything, even resurrecting the ache of an old broken wrist. However, she was wonderfully restored in time.

BARYTA CARB. has greatly helped two cases of heart trouble with complications, and CACTUS also has done excellent work. Many different medicines will benefit the heart, and there is no point in giving a string of names because it is the individual patient who must be treated.

PATIENT OFTEN GREATEST ENEMY.

Homœopathy cannot cure every case because many patients are so far gone when we get them. I have had case of *angina pectoris* which could only be palliated but not cured. The disease had got such an inexorable grip of the patient and the power of recovery was so diminished that a cure was impossible. The patient can usually be made much more comfortable, of course.

There is one thing which homœopathy often cannot do, and that is to instil some sense into the patient. The greatest enemy to the patient's recovery can be the patient himself, or herself! The effect of heart disease can be like that of high blood pressure—the patient always knows best. The doctor has been competent enough to pull him out of the grave, he admits, but there the need for specialised knowledge ends. With the feeling of returning health, the patient simply must get back to the office otherwise the firm will become bankrupt.

In response to the anxious reminders of his wife, of the doctor's warnings, he retorts that the doctor is just an old wife who makes mountains out of molehills. He does not appreciate that the physician has seen scores of similar cases, and has seen quite a number of men commit suicide, for that is what it amounts to, by ignoring the warnings of experience.

The female of the species is often not much better. She grudgingly lies in bed, unless she is too ill to care, planning the decoration or rearrangement of her house, which she knows is going to rack and ruin without her. When allowed up, she

breaks every solemn promise and tears into work which is far beyond her. Second attacks and relapses are far more difficult to cure, besides being depressing for the patient and household.

Those hearts that have been damaged by rheumatic fever can often be greatly improved. The patient is ever so much stronger, but the valvular murmurs may remain and cause the examining medical man to turn down the candidate on the ground of ill health. Years of successful study have gone for nothing because of this.

Some people are born with strong hearts, an undoubted asset in some ways as they will survive an illness which would carry off their weaker brethren. But a time can come when the prolongation of the physical life is not a desirable thing in some ways. My grand-mother reached the age of 92, but longed to be away for the last ten years of her life. Some of these folk "come to their grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." The pulse continues to beat regularly and strongly up to a short time before death.

DANGER OF EMOTIONAL SHOCKS

Emotional shocks can affect the heart so powerfully that they can cause sudden death. I have seen this almost happen before my eyes. The immediate administration of a homœopathic medicine could doubtless save the life, but the victim is usually outwith the reach of a homœopath. I have known an official of a football club pass away shortly after a match in which a hotly disputed goal cost him his life.

"My life", said John Hunter, "is in the hands of any rascal that chooses to annoy me", and he was a true prophet, as he died in a fit of anger caused by an altercation with an opponent. He was a famous surgeon of the 18th century. Such was his zeal for knowledge that he literally got inside a whale to dissect it.

There are cases which even homœopathy cannot save even though the correct medicine is given. I remember a patient who was treated for a time by Sir Alexander Fleming, whose name is linked with penicillin. It may be mentioned here, in-

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LETTER TO EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Will you please publish the following facts in your paper?

The Gujarat State has nominated a Homœopathic Board according to their will and we regret to see that no representatives of our Saurashtra Homœopathic Medical Association which is composed of nearly two hundred members and working for the last eight years, have been taken in it. We have strongly protested against such nomination, but there is no definite reply as yet. Such a Board should be formed by election on a representative basis according to Constitution.

Yours sincerely,

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President,

The Saurashtra Homœopathic
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identally, that it was a homœopath, Dr. Whiting, of Vancouver, who first used penicillin as a curative agent in, I think, 1916. He prepared and potentised penicillin. This patient had a septic heart and decided to try homœopathy as six months of allopathy had no effect.

His homœopathic remedy was ARSENICUM, and it was duly administered. The famous Professor Kent, that prince of

homœopaths, sounded a warning about the gravity of these heart cases whose symptoms demanded ARSENICUM, and he was right. The patient responded well to the remedy and was soon able to leave the nursing home and returned south. Alas, he passed away without warning when seemingly making good progress.

Another similar case also decided to see if homœopathy could help after the failure of allopathy. Her remedy was FERRUM PHOS. and she and I were both beginning to think that she was safely round the corner, but the improvement was not maintained. She went downhill and in time "the wheel was broken at the cistern", to use the Biblical description of the cessation of the circulation.

—*Homœopathy, Nov. 1958.*