

From the Homeopathic Record, Northampton, England.

A Spec of War.

Our readers will be pleased to perceive, in perusing the following extract from the Cayuga Chief, how independent men and thinkers reason about the present dilapidated state of Allopathy, and the hopeful future of our own beloved science. The article is well and powerfully written. EDS.

A friend writes thus:—

"I have noticed at different times in your paper, a thrust at Allopathy. I am sorry to see this, as you must know that many of your patrons are friends of that school. Should Editors undertake to teach us physic? Your opinions are not those of many who read your paper."

Probably not, dear sir, and for such reasons, would you deny us the liberty of uttering them? Our opinions are our own, and nobody is responsible for them. We never yet asked the question whether they correspond with those of others. When we do, we shall cease to control a Press, or to claim common manhood or self-respect. We are yet to so lose our independence as a man and an Editor, as to think and say as others think and say. If our opinions do not hitch with those of others, it is their privilege to hold their own, but never to dictate ours.

It is probably true that we have sometimes winged a barb at the Allopathic system. It was not mere carelessness—we meant it. We are honestly an enemy of the system, and could give good and sufficient reasons for the faith that is in us. We have friends—many and warm friends—who practice that system, and many who are practised upon. Every mother's son of them, who is a man of sense, will not quarrel with us because we repudiate the system. Those who have not sense and liberality, will please take themselves and physic to the—dogs.

We are not entirely ignorant of the Allopathic system, though we cannot handle the scalpel, or compound drugs. We have a bitter experience of its benefits, (!) and to-day feel its relentless clutches in a system which ought to have been one of the most substantial ever built by nature. We blindly and without thought or investigation, as the world had done before us, took physic and journeyed rapidly toward a premature grave. Injured and outraged nature gave us a beam of higher truth, and from that time, no murderous lance or poisonous "dose" has entered her citadel. Slowly she has been repairing the injury; but many a broad track will remain, through which the last enemy will pass much

easier to his final victory. O for the years which have sped away! this aching and yielding frame should stand a model of health and muscular strength. *It might—it ought to have been so.*

We are no wild follower of quacks. We hate quacks and quackery. They ought to swallow each other, which would be punishment enough. But by the light of nature, and the unerring teachings of experience and observation, we are taught that the drug system is one stupendous falsehood. We can only wonder that a world has so blindly sacrificed upon its altars. It is a murderous system. Every grave-yard in Christendom has its victims, and its poisonous influences at this day mingle at the very wells of life, and flow down through the veins of infirmities inherited from the cradle. Men have honestly followed that system, and peopled mother earth with dead. Men the most prominent in the profession, and yet firm in their Allopathic faith, have often admitted the sad truth, that *Allopathy has killed more than it ever cured.* Before God, we believe it. We can hardly conceive of an extremity which would induce us to call a "regular" to the bedside of a friend. If such a contingency should occur, one wrestling with disease and death, should not be tortured with one equally as fatal and far more cruel. We can now think of many loved ones who have gone from their homes and friends, who, but for the regular treatment, might have been spared. And many has been the fierce and indignant word which we have provoked by avowing our scepticism, in the midst of a formidable array of drugs. Alas! for the darkness yet in the land. We honestly confess that we not only have no faith in the regular practice, but on the contrary, we dread it. The warmest friend we have in the Allopathic ranks, can never put his drugs in our stomach. We love our friends, but we love truth and the sublime and immutable laws of life, more. While recently sick and nigh unto death and among strangers, we said, call a Homeopathist or none. Better die a natural death than one of torment. Nature may recover from disease, but not always from the inroads of drugging. People take such compounds, and boast that it has cured them, when the truth is, nature has recovered in spite of both disease and medicine.

The "regulars" have expended a world of denunciation and ridicule upon more modern systems. So far as the bolts fall upon that which is false, they have our hearty amen. But such weapons cannot annihilate, or even