

coholic drinks, and taught that doctrine by precept and example. Besides the practicing physicians, there were ten others in the city and adjacent country who had retired from the profession. They were all temperate. Thus, including the new comers the total number of temperance physicians, in and near Natchez, thirty years ago, consisted of seventeen. Of these, five have died: Dr. Henry Tooley, aged about 75 years; Dr. Andrew M'Creary, aged 70; Dr. J. Kerr, 60; Dr. Wm. Dunbar, 60; Dr. James A. McPheeters, 49. In 1823, the average ages of the seventeen was about 34 years. According to the Carlisle tables of mortality, and those of the Equitable Insurance Company of London, seven instead of five would have been the ratio of mortality, in England. Those at present living are Drs. D. Lattimore, W. Wren, Stephen Duncan, James Metcalf, W. N. Mercer, G. W. Grant, J. Sanderson, Benjamin F. Young, T. G. Elliott, ——— Phoenix, Professor A. P. Merrill, and the writer.

"On the other hand, every physician of Natchez and its vicinity thirty years ago, whether practicing or retired, who was in the habit of *tippling*, as the practice of drinking alcoholic beverages is called, has long since been numbered with the dead! Only two of them, who were comparatively temperate, lived to be gray. Their average term of life did not exceed 35 years, and the average term of life of those who were in the habit of taking alcoholic drinks frequently between meals and in an empty stomach, did not reach thirty years. In less than ten years after they commenced practice the most of them died, and the whole of them had subsequently fallen, leaving not one behind in the city, country, or village, within twenty miles around.

"To fill the places of those who died or retired from the profession, sixty-two medical men settled in Natchez and its vicinity between the years 1824 and 1835, embracing a period of ten years; not counting those of 1823 already mentioned. Of the sixty-two new comers, thirty-seven were temperate, and twenty-five used alcoholic beverages between meals, though not often to the extent of producing intoxication. Of the thirty-seven who trusted to the hygienic virtues of nature's beverage—plain-unadulterated water—nine have died, and twenty-eight are living. Of the twenty, five who trusted to the supposed hygienic virtues of ardent spirits, are all dead ex-

cept three! and they have removed to distant parts of the country. Peace be to their ashes! Though mostly noble fellows misled by the deceitful syren, singing the praises of alcoholic drinks, to live too fast, and to be cut off in the outset of useful manhood, it is to be hoped they have not lived in vain; as by their sacrifice science had gained additional and important proof of the fallacy of the theory, which attributes health preserving properties, in a Southern Climate to alcoholic beverages in any shape or form."

Dr. Cartwright publishes data to prove that temperance is not only hygienic, but auriferous:

"If the property of all the temperate doctors of Natchez and its vicinity, dead and living, included those who have moved away, and including those who have retired from the profession, embracing these of 1823, and all who came in up to 1835, (fifty-four in number), were equally divided, each would have upwards of \$100,000 for his share. They all began life poor, with nothing but their profession for a livelihood."—*Water Cure Journal*.

When is the Time to Sign!

I ask thee, blooming sportive boy,
 "Say—will you come and sign?
 Health beams within that glistening eye,
 Now is the golden time."
 But "No," he cried, and shook his head,
 "Now is the time for play;
 I cannot, will not, yet," he said,
 And bounded on his way.

I asked him when a Youth, but then
 He stopped me with alarm—
 "Nay, leave the pledge for grave old men
 A drop can do no harm;
 Youth is the time for mirth and joy,
 I'll live thus while I can;
 Your sober scheme perchance I'll try,
 When I am quite a man."

I asked a man of middle age—
 How gleamed his fiery eye!
 Such frightful signs his frame betrayed,
 They gave a full reply:
 For many years had firmly fixed
 The tyrant's iron chain,
 His all for drink he'd madly risked:
 To ask him now was vain.

I questioned next an aged man—
 A miserable form:
 His course of life had nearly run,
 Each short-lived pleasure gone.
 "Man!" he cried in accents wild,
 With anguish on his brow;
 "Would I had signed it when a child—
 I cannot do it now!"