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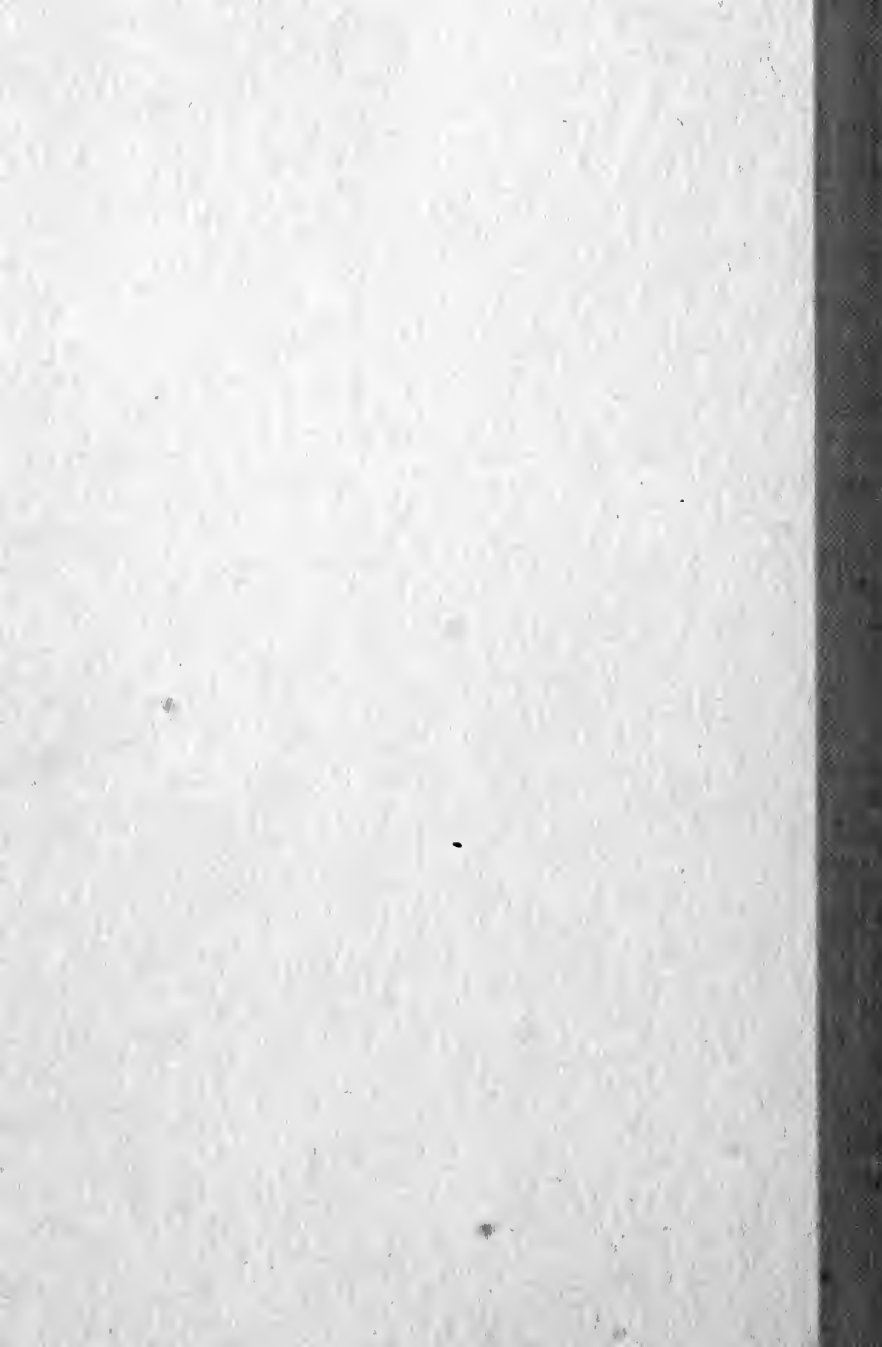
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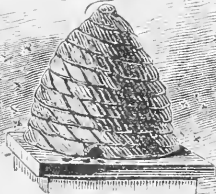
# JOHN SWIG.

BY  
EDWARD CARSWELL.

LICENSED TO SELL WINES AND  
SPIRITOUS LIQUORS

## BEE HIVE INN

By



Within this Hive we're all alive,  
Good liquor makes us funny  
If you are dry, step in and try  
The flavor of our Honey.



## JOHN SWIG.

NEW YORK :

National Temperance Society and Publication House,

*J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,*

172 WILLIAM STREET.

1871.



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# JOHN SWIG;

OR,

THE EFFECT OF JONES'S ARGUMENT.

BY

EDWARD CARSWELL.

17

NEW YORK:

National Temperance Society and Publication House,

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## DEDICATION.

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**B**ROTHER STEARNS : The following little story was written to be read in the Division of which I am a member, and with no thought of publication. If not good poetry, it at least has one merit, and that is, *it's true* ; nearly every incident having happened as related. The conversion of John Swig is, I am sorry to say, imaginary, the original not having been turned from his evil ways by being mistaken for his victim's wife. Should this simple little story dry one eye, bring a smile to one face, gladness to one heart, or sunshine to

## DEDICATION.

---

one fireside, I shall be happy. If one Jones is kept from breaking his pledge, one Smith induced to start a society, or one Swig to abandon the traffic, the object of the Author will have been gained. In dedicating it to you, I do so not thinking that so small a work will do *you honor*, but to afford *myself* the opportunity of publicly thanking you for your many acts of kindness from my first appearance as a public advocate of temperance to the present time, and believe me it is done in Love, Purity, and Fidelity by

THE AUTHOR.

OSHAWA, CANADA.





## JOHN SWIG.

---

“ A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.”

COWPER.

JOHN SWIG was a man with a very great mind,  
So *he* thought, though I'm sure 'twas not very refined ;  
Be that as it may, I know he was blest

## JOHN SWIG.

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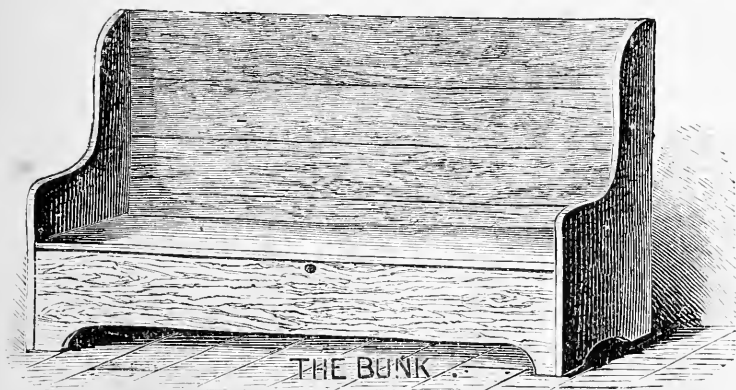
With a very large head and a monstrous chest.  
His business was selling ale, brandy, and gin,  
For this very *large* man kept a very *small* inn.



THE BEE-HIVE.

It had only five rooms, and the largest by far  
Of the five was the one for the liquor—the Bar,  
In the corner of which stood an old-fashioned Bunk,  
On which to lay customers when they were drunk.  
It was always in use, though Swig said “it was wrong  
And weak to get drunk”; yet his liquors were strong;  
And his custom was great, for there always would be

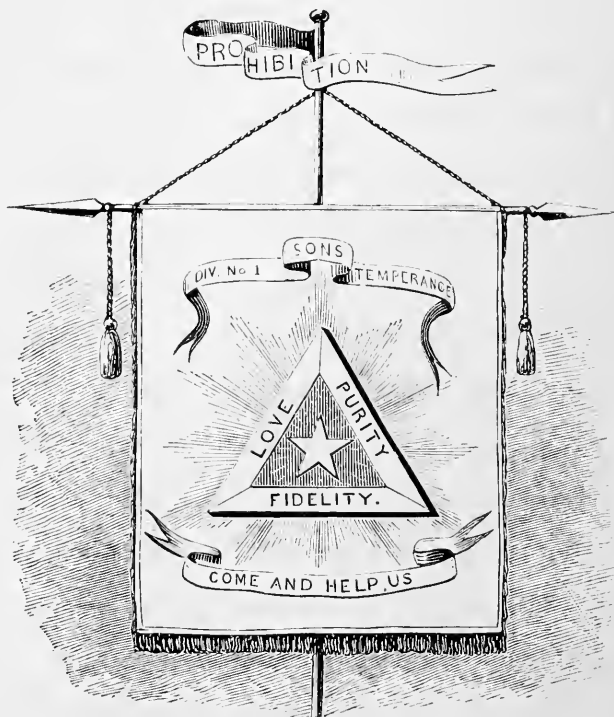
JOHN SWIG.



Half-a-dozen, at least, getting on to a spree ;  
While a crowd of the Moderates every day  
Took their grog, as Swig said, in the regular way.  
But none were allowed the use of the Bunk  
Save those who had money left, though they were drunk ;  
While those who had none had to get out-of-doors  
On their hands or their feet, and *sometimes* on all-fours.  
Now, a few of the thinking and nobler ones  
Organized in the town a Division of Sons :  
They were not of the rich—their numbers were few,

JOHN SWIG.

Yet they hoisted their banner, the red, white, and blue.  
The *White* was for *Purity*, *Red* meant for *Love*,



And *Blue* for *Fidelity*; and up above  
Was a Pennant, which, when by the breeze it unrolled,

JOHN SWIG.

---

Displayed *Prohibition* in letters of gold.  
Now, Swig was enraged, and he called it a rag ;  
He hated the Sons, and he swore at their flag ;  
For some of *his* friends were the first to go in,  
And join the Division—deserting the Inn.  
The people in town were beginning to *think*,  
And many old toppers *forgetting* to drink ;  
The “Sons” were increasing, and Swig was afraid  
That these tectotal fellows would ruin his trade.  
Now, Swig had a flag, or rather a sign,  
On which was a hive and a beautiful rhyme.  
One day, as Swig sat in front of his door,  
Smith passed—it was something he'd ne'er done before ;  
Though the grog he'd oft passed at Mr. Swig's table,  
To pass by the house he had never been able.  
But now he was passing without e'en a sup,  
And Swig, in astonishment, hallooed “What's up?”  
“Your sign,” answered Smith, “and I wish it was down,

JOHN SWIG.

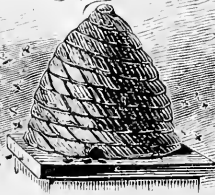
And not swinging there, a disgrace to the town."

Now 'Swig was amazed, if before he was not,

LICENSED TO SELL WINES AND  
SPIRITOUS LIQUORS

**BEE HIVE INN**

*By*



Within this Hive we're all alive,  
Good liquor makes us funny;  
If you are dry, step in and try  
The flavor of our Honey.



**JOHN SWIG.**

For Smith's words were a poke in the tenderest spot ;

'Twas his boast, that for beauty, for wit and design,

JOHN SWIG.

---

That he was ahead of the world on a sign.

So he flew in a passion, and offered to bet

Smith had joined with the Sons, that cowardly set,

Whose object and aim was to get people's money—

“Which,” said Smith, “you'd rather they'd spend for  
your honey!”

Said Swig, “You're the vilest set under the sun,

And you ought to be gibbeted, every one;

You are tectotal slaves, and I'd prove if I'd time”—

Said Smith, “Swig, cast your eye up to the sign:

You've the emblem of industry painted up there:

What a hard-working crowd you have under your care!

They may labor and toil, but pray who gets the *honey*?

You grow rich, but what do *they* get for their money?

Your house is a hive, and those who go in

May take health and wealth, but they leave with a sting.”

From the Bunk came an answer in trembling tone:

“We are (*hic*) the bees, and Swig is (*hic*) the drone.”

JOHN SWIG.

---

Said another old toper, "That's thrue, by the powers,  
We *are* the bees, and I pity the *flowers* ;  
For we're stealing from *them*, and, between you and I,  
While the drone gets the honey, *they* wither and die."



THE FLOWERS.

Said Swig, "I believe you're a couple of asses."  
"And will be," said Smith, "if they cling to their glasses."



JOHN SWIG.

---

Said Swig, "Mr. Smith, you had better keep cool:  
How long, pray, since *you* were as drunk as a fool?"  
"Not long," answered Smith; "and I'm thankful to Him  
Who awakened my conscience, and show'd me the sin.  
For through Him and the Sons I'm well and alive,  
And not dead or dead drunk in your horrible 'Hive.'  
My wife then was sad, but now she is gay;  
I then used to curse, but now I can pray.  
My children now love, but then held me in dread;  
They were hungry before, but *now* they have bread;  
They were then in the street, they now go to school;  
My wife was unhappy, and I *was* a fool.  
Your honey took from me my strength and my wit,  
And was sending my soul to the bottomless pit.  
But now we will struggle, and never say fail,  
Until we've a law to prohibit the sale."  
"Well, struggle," said Swig, "but you'll never succeed;  
Do you think we'd put up with it? No, sir, indeed!

JOHN SWIG.

---

And suppose it should pass, what good would it do?  
We'd sell ten glasses then where we now sell two.  
In Maine, where the law is in force, I am told  
They sell 'twice as much now as was formerly sold."  
"Well," said Smith, "if what you tell me is true,  
There is none, for the law should work harder than you.  
And as you'd grow rich by this prohibition,  
You'll please sign your name to this Maine Law petition."  
Said Swig, "Now, sir, leave, or I'll *help* you to go,  
Enforcing my words with the force of a blow.  
You may crow for a while, but it shall not be long;  
You shall fail if I have to sell grog for a song!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, Jones was a man who was fond of his gin,  
And each day would get tipsy at Mr. Swig's inn;  
Then home he would go, beat his children and wife;  
In fact, several times had near taken her life.  
For although Jones, when sober, was generous and kind,

JOHN SWIG.

---



One glass was sufficient to poison his mind;  
Then glass followed glass when once he began,  
And Jones was a demon instead of a man.

JOHN SWIG.

---

Now, the Sons he had joined and left off his gin;  
He loved the Division, but dreaded the Inn;  
For his appetite strong he could hardly subdue;  
He was tempted and tried, and this Mr. Swig knew.  
So he thought he would try and get Jones on the Bunk,  
And then boast to the Sons he had one of them drunk.  
So he watched for poor Jones, and at last he went by;  
But Swig called him back, saying, "Jones, you are  
dry;

And, if you are not, you'd surely not think  
Of passing the Hive without taking a drink?"  
Said Jones, "Why, you know I have joined the Di-  
vision."

Swig gave him a nudge, and then laughed in derision.  
Said he, "Oh! I never would be such a fool,  
To be chained by a pledge or be bound by a rule."  
Jones, trembling, said, "If I should take a drop,  
There is no telling when or where I might stop

JOHN SWIG.

---

I might then beat my children or murder my wife;

For when I am drunk she's afraid for her life."

Said Swig (taking down the gin from the shelf),

"Take a drop, and let Mary take care of herself.

So don't be a coward, but be a true blue,

And I'll pay for all the mischief you do."

So Jones broke his pledge, and soon he was drunk,

And Swig in great glee laid him out on the Bunk.

But he soon found he'd played a most dangerous game,

For the smouldering fire soon burst into flame.

With hate in his heart and fire in his brain,

Unfortunate Jones was a demon again.

Now, he never had been so wild in his life:

He thought himself home, and that Swig was his wife.

He cursed *her*, and struck him a terrible blow;

He caught at his throat—Swig screamed, "Let me go!"

He kicked like a horse and bit like a hound;

At last, with a crash, they came to the ground.

JOHN SWIG.

---

Jones cried, "I'm determined to murder you, wife.  
I'll never let go till I've taken your life.  
You shall die. Ha, ha, ha! this is glorious fun,  
For Swig has to pay for the mischief that's done."  
Swig's cries brought his wife and the girl to the room,  
His wife with a toasting-fork, Jane with a broom;  
But when they arrived the battle was o'er,  
The tempter and tempted lay still on the floor:  
Poor Jones, who had used up his strength and his  
breath,  
And Swig, who was well-nigh pummelled to death.  
So they bore him away, and put him to bed,  
With very sore bones and a very soft head.  
And he swore that he'd sell no more rum in his life,  
For he pitied the *drunkard* and *felt* for his *wife*;  
For Jones had convinced him that selling was wrong  
By arguments *forcible*, *weighty*, and strong.  
So he closed up the house, and chopped down the sign,

JOHN SWIG.

---



EFFECT OF JONES'S ARGUMENT ON SWIG.

And threw out the whiskey, ale, brandy, and wine ;  
He put up a notice, "This tavern for sale,"  
Which ended the Bee-Hive and finished the tale.

# NEVER BEGIN.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

IN going downhill on a slippery track,  
The going is easy, the task getting back;  
But you'll not have a tumble, a slip, nor a stop,  
Nor toil from below, if you stay at the top.

CHORUS.

So from drinking, and swearing, and every sin,  
You are safe and secure if you never begin.  
Then never begin, never begin;  
You can't be a drunkard unless you begin.

So in mounting a ladder, or scaling a wall,  
You may climb to the top, or be bruised by a fall;  
My philosophy's this—and I think it is sound—  
If not needed above, to remain on the ground.

*Chorus.*

Some boast they can stand on the cataract's brink;  
Some do it, but some topple over and sink;  
Then I think, to be safe, the most sensible plan  
Is to keep from the brink just as far as you can.

*Chorus.*



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