

From Edmund Swett
From J. M. Spear
[Spear (John M.)] 5

LABORS FOR THE PRISONER.

No. III.

"I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

The second year of my individual labors for the prisoner has this day closed. Although I am not the Agent of a Society, yet it is due to the friends who have kindly assisted me, and who are interested in my labors, that I should from time to time make brief statements of what I have done, and what I desire to accomplish.



SIGNING THE PLEDGE IN PRISON.

Ten years ago, when the Washingtonian movement commenced, I endeavored to assist in organizing a Washingtonian Society in New Bedford, where I then resided. To accomplish my purpose, I went to the House of Correction in that

place to see if I could find any one there who was disposed to lead in that work. I found a person who had been repeatedly imprisoned for drunkenness, informed him of the purpose of my visit to the prison, asked him if he would sign the Pledge and ~~go~~ out, if I could get him pardoned, and help in the new movement. He signed the Pledge in the prison. I got him pardoned. He went out and became the head of a large Washingtonian Society. He continued to be a sober man, became a useful citizen, now is in good business, and owns the house in which he lives.

This incident turned my attention to prisoners, and from that time I have felt a deep and deeper interest in them, until I have been constrained to give myself entirely up to the work of assisting them. I am persuaded it is as much a Christian duty to visit the prisoner, as it is to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, or aid the sick. Massachusetts imprisoned in 1849 ten thousand persons. In New York city and its neighborhood, about three thousand persons are kept in prison all the time. More than thirty thousand persons are in the prisons of the United States at the time I am writing.

What is needed, is some one to visit these forsaken ones—to inquire into their cases—advise with them—encourage such as need it, to make their case known to their friends—write letters for them—aid them in showing their innocence, if they are innocent—put them in the way of obtaining gratuitous or cheap professional assistance—or collect for them evidence of such facts as will mitigate their punishment, and especially if they are friendless, encourage them by sympathy and counsel to lead an honest life in time to come. Often a little effort, a little expense, will save a father from jail, and thus a family are kept together and saved from beggary—or save a son from State Prison, and thus secured from the society of criminals and placed, perhaps, in the country with friends, he will be snatched from a life of crime.

My plan then is to assist the prisoner, his family, and his friends, in the following ways:

1st.—To visit him in his cell, become acquainted with him, learn his history and his wants. Now that he is away from the world, is sober, and has ample time for serious reflection, I wish to give him good advice, and to put useful publications into his hands.

2d.—If he is poor, cannot help himself, and has connexions near, I wish to gather them around him, or to correspond with them, if they are distant.

3d.—If he is to go into court for trial, or for sentence, I wish to follow him, and render him such assistance as he may need, by pleading in his behalf, or by giving the Court such information as will lead to a just view of his guilt.

4th.—If he is sent to prison, I desire to assist his family (if he has one) to obtain employment and bread during his imprisonment.

5th.—When the prisoner is discharged, I desire to aid him to find employment, or to supply him with food, or clothing, or to return him to his family and friends.

6th.—I desire to travel to visit and examine prisons, to give addresses on the subject, to correspond with persons who are interested in the condition and wants of the prisoner, to distribute publications, and to create, by the usual means, a correct public sentiment in relation to crime, its causes, and its treatment.

It is now five years since I gave myself wholly up to this work. I am not the Agent of any Society, and do not represent any body of men. Disregarding all sectarian lines, party divisions, national boundaries, and complexional differences, I wish as an individual to do from day to day the work which my Heavenly Father calls me to perform.

I will narrate some instances of assistance rendered to prisoners, and their friends, as illustrative of my labors.

THE FARMER'S SON.

But few persons are aware of the dangers and temptations to which strangers from the country are exposed in large cities. I will give a single instance as an illustration.

Joseph, a youth born in a quiet agricultural town, had become weary of following the plough. He had heard of some who had gone to the noisy city and had acquired wealth. Thinking he might be equally fortunate, he left his peaceful home, and arrived in Boston a stranger, not knowing the name of an individual, or even the name of a street.

On the night of his arrival a stranger accosted him and said, "Do you not wish to be a gentleman?"

"Yes," he quickly replied.

"Follow me," said the stranger, "and I will show you the way."

He followed his guide, thinking himself exceedingly fortunate in finding on the night of his arrival one who was ready to lead him in the precise path where he desired to walk. Led to one of the twelve hundred places where intoxicating liquors are sold, he was induced to drink. Invited now to walk out and view the buildings of the city, he was led to one of the depots, and persuaded to break in there. Having obtained some counterfeit coins, and a few worthless tickets, he was about leaving the building when the hand of an officer was laid upon him, and he was thrown into prison, where I found him. He assured me that he drank no liquor when at home, that he belonged to a good family, and that he never saw the inside of a Court House or a Prison before. I inquired his name. He refused to give it. I asked if he had parents, and learned that he had. I now requested him to give me the name of his father, and to tell me where he lived. "I cannot tell you," said he, "his name, or where he lives. It would break my father's heart and my mother's too, if they knew I was here. Cannot you save me from the State Prison, and not let them know where I am?"

"It is impossible," I replied.

Day after day, I visited him, and entreated him to tell me where he came from, and I assured him I would be his friend; but he declined until he was brought into court for trial. When the indictment had been solemnly read to him, he gave me the name of his father, and told me where he lived. Sobbing as though his heart would break, he said, "I have not told you all yet,—I am a member of the Orthodox Church, and when I think of the feelings of my parents, of the reports that will be spread abroad in my native village, of the disgrace that I have brought upon the Church of which I am a member, it seems to me now that I cannot let them know I am here. Cannot you save me from the State Prison and not let them know where I am?" I was deeply moved, and was only able to say, "It is impossible. I will go and see your father."

Leaving the Court, I immediately took the cars, and going fifty miles into the country, I found his father following the plough.

As I approached him, I said, "Have you a son, Sir, by the name of Joseph?"

"I have," he replied.

"Do you know where he is?" I inquired.

"I do not," said the father; "he went away several days ago, and we have not heard from him since."

"Your son is a prisoner, and I have come to bring you the sad intelligence."

The father left the plough in the furrow, saying to the lad who was riding the horse, "There, you may take out the horse; we sha'n't plough any more to-day." It was only noon, but the father felt he could plough no more that day, for his son was a prisoner. He turned into his dwelling, and sat down and wept with his afflicted companion. I felt that it was a season of solemn silence, not to be interrupted by the voice of a stranger. I wept with them. When the mother was able to speak, she said, "We expected Joseph home last Saturday night. It was our Communion-day on Sunday, and we thought he would want to be with us to gather around the table of our Lord; for he had never been absent from the Communion since he joined our Church. We did not think that he was a prisoner."

"What can be done for the lad?" inquired the father.

"You must take a deed of your farm," I said, "in your pocket, you must get some good neighbor to go with you, and you must accompany me to Boston, and perhaps he may be bailed for a short time, and then we shall have an opportunity to see what more can be done for him."

The father followed my advice. A humane lawyer became interested in the case; the clergyman of the Church to which Joseph belonged appeared in the Court, and others were with him,—all of whom testified to the previous good character of the lad, and after a few weeks he was allowed to return home to the bosom of his father's family.

Becoming acquainted, as I not unfrequently do, with instances of this character, I am forcibly reminded of the words of Solomon, who personified folly, thus: "A foolish woman is clamorous, she is simple and knoweth nothing. She sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city, to call to passengers, who go right on their ways, 'Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither.' And as for him who wanteth understanding, she saith to him, 'Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.' But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell."

A hundred and twenty trains of cars roll into the city of Boston daily, bringing ten thousand passengers, among

whom are the young and inexperienced. Persons are waiting at the depots where the cars come, in the streets where the stages stop, on the wharves where the boats arrive, to lead the unsuspecting to destruction. Another class of persons should be stationed in these places, and in the sweet voice of heavenly love, should say to the stranger, "This is the way, walk ye in it. Come with us, and we will do you good."

THE LITTLE PRISONER.

Passing one day through the Boston Jail I found a little boy, only nine years of age, among the prisoners. In answer to my inquiry why he was there, he informed me that he was imprisoned by his uncle for stealing a golden eagle. He denied any knowledge of the theft. He also said his father was living in Bangor,—that he had lived with his uncle in Boston, who had kicked and beaten him when he was under the influence of liquor—that consequently he had ran away to Lynn, where he was kept a week by a humane gentleman, and then he was returned to Boston, where he was thrown into prison. No relative or friend ever came to see him while he was in the jail.

I wrote to his father informing him his little son was a prisoner, but received no reply. I then wrote to an acquaintance, making inquiries about the father, and from him learned that the child's mother was dead, and that the father had been complained of for beating his son.

He was brought into the Court for trial, but he was so small that he could not be seen when he stood on the floor with the other prisoners. I asked him to stand upon the seat, that he might be seen. The case went to the jury. A friendly member of the bar, who has often assisted me in such cases, helped him. Never have I seen more indignation in a Court than was manifested at the time of his trial. While the jury was out, the Judge informed me he should set the verdict aside, if he was convicted. He was however acquitted. The humane Judge now desired me to take the child in my care. I took him to my house, washed, fed and lodged him, obtained clothing for him, and then carried him thirty miles into the country, placed him in a good family, and put him to school.

THE BOY WHO HAS SEVENTEEN MOTHERS.

Visiting a prison one day, I found a mother who expressed much anxiety about her babe. She did not know where it was. After some inquiry I found him. He was a beautiful little fellow, about two years of age. The father had forsaken the wife and child. I felt deeply interested for them. Becoming bail for her, I succeeded in obtaining her release from the prison, where she had been in close confinement four months. Frequently she had begged for the privilege of going out of her cell to labor, and to take the air, but her request was not granted.

When she was released, it was with much difficulty that she could walk, for she had nearly lost the use of her limbs; especially was it painful for her to ascend stairs. I boarded her babe a few weeks in a neighboring town, hoping she would soon be able to sustain herself and him. Several weeks passed, and she was only able to board and clothe herself. Knowing that it would cost me more than fifty dollars in a year to board him, I saw that the load was more than I could easily carry.

I now called on a benevolent woman in one of the towns where I had boarded him, and inquired if there were not some good women in her circle of acquaintance who would be willing to assist in supporting him. She cheerfully agreed to make an effort in his behalf. A few days after, I received a letter informing me that sixteen women had agreed to pay each the sum of $6\frac{1}{2}$ cents per week for his board, for three months. The cost of his board is one dollar per week, so that the sum thus contributed will pay it. He has therefore, with the one who bore him, who is doing well, seventeen mothers. I trust he will become a great and good man, and will rise up and bless his maternal benefactors.

THE NEWSPAPER BOY.

In my statement of labors for the prisoner in March, 1849, I published an account of a newspaper boy, which has excited much interest, and has been widely circulated in various periodicals in the United States. Many of my friends have expressed a desire to know more of his history. I now repub-

lish the account for the perusal of those who have not seen it, and that I may the more easily inform those who did read it, how he is now doing.

Entering the Police Court, as usual, one morning, I noticed among the prisoners a youth who was poorly clad, and who was bathed in tears. Sitting down by his side, I said to him, "Why are you here, my son?"

"I am accused of selling newspapers, Sir, without a license."

"Are you guilty?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you been arrested before?"

"Yes, twice."

"What for?"

"For selling newspapers."

"Why do you persist in doing it?"

"Because I don't know what else to do to get a living."

"Have you a father?"

"No, Sir, my father is dead."

"Is your mother living?"

"My mother is a drunkard; she does not take any care of me, and I don't know where she is now."

As the thought of his loneliness came over him, he wept. I was much moved.

"Where do you lodge?" I inquired.

"Near Union Street, Sir. I pay ninepence a night for my lodging, in advance, and I buy two plates of beans in the course of the day, for which I pay as much more."

"How do you spend your evenings?"

"I walk about the streets, or go into the auction rooms."

"Cannot you sit down in the house where you lodge, by the fire, and read?"

"No, Sir, the woman of the house is poor. She has no room for me at her fire."

"Would you like to go into the country and work, if a place could be obtained for you?"

"Yes, Sir, I would be glad to go and work for my living. I don't want to stay in Boston any longer; but I have nobody to get a place for me. I don't want to go down to the jail again."

I now spoke to the Judge respecting the prisoner. One of the officers of the Court said, "It is no use for you to try to do anything for him, for he has been sent to the jail twice for doing the same thing, and it did not do him any good."

“That is a good reason,” I said, “why he should not be sent there again.”

After some conversation with the Judge, I agreed to pay the costs of the prosecution, and he agreed to call the fine one cent.

Taking the boy by the hand to my house, he was supplied with food, shoes and stockings were put upon his feet, and a good place was immediately obtained for him in the country.

Let us now see the result of this effort to save a lad who who had been sent to the jail twice, and had not been made better by it.

Entering my office the day before Thanksgiving, I found there a neat, healthy, comfortably clad youth. He arose as I entered, and called me by name. Perceiving I did not recognize him, he smiled, and said, “Don’t you know John?”

Astonished, I exclaimed, “Are you John C———?”

“I am.”

“Where do you now live, and how are you doing?”

“I am living in the town where you sent me, and with the man who first took me into his family. I have bought and paid for the good clothes I now have on, and I am earning nine dollars per month.”

Results of this character greatly encourage me to labor for the salvation of the guilty.

THE WEDDING IN PRISON.

Last April I found a man and woman in a prison charged with being more intimate than they should have been. They were soon to appear in Court for trial, and for this offence they were both liable to suffer several months imprisonment. The woman disclosed to me her delicate situation, and asked my advice. They were both poor. I was informed by her that she had expected to be married, and that she would be glad to be now, if suitable arrangements could be made. I then conversed with the man, who was in another part of the prison. I found he was ready to fulfil his promise of marriage.

I next called on the prosecuting officer, and informed him I desired to get them published. He advised me to do as I thought best in the case. Their names were then entered in

the Clerk's office for publication. A few days after, they were brought into the Court for trial. Following my advice, they confessed their guilt. The Judge was then requested to postpone sentence for a few days. The request was granted.

When they had been published according to law, with Mrs. Spear I went to the prison, called them from their respective cells, and, the keeper and my wife being witnesses, I legally united them in marriage. I then had them brought into the Court for sentence, and informed the Judge what I had done. The prosecuting officer now agreed not to prosecute the case any farther, if the prisoners would pay the costs, which were found to be about fifteen dollars. I now informed the Court that they were poor, and that they had done all they could—they had been legally united in marriage. The Judge finally decided that if I would pay a fine of one dollar each, they might be discharged. The fine was paid. They went immediately to housekeeping. They live happily together, and she now has a child more than five months old, which they have talked of calling John M. Spear.

THE INNOCENT PRISONER.

Among the thousands who are annually imprisoned in the United States, some are innocent. I will state two cases which came under my observation.

J. M—— came to Massachusetts from Canada to meet some friends, who were expected to arrive from the Old World. They met. The next day after their arrival, they intended to leave together for Canada, but it happened that a sum of money was that day taken from the house where they lodged. J. M—— was suspected of having stolen it, was arrested and thrown into prison, where I found him. He declared that he was entirely innocent of the charge, requested me to write to his wife, let her know what had occurred to him, and inform her that he was not guilty. I wrote as he requested.

After being kept in prison fifty long days, he was taken into Court, and informed that the Grand Jury had not found a bill against him. He was accordingly discharged. I was in the Court, by his side, when he was released.

He now informed me that he was wholly destitute of money—that he needed food, lodging, clothing, and desired to return to his afflicted wife and two children. He moreover said he knew not what had become of the friends whom he came to meet, and who were depending on him to show them the way to his humble dwelling in Canada. Had he not been arrested, these afflictions would not have come upon him.

He was fed, clothed, lodged, and returned to his family.

J. A—— was brought into a Police Court and accused of aiding a person to rob a dwelling-house where he boarded. I was present when he was examined. He informed the Justice that he knew nothing of the matter whatever. He was however put under bonds to the amount of twelve hundred dollars, to appear at a future day, to answer to the charge before a higher Court. Unable to obtain bail, he went to prison, where I had ample time and opportunity to see and converse with him. He declared his innocence, and desired me to see his friends. I saw them. They informed me that he belonged to the Order of the Sons of Temperance, that he was an industrious, honest mechanic, and, in a word, that his character was above reproach. Several days were spent in gathering facts and witnesses for him, money was expended, able counsel was employed, and he was finally acquitted. Everybody who was present at the trial, was satisfied that he was an entirely innocent man.

I ask as an act of simple justice, that the innocent prisoner may be compensated for his loss of time, &c. In thus doing, I think I do not ask too much of a community which aspires to be called Christian.

During the past year I have labored as follows :

I. I have delivered ninety-seven discourses in the following towns : Barnstable, Roxbury, Boston, Portsmouth, New Bedford, Dedham, Leominster, Sharon, Concord, N. H., Canterbury, N. H., Dorchester, Saugus, Danvers, Dover, N. H., Watertown, Pembroke, Hanson, Pepperell, Bath, Me., Brunswick, Me., Walpole, Groton, Lancaster, Milford, Westboro, Concord, Mass., Keene, Fitzwilliam, N. H., West Cambridge, Walpole, N. H., Chelsea, Lynn, Quincy, Cambridge, Harvard, Essex, Stoneham, Athol.

II. I have become bail for prisoners to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. Persons for whom I have become bail during the past year have generally done well.

III. I have distributed among prisoners, and others, five thousand seven hundred and fifty publications.

IV. I have travelled to assist prisoners, to visit prisons, and to lecture, six thousand two hundred and thirty-nine miles.

V. I have made seventy-three visits to prisons in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont.

VI. I have assisted four hundred and fifteen persons, by furnishing them with food, clothing, lodging, counsel, employment, or by returning them to their friends.

VII. In prosecuting this work I have expended, during the year, in sustaining myself and in assisting prisoners, \$1,444 78; and have received (including \$29 96 cash on hand at the commencement of the year) \$1,370 47; and have therefore expended \$74 31 more than I have received.

OPINIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

Sometimes I am asked what the opinions of others are in relation to my labors for the prisoner. To answer their inquiries I append a few words from some notes received from eminent gentlemen.

“I cannot but regard with the warmest approbation and sympathy, both your mode of operation, and the manner and spirit in which you plead it. So far as my voice can give you facility of entrance into pulpits, and the opportunity of a hearing before religious societies, I shall gladly do all in my power to second your enterprise. A. P. PEABODY.

“Portsmouth, June 13, 1849.”

“The plan of your mission to prisoners and their families has deeply interested me, and has vindicated its place in the great phalanx of modern philanthropy. Your work bears with a like beneficent power on all classes in society, and should command the cordial respect of every friend of his race. A. A. LIVERMORE.

“Keene, Oct. 15, 1849.”

"Of your mission I will only say, what I think all must say, that it is most worthy the earnest and generous co-operation of Christian men.
O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

"Salem, Dec. 6th, 1848."

"It affords me great pleasure to learn that your benevolence embraces not the prisoner only, but also his wife and children. I have learned since I have been connected with the Massachusetts State Prison, that the wife and family of the convict often suffer more than the convict himself. That while the guilty one is well cared for, well housed, clothed, fed and employed, his innocent wife and children are reduced to the utmost extremity, destitute of home, and all the comforts and all the necessaries of life. It seems to me that the wretched condition of the families of prisoners calls more loudly upon the charitable, for relief, than that of the prisoner himself. I am pleased to know that you are exerting yourself in this direction.
FREDERICK ROBINSON,

"Warden of Massachusetts State Prison."

"Charlestown, Jan. 25, 1849."

"I listened with interest to your statements at Mr. Newell's church, yesterday, and beg leave to inclose a small sum in aid of your benevolent exertions.
EDWARD EVERETT.

"Cambridge, Jan. 23, 1849."

"You are nobly engaged in a noble work, and I shall be glad to do all I can to aid you in an undertaking so important.
THEODORE PARKER.

"Boston, June 14, 1849."

"If there is a Christian enterprize under the sun, this movement to prevent crime and to save the criminal, is entitled to the name.
F. D. HUNTINGTON.

"Boston, April 12, 1848."

"You have my best wishes, and shall always have all the aid I can give you.
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"Boston, July 2, 1849."

"Your labors favor all classes. They tend to reform the prisoner; they render property more inviolable; they give additional security to every man's person and every man's life. As you help all, you seem to me to be entitled to the aid and encouragement of all. HORACE MANN.

"West Newton, March 10, 1849."

"Your sphere of benevolence is peculiar. You stand almost alone. But I am quite sure that you have the approbation of our Heavenly Father. The errand of Christ was to bring not the righteous, but *sinner*s to repentance. It seems to me, that there can be no greater or better work than that of reclaiming those who have gone astray.

"THOMAS C. UPHAM.

"Brunswick, Me., Aug. 3, 1849."

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

During the past year I have found many encouragements to labor for the poor prisoner. I will name a few.

1st. Many pulpits have been opened to me to speak on this subject, on Sunday, at the usual hours of religious meetings. I have been able in this way to reach the best and most cultivated minds in New England. Having had nearly a hundred opportunities of addressing such audiences, I am confident my cause must have so recommended itself to the sympathies of those who gave it their attention, as to exert a great influence in creating what I believe to be a correct public sentiment in regard to crime and its treatment.

2d. Many persons for whom I have labored, and who were once idle, dissolute, and committing depredations on society, are now living honest, sober and industrious lives. I meet them frequently. It encourages my heart to see them. I have not room in these brief pages to go into details.

3d. As the Judges and other officers of the Courts and the Prisons have understood my plans of labor, they have been ready to aid me in accomplishing my purposes.

4th. Means have come to me as I have needed them. Those who sympathize with the poor and the friendless, and who know the many temptations to which they are exposed,

have been willing to aid in my work. Many have said they could not visit the prisoner themselves, and they are glad to have me do this work.

It would afford me great pleasure to mention the names of many excellent men and women who have kindly assisted me in collecting means to carry on my work. But I have not room, and if I had, I know many do not desire it. I cannot, however, forbear expressing my gratitude to a circle of benevolent ladies in Dorchester who have associated together, unsolicited, and worked from month to month, and during the past year have kindly placed in my hands \$80. An excellent lady in Roxbury nobly assisted me when I was in much want, by collecting among her friends \$129. A clergyman of the Unitarian denomination, also unasked, called on his parishioners, collected \$142, and forwarded the same to me.

I am now in debt, as will be seen, but I trust some good persons into whose hands these humble pages may chance to fall, will be willing to aid me in paying that small sum.

Thus encouraged in my labors of the last year, I now enter upon the untried scenes of another year, trusting that the experience of the past will enable me to do more and better in the future. I wish to devote all my time, as heretofore, to this work.

Every day brings before me some one who needs assistance—a meal—a lodging—clothing—or aid in getting back to home and friends. A little aid at such times may go far to save a man from becoming a confirmed offender. Besides, I have a family to support, and for all this I have no means excepting such as are kindly placed in my hands by humane friends. To labor cheerfully and successfully, it is desirable that I should not only be free from pecuniary embarrassment, but that I should always have something in my hands to aid the poor, in cases of necessity. Should any person, into whose hands these pages may fall, desire to assist me, or need assistance, they can address me at No. 2½ CENTRAL COURT, Boston.

☞ Central Court opens at No. 238 Washington Street.

JOHN M. SPEAR.

MARCH 1, 1850.

The following lines were written by a prisoner when in his cell. He has since been discharged.

TO MY SISTER.

For a time I am doomed 'midst strangers to wander,
 Far, far from my home, and all who are dear;
 Still fond recollection grows fonder and fonder;
 My heart is with thee, I know thine is here.

Yes, yes, dearest sister, I believe thee still kind,
 I know thou'rt the same, and ever wilt be;
 Though fortune frowns darkly, it cannot unbind,
 Or sever those ties that hold thee and me.

As a rock, in the ocean, when waves dash around it,
 Defies the fierce storm and the wild angry blast,
 Thy love is as firm,—as unchanged I have found it,—
 I know it will live and endure to the last.

There's forgiveness with thee, when all others revile
 And turn from me coldly with looks of disdain;
 Though the world may disown me, thou still hast a smile,
 Will welcome me home, and will cheer me again.

Thou art in my thoughts both morn, noon, and even;
 I know, though I'm absent, 'tis the same still with thee;
 And when thou presentest thy offering to heaven,
 I know there's a prayer intended for me. C. M.

LADY JANE GRAY.

Lines in Latin, inscribed with a pin upon her prison walls.

Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
 That thou from human woes art free;
 The bitter cup I drink to-day,
 To-morrow may be drank by thee.