

**Day-Song.**

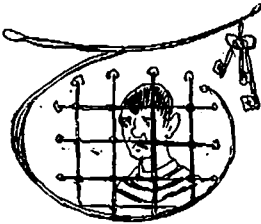
Now Morn is ascending from out the dark sea,  
 A light crimson veil hanging o'er her;  
 The lark leaves her nest on the bonny green lea,  
 And flutters aloft to adore her:  
 And oh how the living beams revel and leap!  
 In purple and gold to unfold her;  
 And how the wild cataract roused on the steep,  
 Is shouting with joy to behold her.

The black steeds have vanished away from the view,  
 That up from the dark ocean bore her;  
 And how sweet and tender the smile breaking through  
 The golden gates op'ning before her.  
 Behold the great mountains start up from the vale!  
 And rend their night-mantles all hoary,  
 And join in their joy with the general "all hail"  
 To day in her garments of glory.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

**PRISON LIFE AND LABOR;**

OR, HOW A GRAND SCHEME HAS BEEN NIPPED IN  
 THE BUD.



THE writer of this article has given his valuable services to this paper for a three-fold purpose: first, with the idea of gaining a bloated notoriety, which a paper having fifty thousand circulation will give him; secondly, of earning sufficient to pay taxes on an in-

come of five hundred; and thirdly, etc., for the purpose of exposing the inner workings of that infamous den of thieves and robbers, the Central Prison. We have long been under the impression that some exceedingly obnoxious individuals are given food and lodging there, and being thoroughly convinced of this, we looked about us to find the proper person to make an investigation for the benefit of our 50,412 readers. We desired a man who had never been inside a police station or a court house; who knew no more about law than Sir John A. Macdonald is reputed to know; who could write dispassionately upon any subject, from a dose of cat-o'-nine-tails to one of ipecac; and who had a head sufficiently large to manufacture a high range of volcanic mountains out of hills and hollows in the sidewalk near the *Globe* office. He must not be addicted to drink, and must be prepared to leave town immediately upon the conclusion of his investigations. Such a man we have found in Mr. Sam Stubbs, and will now leave him with our readers, trusting they will duly appreciate the enterprising efforts of this journal.

**PREFACE.**

When first requested by my superior to invent some plan whereby I might become an inmate of the Central Prison for a short term, I remarked that he must be a ravin' and that it would be a-robbin' the daily newspaper reporters of a good thing for me to go on this lark. But the managing editor said that, without wishing to crow over my abilities, there was no other man on earth so competent as I—the reporters on the daily papers all drank more or less, and could never be depended upon to leave town for the next forty years, unless some influence were brought to bear on the old man who runs the antiquated mowing machine, and whose meadow is the world. The shortest term at the Central was three months, but should I succeed in getting myself immured

there, the gentlemen who owns this paper said, they would guarantee a pardon for me at the end of three weeks, and in that period I would collect sufficient material to furnish GRIP with sensation for a year. Upon these conditions I condemned myself to a felon's cell.

**CHAPTER I.—GOING TO PRISON.**

Having decided that my whole duty to suffering humanity was to become the guest of Warden Massie for three weeks, I searched around for the most feasible plan for securing an invitation. I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. I concluded at one time to become a tramp and steal a ride on the Grand Trunk; then I decided to get on a street car and yell "Rats!" I also thought of impersonating McGarigle and delivering myself over to the authorities. None of these plans met the approval of my employers. It was ten to one I would get six months or a year, and a pardon for these offences was an impossibility. I was in a state of great dejection when Providence smiled once more and my object was attained in a manner quite unexpected.

There called at my house during my absence a gentleman, who carried a mysterious bundle under his arm. He requested an interview with Mrs. S. This was accorded him, and he hurried away without the bundle. When I returned my wife informed me that she had purchased a sealskin sacque for ten dollars from a poor man

**BENEVOLENT MR. GRIP**

TAKES COMPASSION UPON CERTAIN STATESMEN OUT OF A JOB,  
 AND GIVES THEM LIGHT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.

who wanted money. Just one week afterward I was taken in charge by a detective for the theft of that sacque. This, I understood, was the scheme of my employers, and I gleefully simpered "guilty" to the indictment. The sentence was "one year at hard labor." What joy! Did prisoner ever feel such pleasure as I experienced at that moment? My immortal name was made—my great life work about to commence. The grand fields of the