

My limbs are bowed, though not with toil
 But rusted through a vile repose ;
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned and barred,—forbidden fare.
 But it was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted death.
 That father suffered at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake.
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place.

Lake Lemay lies by Chillon's walls,
 A thousand feet in depth below,
 Its massy waters meet and flow.

A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made, and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake,
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
 We heard it ripple, night and day.
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked,
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high,
 And wanton in the happy sky.
 And then the very rock bath rocked,
 And I have felt it shake, unshocked ;
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free."

But we leave the sad prison-house and ascend the upper story. First we visit the Hall of Justice, a fine large apartment, with an immense fire-place that would do honour to any Canadian backwood's log-fire. Adjoining this is the torture-room. In the middle of the floor stands a wooden pillar, near the top of which is a pulley, by means of which the prisoner was drawn up and down at pleasure, and you may see burnt parts of the wood, the result of torturing the victims with red-hot instruments. We cross a yard and enter a low, dark-looking tower. Here are the opening and steps of the "oubliettes" where prisoners were got rid of who had purchased pardon by recantation or confession. They came in here in hope of regaining their liberty, but alas! they found that it was the liberty of death. They descend, one, two, three steps, the next launches them into a dark, deep, watery grave, and eternal oblivion.