

By
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 78.



THE PRISONER OF MONKLANDS,

(Suggested by "The Prisoner of Chillon.")

My hope was Grey—I had my fears—
 Perchance he might
 Not think me right,
 And blow me in the House of Peers.
 But glad some came his smooth reply,
 Approving of my calm repose,
 (Though some may say that's all my eye,
 And bearing balm to soothe my woes,
 Yes, all might now be passing well,

But for the "Morning Chronicle,"
 Whose galling pen with venom'd point
 Has put the "Times" quite out of joint,
 I'd rather perish at the stake,
 Than e'er again a subject make
 For such dissection—Hug the bunch !
 "Herald," "Chronicle" and—"Punch !"
 'Twere better with my blood have sealed
 (Like Paddy Blake,) the odious Bill,

Upon the Stoney battle-field—
 That mob!—methinks I hear it still !
 Twice with eggs and once with stones,
 Nearly broken were my bones.
 But no more I'll wildly go
 To the Vandal City—No—
 A prison'd martyr here I'll be
 In "dignified neutrality."