

DORNOCH IN DECEMBER 1880. By CHARLES NEILL.

A BELL WITHOUT A TONGUE, A COCK WITHOUT A TAIL;
 A MANSE WITHOUT A MINISTER, A TOWN WITHOUT A RAIL;
 A BISHOPRIC WITH NO RUBIC, A JAIL WITHOUT A JAILOR;
 A HALL TO LET AS BLACK AS JET, A PORT WITHOUT A SAILOR.
 A TOWN WITH WATER PUMPS SUPPLIED, NOR HORSE NOR MAN
 CAN DRINK OF;

By LAW AND GOSPEL DIGNIFIED— SOME NEIGHBOURS GRIEVE
 TO THINK OF.

A PALACE LEFT TO OWLS AND BATS, WHICH ONCE A
 BISHOP BOASTED);

A GAS-HOUSE DARK AND GRIM,— A STONE WHERE THE
 LAST WITCH WAS ROASTED).

RUINS AND SHINGLE ALL AROUND), 'MIDST PILES OF
 ANCIENT GRANDEUR,

A CITY, BURGH, GREAT THOUGH SMALL, AND PROUD
 AS ALEXANDER.

FROM, { A BOOK OF POEMS } - BY CHARLES NEILL.
 POETICAL MUSINGS OR
 1884.