

One back fence they jointly shared;  
Yards to east and west they paired;  
    Vacant lots and suburbs quiet  
    Called them oft to quell a riot,  
Or discipline a rising laird.

They had foraged New Westminster  
And despatched, by process sinister,  
    Every cat that made a stand  
    'Gainst a general reprimand—  
Convalescent tom or spinster.

Theirs, the parting fight, remained;  
To it--from it they were chained,  
    For each felt distinct in caste  
    And, on all occasions past,  
Introduction had disdained.