

A poor, neglected kit, in youth,
She knew the griefs you ne'er can feel,
And (for I would not cloak the truth)
She early learned to stray and steal.

Thus Robert found her, strayed, and thin
As they are apt to be that roam,
But she seemed only bones and skin,
The day he brought her, shiv'ring, home.

In Emma's arms she now was placed,
"The beauty!" Emma quick exclaimed,
The word the cat thenceforward graced,
And "Beauty" was she proudly named.

Full soon her ribs began to be
All covered o'er with wholesome fat,
And c'en the servants owned that she
Was "an uncommon" pretty cat.

Three years she lived in ease and bliss,
Three families she reared with care;
And, if she sometimes did amiss,
To pardon Beauty seemed but fair.

Two kittens now, both beautiful,
Went purring ever by her side,