

In the giddy circumstance—
Parted with their innocence—
When I tried to sleep, but failed,
With the way thy felines wailed.

Tom, thou wert the prettiest
Kitten at thy mother's breast,
There were four, including thee,
But the river cancelled three :
Thus thou wert preserved a pet,
Yea ! and thou art cherished yet :
But thy wandering of late,
Makes me anxious for thy fate,
Let me ponder on thy state.
Neck, and ears, and eyes are scratched—
Surely thou wert overmatched ;
And from bullet at thee aimed,
Thy white foot, I see, is maimed :
Even now upon the rug,
Lying by the log fire snug,
(While the tempest lifts its ire,
And the sparkles crackle higher,)