

Behind her ran her infant train,

Collecting here and there a grain.

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,

This hill delicious fare supplies;

Behold, the busy *Negro* race,

See, millions blacken all the place!

Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;

An ant is most delightful meat.

How blest, how envy'd were our life,

Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!

But man, curst man on turkey preys,

And *Christmas* shortens all our days;

Sometimes with oysters we combine,

Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine.

From the low peasant to the lord,

The turkey smeaks on ev'ry board.

Sure men for gluttony are curst,

Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,

Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech.

Ere

Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thy own conscience look within.
 Controul thy more voracious bill,
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill.



THE WISE MAN
 HE PEGGED HIS
 WIFE'S BLOOD
 IN HIS BOW
 AND HE
 WON THE
 PRIZE
 FOR HIS
 WISDOM
 AND
 HIS
 WIFE'S
 BLOOD
 WAS
 HIS
 PRIZE