

Æsop incens'd, demanded of the Gardener this Question; *When a Widow is engag'd in second Nuptials, she is Mother to the Issue of her first Mariage, but Step-mother to the Progeny of her second Husband: Those Children to whom by the proper Obligations of Nature her Affections are entituled, she affects and values much more, then those to whom she is a Mother only by accidental relation: So is it here, the Earth is a Step-mother to those Plants which are incorporated into her wombe by Art, but a Mother to those which are of her own free production.* The Gardener much satisfied with this Reply, enjoyn'd him, when his occasions guided him to his Garden, without any retribution, freely to collect those Herbs he wanted, as the recompense of his dextrous Solution of the Question.

After some days were expir'd, *Xanthus* being gone to Bathe, where he mingled with some Friends, commanded Æsop to repair to his House, and instantly boil some Lentills; he went (as he was enjoyn'd) and only boil'd one: when *Xanthus* had done Bathing, he engaged his Friends to accompany him to Dinner, where he inform'd them that they should find his provision was wrapp'd up in a slender Bill of Fare, namely Lentills; but he was confident they would proportion their entertainment by his affection, not his viands. They all entring his House, *Xanthus* commanded Æsop to refresh them with some Beverage, now coming from the Bath. Æsop instantly taking up Water from the Stream of the Bath, presented it to *Xanthus*; who with disgust and passion resented the ill relish of it, and demanded of him *whence he had collected it? From the Bath,* said he. *Xanthus* (because he would not discompose his Friends) at present conceal'd his Resentment, and call'd for a Bason; which Æsop having brought, stood over against him. *Xanthus* ask'd him, *Do you not wash?* He replyed, *It's fit for you to Command, me to Obey: But*