

to that number? Æsop replyed, *How many Feet have two Hogs?* Xanthus answered, *Eight.* Here then are *Five* present, said Æsop, and the fatted Hog by the absence of one hath but *Three.* Whereupon Xanthus (being chaf'd into passion) cryed out to his Friends, *Did I not inform you, this Fellow will engage me in a Lunacie?* But tracing out no just cause to correct him, the tempest of his anger was mollified into a calm.

The day subsequent to this, one of the Scholars with a liberal Treatment caress'd Xanthus and his Fellow Students: Whilest they were engag'd at this Banquet, Xanthus transmitted a choyce Dish to Æsop, and enjoyn'd him to present it to Her that Affected Him best. Whilest Æsop was going to perform his message, he consider'd that now an opportunity was offer'd to recompense that Regret and Contempt with which his Mistris entertain'd him at his first Arrival. And approaching the House, he sat down in the Porch, and then call'd his Mistris, discovering to her the Dish he was intrusted with, and thus address'd himself to her; *Mistris* (said he) *my Master hath devoted this present to her who loves him best; not to you.* Then calling his Masters Bitch *Lycæna*, cast it to Her, and bid Her eat that which Xanthus had presented to Her. Then returning to his Master, Xanthus ask'd him, *whether he had offered up the present to her who lov'd him best.* All of it, said he; and she swallow'd it in my presence. Xanthus enquir'd *what She said?* Nothing to me, reply'd he; but to you, She refunds the tribute of her Thanks. Xanthus his Wife entertain'd this cheap Neglect with that Resentment, that she vow'd to abandon his House. In the mean space, whilest the Scholar and his Philosophical Guests were warm with wine, one demanded, *which should be the time of the greatest Disorder amongst Mortals?* Æsop (standing behind) reply'd, *When the Dead arise, and attempt to trace out their*