

Æsop seeing his Master engag'd in a gloomy Melancholy, contracted from the departure of his Mistris; and secondly her Refusal (though much importun'd) to return, address'd himself to *Xanthus*, and told him he would weave some Artifice by which next day he would retrieve her; and therefore desir'd he would dispell that sullen Cloud that dwelt about him: Then taking Money he went into the Market, where having loaded himself with Hens and Geese, as though they were to furnish out some Nuptial Feast, with this Feather'd stock he passed by that House which had receiv'd his Mistris, pretending an Ignorance that it was the Mansion of her Father; and accosting one of the Servants, he demanded of him, *whether there was any thing there to sell that might improve the magnificence of a Wedding Banquet?* The Servant enquired *whose Marriage it was designed for?* Æsop reply'd, *Xanthus the Philosopher to morrow celebrates his second Nuptials.* The Servant immediately gave Intelligence of this whole affair to *Xanthus* his Wife. As soon as she had receiv'd this disastrous report, born on the wings of Anger and Jealousie, she flew to *Xanthus* his House, and there with a shrill acclamation did assure him, that no second Espousals of his should be built up, or establish'd, but upon her Urn. Thus Æsop who was the occasion of her angry Departure, was the cause of her hasty and eager Return.

Not long after *Xanthus* by a new Invitation summon'd his Scholars to a Dinner, and enjoyn'd Æsop to furnish his Table with the best and choycest Viands. Whilest he was going about to perform his Masters Injunction, he was likewise designing by what Artifice he might intimate his Masters folly: Therefore when he had disburs'd his money in Hogs-Tongues, he serv'd them up, improved with a poynant Sauce, to Dinner. The Scholars much commended the Dish, which had furnish'd out an occasion for