

Discourse; but the Ingredients which compos'd the second and third Course, were still Tongues. At which the Guests being astonish'd, their Amazement engag'd *Xanthus* to enquire of *Æsop*, if there was nothing to re-enforce this Entertainment, but Tongues? *Æsop* replyed, Nothing else. Thou Lump of Deformitie, urg'd *Xanthus*, my Commands did engage you to prepare the most obliging Dainties. Sir, (said *Æsop*) your Reproof before Philosophers does exact my Retribution of Thanks. What does out-paralet the Tongue? This is the great Chanel by which the most refined Learning, and polish'd Philosophy is conducted down to us: By this noble engine or organ, Addresses, Commerce, Contracts, Caresses, Eulogies and Mariages, are completely establish'd; on this moves Life it self, therefore Nothing to be thrown into ballance with the Tongue. The Scholars (departing) asserted, that the Philosophy of *Æsop* had outvied that of *Xanthus*.

Not long after, the Scholars upbraiding *Xanthus* with his Disservice and Imposture, he replyed, It was not his Designe, but the Artifice of a Perverse and Refractory Servant: But I now (says he) have wav'd my first Injunction, and as I then enjoyn'd *Æsop* to buy the best for Dinner, so I now command him to collect the worst of Meats for Supper. But *Æsop* (constant to his first purpose) furnish'd out the Treatment with no other Viands but Tongues again. *Xanthus* (observing the Discontent that was writ in visible characters on the Faces of his Guests, because they beheld both the second and third Course to be made up of nothing else but Tongues) being incens'd at *Æsop*, demanded of him how he had now obeyed his commands, which did direct him to furnish his Table with the worst of Meats? *Æsop* replyed, he had exactly pursued his Directions; for what was worse then the Tongue? Does not the Ruine of Empires and Cities, and the Destruction of private Interests entitle it self often to its Miscariages?