

ancient possessions. The Scholars smiling at his ingenuous Solution; another demanded, *why Sheep die so calmly, and Swine with that offensive noyse and clamour? The Sheep* (answer'd he) *are usually milk'd and shorne, and so are silent; and when they view the Knife, expect by Instinct nothing but what was customary: But Swine, who have not been habituated to these exercises, when they suffer the impression of the Knife, die with an harsh and ingrateful outcry.* The Scholars charmed with these Answers, were melted into Mirth and Laughter. After Supper was expir'd, *Xanthus* return'd to his House, and (according to former usage) address'd himself with much complacence to his Wife: But she accosted his application with passion and contempt, urging that he should return her, her Dower, and not court her with any of his Approaches, since he had consecrated his Dainties to his Bitch. *Xanthus* astonish'd with a damp and amazement of spirit, ask'd if she had not received his intended present? But she attested the Powers above it was not sent to her, but his Bitch. *Xanthus* (calling *Æsop*) demanded to whom he had offer'd the above-mentioned Mess? He replyed, *To your Beloved.* Whereupon calling the Bitch, *This is she* (said he) *that most constantly entitles her Affections to you; for though you load her with stripes, and discard her your house, yet still she returns both to fawn upon you, and accompany you. Your Instructions ought to have directed your present to your Wife, not your Beloved. You are now convinc'd, Mistriss, said Xanthus, that it was not my Crime, but his, that your Present miscarri'd: Sustain with patience this Misfortune, and I shall trace out some opportunity to make Æsop's Punishment as signal as his Neglect.* But this not charm'd his Wife, who (enraged at this affront) departed to her Father: which caus'd *Æsop* to triumph, saying, *Now Sir, you discover more evident symptoms of Affection in your Bitch towards you, than in my Mistriss.*

*Æsop*