

Landlady's Arm, as it was brandished aloft in the Air.

The Landlady soon perceived the Impediment which prevented her Blow ; and being unable to rescue her Arm from the Hands of *Partridge*, she let fall the Broom ; and then leaving *Jones* to the Discipline of her Husband, she fell with the utmost Fury on that poor Fellow, who had already given some Intimation of himself, by crying, ' Zounds ! do you intend to kill my Friend ? '

*Partridge*, though not much addicted to Battle, would not however stand still when his Friend was attacked ; nor was he much displeased with that Part of the Combat which fell to his Share : He therefore returned my Landlady's Blows as soon as he received them ; and now the Fight was obstinately maintained on all Parts, and it seemed doubtful to which Side Fortune would incline, when the naked Lady, who had listened at the Top of the Stairs to the Dialogue which preceded the Engagement, descended suddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair Inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor Woman who was boxing with *Partridge* ; nor did that great Champion desist, but rather redoubled his Fury, when he found fresh Succours were arrived to his Assistance.

Victory must now have fallen to the Side of the Travellers (for the bravest Troops must yield to Numbers) had not *Susan* the Chambermaid come luckily to support her Mistress. This *Susan* was as two-handed a Wench (according to the Phrase) as any in the Country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed *Thalestris* herself, or any of her subject *Amazons* ; for her Form was robust and manlike, and every way made for such Encounters. As her Hands and Arms were formed