

‘till you can get some of your Ladyship’s own,  
 ‘to be certain the best I have is at your Lady-  
 ‘ship’s Service.’

Whether Cold, Shame, or the Persuasions of Mr. *Jones* prevailed most on Mrs. *Waters*, I will not determine; but she suffered herself to be pacified by this Speech of my Landlady, and retired with that good Woman, in order to apparel herself in a decent Manner.

My Landlord was likewise beginning his Oration to *Jones*, but was presently interrupted by that generous Youth, who shook him heartily by the Hand; and assured him of entire Forgiveness, saying, ‘If you are satisfied, my worthy Friend, ‘I promise you I am;’ and indeed in one Sense the Landlord had the better Reason to be satisfied; for he had received a Bellyful of Drubbing, whereas *Jones* had scarce felt a single Blow.

*Partridge*, who had been all this Time washing his bloody Nose at the Pump, returned into the Kitchen at the Instant when his Master and the Landlord were shaking Hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable Disposition, he was pleased with those Symptoms of Reconciliation; and tho’ his Face bore some Marks of *Susan*’s Fist, and many more of her Nails, he rather chose to be contented with his Fortune in the last Battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic *Susan* was likewise well contented with her Victory, tho’ it had cost her a Black-Eye, which *Partridge* had given her at the first Onset. Between these two, therefore, a League was struck, and those Hands which had been the Instruments of War, became now the Mediators of Peace.