



Strike a woman, will you! eh? you call yourself a man, don't ye?

noble animal.] Do see that there animal! Please examine her, Mr. Botts; isn't she a Venus di Medicis?

Mr. Botts.—Yaw, I dinks she's a-rorer.

Auctioneer.—Ha! ha! very good; thank you, Mr. Botts—\$50—only 50—Oh! gentlemen, she's worth that to work one mud machine. Perfectly sound in wind and limb, and only \$50.

Countryman.—Will she go well under the saddle?

Auc.—O yes; it would be a monstrous *sad-ill* if she did'nt. I'll put \$10 on for you, sir. \$60 for this beautiful blooded mare; stir her up, Joe, and let the gentlemen see her graceful movements. Thank you, sir; you're a man of taste—\$65 for the beautiful Aurora. I say, Mr. Snooks, you needn't be pulling at her mouth; she's like most discreet ladies, she wont tell her age. \$70 for you, Mr. Snooks? No! Well, \$65 to Mr. Snivel?—once—twice—three—

Snivel.—No such thing. **Auc.**—Well, no matter—\$60 to Mr. — the countryman.

—Stop, sir; I'll be switched if I bid any thing.—Zounds, gentlemen, somebody must have her. Going to Mr. Botts for \$50.—Donder and Blitzum! I'll give vive tollars.—Thank you, sir; \$5—once! twice! three times! She's worth half the money!