

SALE OF A WIFE.

A full and particular Account of the Sale of a Woman, named Mary Mackintosh, which took place on Wednesday Evening, the 16th of July, 1828, in the Grass Market of Edinburgh, accused by her Husband of being a notorious Drunkard; with the Particulars of the bloody Battle which took place afterwards.

ON Wednesday evening last, in the Grass-market, Mary Mackintosh was brought down about six o'clock by her husband, for the purpose of being sold. Her crime was drunkenness and adultery. She was held by a straw rope tied round her middle, and the words, "To be sold by public auction" in front of her bosom. Several thousand spectators were assembled to witness this novel occurrence. John F——n, pensioner, and knight of the hammer, commenced business, but the acclamations of the people were so great, that no one could get a hearing for ten minutes, to bid for the unfortunate woman.

When the crowd got a little quiet the people began to examine the countenance of the woman; a Highland Drover stepped through the crowd, and pulled out his purse, and said, "She be a good like lassie, I will gie ten and twenty shillings for her." This caused great cheering among the crowd—then a stout Tinker made a bolt into the crowd, and said she should never go to the Highlands—he then bid sixpence more for her. At this time, one of the KILLARNEY PIG JOBBERS, with his mouth open as wide as a turnpike gate, and half drunk, cried loudly, FAUGHAHOLICE, I will give two shillings more, for she is a pratty woman. A Brogue maker, from Newry, coming out of a public house, as drunk as 50 cats in a wallet, came up to the Killarney man, and hits him in the bread bag, and he lay there for the space of ten minutes, which made the woman for sale, laugh heartily, and the cheers of the crowd at this time was long and incessant.—The Brogue-maker being a supposed friend to the woman, went up to the auctioneer, and told him there were three bidders: he was so enraged, he knocked the auctioneer down, and made his claret flow desperately. Great cheering among the people, at the expense of the knight of the hammer.—The women of the neighbourhood gathered to the number of 700, and armed themselves with stones, some threw them, and others put them in their stockings and handkerchiefs, and made a general charge through the mob, knocking every one down that came in their way, until they got up to the auctioneer, when they scratched and tore his face in a dreadful manner, in consequence of the insult the fair sex had received. One resolute woman came up with a stone and knocked down Thomas M'Guigan, husband to the woman who was exposed for sale. This woman, a true female hero, and a SWEEPS WIFE, displayed great courage in favour of her sex, and said I will learn you to auction your wife again, you contaminated villain. Tom returned the blow, and hit her between the eyes, and made them like two October cabbages. The sweep seeing his wife struck, made a sally with his bag and scrapper; the women all took the sweep's part, and cried with a loud voice, mill him the old boar, a general battle ensued, and only for the interference of the police, there would have been lives lost. After the disturbance was quelled, the husband insisted she should be sold. She was brought up again, and the auctioneer declared that if he could not be protected, he would have no more call to her. Some young fellows shouted he should, and the sale began again. An old pensioner, a Jack tar, stepped forward, saying, damn my tarry top-lights and chain plates she is a tight little frigate, and well rigged too, and I will give half a crown more than the last bidder. Well done, cried the mob to the sailor, you are a spirited fellow, and you must get her; when a farmer, who was a widower, bade two pound five shillings for her, he being a friend to the sex, and the auctioneer knocked her down. The farmer took her up behind him on his horse, and away they went amidst the cheers of the populace.