

Kezace Stans Nov 6-94
Mr A. W. Tourgee
Mayville N. Y.
Dear Sir

Some six weeks since I wrote
you, asking for address of Calvin
Fairbank. After receiving it, I
wrote him and received in reply
sample pages of his book. One
leaf of which I send to you. I

have shown it to several persons
here and one prominent merchant
here declares that the force of the
statement proves that it is not true.
Have you in all your reading or
experience known of a parallel case
and what is your opinion of the truth-
fulness of this one? Ever yours
C. F. Tutledge

"How high are you going to bid?"

Now I thought it time to let him know my real purpose.

"It is none of your business, sir; but understand that you cannot command money enough to take this girl."

The auctioneer seemed at his wits' end, and then followed a scene at which civilization blushed, and angels wept, and the human heart sickened and turned away; for to stimulate bidding, to appeal to and rouse the lowest passions in man, he turned his victim's profile to that excited crowd, and lifting her skirts, laid bare her beautiful, symmetrical body, from her feet to her waist, and with his brutal, sacrilegious hand smote her white flesh, exclaiming:

"Ah! gentlemen, who is going to be the winner of this prize? Whose is the next bid?"

The people had forgotten their identity with the "Institution." They had lost their latitude, and their social level. The exhibition of a beautiful, helpless Caucasian girl, in the shambles of Republican America, had taken all the aristocracy out of them.

"Shame! shame!" they cried; and Boston and New Orleans shed tears, wept, side by side.

The Frenchman bid fourteen hundred and eighty. The hammer rose high, quivered, lowered. Eliza gave