

70.14.17 v

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Bangor
July 27, 1889

C. L. Libby.Esq.

Dear Sir--

"I waited patiently", for an acknowledgement of my packet, was very glad to receive your letter yes - also to find you met with two grains of wheat in that two bushel's of chaff, it contained. I began to fear they were lacking, courtesy on your part, prevented telling me so. When trying to meet youe queries, I suffered my pen to great freedom in many ways - I sent the first draft, just as it flowed, with no attempt at composition for criticism. I supposed you were to gather hints from my crude memories, to aid you in delineating character, and the march upward of civilization.

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Please use my M.S. in that way, if you can, let me be silent. When I have any object in view, I usually follow the Nazerenes command to the disciple, "what thou doest, do it quickly"- time with me seems so uncertain I feel as Judge Southgate used to say of himself in his last days, "he was a minute man expecting his call at any time. Let me say here I erred in saying the Southgate family of 12 laid with their parents in Scarboro grave yard and have other resting places, three in Portland, one in S.C. (So Carolina) I wish to state facts, you seem to imply that I can furnish more of these said facts or material. I beg to differ at present nothing rises of importance and I dislike to linger over a subject after supposing it exhausted.

I fancy you took a course of lectures in Phil from your shrewed, keen method in gaining a point-Phile "Lawyers" are proverbial in that line-

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Scarboro seems to lay claim to much " free thought", in the line, that is in various ways but specially religious so named, or misnamed - a slight sprinkling of Quakerism touched a few various persuasions limited others in the if nothing more. George Boothby was a singular mortal in that line, I dont recall his mentality, but personally he was unique - his beard never shaved or combed his garments that of primitive color - no dye stuffs save mother earth, must touch his person - from which children shrank - In these days he would be called a crank. From this primeval this I trust, evolved a survival of more elevated ambitious, progressive minds, than "old claimed in 1830, 40, previous!

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Should any question arise, on any point upon which I can aid your work, I shall gladly do so- other than that you must excuse me from doing- Take my best wishes for success in all your labors- I close with the request, if your Book "comes out" during this Century I am lingering here, I shall expect "Presentation Copy" brlieve me with regards

Very truly your friend

M. F. Tilton

Since writing the above I have read over your letters, queries- I feel more, more how far they miss adequate answers- and must express my regret while feeling that I did "what I could" Imperfect as it was- Your kind éxceptance of the M.S. appreciation of my efforts to give me pleasure tho, unmerited by.

M.F.T.