

SPECIAL EXAMINATION  
DIVISION.

# Department of the Interior,

BUREAU OF PENSIONS,

Sub. No. 579, 1889.

Dear Judge

Yours recd. I am awfully  
sorry to hear of your dear father's death.

I don't know that I ought to be sorry for  
him but for you, my dear old friend, I am  
very sorry, in that you could not be present  
and see him laid away in his last resting  
place. I don't understand the weakness  
of some people no more than you do  
and of course can't divine how any one  
could have withheld from you the knowledge  
that your father was dead.

I shall never forget when I used to go to  
your house, - when he and Mr. Harrison  
& you & I went fishing on the lake shore  
- how we slept in the old abandoned trunk  
of a steamboat. You & I turned the  
wheel that baked in the fire & we  
ate roasted fish with salt.

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Will God bless his mercies & may  
 He grant to you & me as good a place  
 in the "Beyond" as I'm sure your father  
 now enjoys. I have written to Mimi for  
 particulars as to price & will write  
 this evening to the "Maitland" people  
 I haven't got the exact address of  
 the latter yet -  
 In the center of Moosehead Lake is an  
 island "Deer Island" I believe.

It is inhabited by one family and  
 the man is father of the hotel keeper of  
 "Katahdin Iron works" where both Bessie & I  
 have sojourned. I think he would set a  
 good table, i.e. plain food, well cooked.  
 He keeps people when they come, like a  
 farm or. The boat stops on signal.

The scenery is grand. You see the sun  
 rise over Mt. Katahdin. if you are up  
 and the whole lake is surrounded by  
 towering hills, & the island is covered by  
 the finest forest. The biggest tree ever  
 in every wood & not infrequently a deer is seen.  
 I don't know about the cuisine, but I would  
 not be afraid to try it, knowing how the main people  
 dish up grub & knowing the main man.

Now then at Reach Pond, reached by  
 rail to the fork of Moosehead, boat to Sillie Bay,  
 back board of miles. I spent one night  
 there. It is a big house the food good

Dated

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nobody comes except fishermen & mean  
gentlemen out on a vacation. I saw a man  
there from Providence who has been there  
15 yrs in succession. He is a noted  
surgeon but I forget his name.

It is an extreme point to the big forest  
where loggers depart for the winter  
work & that accounts for the big house.  
Below the apex of the dam within 10  
rods of the house I saw a 3 ft tree  
Cungh before breakfast, in fact at the first  
cabin. The Pond (7 miles long) is right  
there just above the dam. You have  
forest, lake, mountain & rocks.

The boat comes to the bay twice a week  
I think. It only seems to me this  
would suit you. The old crew will  
show you bad skins & deer heads  
if you, & you'll get a little venison

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on the sky. If you like, you can go to  
Randall's camp from here the one I was  
speaking about when good fishing is  
always a certainty.

Also 10 miles from there over a  
rough road is Grants Pond  
where I never have been, but when  
I know from authentic reports  
the biggest kind of trout can  
be caught. And then Judge. Think  
of Natur in her primeval purity  
the scent of the fir & spruce, the rocks -  
& the stone berris you would have got 140  
yrs ago. Well I must quit - as soon  
as I hear I will write again.  
I don't think I can stop in here for I must  
stop a day or so at Concord to see wife's people.  
She fears I will stop at her people's in  
Hillsdale till I come along. She pants for  
Joe.