

Toll House stands,—the little stable opposite the street from the Toll House, in which my grandfather kept a cow, and which served as a woodshed, being almost the only building on the Island that has not been changed or removed. A large building, in which is a hall, stands on the ledge, where, when a boy, I stood and saw the starch factory burn down¹ in the middle of the day, on a Sunday—the first conflagration of a building I ever witnessed—the paper mill of Messrs. R. E. Lyon & Co., now standing on the site of the old starch factory. Bloomfield became a part of Skowhegan in 1861, and with it the most beautiful name of one of the most beautiful towns in Maine passed out of existence. Skowhegan became the shire town of Somerset county in 1872, a new and elegant Court House, built the following year, having been presented to the county by Ex-Gov. Abner Coburn. In the cemetery at Skowhegan (the Bloomfield side,) is the burial lot of my grand-parents, and on the family monument, an illustration of which appears at the head of this chapter, is this inscription, in connection with the memorial record of grandfather :

“ BE YE ALSO READY, FOR IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT,
THE SON OF MAN COMETH.”

Gradually, Norridgewock became the home of several members of our family. First my uncle William removed there, though he soon went to Bangor. Then in succession followed my aunt Mehitable, my aunt Nancy, my uncle James, my father, my uncle Moody, then my grand-parents with three unmarried aunts, Aphia, Mary and Harriet—the

¹This was in December, 1844.