

the year 1812, called Friendship Lodge, No. 18. Its members were Alner Powers, William Hudson, John LeBourveau, Luther French, John Farnsworth, Amos Hawley, Levi French, Johnathan Ladd, John French, jr., Nathaniel Graves, Josiah Hall, James Brown, David Metcalf, James Strobridge, Benjamin Osgood, Asaph Williams, Moses Rolf, Manly Powers, Esra Spears, Jeremiah Ames 3rd, Joseph B. Smith, Samuel Farnsworth, Jonathan Taylor Tillotson, H. Hill, Longley Willard, jr., Bradford Hammond, Hennaiah Hall.

James Ladd mentioned above, died may 24th, 1818; Nathaniel Graves removed to near Montreal in July 1814; Josiah Hall removed to Dixfield, Maine, 1818; James Brown moved to Waterbury, Vt., 1816; David Metcalf, father of Lucian Metcalf and grandfather of David, moved to Corinth, Vt., 1817; Esra Spears moved to Belona, Vt., 1817. It is claimed by some that Manly Powers is still living, if so, he must be very near his hundredth year if not over. You will see by this that nearly all the first settlers were Free Masons. This lodge found it up hill work with but 27 members to keep the wheels rolling and it only ran for some five or six years when it broke up. They gave up its warrant and expired about the year 1820. This was supposed to be the first secret order in town. In 1879 the Grand Lodge granted a warrant No. 66 Cookshire for the establishment of the Lodge which is now here. It assumed the old ones name Friendship, and it has been more prosperous than the former, having a membership of one hundred or over.

As near as I can ascertain the first lodge held its meetings in the Hall over the river from Cookshire in the John French house.

The bears were very troublesome, not only to sheep and even young cattle, but would sometime destroy whole fields of green corn about the time it was in the milk. They seemed to have less fear of a man than the wolf. They would sometimes come into the corn field in the daytime and pluck the green corn and the same with green oats, which were their favorite food. I will here give a little bear story. There had been a very large bear seen both in Eaton and Newport and there had been some depredations supposed to be committed by him, mostly in Newport; but as he was hunted down and killed in Eaton, I will take him in.

It seems he had killed a young creature in Newport during the night and thinking they had stood his depredations as long as they could, they made a rally of both townships to try and hunt him down. They started out with dogs and guns, axes and pitchforks, etc. They chased him two days, firing a good many shots at him. On the morning of the third day they drove him into Cookshire, where as he was making his way down the run towards the river, as he went to jump over a log a man by the name of Mitchell was so near he struck him across the small of the back with the head of the axe. The bear turned and caught him by the arm, tore the flesh nearly off before they could beat him off, when he made for the river with guns cracking on both sides; swam the river but before he got up the hill they dropped him, thus ridding the country of one of the biggest bears ever known in this section. It was claimed he weighed over 700 lbs., but I think they must have weighed the lead that was in him, as it was said there were over 40 bullet holes through his hide.

Mr. Rufus Laberee was sitting before his fire one evening when he heard his sheep running. He took his gun and ran out. He thought he could see some thing black. He fired and thought he heard something drop. He went back in and got his old tin lantern and two boys went out to reconnoitre. He found he had killed a good nice fat bear and the bear had killed a good fat sheep, which made quite an addition to their larder. They were very plentiful when the country was first settled, they had not only to guard their sheep and cattle against them, but mothers had to guard their children from them, but I am thankful that I have no case of children having been destroyed by them to chronicle, but the settlers hunted them in most every way,—with steel traps, deadfalls, and by watching by night in their corn or oat fields to shoot them. It was nothing strange to see one in a field of oats along just before sundown dining on green oats. I remember one time going after the cows when about ten or eleven years old in company with my next elder brother. As we were passing a field of oats on the road opposite the Spalding meadow, a large one rose up on his hind feet just over the fence, not more than two or three rods from us, looked at us a moment, gave a sniff, dropped down, made off through the oats and through the river and disappeared in