

Three," were about all that were taught in the backwood's school. The teacher did not have to bother about "certificates." No public money was available for school purposes, and employing a teacher was simply a matter of agreement between a few of the neighbors and any man or woman whom they might thus constitute "teacher." Private parties paid the bill, and private parties said to whom it should be paid.

The first white person who died in the township was an infant daughter of Isaac Bacon. The child died in 1808.

In September, 1813, occurred the first wedding. It was the marriage of Henry Wood to Esther Cranmer. Father Wood, "Uncle Harry Wood" as he is familiarly called by his friends, is still living in Northfield. There is but one other person now living who attended this wedding, and that is Miss Lucy Wood, maiden sister of Henry. The brother and sister are both residing with Mr. C. S. Bates, son-in-law of Father Wood. The Justice who performed the ceremony came all the way from Hudson, and received for his services the then large sum of one dollar and a half. Father Wood humorously remarked that he did not do as it is said one young couple in Northfield did a few years later. Rumor has it that a young gentleman and lady, bent on uniting their fortunes and going hand in hand down life's rugged pathway started through the woods to have the marriage rite consummated by a Justice who lived several miles distant. They, in some way or other, had procured a license, which then only cost one dollar and a quarter, but neither of them had the wherewith to pay the Justice. Here was a dilemma, but they would trust in Providence and all things would be for the best. Fortune is said to favor the brave, and these persons must have been very brave, for they were exceedingly lucky. While the face of the young man had become nearly as long as that of a horse, and his eyes were a look of melting and yet wonderful tenderness, as he thought of the solemnity of a circumstance which bid fair to prevent the legal union of two loving hearts, and while his dear companion, mild and gentle in all her movements, with a voice modulated after the sweetest cadences of the screech owl, was about to whisper in the large ears of her lover some fond word of encouragement and cheer, a "coon" sprang from a small sappling which stood near them and ran toward a large white oak tree. The young man seemed to be moved by some invisible power, and giving a yell, which would have done honor to the greatest Mohawk chieftain, started off in a brisk canter after the fugitive animal. Here history is blank as to details, but, at all events, the man caught the coon, skinned it, and took the hide to the justice and paid the marriage fee with it.

Mr. Wood and his wife did not have a vast deal of furniture with which to begin house keeping, for their whole stock was

one chair with a broken round, three table knives, three forks, three tea cups, three saucers and three plates. They sent to Pittsburgh for these articles. The reader will see that it would not do to break more than a dozen cups and saucers every time they washed dishes. We apprehend that house-wives were then a little more careful in this matter than some are now-a-days. As already stated they had but one chair. When Mrs. Wood wanted to sit in the chair the husband would sit on the floor, and likewise, when Mr. Wood wanted to occupy the chair, his wife would occupy the floor, or a part of it at least. And yet, at what time since have people enjoyed life more than did these good old pioneers, if we were only a mind to think so? How true it is, that "Man wants but little here below, nor wants little long."

Bears and wolves were numerous in those early days. The bears committed no further depredations than carrying off the hogs of the settlers; but this act of robbery was enough to bring down bitter curses upon the shaggy criminals. Mr. Bacon, one night, heard one of his hogs squeal, and going out he saw a large bear, walking on its hind legs and carrying a good sized hog in its fore paws. The hog, perhaps, knew that Brain was simply caressing him, but he, nevertheless, did not appreciate such outbursts of affection, and he made the forest vocal with his squealing. Before Bacon could get his gun the bear had killed his victim, and laying it down beside a log had run off, his pursuer knew not where. Bacon made a pen of logs and left a door at one side just large enough for the bear to enter, and placed the hog in this pen. He then arranged his gun, with the aid of a string, so that the contents of the weapon would be discharged at the bear the moment he should attempt to enter the enclosure. Bacon returned to his house, and in about two hours, hearing the report of the gun and going back, he found the bear stark dead, with a rifle ball through his heart.

Mr. Wood had a dog which seems to have been about as remarkable as any animal of that or later times. He bought the dog of an Indian squaw and paid a dollar for it. When we say that this dog was a strange animal we feel as if we were but very faintly expressing the idea which we would like to convey. In fact we have not the right kind of language at our command to speak in fit terms of that dog. If Mark Twain were here we would give him the job of describing him. The animal had no color to which any name has ever been given. He was of medium size and his head, in proportion to his body, was very large. His large eyes were overhung by a profusion of eyelashes which at times rendered the gaze of the animal very repulsive. He did not possess a diversity of gifts. He was not a five talented nor yet a three talented dog. He had but one talent, that of barking. He would bark all day and he would bark all