

BIOGRAPHY
Of
SETH HAMMER

By Thomas Jefferson Hammer

BIOGRAPHY
Of
SETH HAMMER

of

Newton, Jasper County, Iowa

Formerly of

New Market, Jefferson County, Tennessee

with

FAMILY REMINISCENCES

By His Son

THOMAS JEFFERSON HAMMER

Author of "Hammer on Ingersoll," a criticism of Ingersoll from an Editor's
Stand-point. Also Author of "The Universe of Love,"
"My Mother," and Other Poems.

Los Angeles, California

MCMXVII (1917)

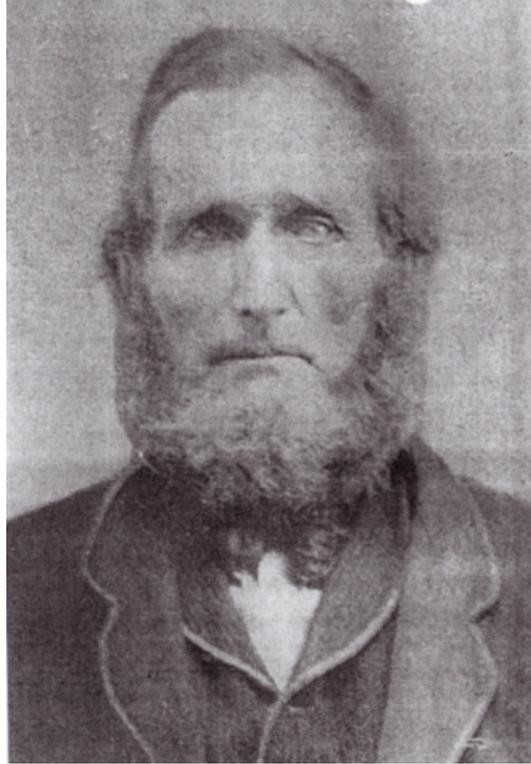
PREFACE

In committing to type the following pages the author indulges the hope that those descendants of Seth Hammer, who in future years may read this modest little volume, will derive as much pleasure in perusing it as he found in arranging the matter for publication. In this connection he also wishes to acknowledge his obligation to his sisters, Sarah Elizabeth Bales and Louisa Jane Trout, and his brother, Seth Francis Hammer, for interesting and valued data furnished by them, and for their sympathetic cooperation in his labor of love.

It has been the purpose of the author to give the thought of the subject of this biography, gained through years of association and conversation with him, since developed and amplified, rather than his exact words.

THE AUTHOR

Los Angeles, California, 1917.



SETH HAMMER

(AGE 56)

CHAPTER I

My father was born April 24, 1813, in Jefferson County, in that section of the South, designated as East Tennessee. It is a mountainous region, the tallest peak, Mount Guyot, on the North Carolina border, being 6,636 feet high.

Father was the second son of Elisha Hammer, who was born in North Carolina, and his wife Rachael, whose family name was Lewis. Elisha Hammer was a minister of note in a religious denomination, officially known as the Society of Friends, better now known as Quakers. As a matter of information to those who may read this small volume I will state that Elisha Hammer was about the only preacher in that part of the South who could freely speak against slavery, before the war, with safety. The Friends' well-known anti-war principles, no doubt, accounted for this Southern passivity.

Grandfather Hammer's testimony against slavery was not political; but wholly humanitarian, therefore, he proclaimed earnestly, with all the eloquence God had given him, that the "oppressed shall go free". Finally, when he felt impressed that his ministry in the South was at an end and fearing that some of his posterity, through marriage, might become identified with slavery, concluded to emigrate to the free North, deciding to move to the territory of Iowa, which decision was carried out in 1846.

In testimony of the influence of the Friends, or Quakers, on the thought of the citizens of Tennessee, I will state that the first abolition paper in the United States was published in Tennessee.

* “In 1754 a small colony from North Carolina settled in the territory of what now is Tennessee; but it was soon driven out by the Indians. Three years afterward there was another settlement at Fort Loudon, on the Tennessee River, thirty miles from Knoxville. In 1760 the Indians captured the fort and the whites surrendered on condition that they be allowed to return to North Carolina; but they were butchered the following day.

“After the treaty of peace was made between England and France in 1763, the restless spirit of adventure led many from North Carolina and Virginia to return to the district, about which there was a charm they could not resist. Settlements were made on the Watauga and Holston Rivers in 1769, 1771 and 1772, called the Watauga Association.

“The settlers composing this association were the founders of the commonwealth of Tennessee, and, as early as 1772, they decided to establish some kind of government for the protection of the colony and to dispense justice among themselves. John Sevier and James Robertson were the leaders. They were the first men of American birth, says Roosevelt, to establish an independent community on the continent.

“According to him, they outlined, in advance, the nation’s work, they tamed the rugged and shaggy wilderness; they bade defiance to all foes and successfully solved the different problems of self-government.

“In 1776 the territory was represented in the Colonial Assembly of North Carolina and the region was officially called the District of Washington, the first spot in America named in honor of Washington.

In 1777 Washington district became Washington County and embraced the whole of the present State of Tennessee. In 1784 the State of Franklin was formed by the discontented settlers, and it maintained its organization until 1788, with John Sevier as governor, when it was dissolved and the jurisdiction of North Carolina was again acknowledged and re-established

“North Carolina ceded the territory, of what is now Tennessee, to the General Government Feb. 25th, 1790, and it was accepted by Congress April 2. The region embraced in the cession was called ‘The Territory of the United States South of the River Ohio.’ William Blount was appointed by President Washington, governor of. this territory, June 8th, 1790.

“On June 1, 1796, Tennessee was admitted into the Union and was the first State carved out of the territory belonging to the United States. Vermont and Kentucky had been previously admitted; but the territory, from which they were formed, belonged to States, and not to the General Government.”

I take pleasure in giving place to the above historical matter respecting my father’s and my mother’s native state, and also to express my appreciation for the very generous recognition given the pioneers of Tennessee and Kentucky, who came principally from North Carolina and Virginia, by Theodore Roosevelt, in his several volumes of “Winning of the West,” which enterprise for securing larger domain was a Southern, rather than an Eastern ambition. In fact, New England opposed the acquisition of new territory west of the Mississippi River, and was not particularly anxious to see the Southern States extend very far West of Virginia and North Carolina. Of course, Massachusetts whose brilliant Webster at a later day used

his matchless eloquence in the United States Senate in opposition to our acquiring the Oregon Territory, could not so much object to Kentucky, which was a county of Virginia, or to Tennessee, which was a county of North Carolina. But still, narrow-mindedness might be expected from a people whose ancestors apparently knew no better than to cruelly persecute the Quakers in the early settlement of the Eastern Colonies. Such un-Christian conduct toward any people on account of their religious belief never disgraced Pennsylvania, especially while William Penn was governor, or while he had any part in making and executing the laws of that free and advanced Colony.

The influence of William Penn in moulding public opinion, and in securing the enactment of laws in the cause of justice, both in England and the United States, is greater than generally known.

Grandfather Hammer, owning both a grist mill and a farm, my father became familiar with both callings, and being next to the oldest boy in the family, robust in health, strong and willing, it fell to his lot to attend the mill, which pursuit he followed for some seven years, becoming for that day, an expert miller. Starting at farm work while very young, his schooling was much neglected; but his ambition, notwithstanding the difficulties, which stood mountains high before him, overcame all obstacles, and he learned to read and write, thus laying the foundation for his excellence in biblical knowledge in later years.

The mill, being operated by water power, sometimes had to be closed down on account of high water, and this gave him an opportunity to engage in flat-boating on the Tennessee River, which flowed through his native county

under the name of French Broad, thence southwest and on to Alabama. When the cargo, which chiefly consisted of barreled flour, bore the name "E. Hammer," the quality and weight needed no further guarantee.

The Tennessee River is of pretty good size. From the mouth of the Holston, which empties into it in Knox County, to the point at which it flows into the Ohio at Paducah, Kentucky, is 800 miles. If the Holston, which has its source in Virginia, and which river is a part of the Tennessee, were added, then Tennessee's grand river would be 1,200 miles long.

* * * * *

No wonder the Mississippi is called the "father of waters," since it carries the Tennessee, Ohio, Missouri, and all the streams that flow west from the Allegheny Mountains, and east from the Rocky Mountains, draining such States as South Carolina (northern part), northern Georgia and Alabama, the western part of North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York; all of Tennessee and Kentucky, most of Ohio, Indiana, part of Wisconsin (Michigan's drainage going into the great lakes), Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, northern and eastern Wyoming (Green River in western Wyoming flows into the Colorado River, which empties into the Gulf of California), eastern part of Colorado, a small part of New Mexico and Texas (in the northern part), Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, the western part of the State of Mississippi and the greater part of Louisiana. This grand stream, this mighty river, so important during the Civil War, and which was a leading factor in influencing Thomas Jefferson in sanctioning the Louisiana Purchase, the arrangement for which had been so ably conducted by James Monroe (resident Minister)

and Robert R. Livingston, the American Commissioner to France, during the ascendancy of Napoleon Bonaparte, forms the Eastern line of Iowa.

So much for American history, I now proceed with my main narrative: My father was first married in Tennessee in 1833, when he was twenty years of age, to Elizabeth Janeway, daughter of Benjamin Janeway, and sister of Charles Janeway, the latter, about 1835-6, marrying my Aunt Susannah, father's eldest sister. Having a keen sense of humor, father saw the funny, as well as the serious side of an incident. I have heard him speak of the "Music of the hoe," as wielded in unison by the Negroes, as they clipped the weeds, between and around the stones, which were numerous enough on Tennessee farms, sending their clink-i-ty-clink-*clink* upon the waves of air, as they helped to celebrate the slogan that "cotton is king in Dixie Land".

There was a harmless, half-witted fellow, living in East Tennessee, who had long been a bachelor, and, after a long time, he found a woman, at least a female, who would consent to be his wife, married her. Meeting a neighbor a few days after, broke the glad news to him in this fashion: "Wall, I've dun left this 'trublesum' world." "How neighbor?" inquired his friend. "Wall, I've 'dun-gone' and got married", replied the half-wit, and the considerate neighbor left him in his happy state of blissful ignorance.

Tennessee surely must have clear sound-transmitting atmosphere. I've heard father say that he had heard Cal Hodge cough, sneeze or swear (I don't remember the particular *thing* at this distant day) in the early morning, and Cal Hodge's home was at least a half-mile away.

Tennessee, as heretofore described, is mountainous. On this account has many clear and beautiful springs, from

which gush forth cool and refreshing water. Although we had a good well at our Iowa home, from which good, cool water was drawn in the “old oaken bucket”, still, from time to time, father would long for the refreshing spring water which flowed from the sparkling springs of his loved Tennessee, where the mountain song birds warbled their rarest notes and sang their sweetest songs.

CHAPTER II

The time having arrived for his departure for the North, Grandfather Hammer “gathered together his sons and his sons’ wives” and their children, insofar as circumstances would permit, and made final preparations for their journey toward the free part of the United States.

Those leaving Tennessee for the Territory of Iowa in 1846, according to the best obtainable information after careful research, comprise the following: Grandfather Elisha Hammer and his wife, Rachael; his sons, Seth (my father) and his second wife, Elizabeth (my mother), whose family name was Hackney; Nancy, Rachael, Jesse Mills, children of his first wife, deceased (family name Janeway), Benjamin Janeway (brother Benny), having been left with his maternal grandfather, Benjamin Janeway, against father’s wishes; Henry and his wife, Hannah, whose family name was Mills, and their sons, Zachariah, Ira and Mahlon, and daughter, Betsy Ann (older than Mahlon); Jesse and his wife, Lucinda (sister to my mother), and their sons, Aaron Thompson and John Henry; Ira and his wife, Sarah (sister to my mother), and their daughter, Mary Jane; Elisha, Polly Ann, Aaron and Isaac, the latter four unmarried. Mahlon, grandfather’s eldest son, and Aunt Lydia, father’s sister, the latter dying young, were buried in East Tennessee. Aunt Susannah Hammer-Janeway, wife of Charles Janeway, remained in Tennessee, coming to Iowa in 1857, noted elsewhere in this sketch.

The Hammer family formed quite a respectable party of emigrants, as they pulled out from the land of the “persimmon and opossum”, and, for a time, followed a line in the direction of the North Pole; but, Iowa being found in the North Temperate Zone, they stopped at

Richland, Keokuk County, for the winter, and, just before the dawn of 1847, their company had an addition of two sons, and they were named Seth Francis and Enos, the former finding shelter under the roof of my father - his father - and the latter under that of our uncle Henry, who was the bosom friend of father.

Later, father and uncle Henry became partners in a water saw-mill, which they built upon the west side of a river, bearing the euphonious name of "Skunk" (North Skunk), and thereto hangs a tale, not of the animal, but of the river, to be found elsewhere in this somewhat personal narrative.

Well, these youngsters began to grow, and, in the spring of 1847, the Hammer family moved to the new and larger County of Jasper, where they had plenty of room for expansion, so they grew up with the corn and wheat, wild oats and tares, until they were large enough to help gather in the harvest, then the dark cloud of secession arose and covered our fair ancestral home with the dread shadow of war, accompanied by the roar of death-dealing cannon and the din of fierce and bloody battle, filling the sunny Southland with sorrow and tears, and Enos, the younger of the baby cousins of '46, marched away to guard the Indians on the Western Plains and keep them within the bounds of neutrality. But owing to the many privations and the unsanitary conditions of camp life, "disease marked him for its own", and the young and gallant soldier passed out of the lines, beyond the sound of the "reveille", the fife and drum, increased in value. The richness of the soil has enabled the farmer to stock his farm and surround himself and his family with modern comforts and conveniences. It has caused the building of good roads and bridges, encouraged the erection of school houses and the extension of the public school system, the

foundation for patriotic citizenship of a progressive Republic, and inaugurated an era of public improvements for social betterment in the erection of public institutions for humanitarian and educational purposes, until the citizens of Iowa occupy a proud position in American achievement, whether in the domain of morals, commerce, finance or government.

CHAPTER III

In the early settlement of the State we had no such excellence in farm machinery, nor had we the knowledge possessed by the successful tillers of the soil of today. We mowed our hay with the scythe and reaped our wheat and oats with the "cradle." A sickle occasionally might have been used in cutting small patches of grain, scattered here and there around the cabins, hidden away in the timber.

Father was an expert with the cradle, which I have seen him swing many a time "prebious befo' de wah", as the good old Darkie would say. He was a "grip-cradler"; that is, instead of laying the grain in a uniform swath, he would grip handfuls and lay them in a row, in bunches. This mode of cradling made it easier for the binder, because the grain for binding into sheaves, could be more easily gathered.

To the modern, scientific farmer the sickle and the cradle must appear as relics, which, with propriety, might be donated to the museum for exhibition purposes, along with the ancient things employed their fore-fathers, together with the farm implements used by the subjects of Ramses II, the Egyptian Pharaoh, who "knew not Joseph".

The first reaper brought into our neighborhood was the old "Beloit". It was owned by father and uncle Henry. This reaper was operated by two men, being drawn by two strong horses. One man drove and the other raked off the cut grain in bunches, each large enough for a sheaf. When properly handled this reaper would cut enough grain to keep a crew of five binders reasonably busy.

It was the custom in that day to sell the surplus grain, principally wheat. Our nearest market was Grinnell, thirteen miles away. As calico, in the early sixties, cost

forty cents per yard, a load of wheat would not always buy enough goods to make a dress for all the daughters of a family, especially if they followed the prevailing styles, when "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was the popular air of the day.

Later in the season the corn was gathered, some of which would be sold by the farmers who must have ready money. Other farmers, better business men, fed their corn to hogs and thus turned the feed into more money, when the hogs were sold for cash in the following spring.

Great changes have taken place in Iowa since the fifties. Looking back over a half-century, I have a vision of miles of open prairie that lay between Hammer Grove and Timber Creek, to the north, in Marshall County. There were points on the road, then little traveled south of the Kentucky settlement, from which a house could not be seen with the naked eye. We used this road in going to the Rash settlement, in Hardin County. I remember helping Lewis Rash drive a cow and young calf (which father had given to Rachael) from our home in Jasper to Hardin County, in the spring of 1859. Though then under ten years of age, I yet retain a panorama of that part of Iowa in its newness, wildness and ocean-like vastness. Before my mind's eye arise northern Jasper, northern Marshall and southern Hardin Counties, with their miles upon miles of unimproved prairie land, only awaiting the touch of farmers with vision, to make that fertile region "blossom as the rose".

Only a few years before the Indians, with their bows and arrows, astride bare-back ponies, were riding these plains and chasing the buffalo, their squaws and papooses dependent upon their skill as huntsmen for food and clothing, during the long, cold winter, when this vast

prairie would be bleak and level plain mantled with the fleecy white to a depth of from one to three feet. But those wild scenes have passed forever.

Again, as I recall my early boyhood days, I remember that most of the land between the Grove and Newton was wild, open prairie. In those days father and uncle Henry Hammer were almost continuously together. They could not have thought more of each other had they been twins. Usually they preferred to walk to town. This would allow their teams rest or release them for work on the farm, or in the timber. Also, it would afford them a better opportunity to talk, which they enjoyed to the fullest extent, and the short walk of five miles was just good exercise for them in that day of their manly strength and optimistic outlook upon life, when nature smiled, for them, in sunshine or shadow. So common was it to see them together at Newton that their old acquaintances, seeing either of them upon the street alone, would say: "There goes Seth and Henry"

On account of the number of father's household, domestic duties were numerous, if not multitudinous. Nancy, the oldest of the growing family, was a conscientious, obedient girl, and grew up into noble womanhood under the pleasant surroundings, which obtained at our home. I don't know of anything, pertaining to woman's work, she could not do. She not only did the household laundry; but made the laundry soap, as well, and, if necessary, made the lye, one of the principal ingredients of soap. Also, she could make a suit of clothes or a dress from the raw wool, as it came freshly clipped from the backs of the sheep.

For the information of any young readers, who may glance at these pages, I will describe the process of lye

and soap making, as followed in the country in Iowa before the Civil War. Lye was made from hickory ashes, which contain the proper amount of potassium carbonate to form the alkaline solution (lye), when extracted by water. In those days barrels were scarce and bee-gums were substituted. A bee-gum was made from a hollow tree by sawing off the lower end of the tree (if it did not break or split in falling) three and a half or four feet long after the bottom had been "squared or leveled", by sawing it off. The bee-gum, I suppose, took its name from the hollow bee-tree. Bees used hollow trees for storing their honey long before man had discovered honey to be an article of food. As soon, however, as he had made this important discovery he cut the bee-trees up into small enough pieces to move to his little cabin located in the woods, to be in close proximity to the wild game, upon which he depended for meat, and let the bees make honey for his pleasure and profit, instead of leaving it for a feast for the bears that roamed the forest in bold defiance of the "kings of earth," before guns were made.

For lye-making the bee-gum is set upon a broad board, placed a foot or so above the ground and on a slant, so the lye will drip from the lower side into the vessel, always iron or crockery, set beneath to catch it. Then hay or straw is placed in the bottom of the bee-gum as a strainer for the lye as it seeps through the ashes, which have been dumped on the straw, and hollowed at the top and pressed against the side of the bee-gum, all around, so the water will seep through the center, and not run down the side of the bee-gum. A pail or half-pail of water is then poured on the ashes, depending upon the quantity of ashes in the bee-gum. When the vessel is full the lye is tested by dropping an egg into it. If the egg floats the lye is strong enough to go into the large iron kettle for heating to the

proper degree for the reception of the soap-grease, which the careful house-wife has been collecting for many months for that very purpose. After boiling a sufficient length of time the lye and grease unite, producing a soft soap, suitable for general family use, or it may be hardened by adding the proper amount of salt, then cut 'into bars of any desirable shape or size.

In the very early days we grew our clothing on the back of our sheep. Then it fell to the lot of Nancy, chiefly on account of her diversified ability, to take the raw wool, wash it, pick it, card it into rolls and then twist it into yarn on the old hand spinning wheel. I can see her now, in memory's vision, as she walked back and forth; first, giving the wheel a quick turn with her right hand, and walking backward as the fast revolving spindle, kept in swift motion by the momentum of the revolving wheel, spun or twisted the roll, held in her left hand, into yarn. This tedious process of yarn making by hand, having produced enough broaches for several yards of cloth, the warp (or chain), perhaps already on the loom, Nancy was ready to begin weaving. The broaches, in the meantime, having been wound upon a reel or spool to feed the yarn to the shuttle. Then Nancy would mount the seat at the front of the loom and start the shuttle going by throwing or sliding it between the warp, then, pulling the swinging batten toward her, one thread would be pressed into place; then with the other hand she would slide the shuttle back; again pulling the batten, the second thread would double the small fractional part of the first yard of cloth. This tedious process, continued long enough, would produce a sufficiency of cloth for a dress or suit, depending upon the pattern, whether linsey or jeans. Then Nancy would cut and make the suit or dress, having thus covered the entire process, including the dyeing, from the raw wool to the

finished garment, and though it had not the Broadway style, as to cut and fit, it had the warmth and wearing quality, suitable for the Iowa climate, which was the thing to be considered in that day. Utility and necessity were the governing conditions with the Iowa pioneer; all fur-be-lows, kinks, artistic extravagances and eccentricities of the "four hundred" class were tabooed. The head of the Iowa pioneer sat straight upon his shoulders, and if he is living, sets there still.

I do not recall another living woman, amateur or professional, who could duplicate Nancy's work of that day.

CHAPTER IV

The first vivid recollection I have of my father, associated with an event, was, perhaps, in meeting him upon his return from the old mill, unless it be the visit to Aunt Sarah's, referred to elsewhere. I can see him now in a pleasant vision of the past. 'Twas in the summer-time, back in the fifties of last century. He was without coat or vest; but a happy smile was upon his face as he neared the home, in which he was always welcome. How familiar the scene! His arms were swung carelessly behind him, the wrist of one clasped by the hand of the other.

In the balmy evenings, of long ago, it was the delight of the three youngest children of that day, Sarah Elizabeth, Louisa Jane and the writer, all under seven years; Louisa Jane, the youngest, being under four; the recorder of the event approaching six or seven, and Sarah Elizabeth between those years, to meet him at the forks of the road, some three hundred yards northeast of our home, situated in the edge of the woods, facing the farm to the south.

Our home, a commodious sawed log structure, solidly built, and twenty or more feet square, the sleepers being covered with a quality of hardwood lumber, which, today, would be considered an aristocratic floor for a modern bungalow or country residence for the prosperous farmer of the Middlewest, has a charm for me still; for it brings back memories of childhood-of father and mother; of brothers, sisters and friends, when we knew not a sorrow or a care, being content to breathe the pure air of the country and bathe in the sunshine of parental sympathy and love. We felt no dread of the summer heat or the winter cold, the spring-time floods or the equinoctial storms that preceded the downy snow-flake, which gave warning of the approaching winter. In that section of the

county we were peculiarly, if not indeed singularly, free from hurricanes, tornadoes and cyclones. There were hurricanes east of us and west of us in our county and at greater distances north and south of us. Our community was a Quaker settlement.

In this sawed log house, with its broad fire-place, I best remember my mother (who passed away December 30, 1858, when I was nine years old); though I had lived in three houses before, the first of which, at least, has passed from my memory. Here my father and my mother went in and out before me; soothed my sorrows, calmed my fears, repressed my turbulent spirits and smoothed my pillow, when the shades of evening had curtained the western sky and restful sleep had closed all avenues of intelligence, except, perhaps, romantic rambles in the fairyland of dreams.

Here, also, at night on frequent occasions, when the chores of the short winter day had been performed, the supper over, the horses munching their hay, the cows chewing their cuds, the dog gnawing his bone, the family cat lapping her last allowance of milk and the hogs piled closely together (so they might not be so easily nipped by the sun-dogs the following morning), the family and neighborly friends, who had dropped in for a social evening, would gather around the open fire-place and recount their day's experiences, or, perhaps, indulge in reminiscences of other days, when game was more plentiful and the Indians roamed about in bands of hundreds, being more numerous than whites in the pioneer days of Iowa.

My father was a capital entertainer for a small company, never being at a loss for a subject. He had a splendid memory, was a careful observer and had lived long

enough to accumulate a fund of anecdote from his own experience.

Early days in Iowa, to use a Northern expression, were by no means "easy sleddin'". But the settlers in our neighborhood, being largely relatives, and Southerners, were ever ready to lend each other a helping hand, whether it was the loan of flour, sugar, coffee, or fire-coals, in case all the. "live coals" in a neighbor's fire-place had "died out", which was of rare occurrence, especially in the winter time; or to raise a house or barn. A barn, by the way, was a rarity in pioneer days of the Hawk-eye State.

My father was exceptionally generous to neighbors, whether it meant the loan of a horse, wagon, farming implements or an exchange of labor, at times even changing his own work to meet the necessity of a neighbor. No wonder his wealth consisted in friends, rather than dollars. Coming from a heavily wooded part of the United States, as was Tennessee in the early part of the nineteenth century, where farmers were glad to get rid of logs and undesirable saplings, he, perhaps not considering the value of timber in a new and colder country, gave much of it away.

In those days luxuries in Iowa were few and far between. Necessities tried the resources of the pioneer settlers, especially during the administrations of James K. Polk, Zachery Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan and the State Bank period. Iowa's days began to dawn with the elevation of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, since which time its star in the constellation of States has shone in brighter luster.

Our nearest flour mill, of any pretensions (Warren's), was some forty miles away and one spring, especially, we

had much rain. The creeks and rivers became so swollen and the apology for roads were so like quagmires that we could get no grist, wheat or corn, to mill. Then, to some extent, we had to resort to the primitive methods of the Indian. We used hominy, parched and grated corn, potatoes, etc., as substitutes for flour and meal, until the streams could be forded, rendering a trip to the mill safe enough to attempt, with any assurance of getting there. But this was many years ago, long before the railroad had reached that part of the country from which the indians, perhaps, had unjustly been driven—before market and mill; producer and consumer had been drawn closely together.

There also was a dearth of amusements in those early days. Then the phonograph or the movie had not even been dreamed of, so we sought recreation and amusement in various ways. In summer we had fishing, and swimming, running, jumping and wrestling. In winter, hunting, sleighing, and now and then, a “wood-chopping”. A wood-chopping, by the way, is an event when the country is new and sparsely settled. Upon the appointed day the young farmers gather from miles around, some bringing axes, others teams of horses or oxen, as the case may be, hitched to wagons or sleds, depending upon whether snow has fallen in sufficient quantity to eliminate wagons, sleds being preferred if the roads are well broken and the snow not too deep in the timber. The young women in the neighborhood, and perhaps in a near-by settlement, have been notified of the coming event, to avoid any shortage of ladies for the occasion, “for all work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy”, even though he be a big boy, and the girls, for their part, immediately set about to have a “quilting” at the same time and place. The older boys and girls, who read this, will know why

“this was thus”. One or more of the young women will volunteer to help the lady, at whose home the wood-chopping and quilting party is to be held, so there will be enough for everybody to eat, and while there may not be any great variety of edibles set before the hungry “laddies and merry lassies”, there will be a plenty, and the meat may consist of beef, pork, mutton, chicken, wild turkey, prairie chicken or venison, and while the sturdy farmers are in the timber, felling the trees and the men, with their teams, are making the family woodpile broader and piling it higher, the girls, probably dressed in home-spun of their own weaving, are working with all their might to finish the quilt in time for the combined dinner and early supper, so the quilt, with its long frame, will be out of the way when the feast begins, which will develop into a taffypulling and a “marching down to Old Quebec”, in a circle large enough to “embrace” all the girls, though the enthusiastic male members of the social assembly may have no notion of invading Canada, “while the frost is on the punkin” and the girls are in their eye.

Were the party held at our house, father, ever animated with a spirit of good-will, was at his best. Good-natured, jovial, with a smile for everyone, for he generally knew them all, or their parents, and sometimes their grandparents. There was a time, back in the forties or early fifties, when father knew every voter in Jasper County, and many who were not voters. He was the first Recorder in Jasper County. Had he been an office seeker I presume that there was not an office, within the gift of the people of the county, which he could not have secured, had he expressed a desire for it. With father in the company the coyness of the maiden and bashfulness of the young farmer and wood-chopper would soon vanish and the evening pass as smoothly as the prairie sod would slip

from the mole-board of a newly scoured plow. Father knew when a joke was appreciated, and how far to carry it, always being careful to avoid the least offense.

A lover of children, father was always happiest when surrounded by his own little flock. Married four times, and without an intervening divorce, he had a child in his home from 1834 to 1881, a period covering well nigh a half-century. This state of things, however, had its compensation, for being so much with the young, kept his own spirit young, and I believe that I will violate no rule of propriety in saying that, had my mother lived, father would have reached four score years, instead of stopping short of three score and ten.

CHAPTER V

The spring freshets, while sometimes causing damage to people living on the bottom lands, were frequently a source of interest to the boys, as well as to the girls, -of our community, who enjoyed looking at the surging water at flood-tide in the spring-time. The quick melting of the heavy winter snows by warm, early rains would cause our usually peaceful river (North Skunk) to overflow its banks. Although we lived only about twenty-five miles from its source in the adjoining county to the north, would, on such occasions, broaden out to a mile or more in width. Then the drift-wood and logs would float down the swift running stream, frequently endangering the bridge. A bridge, under such circumstances, will withstand only a certain pressure, the amount unknown. Such a structure usually is an unsafe place from which to observe a flood.

The first bridge built across the North Skunk River, near our home, was erected by father and uncle Henry, probably 1849-1851, according to the recollection of my brother Francis. It was on the main road between Iowa City, then capital of the state, and Des Moines, the present capital of Iowa. This structure was a toll bridge, erected to catch the heavy California travel, which was expected to move rapidly toward the West, following the discovery of gold in California in 1848, which produced great excitement throughout the Eastern section of the United States during the spring of 1849 and summer of 1850. Hammer's bridge was the only one across a river, that sometimes grew turbulent, within a distance of eighteen miles, and the California gold seekers were glad to pay the toll to cross a river which they might not be able to ford for days, or, perhaps, weeks. In one day as many as eighty-three wagons, and I don't know how many

foot-men, passed over this bridge, which led on to the land of golden promise.

This bridge was built over the dam which furnished the fall, and, therefore, the power, to run the saw-mill just below. How well I remember that old mill! Just below it I learned to swim, on this wise: I was with my cousin, Ira, son of uncle Henry Hammer. He was perhaps eighteen at the time and a good swimmer. Seeing that I was so anxious to learn to swim, and so daring near deep water, threw me out into water, perhaps ten feet deep, and coolly said: "Now, swim or drown!" I needed no further instruction and swam for dear life in the direction in which Ira was standing, waiting to see whether I would need any assistance.

I recall an occasion when the river was up and father was there. I wanted to cross, but the banks were running full and father did not want to trust me in that depth of water alone. But seeing that my eagerness to cross to the opposite side might lead me to make the attempt alone, said something like this: "If he want to cross over put his hands on my shoulders". I did so immediately and without fear. Father was a good swimmer and landed me safely on the other side. When a very small boy I had no fear of anything, if father held my hand.

During a severe thunder storm sometimes we children would exhibit fear, which, should he notice, on occasions would say: "The lightning burns up the impurities of the air and it is very seldom that anybody is struck by lightning; its mission is to purify and make the world more healthful for people to live in." Then the dark clouds, with their dangerous looking thunder-heads, and the forked streaks of lightning, playing with the elements, preceding the loud claps of thunder, had no terror for us.

Father frequently would stand in the doorway of the kitchen porch, especially should the storm be in the east or northeast, and generally he was the first to see the rainbow, and then would explain to us when and why the "Bow of Promise" was placed in the sky (this my sister, Sadie, distinctly remembers), his knowledge of the scriptures peculiarly fitting him to do so. His half-century of reading was devoted almost exclusively to reading the Bible, studying the prophecies and comparing references treating of the prophecies foretelling the coming of Christ. Probably no student, even with a university degree, ever graduated from a divinity school with a better knowledge of the Bible than father possessed.

He could give the book, chapter, and frequently the number of the verse quoted, and know whether the quotation was a correct one according to the King James translation. A common saying among the neighbors, upon hearing one of their number discussing a scriptural point with father, would be something like this: "No use arguing on the Bible with Seth Hammer". Everybody for miles around conceded his knowledge to be superior to that of his neighbors, including the local ministers.

From strictly a biblical standpoint father was an educated man. It requires seven years to complete a university course for a person who has gone as far as Factoring in Ray's Third Part Arithmetic, or its equivalent, unless the student previously has taken a preparatory course equal to a high-school education. Then it would require four years of hard study to graduate in either the Scientific or Classical course. In the Bible father had the profound philosophy of Job; the poetic thought of David; the sublime logic of Paul, and the divine character of Christ for his example and inspiration.

No mental philosophy, yet written, can compare with the Bible in the production of original thought and inductive reasoning. The writings of Homer, Cicero, Seneca, and the teaching of Socrates, the great Athenian philosopher, do not furnish to the inquiring soul that inspiration which may be found in the writings of Moses, Solomon, Isaiah and Paul, the latter being a most careful and logical interpreter of the doctrine of Christ, as well as the ancient Hebraic laws and biblical prophecy.

Father believed in the orderly working of natural law, and was a natural philosopher, without being aware of it, and he would have rejected the insinuation had such a suggestion been made in his presence. The more I study his character the more vividly this estimate of his individuality is impressed upon my mind. It requires years of perspective to get a clear view of the worth of people, whom we may think we intimately know, and, looking back over a half-century, I think I may truthfully say that I do not now “see through a glass (so) darkly”, respecting my father.

CHAPTER VI

In the spring of 1857 father was made glad by the arrival of his sister, Susannah, wife of Charles Janeway, whom he had not seen since he left Tennessee, almost eleven years before. Charles Janeway's family at that time (1857) comprised, besides himself and Aunt Susie (as we familiarly called her), Enoch, Benjamin, Nancy, Elisha, Seth, Margaret (Peggy), Rachael, Sarah, Daniel, Susannah and James (Jimmy), the baby. Our brother, Benjamin J. (Benny), who, as a boy of six years, had been left in Tennessee under circumstances displeasing to father, though at the time (1846), meekly borne by him in the spirit of the Friends' doctrine of nonresistance, and for family reasons, came with uncle Charles' family.

This was an added joy, not only to father and mother, and Benny's full sisters and brother, Nancy, Rachael and Jesse; but also to his half-brothers and sisters, Francis, Thomas, Sadie and Jane. In our family, however, no distinction between full and half-brothers and sisters was made. Brother Benny then stood six feet tall and, considering my small stature, I thought him a "big man", though he was only seventeen at that time.

Our house then consisted of three or four rooms, depending upon whether the kitchen to the east addition had been built, and at this late date I do not remember; but whether of four or three rooms, our enlarged family, numbering some seventeen or eighteen when all were there, managed to get along in comparative comfort. It is probable, however, that the older members of uncle Charles' family were elsewhere most of the time, especially at night.

Seth Janeway had preceded his father's family several months, had been a frequent visitor at our home and had

almost become one of the family. Elisha also had come on ahead, or rather had left Tennessee in advance of the family, stopping for a time in Missouri, later coming on to Iowa.

Enoch, Elisha, Nancy, Seth, and all younger, were unmarried at that time. Benny was married in Tennessee.

Uncle Charles was fortunate in leaving the South four years before the war. Bringing some money with him he invested in land within three miles of the Hammer Settlement when land was a good investment, and, by industry, economy and good judgment, accumulated a considerable property. In a business transaction Charles Janeway's word was as good as his bond, and when he passed on left an honored name and an equal division of his estate to his children.

Father was a good rifle shot, but was not a hunter. In the pioneer days Iowa, not only was a pleasure ground for the sportsman who enjoyed the chase, when big game was the prize, but for the early settler wild game was a necessity. Before the farm was stocked with fowl and domestic food animals, a deer steak or the hind-quarter of a buffalo was something to be valued as well as desired. By the time Iowa had been admitted into the Union (1846) there were few, if any, buffalo in the state. Deer, wild turkey, wild geese, prairie chicken, pheasant, quail and other small game remained for a number of years after, to the great delight of the sons of the pioneers, who now began to multiply and enjoy the good things afforded by the rapidly growing state.

I remember one time, about 1856, having seen a bunch of deer, perhaps we would have used the word "drove" in that day; but there were not enough for a drove, probably a small herd would cover the indefinite number of ten or a

dozen. They were browsing carelessly along, within perhaps a quarter of a mile of our house, and no huntsman in sight. At another time, perhaps a year or so later, a lone deer was seen in our vicinity and "Old Nig" (father's dog) got a glimpse of the fleet-footed forest ranger, and the chase was on. Nig followed him through our field, as we called our farm; the deer cleared the stake-and-rider fence on the north side of the east forty and on they came toward our house at break-neck speed. The deer, as he neared the timber, evidently saw something he did not like, so wheeled and ran south to the field again, with Nig in hot pursuit. He got into the field and we again saw him bound over the fence, near the place where he had put eight hoofs (or half-hoofs) over before, and once more he came toward our house, with Nig still after him, and the deer instinctively deciding the safest way to the timber lay through our garden, ran into a deep snowdrift about one hundred yards west of our home; the snow was packed, but the sharp hoofs of the deer broke through, and for a moment he floundered in the drift, with Nig only a few yards behind him. Then, desperately lunging, and quickly getting his feet on hard snow, soon was free from the drift, and with a few leaps he had crossed the garden, then bounded off into the timber to the north, and now in his native forest, felt free once more. It was an exciting chase, and of the several people who saw it, not one of them had a gun, consequently we missed our venison supper that night.

Old Nig, as black as any crow that ever "cawed a caw", or robbed a hill of corn, was a fine wolf dog. He was large and so good-natured that I use to climb upon his back and try to ride him, with the result that I fell off at Old Nig's pleasure.

All father had to do to see a chase was to show Nig a wolf on the prairie and Nig would recognize the sheeps' enemy a half-mile away, and if a few miles intervened between the point of discovery and the timber, Nig would get him and his last fond dream of spring lamb would be o'er.

CHAPTER VII

Father was a home man. Domestic in all his tastes, he appreciated anything that tended to make pleasant the environments of home. To his companion he was considerate, beyond the complimentary degree of social civility. His bearing had none of the blemishes of studied insincerity, veiled under the conventional, but contemptuous, smile of polished hypocrisy. Rather had his civility that genuine polish, which comes from kindness of heart; that inbred nobility of character that will suffer wrong, rather than give intended offense. In other words, he would not quickly resent a wrong, though the motive of the individual had the baseness of ingratitude.

I never heard father speak an unkind word to my mother, nor her to him. Such a legacy left to children cannot be measured by the golden standard. To be of value gold must pass from our hands, be converted into comforts, or go to an object or objects of appreciation or affection, while deeds of kindness leave pleasant memories, which are ever present and tend to still the tempestuous experiences of life, and be "a shelter in a time of storm".

Father's home-coming was always a joyous anticipation to us children. When he came home from work in the evening he picked us up, when we were small, or allowed us to climb upon his knee or ride on his foot, while he sang some nursery song which was tuneful to our childish ears, the memory of which clings to us still. Upon returning from town it was his custom to bring each of us an apple, candy and sometimes a toy. I remember the old "dog-knife" I received when quite a small boy. It was shaped to resemble a dog, had a head like a dog, and the single blade closed between the legs. The knife probably

cost a dime or half-dime. A nickel in that day was unknown. We used to have a "Merry Christmas" with one red apple and a striped stick of candy apiece, never expecting a piano or auto. In fact, the automobile had not yet been born in the brain of the mechanical genius who first conceived it, and even the genius, himself, might not then have been on the earthly plane of existence, or, if he was, that fact may not yet be recorded in the archives of the patent office at Washington.

Father was an optimist. No cloud was too black for the "silver lining". No matter how discouraging the present, brighter times were ahead. He could see the fruit on the vine in the coming autumn, though the winter snows were still upon the ground. No mountain was so high but that the sun could light its summit. There was no "Rubicon" he could not cross. His optimism was not illusionary. Rather, it had the quality of practical helpfulness. Occasionally things may happen on a farm which call for applied genius. Stern realities must be met upon the spur of the moment. For instance, how to prevent a break-down or mend an article in use, to save stopping farm work an unreasonable length of time. Things sometimes occur which may mean the loss of a half or a full day's time for a man, or boy, and team. A drive of five miles to the nearest dependable blacksmith or wagon shop is no comedy stunt for a farmer in the busy season, whether seed time or harvest, though it might produce a thrill for the farm boy, big enough to drive to town, or stay home and work when the summer sun is pouring down, with no gentle breeze to fan the withering leaves, and no cooling shade to relieve the monotony of an unbearable situation.

Never was father foiled in any ordinary emergency. A loose tire, especially when the feller was sound, presented no unsurmountable difficulty to him. Were he in the

timber he would select a hickory withe, which, should it be in the spring-time, when the sap was up, would be better than a rope for binding on the tire. A good hickory withe will out-wear a rope for such a purpose. I might also add that father was an adept in the use of a withe on all suitable occasions.

It was a pleasure to him to do a favor for anyone.

To help another his burden bear,
In ev'ry grief, and joy, have a share.

To heal a wounded heart, wipe a weeping eye, and remove the cause of the falling tear, seemed to be his joyful mission. In the sick room his face was a ray of sunshine and his cheerful presence a panacea for sensitive and distracted nerves. His little acts of kindness were spontaneous. No doubt many of them by him soon forgotten; but sometime, if not appearing already, they will pass in grand review before him, when arise these questions: "Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee?" (Matt. 25:37-39).

The sorrows of a little child appealed to him. The following incident, though personal, will illustrate: Father had arranged to drive mother over to Aunt Sarah's (mother's sister), seven miles distant. Usually I went along on such visits; but this time I thought that I would say nothing about going, to see whether I would be invited; so continued at my play, apparently unconcerned, as mother washed the hands and faces Of my younger sisters (Sadie and Jane), and put clean dresses on them. The nearer the approach to the time of their departure, gauged by mother's progress in getting herself and the girls ready, the farther my anticipated invitation to, "come and get ready", seemed in the dean distance away. The starting time drew near; still I hesitated to refer to the

subject uppermost in my mind, and I resolved to hold out to the end. I saw my sisters and mother safely seated in the family wagon and father get in to drive away. Then I could see nothing but tears, as I thought all chances of going had departed with them, so wended my way to the southwest corner of the main room and gave way to childish tears. When, hark! a foot-step was heard at the door, and I saw the welcome form of father enter. He had returned for some article, forgotten, and as the poet says: "Hope springs eternal in the human breast", I at once seized upon that hope, though I never heard of Alexander Pope, who wrote that line, defining my feelings on that occasion, and knowing my best chance to be discovered was to cry loud enough for father to hear me, so I cried the cry of grievous disappointment and was heard. His voice, in a tone I always loved to hear, called: "What's thee crying for? Does 'he' want to go?" Very much encouraged by the question, which had the tone of invitation, I answered: "Ya-yea-yes", in a stifled voice, then heard the joyful command: "Well, 'git' his hat!" I needed no further invitation; got my hat and accompanied father to the wagon, as I prudently thought that my untidy appearance might need some explanatory defense, and it did, for mother felt embarrassed to think of taking me, with unwashed face and hands, uncombed hair and unchanged clothing; but as long as father didn't seem to care so much for their son's appearance as for his feelings, mother overlooked it, and I was made happy in anticipation of a visit to my aunt, not forgetting that she generally had a plate of honey set aside for the coming of her "sister's children", as she referred to us, when introducing us to a neighbor.

These occasional visits were joyous all around; for father could visit with his brother and mother with her

sister and we children with our double cousins, of whom we thought a great deal. When the fathers are brothers and the mothers are sisters there is little likelihood of trouble between the two sets of children. Then there are no jealousies. If any trouble should arise between the younger hopefuls, it immediately would be nipped in the bud by the mothers, or either of them, without a whisper to the fathers, who, if brothers, care to know nothing but the joys of their agreeable households.

CHAPTER VIII

In the summer or fall of 1866, Francis, then being in his twentieth year, was given his liberty, so he could transact business without the approval of a guardian, whether natural or legal. This verbal release, given him by father, was in the presence of J. H. Bales, as witness, thus making the fact legal. Then the firm of S. F. Hammer & Co. was established by tacit agreement, father becoming a silent partner and Francis the managing director of the unincorporated company, or, at any rate, manager of the concern. The object of the formation of the company was to engage in the manufacture of brick, the first kiln being burnt and sold that year. The business was continued through the season of 1867, when the writer had grown strong enough for an off-bearer. A person, unaccustomed to that work, has no adequate idea of the nerve it requires to hold his end up, working with an experienced off-bearer, who is anxious to complete the day's work at the earliest possible moment, with the moulder agreeable to the same idea.

It is no child's play to bear away, even in ten hours, the half of five thousand brick, six at a time, all of which must be carefully laid on a smoothly luted yard at the proper distance from the preceding mould full, so your mould will not touch them and, at the same time, prevent yours being left at an angle from a careless "flop", neglecting firmly to hold the mould when it first strikes the ground. It takes a good eye, well trained muscles and careful attention to do this quickly and properly. Any brick-maker will quickly recognize these points.

Working on the yard that summer, so far as I can recall today, were the following: S. F. Hammer, manager; Ira Hammer, moulder; Luna Bales, gum or "pug" filler and

temperer of clay; William (Bill) Jones and the writer, off-bearers, James Fogerty, burning the kiln. Father might have done occasional work, as needed. At any rate, he furnished the ground, clay, a team to haul the water and sand and probably the wood for the kiln.

There is no easy place with a brick yard crew, and generally, we were pretty tired when night came. The younger members of the crew, though, quickly recuperated after a hearty supper of plain, healthful food, and were ready to jump, wrestle, run a foot-race, or visit any Indian party that might be encamped on the bottom lands of North Skunk, where, no doubt, their fore-fathers had matched their savage strategy with the wit of the ferocious bear, the treacherous panther, the majestic buffalo and the fleetfooted deer which roamed the wilds in the region of Jasper County, long before the eloquence of the great Tecumseh had aroused the Iowa warriors to deeds of daring and super-heated their fighting blood for savage vengeance toward the pale faces, who had “spied out” their beautiful prairie country, and were coming to “possess the land”. Father had owned a farm since 1847 and carried on farming. In fact our principal livelihood was gained from tilling the soil. Milling, which had occupied much of father’s early life, and later brick-making, contracting for and building school houses and bridges, were side issues.

In addition to farming, father always had a garden. He believed in having plenty of good things to eat. Besides corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, beans, buckwheat, squash, pumpkins, melons, cabbage and turnips, which we produced on the farm, he raised lettuce, peas, onions, rhubarb and some varieties of berries in the garden. Later he added Concord grapes, and when the orchard came into bearing, we had cherries, Siberian crab-apples and the old

standby common apples. One year father picked from one tree, Northern Spy variety, eighteen bushels of apples. That was several years after I had attained my majority and had left the parental roof, to carve from the world my own fortune, whether of gold or the wealth of ideas, the better inheritance.

CHAPTER IX

Iowa, fortunately, was situated in a latitude far enough north of the Mason and Dixon line to be outside the war zone, which, for four years, held the South in the grip of contending armies. This historic line in the East was the south line of Pennsylvania, separating from Maryland the former free state, once owned by William Penn and, as a Colony, governed by him in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. Mason and Dixon's line, then, in that section of the United States was in north latitude 39 degrees 43 minutes 3 seconds; west of Pennsylvania, however, common consent made the Ohio River and the north line of Missouri the dividing line between the slave and free states.

Except for the volunteers, who left on the old stage coach for the nearest railway connection, en route to the front, the few boys in blue, occasionally coming home on furlough, and the war talk in the neighborhood, we tillers of the soil in the loyal state of Iowa, scarcely would have known of the existence of war on the North American Continent. We are glad to remember, however, in looking back to the trying days of '61-5, that a far-seeing patriot was in the presidential chair and directing the energies of the Nation from Washington; a clearheaded statesman, bearing the noble name of Lincoln — Abraham Lincoln — a name for which father had great admiration — noble, because of the preservation of the character, partially, contributed by his Quaker ancestors, and developed in almost a half-century of struggle in that school of adversity which gives spiritual energy and direction to the morally heroic soul.

During the first century of the independence of the United States of America, just two names stand out in

bold relief above all others — the names of Washington and Lincoln. Not that there were no other able men in the United States, for we had them; but the position of the two conspicuous figures in our short history as a responsible member of the family of nations, and the exigency of the times, placed them upon a pinnacle of fame that others, perhaps in statesmanship as deeply learned, and in diplomatic finesse, equally skilled, might or might not, under like conditions, have attained. We who have inherited the advantages of their sacrifices are proud to record the fact that they so ably met the issues of those tragic days, gave and preserved a Nation with so clean a history, and leaving its people such an opportunity for world betterment in the ever present battle for the triumph of the right in maintaining the spirit of humanity for the good of the whole human family.

As a native of his father's adopted state, grand old Iowa, the writer feels a just pride in her history, the honorable record of which, might be thus briefly epitomized and inscribed upon her unsullied banner:

IOWA NEVER DISHONORED THE FLAG
BY DISLOYALTY TO THE UNION.

By December, 1863, the alluring siren of war apparently had sung so persuasively into the martial ear of my brother, Francis, then seventeen years of age, that he decided to offer his services to the Union cause on the battle front of the Western plains in Kansas, then a wild region, the feeding grounds of the migratory buffalo, and overrun by hostile Indians; where then was stationed the Seventh Iowa cavalry, in which served his uncle Elisha, as Captain of Company "G", together with his cousins, A. T., J. H. and Enos Hammer, non-commissioned officers in the same company. Francis got as far as Iowa City, where he

learned that the quota of that regiment was already full. He then returned home as father, no doubt, had thought he would do; his ambition for a military career satisfied, and in later years, as it proved, himself becoming an earnest advocate of the principles of peace.

Some explanation, perhaps, should here be made as to why father, who was so conscientiously opposed to war, gave permission, at least, did not strenuously oppose his son's entering the military service. My understanding of the matter is this: Father and uncle Henry had an agreement with their brother, Captain Elisha Hammer, that he was to refuse the application of either my brother, Francis, or my cousin, Enos, to enter his company, without the consent of the parent of each, respectively. Enos might have persuaded his father not to take legal measures to get him out of the service, in the event he should be accepted, instead of getting a direct permit to go, and father probably only gave his consent to Francis after he learned that that regiment was full, and that there was little likelihood of his son's volunteering in any other regiment. This explanation, I believe, conforms to Francis', as well as my own understanding of the matter.

There is no question of father's abhorrence of war, even though legislated into legal murder.

CHAPTER X

The advantage of an education appealed to father, for he keenly felt the loss of schooling in his youth, being deprived of its aid in the early unfolding of some of the complex things of life. This experience doubled his purpose to give encouragement to all his children to improve their opportunities.

My brother B. J. (Benny), who visited us in the summer of 1857, as referred to in Chapter Six, secured his education at an academy in Tennessee. In mathematics he had taken up algebra and trigonometry, probably with a view of following the engineering profession, and also had given some attention to the languages.

He was in Tennessee when the Civil War burst upon the South as the result of her supreme folly, and at the first reasonably safe opportunity, escaped with his wife and her young sister, coming to Iowa early in 1864. I distinctly remember the winter term at the "little brick" was in session and the teacher was "Sis" Guthrie.

Some time after his arrival at Hammer Grove, perhaps a year or so, Benny was appointed teacher of our school, where his fitness as an instructor of the youth was quickly and satisfactorily demonstrated. Benny's government had that quality of kindly firmness, which at once gained the good will of the school, and his method of instruction drew out the best in the pupil. I do not remember ever having asked Benny a question, pertaining to the studies, he could not answer, or mentioning any historical subject with which he was not, in some degree familiar.

During the series of meetings, conducted by the Friends at Center, in the winter of 1868-9, Nathan Ballard, leader, Benny publicly acknowledged the faith he believed and

his subsequent life, though short, was a living testimony of the sincerity of his profession.

Not being possessed of robust health, the confining work of the school-room and the severity of the climate, to which he was not native, he succumbed to the ailment common to that latitude and passed away in December, 1870, in his thirty-first year.

In 1869 a teacher came to our neighborhood by the name of Spooner, Professor Spooner, a graduate of Chamberlin College, Ohio. He taught the winter term of 1869-70 and might have taught more than one term. I mention this particular term, because I attended, and that was my last term at the little brick, where I had been in 'attendance many years. The more I think of the branches taught in that country school the more I feel like congratulating the community for having been able to secure that class of instructor. Aside from the usual studies of spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography and history, we had algebra, physiology, philosophy and astronomy and also had the advantage of apparatus for illustrating the movements of the earth and moon around the sun in their annual orbits; also showing the earth's inclination to the ecliptic, which gives us the seasons of the year, spring and fall; summer and winter.

That term, together with my personal talks with the Professor, gave me the final incentive to go forth and learn, if only for the pleasure of knowing.

Education should not be put solely on a money basis. Such cold calculation is mercenary. It is the selfish man who says: "I am putting so many dollars into an education, because I expect to get out of it so many additional dollars." While very likely he will get all his investment

back, with liberal interest, that ought not be his ruling motive.

Rightly considered, an education is a highway to social and moral betterment. As happiness cannot be measured by dollars and cents, neither can education be so measured. Real education implies a moral awakening of the finer sensibilities of our spiritual nature, giving us a broader vision of life, a clearer view of our responsibilities and a keener outlook toward opportunities. An educated, energetic man, though poor, may surround himself with the means for advancement in spiritual and intellectual enjoyment.

A person who has the privilege of a modern public library may get in touch with the thought of the best minds of the ages. It is not necessary to own a large number of books to secure a good education. We do not need the books so much as the contents of the books. We do not have to possess a mountain, a river, a landscape, to enjoy either or all of them. Poor indeed the person, and small his soul, who is so covetous, or envious, that he cannot enjoy the prosperity, popularity or the achievements of another.

As to what to read, to develop the best in an individual, depends so much upon the natural ability, adaptability, health, circumstances and purposes in life of the individual that to offer unerring advice is most difficult, if not well nigh impossible. Bear in mind that the reading of many books does not necessarily make the educated man; but the inspiration he receives from reading and the thought he gives to the matter in hand, when reading the best books. To get the cream of the history of any people or nation read the biographies of the leading statesmen, rulers and moral and religious teachers. Biography is the easiest and most interesting of all histories, because of the

personal touch it has with human nature. It is the personality in fiction that fascinates, interests, quickens the mind. Of course, there are many good books which may be read with profit, mental profit and character development, producing a broadened vision of life. Though an individual who cannot lift his eyes from earth has not yet caught the vision of happiness for himself or for others. Therefore, read and *think* — think most.

CHAPTER XI

In this modern age, surrounded with every convenience, every luxury, we cannot begin to appreciate the privations of our fathers and forefathers, the pioneers of the South and the Middle-West. Their homes were the rude dug-out, the log cabin, or, at best, the sawed log house, heated with a single fireplace, the smoke from which usually poured out of a low sod chimney, built on the outside of the cabin or house. The light, when the sun had sunk beyond the western hills, was a single "tallow-dip." Now, the tallow-dip light, though an ancient method of illumination, was still used on the out-skirts or the pioneer front of American civilization the first half of last century, and lingered long enough in the second half to be remembered by the writer, who here will explain how it was made. To make a tallow-dip, take any vessel or receptacle that will hold oil or grease, small enough to be conveniently carried, and, of course, of a non-combustible nature; we generally used a common saucer; fill it about half full of melted tallow; then get a piece of cotton goods, an old piece is as good or better than new; tear off a strip an inch or so wide and about a foot long; twist it and then take hold of the ends and let it twist into a loose rope. Place the doubled end in the grease and let the loose ends extend slightly over the rim of the saucer. The pioneer lamp is now ready to have the match applied, if you have one. The pioneers got their lights from the fire-place, not wasting a match for any "light" occasion. Pioneering was a school of instruction in domestic economy. Money then was scarce; farm products had little market value, even, indeed, were there a market. Then we had few large cities. In 1850 New York had a population of 515,507 and in 1790, only 33,131 ; Philadelphia, 408,762 in 1850 and 42,520 in 1790; Baltimore, in 1850 had 169,054 and in

1790 13,503; Boston, in 1850 had 136,871 and in 1790 18,038; in 1856 New Orleans had 119,461, and Cincinnati 115,436. New Orleans in 1790 was under Spanish rule, and Cincinnati was not yet a city, hence no census was taken by our government. When the first United States census was taken, in 1790, New York and Philadelphia were the largest cities on the North American continent. New York has held her place, but Philadelphia lost to Chicago, owing to the development of the Great West. Iowa has been a potent factor in bringing about this result. Chicago is a product of western energy and brains.

When father settled in Jasper County, in 1847, there were no railroads in Iowa and, in fact, there were, in round numbers, only 12,805 railway mileage in the entire United States, according to the railway report in 1853. Now we have 250,000 miles of rail in the United States. Then whatever convenience or necessity we had came from hard labor; no modern machinery, riding cultivators or steam tractors, drawing twenty plows, capable of plowing forty or more acres of land per day. Instead of riding through the country on vestibuled Pullman trains, deluxe, we had to put up with the slow-going ox teams or, at best, with a horse team and spring wagon. Everything was scarce then, except land, water and air. We could breathe and drink with little effort, but to eat we had to work. We had to draw our living from the bank of mother earth, using her sand banks for scouring our rusty plows.

Seeing father do this thing, that thing and the other, I got the idea that there was nothing in mechanics he could not do. He could make ax, broom, hoe, pick and plow handles; make a sweeping broom from broomstraw and a scrub broom from a piece of hickory wood; also bottom a chair with strips of bark; in fact, he was a versatile genius with wood. To be a real pioneer, a man must have the

initiative to turn his hand to anything; to be able to “grasp the horn of the dilemma” under all circumstances, conditions and “troublous” occasions, as it were.

The pioneers of the Middle-West, like the pioneers of Tennessee and Kentucky, were men of sterling qualities. Such names as John Sevier, James Robertson and William Blount, of Tennessee; Henry Clay, Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark, of Kentucky, and Samuel J. Kirkwood, James W. Grimes and William B. Allison, of Iowa, will live in history.

In Iowa there were many men of worth who were not known to the general public. Such men were and are the backbone of the community, the Nation. Among this class of law-abiding citizens of our community the name of Seth Hammer was well and favorably known to his neighbors. He had their confidence, a confidence of long years' standing. Not all the worthy, not all the great are heralded as worthy and great. Greatness is not an opinion; it is a fact. A motive may be as grand as an achievement. An achievement is only a motive brought to light. Men behold the achievement; God sees the motive.

In dealing with others father's purpose was to do justly. If anyone was wronged in a transaction he preferred to be that individual. He was opposed to driving sharp bargains. As a merchant, his errors in weight would have been “down weight” and bushel measures full, “well shaken, and running over.” With him honesty was a cardinal principle of action and, like virtue, closely allied to truth. He recognized wrong as a dead weight in the scale of justice, and as bad a handicap to advancement as would be lead shoes, worn by a swimmer in an aquatic contest. Hence, the cloak of hypocrisy did not fit him, and he refused to wear it. He did not care to accept an invitation

to the marriage feast and walk in the procession, unless he had the regulation "wedding garment," so there would be no question of his passing inspection when the governor of the feast made his appearance.

As a farmer, father was trustful. He sowed the seed in faith. When he cast wheat upon the ground, and covered it, he expected to reap wheat at harvest time, and when he planted corn he believed that the germ in the grain would produce a stalk upon which would grow, and in due time mature, an ear of corn, sound and well filled with grain.

Father's belief in an over-ruling Providence laid deep the foundation for his faith in the final triumph of right. Whatever the discouragement or apparent loss, things would come out all right in the end. We never had too much, or too little rain; the weather never too hot or too cold, and, being a farmer, naturally he was interested in the outcome of the crop. Upon one occasion, when there had been a long, dry spell, and the farmers had become desperately anxious about their crops, one of them said to father:

"Mr. Hammer, if it don't rain soon, and plenty of it, we won't have any corn, oats or one thing to live on. I don't know what we'll do." Whereupon father replied: "Well, I think the Almighty, who was wise enough to create the heavens and the earth, is wise enough to take care of all things, and if we do our part, all will come out all right."

This conversation took place in May, 1879, according to the record of my sister, Jane, and on the 29th of the same month a rain came, and by the 30th, there was plenty of moisture to insure good crops, which prevailed that year, thus confirming father's faith in Him who "careth, even for the sparrows."

CHAPTER XII

Father's faith in God was implicit, unwavering. I knew of no one who had greater respect for the Supreme Ruler than he. He believed in the inspiration of the scripture, was familiar with all the prophecies, and believed that Christ spake with "authority and not as the scribes." He therefore believed that Jesus was the Son in whom God was "well pleased." He held to the doctrine of the Orthodox Friends, therefore, was not in sympathy with the Hicksites, who are Unitarians in faith, if not in form. His father, a minister in the Quaker Church, as hitherto stated, was his ideal of a Christian. He always spoke of his father with filial respect and devotion. If he ever saw a flaw in his father's life he never mentioned it. I am inclined to believe he never saw any; though if he had faults, they were dimmed by his many virtues. I knew nine of his children, six of whom were my uncles, two my aunts, and the other, for whom I stand a willing sponsor, was my father. They all spoke of their father with filial affection and profound admiration.

Father believed that God is Spirit and that they who worship Him must worship Him in "spirit and in truth." He believed in a religion that prompted people to do good, rather than make loud professions. The egotism of the Pharisaical hypocrite, who might "thank God" that he was not as "other men," did not call forth approval from father. The quiet, unobtrusive Christian, who showed his "faith by his works," appealed to him.

His conception of the Omnipotent God, the author of creation in its multifarious forms and conditions, was in the sublime. To him no thought of God could be too high, no conception too transcendent. To him God was Omnipresent (everywhere at the same moment of time).

This line of reasoning to him had no suggestion of the irrational or impossible. God made the laws of the material universe and controls the laws of the Spiritual Universe. These latter laws are inherent in His own Being. To father the will of God was law, whether applied to material creation or spiritual being. The way of the Spirit is mystery, ever mystery. This statement is expressive of all Truth that we do not comprehend, and is not a new revelation. Said Christ: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is everyone born of the Spirit." (John 3:8). The above quotation refers to Christ's definition of conversion, when explaining the new birth to Nicodemus, who "came to Jesus by night."

Father taught that this "new birth," conversion, was Holy Ghost baptism. That when a person had received this baptism water baptism was not essential; that baptism by water after baptism by the Holy Spirit would be a backward step. That when John baptised Christ baptism by water ended as an essential, for Christ then said to John: "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." (Matt. 3:15).

The Jews still practice circumcision, though circumcision, like water baptism and the "pass-over," apparently belong to the old dispensation. The tragedy of Calvary made circumcision of the heart the vital thing. This is a Spiritual operation, and since Christ ascended on high and sent the Comforter, Who was manifested in great power in the "upper room" in Jerusalem, at Pentecost, ten days after the Ascension, baptism by the Holy Spirit is the essential work. This baptism puts a light in the heart, becoming for the redeemed, the annihilator of shadows that lurk along the pathway on the journey toward the

Eternal City, the entrance to which is illuminated by the Lamb, "Who is the light thereof."

Father was opposed to war and held that there was no scriptural authority for slaying our fellow man, even in the stress of war, and that the mark of Cain had been put upon the fearful crime of murder. Believing the nature of God to be love, he could not think that Love would command the slaughter of men. He contended, and with commendable spirit, that God never sanctioned war. Nations in ancient and in later times engaged in war on account of their wickedness, and though they frequently said that God had commanded them to do battle, still their saying so did not prove that God actually commanded or sanctioned the slaughter that followed. Father made a distinction between the real, "thus saith the Lord of Hosts," and the presumption of the generals and political leaders who might, for selfish aims and purposes, attribute to God a command He never gave. So, believing war to be utterly at variance with the nature of God, father consistently and persistently condemned war.

Owning timber, which could be sawed up into building material, father and uncle Henry, his brother, found diversion from farm labor in running a saw mill and selling lumber. The Phelps House at Newton, our county-seat, was sawed by their mill. The Phelps House was the chief hostelry at the Jasper County metropolis and entertained all the "big guns," political, military and otherwise, that stopped at our county-seat. General William Tecumseh Sherman, in passing through Iowa, probably about 1863, made a short stop at Newton. I was a boy in those days, and was fortunate enough to be away from the farm for that, to me, historic occasion, and I distinctly remember the General's making a speech from the portico of the hotel, which faced the Public Square, a

Union speech, of course, for he was a Union General and Union were the only kind of political speeches that were permitted in Newton during the trying days of the early sixties.

Father's activities were not all confined to mechanics, farming and milling. These were only a part of his active life. We will pass his qualifications as a biblical scholar, as having elsewhere been sufficiently treated. Father was a politician of no mean order, not for himself, but for others, being much sought after. His judgment was valued. Occasionally, in strenuous campaigns, he sometimes was called out of bed, to help decide upon the best policy, the surest way to gain a point in securing majorities, hence his influence was courted and his judgment appreciated. He also found time to read, think and discuss finance. He was much interested in the money system of our country, and firmly believed that the government had authority to issue paper money to the extent of its needs and had faith in its ability to redeem the same, when necessary. He was an earnest supporter of the greenback movement, which greatly influenced the political opinion of many farmers in the late seventies, especially preceding the resumption of specie payment, in 1879, and continuing on into the eighties.

During the greenback agitation in Iowa, in 1878, father wrote the recorder of these lines a letter in reply to one from the latter upon the currency question, from which the following extracts are taken:

Newton, Iowa, Nov. 28, 1878.

Dear Son:

The only difference between thee and me is—thee is a “hard money” greenbacker and I am “soft money.”

* * * * *

Paper money should be based on the credit of the government (and be) a legal tender for all debts, public and private.

* * * * *

The bonds are sold on the government’s “promise to pay.” The greenback was good enough for the soldier, and it is good enough for the bond-holder.

* * * * *

The greenback is a legal tender, so is silver. I want all money alike—no “shaving machine.”

(Sd) SETH HAMMER.”

The above would indicate that father gave considerable thought to government finance.

Hog killing-time was an interesting event to the small boy, who had nothing to do but to look on. In this rural operation, father and uncle Henry usually were joint partners. When the “killing” was at our house, uncle Henry would bring along his big kettle. We had one about the same size, and these indispensable vessels of pioneer times, were filled with water and fires were built under them, to get boiling water for scalding the hogs immediately after they were killed. Before the hogs were banished from their swill trough, however, a platform, large enough to hold two men and one hog, was constructed and a large barrel was propped up against this

platform, the barrel inclining about forty-five degrees, so it would hold a half-barrel of water. After killing, each hog would be lifted to the platform, upon which father and uncle Henry would stand, while they “soused” the animal into the boiling water. After the hot water had loosened the bristles and finer hair, the hog would be pulled back onto the platform. Then father and uncle Henry, standing on the ground beside the platform, would scrape off the hair with long, sharp butcher knives. When thoroughly cleaned, the animal would be strung up on an improvised rack, dressed and made ready for the chopping block, which, at the farm house, usually is the recleaned “scraping platform.” After the process of cutting the animal up for “salting down” for the winter season had been accomplished, the day was finished by eating some of the choice pieces for supper, a performance in which the small boy and girl also indulged with equal delight.

In the spring, after the closing of the “deestric” school and the meat-smoking time had arrived, the small boy again could be usefully employed in gathering hickory chips, with which to smoke the meat, to give it an appetizing flavor and for its better preservation during the long, hot summer months, after the icicles had dropped from the eaves of the house, and the daisies had peeped from under their winter cover, to catch the warm rays of the sun and draw from the “orb of day” some of the power it uses in putting beauty in the lily and the blush upon the rose. Thus, in the country, we found life not altogether prosaic, for we had the singing of the birds, the cooing of the doves, as well as the silent voice of Nature to bid us rejoice in a life which is only a type, only a shadow of that joyous existence which begins with a smile or a song, and never ends with a sigh or a tear.

CHAPTER XIV

My father was a broad-shouldered, well-proportioned man, slightly under six feet in height, his heaviest weight being one hundred and ninety-six pounds, usually attained in August, toward the end of the vegetable season, especially such varieties as grew in his annual garden. In short, my father was a manly man, generous in thought, kindly in disposition, sympathetic in distress and affectionate in his family relations, filling my boyish ideals of what a man and a father ought to be. His work of handling grain and flour in the Tennessee mill, years before he came to Iowa, so developed his muscles that he could shoulder a sack of wheat, containing seven bushels, and weighing four hundred and twenty pounds, when of standard weight. In his younger days he could jump twenty-one feet backward, in three jumps, not a small feat for an amateur.

Previous to an attack of erysipelas, along about his fifty-third year, followed by several severe attacks of inflammatory rheumatism in the seventies, father's health was uniformly good. After those severe attacks his strength declined. I remember hearing him say, perhaps in the early sixties, that he "never felt tired." This remark was called out by a question from a boy about the size and age of the writer at that time, who thought that he might be tired after a hard day's work in the harvest field. Aside from having no fear of honest toil, he had a philosophical brand of optimism of life in general. The "tired feeling" may develop from a dislike of the particular work at hand, or the laborer might think the thing not worth the effort put forth to accomplish it, or the "game not worth the powder and lead," as a philosophical hunter, like Davy Crocket, might say.

Laziness is not an absolute term. It may be relative, as well. For Instance, because a boy might not like a particular kind of work, it does not necessarily follow that he would object to all labor. There was a farmer's boy in Iowa who had an aversion to pulling wild buckwheat vines. That was tedious work. The tendrils of the buckwheat vines would entwine themselves around corn or broom-corn stalks in such a tenacious manner that, to free the stalk from the vines strangle-hold, with which they gripped the stalk, required patience, as well as effort. As the boy could not get over much ground he apparently did not think that he was accomplishing much and, consequently, was disgusted with the work. Had the buckwheat vines been as far apart as were the corn stalks he had cut in the spring, after the wheat had been harrowed in, he might have been better pleased with his efforts. As it was, however, he sometimes grew so desperate that he occasionally would pull up, or break, a stalk of corn, as the most expeditious way in which to remove the tenaciously aggravating vine, and yet that same boy delighted in washing sheep in the river in the summer time, which work was not altogether easy, especially when pursued for hours; but it was a change, a novelty, and the fascination of the water and the sheep's struggles to keep its head above it, interested him, besides he got good coin for his labor, instead of simply bed and board, which he thought rightly belonged to him, anyway. This same boy was not lazy in school or at play, no matter how strenuous it might be. Frequently he stood at the head of his class, and later in college, was recommended by the Principal as a "faithful student of gentlemanly demeanor, who maintained a high rank in his classes." There was another boy on the same farm, who delighted in taking care of horses, feeding them, currying and rubbing them down, teaming, etc This boy did not like school, nor

books, and all mental effort seemed hard and distasteful to him. Which boy was lazy, or were they simply adapted to different spheres in life?

Father was a firm believer in individual freedom, and it followed, naturally, that he was opposed to human slavery. He held that men had no right to abuse dumb animals and much less to enslave human beings. After having witnessed in one of the Southern states the severe whipping of a Negro, for a small offense, he became more bitter against the entire slave system and in later years, when his home became a station on the "under-ground railway system," that ran through the "free soil" State of Iowa, with its termini in Canada, he performed the duties of "station keeper," with no compunction of conscience. In a moral sense he did not consider a human being property, even though the advocates of slavery might construe the constitution of the United States, which is supposed to define liberty, as upholding their contention that a slave is property, the same as a horse or an ox. Father's and grandfather's opinions on the slavery question were in harmony.

The offense of the slave in question was that he came late to work Monday morning, after having been excused Saturday evening, so he could visit his wife, who lived on another plantation. The explanation that his wife had moved, or been moved, some distance away and that that fact had made him late, not being able to cover the distance and see his wife within the usual time, meant nothing to the overseer, and the slave, in consequence, had to take an unmerciful beating with the cat-o'-nine-tails.

* * * * *

Father was forgiving. He could not hold a grudge forever. A case in point: A neighbor, so different in

disposition from father, that there scarcely are enough words in the English language, even with the American improvement and enlargement, adequate to make a satisfactory comparison, aside from the fact that both were men. Well, that neighbor conceived the idea that he had a grievance against father, and that it could be settled only in one way—it must be fought out. So, he came over one day and offered to fight father, inviting him to step outside the yard, or words to that effect. Father generously declined to remove the fence, which conveniently stood between them, so the matter blew over. Some years after this occurrence, and during the Civil War, this former belligerent neighbor was shot and mortally wounded, and father would not permit their former disagreement to estrange his sympathy or withhold his help from making his neighbor's few remaining days on earth as comfortable as might be under the circumstances. Father believed in returning good for evil, and not evil for evil. The "eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was too Mosaic for him. Rather he believed in the higher doctrine of the expounder of the "eleventh commandment," Who said "A new commandment I give unto you That you *love one another.*" (John 13:34).

CHAPTER XV

GENEALOGY

Seth Hammer was the son of Elisha, who was the son of Isaac, who was the son of Abraham, whose father, early in the Eighteenth Century emigrated from Germany to Great Britain, stopping for a time in Wales. Marrying in Wales, he subsequently emigrated to America, settling in Bucks County, in the Colony of Pennsylvania, the advantages of which Colony William Penn had set forth to the inhabitants in the Rhine country, and which people looked upon him as a king.

The American branch of the Hammer family is principally of English, German and Welsh extraction, the Welsh blood predominating. Their ideas of family probably come from the German, their confidence in their individual judgment from the English and their qualities of perseverance from the Welsh.

Abraham Hammer, presumably, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, about 1731. From Pennsylvania he moved south in 1760, and we next hear of the family in North Carolina. Whether the elder Hammer moved by easy stages, stopping for a time in Virginia, is not definitely known. If, however, Abraham Hammer, with his family, moved directly from Pennsylvania to North Carolina, without stopping on the way, it would be a long move for that day. Also the inducements offered must have been out of the ordinary. Cheap and fertile land would have been an inducement and that, together with religious and educational privileges, no doubt were deciding factors in North Carolina's allurements to Abraham, who was the head of the Southern branch of the Hammer family. At any rate, they were Friends, having become identified with that church, possibly from

admiration for their ideas of equality of the sexes, educationally, socially and religiously, since women also are licensed to preach. Their proverbial honesty, simplicity of worship, together with their steadfast contention for religious and civil liberty, no doubt, also strongly appealed to them.

After sojourning some years in North Carolina, Isaac Hammer, who was born at Guilford Court House, N. C., in 1760, with his family, including Elisha, father of Seth Hammer, the subject of this biographical sketch, moved over the mountains to Tennessee, which territory, extending from the mountains to the Mississippi River, had once been a single county of North Carolina,* and which territory that Patriotic State had deeded to the general government, thus making it a part of the Public Domain, some years before it became the great State of Tennessee.

Remaining in Tennessee a number of years, Isaac Hammer moved to Huntsville, Indiana.

An incident occurred in the early life of Isaac Hammer, which, no doubt will be of interest to his descendants. During the war of the American Revolution, about the year 1778, the Tories impressed Isaac into the British army. He was about eighteen years of age at that time, and being a Quaker, he refused to serve. For such refusal he was struck over the head with a sabre, the scar of which, as a memento of his moral heroism, he carried through life. Finally, through the entreaties of his mother, together with his youth and doubtful value as a recruit to the Tory army of George III, he was released, to the great joy of his noble mother and to the satisfaction of his friends, as well as to

* See Chapter 1

his own. Isaac was a hatter by trade, and it is further said of him that he used no liquor, tobacco or profanity. His father, Abraham Hammer, also was a Friend or Quaker. It is possible and fairly probable that the father of Abraham, who stopped for a time in Wales, and married there, took a wife from among the Friends, himself becoming a Friend, if he was not already affiliated with that branch of the Christian Church, before leaving Germany. If the above reasonable surmise be true, then at least five generations of the family were Friends preceding the birth of the sons and daughters of Seth Hammer.

Elisha, father of Seth Hammer, stayed in Tennessee 'till he, with the major part of his family, including my father, moved to Iowa, in 1846, as stated in Chapter Two, in this volume.

Seth Hammer was first married to Elizabeth Janeway, daughter of Benjamin Janeway, in Tennessee, in 1833. To them were born: Nancy (1834), Rachael (1836), Jesse Mills (1838), and Benjamin J. (1840).

Elizabeth, his first wife, having deceased, he was united in marriage to Elizabeth Hackney, daughter of Aaron and Jane Hackney, in the early forties, the wedding taking place in Tennessee. To his second wife were born, in Iowa.: Seth Francis (1846), Thomas Jefferson (1849), Sarah Elizabeth (1851), and Louisa Jane (1853).

Elizabeth, his second wife, deceased (1858), and was buried in Center cemetery, Jasper County, Iowa.

In 1860 he was married to his third wife, Elizabeth Musgrove, widow of Allen Musgrove (and mother of Jake and Jane Musgrove). This union resulted in the following births: Allen Elisha (1861), Adam Mark (1862), Harriet Ann (1864), George Washington (1866), and Eva

Darthula (1868). Allen Elisha, deceased (1862), and was interred in Center cemetery. Elizabeth, third wife, deceased (1870), and was buried in Center cemetery.

In 1872, for the fourth and last time, he was married to Elizabeth Channel, widow of a Mr. Channel. To them were born: Rubie Moyer (1873), and Ruie Elizabeth (1875). Rubie Moyer died in infancy and was interred in Center cemetery.

Nancy Hammer was married, in Iowa, December, 1855, to John Slater, a native of England. He was a brick manufacturer, provided well for his wife and young family, was a straight-forward business man and gained and maintained the respect of his neighbors. To them were born: Thomas Mark, Henry Seth, John Francis, Mary Elizabeth, Curtis Ellsworth and William. Of those five only two were living in 1917; namely, John and Mary (now Mrs. Wm. Boone).

Nancy Hammer-Slater deceased (1870), and was buried at Moingona, Boone County, Iowa.

John Slater passed away in 1911, and was laid to rest beside his wife, in the cemetery at Moingona, Boone County, Iowa.

Rachael Hammer was married to Lewis E. Rash, in Jasper County, Iowa, December 27, 1856. In the spring of 1858 they settled in Hardin County, where the following sons and daughters were born: Alva Curtis, Columbus Elliott, Nancy Elizabeth, Flora Ann, Benjamin Jesse, Emma Rosalie, Solon Lincoln, Henry Thomas, Burton Francis and Bertha Jane (twins), Andrew Seth and Gertie May.

Burton Francis and Girtie May died in infancy and were buried in the Miller cemetery, Hardin County, Iowa.

All the others, except Nancy Elizabeth, were living in 1917.

By industry, economy and good management, Lewis E. Rash accumulated a fortune, for a farmer, leaving an estate, at his demise (1912), valued at about \$90,000.00. Lewis was buried in the Miller cemetery, Hardin County, Iowa.

Jesse Mills Hammer was united in marriage with Frankie Cross, at Dayton, Nevada, in 1868.

Jesse, in company with his uncles, Jesse and Isaac Hammer, and an acquaintance, John Rogers, left Iowa in the spring of 1862 for California, traveling overland by horse team, arriving in the Golden State a few months later. Isaac died on the way and was buried at Simpson Park, near Austin, Nevada, in 1862. When Jesse and party had reached a certain point in Utah there was a divergence of roads. The shorter one was the more dangerous, on account of hostile Indians, who infested that route. There was a discussion as to which was the more desirable, the short and dangerous one, or the longer and safer one, and one daring man of the party, who had grown weary of the discussion, blurted out: "Well, my mind's made up. All who want to go the short cut follow me!" A few wagons followed, but brother Jesse and his party decided to remain with the majority and took the longer route and safely landed in California, while the few who undertook to go the shorter way, it was afterwards reported, were massacred by the Indians.

Jesse M. Hammer died at Fresno Flats in 1888, and was buried in Fresno County, California.

Benjamin Janeway Hammer was married to Dianna Darthula Anderson, in Tennessee, about the beginning of

the Civil War. Benjamin, who was a teacher, as noted in a previous chapter, died in 1870, and was buried in Center cemetery.

Seth Francis Hammer was married September 22, 1872, to Amanda Jane Battin, at Moingona, Iowa.

To them were born: Harry Delno, Martin Thomas, Effie Louisa, Jesse Duane, Sarah Leota and Elva Elizabeth.

Harry Delno died in 1873, and Elva Elizabeth in 1896, both in infancy, the former being buried in Honey Creek cemetery, Hardin County, Iowa, and the latter laid to rest beside her mother in Mirage cemetery. Amanda died in 1896, and was interred in Mirage cemetery, Sheridan County, Neb.

Martin Thomas passed away in 1909, and was buried in New Providence cemetery, New Providence, Hardin County, Iowa.

Previous to his marriage, S. F. Hammer went west, stopping at Dayton, Reno and Eureka, Nev., for more than two years, visiting California while on the Pacific Coast. Returning to Iowa in 1871, he engaged in merchandising with J.H. Bales (husband of sister Sadie), at Amboy, located on father's farm.

Moving to Hardin County, in 1873, he purchased a farm in Grant Township. Later he engaged in the lumber and farm implement business at Hubbard, about six miles north of his farm.

In 1885 he, with his family, moved to Nebraska, where he took up a homestead, remaining in Nebraska until 1896, when, with his four remaining children, he returned to Hardin County, Iowa, where he entered into partnership with J. H. Bales, president of the First National Bank of Eldora, for the purpose of engaging in farming and raising

livestock and breeding fine horses. The partnership continued 'till 1910. Later he engaged in the real estate business at Eldora. In 1914 he, in company with Mrs. Sadie E. Bales (his sister), made a trip to California. Becoming interested in the orange industry, while in the Golden State, purchased citrus land near Orosi, Tulare County. Returning to Iowa for a couple of years, he again came to California, accompanied by his daughter, Leota, to become a permanent resident and improve his land by setting it to orange, lemon and other varieties of fruit trees. Later he was joined by his son, Jesse, a graduate of Penn College, Iowa, and Attie, wife of the latter.

Thomas Jefferson Hammer was married to Mary Price Duncan at Newton, Iowa, December 1, 1880. From this union one child was born, Mary Belle, familiarly called Mamie, March 1, 1882.

Mary deceased March 5, 1882, and was buried in Riverside cemetery, Denver, Colorado.

Mary Belle Hammer died July 6, 1895, and was buried at Hillsboro, Oregon.

In June, 1884, Thomas married his second wife, Luella De Bra-Knowles, at Denver, Colorado.

Returning to Iowa in 1885, Thomas and Luella lived for a short time at Hubbard. Later they moved to Des Moines, where Thomas secured a situation on the Iowa Daily Capital, remaining with that publication about two years. Going to Los Angeles, California, in 1887, he kept books for H. H. Templeton & Co., printers and engravers; was also connected with the Los Angeles Sun, Evening Telegram and other publications in a business capacity.

In 1888 he was the senior member of-the firm of Hammer & Smith, who brought out the Hotel Gazette,

first as a semi-weekly, then as a daily. The Hotel Gazette was continued as a daily until 1898, when, in 1899, it became a magazine, issued under the name of the Hotel Gazette and Outing News and published monthly. The publication was, in 1900, changed to the Los Angeles Hotel Gazette and published weekly.

Luelle died in 1889, and was buried in Rosedale cemetery, Los Angeles, Cal.

On June 4, 1891, Thomas was married to Mary Ann Pray. To them were born the following children: Thomas Jefferson, Jr.; Olive Inez, Elwood Francis and Ross Wendell.

Thomas Jefferson, Jr., died February 27, 1912, and Ross Wendell October 13, 1912, and both were interred in Calvary cemetery, Los Angeles, California.

In 1907 Thomas severed his connection with the Hotel Gazette, which was then published by the Gazette Publishing Company, of which he was president, and in 1908 became connected with the Dake Advertising Agency, and in 1913 went to the Read-Miller Company. Up to 1917 he still resided in Los Angeles, maintaining his connection with the Read-Miller Company.

Sarah Elizabeth Hammer was married to James Henry Bales at Kellogg, Iowa, September 13, 1868.

In 1871 J. H. Bales opened a grocery and dry goods store at Amboy, Jasper County. Disposing of the store, in which S. F. Hammer was a partner, to John Luna Bales, Mr. Bales moved to Hardin County, buying a farm in Grant Township. Later he opened a store in Idaho, in the same township. In 1877 he moved to Reasnor, Jasper County, where he engaged in general merchandising.

Returning to Hardin County in 1882, he again opened a store, this time at Hubbard, carrying general merchandise.

Having received the appointment to a deputyship in the County Treasurer's office in 1884, he moved to Eldora, where he served four years as Deputy and four years as County Treasurer. In 1891 Mr. Bales opened the Bank of Hubbard, at Hubbard, of which he was elected president. In 1892 he purchased a block of stock in the City Bank of Eldora and was elected president of that institution. Later it was made a State bank, taking the name of the City State Bank of Eldora. In 1892-3 the business of the bank had increased to such a magnitude that Mr. Bales and his associates decided to make it a national bank, so it became the First National Bank of Eldora. Subsequently the stockholders of the First National Bank organized the First Trust and Savings Bank of Eldora, Mr. Bales being the prime mover in the enterprise.

J. H. Bales died December 19, 1911, and was buried in the cemetery at Eldora, Iowa. His widow, Mrs. Sadie E. Bales, while retaining her residence at Eldora, spends much of her time in California, James Gillespie Bales, her foster son, and family, occasionally accompanying her to the Golden State.

Louisa Jane Hammer was married to Benjamin Brazil Trout at Kellogg, Iowa, December 6, 1870. To them the following children were born: Edna, Guy, Ross, Carl, Dora Trout, Lula Sutton, Basil and Le Roy.

After farming some years in Jasper County and accumulating enough to engage in the mercantile business he took an interest in a hardware store at Hubbard, Hardin County; but the business not proving as remunerative as he had hoped, he with his wife, moved to Kansas in 1885. Before leaving Iowa, however, they had the misfortune to

lose, through sickness, their three bright and promising children, Edna, Guy and Ross. In Kansas, Ben B. farmed for a few years, when he returned to Iowa, settling at Reasnor, Jasper County. Here he again engaged in the hardware business, prospered, bought land and accumulated a sufficiency to take care of himself and Jane during the remainder of their lives. Some time after retiring from the hardware business at Reasnor he made each of his five living children a present of (\$1,000) one thousand dollars. In 1917 they still resided at Reasnor.

Allen Elisha died in infancy, as heretofore stated.

Adam Mark Hammer was married to Eliza Ellen Rash July 3, 1886. To them were born: Carrie May, LeVada Mina, LaVera Ina, Elmer John, Harriet Dell, Eva Elizabeth, Bethel Lena, Luella Jane and Verlin Jennings Bryan. In 1917 Adam, his wife and minor children were living at Union, Hardin County, Iowa.

Harriet Ann Hammer was married to Henry Paulen Bailey, February 17, 1881. To them were born: Clarence Ceaser (or Caesar), George Cady and William Ruby. She, with her husband, have resided on their farm in Grant Township, Hardin County, for many years. For some years Hattie has acted as local correspondent for two or three county papers, to the delight of her friends and neighbors. In 1917 they were still on the old farm.

George Washington Hammer was married to Charlotte Rash, January 29, 1887. To them were born: Warren Earl, Cora Elizabeth and Vernon George. George's early life was spent on the farm, with father. Later he followed railroading for some time and then farming until his health gave way. In 1893 he passed beyond, respected by all who knew him, while his body sleeps in Miller cemetery, Hardin County, Iowa.

Eva Darthula Hammer was married to Arthur Thomas Rash, December 20, 1885. To them were born: Leonard James, Fletcher Gerard, Viola Jane, Clem Allison and Errol Arthur. Arthur, who was the son of John Rash, was brought up a farmer, and now operates a farm of his own. He, his wife and minor children, were living in Hardin County in 1917, their address being Union, Iowa.

Rubie Moyer Hammer died in infancy and was buried in Center cemetery, as heretofore noted.

Ruie Elizabeth Hammer married John K. Richards. To them were born: Earl Gould and Anna Pearl. Ruie and family were living in 1917, her address being Great Falls, Montana.

THE END.

Notes/glossary added much later by transcriber:

Rubicon - a bounding or limiting line; especially : one that when crossed commits a person irrevocably.

Pronunciation: 'rü-bi-'kän Function: noun Date: 1626
Etymology: Latin Rubicon-, Rubico, river of northern Italy forming part of the boundary between Cisalpine Gaul and Italy whose crossing by Julius Caesar in 49 B.C. was regarded by the Senate as an act of war

Seth Hammer married Elizabeth Hackney on Nov. 06, 1841 in Blount County, TN, according to Visitor Contributed Marriage Records at <http://genealinks.com/marriages3/records103.htm>

Erysipelas is an acute streptococcus bacterial infection of the dermis (the layer of skin below the outer epidermis), resulting in inflammation. This disease is most common among the elderly, infants, and children.