

A FEW

# SKETCHES



Of the Pioneer



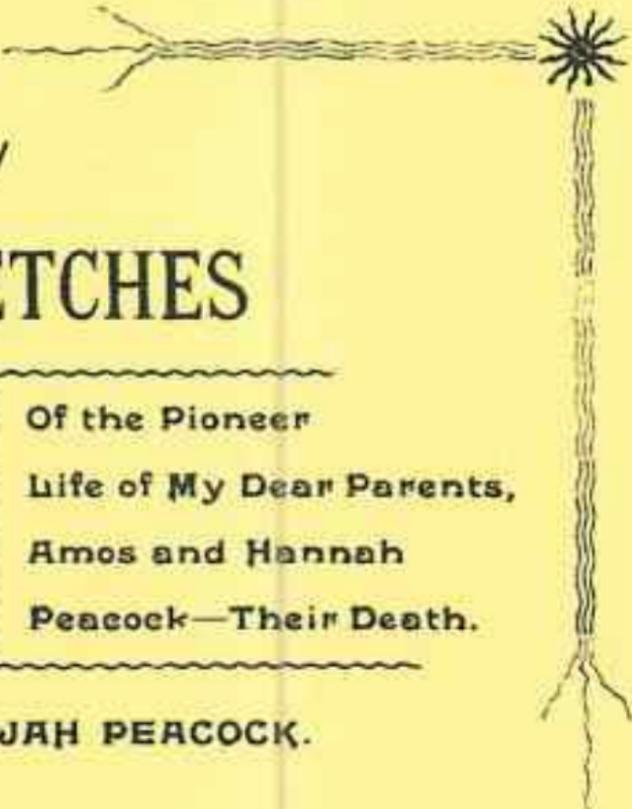
Life of My Dear Parents,  
Amos and Hannah



Peacock—Their Death.

BY ELIJAH PEACOCK.

WAYNE TOWNSHIP  
RANDOLPH COUNTY  
INDIANA



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## A FEW SKETCHES

OF THE PIONEER LIFE OF MY DEAR  
PARENTS, AMOS AND HANNAH PEACOCK,  
AND THEIR DEATH.

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BY ELIJAH PEACOCK.

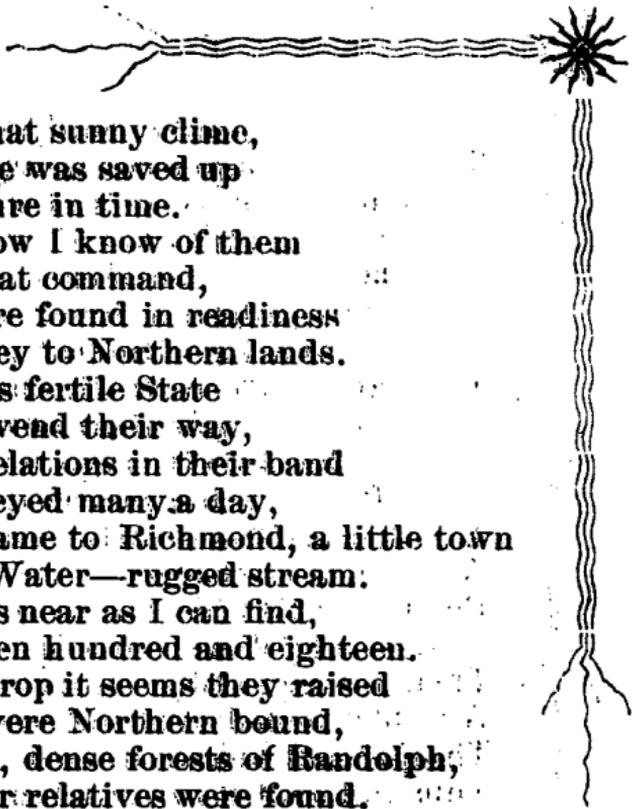
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Time, Oh, how swiftly it is passing,  
Swiftly passing away,  
Carrying down its thousands  
In its current to the grave,  
And I know not day nor hour,  
Or the midnight cry may come  
And summon me to judgement—  
From my family and my home,  
And the messenger will not await  
A preparation long,  
But may hurry its victim suddenly,  
Like the sounding of a gong.  
Its been upon my mind of late  
To pen a few thoughts down  
About my loving parents, dear,  
Who lived in days of old renown;  
But the task I feel incompetent  
Their history to adorn,  
For many things of note transpired  
Long before that I was born;  
But much I've heard them speak about  
That's yet in memory clear,  
An by us children now that's left,  
Is held in reverence dear.

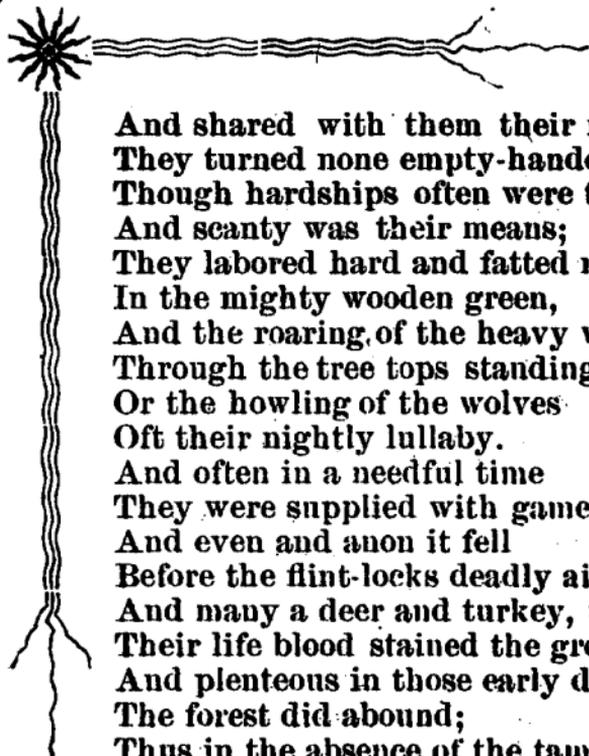




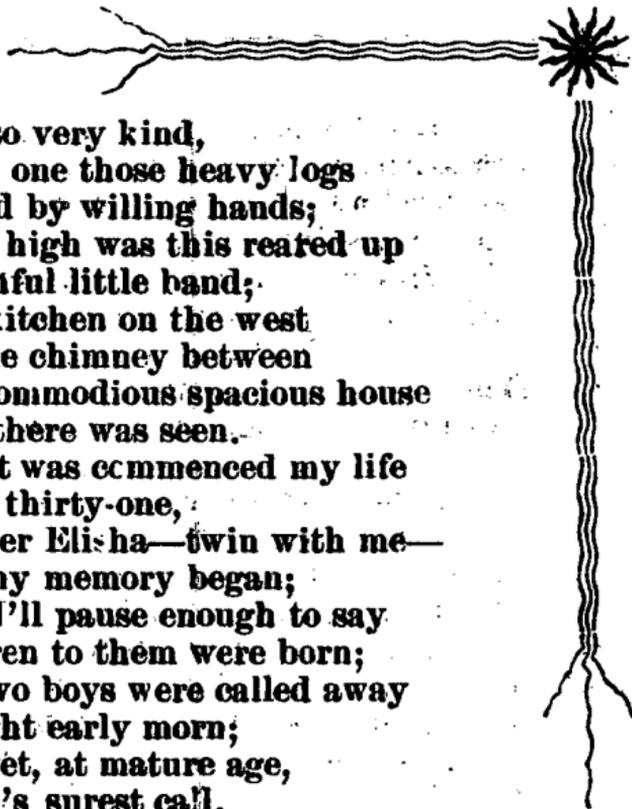
In North Carolina's sunny clime,  
 In seventeen ninety-three;  
 The year that mother there was born  
 As in her Bible seen;  
 In seventeen hundred and eighty-seven  
 My father too was born;  
 Of honest parents came they of,  
 Lived near each other's farm;  
 They grew up as children often do,  
 They knew each other well,  
 And in their childhood days they learned  
 To read and write and spell;  
 But little education then  
 Was enough for common lore,  
 But father had a little more  
 Than was usual held in store,  
 And rude was all their equipments then,  
 How happy, too, they were,  
 And coarse their garments and their food,  
 Yet 'twas their daily fare;  
 But hale and hearty they grew up  
 To man and womanhood.  
 They feared not neither heat nor cold,  
 Nor work in field or wood;  
 The sound of ax and maul then fell  
 Like music in their ears,  
 And cares and labor shared alike  
 Unto maturer years...  
 But now the time had fully come  
 When they took each other's hand,  
 And, according to the rules of Friends,  
 Were joined in holy bands.  
 Near eighteen hundred and twelve was this,  
 The day I haven't got, [11-11-1813]  
 And little in this it seemed  
 Had fallen to their lot;  
 But contentment was their greatest gain



While in that sunny clime,  
Until a little was saved up  
By frugal care in time.  
But little now I know of them  
By history at command,  
Until they're found in readiness  
For a journey to Northern lands.  
To Indiana's fertile State  
In wagons wend their way,  
With few relations in their band  
They journeyed many a day,  
'Till they came to Richmond, a little town  
On White Water—rugged stream.  
The date, as near as I can find,  
Was eighteen hundred and eighteen.  
There one crop it seems they raised  
And then were Northern bound,  
To the wild, dense forests of Randolph,  
Where their relatives were found.  
In Wayne township and county named,  
In section thirty-one,  
In range fifteen, a cabin was built,  
And here their home begun;  
This too, was of the rudest kind,  
No lumber near was bought;  
But what their ax and maul and wedge,  
And fro had fitted out;  
But rough constructed as it was  
In it content to dwell,  
And soon, before their willing hands,  
The mighty forest fell.  
Still in the wilds and by the streams  
The Indian wigwam found,  
And by their dreadful warhoop  
Once made the woods resound;  
And often to their cabin door  
Those forest children came



And shared with them their frugal meal;  
They turned none empty-handed away,  
Though hardships often were their lot,  
And scanty was their means;  
They labored hard and fatted not  
In the mighty wooden green,  
And the roaring of the heavy winds  
Through the tree tops standing nigh,  
Or the howling of the wolves  
Oft their nightly lullaby.  
And often in a needful time  
They were supplied with game,  
And even and anon it fell  
Before the flint-locks deadly aim;  
And many a deer and turkey, too,  
Their life blood stained the ground,  
And plenteous in those early days  
The forest did abound;  
Thus in the absence of the tame  
The wild meat did supply;  
Above the cabin's wide fireplace  
It often hung to dry.  
Rude was their furniture here too,  
Made mostly by their hands  
With the few and very simple tools  
They had at their command.  
Thus labored they for many years,  
And hear and hand 'tis true,  
While both the family and the farm  
It larger, larger grew,  
Until the cabin was too small  
For comfort there to dwell;  
And soon another house was built—  
For it large trees were felled,  
Both sides were hewn—a heavy task—  
But this they did not mind;  
The neighbors then were gathered in,

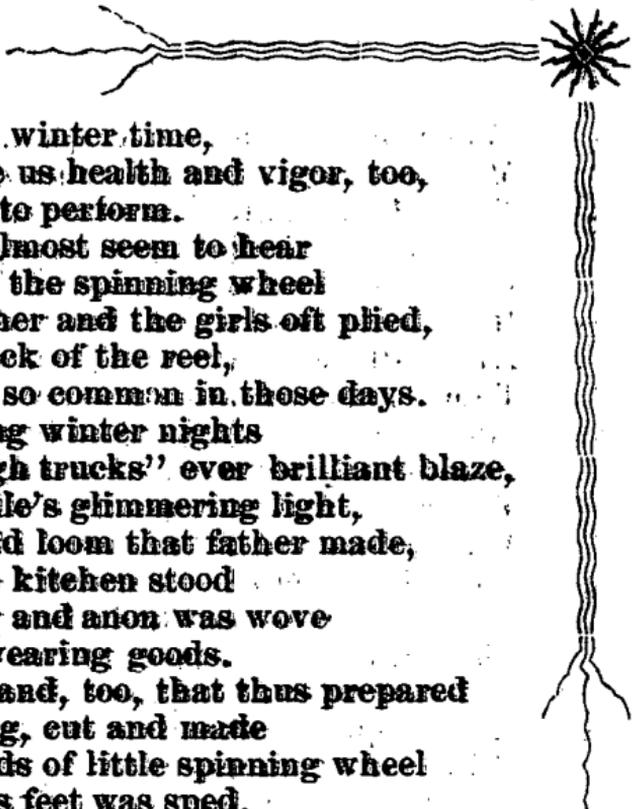


Who were so very kind,  
And one by one those heavy logs  
Were placed by willing hands;  
Two stories high was this reared up  
By the faithful little band;  
A smaller kitchen on the west  
With double chimney between  
Formed a commodious spacious house  
As seldom there was seen.  
Here, too, it was commenced my life  
In eighteen thirty-one,  
With brother Elisha—twin with me—  
And here my memory began;  
Here, too, I'll pause enough to say  
Nine children to them were born;  
One girl, two boys were called away  
In life's right early morn;  
Two sons yet, at mature age,  
Obey death's surest call.  
Two sons, two daughters yet are left;  
I, the youngest of them all;  
But onward I must press with this—  
No time nor space for all—  
But most my subjects have to end  
With a short and hasty call.  
In each house was a wide fireplace,  
So common in those days,  
Upon its broad commodious hearth  
The cheerful fire blazed.  
By these the cooking then was done,  
No stoves were here in use,  
And simple were the vessels, too—  
Their memory I cannot lose.  
The frying pan with handle long,  
And skillet large and wide,  
And oven where the corn-pones baked  
By the fireplace's side;

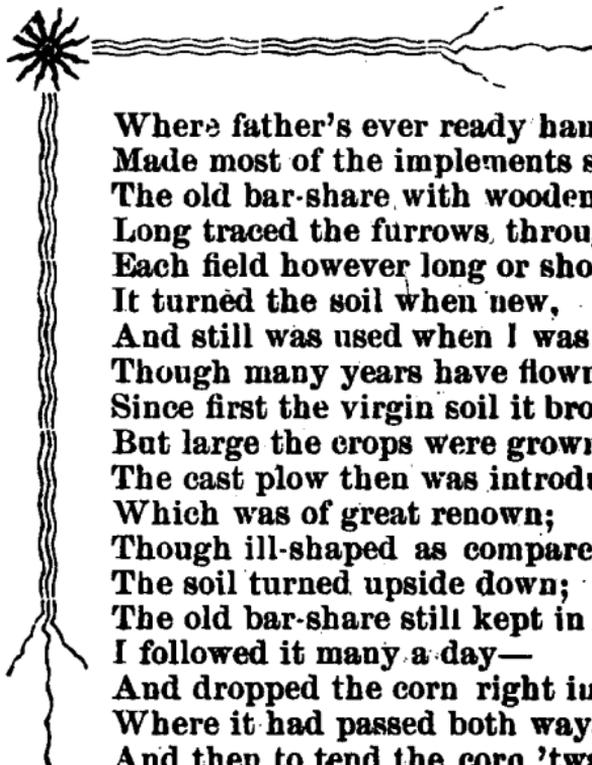
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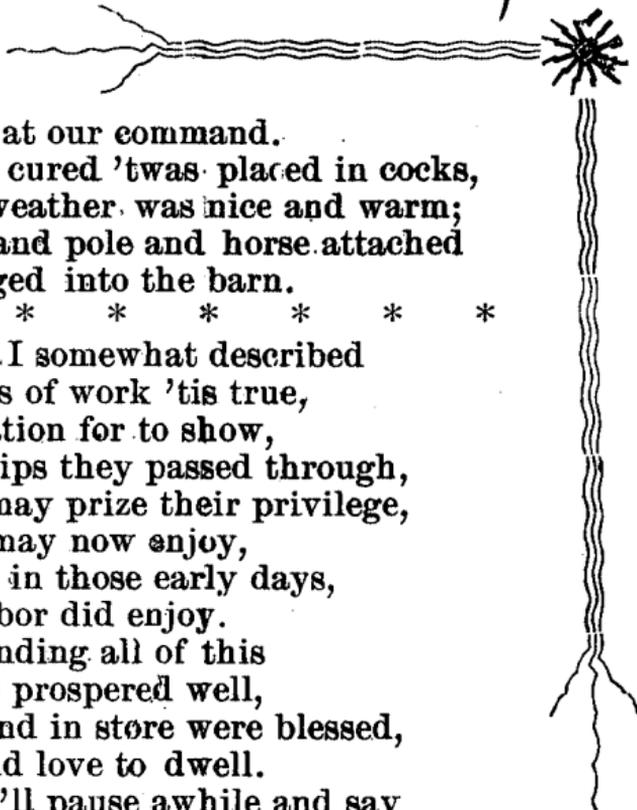
Here to the mantle by a string  
The spare-rib hung to roast,  
So sweet and nice when it was done  
That of it kings might boast.  
The "reflector" then was brought in use  
And bak'd the bread so nice;  
It set in front of the blazing fire—  
The heat it would suffice.  
Within the kitchen wide fireplace  
The iron crane was swung;  
On it with proper iron hooks  
The dinner pot was hung,  
And here was boiled and cooked so well  
The mush and meat and beans,  
And hominy, that healthful food;  
In summer time the "greens."  
I seem to almost hear it seeth  
With pot-pie loaded down;  
Of all, it was at least with me,  
"Peach cobbler" took the crown,  
This luscious fruit was in those days  
Most plenteous to be found,  
And often in the fall of year  
Lay rotting on the ground.  
Fast to the kitchen's western wall  
By where the table stood  
Was ever found the old "dough-break"  
Used to knead the dough for bread,  
And underneath the old stairway  
The hominy mortars found,  
And by the firelight's cheerful blaze  
Its pestle oft resound.  
To beat the husks from off the grains  
Was quite laborous work,  
Of which, with me as one at least,  
Some times inclined to shirk.  
This was one of our staple food,



Used in the winter time,  
 Which gave us health and vigor, too,  
 Hard labor to perform.  
 And yet I almost seem to hear  
 The hum of the spinning wheel  
 Which mother and the girls oft plied,  
 Also the clack of the reel,  
 Which was so common in those days.  
 On long, long winter nights  
 By the "high trucks" ever brilliant blaze,  
 Or the candle's glimmering light,  
 The huge old loom that father made,  
 Long in the kitchen stood  
 Where ever and anon was wove  
 Our usual wearing goods.  
 The same hand, too, that thus prepared  
 Our clothing, cut and made  
 From threads of little spinning wheel  
 By mother's feet was sped.  
 The old distaff of dogwood bough  
 On which the flax was wound,  
 And hour after hour its flyers  
 Gave forth its humming sound;  
 And in the springtime in the yard,  
 Or some convenient place was found,  
 Long webs of strongest linen cloth  
 Lay bleaching on the ground.  
 Thus far have I some items gave  
 Of the housework then performed  
 By faithful mother and the girls  
 The old home then adorned.  
 How valiant was the housewife then—  
 How trusty and how true—  
 A tribute to their memory  
 I ever think is due.  
 And now I turn to outdoor work—  
 The farming part I mean—



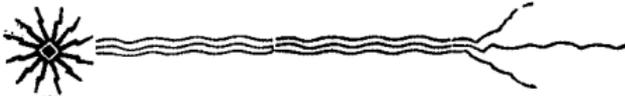
Where father's ever ready hand  
 Made most of the implements seen.  
 The old bar-share with wooden mould  
 Long traced the furrows through;  
 Each field however long or short  
 It turned the soil when new,  
 And still was used when I was young,  
 Though many years have flown  
 Since first the virgin soil it broke,  
 But large the crops were grown.  
 The cast plow then was introduced,  
 Which was of great renown;  
 Though ill-shaped as compared with now,  
 The soil turned upside down;  
 The old bar-share still kept in use—  
 I followed it many a day—  
 And dropped the corn right in the cross  
 Where it had passed both ways;  
 And then to tend the corn 'twas used,  
 Three furrows between each row,  
 To clear the weeds from out the hill  
 We used to ply the hoe.  
 And when the wheat was fully ripened,  
 With the sickles in their hands  
 To the fields was seen a-marching  
 Every able boy and man.  
 Though the work was slow and tedious,  
 And in midst of burning sun,  
 Yet they went on still unflinching  
 'Till the field was fully done.  
 Then soon followed in its wake  
 The making of the hay;  
 Here father with his ready scythe  
 Mostly led the way.  
 No horse was used for raking up,  
 But all was done by hand,  
 With wooden pitchfork and small rake—



All we had at our command,  
 When fully cured 'twas placed in cocks,  
 When the weather was nice and warm;  
 With rope and pole and horse attached  
 'Twas dragged into the barn.

\* \* \* \* \*

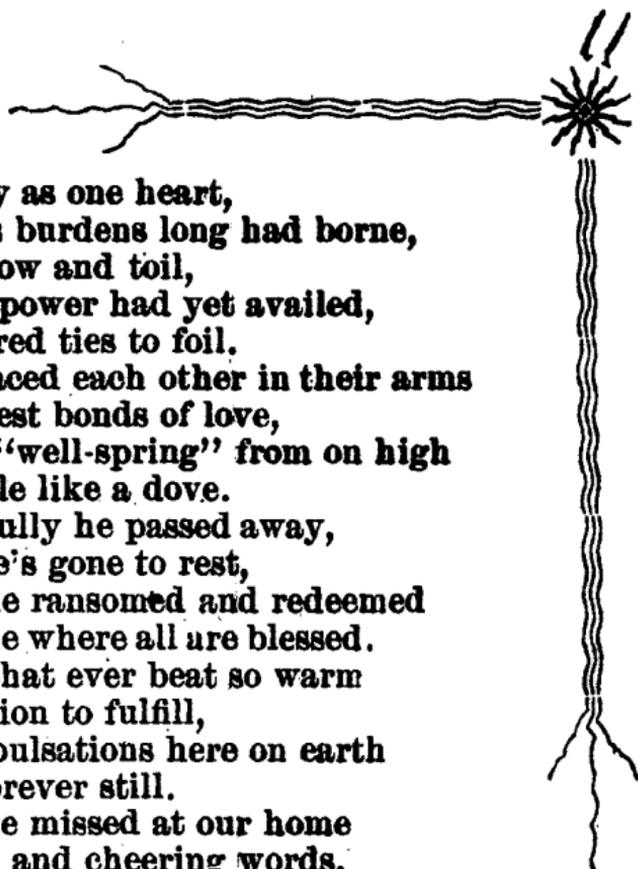
So far have I somewhat described  
 Their modes of work 'tis true,  
 This generation for to show,  
 The hardships they passed through,  
 That they may prize their privilege,  
 That they may now enjoy,  
 Above that in those early days,  
 So much labor did enjoy.  
 Notwithstanding all of this  
 My parents prospered well,  
 In basket and in store were blessed,  
 In peace and love to dwell.  
 And here I'll pause awhile and say  
 The profession, they did adorn,  
 Was of the society of Friends  
 Members of which they were born.  
 Elders were they in high esteem  
 And faithful did they serve,  
 Neither to the right nor left  
 Could they be made to swerve.  
 Though few their words 'twas easy told  
 By actions more than they,  
 Their Master's voice they often heard  
 And willingly obeyed.  
 How devoted were they in the truth  
 As owned and beleived by Friends.  
 The poor and needy had them lent  
 Their ready helping hand.  
 Mounted upon their favorite steeds  
 To meeting usualy went,  
 Neither heat nor cold nor storms of rain



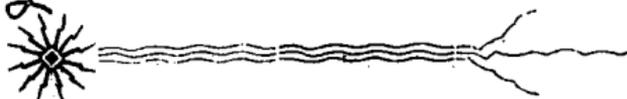
This duty seldom prevent,  
 To Whiteriver and Dunkirk  
 And Cherry Grove they rode  
 And Richmond and Newgarden too,  
 Took the patient beasts their load.

\* \* \* \* \*

But I must haste along with this  
 Already growning long  
 In which the truth I want to tell,  
 And no one ere to wrong.  
 Years rolled on and witu it came  
 Improvements thick many fast,  
 And I and Elisha larger grew,  
 It lighten much the task,  
 For now the family had married and gone,  
 Save us two boys alone,  
 With Father and Mother all that's left  
 At our old ancient home,  
 And age was creaping slowly on,  
 Their cheeks were much care-worn,  
 By the hardships they'd passed through,  
 And we was nearly grown.  
 But He who rules and reigns above  
 And doeth all things well,  
 Saw best to take our father away,  
 No longer here to dwell.  
 No longer to enjoy their home,  
 Nor the dear ones here he loved.  
 But the master called and he must go  
 To join the hosts above,  
 In eighteen fifty, seventh month,  
 The twenty-fourth the day,  
 We all were summoned to the bed,  
 No longer could he stay.  
 Oh, how affecting was the scene,  
 Those loving ones to part,  
 So long had together dwelt,



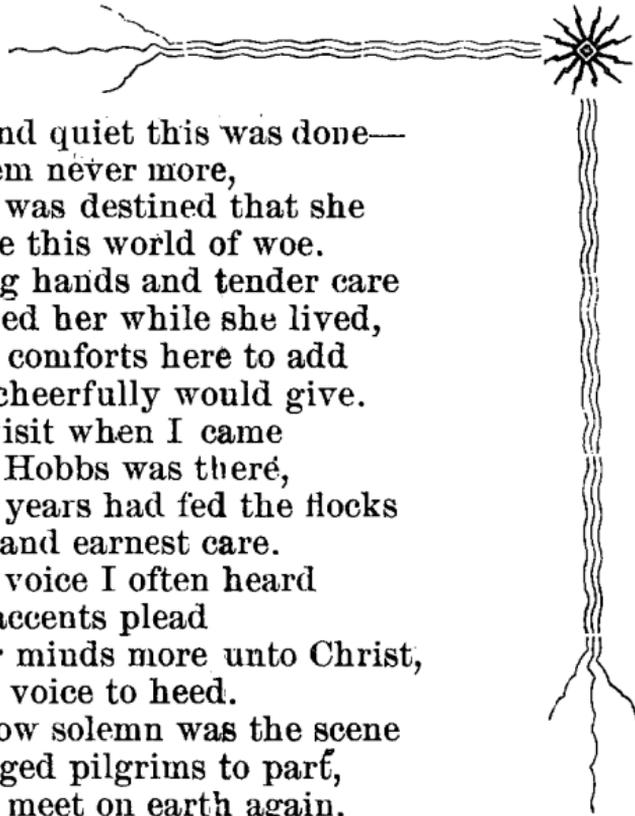
Joined truly as one heart,  
Each others burdens long had borne,  
In joy, sorrow and toil,  
No earthly power had yet availed,  
Those kindred ties to foil.  
They embraced each other in their arms  
In the dearest bonds of love,  
Lit by the "well-spring" from on high  
That's gentle like a dove.  
And peacefully he passed away,  
We hope he's gone to rest,  
With all the ransomed and redeemed  
To the home where all are blessed.  
The heart that ever beat so warm  
Zion's mission to fulfill,  
Ceased its pulsations here on earth  
And was forever still.  
But, Oh! we missed at our home  
His council and cheering words,  
So much for which he was noted for,  
No more could now be heard.  
So did the meeting feel his loss  
Where long he sit at head  
And served it there so faithfully,  
In business rather led,  
In which transaction far excelled  
Most of the members here,  
And readily he spake his mind  
In meekness, love and fear.  
But heavily did mother feel  
The stroke upon her fall,  
And patiently she did submit  
To the blessed Master's call.  
She knew the promise He'd fulfill  
To those His will had done,  
A father to the fatherless,  
And a husband to the widow ones.



The few years now that did elapse  
 We three lived there alone,  
 Until I married and moved away  
 To a home that was my own.  
 And faithful Elisha stayed with her,  
 And provided with tender care  
 The comforts that she needed here,  
 No pains he seemed to spare.

\* \* \* \* \*

Near a dozen years had rolled away,  
 Disease had seized her frame,  
 So severe and painful as it was,  
 She almost helpless came;  
 Yet more afflictions lay in store,  
 For in eighteen sixty-five  
 Elisha, too, was stricken down,  
 But few days did survive.  
 While yet upon the cooling board,  
 She tottered to his side,  
 Bent over his lifeless form and said:  
 "He was an obedient child."  
 Heavy, heavy did we feel  
 The stroke upon us fall,  
 And to our aged feeble mother,  
 More than any one, or all.  
 But He who rules and reigns above,  
 Her hopes were on Him stayed,  
 She knew would lend a helping hand  
 Deep waters yet to wade.  
 To leave her dear old ancient home  
 No little trial it seemed,  
 And neighbors, and her loving friends,  
 Long held in high esteem.  
 Her choice it seemed was now to go  
 To sister Anna's home,  
 Not far from twenty miles away,  
 Near a place called Poplar Run.

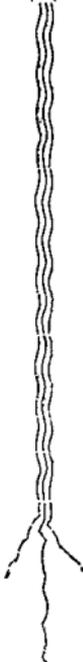


But meek and quiet this was done—  
She saw them never more,  
For soon it was destined that she  
Should leave this world of woe.  
With willing hands and tender care  
They watched her while she lived,  
The needed comforts here to add  
They most cheerfully would give.  
Once on a visit when I came  
Dear Anna Hobbs was there,  
Who many years had fed the flocks  
With deep and earnest care.  
Her tender voice I often heard  
In broken accents plead  
To turn our minds more unto Christ,  
His inward voice to heed.  
But, Oh! how solemn was the scene  
For those aged pilgrims to part,  
No more to meet on earth again,  
Sank deep into our hearts.  
Ever modest was their apparel,  
Unspotted of the world,  
Just waiting their blessed Master's call,  
Whose banner they'd long unfurled.  
Not long did mother have to wait—  
Her longed for message came  
To relieve her of her suffering here  
She patiently bore in his name.  
In eighteen sixty-seven it was  
And ninth month, eighth the day,  
As though one fallen into sleep  
She quietly passed away.  
A heavenly smile it seemed remained  
Long shone upon her face,  
The Master's image did reflect  
Through His ever blessed grace  
But a secret joy sprang upward,

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Rose above all sorrow and grief,  
That she was gathered a ripened shock,  
Bringing with her many a shief.  
Side by side in yonder graveyard  
Were their bodies laid to rest,  
Some modest grave stones at their heads  
Dates their birth and age and death.



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