

notes along side made by
Frances E. Peacock
Harry Peacock's
daughter.

Copied by
Harry W. Peacock

Mainly to grandson
Harry & his wife
Sarah Alice, who
had just bought the
home place,
called later
"Owl Creek Farm"

admonitions

from

Scripture
and
Experiences

Plainfield, Ind. 12-4-1898

Dear Grand children:

We often think and
talk with pleasure about the grand-
children on the old farm; and one
reason why it seems pleasant we hope
and trust you have left fathers
and Mothers and are joined to-
gether as one flesh through life?

and we know by long experience
it takes close and prayerful watching
to live a loving and faithful life.

Christianity requires it.
our soul's salvation requires it.
And the test scripture doctrine
whereby we may know we are Christ's
disciples if we have love one for another.

And if we are his disciples, this
love is without respect of persons.

- just this little clause without
referring to the multitude of scripture texts.
I say this does away with all the quarrel spirit.

vs. Big corporations

On our

responsibility
to help
change
world

Early
struggles
on
farm

It was this doctrine ^{not} lived out by professors
what changes in many places? and were
it lived out in our Nation, heaven
would be begun on earth. No ^{more} ~~corporated~~

companies to take the advan-

tage of the weakness of his fellow-man,
no more jailhouses, no more courthouses,
no more saloons, no more warships.

Oh what a Cyclone revolution would
be!

Grand-children, on the
old farm where I and wife spent

nearly 57 years, - The question comes up -
what a difference in your living on the
old farm and our commencing to make
it in 1840, all a dense forest except a
small clearing, and little ^{turnip} patch cleared;

two horses, 2 cows; no money to start on,
no waggon, no buggy to ride in, no house
to live in, til I built the little house that
is back of Ole Thornburgh's brick
house, he has it for a wood shelter.
If you are there any time, you can look
it and see what a shanty we started in.

I saw that original house before Tarleton tore it
down to make a swimming pool there. (1970)

on Owl Creek Farm

Reminiscences

Grateful for
spiritual
vision

Eager to
make good
use of
time
left

3
When we look back to our younger years and remember how we have had to work and toil days and years to make the old farm what it is, we almost wonder we are able to do anything now? But here we are left for some purpose if it is only to cumber our children and Grand children a few days longer.

When we look back over our unprofitable lives and remember how careless, how ^{not} thoughtful and ungrateful, a portion of our lives have been? had it not ^{been} for his long extended mercies, it might have been worse than we hope it is with us; but we are glad that our spiritual vision is not darkened so but what we can look back and see some of our misses and many failings.

We want to improve the little remainder of our time because we know it is short and if that great boon of love is not found in us when our ^{stewardship} is called for, all is lost, and we, turned to the left

Their new
Cottage

Nostalgia on
having
left Jericho

corn
harvesting

Elwood
runs
thresher
engine

4 We ^{are} comfortably situated in the new house
at present and we hope it may remain as
long as we need comfort on earth? We have
^{not} been able to see that we could of done better.

It was a great cross for us to leave the
little meeting, infact Jericho neighbourhood.
We don't believe there is many neighbour-
hoods more agreeable. (since we left)

Abrams have just finished gathering corn;
have ten acres of fodder to get in yet
aim to run that through the machine
and drop the fodder in the barn and
corn in a pen. They have their barn
crib full, considerable in a pen at the
creek, and some in the upper story of
the barn; Abram hired an engineer to run
the engine while they were thrashing wheat
and oats; Elwood looked on and took
some lessons by watching; this fall
when they went ^{to} cutting fodder, he
took charge of the engine and has run it so far
without any bother; The week of quarterly
they cut about \$40 dollar's worth besides some for
themselves

Hogs

Abram is feeding about 40 head of hogs for market sold 18 head to the butchers in Plainfield they take them as they need them there is 4 to go yet; they drove them up to gold scales and weighed them; they averaged some over three hundred. Abram gets a little under the Indiana price when they take them at their weights, They ^{have} 22 spring pigs nearly ready for market, aim take them to the City soon. I would guess them 200 or more.

Abram
to assist
at Sugar Grove

The school committee put Abram in to assist in the school, for many scholars for one teacher, I don't think he likes it very well; he would rather husk corn or hunt quails or rabbits; they between 30 or 40 scholars and so many grades.

Morris
in Friends
Boarding
School,
Parnessville
Ohio

Where Abram
sent all of
his children

Morris has been quite a while back; got behind in classes some discouraged, but last week's letter said he ^{was} better, more encouraged. Abram and some of his boys went a hunting yesterday week; there fell a skift of snow, the night before; it was too cold to gather corn, had good success; killed about 30 quails and rabbits.

Abe + Sons
hunting
quail
etc.

Dinner at
Abe's

So first day they had quite feast of good things for dinner. after meeting they invited ^{us} over to dinner with them. we accepted, and went and ate with them. just the family, except Mary Pinson is boarding going to school; had a good variety and well-prepared. Before we left the table, I told them that was ~~our~~ 58th wedding day dinner - 58 years that day we ate dinner at my father's after we were married, ^{at Fountain City} some of them were surprised.

Recalls
wedding day
(58th anniversary)

His interest
in
neighbors
there
and
back at
Jericho

Barth Pickett's seem satisfied with it have little home only about 8 acres; don't know whether they will go back in the spring their daughter, Mary Newlin, is better they have gone to keeping house.

On these few rambling lines, I have tried to convey to you something of the loving interest I have for you, and may your lives be blessed with an uplifting influence on your fellow men; give love to Will Chenworth & wife and your grandparents.

Final
challenge

In love as ever,
write

William

1. (Mary I. Prasad)
+ Ethel)

[Ending] Mary Prasad

the 2 youngest boys are fixing to go to school.
 a monger Abram's. All the girls and
 usual, - have not heard any complaint
 second day morning; I am as well as
 William is tired writing and wishes
 me to write to Ethel which I am willing
 to do, for it is the only chance to
 talk to her at the present; but I had
 rather see her and have her company
 and all the rest; they have literary
 every 2 weeks in this settlement.
 it was at Abram's last week.
 I am able to do the most of our
 house-work; that is, for me & father,
 but when any company is here the
 girls & Mary Jane do the cooking.
 I seldom get to meeting. I
 have some cold at the present.
 We went to see Dora last week
 I thought she looked better than ^{when} I
 saw her before; that was several
 weeks. We have a little snow at present.

Begins →

Ethel -
Harry's sister
who was very
fond of them

Events

Life in
their new-
home

Notes: She and Grandfather William were living in a
small cottage built for them in the edge of
son Abrams yard.

2/21/24 P.

Nostalgia
for
old home

It is a great ~~cross~~^{cross} to love you all and
 and our old home and old neighbours
 I have not got acquainted with many
 people here. I can not go about but
 very little and according to my age
 you know my days on earth are nearly
~~over~~ and I ~~can~~ can say of you all have
 been very good and kind to us and
 I can not fore get what you have
 done fore me fore I was sick nearly
 all that winter that I was there.
 I hope Harry & Alice will have a
 happy life there where I have spent
 many happy days as well as some
 trying ones, fore it is not it is not
 the privilege of mortal man ~~and~~ women,
 all joy in this world fore we need
 something to prepare ^{us} for a better.
 Write often; it is a greate satisfaction
 to get a letter from any of you
 give our love to all that ^{is} about
 us. [Mary Peacock - [see over at top of page]]

Good wishes
to
Harry and
S. Alice

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.

[Buried at Jericho Cemetery]
- on the highest part.



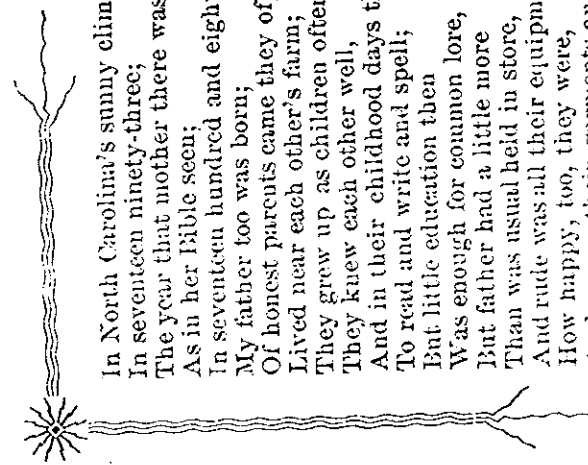
Elijah was a brother
to William Peacock,
father of Abram and
Clarkson.

A FEW SKETCHES

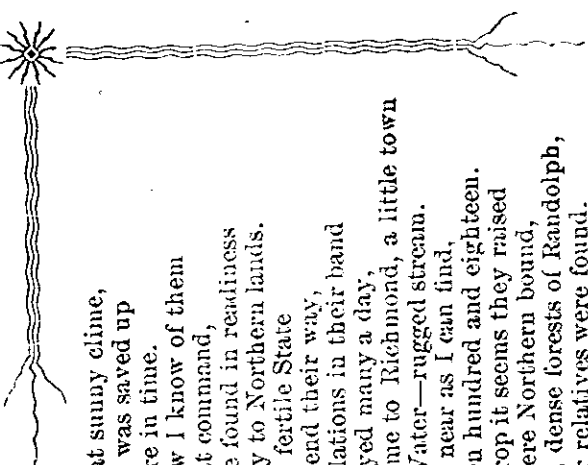
OF THE PIONEER LIFE OF MY DEAR
PARENTS, AMOS AND HANNAH PEACOCK,
AND THEIR DEATH.

BY ELLIJAH PEACOCK.

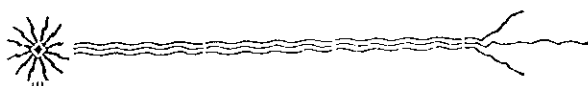
Time, Oh, how swiftly it is passing,
Swiftly passing away,
Carrying down its thousands
In its current to the grave,
And I know not day nor hour,
Or the midnight cry may come
And summon me to judgement
From my family and my home,
And the messenger will not await
A preparation long,
But may hurry its victim 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,
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 went 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 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 fume
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 they 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 Eli-ha—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;

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 baked 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 looms, 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
'ould 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 beloved by Friends.
The poor and needy had them lent
Their ready helping hand. †
Mounted upon their favorite steeds
To meeting usually 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 growing long
In which the truth I want to tell,
And no one ere to wrong.
Years rolled on and with it came
Improvements thick and fast,
And I and Elisha larger grew,
It lightened 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 creeping 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 counsel 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 hurried 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,