

NUGGETS of HISTORY

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CEREMONY IN HOWARD CEMETERY

A speech given for Rockford Chapter, DAR,
on Traditional Memorial Day, May 30, 1976 by
Hazel M. Hyde

Celebration! Today we celebrate the continuity of the Campbell Family. Specifically we honor Filura Campbell Blake and Lucinda Campbell Himes, the two daughters of Samuel Campbell, the Revolutionary War Soldier, whose grave has been marked in Hulse Cemetery. But even as we honor these two women, we embrace the many descendants of Samuel Campbell, who may remember that he came to this area where his two sons, David and Jeremiah Campbell, were then living. Samuel Campbell lived with his son David who had come to Winnebago County in 1836.

We hail the miracle of their living together as people and leaving descendants who are known as upright and honorable citizens. Love is the cement that made possible the Campbell inheritance. We speak with love of our two deceased Rockford Chapter DAR members. Gladys Ross Bassett was descended from son David. Mrs. D. J. Stewart participated in 1908 in the ceremony of marking by DAR of the grave of Samuel Campbell.

We salute the two living Rockford Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, Barbara Gill Burns and Evelyn Robinson Aten. But we do not forget to include in this day of festival, all those people who are descendants and kinfolks of the Campbells. We rejoice in giving recognition to those who are gathered here in Howard Cemetery on this traditional Memorial Day. We give thanks also for



Filura Campbell Blake's Stone. She is daughter of Samuel Campbell, Revolutionary War Soldier



Marker placed by DAR Rockford Chapter at Grave of Filura Campbell Blake

others of this fine family that are scattered throughout the nation.

According to a book on the Campbell Family Genealogy, published under the auspices of Duncan Stewart some years ago, Samuel Campbell, the father of Filura and Lucinda and others, was the third generation of Campbells of Scotland and Northern Ireland in this United States.

The line begins with Robert, born in 1673, who immigrated from Ulster, Ireland, coming to New London, Connecticut, in 1719. His son William Campbell, born March 1, 1726, in Massachusetts, was second in this country and was the father of Samuel Campbell, the Revolutionary War Soldier. For 257 years this family has called America its homeland.

Mrs. Rayme Sarver, now deceased, and Mrs. Carr Sarver have done much research and compiled records on the family. The book now in Local History and Genealogical Records Room of Rockford Public Library traces the lines of all the children of Samuel Campbell. The book dips back into the history of the Campbell Clan of Argyle dating from 1190 and tells of Earls of Argyle in 1437 and Dukes of Argyle in 1701. There is praise of their devotion to the Presbyterian Church in early times and their political faith devoted to freedom.

William Campbell, born Marh 1, 1726, was married October 14, 1752 to Sarah Barnes. His son Samuel Campbell, born October 8, 1762, was married in 1793 to Grace Plum.

Filura Campbell, Samuel's daughter, born February 24, 1794, married January 3, 1811, John Blake. She died July 24, 1884. It is from Filura Campbell Blake that Evelyn Robinson Aten descends.

Lucinda Campbell, born February 27, 1796, married Kingsley Himes. She died in 1868. The funerals of Lucinda and her husband were the same day.

It is fascinating to read the names and marriage records for all of the children of Samuel Campbell, but today we have chosen to honor two of the daughters, Filura



Mrs. James Short, Regent of Rockford Chapter, Addressing a Crowd of 150 at Dedication Ceremony

and Lucinda.

In Winnebago County, local historians recall that David Campbell located on 160 acres of land in 1836. David was born March 24, 1815 and was married February 16, 1840, to Erixna Barker. David was said to have walked all the way to Dixon to file his land claim. It was after proving his land claim that he returned east, met, and married Erixna Barker. The couple made the long trip back to the farm by ox team. One of David's sons was Arba Campbell, the grandfather of Barbara Gill Burns. One of his daughters was Mrs. Rayme Sarver. A lineal descendant and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Carr Sarver, live on the Campbell farm, not far from Hulse Cemetery. The farm house which they occupy includes a part of the first frame house David Campbell built to replace his log cabin.

There are living relatives, the Gills, Stewarts, Sarvers, Barkers, Wagners, Robinsons, Blakes and Himes and others, that can tell the family traditions. Many own copies of the family genealogy or can tell from memory the story of these fine pioneers.

Samuel Campbell served in 1780 as a Private in Captain John Spoor's Company; John Brown's Berkshire Company. In 1781 he served two short terms with the regiment of Colonel John Ashley, Jr.'s Massachusetts Militia. Also in 1781, he was a Private in Captain Abraham Salisbury's Company, Vermont Militia. His service record is typical of many Revolutionary War soldiers in that he had a number of enlistments.

Samuel Campbell died November 8, 1844. The stone marking the grave of Samuel Campbell, can be visited in Hulse Cemetery, Trask Bridge Road, about fifteen miles from Rockford. It would be a fitting time to stop on the return from the ceremony today to read the military marker beside the stone of Samuel Campbell in Hulse Cemetery. Hulse Cemetery is on the south side of the Trask Bridge Road. Other relatives' graves will be



Stone and Marker of
Lucinda Campbell Himes
in Howard Cemetery

found there.

As I first visited Howard Cemetery, a few lines from Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a County Church Yard" came to mind and I quote:

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

It seemed so appropriate to think of these two loving mothers and their daily life, well spent, that their descendants may feel a sense of pride, a joy to give to them honor and to call their works, "Blessed."

Bronze markers were already in place. Floral tributes were placed on the graves as part of the ceremony. Children of the Revolution in their Bicentennial costumes sang. There were prayers by the Chaplain and a response by Mrs. Ray Aten on behalf of the Campbell Family. Mrs. Albert Triebel, immediate past Division Chairman gave the Dedication Speech.

The regent, welcomed the relatives, friends, and all who had participated. The committee for this bicentennial year that served as historical committee consisted of Mesdames: Wendell Galloway, chairman; Alan A. Anderson, A. Dennis Carratt, Ray Aten, Harold B. Hyde, Ward P. Lidbetter, Byron Mabie, John Reed, Foster A. Smith, Albert Triebel, Maynard Westring, and Misses Faith Armstrong, Eleanor Bennett, Mildred Carse, and Catherine Needham. The Regent is Mrs. James Short.



Mrs. Ray Aten is a
descendant of Filura
Campbell Blake

DR. LEVI MOULTHROP
By Tim Toepfer

The first resident physician Winnebago County was Levi Moulthrop who settled in what later became New Milford Township in the autumn of 1835. Earlier that year he had made a claim of several hundred acres near what later became the community of Kishwaukee.

Dr. Moulthrop was born near Litchfield, Connecticut, on November 1, 1805. He received his medical education at



Stone Marking the Grave
of Dr. Levi Moulthrop
in Greenwood Cemetery

Fairfield College in New York State. At the time he began his practice in Winnebago County, he was not considered to be the first physician, because at that time what is now Boone County was still part of Winnebago, and a Dr. Whitney had already settled in Belvidere.

Moulthrop was married on June 30, 1840, to Miss Margaret Sampson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sampson George. The Georges had come to the county in September of 1836 and settled on an 880-acre farm southeast of Rockford. Mr. George was trained as a lawyer, but he died on October



Memorial to Mrs. Margaret
George Moulthrop in
Greenwood Cemetery

31st, just a few weeks after he had arrived.

Dr. Moulthrop did not live to enjoy married life very long; he died after a brief illness on September 12, 1840. On March 16, 1841, his widow gave birth to a son who received his baptism under the name of Levi.

Moulthrop was said to have brought the first copy of Shakespeare to Winnebago County. He was a Mason, a Democrat, and a member of the Episcopal Church.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Margaret Moulthrop resided for the most part in Rockford, carefully attending to the growth and education of her son during his early years and youth. She was a student of geological and other rock specimens. Mrs. Moulthrop died on December 5, 1875, and was buried alongside her husband in Greenwood Cemetery.

SAVE EVERYTHING BUT THE SQUEAL
By Mrs. Harold B. Hyde

In an interview with Mr. Clifford Whitney, Edwardsville Road, near Seward, Illinois, who is a pure bred Duroc swine breeder of many years' experience, a great deal of information about the early nineteen hundreds came to memory. His father was Frank Whitney, the third generation of Whitneys of the area of Edwardsville Road and Hoisington Road. The first Whitney in the 1840s was Darwin Whitney then Emerson Whitney followed. Five generations have remained on the farm in that area, including Clifford Whitney and his son Frank, who was named for his grandfather.

Cliff's Uncle Will Whitney, brother to his father, was sometimes called Uncle Stub by the family. On his farm was the slaughter house. Since the place, now owned by Clifford Whitney, was only forty rods east of the present Whitney home, young Cliff was familiar with all the activities there. Uncle Will had no children and loved to carpenter in addition to his farming. He raised flocks of sheep and made his own woven wire fence, using a machine from Sears and Roebuck as well as wire they sold, in order to enclose the farm for his sheep. He often had to rescue a lamb that had got its head caught in the woven wire.

That farm had been bought from the Hobson family. The Hobsons were related to the Whitneys. It was while the

Hobsons lived there that the slaughter house was established. The Hobsons sold the farm and eventually moved to New Mexico.

Col. Bentley, also believed to have been related to the Hobsons, ran a meat market in Seward, Illinois. This store and butcher shop was very popular and had a good business.

Cliff Whitney remembers the slaughter house as it was when he was a boy. The building used to be where the hen house now stands. Whenever an animal was slaughtered, Uncle Stub would frequently send some part to Frank Whitney's family. This was how Cliff acquired a taste for lamb. Of course other animals besides the sheep were slaughtered there. The meat for the Bentley meat market would include the meat of hogs and cattle, cut to the proper specifications.

When Clifford Whitney and Marjorie Hyde were married, Uncle Stub asked them to live on his farm while he went to New Mexico. They were to take care of the sheep and chickens until the first of March, when they would establish a home and start farming on Hoisington Road.

Will H. Sarver, known as "Major" because of service in which he lost a leg in the Spanish American War, had a meat market at 425 West State Street in Rockford. The Sarvers had a slaughter house, where they butchered hogs or beef for the meat market.

The animal was usually brought to the farm in a wagon, Will C. Sarver, known as Carney to his friends, remembers well. If it were a steer, they usually shot the animal. Then there was a rail and hook to hoist the carcass. A gadget was used to slide the beef along. They split the beef down the back when it was dressed. They would often butcher a dozen or fifteen animals when they had to supply the meat market. If an animal was brought in, during later years, for Carney to butcher, when he was engaged in custom butchering, the halves would be marked so you would be sure to get your own beef. The hide of beef cattle could be sold, so care was used in removing it.

For a pig they used a special long knife to stick the pig in a special spot. There was a vat with a thermometer to keep a certain degree of temperature, so the skin would be smooth and the hair would come off more easily. A scraper was used to remove the hair from a pig. When the weather was such that they were not afraid of freezing, they would leave the meat out over night. This allowed the meat to firm up. Water for the slaughter house was provided by a windmill.

Carney Sarver knew all the proper cuts so that there were hams or roasts and could trim part for bacon. Also Carney would render the lard. There was a big vat and he could put a fire under it. There was a chimney in it so the smoke went up into the air.

Helen Sarver's recollections concerned the lard. It was lard that was used in cooking since there was no shortening such as Crisco over thirty years ago. A very tender, flaky crust is achieved by using lard for pie crust. Lard

was used for biscuits, gingercake and ginger cookies. Her daughter Barbara still uses lard for some of these foods.

One time there was a bad storm in the winter while Carney's father ran the meat market. Carney took a team of horses from the farm to help deliver the meat that had been ordered. At about every place they stopped the order included a ten pound pail of lard. His father had run a special which was ten pounds of lard for ninety cents. Two boys would run with the orders to the houses. The orders were laid out in rotation and Carney would hand the proper order to each boy in turn.

Another well-known meat market in Rockford was Schmauss Meat Market. Carty Dever had a slaughter house about the distance of four blocks of Kilburn.

Home curing of hams around 1913 or 1914 was common on many farms. Clifford Whitney recalls when he was a boy they did a lot of home curing of hams. He said, "I can remember we used two gasoline barrels and cut the bottom out of one and built a fire under it. There was a pipe from that so the smoke would go over to the other barrel. The other barrel would have the hams in it."

A few personal memories came to mind as I visited with these people about their remembrances of butchering. On the day set for butchering a hog, a small curious girl, who had been dismissed with the younger children came home from school early, but stopped at the fence to watch. The memories of this usually denied sight remained like indelible pencil etching. It was well she was bundled up in warm wraps against the chill in the air.

Three men had brought out huge iron kettles and water was boiling over fires. A barrel was sitting on a platform for scalding the carcass. A kind of scaffold had been rigged up. There were long sharp knives laid out.

A huge hog was driven out and before it could find an avenue of escape, a long knife was plunged into its neck. There was a high pitched squealing and much blood. Then into the huge container of boiling hot water went the animal. Then the hog was pulled up with gambrels until he hung by the hocks, strung through the tendons.

The next process was shaving off the bristles with sharp tools. Finally the pig looked a kind of pink color. The innard parts were removed and sheets of lard. Heart, liver, and brains were cleaned and placed in buckets. Intestines and bladders were scraped clean to use for casing sausage meat. Lard was placed in iron pots for rendering.

Later in the kitchen of the Andy Eden home she saw the part that had become hams. Some of the meat had been cooled in the air before being placed in a building called a smoke house. Even head, snout, jowls, ears, lips, and tongue were saved. Headcheese was a product made from the edible parts of head, feet, and sometimes the tongue or heart of a pig cut up fine, boiled, and pressed.

Usually the meat was divided among the several families whose men folk had helped with the butchering. Home butchering was practiced in small villages as well as on the farms. A popular expression of my youth was, "We saved

everything but the squeal."

It was Carney Sarver who pointed out that when state inspection came, the cost of updating an existing slaughter house was too great for most individuals. There must be among other things tile for the floor and running water in the ceiling to wash down the walls. The practice of country slaughter houses died out.

Christian Frederic Charley ("Old Charley") was the first professional butcher to locate in Rockford, according to John Thurston. "He was put ashore from a keel boat early in June, 1838, together with all the movable paraphernalia of his craft, contained in an immense ironbound chest. This boat was from the head waters of the Pekatonika (that's the way it was spelled in the ROCKFORD STAR in 1841) bound for St. Louis, and loaded with lead and peltries. The craft made one or more following trips the same year. Old Charley was a German and to the best of my recollection the first of that nationality to locate in Rockford. He was thoroughly versed in the mysteries of compounding bologna, sausage, liverwurst and the various strange edibles which his fellow countrymen have since made so popular. He built a slaughter house on the bank of the river on lot 3, block A, opposite the water works, set up his block in the basement of the Rockford House, and commenced business the same year."

A whole era has come to an end. New equipment, new processes, new storage facilities, new inspection practices have brought a new concept in providing meat.

Dr. Everett Faulkner of Seward has a Locker Plant in Seward. He provides storage service or sells meat all cut and packaged. For local farmers he butchers, cuts, freezes and delivers their animal all marked for the farm home freezer. Of this plant Clifford Whitney said. "It is one of the very best."



Children of American Revolution, Hononegah Chapter, Participate in DAR Ceremony at Howard Cemetery



Another Scene
From the Annual
Picnic of the
Rockford Historical
Society in
1969

THE HORSE KNEW THE WAY
By Hazel M. Hyde
(Concluded from last issue)

Many are the stories and incidents concerning short trips with a horse and buggy. Thurston's accounts are among the earliest. He wrote: "In the fall of 1845, a young gentleman from Uniontown, Pa., well dressed, and evidently accustomed to the habits of polite society, came in the stage to Rockford, on his way to visit some friends who lived, he said, on Rock Run, twelve miles from Freeport, and he employed me to take him up there. We left Rockford in the afternoon with a horse and buggy, and I drove to Trask's bridge, crossed the Pecatonica, and after driving through the timber, struck across the prairie for Rock Run. Even then the country was all open; it was literally a sea of grass, and one could drive where he pleased. When I came to a track leading in the direction I wanted to go, I took it; straight across the prairie for a point on Rock Run twelve miles from Freeport. The young fellow was nervous with his first experience of a trip through the wilderness, and when I left a beaten track, propounded a series of questions something like this: "Where are you going?" "How do you know you are right?" "Where will we stay tonight?" "Do you see that post?" "Yes, I've noticed several of them." "What are they for?" "They are section posts. We are traveling due west on a section line that strikes Rock Run within one mile of a point twelve miles from Freeport."

There are many tales in most families of how the horse knew the way home and carried someone to safety in a blinding snowstorm. Or a lost young person was said to have "given the horse his hear" and arrived home.

It was in the horse and buggy days that the first vehicle factory was established in Rockford. Ford F. Rowe wrote that the carriage factory of 1870 started by Hall, Knight, and Coade was located where the Palace Theatre was

to stand at a later date. Hall and Knight purchased Coade's interests only to have the panic of 1874 wipe out the company.

After the failure of Rockford's first carriage factory Eugene Ford and John F. Fellows, former employees, started another firm. Their vehicles were of a fine quality and the demand was good. In 1889 these partners sold the business to L. Judson West.

In 1890 Eugene Ford built yet another carriage manufacturing plant. It was located on North Wyman Street where Memorial Hall stands. The site was purchased by the county and in 1902 Ford moved to North Court Street. By 1911 the carriage business was no longer profitable, so Mr. Ford closed the shop.

A buggy was a light carriage that was usually drawn by only one horse. In the years around 1910 and 1915 buggies were a popular form of transportation. Less common were coupes in which riders sat in an enclosed section with a driver on an open seat in front. Another name for the coupes was broughams. The gig or runabout was a two-wheeled vehicle with a folding hood having a driver and a place for one rider in front and a back seat for a groom. One type of carriage had a long shallow body and was completely open. Four persons could sit in back facing one another and the driver sat on an elevated seat in front.

The pioneers of Rockford sustained their mobility largely by using the horse. The story about the wonderful one-hoss shay came from the general use of the chaise. This was a two-wheeled carriage for one or two persons with a calash top and the body hung by leather straps. It was usually drawn by one horse. The term chaise, or in general use "shay", could be applied to a similar four-wheeled pleasure carriage.

The buckboard was a four-wheeled vehicle with a spingy platform carrying a seat. It had no top or covering. Somewhat similar was the spring wagon which varied in that it had two spring seats and a floor.

A wagon was a four-wheeled vehicle for transporting bulky commodities. Lighter versions were used to transport goods or passengers.

Grooming was very important for the horse used to draw a buggy or carriage. One implement used was called a curry comb. Horses were fitted with horseshoes that consisted of a narrow plate of iron shaped to fit the rim of the horse's hoof.

During the early 1900s, early in the morning the sound clip-clop of the horses' hooves would announce that the milkman was making his rounds with his wagon. The horse would stop in front of old-time customers' homes without a tug on the reins. Emma Lundgren wrote in PIONEER TOWN of the milkman and his morning deliveries of milk.

Equally reliable was the horse-drawn ice wagon. Children would follow after the iceman in the hope that before he picked up his load with the tongs, swung the load to his leather covered back, to deliver it to his customer, he might give them some slivers of chipped ice. In the window of each house on the route hung a card with an arrow point-

ing to twenty-five pounds or even one hundred pounds of ice.

In a taped interview, August 13, 1973, Elsie Nelson told two interesting episodes concerning horses. She said, "You want me to tell about the horses we used to have in our younger days. We had four horses down in the big barn by the river. And I drove a team of horses. I had all the nerve in the world. One time I drove a team down Main Street. Those were the days we could go up and down any old way. When I got to Stewarts both of my horses fell down....But the cops came and helped me. I think the horses slid some way on the railroad, or street car tracks or something there. When I got my horses up, I'd had enough. I turned around and went home Likkity Cut." Miss Nelson thought awhile and then told one more happening. "I took one horse. It was Prince, in the winter. I had a long bobsled. Those were the days when you never had streets cleaned or anything. We would throw snowballs at him (Prince) to make him go faster. It was fun!"

Parents and grandparents tell tales of their courting. My grandfather is said to have driven many miles over the Illinois snow-covered ground to visit the young lady who became his wife, and in due course, my grandmother. My father had the buggy with the finest shine in the neighborhood and a horse that had been curried and brushed until his black coat shone. He was a country youth and he had chosen to call upon a girl who lived in town. Many early Rockford families had carriages in which they would ride to church.

Occasionally the hide of a favorite horse would be tanned with the hair left on for use as a coat. Such a coat was as warm as a coat made of fur or leather. Benjamin Hoffman found such a coat had been preserved by his family. Laprobes might be made of horse hides or buffalo furs.

In 1910 American farmers owned and used about 20 million horses. Twenty years later, in 1930, the number had fallen to fewer than 14 million. Horses have found their place for horse-back riding as a hobby. Only the older members of our society remember riding to a box supper or to parties behind a horse and drawing a lap-robe up over the knees to keep warm on the slow trip home. Often there was a hot brick wrapped in a blanket at their feet. Only a few draft animals are seen and then they are mainly an exhibit such as the famous clydesdales.

"Over the river and through the wood, to grandfather's house we go ... The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh over the white and drifted snow ..." is sometimes recalled in the old song. But the experience of tying the reins over the dashboard and letting the horse take a leisure trip homeward is no longer a part of our culture.

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