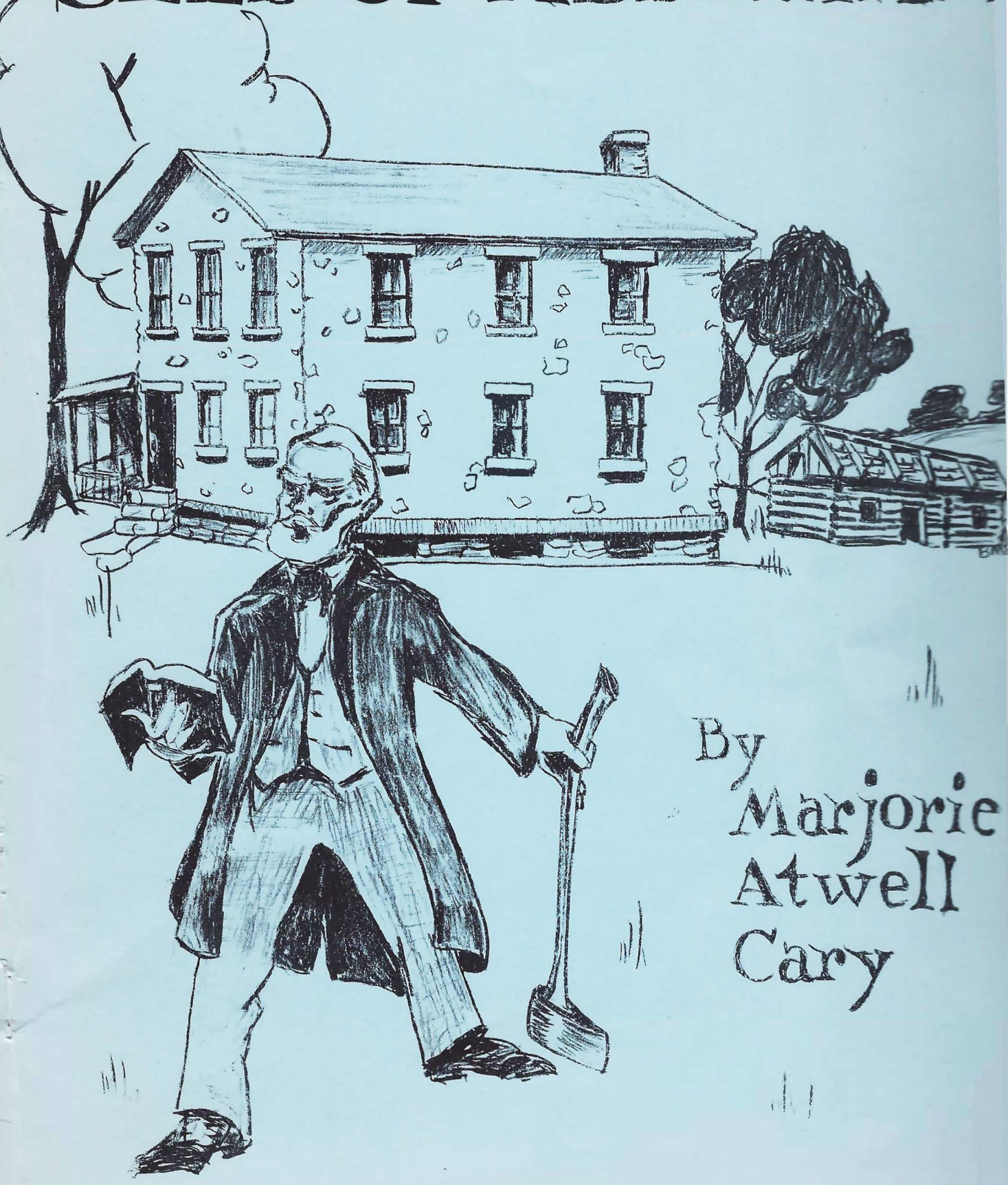
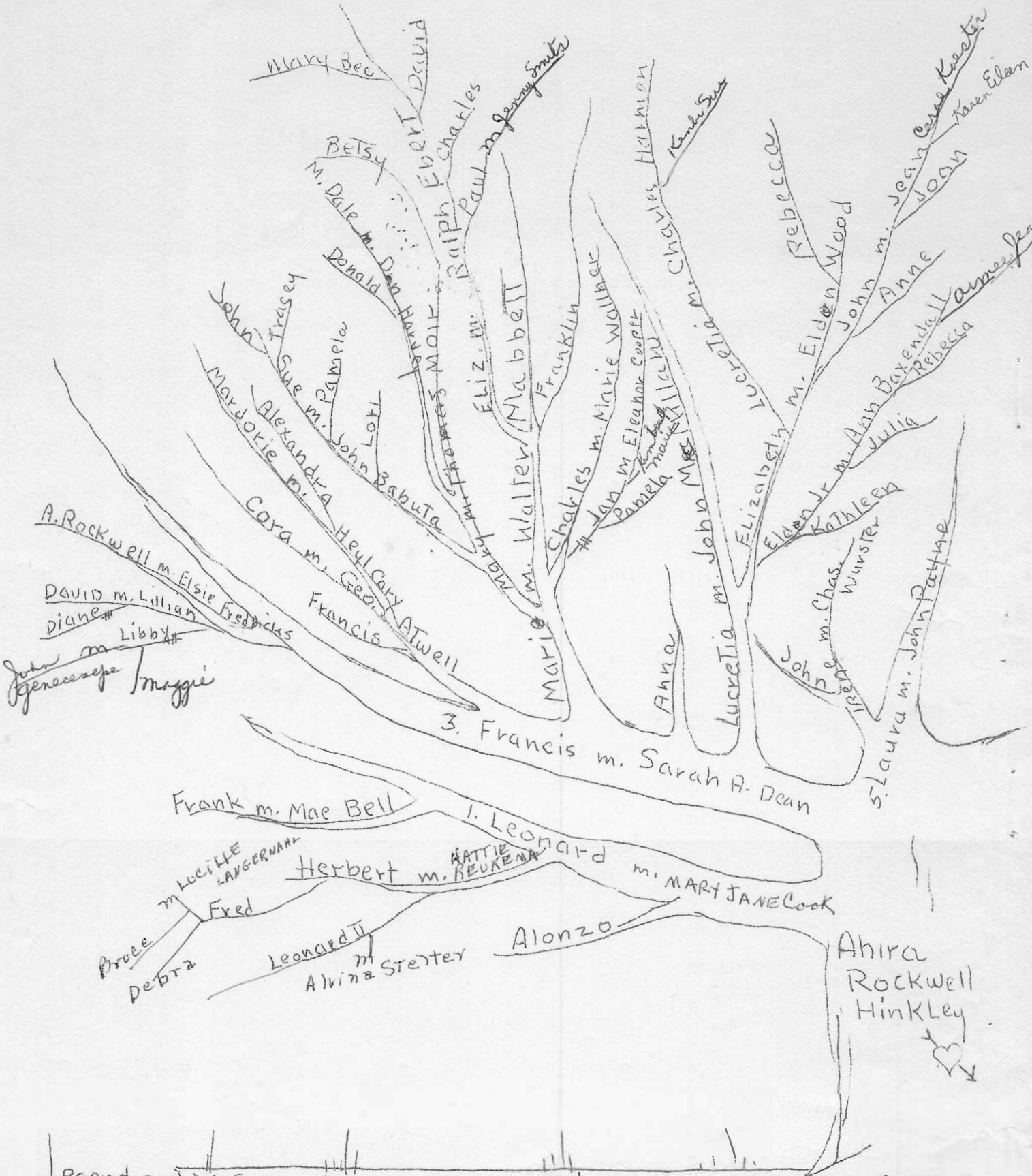
# SEED OF ABRAHAM

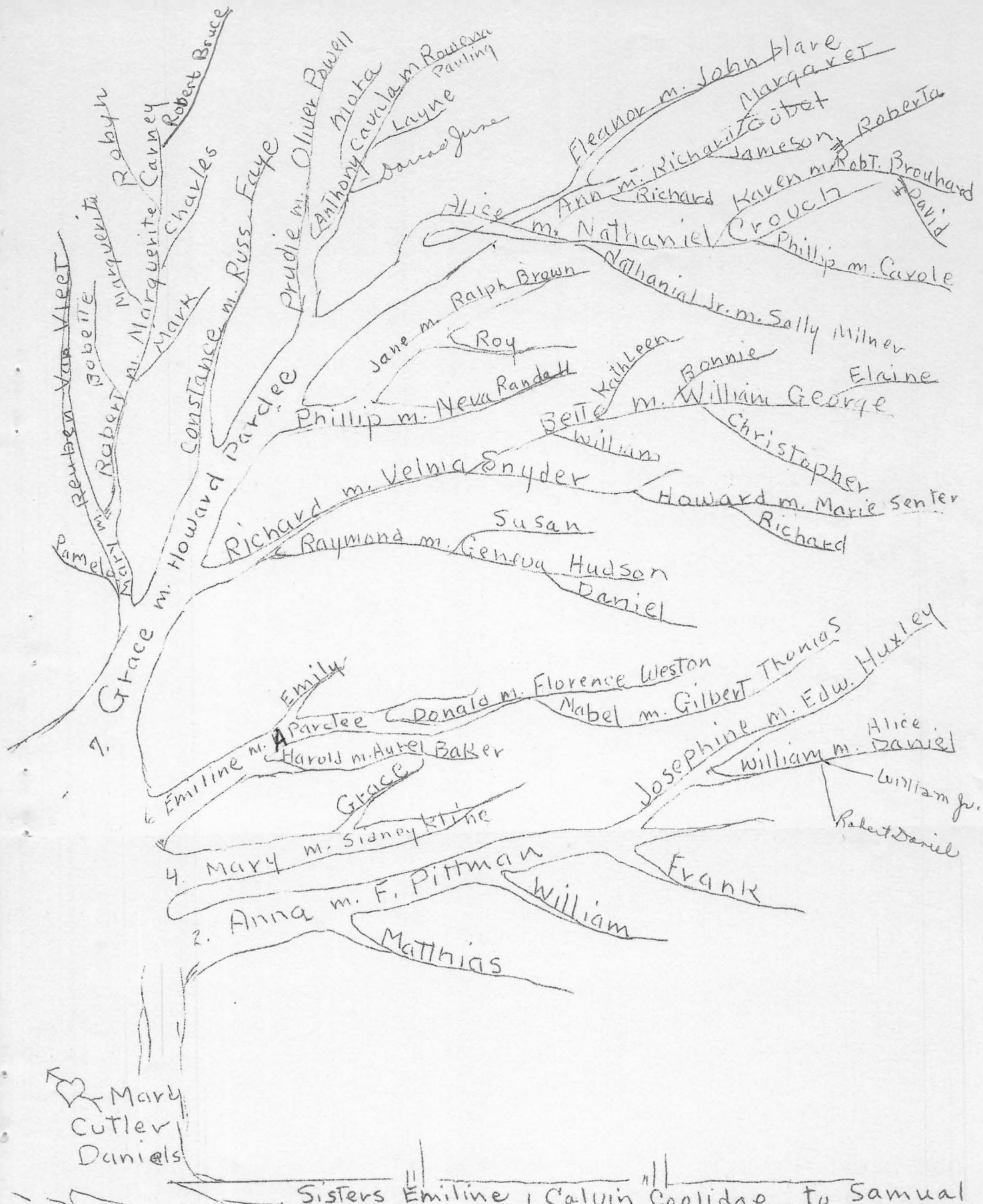


By
Marjorie
Atwell
Cary




Legend and Notes of Interest —
Lower Branches = Boys
Upper Branches = Girls
Tree graft marks = Adoption
The "Sap" for this family tree flows from the Soil in Eagle, Wisconsin

This tree ends with all known present generation. Mark your own future additions (if you can find room) or extend your branch to another page.




Mary Cutler Daniels

Sisters Emiline and Grace Hinkley married Brothers Pardee.

Mary Cutler Daniels' lineage is traced, along with Charles Gates Dawes - Vice Pres. of U.S. with Calvin Coolidge - to Samual Cutler, Corporal in the Rev. War, who thereby makes all us females eligible for The D.A.R.

B.M.E.

# FOREWARD

This biography was written in 1937 as an English assignment while the writer was a student at Wellesley College. Marjorie Cary, nee Atwell, is related to the subject through her mother, Cora Hinkley Atwell, daughter of Francis Daniels Hinkley, who was the subject's third child.

The original copy reposed with Cora so long as she lived. At my request, Marjorie released it to me for publication. Adding the cover design and a "do-it-yourself" family tree, I have produced the collaboration this December, 1963, to be a Christmas gift to all of the subject's living, direct descendants to the third generation. They are:

Through his son, Leonard: Frank N. Hinkley, grandson. Fred and Leonard Hinkley, great grandsons through his grandson, Herbert.

Through his daughter, Anna: Josephine Pittman Huxley, granddaughter. William Huxley, great grandson through Josephine.

Through his son, Francis: Marie Hinkley Mabbett, granddaughter. Mary Moir, Elizabeth Ebert, Charles and Franklin Mabbett, great-grandchildren through Marie. Elizabeth MacMillan Wood, great-granddaughter through granddaughter, Lucretia Hinkley MacMillan. Marjorie Atwell Cary, great-granddaughter through granddaughter, Cora. David Hinkley, great grandson through grandson and namesake, Ahira Rockwell Hinkley.

Through his daughter, Laura: Irene Payne Wurster, granddaughter.

Through his daughter, Emaline: Florence and Aurel Pardee, who, while not direct descedants, are widows of grandsons Donald and Harold Pardee. Mabel Pardee Thomas, great granddaughter through Donald.

Through his daughter, Grace: Granddaughters Mary Van Vleet, Prudie Powell, Constance Faye, and Alice Crouch; and grandson, Phillip Pardee; and Velma Pardee who, while not a direct descendant, is the widow of grandson Richard Pardee. Great grandchildren Robert Van Vleet, through Mary; Anthony Cavala, through Prudie; Jane Brown, through Phillip; Bette George, Raymond and Howard Pardee, through Richard; and Anne Gobel, Karen Brouhard, and Phillip Crouch, through Alice.

Copies are happily given to these descendants with a wish to share with them an estimable part of our common heritage which has been recorded so splendidly by cousin Marjorie. As you read it, remember that you, too, are the "Seed of Abraham".

December 1963 Elizabeth Mabbett Ebert

# PREFACE

Ahira Rockwell Hinkley was my Great-grandfather. He has always been much revered in my family for his indomitable religion and great strength of character. But none of his descendants feels any tenderness toward him. He was not the kind of man one could love in that personal way. There was always a gap between him and other people.

The Hinkleys have been interested in genealogy and family history, but none of them has discovered much about the personality of A. R. H. Even his own children, whom I pressed for anecdotes about him, could tell me none. They were quick to relate stories of their mother, but any intimate knowledge of their father is lacking. I feel that this is a very significant point.

The knowledge of the facts of his life I have known since childhood, but I was interested in him as a man. Through my study I have discovered this man--austere, deeply religious, and uncompromising--, and I have tried to bring out these qualities by actual incidents in his life. The scenes in general are in keeping with facts. I have disregarded details in one or two cases, but nowhere have I strayed from the truth to the point of changing his character as I believe it was.

Marjorie Boyington Atwell
(Mrs. H. Cary)

Wellesley

April, 1937

Seed of Abraham

In the days of ancient Egypt when the Israelite nation was there, the people of Egypt worshipped the sun as their chief deity. In the morning he was called Horas, in the evening, Tum, but at midday, when the sun was brightest, he was called Ra. This Ra controlled the whole world, and all the people of Egypt held him in awe. The Israelites were naturally impressed by this god, and some of them named their children after him. When they came to the new land they still kept the name Ra, but through the influence of the Canaanite people the name was gradually evolved into Ahira. It had lost its godly significance, but still was used as epithet meaning powerful. The name as such appears in several places in the Bible. Through this source the name was known to my Great-great grandfather, Daniel Hinkley. He probably was little concerned with its etymology, being a plain, hard-working cloth dresser and fuller, as he was, but he could not have chosen a better name for his son, from a linguistic point of view, than that one--Ahira. It commands respect.

It was in 1810 in the village of Lebanon, New Hampshire, that this Ahira was born. Very little is known of his early life, for in later years, he never spoke of it, but we have a few disconnected glimpses of it. He went to school when there was any, but that was not often. He spent most of his youth helping his father in the small factory, which was on a little stream that emptied into the Connecticut River. As he grew older, he became a large and strong boy,

and he worked on his uncle's farm or helped the neighbors with their harvesting. But we know nothing about his youth as being carefree or happy. Ahira seems to have been a school boy who never played hooky to go fishing. Even as a child, he found more pleasures in silent contemplation than in society. In the early morning he would go out alone to watch the sun rise over the hills. He would lie on his stomach, stretching out his long legs and with his arms propping his handsome head up, he would lie there; and as he watched the sun and the fast moving shadows, he would recite the psalm that his father had read the day before. But these moments when he completely relaxed were not long. Soon he was off to his work.

1832 was the year of the Blackhawk War, which Ahira of course knew about. The war itself was horrible with its many massacres, but it did break the Indian power in the Middle West, and it was a wonderful advertising agent for beautiful southern Wisconsin. In the whole east there was a new interest in this section. Three years later when Ahira was twenty-five, he and his older brother, Henry, started west to Michigan Territory. The year, 1835, was significant to them because it was just two hundred years since their ancestor, Samuel Hinkley, and his brother David had arrived at Stonington, Connecticut from England. The two young men were proud of their lineage, and they often spoke of these other pioneers, eight generations back. They arrived in Michigan in the summer and both found jobs in a saw mill there. Ahira became so fond of the beauty of

the west that he determined to live there.

He returned home that spring to make preparations for his trip. At Lebanon he became acquainted with a Mr. Andrew Schofield, a Quaker. Mr. Schofield also was planning to go west. He and Ahira together raised enough money to buy a Great Lakes sailing vessel. In the early summer they went to Buffalo where they loaded their ship with lumber and butter, and sailed for the new port of Milwaukee. Ahira's brother, Henry, went with them, too, on the trip, but seems to have played a very minor part. He probably went as an ordinary passenger. His presence is affirmed only by a detail. There is in the family a small horse hair trunk marked with the initials H. H. in polished brass nails. When, years later, one of Ahira's grandchildren discovered the little trunk in the attic, Ahira said that he and his brother took all their clothes in it when they went to Wisconsin. At any rate Henry was with Ahira and Mr. Schofield on the trip, and upon landing, he left them for a few days.

When they docked at Milwaukee they found three small settlements instead of one, as they had expected. Three different men, Solomon Juneau, Bryon Kilbourn and George Walker had started the settlements, and there was great rivalry among them. They were constantly vying with one another, each trying to become the most important. Building was flourishing, and the lumber brought by the easterners was welcome and commanded a good price. The butter, also, was sold at a profit, and the ship was disposed of.

After they had their business settled Ahira and Mr.

Schofield set out to find a suitable place for a farm. Practically the whole of south-eastern Wisconsin was unknown to white men, and by law they could claim any land they wanted. Of course there were no roads, and the travelers set out on foot, carrying all their goods with them. The country they passed through was beautiful, but not suited to farming. It showed the work of the great glaciers; small lakes sparkling midst rolling hills. And the beauty of contour was enhanced by the copper and gold leaves of the oak and hickory trees, for it was then autumn. The first day of walking brought them to a small Indian village called Mukwonago. The Indians seemed pleased to see the pioneers and let them spend the night in their camp and offered them food. Early the next morning Ahira was ready to start again. He not only had spiritual zest but physical strength, and he prodded his companion on. The walk that morning took them out of the hilly country to a prairie land about eighty miles across. This was much better for farming. They walked more slowly now, surveying the land for a suitable spot to stake their claim. Suddenly they saw a natural spring with several trees around it. Without saying a word to each other, Ahira and Mr. Schofield each started to run toward it. Ahira was the better runner and reached the place first. He whisked out his knife and carved his name on one of the trees, thereby becoming owner of six hundred acres of virgin prairie. Mr. Schofield arrived exhausted and panting, and said in his Quaker dialect, "Ahira, thee is quick with thy knife." And indeed he was. In a few minutes he

chose and became owner of the land he was to live on for more than seventy years. He had found his land of milk and honey and gave sincere thanks to God.

Before sundown they gathered fuel for a fire, for although Eagle Prairie, as the Indians called the land, was a near Utopia, it was not a complete one. Wolves and wild cats lurked in the region. But Ahira and Mr. Schofield were so tired and so glad their hard trip was over, that they slept easily in spite of the danger. As soon as they awoke in the morning and had shot some prairie chickens to eat, they started to explore Ahira's new land. They were delighted to find a beautiful little lake called "Pretty Lake" at the edge of the property. They also came on a clump of oak trees in a hollow, not far from the spring. After several days Mr. Schofield left to go to another place where he bought up some land from settlers already there. And about the same time brother Henry arrived on the scene once more. Henry must have been eagerly welcomed by Ahira because the task of building a log cabin was before him. Together Ahira and Henry chopped down the oak trees in the hollow and dragged them up the gentle slope to the spring. There they put the logs together to form a rude, one-room cabin. The floors were made of logs split with an ax for they had no saws. The brothers made a trip to Milwaukee for supplies and glass for the few windows. Finally the place was finished during the Indian summer of October. Compared to their Lebanon home the cabin was nothing short of primitive, but the pioneers took great satisfaction in it. They had built the first

house in the county.

During that winter of 1836 and 1837 they saw almost no other human beings; only a few Indians passed near and came to investigate the white men's new house. Sometimes the Indians asked to spend the night there, and Ahira and Henry were always hospitable. They realized that it was invaluable to keep on good terms with the Redskins, and the two strong Hinkleys had no fear of their savage neighbors. Instead, it is more possible that the Indians feared them. The Indians showed them the best places to find game, and Ahira, in turn, read to them from the Bible. No doubt their souls were little changed by this contact with the Bible since few of them understood much English, but they were always pleased to sit in the little warm shelter watching the imposing young New Englander standing tall with his head thrown back and eyes gleaming; it was pleasant to watch him and to listen to his voice, full and resonant, boom forth the twentieth chapter of Exodus. One could hardly imagine any one more suited than Ahira to read the word of Jehovah to Moses on Mount Sinai.

So passed the first winter. There had fallen much snow so that they did little before spring to get the land ready for cultivation. But as soon as the thaw came they were out with their plow to break the virgin soil. They planted corn and other vegetables and some wheat. When the work of planting was done Ahira prepared to go east to marry and bring his bride to the new home. His wife-to-be was Mary Cutler Daniels, a cultured young lady of an aristocratic family.

They were an unusual couple: Ahira, six feet tall, austere, judicious; Mary, diminutive, gentle, and with a strong sense of the aesthetic and social, - a true case of opposites. They were married in a church in Plainfield, and their wedding was gay. Nearly the whole town turned out for the ceremony and the lawn party afterward. This must have been somewhat galling to the bridegroom, who had a strong distaste for frivolities, but Mary's mother knew full well that this would be her daughter's last taste of society, and she determined to give it to her. As soon as the wedding was over, though, and Ahira started off to Albany with his bride, he became the sole disposer of their affairs. From Albany they took passage on an Erie Canal flat-boat to Buffalo. During the trip the passengers were expected to walk part of the way on the tow-path, as the boat was pulled by mules. One time when Mary was climbing down from the boat to the path, a gentleman they had met on the trip took her arm to help her. When Ahira saw this "spectacle" he was enraged, and to punish Mary for her misbehavior he refused to speak to her for a whole day! We know little of the rest of the trip except that it was made over that same route as Ahira's last one.

Their arrival in Milwaukee was celebrated with Ahira's prayer after a voyage, then Ahira bought a wagon and yoke of oxen, some furniture for the house, and a number of wagon wheels. They loaded all their purchases into the wagon, together with what they had brought from the east, then Ahira helped Mary up on the high seat, and he went off to buy a cow. He returned soon, driving the cow, and carrying a beautiful

side saddle to give Mary - his wedding gift. She was in ecstacy when she saw it, and any misgivings she might have had surely left her then. Ahira would have few thanks, and turned to tie the cow to the back of the wagon. Then he leaped up to the seat next to his bride, and they were off on the last lap of their trip. Mary, wearing a delicate white shawl, which was one of the choicest pieces of her trousseau, looked like a child beside her strong husband. When they reached the edge of the town the road became bumpy, and soon there was no road at all. The two jostled around the seat so badly that by the time they finally reached Eagle Prairie Mary had worn a hole clear through the shawl. Right after leaving Milwaukee they met several wagons that had broken wheels from the rough way, and Ahira sold some of his wagon wheels at a great profit. When they were a mile from the cabin Ahira called in such a lusty voice that his brother Henry heard him and ran to meet them, happy to see someone again after his long sojourn alone. It had been necessary that he stay there on the land so that they wouldn't lose their claim. During the summer Henry had tended the crops and had added another room to the cabin. He went back east shortly after they arrived.

The next ten years of Ahira's life were typical pioneering ones. Every morning he was up with the sun, in spring to plant, in fall to reap. On winter mornings he drove his team miles away to a tamarack swamp where he chopped down the tall, straight trees to use in making rail fences. In the evenings he and Mary sang hymns and Mary played the melodeon which her father had given her as a wedding present.

Three children were born to them while they lived in the log house --Leonard, who was the first white child born in the county, Anna, and Francis. When these children were old enough to go to school, Ahira built a school house on his own land. By that time there were eight or ten families living on the prairie, and the children from all these families went to school there. In the evening all the community gathered regularly for group singing and spelling contests. These evenings were always led by Ahira. Several years later he organized the men, and they built a church. There was no regular pastor--just a circuit rider who held services about once a month. When he was in Eagle Prairie he stayed with the Hinkleys. On the Sundays when he was not there Ahira himself conducted the meeting with gravity and sincerity. One day when the circuit rider was present, a man in the congregation stood up and objected to his preaching in a vehement and unorthodox manner. Ahira calmly walked over to the man, picked him up bodily, and carried him from the church.

Although not volatile, Ahira was a completely versatile person. His reputation as a dentist was widespread. In spite of the fact that he used the harsh methods of the frontier, people came to him from the whole prairie. His chief instruments were a pair of "turn keys" which were clamped to the aching tooth, then screwed around to extract it. No less famous was he as an undertaker. It is said that he helped bury hundreds of people in his life. All this time, however, he was chiefly occupied in farming, and he raised much wheat.

In 1848, the year Wisconsin became a state, and just twelve years after he made the log cabin, Ahira started to build a new home--this one of cobblestones picked up from the land. It was a rugged house built on a knoll, the highest point on the prairie, and was itself three tall stories high, with walls 18 inches thick, and casements and window frames hewn by hand. Lime for the mortar he obtained by burning limestone found on the land. He obtained washed sand from Pretty Lake which lay six miles to the north of the site. Before cementing the stones together to make the walls, he chose each one with the greatest care as to size and shape, having graded them by pressing them through a hole in a plank. Today the house is still perfectly solid and is a famous landmark. This house was a great change from the log cabin. The first floor held a parlor with horse-hair furniture sent from the east, a sitting room, dining room, kitchen and buttery. On the second floor were bedrooms, and over them a huge attic, which in later times Ahira's daughters used as a romantic retreat.

After the "cobblestone" was built and the family moved in, Ahira and a group of men from various parts of southern Wisconsin met and decided to build a railroad. They formed a company called the "Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad". Ahira was on the Board of Directors, and he supervised the laying of the rails, sometimes going out and showing the workers how a rail should be laid. At this time he also became interested in Lawrence College, a Methodist institution which was being started. He was made a member of the original Board of Trustees and became, as usual, most influ-

ential in the group.

Four more daughters were born in the "cobblestone": Mary, Laura, Emaline and Grace. These girls inherited some of their mother's love of gaity, but Ahira was strict with them. When they grew older, they loved to read romantic books, but their father would not tolerate such foolishness. Instead he plied them with "good" literature. Ahira read by the hour from the Bible and John Foxe's Book of Martyrs. But when their father was out in the fields the girls crept into their attic sanctuary to read and gaze out the windows over the broad, flat land. Mary loved to sing, and she taught her daughters "White Wings, They Never Grow Weary" and "Dear Evalena". Ahira didn't have much use for such music, but he did allow his family to sing it on week days. Mary's brother often used to visit the Hinkleys. He lived in the east but spent his winters in New Orleans and stopped off on the way. He always brought Mary and the girls some silk dresses, and stylish little muffs, and tippets. The girls adored him. He took the place of one side of their father which didn't exist.

It was not tenderness which Ahira lacked so much as it was that he felt a distaste for levity. He had his sentimental side. When his first granddaughter was married, he sent her two gifts: a bookcase made of wood from the oak of the old log cabin, and a trunk full of wild flowers picked from his farm--golden rod, wild asters, and blue lupin.

Ahira never weakened physically or mentally until his ninety-seventh year. His sinewy figure, his white hair and

beard, his striking blue eyes, and ruddy face were well known and regularly seen. When he was over ninety he often went into Milwaukee on the railroad he had helped build, and he invariably jumped off the car before the train had stopped. In 1907 one cold winter morning he started out the back door of the "cobblestone". A layer of ice coated the high back porch, and he slipped and fell off. One of his daughters was in the kitchen when he fell, and she called to her husband. Together they carried him into the house and onto his bed. A doctor who was called found that Ahira had broken several of his great strong bones. They were set, but were too old to mend. Ahira had used them well for ninety-seven years. He realized that his life was over, but he was not sorry. He had lived fully and by the word of the Bible, and he was respected by all.