

Hartford, Ct.
June 17th 1894

My Dear Miss Tarbell:—

Enclosed please find the result of my interview with Mr. Ewing while in Louisville in March last.

Yesterday, I received your first number of your "Life of Mr. Lincoln" in McClure's Magazine & find that pretty much all that it is possible to collect of the facts, after the marriage of Maney Hanks has already been done.

Mr. Ewing got his knowledge from the following sources:
James Thompson, his father-in-law, (now dead)

William Hardesty, (now dead)
The same man who was at the wedding

Mitchell Thompson. (now dead)
Mitchell's Thompson's mother was
a niece of this - same "Old Dick
Berry", & lived there at the same
time that Nancy Hanks lived
there. Of course then, Mitchell
Thompson got his knowledge
from his mother's reminiscences,
& was mistaken about the
marriage having taken place at
Major Edward Berry's - "Old
Dick Berry" Mr. Ewing says, was
the father of Major Edward. &
that is how my husband is related
to Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Ewing is sixty seven years
old, himself -

Previous the authorities already
quoted he told me to write
to Mr. John Clay near
Paris Ky. an older man
than he & from whom he
got the story of Nancy Hanks
in Bourbon County - before her
marriage. I write the story
to you as told me by Mr.

Ewing, I wrote to Mr. Clay
 some 8 lines ago, but have
 not received a reply - I must
 have gone on from Louisville
 immediately to Paris & had
 a personal interview but was
 compelled to return home to
 my husband whose ill health
 continues. Should he become
 well enough to accompany me
 or for me to leave him I
 shall yet visit the scenes if
 it all & make both pencil
 & water color sketches of them.

Now this back history of
 Nancy Hanks is to me full
 of interest.

Mr. Clay's relation ^{of her early history} as remembered
 by Mr. Ewing is:

The Hanks family, moved from
 Virginia & settled in Bowler Ky.
 They were a respectable family.
 Mr. Hanks was left an
 orphan, with father & mother
 dead. She lived about with first
 one family & then another doing
 needle, sewing, or whatever she
 could, to make her way.
 In the neighborhood, was

a famous church known
as "Cane Ridge Church."
where great protracted meetings
were held - These meetings
were famous & largely attended
not only by the county people
but by the people from surround-
ing counties.

Now it seems that Nancy's beau
was "Thomas Tinkhorn" whose
shiftless character caused her
friends to think him not
worthy of her. There was a
good kind old lady - (Mr
Clay knew her & from her
got the story - I'm telling you)
- a motherly sort of woman
who took a great interest in
Nancy, & though not related to
her she knew the girl's rela-
tives in Washington County, &
that they were people of means
(for that day, of course)

Now it seems that Nancy got
bored & talked about "from
allowing this 'shiftless Tinkhorn'
to wait on her, & the old
lady, because she was motherly
& the girl young, & motherless

& seeing that her conduct was
 about to bring reproach on the
 Hawks name — Mr. Ewing
 belonging to the club time was
 very reticent about expressing
 himself to me, planning what
 the talk "was" — was when
 I asked him — if were met
 as the Hawks family feared
 would bring disgrace, he
 said: "yes, that was what the
 old lady feared." I
 talked to her & persuaded
 her to go at the close of
 one of these "Cane Ridge" meetings
 to Washington County with
 some of her Berry relatives
 who were in attendance at
 the meeting. This, the girl
 consented to do, & did do
 but "Thomas Linkhorn"
 got in the way, or
 whatever vehicle it was,
 & went with her —
 which proved to me the
 reality & sincerity of the love
 there was between them, &

of the purity of their affection,
Nancy was quite young then -
a girl of eighteen years of age
the United States.

John Clay is Harriet Clay's
father - they are of the
"Henry Clay" family.

I asked many questions in
my letter to Mr. Clay -
If "Cane Ridge Church"
is still standing or there
is any thing at all left
in the surrounding I shall
make sketches of every thing
connected with it - if I
should be so fortunate - to
visit there this summer.
When I hear from Mr.
Clay, or see him in
person I will at once
write you the results -
Now I have to ask pardon
for a most abominable

hand writing - there are type-
writers in our little village,
but I live on my hill -
so aloof from my fellow-
townsmen that I prefer
the "old way of writing"
especially because time
is not of much import.
We have too much of "it"
in this veritable "sleepy
hollow" of ours.

Very truly yours,

Ida N. Pendleton.