

Caldwell, Idaho, Feb. 5, 1925.

Mrs. Myra Hank Rudolph,
Warren, Ohio.

My dear Cousin:—By way of explanation let me say, that two years ago I had a very serious break down. I had to give up all work for a long time. About a year ago I began to improve, but there were so many things I had set my heart on doing, that I was soon on the verge of another break down. That meant another long rest, but I am better now. I have to be slow and deliberate in taking up my work again. I have planned for many things, and sometimes, like the rest of the human family I suppose I forget that I am flesh and blood.

My grandmother, Margaret Williams Hank Cherrington was fine in narrative. She could tell a story in the most beautiful way. I do not think she ever forgot anything, and her mind was stored with interesting reminiscences. I used to think her home in W. Va. was a real fairy land. My imagination used to picture wonderful things. I knew where her uncles lived and where the spring was. I knew where she gathered ~~lamb~~ and pine and where the deer licks were, and how the mountains piled up against the sky. I was always coaxing for a story. I enjoyed nothing more than listening to the stories of her childhood home and the kindred.

I have never made any attempt at anything like genealogy, but there are some points in which I have been, and am still, much interested. My grandmother Cherrington's mother, Nancy Smith Hank, died when she (my grandmother C.) was a small girl. After that she was largely under the care of her grandmother, Susannah Berry Hank, and I am reasonably certain (yes, I am certain) that Susannah Berry Hank was a Scotch woman. My grandmother used many Scotch words in her vocabulary, and I have heard her quote fragments of Scotch poetry she had learned from her grandmother Susannah Berry Hank (not Margaret Berry Hank). I shall enclose a little diagram that will make it easier for you to follow me.

I wrote Rev. J. Newman Hank once, and Rev. J. D. Hank, and also his son J. D. Hank, Jr., who was a teacher at that time in Chesapeake Academy, Irvington, Lancaster Co. Va. Both Rev. J. Newman and Rev. J. D. said the Hanks were of Wales nationality, but after giving the matter some thought, he, Rev. J. Newman, seemed to be inclined to accept the English ancestry.

I copied the following from some family history that belonged to Mrs. W. C. Halliday, a daughter of my grandmother's sister, Mary Hank Cherrington. I cannot back up all it says with actual facts, but I do know it corroborates some things my grandmother told me. Here it is:

"John Hank of England married Margaret Williams of Wales. They settled in North Wales Township, eighteen miles from Philadelphia. He had a sister who married John Evans. They had a son Cadwallader Evans. Another sister whose name is unknown, married a Mr. Roberts. Their son, Job Roberts was the author of the Pennsylvania Farmer. Margaret Williams Hank, after her husband's death, removed to Rockingham County. Her oldest son, John, a Revolutionary soldier who fought in Trenton, Brandywine, etc., never married. Caleb, the second son, died soon after his marriage, presumably without heirs. The third and last son was Williams, and not William"

I believe this Williams Hank was my grandmother's grandfather who named ~~xxxxxx~~ her Margaret Williams for his mother. The final "s" in the name Williams could be so easily dropped. My grandmother said she was a favorite of her grandfather, William Hank, and he named her for his mother, Margaret Williams.

This I copied also from Mrs. W. C. H.'s history: "The Hanks were quakers (that they were Quakers and the third son's name was Williams, instead of William, came through Mrs. Alice Hank Strother, from her father, John William F. Hank) Reese and Daniel Daniel Williams were brothers of Margaret Williams Hank".

John William F. Hank was a son of William and Seneca Peal Hank, as you will see.

I am sure from what my grandmother told me that the Hanks were Church people, but I never heard her refer to any of them as Quakers. She said her grandfather always said that he and a friend of his, a Mr. Ramsey, were the first Methodists west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Her grandmother, Susannah B. H. was a devout Scotch Presbyterian. She was a bible reader and would walk miles on Sunday to attend services at her own church. She was much displeased when her two sons, William and John, entered the Methodist ministry.

My grandmother often referred to John Hank, her grandfather's older brother, who was a soldier of the Revolutionary war. She remembered him. She said he always wore brown corduroy, silver knee buckles and shoe buckles. She said her grandmother (Susannah B. Hank) often gave her those buckles to play with. I imagine a broken buckle or buckles, that could no longer be used. Children annoyed him and her grandfather built a house or room on the same yard his own home was on, in which he lived. He was a cripple. He never married.

Feb. 11-1925. A second chapter. I exchanged several letters with J. D. Hank, Jr., a teacher at that time, in Chesapeake Academy. I shall quote a paragraph from one of his letters, the only point in his letters that would be of interest to you. He said:

"I am a grandson of Rev. Jehu Hank, of West Va. Was it his father that moved to Monroe Co., about 1790(?) I think it must have been, as George III gave my grandfather a grant--3000 acres in Monroe Co. My grandmother has the original charter unless it was stolen with some other papers a few years ago."

Are you in possession of this as a fact? I had never heard of this before. As a descendent, his relation to William and Susannah B. Hank is the same, I believe, as yours and as mine. (This statement is not correct. He is one generation closer) The removal of the Hanks from Rockingham Co. Va. must have been near this date. He said he expected to visit the old homestead that year. He thought if he could find the charter, he would learn something about the original spelling of the name. He said if he found anything of interest he would write me. I never heard from him again. I took up my work in music that year and was away from home most of the time. In a few years my marriage followed. I have often wished I had followed it up.

Grandmother C. told me of a visit her grandmother, Susannah B. H., made from Monroe Co. W. Va., back to Rockingham Co. Va., accompanied by her two little sons, David and Caleb. She made the trip on horseback. David rode behind her on the horse (Bet she called it a "beast". A. E. E.) and Caleb in her arms. Often the wolves followed her closely and looked up at them with hungry eyes. Wasn't she courageous! It would be a "joy ride" now, but to go back about one hundred and twenty-five years and make the trip on horseback with her two small boys!!! With all our modern conveniences we cannot even imagine what it was, but would it not be a wonderful adventure? and is it not great to have such ancestors?

I would be very glad, indeed, for a copy of John Hank's Revolutionary War record.

I have no recollection of your father, but Maggie McClure was my name as a little girl, but after leaving the home school I wanted a more dignified(!) name, so I took my baptismal (my grandmother C.'s name) Margaret. I am so far from my old home, that it seems really fine to be remembered by some one as Maggie McClure. Strangers everywhere about me, I almost forget that I was not always a "grown up". Does your father live in Ohio?

I would gladly send you my little book "Hank History", but I would have to write so much by way of explanation. It will be easier for me to copy such items as will be of interest to you.

May be this is written in a somewhat desultory style, but is the best I can do now. Let me know if I have given you any new thoughts. I may find some other things that will be of interest to you. Am sorry I have been so delayed in getting this letter to you.

Very sincerely,

Margaret McClure Honnold,
214 Dearborn St.,
Caldwell, Idaho.

Feb. 13, 1925.

The above copy made from the original by A. E. Ewing,
Grand Rapids, Michigan, Feb. 25, 1925.

N.B. Had our Va. cousin told of brave Susannah's trip back to Rockingham I am sure she would have had a coach and four (the next generation will make it six) and one mammy and several Blacks. The 3000 A. year grew out of 320 acres bought from Wm Cooper in 1780, for 5 shillings lawful money of Virginia. I have copy of deed. Myra Hank Rudeph