

**The United Church  
of Cabot, Vermont**

**E. Story Hildreth, Minister**

Cabot, Vt., Oct. 30, 1933.

*Commenced  
Sept. 2 - 1935*

My dear Mrs. Pritchard:

The other day I took lunch with the widow of one of my father's cousins, and she showed me something that would have delighted the genealogical soul of Mrs. Palmer. But as I do not know her address, I am giving you the benefit, if any, from it. It was a Bible that belonged to my great grandfather, over in England, and contained the facts about his marriage, and the birth and baptism of his children, to wit.

Richard Hildreth, born at Northallerton, Yorkshire, Dec. 12, 1789; married Mary Wheatley, daughter of George Wheatley, carpenter, of Helperby, near Borrowbridge (undoubtedly in Yorkshire) at which place she was born, Nov. 1788, but the register of her birth was destroyed by fire. The children all received private baptism according to the rules of the Established Church, but there is no record of their baptism, because the parents objected to sponsors as unscriptural, and the rector was not allowed to record any baptisms made without sponsor.

1. Ann Hildreth, born Sunday noon at 2.00, March 29, 1818, at Helperby near Borrowbridge.
2. Jane Hildreth, born Thursday evening 5.00, August 15, 1820, at "
3. John Hildreth, born Monday morning at 5.00, Feb. 23, 1822, at Knaresboro, he died Oct. 11, 1824, buried at Knaresboro.
4. James Hildreth, born Wed night, at 11.00, Jan 18, 1826, at Ripley, near Knaresboro.
- 5 John Hildreth ( another one ESH) born on Monday morning at 6.00, June 11, 1827, in the rectory house at Ripley near Knaresboro
6. Richard Hildreth, born Friday afternoon about 5.00, Oct. 3, 1828, in the rectory house at Ripley, near Knaresboro.

My great grandfa he was not the rector; he was a school teacher, and lived in the rectory house for some reason that probably cannot now be traced.

He was a lame man, but clever. He used to love to go out in the rectory garden and fish in the stream which flowed through it. It was at that rectory house

that my grandfather nearly lost his life. He was exploring in the barn, and

*P.S. Did not find any of the names that my grandfather nearly lost his life. He was exploring in the barn, and*

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somehow got into an oat bin and pulled the cover down on him. He was imprisoned there a day or so before he was found. The cover fitted tight, and he would have suffocated, except that he had a marble in his pocket. By using all his strength he managed to lift up the cover enough to stick the marble in and make an air space. He could hear the folks going around and calling for him, but it was a long time before ~~he~~ they got near enough so that they could hear his piping little voice, muffled by the bin. If it hadn't been for that marble, there wouldn't have been any me. I have often heard that story. . . I was once in the vicinity of Knaresboro, but had no idea, until I saw this Bible the other day, that ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> had any special connection with me.

When I told my father about this Bible, he told me that he remembered his Aunt Jane (I think she was the one) who ~~was~~ married to a man named Hinchliffe, and had only one daughter. This girl was vaccinated with human serum which must have contained some kind of poison, for she was a deplorable invalid all her short life. Father apparently didn't remember anything about the other aunt and I don't know whether she ever grew up and married, or not. *probably not.*

I wrote you once about the family, beginning with the next generation. Richard was my grandfather; John was the father of Richard Hildreth, who works for the Walter Jacobs music house, arranging music, and is a very clever musician. He was written up in one of the Boston Sunday papers a few years ago, and you might be interested to hunt the matter up for your files. James was the grandfather of my cousin Norman Hildreth, 193 Dawes Ave., Pittsfield, Mass. As I think I mentioned, Norman and I are the only ones that have boys to carry on the name.

The Bible I mentioned is in the possession of Norman's mother, Mrs. Kate Hildreth, 206 Dawes Ave., Pittsfield, just across the road from Norman. If you are ever out that way, I am sure she would be glad to let you see it. And you will find her a very delightful lady, to meet. Norman's wife is, too. Whatever else you can say about the English branch of the family, they certainly know how to get nice wives.

Sincerely yours,

*E. Story Hildreth*  
E. Story Hildreth.

P.S. Did I send you a copy of the orange-covered pamphlet that I got out in honor of my father's 80th birthday? If you want one I shall be glad to send it to you. I went down to celebrate the 80th the other day.