

*Keswick upon Derwentwater, September 6, 1886.*

DR. GEORGE A. PERKINS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I received your very interesting letter of August 17, while I was in the very beautiful city of Edinboro. It has vastly improved during the last forty years, and is now certainly most charming.

Thence we came here, for a tour of the lake country. It is more beautiful and much grander than I supposed, and the first stormy day we have had for a long time gives me a chance to write to you.

And, first, I am sorry to say that I have had my ideas of English pedigrees somewhat rudely shaken. Thus: desiring to know something reliable of Pierre de Morlax and his son Henry, I was advised to consult Mr. Salisbury of the Record Office, Chancery Lane.

He was most courteous, and introduced me to Mr. Greenstreet, a very distinguished investigator, and I handed him a copy of the Ufton Perkins pedigree, copied from the records of the College of Arms, as shown me by Sir Albert Wood, Garter, by whom I was also treated with great courtesy.

Judge my astonishment, when Mr. Greenstreet told me that not one in ten of the pedigrees, recorded at the College of Arms, was to be relied upon, especially those previous to the time of Henry VII. This was the first blow, and another followed, when he told me that he knew that many Americans had been greatly deceived, on questions which had been looked up for them in England, either from want of care in the investigators, or from their writing for information to parishes, and taking for granted, what they received from persons who did not understand the subject, or who wished to seem to have found authentic records. I asked him about Mr. Turner, but could not get much information, although he said he knew him.

I am sure I heard from some source, that "John Perkins, who went to America, lived in the house opposite the Church of Ufton;" these may not be the words, but that is the idea. I must say now that I am more uncertain of my information than I ever was before.

But now for Ufton. We drove out there from Reading, about forty miles from London.

Driving from Reading, over a beautiful country, about four miles, we began to ascend a high hill, and on the top came to the Parish Church, with a handsome Rectory near it. Canon Cornish, a canon of Chester, took us into the church, which was sold by the last Perkins to Oriel College, which owns it now. Here a new disappointment met me. The old church, built in the thirteenth century, had become quite ruinous, and had been pulled down twenty years ago, and a smart, new one stood in its place.