

**A PRIVATE PROOF PRINTED IN
ORDER TO PRESERVE CERTAIN
MATTERS CONNECTED WITH THE
BOSTON BRANCH OF THE
PERKINS FAMILY**

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A Private Proof Printed in Order to Preserve Certain Matters Connected with the Boston Branch of the Perkins Family by Augustus Thorndike Perkins

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AUGUSTUS THORNDIKE PERKINS

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PRINTED IN ORDER TO PRESERVE CERTAIN MATTERS

CONNECTED WITH THE BOSTON BRANCH

OF THE

PERKINS FAMILY

INTENDED ONLY AS AN INDICATION OF THE BEST POINTS OF

FUTURE INVESTIGATION

BOSTON:

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1890.

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PREFACE.



AFTER much reflection I have determined to give an account of such traditions of our family as I have heard, and of such as I have had investigated for me, although I know them to be far from complete, and in some ways inaccurate. They are probably true in most respects, and will serve to make the labors of some future investigator much lighter than of those who began the work, and give a better chance of correcting the unavoidable mistakes which must occur in the commencement of such undertakings.

Although I know I lay myself open to criticism by not waiting for further proofs, I cannot reconcile myself to the thought that my labors in this direction,—extending over more than forty years,—may be utterly lost if I fail to put them in some form without delay.

The matter, as I well know, is of no importance to me, as I have no living son, nor indeed to the family to which I belong; but it has cost me much time and some money, and I believe the main facts to be correct.

My grandfather, from whom I insisted on getting all that he knew, really cared nothing about such matters, but he confirmed or rejected certain traditions, related by his sister, Madam Forbes.

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Some forty years ago my great aunt, Mrs. Forbes, with my aunt, Mrs. Thomas Graves Cary, came on a visit to my mother, then at our country place, at Swan Island, in the Kennebec River.

My mother, a Dumaresq, was fond of the old traditions of the Isle of Jersey, and of her family; how her ancestors, Jordan Dumaresq, then Governor of the Island, and De Carteret, Signor of St. Owen, so stoutly defended Mont Orgueil Castle, that the famous Bertrand du Guesclin and some of the best men-at-arms in France, were obliged to break up the siege, and leave the Island,—and many other tales of a like character.*

Madam Forbes was an admirable story teller, and I remember how she used to entertain us all, as we sat in the great porch, overlooking the river, on a moonlight night, by capping my mother's stories with her own, which to me were most interesting.

Her most astounding tradition, as I look back upon it, was that our family owned, or perhaps it was only held, Warwick Castle, in the olden time.

This tradition seemed to me so impossible, that I never entertained it seriously, and I only spoke of it to Mr. Somerby during his sharp cross-questioning of me on all points of interest.

He did not appear to give any weight to the story, but he did remember it; for, but a short time before his death, some thing that he found set him at work on that clue, which he intimated to me was, in his opinion, well worth investigating.

After the death of Mr. Somerby, I consulted with Mr. George Bigelow Chase of our Historical Society, who advised me to employ Mr. W. H. Turner, of Oxford, to look still further into the subject. Mr. Turner had time to investigate only partially some of the more difficult portions of the pedigree, when his sudden death put an end to further work.

* This story is historically true.

Just at this time I was entirely engrossed in very important matters of business, which lasted during three whole years; and, when at my leisure I began to look up my papers, I found that many were mislaid or lost, one of the most important from Mr. Turner, only reappearing when my friend Mr. Whitmore moved into a new house. The fact of the finding of this paper, and another fact — which is that my memory, once so accurate and retentive on such subjects, begins to play me false,—admonish me that loose papers and memory are like princes, in that they are not to be trusted over much.

I have noted the principal events of each reign mentioned, in order to fix in the reader's mind some idea of the persons recorded, and their probable modes of thought and life.

As this matter is printed solely for the family, it should be interesting for them to note how the traits of ancestors of unusual vigor are handed down, in this case even to the seventh generation.

The love of adventure, of field sports, and of athletics, which many of us still have, together with an extraordinary vigor of body, noticeable in the women as well as in the men, may well have come from the strong Captain and his son Edmund.

Mrs. Edmund Perkins, the younger, was a Frothingham of Charlestown, and in her youth was passionately fond of painting, music, and flowers, and used to say that she had a hard struggle with herself to overcome such vanities. Crushed out in her, they all reasserted themselves in her grandchildren and their descendants.

The various residences of Col. Perkins were filled with pictures, engravings and statuary. He was, like his brothers, a real lover of both nature and art. His gardens and green-houses, like those of his brother, Mr. S. G. Perkins, and his nephew, Mr. John Perkins Cushing, were models for their times. He once traveled post from London to Paris simply to hear Malibran sing.

