

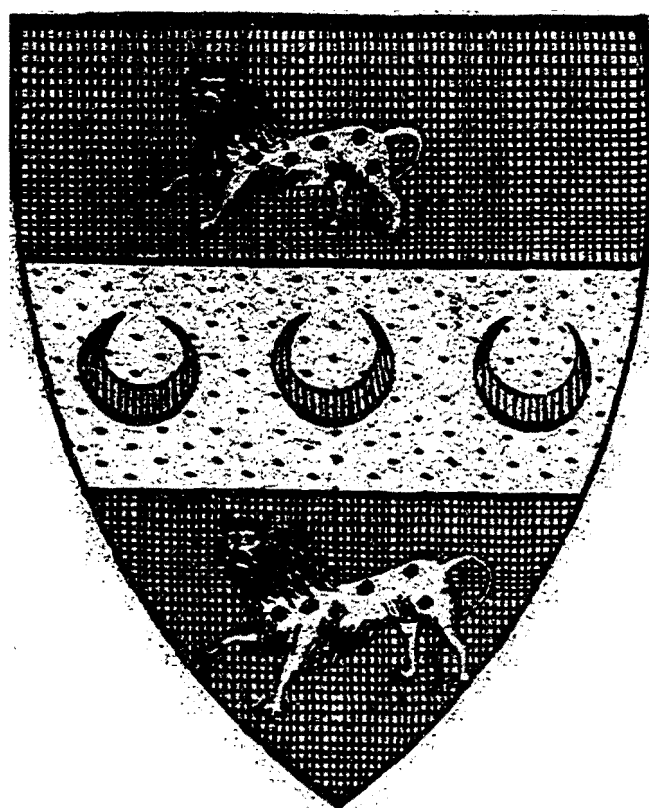
...THE...
FIFTH MEETING
OF THE
TYLER FAMILY ASSOCIATION

WILL BE HELD IN
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA,

Wednesday, September 12, 1900.

Yourself and Tyler friends are cordially invited.

OFFICIAL REPORT
OF THE
FIFTH GENERAL
AMERICAN TYLER FAMILY
GATHERING



Borne by Tyler of Pembridge, Herefordshire, England, 1559.

HELD AT
Odd Fellows Temple, Philadelphia, Pa.
Wednesday, September 12, 1900.

EDITION LIMITED. PRICE 75 CENTS.



J. Hoge Tyler

Engraved for the Tyler Family History

OFFICIAL REPORT
OF THE
FIFTH AMERICAN
TYLER FAMILY REUNION

HELD AT
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Wednesday, September 12, 1900.

"To weave together the fading dates of old manuscripts with the traditions that have survived sleeping generations, until the joy and the tears, the quaint speech and early piety, stand out upon the tapestry in the semblance of a living man—this gives a pleasure which he only who has stood at the loom can feel and understand."

BY
WILLARD I. TYLER BRIGHAM, ESQ.,

Member New England Historic Genealogic Society, the Southern History Association,
British Record Society, Sons of the American Revolution, Governor Dudley
Association, Tyler Family Historian, &c., &c.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 1900.

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1900.

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MORNING SESSION.

Upon Wednesday, September 12, 1900, the occasion of the Fifth Annual Tyler Reunion, there assembled at Odd Fellows' Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, a goodly number of kinsfolk, representing, by their residences, the following states: Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Illinois and Missouri—nine of our fairest commonwealths.

Hotel Hanover was official headquarters, where, on the evenings preceding and following the reunion, very pleasant social sessions were held in the parlors. The most memorable features of these hours were the presence of Governor Tyler of Virginia, and the varied selections generously recited by our versatile kinswoman, Miss Virginia Culbertson of Baltimore.

At nine o'clock in the morning the party began to assemble in the main auditorium of Odd Fellows' Temple, a magnificent modern structure upon Broad street. As Governor Tyler was unavoidably delayed in reaching the city, Professor Henry M. Tyler of Smith College, Massachusetts, was asked, *ex tempore*, to preside at the opening session, whose duties he discharged with his customary tact.

Rev. John Poyntz Tyler, rector of the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, offered a feeling opening prayer, after which there was a congregational rendering of the hymn composed for the occasion, the words being from the pen of Mr. Julius Tyler, Thompson, Pa., the music by Rev. Isaac Goodell, Fort Worth, Texas.

Julius Tyler, Thompson, Pa.
Moderato. *mf*

Hymn for Tyler Reunion.

Sept. 12, 1900

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mus. by Rev. I. Goodell.
St. of Aaron and Amy (Tyler) Goodell.

Chor.

1. O God, our fath-er's God! We look to Thee a-bode, seek-ing Thy face.
2. In sor-row's far-ring hour, When storms of sor-row lower, Be Thou our friend.
3. We meet to-ge-th-er here With friends and kin-dred dear, And hearts so warm.

our trust and com-fort Thou, Be-fore Thy throne we bow; O bless us
The hopes which led our sires, A-way from base de-sires and fanned us
O grant that we may meet A-round Thy heav'n-ly seat where, nev-er

here and now By Thy rich grace.
ro-tion's fire, To us ex-tend.
more shall beat Be-wil-d'ring storm.

The reading of the minutes of the preceding reunion was followed by the historical article upon English Tyler Researches, which had been made the past summer by our Family Historian, the paper being well delivered by Rollin U. Tyler, Esq., of Tyler-ville, Conn.

At 10 o'clock A. M., on the 25th of April last, from Pier No. 14, North River, New York, we dropped down the harbor, upon the American Line Steamship "St. Paul," after a cordial *bon voyage* from several of the assembled Tyler clansfolk. Ours was a "seven days" boat, making her eighteen knots hourly without effort; a double screw, which had seen action in the Spanish War, wherein she sank one of their torpedo craft. Her length was 554 feet. She was drawing thirty feet of water, and carried a crew of about 400. Besides, we had on board Sousa's Band, *en route* for the Paris Exposition, to cheer old Neptune and the mermaids.

Our trip was uneventful; the weather clear and calm; about half the passengers were more or less afflicted with *mal de mer*—some all the way across—but they ought to have been ashamed of themselves (under the circumstances) and probably were. We had three good meals daily, and cheese and "hard tack" at bedtime—the last a sort of *benedicite* on consigning us to the life rafts; such was actually what we slept on—an inflated mattress of rubber, with handles around the edges, capable of sustaining a person above water. Well, they were excellent mattresses, and did actually sustain us above water for seven consecutive nights.

We saw the smoke of several steamboats and got a fleeting glimpse of a "tramp," and a sailing craft or two crossing our course; but we hailed nothing, not even an iceberg, to avoid which we indeed ran some one hundred miles out of our course. We saw a few whales spouts, and some porpoises play leap frog; watched (only once) the glorious orb of day rise, like Venus, perfect from the sea. At night, the phosphorescence in our foamy wake glowed fitfully and expired in dreamy beauty, as if celestial tapers were extinguished after lighting angels to their downy couches.

At daylight on the seventh day, the watch cried "Land, Ahoy!" I was then enjoying my "beauty sleep" in cabin No. 381; but some hours later, coming on deck, learned that we had passed the Scilly Isles and were then abreast of "The Lizard," which is the very top of Cornwall (and the famous "Lands End" of old Albion), a very picturesque, but rocky, dangerous coast, upon which, not far distant nor long since, the "City of Paris" (off her course), went ashore. Past noon, we reached the "Needles," some exceedingly sharp, low lying rocks, which form the west point of the Isle of Wight—to the northward of which we steer into the "Solent"—not long after we catch sight of "Osborne," the Queen's castle, and anon, turn into "Southampton Water," steaming up which—past Netley Hospital, filled with heroes from Africa—we, early in the evening, reached Southampton and tied up at the magnificent Empress Dock. Here we disembark, take off our sea legs, and get down to business; for we have promised ourselves to devote four months to a detective hunt for Tylers, high and low, living and dead; and to apprehend and make them give testimony whenever and wherever taken.

Tyler is a surname, as you all know, which arose from the occupation of making and laying tiles. Tiles are thin bricks of baked clay for covering roofs; also, differently shaped, are used for paving and draining. They are made similar to brick, but only the *best* kinds of brick earth are suitable for tile. They were used by the ancients. Byzes of Naxos introduced marble tiles about 620 B. C. The name tile is derived from the Latin *tegula*, which contains the root found in the Latin word *tegere*, meaning "to cover;" we thus see the original meaning intelligently applied. *Tegula* became in the Saxon, *tigle* or *tigel*; in Dutch, *tegel*, *teghel*, *tichel*, or yet again *tichgel*; in German, *ziegel* or *dachziegel*; in Italian, *tegola*; in Spanish, *teja*, *toga* or *tegilla*; and in French, *tuile*.

Many forms of the surname Tyler are found in the records of Great Britain; but, as the English language developed, the forms *Tiler* and *Tyler* gradually became almost universal; although the former is now altogether used to designate one who follows the trade of laying tiles. At some time,

I suppose that *Tylor* crept in as a variant form of spelling—I cannot otherwise account for it.

Tiling was introduced into England by the Romans; who, where the locality favored, usually preferred stone tiles. In pre-Norman times oak tiles, called "shingles," were in vogue; after the Conqueror's advent, tiles as we now know them came to be made. In places where buildings were scattered, *thatch* continued to be used, as it is much in the present era; but in crowded areas tiles, from their non-combustibility, must early have cried aloud their superior merits. From Riley's *Memorials of London and London Life* in the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries, we learn that in 1302 one Thomas Bat bound himself to the said City's Mayor, to keep the city indemnified from peril, fire and other loss which might arise from his *thatched* houses in the Parish of St. Lawrence, and agreed to have them *tiled* by the next feast of Pentecost. The Parliament of Scotland did not supplant *thatch* by tiles in Edinburgh until 1621; and it took sixty more years to work up a similar sentiment towards the cities of Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee and Sterling.

Bacon relates a curious anecdote about a Flemish tiler; who had the misfortune to fall from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, who was killed. When the next of blood was offered pecuniary recompense, he demanded *lex talionis*. The judgment of the court was, that the plaintiff should go to the top of the same house and fall down upon the said tiler. (It is not recorded whether the judgment was ever satisfied.)

From the trade of tiling, several place-names originated in Great Britain; and I think it may be said, without exception, that the manufacture of tiles has been at some time carried on in all these localities; for examination of the ordinance survey maps verifies, that at this present time nearly all have their brick and tile yards. I will name only: Tyler's Causeway in East Bedfordshire, near Wormley Wood in St. Albans; Tyler Hill in Kent, only 2½ miles from Canterbury; Tyler's Green in Bucks County, which (with Penn and Chipping Wycombe) is an ancient parish, of the population of 1,000; Tylortown, a parish in Glamorgan, Wales, seven miles from Merthyr Tydvil, with a population of 15,000; Tilehurst, a parish in Berks County (near Reading), with a population of 1521; Tile-kiln-green, a hamlet in the Parish of Great Hallingbury, Essex; Tiley, a hamlet in Dorsetshire.

We must not forego brief mention of the Tilers' and Bricklayers' Company of London. There were at one time ninety-two principal trades represented by these London chartered companies, of which twelve are Great Livery Companies; fourteen of the total number are now practically extinct. In the developing of the enormous trade of London, these "companies" have played tremendous roles; of later years their powers have been more restricted. The Tilers' and Bricklayers' Company is No. 37 in order of precedence, and was incorporated in 1568, in the reign of Elizabeth. This company had its origin in the necessity for a trade center of authoritative character; to which members might resort for regulations as to manufacture and work, binding of apprentices and succor of those in old age or distress. Those objects (except that of superintendence of manufactories and work) are still being carried out. This company (in conjunction with the Carpenters' Company) engage in technical education at Marlebone Street, London. In 1832, they founded almshouses, built by private means. Their liverymen may vote for lord mayors and sheriffs, also for the city members of Parliament. The company's arms are "Azure, a chevron, or, in chief a *fleur-de-lis* argent, between two brick axes palewise of the second, in base a bundle of laths of the last. Crest, or a Dexter arm embowed, vested per pale or and azure, cuffed argent, holding in hand proper a brick-axe or." Motto: "In God is all our trust."

As I must herein dismiss the subject with *brief* reference, I may as well now refer to the Tilers (or the Tullieres) of *France*, where they have been both numerous and distinguished. Thomas (*Dictionnaire Topographique*) shows quite a number of places (mainly unimportant) bearing the name *Tuiler*, or allied forms of spelling; and there is a *Tilliers* in *Maine-et-Loire* of some prominence. The palace of the *Tuilleries* in Paris was so called, because built on the site of a former tile factory. In Lorraine, too, was an ancient and noble family of *Tullieres*. The *most* historic place in France, however, by this name is *Tillires-sur-Aure*, in the department of the Eure,

Normandy. Oderic Vitalis speaks of a castle here as early as 1017; whose orthography has undergone many changes. In 1202, a chronicler speaks of it as plain "Tilers." ("It's quite English, you know.") It has a noble family by that name linked with its antique annals. I visited the spot this summer, where I found not a single person to talk English with me (and the Professor knows my French is about *nihil*)—but I did meet a very kind *Docteur Emile Girod*, who understood English somewhat, and so was made aware of the purpose of my visit. I was piloted to the commanding height of the old chateau, of which nothing now remains but the fragments of walls, of great thickness and impenetrability, and an only gate standing in fair state of preservation. I also saw the tile works, an industry still carried on to a degree. I am in correspondence with my newly made friend, who will procure for me several pictures* of the place, especially of the two castles—for the first was raised to the ground. The Doctor will also go through a manuscript copy of a recently prepared history of *Tillieres*, and extract what seems most essential to my work.

From *Le Grand Dictionnaire Historique*, by Moreri, 1740, I first learned that an ancient patrician family of *Tillier* had been identified with the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, for a period of more than three centuries preceding the author's publication. It appears to have been a leading family, and to have produced representatives who attained to high dignities.

The remainder of these remarks will be restricted to Great Britain. All are curious concerning *Wat Tyler*, whose erratic rebellion stands out in the early history of his country as a unique great landmark. Though at this distance of time, we cannot find such details as would be most welcome, we need not doubt that the rebellion was sufficiently provoked, and played its considerable part in extending the always-growing liberties and powers of the English common classes. There seems to be some doubt as to the name and trade of Wat. I will give a few prominent English authorities. Thornbury (*Old and New London*, 1892) speaks of "Wat Tyler, a blacksmith, of Dartford." In the work at the British Museum entitled "The Idol of Clowns, or the Insurrection of Wat, the Tyler," published 1654, Wat is called a "Tyler by trade, not name. His name was Helier." From "The Just Reward of Rebels, or the Life and Death of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler," printed 1642, it is advanced that Wat Tyler was so called because of that trade, his surname not being otherwise remembered; that he resided at Dartford, and while tiling a house his wife came running to him and he hurried home with his lathing-staffe, with which the fatal blow was struck. Holinshed, in his *Chronicles*, in one place calls him *John Tyler*, of Dertford, and speaks of his running from work with his lathing-staffe. But in another place he calls him *Wat Tyler*, "a verie crafty fellow, and imbued with much wit, if he had well applied it." Froissart's *Chronicles* calls Wat Tyler the principal leader of the rebellion, and says: "He had been a tiler of houses, a bad man, and a great enemy to the nobility."

Malcolm, in his *Anecdotes of Manners and Customs of London*, gives a fuller and more impartial account. He states, "The abject state of the lower classes of people has been represented already, as debasing their minds and brutalizing their manners; but the effects of this villainage or slavery had not hitherto been felt beyond the limit of the cottage, except in the case of the Jews; which might have served as a lesson to the successive governors, not to exact from men more than men can bear. * * * It was reserved for Walter Tyler, of Dertford, to commence actual hostilities. * * * On the 12th of June, 1381, about 100,000 persons assembled upon Black Heath; and, after plundering the houses of the rich, set fire to them—they killed many, among the number being the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Treasurer. The alarmed King granted them freedom of their lands and pardon for their acts, so that many returned to their homes. The insurrection was brought to a speedy close by the stabbing of Tyler by Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London; for which deed the King ordered the bloody dagger to be added to the coat of arms of the City of

*These views have recently been received:—the present extensive tile plant, plan of fortress in 1107, elevation of chateau in 1546, ancient walls, north and south gates, general view of village, with the ancient church exterior and interior.

London, where it remains to this day, and Walworth (a place in South London) received its name from him at this time." In the British Museum Library are seven volumes devoted to Wat Tyler and his rebellion; one of which is a drama by the poet Southey.

Speaking of the British Museum, I will further add, that Tyler authors are very well represented in the collection—there being a showing of fifty-two authors by that name, who appear in 127 titles. The completeness of their American list is remarkable, for I do not think there is a library in America (excepting the Congressional) which contains so many of the clan treatises.

The most prominent English *ecclesiastical* Tyler was one Rev. John Tyler, sometime Dean of Hereford; who, in 1706, was consecrated the eighty-second Bishop of Llandaff, Wales. Speaking of him, the historian Willis (*A Survey of the Catholic Church of Llandaff, 1719*) writes: "This impoverished see, to which his lordship is disposed to be the greatest benefactor it has ever had since the Reform, by settling on the same a lease late falling into his hands; which act, as it will almost doubly augment the revenues of the bishopric, so it will render his name precious to all posterity, and be a means to enable his successors hereafter the better to promote the good estate and prosperity of the church and diocese."

A few miles from Llandaff, the greatest of our clan's naval heroes, Admiral Sir Charles Tyler, passed his last years. The magnificent estate, called Cottrell, is still in the family, which has ever been popular with their tenants. The mansion, of goodly proportions, is seen from the highway, from which it stands about three-quarters of a mile upon a commanding rise. The cosy thatched "lodge," embowered in foliage, stands sentinel at the entrance. Upon our hasty visit, we saw the gamekeeper going his rounds, and heard the bark of the hounds, of which a notable pack is kept for the hunting season. Cottrell is in the Parish of St. Nicholas, in whose church the admiral is buried, as is commemorated by a fine white marble tablet upon the wall, being in effigy of a sarcophagus, bearing this inscription: "To the memory of Sir Charles Tyler, of Cottrell, in this parish. Admiral of the White and Knight Grand Cross of the most honorable and military Order of the Bath, who died the 28th day of September, 1835, aged 75 years. * * * His life was devoted to the service of his country during a period of the greatest difficulty and danger, and he bore a distinguished part in the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar, in which he commanded the Tonnant, 80 guns. He was honored by the friendship of the hero under whose auspices he then fought. His whole professional career was marked by many acts of valor and honorable service, which won for him those high distinctions which were conferred on him by his sovereign, with the general approbation of his countrymen."

In the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, I found two letters from Admiral (then Captain) Tyler to Lord Nelson; one dated at Tunis Bay, 31st of July, 1798, announcing the loss, on the 18th inst., on a rocky reef of Cape Farino, of the boat "L'Aigle," of which Tyler was in command; the second letter, written in 1805, expresses his cordial thanks for the naval commission given his son by Lord Nelson.

I suppose all will wish to hear something of my researches in Great Britain. You will please not think I have been through *all* the public records of that country, with a very old history; it would have taken much longer than the few months at command. Besides, many records are unindexed or illegible, or were put away so securely that nobody knows where to look for them at this time. They are greatly improving the "getatableness" of their records, however; for which I believe, we Americans, because of our great curiosity to know of our forebears, are largely responsible. Everywhere I received courteous treatment, and oftentimes they seemed really eager for me to find what I sought. Professional researchers told me "tipping" the attendants was not to be encouraged, but I found better service after doing so. And it was not to be wondered at, for it now and then seemed rather *laborious* for *clerical* labor, when, for instance, you requested a clerk to lug out and back a volume of parchment wills, which might be over a foot thick, quarto, and weighing approximately "5 stone," i. e., 70 pounds avoirdupois.

My first researches were made in London, and mainly at Somerset House,

Public Record Office, and British Museum Library, while I had the records of Herald's College researched for me. This last is a *fee* office, wherein none but officials may labor. They, however, unearthed for me little more than a verification of certain facts previously published in the numerous standard works on heraldry.

The Library of the British Museum, you know, is the largest in the world, and the circular work room for students is perfectly equipped. A great amount of research is constantly being done here, and the freedom with which they allow one access to priceless books and manuscripts is very admirable. They have an excellent "Authors' Index," in many volumes; but they lack a complete "*Subject Index*," such as we are accustomed to in our "card catalogues." A few fragmentary attempts at publishing something in this line only add to the prick of the thorn. Thus, while I learned much in a *general* way of the Tylers, I am convinced that a great deal (possibly of the highest import to my work) lies locked up, simply because there is no index finger to point out the volumes.

At the Public Record Office, one, for the most part, may expect to learn in what neighborhoods a surname was found at certain periods. This knowledge (while exceedingly suggestive and valuable in the case of an *unusual* surname) was of practically no help in locating an individual bearing a common trade surname like Tyler, whose *early* and *wide distribution* warrants the writer in believing that *several* (possibly many) *persons* adopted the surname of Tyler, at the period when this practice of assuming surnames came into vogue. So that it early forced itself upon me, that the most likely way for one to trace particular persons, within a reasonable time, was to search the *wills*, through those years within which time must have died the fathers of those Tylers who early came to America. Therefore the greater part of my time was spent amid *probate* records.

First, in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, the most important court of its kind in all Great Britain, and the only one exercising probate jurisdiction during the troublous times of the Commonwealth. (As you go out to the District probates you find frequent breaks in their records, ranging from 15 to 25 years, between 1635 and 1660.) This court has published calendars from its beginning (1383) to 1583; during which period of two hundred years, though too remote to be more than suggestive, I find twenty Tyler estates, domiciled in as many as twelve different counties. This is explained when you hear that it is a court of general jurisdiction, covering all South England—especially recording leading personages such as had possessions in more than one county. (You will understand, each county also has in addition its *local* probate.) During the period carefully researched in this court, extending from 1598 to 1674, I found 79 Tyler *wills*. There were also many Tyler *administrations*; but after examining the records in a few of the latter class of cases, and seeing the record was much *too brief* to seek therein with prospect of success, I confined my future labors to the *wills*, each one of which was read (sometimes not without difficulty) and abstracts taken. I regretfully admit, none of them gave me any direct clue, though, in time, they may lead to some of the information wished.

Later, I visited the Exchequer and Prerogative Court of York, which exercises a similar jurisdiction in North England, that the said Court of Canterbury does in the South. There I was wholly disappointed, in that I found but two Tiler estates between the years 1389 and 1514, and *not a single Tyler will* during the period covering the later years of my search.

Having learned by this time that the leading Tylers of British history had mostly come from East Wales, and knowing of the American tradition, that several of the American Tyler emigrants were from West England, I went thoroughly to work in that direction, and personally visited and examined probate records at Exeter, Taunton, Wells, Bristol, Gloucester, Llandaff, Shrewsbury, St. Asaph and Litchfield. Exeter contains Devon County wills, which, at an earlier period, were probated in no less than eight local courts of limited jurisdiction. While the names Tilly, Tully, Taylor, and others of near sounds were found, *not a single Tiler or Tyler* estate was described during the period in question. This, while disappointing, was not wholly unexpected; for it had been gleaned from Westcotes' work ("A View of Devonshire in 1630, with Pedigrees of Most of Its Gentry") that the

Tylers did not seem to figure at all in the affairs of that county. The effect of these records is rather perplexing; in the light of the record of the Heralds' College, London; to the purport, that Thomas Tyler, founder of the Boston line, sailed from "Budleigh, Devon." We add, that careful search of Budleigh Parish records from 1558 to 1670 fails to reveal a single Tyler entry; the surname is not known by the vicar to exist thereabouts, nor does he recollect of ever meeting the name in any local early records. As this Thomas Tyler was a "sea captain," I humbly opine, he simply made "Budleigh" his *port of departure* for America. As there are plenty of Tylers in the counties to the north of Devon, we might *fancy*, he came thence. We admit, the *exact* place of his origin is, thus far, *mere conjecture*.

At Taunton (Somerset*) there were no Tyler wills during the period sought, but at Wells (in the same county) I found several; one of which, I believe, was that of the father of the New Jersey Tyler emigrant. The person alluded to is called in his will at Taunton, "William Tyler, Sr." He lived at Greinton, where he made his will (of which I have a copy) the 10th of March, 1635. He directs his interment to be made at Grienton, to whose parish church (as well as that of neighboring Ashcott*) he leaves legacies;

*Ashcott's registers do not go back far enough to aid us. his wife, Mary, is executrix. He mentions his children, "John, Phillip, Joane and William," also a brother, "Phillip Tyler, of Walton;" the son William to have "three score pounds," to be paid upon his reaching the age of "ffefteane years." This son *William*, I believe, to have been the *very man who settled at Salem, New Jersey*, shortly before Penn's arrival.

From the foregoing, the son William must have been born after 1620; now at the time of the marriage of the *real* New Jersey Tyler (in "1677"), the *supposed identical* William of Somerset would have been in the neighborhood of fifty years. While *so late* marriages are rather exceptional, they occur, as we all know, not infrequently. Possibly, he had had an earlier childless marriage. I happen to recollect, moreover, that the *New Jersey Tyler line* has been *given* to celibacy and *late marriages*, which has operated to keep the number of the descendants in this line within remarkably small limits.

Notice, please, how exactly the *names* of the children of the two William Tylers *agree*—I mean the William Tyler, Sr., of *Grienton*, and the immigrant, William Tyler of *New Jersey*. The former has John, Phillip, Joane and William (given in the above order in the will); his wife's name was Mary; while William of New Jersey's children were *Mary, William, John, Joane, Catherine, Phillip, Elizabeth* and *Rebecca*, which is supposed to be the order of their births (*known* to be such of the *elder* children).

Now, assuming that William of New Jersey was the son of William, Sr., of Grienton, we notice, that he had named his eldest born (who was a daughter) *after his mother Mary*; his *eldest son, William, after himself and his father*; the *second son, John after his eldest brother*; his *second daughter, Joane, after both his sister and his wife* (formerly "Joane" Parsons*), and the *youngest son, Phillip, after his second eldest brother*. (We

*Of Middlezoy (i. e., Middle-sea), whose registers go not back of 1720—too late to record her parentage.

have no suggestive evidence to show where the names Catherine, Elizabeth and Rebecca did come from, but) as the will of William of Grienton goes, we find *each and every* of his children, as well as his wife, *duplicated by name and that too in such order of their birth* as would most naturally have been given by William of New Jersey to his family, *if* he was the actual son of William of Greinton.

William of New Jersey brought a certificate dated "Walton." My theory is, that this was because "Walton" was a place where *Quaker meetings were held*, where *William Tyler attended*. You will recollect, this was shortly after the birth of the Quaker sect, when meetings had to be held secretly, not without danger and frequent penalties. Listen to a harrowing extract or two touching this very Tyler circle, taken from Besse's "Sufferings of Quakers." In 1673, the widow of Phillip Tyler, of Walton, was *finned for being present at the burial of her husband*, and suffered distress of two cows, worth £9;

*Tyler is an old Somerset County name. Thomas Tyler was elected Abbot of Kynsham Abbey (Somerset) in 1463.

also about thirty-two other persons fined for attending the same funeral, and had goods taken to the value of more than £82. *The Justice*, Francis Pawlett, when no other would buy the cattle, *sent men to buy them for himself*. I believe this "widow of Phillip Tyler" of Walton was the aunt of the emigrant William of New Jersey.

Before this, in 1660, William Tyler of "Street," and Abraham Grundy, on January 17th, were carried to Ilchester jail for tithes. I believe this William to be the *very New Jersey emigrant*, and this Abraham Grundy is *surely the very man* who acted as agent in England for William Tyler of New Jersey, after his departure, of which service we have undoubted record.* Faithful Grundy! I wonder did *he* ever reach his promised land in this life!

The villages of Street, Walton and Grienton (which I visited) lie near together upon a direct road. The *ancient* name of the parish was "Street *cum* Walton." The parish records of neither place throw any light upon the matter. Grienton is contiguous to Walton, and its records, too, at this period are lacking. Alas!† In the old churchyard, however, I had the rare luck to find standing (being one of a very few and the oldest legible) the gravestone of William Tyler, Sr., the ancient testator. It was a little slate stone, in the northwest corner of the small churchyard, much eroded, covered with moss, and bearing its inscription: "Here lieth The Body of William Tyler, Deceased March the 9th, 1635." (You will notice the conflict in dates, in that his *will* is dated the day after his death, as given on the *head stone*.)

The remainder of the nine District Probate Registers above enumerated (excepting St. Asaph) all revealed Tyler estates. But none gave any direct clue to aid me in determining the origin of other American Tyler emigrants; nor have subsequent followings out of some hints there obtained thus far added (in this longed for way) to my former stock of knowledge. This was quite *disappointing, speaking of Shropshire*, in particular, for *by tradition*, the ancestor of President Tyler of Virginia, as well as of Job Tyler, of Andover, Mass., *emigrated from that county*. In such connection, I went carefully through the probates at Shrewsbury, St. Asaph and Litchfield, where information concerning "Shropshire" testators might be gleaned; but thus far it has availed nothing. *St. Asaph*, as I have said, had *no* Tyler showing. The four courts at *Shrewsbury* revealed only *two* Tyler estates during the period in question, and the will in one of these cases was lost. At *Litchfield*, there was occasion to examine about a *score* of wills, but they disclosed no (even tentative) origins. While in Shrewsbury, a visit was made to the *Antiquarian Library*, wherein was found a manuscript volume of early vital statistics of Shropshire, which were valuable in establishing places of Tyler residences. But having written for parish records at all these places,‡ we have regretfully to acknowledge no certain light as yet.

I will add here the negative information learned in London concerning William Tyler, founder of the younger Boston line. The record of his marriage is found in St. Luke's Chapel, Old Street, London, under date "22nd of February, 1784;" but it appears to have *accidentally* been celebrated there, for Tyler and Morton (his wife's name) do not appear (either then or since) to have been families residing in this parish.

In all my wanderings and searches, *I never ran across a Job Tyler*; until at last, I became certain, that *should* I ever find one by that name, it *must* be he who was in *New England* by 1638. I am still looking patiently for Job!

The adage runs *labor omnia vincit*—labor accomplishes everything! We are still hopefully working, and must abide by what the future has in store

*From a letter, dated October, 1688, it appears Abraham Grundy was left in charge of Tyler's estate in England. October 5, 1702, Wm. Tyler, Jr., of New Jersey, writes Grundy's executors for £20—being probably the remainder due from his stewardship.

†Grienton registers begin at about the year 1700. The village is mentioned in Domesday Book as having 16 houses; it now has but 14. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are the present landlords. The place is composed mainly of three farms ("Manor," "West Town" and "Coat's"), and about 3,000 acres in extent. At "Edge House," in Grienton, Monmouth endeavored to hide after the defeat of Sedgemoor, 1636. The trim houses are built of limestone, covered by slate or tiles. The surface gently undulating, of rich soil.

‡Wem, Prees Vicarage, Cound Rectory, St. Alkmund's Vicarage and Myddle Rectory and St. Julian's (Shrewsbury), Petton Parish (registers begin 1686), Loppington Vicarage (begin 1656), Leighton Vicarage (begin 1662), and Ellesmere Vicarage (begin 1670).

for our requital—be it either revelation or the continuance of obscurity. *Finally, let me not in vain again exhort you—if records of your family, or your line, have not been already sent in—that you use your best efforts toward such accomplishment in the near future.* With thanks for your patient listening, and the hope that we may all meet at some future reunion, I remain,
Sincerely, YOUR HISTORIAN.

Then followed a masterly vocal rendition of the solo, "I Pagliacci," Leoncavello, by our talented kinsman, W. Preston Tyler of Philadelphia, who kindly responded with an encore enthusiastically called for.

Miss Annie Virginia Culbertson closed the literary program by an exceedingly enjoyable recitation from memory of her own poem, "A Greetin' frum Ole Ferginny," written for the occasion. (The great cleverness of the effort is gathered from the lines; but the reader misses the indescribable dialect and charm of delivery.)

Howdy, ladiz, howdy-do!
Howdy, ull you gemmen, too.
Hopes I sees you middlin' well,
Ef you is n' bes' not tell.
Some folks ull de time complainin',
Dunno whut dey think dey'z gainin'.

Got de rheumatiz myse'f,
An' a shawtness uv de bref,
'Sides flirtation uv de heart,
Mis'ries in mos' ev'y part,
Yit I nuver tells no pusson,
You cyarn cyore yo'se'f by fussin'!

Is you all de Tyler kin?
Howdy, to you-all agin.
Laws-a-mussy! whut a lot
Got toge'rr in dis spot!
Gwinter tell my ole man Hinry,
No end to de Tyler kinry.

Reckon you-all lak to know
Why I'se heah, now ain' dat so?
Ole Marse Tyler got de gout,
So he sca'ce kin git about—
Gout sho' sign uv qual'ty white-folks,
Tylers has hit, dey'z de right folks.

Ain' tole whut I comed heah for,
'Longed to Tylers fo' de war;
Knowed 'em all f'um fus' to las',
Knowed dey all 'uz jes' fus' class—
Pres'dents, gubnors, big-bugs gin'ly,
Way ahaid dish yer McKinley.

I'se lak one de fambly, sho',
N' when Mars' Tyler he cyarn' go,
'N all his chillun daid an' gone,
Szee, "Aunt Suke, gwine send you on
'Tend de Philanadelphy meetin'
An' gin de Tyler folks my greetin'."

"Bofe de ladiz an' de men,
Gin 'em all my lub; an' den
Say, I'se sawy I cyarn' be
Wid 'em 'neaf de fambly tree,
Hep a li'l wid de boostin'
Up de branches whar dey'z roostin'.

"Dat ole tree is green an' strong,
Been a-standin' mighty long;
Tell 'em all, I hope hit stan'
Many a year in dis gret lan',
Wid many a shoot an' branch po'lific
F'um de 'Lantic to de 'Cific.

"Souf an' Norf an' Wes' an' Eas'
You is ga'rrd to de feas',
Linked in one long fambly chain,
Tyler blood in ev'y vein,
Got a right to feel some pride, too,
Could'n' hab better ef you tried to.

"But yo' blood doan count a whit
'Lessen you ac's up to hit,
Trash dat apes de quality,
We kin laugh at dem, you see,
But wusser fur dan folks dats brashy
Is *quality* a-actin' *trashy*."

An' ole Mars, he say, sezee,
"In dis town whar' libutty
Saw de light, let us forget
Dat ow' faces wunst wuz set
Hard an' fas' agins' each udder's,
Norf an' Souf mus' hail as brudders."

"Y'all mus' meet wid us nex' time,
Gin you middlin', gin you chime,
Gin you cawn-pone, Sally Lumm,
Smiffie'd ham, too, ef you come,
'Sides de dodger, waffle muffin',
Chicken'-fixins,—keep you stuffin'."

"Down in ole Ferginny, we'se
Po' an' proud; but when we please,
We kin gin a welcome sech
Ez 'urrs cyarn' begin to tetch,—
Ooman, man an' pickaninny,
Gwine 'spec' you all in old Ferginny."

Reckon dat bout all he say,
Mus'n run on heah all day.
I'd a liked a w'ud *myse'f*
Wid y' all befo' I lef',
P'raps de cyaptin' uv de meetin'
Il' lemme gin a partin' greetin'.

Young gals uv de Tyler kin,
When you tends dish yer agin,
Hopes you wear some udder name;
Young men, cyarn wish you de same,
But you bes' do what I bid you,
'Suade some one to wear hit wid you.

Ole folks, hopes you all come back,
Hope ole Def keep off yo' track,
Leas' ways meet him wid a grin,
'N jis' be Tylers long's you kin.
Come one, come all, jes' bus' yo' bilers,
But whut you meets up wid de Tylers!

At the business session it was decided to hold the next Reunion at North Andover (Center), Massachusetts, upon Wednesday, September 4th, 1901.

The following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year ::

President, Prof. Charles M. Tyler, Ithaca, N. Y.
First Vice-President, Gov. J. Hoge Tyler, Virginia.
Second Vice-President, Col. Mason W. Tyler, N. Y. City.
Third Vice-President, Hon. D. Gardiner Tyler, Sturgeon Point, Va.
Fourth Vice-President, Hon. Harry B. Tyler, Philadelphia, Pa.
Fifth Vice-President, Hon. James M. Tyler, Brattleboro, Vt.
First Patron, Mr. John J. Tyler, Philadelphia, Pa.
Second Patron, Hon. Henry A. Tyler, Hickman, Ky.
Third Patron, David Thompson, Esq., Albany, N. Y.
Fourth Patron, Thomas Waggaman, Esq., Washington, D. C.
Fifth Patron, William L. Tyler, Esq., Boston, Mass.
First Patroness, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Albany, N. Y.
Second Patroness, Mrs. R. M. Cunningham, Louisville, Ky.
Third Patroness, Mrs. Lucy Bardwell, Springfield, Mass.
Fourth Patroness, Mrs. Letitia Semple, Washington, D. C.
Fifth Patroness, Mrs. Dr. G. P. Conn, Concord, N. H.
Treasurer, William N. Tyler, Malden, Mass.
Secretary and Historian, W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq., Chicago, Ill.
Assistant Secretary, Rollin U. Tyler, Esq., Tylerville, Conn.

The following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The American Tyler Family Association in Fifth Reunion assembled in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., this twelfth day of September, in the Year of Our Lord 1900, now first learns with sincere sorrow of the decease during the past year of the following kinsfolk, namely:—Mrs. Gen. Bradley Tyler Johnson, Amelia Court House, Va.; Mrs. Lucy Schley Mercein, Mrs. Sally Switcher, Stoneham, Mass.; Cheever Tyler, West Newbury, Vt.; Major N. Tyler, Waterton, Mich.; Orcut B. Tyler, Hinsdale, N. H.; Pitts C. Tyler, Athol, Mass.; Mrs. Orno J. Tyler, Chicago, Ill.; Major H. Tyler, Greenfield, Mass.; Mrs. McClintock, Oil City, Pa.; Frank Tyler, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Alma E. Eaton, Harvard, Mass.; Albert H. Tyler, William A. Tyler, Tylerville, Conn.; Maj. R. D. S. Tyler, Oswego, N. Y.; Benjamin F. Tyler, Binghamton, N. Y.; Rev. George L. Walker, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Randall, Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. Francina T. Read, Abel C. Tyler, Esq., Wyoming, Ohio; Mrs. Hannah S. Sinclair, Sidney, Me.; Mr. Charles A. Tyler and wife, Mary A. C. Tyler, Mrs. Ellen Tyler Lovering, Claremont, N. H.; Allen C. Tyler, St. Inigoes, Md.; Abel D. Tyler, Sr., Brockton, Mass.; Lieut. Hanson R. Tyler, Vallejo, Cal.; Alexander Tyler, Brookline, Mass., and Mrs. Sally Tyler Washburn, Susquehanna, Pa.; Mrs. Thomas G. Williams, San Antonio, Texas; Mrs. Mary A. Tyler, Bernardston, Mass.; Samuel Tyler, Hartford, N. Y.; George W. Tyler, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mrs. Mary K. Tyler, Greenfield, Mass., and Mrs. Rev. Thomas P. Tyler, Brattleboro, Vt.

Now therefore, resolved, That this association will ever strive to bear in mind the virtues of their dear dead brethren, as an incentive to nobler thought and action.

Resolved, That this association hereby extends to the families and near relatives of said deceased its cordial sympathy in this season of mourning.

Resolved, That the secretary of this association be instructed to engross these resolutions upon the archives of this society and notify the bereaved kindred of the formal action taken herein.

MRS. REV. THOMAS P. TYLER, D. D., of Brattleboro, Vt., passed away during the past year, from her home upon Tyler street, at the age of 79. The cause of her death was a fall. Her maiden name was Diana Osborne, a daughter of Benjamin, of Attica, N. Y. Her first marriage was to Hon. Joshua L. Brown, of Batavia, N. Y., by whom she had three children: the eldest is the famous Allan D. Brown, a retired naval officer, now president of Norwich University, Vermont, while his sister married Commander George W. Tyler of the U. S. N. Mrs. Brown married for her second husband the distinguished Dr. Tyler (of the Boston line), who died in 1892. He was a son of Hon. Royall Tyler, a name indelibly associated with Brattleboro and the early judiciary of Vermont.

LIEUTENANT HANSON RISLEY TYLER, a son of the foregoing Rev. Thomas P. Tyler, died at Vallejo, Cal., upon May 11, 1900, from a complication of disabilities, which caused his retirement from the U. S. N. in 1896. He left an only child, John Steele Tyler, the sole living descendant of his grandparent. Lieut. Tyler was born at Brattleboro, May 17, 1851, and was a graduate of the

Naval Academy; his period of active service covered thirty years, during which he was in all parts of the globe and was considered a model officer. During the Spanish war he was recalled and acted for a time as Recorder of the Board of Labor Employment, and later upon the "Independence." The remains of this genial, whole-souled kinsman were laid to rest in the cemetery of his western home. Though the father was a distinguished divine, the sons took to arms, for Lieut. Tyler had two brothers, one of whom, Col. John S. Tyler, of the Second Vermont Volunteers, died, unmarried, in 1864, from wounds received in the Battle of the Wilderness, while the other, when a mere youth of 18, was lost on the ill-fated "General Grant," of which he was third mate, his name being Rufus.

REV. GEORGE LEON WALKER passed away from his Hartford, Conn., home, March 14, 1900. The immediate cause of his death was pneumonia, though he had for several years been a sufferer from paralysis. Of delicate constitution, by careful conservation, he was permitted to live out the three score and ten, and to attain in Congregationalism an eminence reached by but few contemporaries. Dr. Walker was a son of Rev. Charles Walker, of Rutland, Vt. Having been obliged by ill health to change from his attempted study of the law, he finished his ministerial preparation in the Andover Theological Seminary, after which he entered upon a career of exceptional success, his pastorates being such leading charges as Portland, Me.; New Haven, Conn. (where in 1870 he was made a D. D. by Yale); Brattleboro, Vt., and Hartford, Conn. In 1891 he published a life of Thomas Hooker; in 1897, a volume of lectures, "Aspects of the Religious Life of New England" (which he had previously delivered in public), preceding which he had, in 1884, sent to press a most excellent "History of the First Church" of Hartford. He was one of the commission of twenty-five which prepared the Congregational creed of 1883. From 1887 to 1899 he was one of the corporation of Yale University; in 1888 he became a continuous member of the "Board of Visitors" of Andover Theological Seminary. His first wife was Maria Williston, of Brattleboro, Vt.; after whose death he married Amelia Read, of Thompson, Conn., who died in 1898. Dr. Walker is survived by an only son, Prof. Williston Walker, of Hartford.

RODOLPHUS D. S. TYLER (of the Connecticut line) died at Oswego, N. Y., February 6, 1900. Born in 1834, upon the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted as lieutenant in the Eighty-first New York Volunteers, from which he rose, through the rank of captain, to that of major. He exhibited great bravery in many a hard fight, receiving a severe wound at Cold Harbor. Returning home at the close of the war, for a time he was poormaster of Oswego, but became chief of police in 1870. Removing thereafter to Detroit, he kept a book store for some years, but during Cleveland's administration was appointed Superintendent of Equipments in the Postoffice Department at Washington, a position which he held about twelve years, during which he unearthed a great swindling plot which saved the government many thousand dollars. He left three children: James G. Tyler, the celebrated marine artist of New York City; Charles R., of the New York "World," and Mrs. J. H. Baines, of Niagara.

MRS. CAROLINE B. RANDALL (a sister of the above Maj. Tyler) passed away at Oswego, N. Y., December 11, 1899. It was her native town, where she was born in 1824, her first marriage being to Mr. Slorson M. Platt, by whom she had three daughters (her only children): Mrs. L. H. Lawton, Toledo, O.; Mrs. George H. Salisbury, St. Paul, Minn., and Mrs. Wm. V. Burr, of Oswego, N. Y. Five years after the death of her first husband, and in 1870, she married Mr. Silas Randall, who died childless a few years later. Mrs. Randall was a very efficient worker in the broad field of public charities, having been directress of the local Home for the Homeless, as well as a member of the State Charities' Aid Association.

MR. WILLIAM A. TYLER, of Tylerville, Conn., died March 2, 1900; almost a nonagenarian, having been born December 14, 1819, another exemplar of our family longevity. For years he was a master mariner, sailing his boats on the Connecticut River and Long Island Sound, for he came to his likes by heredity, his father and six uncles having been sea captains before him. Mr. Tyler, who was a man of integrity, well thought of in his community, lived most of his long life in a locality so alive with Tylers that many years ago they gave name to their center. As he never married, and as his only brother died childless, this ends the male line in his descent.

MRS. CHARLES W. MCCLINTOCK (nee Mary Elizabeth Tyler, of Seneca Falls, N. Y.), passed away at her home in Oil City, Pa., October 10, 1899, leaving a bereaved husband, son and daughter. Obituaries speak of her as "prominent in everything that pertained to the well-being of society, an intelligent helper in church affairs; it was pre-eminently in the home that the sweetness, purity and unselfishness of her character were most apparent."

GEORGE CHEEVER TYLER (of the Boston line) was killed by being thrown from his wagon in West Newbury, Vt., December 30, 1899. Many years previous he had had a similar accident which lost him one arm. Slight in physique, he had all the essential elements of a virile man; hopeful and aidful to friends, a performer of every duty to the best of his abilities. He was a native of Deer Isle, Me., where it was the good fortune of the writer to meet him a few years since, when Mr. Tyler was making (as it proved) a farewell visit to the scenes of his boyhood, as the writer was making a first visit, for genealogic and antiquarian purposes. It was a pleasure to be with him. His sons, daughters and only sister will have the sympathy of our clan.

MRS. GEN. BRADLEY TYLER JOHNSON (as the simple fact without details, has come to us) passed away at Amelia Court House, Va., December 31, 1899. Gen. Johnson comes of the Maryland Tyler line, and is a distinguished lawyer as he was a brave officer during "our late unpleasantness."

MRS. ELLEN TYLER LOVERING, daughter of Austin Tyler, born at Claremont, N. H., in 1827, passed away at her old home, in the village of her nativity, March 11, 1900. Her great-grandfather, Benjamin Tyler, was one of the first settlers of Claremont, from which time to this date the family has perhaps been most conspicuous and aidful of all in developing the resources of that region. As the male members have now sought other fields, this becomes a matter of pure history. Mrs. Lovering was a woman of retiring habit, a true Christian and generous, though quiet, in her charities. In 1854 she married Mr. J. Leonard Lovering, of Hartford, Vt., who became the parent of two children: Mrs. Charles W. Barrett, of Claremont, and Maj. Leonard Lovering, U. S. A., now in the Philippines.

MAJ. H. TYLER (whom many will recall as present at our first Tyler Reunion) passed hence from his home in Greenfield, Mass., February 1, 1900, after a vain attempt to save life by the amputation of a limb. Mr. Tyler was born at Guilford, Vt., in 1822, and passed a long life of varied usefulness. As a young man he taught school in the vicinity of his birthplace, but in 1845 moved to Greenfield, where he became the first actual news dealer, just as a few years later he was the first telegraph operator in Franklin County, Mass. He was also local express agent for a lengthy period, which position he resigned to open a restaurant. He was active both in politics and religion, holding, among others, the offices of Clerk and Assessor. His presence was very much sought in the sick room and as conductor of funerals. In 1855 he published a book of poems called "The Harp and Plow," composed by Josiah Canning, the "Peasant Bard" of Gill. In 1847 he married Sophia R. Cushman, daughter of Seorem, of Bernardston, and their golden wedding was generously remembered by friends. He left three children: Clarence, a railway messenger from Brattleboro; Mrs. John H. Amidon, of Greenfield, and Albert H., of Philadelphia.

PITTS C. TYLER (a descendant of Job), one of the California gold miners of '49, but of late years a merchant of Athol, Mass., died at Hinsdale, N. H., his native town, December 24, 1899, aged 72. He left two sons: Albert, a coal merchant of Athol, and Edwin, a woolen manufacturer of North Dana, Mass.

ORCUTT B. TYLER, a brother of the foregoing Pitts Tyler, passed away a week later, January 1, 1900, at North Hinsdale, N. H., aged 65. He left an only son, Charles, a youth of 13. These two brothers were good citizens, and passing away so near each other, they evoke in unusual degree the sympathies of a large circle of friends.

As if the foregoing afflictions were not grievous enough, yet a third brother, GEORGE W. TYLER, went to his reward from Fitchburg, Mass., July 1, 1900, aged 55. Funeral ceremonies were under the auspices of the G. A. R., for Mr. Tyler was out in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers during the 60's. For many years he was engaged at the famous Estey organ factory; thereafter he moved to Fitchburg and engaged in railroading, and later had been superintendent of the local burying grounds. He died childless, but left a widow, also a brother, Charles H. Tyler of Athol, and a sister, Mrs. Charles F. Denison of Springfield, Mass.

MRS. ALICE KELLOGG TYLER, whose father was the well-known Dr. Kellogg of Chicago, left the world before her prime of life, February 14, 1900. At an early age she became a pupil in the Chicago Art Institute, going to Paris in 1887, where she finished a two years' course under such masters as Julian and Colorissi. On her return she was made a professor at the Art Institute and was fast making her way to the fore of local artists. Five years ago she married Mr. Orno J. Tyler, secretary of the Story & Clark Piano Company. Interment was made at Longwood, Ill.

In Greenfield, Mass., June 10, 1900, MRS. MARY K. (JOHNSON) TYLER ended a life which began in 1810. One of her brothers, Rev. Samuel Johnson, was an early missionary to Japan. She was the widow of Dwight Ripley Tyler, of Griswold, Conn., a veteran of the War of 1812, a prominent citizen and man of means. An only daughter, Mrs. Thurston Barber, of Norwich, Conn., survives, with whom the line seems threatened to become extinct.

MRS. THOMAS G. WILLIAMS (nee Mary C. Curtiss) passed hence September 9, 1900, from her San Antonio, Tex., home. She was a niece of the late United States President Tyler and a daughter of Dr. Henry Curtiss. Her husband was the famous Gen. Williams, a graduate of West Point in '49. Her life was exemplary and her loss sincerely mourned.

In the "August 22d" report of Gen. Chaffee, among the casualties in action at Peking, China, appears the name of ORA F. TYLER of the Fourteenth Infantry. We hope the wound was not mortal.

BENJAMIN F. TYLER (Branford line) died at East Union, N. Y., March 13, 1900, aged 71. This line has been somewhat prominent and numerous in and near Binghamton, N. Y., where Benjamin's father was an early settler and hotel keeper. He left but one child, Mrs. Dr. George R. Vincent, of Tomah, Wis.

[We here set out a few deaths of kinsfolk concerning whom we have little or no detail of facts]:

MRS. MARY A. TYLER, died at Bernardston, Mass., August 11, 1900, aged 79.

MRS. LUCY (SCHLEY) MERCEIN (of the Maryland Tyler line) has departed, as we hear, within the past year.

MAJ. N. TYLER, Waterton, Mich., died February 2, 1900.

FRANK E. TYLER (Job's line) met a violent death in Colorado in 1899.

ALBERT H. TYLER (Branford line) died at Plainfield, Ill., February 8, 1900. He was out for the war (Civil) in the One Hundredth Illinois Infantry.

CHARLES ALVIN TYLER and his wife, MARY ANN (CONE, daughter of Capt. George) TYLER, passed away, the former December 25, 1899, and the latter March 21, 1900, at Seaville, N. J. They were both of Haddam, Conn., Tyler stock, though for many years he was engaged in steamboat business at Bristol, Pa., with his brother-in-law, Capt. Jonathan Cone. They left several children: Capt. George F. Tyler of Bordentown, N. J.; Mrs. Gideon Gandy, Seaville, N. J.; Mrs. C. Stuart Bradfield, Princeton, N. J., and the youngest, William E. Tyler.

MRS. ALMA E. TYLER EATON passed away at Harvard, Mass., November 21, 1899, aged 84. She left two children, Mr. James E. Eaton, a merchant of Toledo, O., and Mrs. Dr. Royall, who resides at the old Harvard homestead.

ABEL C. TYLER (Job's line), a lawyer of standing of Cincinnati, O., died December 20, 1899, leaving two sons and daughters. The eldest daughter, Miss S. Elsie, composed the words for the hymn we sang at our Washington Tyler Reunion; the eldest son, Albert C., is a graduate of Princeton, and was a competitor at the revival of the Grecian games at Athens in 1896, when he won second prize for pole vaulting.

MRS. FRANCINA (TYLER-SAMPSON) REED died at Lynn, Mass., September 16, 1899, aged 68. By a former marriage to James W. Sampson she had a son and two daughters, who survive and reside at Lynn.

MRS. HANNAH S. (TYLER) SINCLAIR passed away at Sydney, Me., February 18, 1900, aged 84, leaving two sons.

ABEL D. TYLER, SR., of Brockton, Mass., passed away some months ago, aged 82. He was of the Camden, Me., Tyler line, and leaves a large number of descendants to mourn his loss. His life was very active and useful, while he possessed those characteristics which endeared him to the world at large.

ALLEN C. TYLER died at St. Inigoes, Md., January 1, 1900.

SAMUEL TYLER of Hartford, N. Y., is reported to have died within the year.

In Readsboro, Vt., August 7, 1900, a child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tyler, aged 7 months.

MRS. SALLY TYLER SWITCHER died at Stoneham, Mass., October 20, 1899, aged 90 years. Her life was a very useful one. She possessed her faculties to the last, and ceased breathing, as a clock, when run down, stops ticking, without a struggle. She left a large circle of relatives to mourn their loss.

ALEXANDER TYLER of Brookline, Mass., died March 25, 1900, aged 67.

MRS. CORNELIA T. LONGSTREET, widow of Cornelius Tyler Longstreet, died at Syracuse, N. Y., October 12, 1900, aged 88. She was a daughter of Lewis H. Redfield, and was born at Onondaga Valley, N. Y., January 29, 1822. Her husband, to whom she was married September 9, 1847, was the founder of the wholesale gentlemen's clothing business in New York City, where he amassed a goodly fortune for the day, and retired to Syracuse, where he employed a metropolitan architect to build him a castellated residence, the finest in that section of the Empire State. Since his death, in 1881, Mrs. Longstreet has been a great traveler, having visited all parts of the world, and brought back curios enough to make a veritable museum of her refined home. She was very generous, as well as quiet, in her charities; a thorough gentlewoman. She leaves an only daughter, Mrs. Cornelia Tyler Poor, of Skaneateles, N. Y., who has three children: Mrs. Marion Maus (whose husband is a lieutenant-colonel on Gen. Miles' staff); Ensign Charles L. Poor, U. S. N., and Miss Anita Poor.

TYLER L. JOHNSON, a most respected and prominent citizen of Vernon, Vt., died last November (1900). He had always been a resident of that town, having been born at "Tyler Hill" farm, July 8, 1832, the third son of Hiram and Esther (Tyler) Johnson. He was a man of broad ideas, interested in church and state affairs, a generous friend and neighbor, of large property interests. His wife preceded him into the spirit land four years ago; and he left but an only daughter, Miss Zelia Johnson, to care for the fine old colonial mansion they had only just completed. She has the sympathy of an unusually large circle of friends.

WILLIS M. TYLER, ESQ., a lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was prominent in local Republican politics, passed away November 26, 1900, leaving a widow and two little daughters. Though but 43 years of age, he had been Deputy Register of Arrears and, later, was Assistant District Attorney. He was a fine singer, and member of leading musical societies, jovial and generous.

MR. DAVID PARSONS, born at New Haven, N. Y., June 19, 1820, passed hence from Delray, Michigan, November 22, 1900, leaving a widow and several children, Belle, Lorie, William, L. A. and L. G. Parsons, to mourn their loss. He was a man of sterling abilities, of wide and thorough usefulness. He began teaching school in Michigan in his fifteenth year, from which, step by step, he rose to higher things; was the founder of the Ohio State Teachers' Institute, the Southwest State Normal School, of Ohio, and Tafton Collegiate Seminary, in Wisconsin. In 1864, he graded and built up the Dubuque (Iowa) schools; in 1866, did the like for Freeport, Ill.; in 1870, he moved to Detroit, Mich., where he mainly attended to real estate matters.

CASSIUS TYLER, born at Essex, Vt., August 2, 1815, died at Alexandria, Ohio, October 30, 1900, aged 85. He was a son of Col. George Tyler, of the War of 1812, prominent citizen of Vermont and early Ohio. When a young man, the son went to Ohio with his parents, where he lived upon the farm home, to which he finally succeeded, and where, for 60 years, he carried on a successful stock-raising business. He was a sufferer from paralysis, for about 20 years unable to walk. In 1845 he married Miss Malinda Case, to whom five sons were born (all at present living), Henry, Albert, Lorin, Milbur and Douglas.

The report of the Treasurer showed a balance of \$18.50 in the treasury, and a membership of 143—divided between 46 Life and 97 Annual members.

DINNER SESSION.

After a social intermission, at one o'clock, the guests took the elevators to a private dining room on an upper floor of the Temple, where, after grace by Professor Henry M. Tyler, dinner was served under direction of Caterer Stratton by his corps of colored waiters.

MENU.

	Raw Oysters.	
Celery.		Pickles.
	Ox Tail Soup.	
	Deviled Crabs.	
Chicken Croquettes.		French Peas.
	Roast Fillet of Beef.	
Mushroom Sauce.		Potato Balls.
Chicken Salad.		Tomato Salad.
	Fried Oysters.	
	Ice Cream, Assorted Flavors.	
	Fancy Cakes.	
	Fruit.	
Cheese.		Crackers.
Rolls.		Butter.
	Coffee.	

Mr. William L. Tyler of Boston, Mass. (local manager of the U. S. Life Insurance Co.), had consented to act as toastmaster, but the following communication at the last hour necessitated a change:

Boston, Mass., August 8th, 1900.

My Dear Mr. Brigham: I am extremely sorry, at this late day, to have to advise you that it will be impossible for me to act as *Toast Master* at the Tyler Reunion in Philadelphia on Sept. 12th, for this reason: I am about resigning my present position in Boston, and shall in all probability be in the West at that time. I trust you will have no difficulty in securing some one (much more able) to take my place.

I trust you have had a pleasant and successful visit in Great Britain, and will return home much benefited thereby.

With kindest regards,

Cordially yours,

WM. L. TYLER.

W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq., London, England.

At this juncture, David Thompson, Esq., of Albany, N. Y., graciously came to our rescue, and fulfilled very acceptably the requirements of such function.

Telegrams or letters of regrets had been received (and were read) from the following kinsfolks, detained away: Prof. Moses C. Tyler, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mrs. Georgia Tyler Kent, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. J. Z. Tyler, Cleveland, O.; Rev. Wm. A. Brewer, San Mateo, Calif.; Hon. J. H. Tyler, Napoleon, O.; Henry L. Mitchell,

Esq., Bangor, Me.; Hon. Tyler Woodward, Portland, Oregon; Henry D. Tyler, Esq., New York City; Alvan E. Tyler, Lake Geneva, Wis.; Rev. George T. Tyler, Falls Church, Va.; Lambert D. Tyler, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Isaac H. Sturgeon, St. Louis, Mo.; Waldo D. Tyler, Junction City, Kan.; Edgar Parker, Geneva, N. Y.; Mrs. H. L. Robinson, Narragansett Pier, R. I.; Mrs. K. V. Tyler Childress, New Orleans, La.; Chester T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.; A. M. Tyler, Moultrie, Ga., and Miss Olive Tyler, La Porte, Indiana.

Then came on the formal "Toasts."

The Nativity of our Republic,—Hon. Cadwell C. Tyler, Washington, D. C.

"The men who set Faith's burning lights
Upon these everlasting heights,
To guide their children through the years of time."—Sprague.

In this connection, the following letter is self-explanatory:

1712 Oregon Avenue, Washington, D. C., Sept. 7, 1900.

My Dear Mr. Brigham: Your postal from London has just been received; and it finds me quite unexpectedly on the verge of starting for France. I am very sorry that I cannot be with you at the reunion, to answer the toast, and I still more regret not being able to hear you give the results of your researches. I did not expect to make the trip abroad, at just this time, till a day or so ago. Sincerely,

CADWELL C. TYLER.

Our Friends, The Quakers,—David A. Thompson, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

"From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives."—Whittier.

(Mr. Thompson having written out his response, as he had been summoned to other duties, Mr. William G. Tyler of Philadelphia consented to read the paper.)

John Fenwick, with his children, associates and servants, sailed from London on the ship "Griffith" in the year 1675, and on the 23d day of September (old style), in the same year, anchored off the old Swede's fort Elsborg, near the mouth of Assamhocking (now Salem River).

The following day, they ascended that river; and, about three miles from its mouth, landed on the south bank, upon (according to our present style) the 5th day of October, 1675. There, after a long and tiresome voyage of more than two and a-half months, Salem—the oldest English town on the eastern bank of the Delaware River—was founded.

Since the restoration of the Stuarts (in 1660), persecutions in England began and continued with severity; and the Friends continued to settle in this West Jersey section in large numbers. It is a curious fact that, in the year 1672 (only three years before the coming of Fenwick and his associates), George Fox, the founder of his sect, with John Burneyate and other Friends (traveling from Maryland, to attend the Half-year's meeting, held that year at Oyster Bay, Long Island) traversed this section of New Jersey, and left an interesting account of their perils in his "Journal."

They crossed the Delaware River at New Castle, in going and returning from Maryland to New England, and passed over the head waters of the rivers and streams flowing into Delaware Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. The country was then frequented only by Indian hunters, and thickly set with bogs and morasses. Their journey was a perilous one, through a district soon to be settled and dominated by their followers, and to be converted by them into a fertile country—the home of a happy people. Very quaintly they advise all future travelers to buy horses with long tails—the use of which so often saved them from drowning, when their frail boats overturned.

Two hundred and twelve years ago, and in the year 1688, William Tyler, with his wife, *nee* Johanna Parsons, and their four children, Mary, William,

John and Johanna, emigrating from Walton,* County of Somerset, England, settled in the present limits of Salem County, N. J. He must have been a careful, prudent Tyler—I warrant he had “the Tyler nose”—for he was long headed enough to carry with him the certificate of his fellow Friends of England, showing his residence, business, (“Yeoman”), profession and character; which certificate, signed by about fourteen persons, bearing date 11th of seventh month, called September, 1685, is still said to be in existence, the oldest existing Tyler manuscript (in America), and has recently been under the sharp Tyler eye of our honored historian.

William Tyler, the emigrant, again married; his second wife, “Elizabeth,” bearing three children—Catharine, Philip and Elizabeth. The emigrant was a farmer and tanner, who died about 1701, leaving a large estate. His will, dated 2d month, 1700, is a matter of record; and his brick house, built about that time, still stands.† The inventory of his personal estate, appraised at over £519, is still preserved. This section of country escaped serious devastation in the Revolution, except the cruel massacre of the militia at Hancock’s Bridge, in the year 1778.

There (rarely migrating) the descendants of William Tyler have been born, married, lived and died, clinging mainly to their ancient faith, forming a community largely affected and permeated by the Quaker influence and living lives quiet in tone, rarely seeking or occupying public place, and never needing the corrective influences of the court or jail.

We cannot know, we may not tell, how the influences of this one family have shaped and moulded its neighborhood; but we are sure, that the Quaker leaven has permeated the whole community, and is still teaching the lesson which this old world needs to learn: That creed only which the best experiences of life put into practice is worth the formula of language.

At this hour the arrival of our most honored kinsman, Governor J. Hoge Tyler of Virginia, was announced (having been belated by nonconnection of railway trains). Amid the joyful acclamations of his assembled kinspeople, the Governor was escorted to the head of the generously laden board, where for a time he heartily discussed a deferred repast.

The Keystone State,—Prof. John P. Brophy, LL. D., Ph. D., New York City.

“I wish to belong to a state, in the character and institutions of which, I may find a spring of improvement, which I can speak of with an honest pride; in whose records I may meet great and honored names, and which is fast making the world its debtor by its discoveries of truth, and by an example of virtuous freedom.”—Channing.

Professor Brophy (always an enthusiast over any duty in hand), is an eloquent orator. The following speech will surely always linger, a pleasant memory, in the minds of everybody present.

Mr. Toastmaster and Kinsfolk of the Tyler Family Association:

In all that generous nature can bestow, the “Keystone State” transcends the requirements of your toast; and religion, industry, science and art vie with nature in giving to Pennsylvania a character and institutions in which may be found a never-failing spring of improvement, and of which her citizens can at all times speak with an honest pride.

No state is richer in institutions for the people’s advancement, or more generous in their appointments. From the earliest days the public regard for education has intensified as the years rolled on; and to-day, from the unpretentious school, that marks the site of every hamlet, to the magnificent university of the state, education for her children is accessible to all, and unrestricted as the winds that blow across her sun-crowned hills. And supplementary to the great work of schoolhouse and college, public libraries and gal-

* Probably Greinton, a contiguous village to “Walton.”—Ed.

† At the time of our visit, a year ago, we took several photos of this house, from different points of view, which will later adorn the Tyler Family History.—Ed.

series of art are spread through the state, to give ripeness to knowledge and cultivation to taste.

From valley, hill, and city square, grand cathedrals and churches send heavenward turret and steeple and spire; and within their sacred precincts religion, thank God, is free—free as in the days of Calvert, and Williams, and Dongan, and Penn; free to point to the people the pathway of truth; free to exhort the people to stand for the right; free to enable God's children to realize the great Master's prayer that they make regnant His kingdom on earth, even as it is regnant in Heaven.

Of the renowned features of Pennsylvania life are her great farms, on which, like Antaeus, the thrifty husbandman each day renews his strength and increases the patriotic ardor and love of home that always attach to the native soil. Everywhere throughout the state are magnificent public parks that afford sweet communion with nature and give exultation to pleasure. Here are immense manufactories of every kind from which labor, aided by miracles of mechanical invention, send forth all the embellishments of a high civilization for the comfort and delectation of mankind. And in all parts are superb highways, canals, and railroads that interlace from north to south, from east to west, that conquer time and space, and that afford facilities for carrying plenty and comfort to every home.

The annals of the "Keystone State" are illumined on every page with the names of illustrious sons who have made the world their debtor by the brilliancy of their achievements in every walk and profession of life. Men like William Penn, the great founder, who taught embattled nations that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war;" men like Robert Morris, who, in the dark days of doubt, despondency and distress, by their generous contributions saved the Continental army from an enemy stealthier and deadlier by far than the serried ranks they had to face upon the open field; men like Mifflin and Greene, whose swords were never drawn but in their country's cause, and never sheathed till the sun of Yorktown flashed final victory upon the bayonets of the patriot lines; men like Franklin, who drew the lightning harmless from the clouds and confined it for man's use within the limits of the Leyden jar; men like Bartram, who revealed the sweets and beauties of every plant and flower from Ontario's shores to the soft savannas of the sunny South; men like Rittenhouse, whose astronomic genius won warmest praise from the foremost scientists of Europe; men like Barton and Cadwallader, the first great medical experts of Philadelphia, to whose works the greatest physicians of all lands have paid willing tribute; men like William Seymour Tyler, whose wondrous mastery of classic lore has placed him high among the world's immortals, two of whose distinguished sons honor us by their presence here to-day.

But, kinsfolk, the long litany of illustrious names that shine resplendent upon Pennsylvania's roll is not for me to enumerate upon this occasion. Time's limitations make impossible the task. In every galaxy of mighty men throughout this land, in church or state, at desk or bar, on bench or college chair, aye, up to the presidency itself, you may find written in letters of light the names of many for whose beneficent influence the world is indebted to the "Keystone State."

Look in what direction you will, and you may behold the evidences of all that goes to make a people religious, patriotic, progressive, pure and free. Yonder is the river bank where William Penn and his Society of Friends first knelt in gratitude to God that, in the primeval forest of a new world, they had at last found a refuge from oppression, an abode in which manhood would be respected and conscience free. On this very spot where we are now assembled, he founded his city of "brotherly love," thus laying, as he himself declared, "a foundation for after ages to understand their liberties as Christians and as men." Here he promulgated his "Frame of Covenant," and established a civil community upon the profound principles with which Jesus Christ had startled the kings and despots of the pagan days—the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the equality of all men before the law. Over there in Kingston, a memorial stone marks the spot where grew the mighty elm under whose leafy boughs Penn conquered with love the hearts of the untamed children of the forest, and with them made that treaty, famous in all history as "the only treaty that had never been sworn to and never broken."

And as, in the early days, great and glorious deeds of peace had shed a halo 'round the heads of Pennsylvania's sons, so did the luster of heroic struggle

and statesmanship sublime illumine their brows in the later "days that tried men's souls." At Brandywine, Chadd's Ford, Mifflin, Wyoming, Germantown, and Valley Forge—that field through sacrifice so sacred—is the soil of Pennsylvania, consecrated by the blood of heroes and martyrs shed in liberty's holy cause.

Here in Philadelphia was the first Capitol of the Republic. Here were laid broad and deep the foundations of the nation. Here was designed and made the flag that reflects in rainbow tints the charter of American freedom; and around the corner, in Arch street, still stands, guarded as a patriot shrine, the modest dwelling in whose parlor Washington, Ross and Morris watched Betsy Ross sew the thirteen immortal stars upon its azure folds.

Here, in 1774, in Carpenter's Hall, met the First Continental Congress, that formed "The American Association" and issued the "Declaration of Colonial Rights." Here, in 1776, in Independence Hall, met the great men of the Second Continental Congress, to discuss the perilous issues upon which hung their country's fate; and here, on the morning of that "glorious fourth," the walls of yonder state house echoed the fears, the prayers, the hopes, the high resolves that gave birth to the immortal "Declaration." Without, these streets were filled that day with swaying crowds, awaiting the result of the final deliberation. Aloft in the bell-tower, impatiently the old bell-man listened for the command to ring out the message the people longed so much to hear. On the walk across the street was the bell-man's little grandson, nervously watching the window for the agreed-on signal, that his might be the glory to first publicly announce the irrevocable decree. The minutes dragged to hours—hours that to the seething multitude seemed to have no end—when, as the clock struck two, from the window came the signal, and, leaping in the frenzy of liberated joy, the little patriot shouted: "Ring! Grandpa, Ring!" And the old grandsire, electrified by the ecstatic cry, seized with both hands the iron tongue and, with vibrant stroke, sent the glad tidings of freedom through the land. Verily, kinsfolk, the ground we tread this day is holy ground. Verily, the air around is redolent of memories that quicken the pulse and stir the heart to great and noble deeds.

And, in 1787, here in Philadelphia assembled the most august body of jurists and statesmen ever chronicled in the annals of the human race—patriots who found themselves confronted with a perilous clash of principles, that threatened to destroy the hopes that had just been realized through so much sacrifice and at so dear a price. For four months did those great men patiently review the world's advance, from the despotic centuries of Asiatic rule; through the fickle philosophy and restricted liberty of Grecian republics; the plundering invasions and legalized force of Roman kingdom, republic and empire; the intense individualism of Germanic sway; the decentralization of feudal lordship; the resulting supremacy of monarchic tyranny—in the vain effort to find, in the records of the past, the fundamentals upon which to construct the enduring temple of new-born liberty. With resolute zeal did they wrestle with mighty problems, even as Jacob had wrestled with the angel at Peniel, "that he might see God face to face, and his life be preserved;" and yet apparently no nearer to agreement, than on the day they had first convened.

In that crucial hour, a venerable old man arose, and, with grave solemnity of word and mien, thus addressed the immortal Washington, then seated in the chair: "I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that God governs in the affairs of men. We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that, without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel upon the plains of Shinar; our project will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages." That venerable speaker was Benjamin Franklin, a renowned son of the "Keystone State." With the swift contagion of religious enthusiasm, the great philosopher's words touched every heart—for these men were truly good, as well as truly great—and their renewed efforts resulted in the adoption of a civil constitution that is the nearest approach to political perfection the world has ever known; a constitution which, please God, shall stand as the example, the model, the citadel of virtuous freedom throughout the expanding cycles of all coming time.

Kinsfolk, whether or not the Delegates of 1787 "builded wiser than they knew," whether or not they were alive to the fact, the simple truth is, that

the constitution they then framed, and which has since so grandly guarded and guided the destinies of our republic, embodies in its provisions the main features of the "Frame of Government" that constituted William Penn's "Holy Experiment" upon the banks of the Delaware one hundred years before.

Differing as I do from our Quaker friends in some things political and religious, and uttering, as I believe, the sentiments of every Tyler in the land, I esteem it a privilege and a pleasing duty to express grateful acknowledgment of the sublime achievement of William Penn and his devoted followers in establishing and maintaining civil and religious liberty at a time when civil and religious liberty had but few friends in the new world or in the old. To their teaching and example do we owe much that is fundamentally best in our great charter of human freedom, much that has been realized through the potent lesson and the crowning triumph of the first century of Christian civilization within the limits of the "Keystone State."

The valedictory was reserved (by the exigence of fate) for Governor Tyler. His *ex tempore* address was very humorous, and we wish it were possible to herein publish a *verbatim* copy. That being out of the question, we shall instead offer the paper which the Governor had prepared, to be used at the opening of the morning session, at which, but for the miscarriage by railway, he would have been in attendance as presiding officer:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the American Tyler Family:

We have the testimony of wisdom, "that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold." As I look into the faces of so many representatives of a name that is intimately interwoven with a nation's history and progress, I am impressed with the truth of this proverb.

From the same book, that thus teaches us the value of a good name, we get the account of the first family reunion that was ever held, that of the Noah family, some four or five thousand years ago in Asia. My friends, I am proud to say, that there is little doubt of the fact that we Tylers are lineal descendants of that family, and that our progenitors took part in that season of rejoicing. At least, after patient and laborious archeological research, I have become firmly grounded in the opinion that our "Four"-fathers were certainly there.

Before proceeding further, I desire to make my most sincere acknowledgments for the honor you have done me in making me President of this Reunion. It is a distinction I highly appreciate. The gratification I feel is made the more pleasant by reason of the distinguished members of this body that are assembled here to-day. From every section of the union, and from every state members of our clan have assembled, to renew the ties of friendship and affection. No more appropriate place could be found than in this beautiful "City of Brotherly Love." We have not come in a spirit of vain-boasting of the achievements of our ancestors, or in a foolish parade of pedigrees; but are assembled in a spirit of gratitude to our ancestors, for having given us the heritage of an honored name, and with a sincere desire to so live and teach our children, that future generations will at least have no cause to be ashamed to trace their kinship back to the distinguished members of our family through us.

It was a beautiful custom of the Romans, to place marble busts of their ancestors in the halls of their homes; and thus ever upon entering or leaving the house, their first and last look was upon the figure of someone who had performed some valiant or heroic deed. Thus the Roman youth was encouraged and reminded to maintain the honor and renown of his family.

Let us keep the sentiment of this custom; and, by reunions like this, be constantly reminded of the illustrious deeds of our distinguished ancestors, and be stimulated to present high and worthy endeavor to emulate their examples. Let us not, in recounting the deeds of the distinguished members of our family, forget to do honor to the unassuming Christian lives of hundreds of Christian mothers, who have, by their examples and their teachings, laid deep the foundations of all true family greatness and distinction. Let us, the living representatives of this great name, in the light of their lives,

so conduct ourselves that those who may come together in the future (as we to-day) may have no cause to blush at the remembrance of any life here represented.

The coat of arms of the Monmouthshire Tylers bears the device of a cross, which appears over all in the representation. What a fitting emblem! Let us adopt this, as the "coat of arms" of our inner and truer life; and bear it aloft, pure and unspotted, before the world, bright and glittering in the beautiful light and effulgence of a true Christian life; evidenced to the world by high aims and purposes, pure ideal and noble examples, worthy of all those who may live after us. Our name sprung from one who is charged with a post of trust and faithfulness to duty. Let us do nothing to destroy the significance of that title!

Before concluding, I desire, on behalf of all the members of our family, to express our thanks to our distinguished kinsman, Mr. W. I. Tyler Brigham, for his untiring zeal and indefatigable energy in arranging these reunions, which are the source of so much pleasure to us all; where we can banish for a time our cares, work and worries, of life's entanglements, with its demands on nerve and brain; and where we may all dedicate ourselves to a reconsecration to nobler things, and a grander work for God and our country; where we can all unite in the sentiment of that beautiful song of our kinswoman, Miss Elsie Tyler:

With gratitude, we all implore
Our Savior, Lord, Redeemer, Friend,
A blessing on this land to pour,
And to this clan rich grace extend."

After benediction by Professor Tyler, the party repaired to Independence Hall, before whose south entrance (which opens directly upon the famous old Liberty Bell) the annual Tyler group photograph was taken.

In the evening a pleasant social time was passed at Hotel Hanover, where most guests from abroad were tarrying.

A FEW ENGLISH NOTES.*

LONDON.

One who undertakes a general English genealogic research (if he does not know—and most do not—the exact spot or place he seeks) will likely begin at London, i. e., headquarters. Perhaps a few remarks will not be without a modicum of interest, at least to some.

SOMERSET HOUSE. The magnificent pile (whose Victoria-Embankment facade is the most imposing, though it fronts upon Wellington Street, as

*We take much pleasure in naming those whose financial aid aggregated was enough to half bear the expenses of the English research trip: Col. Mason W. Tyler, Plainfield, N. J.; Mrs. Lyman B. Goff, Pawtucket, R. I.; Wm. G. Tyler, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Daniel Kent, Worcester, Mass.; Rollin M. Tyler, Esq., Tylerville, Conn.; Mrs. John P. Brophy, New York City; John S. Tyler, Great Falls, Mont.; Prof. Moses C. Tyler, Ithaca, N. Y.; Hon. James M. Tyler, Brattleboro, Vt.; Bennet T. Gale, Lee, Mass.; Miss J. C. Stewart, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Artemas Tyler, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Larissa C. Ladd, West Boxford, Mass.; L. A. Tyler, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Sarah Wood, Bradford, Mass.; Col. Tyler, Binghamton, N. Y.; Miss Rebecca T. Wood, West Boxford, Mass.; Eliphalet Tyler, Esq., New York City; Mrs. E. O. T. Olcott, Norwich, Conn.; Prof. Lyon G. Tyler, Williamsburg, Va.; Hon. J. H. Tyler, Napoleon, O.; Miss Jennie Westgate, Haverhill, N. H.; Warren P. Tyler, Newton, Mass.; Mrs. James P. Baxter, Portland, Me.; Maj. Wm. N. Tyler, Wakefield, Mass.; Mrs. Emeline Simonds, Charlestown, Mass.; Henry D. Tyler, Esq., New York City; Mrs. E. T. Rockwood, Worcester, Mass.; Maj. Loren Tyler, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. L. T. Bardwell, Springfield, Mass.; Hon. Cadwell C. Tyler, Washington, D. C.; Miss Bona P. Spamer, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Charlotte Tyler, Hartford, Conn.; Henry W. Tyler, New York City; Mrs. M. D. T. Bosworth, Warren, Mass.; Randolph Frisbie, Kent, Conn.; Mrs. E. Fisher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lambert D. Tyler, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Annie R. Field, Augusta, Me.; L. A. McKay, Chelsea, Me.; Mrs. J. B. Stroup, Kenton, O.; Charles C. Tyler, Pittsburg, Pa.; Capt. W. W. Tyler, Sacketts Harbor, N. Y.; Mrs. Dr. C. W. P. Brock, Richmond, Va.; Prof. A. A. Tyler, Tucson, Ariz.; Mrs. A. A. Ellis, Keene, N. H.; Reuben Tyler, Alexandria, O.; Prof. Chas. M. Tyler, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mrs. M. B. Brown, Baltimore, Md.; Hon. F. A. Tyler, Holly Springs, Miss.; Mrs. Harriet T. Dean, Providence, R. I.; H. N. Tyler, New Hartford, N. Y.; Mrs. Lora Utley, Cambridge, Kan.; Mrs. Elizabeth V. Gerke, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Olive Tyler, LaPorte, Ind.

well as extending for a distance along the Strand) is so called, because erected on the site of the palace of the Protector Somerset. It is occupied by many public offices; those, for instance, of the Audit, Registrar General, Internal Revenue, Admiralty and Probate. In this last division are found the records of many local and "peculiar" probate courts; especially, those of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, the most important in the kingdom.

"Fees, fees," is a word so often used, that an American on first going abroad is apt to be annoyed, until he speedily falls into the custom. But the advocates of "Literary Enquiry" have been so far successful, that one may "*without fee*" see and glean from records, down to the year 1800. To obtain permission, one must address a line to the "President of the Probate Division and the Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, the Principal Probate Registry, Somerset House, London," putting "Department of Literary Inquiry" in the corner of the envelope, stating in the communication your name, address, profession, object of search and its probable length—which must be vouched for by a property holder. (Being a stranger in a strange land, I obtained suitable credentials from our very obliging United States Consul General Osborne, whose office is in Great St. Helen's.)

Within brief time, I received official notice, "Available for Six Months," that I might enjoy the privileges sought for. Upon presenting this at the proper office, a card was issued, as follows:

No. 5492.

HER MAJESTY'S HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE,
Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division.
(PROBATE.)

The Principal Registry, London.
DEPARTMENT FOR LITERARY INQUIRY.

7th May, 1900.

Admit W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq.,
From 7th May, 1900, to 7th Oct., 1900.

(Signed) F. H. JEUNE."

With this in pocket, I repaired to "Room 9," in the basement on the south side of the Great Quadrangle, to make appointments for labor. The work room is a double chamber, united by a great archway, wherein are four square tables, at which fourteen persons may comfortably be employed at a time. The hours are 10 A. M. to 3:30 P. M. all week days but Saturday, when they are 10 to 1:30; there is also a long summer vacation, during which the rooms are closed. The courteous clerk (*still pronounced "Clarke"* in Great Britain) will be pleased to assign you two days a week, where he finds vacancies upon his date-book, such as may be most convenient to yourself. (I found, that by being one's self especially favorable, one might have special favors; so that for weeks I was there daily—after 11 A. M.—at which hour there was invariably a vacant seat for me, with a polite permission to take it.)

As they have but two luggage assistants, and the tomes to be handled both to and from—sometimes quite a distance—are ponderous, there must be a limit to the number daily allowed to be seen; so that you must restrict yourself to eight Registers a day—only two of which can be yours at a time—though you may, in addition, have (as many) Calendars and Act Books as you wish. (The Calendars furnish you with the names of your family estates, together with the years wherein they were probated; so it is the first labor to go through these, for the requisite period, that you may know what books and how to call for. The Act Books are only occasionally useful, by giving side lights, through certain proceedings in causes. The Registers are *the* books of books, as herein the wills appear at length. Instead of being numbered *seriatim*, they are named from the first, or the principal, estate which happens to have been probated in that volume. E. g. "Fairfax," Pembroke," "Grey.")

You make your wants known upon green slips; giving simply the years (upon the proper lines), if you wish either Calendars or Act Books; but, should you wish Registers, you must state the "name" of the volume, as well as the "folio" (or page) whereupon is to be found the estate you expect to examine into. (This "folio" is a very elastic quantity; for it contains, as a

rule, anywhere from eight to twelve pages. They now make the volumes uniformly of fifty folios, eight leaves to the folio.) Many of the calendars are kept in the room where you work; so that, as to such, you are instructed to "help yourself." Your notes must be made in pencil, and at the end of each visit you must sign your name in a register. If you express a wish (as I did) to photograph one of these curious volumes, you learn that it must be done officially and at considerable expense.

Estates examined at the Prerogative Court of Canterbury:

- Tyler, Philip, 1601, "Woodhall," folio 57.
" John, 1613, "Capell," folio 87, yeoman of Fframpton, Glamorgan.
" Georgius, 1617, "Weldon," folio 61, "Taylor in the Dragon."
" Richard, 1617, "Weldon," folio 98, citizen and barber-chirurgeon, London.
Tyler, Philip, 1623, "Swan," folio 57, yeoman, Sainte Brexells, Gloster.
" Drewe, 1620, "Soame," folio 113, yeoman, Cowden, Kent.
" Anthony, 1619, "Dale," folio 71, citizen and clothworker, London.
" Thomas, 1621, "Saville," folio 13, Highe Littleton, Somerset, blacksmith.
Tyler, Nicholas, 1622, "Saville," folio 56, gent, Thornbury, Gloster.
" Jane, 1622, "Saville," folio 80, widow, Bristol, Somerset.
" Robert, 1625, "Clarke," folio 117, "Marryner," Wappinge, Middlesex.
Tyler, Thomas, 1623, "Hele," folio 100, husbandman, Derham, Gloster.
" John, 1626, "Skynner," folio 36, gent, Boudley, Worcester.
" Johane, 1628, "Ridley," folio 12, widow of John *supra*.
" Richard, 1631, "Audley," folio 47, Tortworth, Gloster.
" Henry, 1632, "Audley," folio 118, yeoman, Cheaham, Surry.
" William, 1632, "Russell," folio 49, Rector of parish of Lee, Kent.
" William, 1635, "Goare," folio 148, yeoman, Lassington, Gloster.
" Walter, 1637, "Evelyn," folio 70, Shokerwicke, Bathford, Somerset.
" Robert, 1640, "Evelyn," folio 111, yeoman, Steeple Bumstead, Essex.
" John, 1640, "Evelyn," folio 117, goldsmith, Lumbard St., London.
Among his bequests, "Unto the Company of Goldsmiths, London, whereof I am a member, the some of fiftene pounds, for a dynner on the daie of my funerall, expectynge that they will accompany my corpes to the grave." He left no sons; but had a brother, Thomas Tyler, at Bodminster, Somerset: a brother, Henry, stationer, London; another, Richard, salter, London, the last being his executor. His shop was at the "Signe of the Roe-Buck, Lumbard Streete."
Tyler, Joanne, 1638, "Harvey," folio 29, widow, Huntspill, Somerset.
" Isaack, 1638, "Harvey," folio 139, yeoman, Little Malverne, Worcester.
Tyler, Martha, 1641, "Campbell," folio 34, widow, Worth, Sussex.
" William, 1643, "Rivers," folio 34, shopkeeper, Ipswich, Suffolk.
" Robert, 1644, "Twisse," folio 3, yeoman, Westerleigh, Gloster.
" Edward, 1644, "Twisse," folio 101, haberdasher, Longe Melfords, Suffolk.
Tyler, Grace, 1647, "Fines," folio 165, sayweaver (silkweaver), Colchester. She gives life interest to her husband—then *residuum* to her sister, Elizabeth Brock, of Dedham in "Newe England," and her children, John, Elizabeth and Anne Brock; her sister, Savina Monser, and her children, Samuel, Richard and Lavina Smith (probably by a former husband) and William and Henry Monser; her late sister, Sibilla Burgesse, wife of John, and her children, James, Peter, Sibilla and Elizabeth. This will being made with the consent of her husband.
Tyler, Thomas, 1648, "Fairfax," folio 34, glover, Nuttfeilds, Surry.
" John, 1640, "Fairfax," folio 199, yeoman, Nether Lye, Hereford.
" Henry, 1649, "Fairfax," folio 104, "Cheirurgeon," Poplar-Blackwell, Middlesex.
Tyler, Edward, 1649, "Fairfax," folio 117, yeoman, Nutfield, Surry.
" William, 1650, "Pembroke," folio 131, goldsmith, St. John's Zachary,

London.

- Tyler, Richard, 1647, "Grey," folio 74, gentleman (no residence given).
- " Francis, 1651, "Grey," folio 249, gent, Badlingham, Cambridge.
- " George, 1652, "Bowyer," folio 93, yeoman, Cotten, Wem, Salop.
- " Thomas, 1651, "Bowyer," folio 93, yeoman, Stratford-on-Avon,

Warwicke.

- Tyler, Henry, 1651, "Bowyer," folio 144, husbandman, Henbury, Gloster.
- " Nicholas, 1652, "Brent," folio 125, "cowper," Biddenden, Kent.
- " Thomas, 1654, "Aylett," folio 345, haberdasher, "George Buttolph Lane" Parish, London.

- Tyler, John, 1652, "Brent," folio 197, yeoman, Bumpton Ralph, Somerset.
- " Humphrey, 1652, "Brent," folio 202, tanner, Southmolton, Devon.
- " William, 1652, "Brent," folio 279, husbandman, Steyning, Sussex.
- " John, 1654, "Alchin," folio 327, citizen and weaver of London.
- " Richard, 1653, "Brent," folio 346, Woton Underidg, Gloster.
- " Robert, 1653, "Brent," folio 356, gent, Long Mellford, Suffolk.
- " Frances, 1654, "Aylett," folio 74, widow, Stotfold, Bedford.
- " John, 1655, "Aylett," folio 190, gent, Soham, Cambridge.
- " Richard, 1654, "Aylett," folio 453, mercer, Bisley, Gloster.
- " John, 1654, "Aylett," folio 457, clothier, Crewkerne, Somerset.
- " John, 1656, "Berkley," folio 191, yeoman, of Surry.
- " Margaret, 1656, "Berkley," folio 417, widow, Eaton, Hereford.
- " Thomas, 1657, "Ruthen," folio 181, husbandman, Elberton, Gloster.
- " John, 1657, "Ruthen," folio 395, husbandman, Huntspill, Somerset.
- " Henry, 1657, "Ruthen," folio 486, yeoman, Hyneham, Gloster.
- " John, 1658, "Wooten," folio 447, butcher, Bowdley, Worcester.
- " Richard, 1658, "Pell," folio 297, Crewkerne, Somerset.
- " Agnes, 1658, "Pell," folio 47, widow, Henbury, Gloster.
- " Richard, 1658, "Pell," folio 151, husbandman, Stening, Sussex.
- " Edward, 1658, "Pell," folio 407, gent, "Benger," Hartford.
- " Richard, 1663, "Juxon," folio 41, yeoman, Cheam, Surry.
- " Richard, 1663, "Juxon," folio 136, gent, Goodrich, Hereford.
- " Nicholas, 1664, "Bruce," folio 60, Pitsey, Surry.
- " William, 1665, "Mico," folio 16, baker, of London.
- " Judith, 1664, "Bruce," folio 22, late of London, now of New Windsor. Berk.

- Tyler, John, 1661, "May," folio 33, Suger-baker, London.
- " Wybrey, 1672, "Pye," folio 12, "Mayden," Beaconsfield, Bucks.
- " Isaac, 1672, "Pye," folio 27, haberdasher, London.
- " John, 1673, "Bunce," folio 149, school-master, Henley-on-Thames.
- " Thomas, 1669, "Coke," folio 37, cutler, of London.
- " John, 1669, "Coke," folio 148, clothier, Tortmouth, Gloster.
- " Valentine, 1669, "Coke," folio 149, feltmaker, "of Cliff near Lewes,"

Sussex.

- Tyler, Benjamin, 1669, "Coke," folio 149, (residence not given).
- " Elizabeth, 1669, "Coke," folio 149, widow of "Valentine" *supra*.
- " Robert, 1673, "Pye," folio 96, mettleman, Wapping, Middlesex.

BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM. This magnificent structure, upon classic lines, is situated in Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury (West Center); the particular portion thereof above alluded to being a superb circular apartment, surmounted by a dome whose diameter exceeds that of St. Peter's at Rome. Here is accommodation at once for no less than 300 workers, each with a desk, with two tables exclusively set apart for ladies (who have equal rights also in the room at large).

To obtain admittance, you must make proper application in writing, accompanied with sufficient sureties. (The American Embassy became my surety. It is situated upon Victoria Street—not far from Westminster Abbey—though the Ambassador's residence is in Pall Mall, the "Diplomatic neighborhood." Upon presenting references, the secretary of the embassy extended very gratifying consideration; including privileges of attending sessions of the Houses of Commons and the Lords, visiting the Royal Mews at Buckingham palace, etc. The American representative is understood to be especially favored, in being allowed the disposal of two seats a session of both Houses of Parliament; while other countries are ordinarily allowed but one.)

On receiving favorable reply the entry clerk issued the following ticket:

"NOT TRANSFERABLE.

A 66999.

4479.

This Ticket Admits
Mr. W. I. Tyler Brigham,
26 Doughty St., W. C.,
to the READING ROOM of the
British Museum,
for the Term of Three Months.
Available from 17th May to 17th Aug., 1900."

Armed with such a passport, one may, as he wills, avail himself of the enormous aggregation of books, maps, and manuscripts to be found here, upon all week days, between the hours of 9 and 7. It is indeed a busy place! Around the almost entire periphery of the apartment are arranged alcoves, filled with books of most frequent quest and general authority, touching broad subjects oftenest the subject of studious inquiry. These may be taken down in numbers, as one pleases freely to consult; the only conditions being, decent use and return to proper place. I cannot say how many most valuable volumes are thus easily reached, but it is thousands upon thousands; such a collection, in short, as would make many a fine library run over with joy, could they but fill their shelves with these books to the exclusion of all others.

The greatest and choicest favors, however, are arranged in excellent stacks in room after room contiguously located; to see any of which, you must fill out a proper slip for each book, place it in a basket upon the center circular bar, wherefrom they are frequently taken by one of numerous *attaches*, and the requested article brought to your desk (which are lettered in rows, and numbered by seats) within a reasonable time. Some of the largest or priceless burdens are never brought to the main room; to consult which, you pass out by the back thereof, through a corridor, into the large room, of extensive quadrangular proportions. When through consultation, you must return these to the desk, and reclaim (to destroy) your checks. They are perfectly free in giving you access; but I fancy any infringement of rules would be summarily dealt with.

In another part of this division of the immense building is the Manuscript Students' Room, where the Harleian, Additional, and other manuscripts, old seals, etc., may be examined into. Being for the most part unpublished, great care is required in their handling; to which end, portable rests, adjustable to any angle, are on all the tables, whereupon you will be required to keep placed whatever you may have in use. By special request, we were permitted to look upon that immortal public document, the parchment Magna Charta, which has passed through literal fire and water, having, until recent times, been in private hands.

Of other departments of this enormous museum I will not speak, it being in no sense germane to my undertaking. It seems as if the curious and the historically interesting of all countries, and all time, had here been aggregated or were represented. Perhaps, the most generally looked for, are the famous "Rosetta Stone" (from which intelligent light into the Egyptian hieroglyphics was first shed to us moderns) and the "Elgin Marbles," from the Parthenon at Athens.

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE. Is between Fleet Street and High Holborn, runs from Fetter Lane to Chancery Lane, with its main entrance through an imposing gateway upon the last thoroughfare. A modern structure, to which when I first went there, they appeared to be building an addition; but the expenses of the Boer War were so heavy, that they postponed further action. Herein are preserved many of the oldest and most valuable public documents of the kingdom. First, comes the Doomesday Book of land titles, compiled by the Norman Conqueror more than 800 years ago; long kept in the old Norman city of Winchester, later at Westminster, now herein to be seen by such as know of it and its whereabouts. It is in two parchment volumes, of the size and thickness of common ledger books; written in black ink, somewhat illuminated in red, whose colors are remarkably preserved.

Following Doomesday Book, and of great value, touching the sphere of

subinfeudation, sale and transfer of lands, are the Pipe Rolls (partly published by the Pipe Rolls Society), Miscellanea of the Exchequer, Hundred Rolls (printed by the British Record Commission), *Placita Quo Warranto*, Kirby's Quest (printed by the Surtees Society) and the Fine Rolls. Concerning Land Sale and Transfer *Inter Vivos*, come the Charters (a host of material, bits of which have been published at different times by various authors), Feet of Fines, King's Silver Books (from Henry VIII.), Indexes to Covenant Books, Indexes to Concords of Fines and Recoveries. Concerning Land Legal Proceedings, are Rolls of King's Court (to Edward I., 1272), De Banco Rolls (from 1272, exclusive jurisdiction over land, and contain many valuable pedigrees), Exchequer of Pleas (from 1272, on "Equity" side), Court of Chancery and Duchy of Lancaster (Equity). Under Criminal Proceedings, come the Crown Plea Rolls (from 1272, including Rolls of Assize, Eyre, Coroners, Gaol Delivery, Parliament Rolls for Attainder and Star Chamber Records). Under State Papers, come Chancery Files, Miscellaneous Records of Chancery, Rymer's Foedera, Statutes and Journals of Parliament, Recusant Rolls, Parliamentary Surveys, Royalist Composition Papers, Plundered Ministers' Accounts, etc.) Under Ecclesiastical and Monastic Records, come Clerical Subsidy Rolls, Suppression Records, Composition for Tithes, etc. Under Fiscal Records, are Lay Subsidy Rolls, Queen's Remembrancer of the Exchequer, Custom Rolls, etc. Concerning Descent of Lands, are Inquisitions *Post Mortem* (two series, Chancery and Exchequer), Escheators' Accounts and Proofs of Age. Under Grants from the Crown, come Charter Rolls (from 1199, for fairs, markets, warrens, corporations, etc.), Originalia Rolls, Calendar of Treasury Papers, Close Rolls, Patent Rolls, Hundred Rolls and *Placita de Quo Warranto*.

The only credential needed to enter here is a presentable appearance, and you must register your name and address at once, and each time you come. Then you are allowed to pass on into the Round Room and the Long Room, the two which are the students' resort. It is open week days from 10 to 4; Saturdays, from 10 to 2 only. You make out separate tickets for each article desired, of which you may have at a time but three. The rooms named are lined with alcoves, filled mainly with Indexes and Calendars, from which you learn what you will require; then the assistants will bring them (on orders from the desk clerk) from the other vaults in the building wherein the original records are kept.

From around the period of 1600 (whereat my researches mainly began), English commenced to be generally written in the records; and, as I was already familiar with the earliest records in America (which date at about the same period), it did not take long to get into full swing. But from that era backwards (towards the very properly called "*Dark Ages*"), when modifications of Law Latin, as tintured by the Norman-French, was the sole language of public record, it becomes more and more difficult as one proceeds towards the earlier times. In fact, record interpretation at this stage must become a laborious science, in which none has attained absolute proficiency—there being abbreviations and arbitrary signs, which continue in instances to puzzle the wisest. (There have been some helps published along this line. Perhaps the best is Martin's "Record Interpreter;" of which I bought a copy, and found I was enabled to English some passages, which before had been as "Greek" to me.)

HERALDS' COLLEGE. This edifice, situated upon Queen Victoria Street (near St. Paul's), is spacious and imposing, with a front court reached through an arched gateway. The college was founded by Richard III., 1483, and consists of thirteen members—three kings-of-arms (Garter, Clarenceux and Norroy), six heralds (Windsor, Chester, Lancaster, York, Richmond and Somerset), and four pursuivants (*Rouge-croix*, Blue-mantle, *Rouge-dragon* and Portcullis). As this is a private fee college, it was necessary for me to place a commission. Mr. T. M. J. Watkins ("Portcullis") was assigned to care for my needs (a gentleman whom I found both reasonable and obliging, who makes a specialty of tracing Welch pedigrees).

The functions of this institution were formerly more numerous and important (in some respects) than at present; still this has derogated but little from the pomp and ceremony of a conservative nation. The records preserved here form the largest genealogic and heraldic collection in the world, often referred to by searchers. A former "Norroy," was Sir Isaac Heard, who was

the second husband of the widow of Captain David Ochterlony, her maiden name having been Catherine Tyler, of Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

The Library of Heralds' College is divided into "Records" and "Collections." The "Records" include: Visitation Books (Henry VIII.-James II., being compilations of arms and pedigrees made by Visits of Heralds to various parts of the country; many have been published by the Harleian Society, and others), Books of Modern Records (miscellaneous pedigrees, recorded since the Visitations), Books of Pedigrees and Arms of Peers (compiled 1767), Books of Pedigrees and Arms of Baronets (compiled 1783), Funeral Certificates (valuable as showing deaths, burials, marriages and children of upper families), Books of Royal Marriages, Coronations, Funerals, etc., Earl Marshall's Books and Grants of Arms.

The "Collections" include 3,000 manuscript volumes, which are either the work of members of the college since its establishment, or such others as have been obtained by purchase.

This will give a partial idea of the leading institutions where records are kept. There are many minor places, but I will only mention the principal record office of the Quaker sect, Devonshire House, at No. 12 Bishopgate, St., Without, where, for a small fee, I was permitted to copy the births of the elder children born (in England) to William Tyler, the New Jersey immigrant.

In trying to identify William Tyler, founder of the younger Boston Tyler line (whose marriage was celebrated in St. Luke's Parish, London), I found that the family name at present was represented in "St. Luke's" (and that historically) only by Hayward-Tyler & Co., Hydraulic and Electrical Engineers, 90 and 92 Whitecross St., London, E. C. Mr. Hayward Tyler founded this business in 1815, and from the number of medals displayed upon their stationery, it must be a leading firm. From Mr. Eliot Howard, member of the present firm, I learned that Mr. Hayward Tyler died about 1855, and that the purchasers of his business kept the old firm style; that Mr. Tyler's connection with "St. Luke's" was as tenant of the business premises, while he lived upon the other side of the city (probably at Stockwell); that he died childless, and being a strict Quaker, would hardly have had any connection with the "established" church.

One Sunday, I went to Highgate (on the north side of London), rich with its memories of Milton and many another hero, from whose heights a very sweeping view of the old city is commanded. In the ancient cemetery, now completely filled with graves and monuments, I found the imposing tomb of Sir James Tyler, which was surmounted by a coat of arms (*very* similar to the one granted the Boston, Mass., Tylers in 1774) and this motto, "*Non sine labore.*" (I took the saying to heart.) The Highgate Parish records throw no light upon this family.

OUT IN THE PROVINCES.

Rural England, compared with restless, noisy, dirty London (or as the poet Pope once wrote his verse, "dear, d——d, distracted town"); is charming indeed. In truth, were the climate equal to much of the scenery, I think the lives of such as fell in easy places would be a veritable heaven on earth. As it is, the rugged (with their four or five meals a day, and abundance of spirituous and malt liquors) seem to get on well enough; but I fancy the weaker must (with the ceaseless strife between the "Gulf" and "Arctic" currents—both in air and water—trying forever to decide the undecidable question whether Great Britain shall be temperate or frigid) experience a perpetual mental and physical pandemonium.

(My last remarks may seem, to the uninitiated, rather prejudiced, but I solemnly avow, that from the first of May to the first of September, there were not above two weeks all in all that could approach what we know in America as ordinary summer weather; while from the first of May to the middle of June, though at the height of what they call "*The London Season*," there was not a solitary decent sort of day. During the latter period I was working in the public offices, where the fires had already been allowed to die out, an experience, I assure you, very like sitting down for a few hours daily in a refrigerator. The prevalence of catarrhs is appalling, while cuspidores in public buildings are an unknown quantity.)

My first "outing" trip was to the west of England. I will give a passing *resume*.

At 7:25 of a Monday morning, I left by the Great Western Railway, north line (i. e. *via* Bristol), for Exeter in Devon County. (As the train leaves from Paddington Station in the west end of the city, it necessitated an earlier start, at 6:47, *via* the Metropolitan underground railway. The old "undergrounds" burn coal, and the smoke is oftentimes quite stifling. The first *electric* underground was opened last August, having been built by Americans, with American capital; it was a success. They have obtained concessions for others, one of which is now being constructed.)

The fare to Exeter was 14 shillings 4½ pence (\$3.43. All tickets have their prices printed upon them; a good scheme, worthy of copying in the United States), which city was reached at 12:13 noon. The Probate records here are in fine condition and well indexed. Eight courts are included: The Principal Court, Arch-Deaconry of Totnes, Consistory Court, Peculiar Court Dean and Chapter, Arch-Deaconry of Exeter, Arch-Deaconry of Barnstaple, Peculiar Deanery Court Braunton and the Peculiar Court of Woodbury. As heretofore stated not a Tyler estate is here for the whole period involved. (Let me digress to observe that in order to make "literary enquiries" *in the counties free of charge* you must first secure a permit from the Principal Registry, Somerset House, London, and thereafter make appointments with the outside courts you may wish to visit, as they are frequently quite preoccupied, and have, moreover, but a limited number of assistants. I wish to add, also, that I received generous treatment from every court visited, and made it a rule to give a reasonable gratuity to the person assigned to aid me, which invariably appeared to be gratefully received.)

As Budleigh (the parish from which the founder of the Boston, Mass., line is recorded to have emigrated, *vide* entry at Heralds' College, London) is situated in Devon, I will set out the following letter:

"East Budleigh, Devon, England, March 16, 1900.

"Dear Sir:

"I have searched our Registers carefully from 1558 to 1670 and can find no entry in the name of "Tyler." There are, during that period, fifteen entries in the name of "Tailor," but not one of "Thomas Tailor." There are entries in the names of "Taylor" and "Tyll."

"I do not know of anyone by the name of "Tyler" in this neighborhood; nor have I ever come across the name in any of the old documents belonging to this parish. Possibly "Thomas Tyler" was only a sojourner in this parish, and may have been born in one of the neighboring villages. (Not likely.—Ed.)

"Yours truly,

"W. FREDERICK GREEN.

"W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq."

Taunton, Somerset County, was my next destination. Two Probate Courts are of record here; The Peculiar Court of Ilminster and the Arch-Deacon's Court of Taunton. There being no Tylers recorded here, we were next off for Wells, also in Somerset County, where are five courts: The Bishop's Court, Arch-Deacon's Court, Dean's Court, Dean and Chapter and Peculiar Court. Here we found the estate of "William Tyler of Greinton," believed by the writer to be the father of the New Jersey Tyler immigrant, as somewhat at length set out in the Philadelphia article.

A brief summary of our visit to Greinton may be not without interest. Seated in a two-wheeled "trap," behind a plump plodding "hack," we sat out, with our herculean athlete of a driver (the proprietor of the "White Hart Inn," where we tarried), through a low-meadow landscape, largely overflowed at certain seasons, into Glastonbury (the first village reached—famed for its ancient tower upon a hill and the beautiful ruins of its once vast abbey, now walled in from outside view, unless you pay the fee, and used for a sheep pasture). A few miles farther, through a more rolling scene, brings us to Street (a great boot-making place), composed of one tremendously long street (whence its name), whose buildings run almost into *Walton* (whence, probably, the ancient name, "Street *cum* Walton"), the traditional home of the founder of the New Jersey Tyler line. It is today a quiet rural village, with a few modern houses of fair appearance, but with

far more cots of greater age, some actually ruinous.* Stone and brick are freely used, with tile or thatch for roofing. The church is recent, though the square tower is of some antiquity; in its yard are many quaint gravestones, but none of great age. A funeral procession was just coming up the street, everybody upon foot, the coffin being borne upon shoulders, the mourners and friends following—as was the ancient custom in the American colonies. The old parsonage (a newer one being now occupied) stood just over the churchyard wall, within its own enclosure. Its thatch was rapidly falling to decay, which with its peculiar outlines and weather-beaten walls, lent a decidedly picturesque air.† From here, the road leads quickly into *Greinton*; concerning which I will but add (to the notes heretofore given in the historical article) that its church, though small, is very interesting. Its outline (about 75 by 20 feet, as paced off) is so irregular that I drafted a plan. It seems to have sunk into the earth since it was built, for there is a little cement gutter at its base running quite around the edifice, to carry off the waters. The four gargoyles at the corners of its ancient tower are worn and odd enough. To the four old bells, the present rector and his son have added two (the whole chime having been given new hangings with a stout steel frame) and newly releaded the tower roof.

While at Wells, I took occasion to visit the Cathedral and Bishop's Palace. (As wills were formerly matter of *ecclesiastical* jurisdiction, my county researches led to old cathedral towns or "cities," for ridiculous as it seems to a Yankee, only cathedral centers are "cities" in England. Just think of it. Cardiff, the modern great coal port, is only a village, while Llandaff, but two miles away, with a population of but two or three thousand, because it has a cathedral, is a "city.") Cathedrals are the crowning glory of England; they are epitomes of local and general history from Saxon to modern times, the embodied narratives of the origin and development of insular architecture, the most venerable and beautiful fabrics standing anywhere upon English-speaking soil. Perhaps I may be pardoned a few sentences, touching this remarkable pile (as I must pass over many others visited in silence), as typical (to a degree) of its kind; exceedingly complete and well-preserved, though not among the largest, but having some features peculiarly its own.

In the first place "The Close" is still surrounded by its heavy excluding walls (quite exceptionally preserved, I found) pierced with massive gateways (usually opened, but closed often enough to preserve the legal status of a "private way"). Many similar structures have been so encroached upon, that, though they bear an inalienable air of majesty, they seem crowded; at Wells, you see the impressive spectacle from afar, and have time to let it grow upon you as you near its sacred precincts. Its west facade, composed of two corner towers connected by a walled screen of the central gable, is regarded as the finest of its period, and affords the best display of exterior sculpture to be found in Great Britain. A most uncongenial climate, added to vandalous trespasses, accounts for many an unfilled niche; but enough remains to suggest to the imagination, the supreme effect which must have been produced by the ancient entirety. Within, the walls of delicate creamy limestone present an exquisitely chaste appearance, befitting the sanctuary. As it was about the hour for morning service our patient watch was rewarded by a most impressive spectacle, the aged prelate leading from the vestry his procession of godly assistants; as we soon after ascended the central tower, the music from men and organ coming up from below resounded faintly solemn, like the chorus of heavenly cherubim. The steps of the stairway

* Our kinsman, John J. Tyler of Philadelphia (unknown to the writer) visited Walton in July, and brought back a photograph of the oldest house there (built between 1600-1650) where once dwelt the Tylers. Probably "Philip" Tyler mentioned in my article. (The fact that "Philip" was a persecuted Quaker would make him conspicuous, and account for the tradition, as to his residence, surviving to this time.) The occupant of the 80-acre premises for the past 150 years has been a family called Taylor. The house adjoins the stable, has a thatched roof, one end of it being used for a dairy; the ancient fireplaces take up the whole end of the room. In the ceiling are heavy beams blackened by age—the floor of old flagstones.

† This village was formerly the property of Glastonbury Abbey. On dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. granted it to the Duke of Somerset, who shortly sold it to John Thynne, the progenitor of the Marquis of Bath line, who continues "Lord Paramount."

leading to the Chapter House are so worn that it seems like ascending a gradual incline; the crowning glory of this beautiful room is the central clustered pillar, which at the capital divides into a ribbed, fanlike vaulting elsewhere unequaled. In the north transept is the oldest clock in the world; It was made in the fore part of the 14th century by a monk of Glastonbury Abbey, where it kept time for two centuries and a half, until, on the dissolution of the monastery, it was removed to Wells, where it kept the hours for a similar period, when it was replaced by modern works, the old being sent to the museum of South Kensington, where it yet ticks, and is regarded as the very oldest piece of working mechanism. The figures connected with the clock are unique; outside on the tower two knights in armor strike the hour bells with their battle axes; within, a figure (called by the rustics "Jack Blandiver") kicks the small bell, and on the hours four knights come out on horseback with their tilting lances, two going in each direction, and as a result of their racings one unfortunate is put *hors de combat*. (As the other three always come off "Scott free," it can hardly be called "fair play.") The half-ruinous cloister (wherein, it is said, Cromwell stabled his horses), surrounding a burial quadrangle filled with old tombs, a single gnarled evergreen standing out stunted in the center filled me with a pensiveness such as did no other of the several indescribable ones later visited. Of its multitudinous attractions, we single out a few: The inverted arches (built at a later date to support the sinking central tower), old Norman (or pre-Norman) font, old chapels and intramural shrines, original misericords (all that remains of the first woodwork, showing as fine carving as any on the island) and grotesque corbels and capitals. A most charming natural feature is beheld from the bishop's garden, being St. Andrew's spring. Its outflow has created a little pool of such tremendous depths that no line has found bottom, which empties hard by into a moat, now nearly filled up, which quite surrounds the palace, where glide stately swans. To this, and other springs, is due the name given ages ago to the place and the church, i. e., Wells. The palace grounds, of considerable extent, are surrounded by battlemented walls, whose drawbridge (now transformed to a more stationary device) with its elevating-chain, the rust-eaten portcullis and bastioned gate-house, pierced with cross-shaped openings for archers, give a more complete picture of medieval ecclesiastic power and dignity than I observed elsewhere.

Having made (as we fear, for the purposes of this recital) too long a tarry at Wells, we will take train ("Second Class"—the one most in service) for Bristol. *En route* we pass through Cheddar, famous for its cheeses (though they do say that much of it, as of other things, is sold for the genuine without being truly so), where we catch a passing view of its Cliff, a deep rift through the rocky divide, sought frequently by tourists from long distances as "a sight."

Bristol, a lively city of some half million, is quite a shipping center, and does great traffic in coal, tile, brick, and the like, also has the great chocolate establishment of "Fry." We take an electric tram at the station for the bridge, across which we find a fine statue to the greatest of her modern citizens, John Morley, and walking hence a short distance on Broad Street find the object of our quest. (Just below the Probate office runs a portion of the old city wall yet standing, pierced by a narrow gateway, *directly above which is built a church* of some size. It was curious enough.) An Index of Bristol wills has been published, wherein, from 1600 to 1664, appear 16 Tyler wills. These were carefully examined:

Nicholas Tyler, "Joyner," of "Parish Little St. Augustus, Bristol," 1628.

John Tyler, of Henbury, 1601.

Joan Tyler, "*alias* Smith," Henbury, 1607.

Robert Tyler, of Stapleton, 1611.

William Tyler, of Alveston, 1611.

Robert Tyler, yeoman, of Henbury, 1615.

William Tyler, of Alveston, 1616, whose son Nicholas has "All my bokes, my Englishe byble, only excepted the which I gyve Willm. Haynes the younger my nepewe."

"Isable" Tyler, of Stapleton, 1617.

Joanne Tyler, widow, of St. James' Parish, Bristol, 1622.

William Tyler, of St. Stevens', Bristol, 1629.

William Tyler, of St. Phillips' Parish, 1637.
 Phillip Tyler, of Henbury, 1640.
 Eleanor Tyler, widow of Nicholas, of St. Augustine's, Bristol, 1644.
 Phillip Tyler, "Whosieur" (hozier), of St. Phillips, Bristol, 1645.
 Joan Tyler, widow, of Almesbury, 1662.
 Edward Tyler, "Colledrener," of Stapleton, 1664.

Thence we proceed to Gloucester, a fascinating locality, divided into its east, west, north and south by Gate Street, though no "gate" has been permitted to stay. No city in the United Kingdom (save, possibly, Winchester) has such ancient history and traditions. The ruins of a Roman city lie everywhere under foot; its present cathedral was founded by Osric, in 689, whose remains are said to be cherished here, as well as the dust of Robert, Duke of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son, whose effigy is shown, with leg high-crossed, in significance of having *thrice* been a leader in the Crusades. Upon the oldest Saxon crypt, the Normans erected their nave and chancel, the pillars of which were later in some instances cut partly away to allow of counterparts in the early English perpendicular style, a school of architecture which originated in this very institution. Between nave and chancel are seen some wholly unique flying arches; beyond, is the largest east window in the world, filled for the greater part with *old* glass; an unusually broad triforium has its whispering gallery (the only other English cathedral so favored being St. Paul's, London); while the perfectly restored cloister, with fan-ceiling groining, is pronounced the finest in existence. The choir of this cathedral now and then in the winter season joins with those of Worcester and Hereford in giving what are known as "The Three Choir Concerts," whose music is said to be exceedingly uplifting.

The probates here are in the worst condition of any we saw, having never been bound into books, but simply done up in brown paper "bundles," arranged by years, with a rawhide thong to hold them together at one corner, exhibiting all stages of neglect and illegibility. We went through the (very difficult and tedious) task of hunting out and deciphering (as best we could) the 18 Tyler wills involved during the period in question.

Edward Tyler of Tytherington, 1608.
 William Tyler, yeoman, of Doynton, 1631.
 William Tyler, yeoman, of Hartbury, 1613.
 Richard Tyler of Highnam in Churcham, 1613.
 Richard Tyler, "fuller," of Watton-under-edge, 1639.
 John Tyler of Pucklechurch, yeoman, 1638.
 John Tyler, "tucker," of Pucklechurch, 1612.
 John Tyler, husbandman, of Ashelworth, 1609.
 Richard Tyler of Hiham, husbandman, 1610.
 Rebecca Tyler, widow, of Titherington, 1616.
 John Tyler of Hannam in Bitton, 1620.
 Thomas Tyler, "taylor," of Corse, 1622.
 Henry Tyler of Taynton, 1633.
 John Tyler of Dursley (illegible).
 John Tyler, husbandman, of Ashelworth, 1634.
 James Tyler, carpenter, of Standish, 1647.
 George Tyler, "miner," "late of Breck Yellows of the parish of Newland," 1650.
 William Tyler, of Stowe, parish of Newland, 1650.

These bundles were all the more vexatious, in that they were arranged by "given" instead of *surnames*. (The modern records are kept beyond criticism.)

Our next destination was in Wales, where we "put up" at Cardiff, going thence by bus the short ride to Llandaff. On the way we pass "The Castle," whose outer walls, like those of the entire modern city of Cardiff, are the creation of the wealthy Bute family. Mounted upon these walls, whose height on the street was not so very much above the heads of the passers by, were the carved figures life-size of various animals—lions, bear, panther, monkeys, seal, wolf, fox, hyena; perhaps some have escaped memory. Resting there, with heads, foreshoulders and paws over the parapet, grinning or scowling, fantastic or hideous, they formed a megalithic menagerie whose wonders one could not, if they would, forget.

I will no further digress to speak of the ancient cathedral, right under the hill, at Llandaff (a large portion of which was wholly ruinous, and a prey to the elements for many long years, until now lately fully restored), nor of the massive gateway of the old bishop's palace (of which so little, even in desolation, remains), nor of the mysterious old stone cross in the public square, nor yet of the Taff meandering through one of the most beautiful of meadow landscapes—but simply say that the five Tyler estates at Probate, which came within the proper period, were carefully gone over; and that, as they had never been registered, I had the original instruments in hand.

Francis Tyler of the "Castle of Ragland, Gent," 1690.

Catchmayd Tyler of Mitchel Troy, gent, 1690.

James Tyler, gent, of Mitchel Troy, 1675.

Marie Tyler of Cumcarven, 1624.

Thomas Tyler, yeoman, of parish of Shenforth, 1684.

We departed thence for Shrewsbury, famous for its "Cakes" and "School," its castle, abbey and walls, its Benbow House and birthplace of Darwin. The numbers and variety of Elizabethan structures still standing is truly wonderful; it is upon a considerable rise, almost surrounded by the Severn, spanned by two rather modern restorations of ancient bridges, the "English" (leading to the east) and the "Welch" (leading directly into Wales). Its Probate records contain those of four courts: Bridgenorth Peculiar, St. Mary's Peculiar, Manorial Court of Ellesmere and Prees Peculiar, the last being unindexed.

The next step was to St. Asaph in the north of Wales, where the well-preserved books are abominably indexed to Christian (instead of sur) names. After laboring through four volumes, from 1620 to 1675, I found there were just no Tyler estates at all. In going to Lichfield I stopped off for the night (railway connections being poor) at the much frequented resort, Chester, another Roman town. It is the only place in old Albion whose walls are still intact; their circumference of some two miles is used for a public promenade, which commands many charming prospects, being much of the way in sight of the River Dee. The town abounds in aged "half-timber" buildings, in the erection of which it was an ancient custom to build them over the sidewalk (sometimes even into the roadway), an arcade being formed beneath by massive wooden or stone pillars, the supports of the upper stories.

At Lichfield we had to examine into 19 estates, making use of the original files in the cases. (The indexes of this court have been published, but on going through the manuscript index I found one of my cases was not included.) The very obliging clerk in charge has in late years been through every paper in all the files (aggregating into the millions), and given each cause a new "jacket." There are but two, the Peculiar and the Consistory Courts; the Tyler causes were all found in the latter.

Elizabeth Tyler of Shrewsbury, 1613.

Richard Tyler of Hardwick, gent, parish of Middle, 1606.

(The above "Richard," with other members of his family, is referred to *in extenso* in a work I examined at the British Museum Library, by Richard Gough, 1700, "Antiquities and Memoirs of Myddle" (County Salop), wherein the Tylers are spoken of as very ancient in the parish, but the narrative concerning them was so repugnant that I did not copy the text. The author claims to be a kinsman of the Tylers, so that it is still more inexplicable, why he would make such a parade in type. Some historians do not seem to comprehend the dignified limits of their self-appointed tasks.)

Charles Tyler, iron-founder, of Heanor, 1610.

Richard Tyler of St. Alcmund's, Shrewsbury, 1616.

Quintain Tyler, yeoman, of Madeley, Stafford County, 1625.

William Tyler, yeoman, of Wem, 1625.

Thomas Tyler of Middle, 1633.

Jane Tyler, widow, of Wem, 1630.

Margaret Tyler of Middle, 1635.

Thomas Tyler of Sleape, Wem, 1639.

Adam Tyler of Horton, Wem, 1642.

Jane Tyler, widow, of Horton, Wem, 1643.

Thomas Tyler of Cond, 1647.

Thomas Tyler of Balderton in Middle, 1663.

Edward Tyler of Horton, Wem, 1664.

George Tyler of "Roowewood," Loppington, 1672.
Joan Tyler, widow, "aged," of Derby, 1673.
William Tyler of Horton, Wem, 1676.
John Tyler, gent, of Leighton, 1678.

We omitted to say, while at Shrewsbury, we definitely settled a question of some little consequence. There has been an opinion entertained by such of us Americans as have made foreign Tyler lore anything of a study, that possibly "*Le Sire de Tilly*," who went to England with the "Conqueror," might be the progenitor of an English Tyler line. At Shrewsbury, in the library of the Shropshire and North Wales Natural History and Antiquarian Society, I found in Garbet's "*History of Wem*," 1818, that the Norman left his imprint upon several localities in that neighborhood. Not more than two miles to the southwest of Wem, within a little district, are found "*Tilley*," "*Tilley House*," "*Tilley Park*," and "*Tilley Green*." Undoubtedly, the *Tilley* (not Tyler) family are derived from the same man; who thus saved the orthography of his surname after crossing the Channel, to help plant (not only conquest, but) progeny in a strange country. Further notes upon Wem and "Tilly" may be gleaned from Eyton's "*Antiquities of Shropshire*."

The Tylers of London seem to be as versatile in employment as their American kinsmen. From the City Directory I found them engaged in the following occupations: A late president of the Grand Trunk Railway, Canada, doctor, solicitor (lawyer), architect, boot and shoe factor (the largest in the United Kingdom, by the way), jeweler, surveyor, valuer and auctioneer, electrical engineer, wine testers and merchants, chimney sweep, butcher, basket maker, corndealer, table maker, hair dresser, piano teacher, ladies' school, stone and marble mason, yes, and one "Wat" is a dealer in safes, iron doors, etc. Surely, they compare favorably with the cousins in our own free country.

At Somerset House, I saw their first Tyler will (in 1426) of contracted Latin, a most difficult sort, requiring technical knowledge to translate. Upon the Conqueror's coming, the schools of England became Norman-French; in the time of King Richard II. (1377-1399) they began to teach English in schools, so that it gradually worked into the records. A few wills written in English are found as early as 1400, but it was 1500 before they became common; by 1600, they were universally so written. But for generations after Latin continued to be the language of court entries.

WEDDINGS.

Miss Nannie Sampson, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sampson, was married to Ensign Wat Tyler Cluverius at Charlestown (Massachusetts) Navy Yard, April 5, 1900. It was one of the most brilliant of society events. (Ensign Cluverius was in Philippine waters a year ago, but is now assigned as an instructor to the U. S. Navy Academy at Annapolis.)

Mr. Eugene Tyler Chamberlain (U. S. Commissioner of Navigation) was married to Miss Mary Lee Chapman, daughter of Mr. Dudley P. Barnette, at Washington, D. C., April 17, 1900.

Miss Emma Jane Farwell, daughter of Jesse Farwell, Esq., of Detroit, Mich., was married to Mr. Edward H. Jewett, June 5, 1900, and are "at home" to their friends in the Verona Apartments in that city.

Miss Fannie Williams, daughter of Mr. Edwin J. Gresham, was married to Mr. Henry A. Lyman of Herndon, Va., October 10, 1900.

Miss Leola Chapman Tyler, daughter of Mr. Alpheus Pardee, was married to Mr. Ernest T. Barrett of Omaha, Neb., September 27, 1900.

Mrs. William Royall Tyler (widow of the late master of the Quincy, Mass., Adams' Academy) was married at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, England, to Hon. Josiah Quincy, recently mayor of Boston, Mass., February 17, 1900. Mr. Carter, a secretary of the United States embassy, was best man, while Ambassador Choate with his full corps were in attendance, which made it a distinguished though a quiet function, the bride, being yet in half mourning, was given away by her young son, a schoolboy at Yarrow.

Hon. Hiram Hitchcock, proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York

City, was married March 22, 1900, to Miss Emily H. Howe of Hanover, N. H., the ceremony being performed by President Tucker of Dartmouth. The bride had just given the "Howe Library" to her native town.

Miss Emma Teller, daughter of the Colorado senator, was married at Washington, D. C., April 12, 1898, to Mr. George E. Tyler of Denver.

Last February 11th was the date of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Tyler of Rome City, Ind., but as it fell upon a Sabbath, they chose the 14th instant, being St. Valentine's day, for the celebration. Mr. Tyler is a veteran of the Mexican War, and for many years was teacher of penmanship in the Fort Wayne schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tyler of West Springfield, Mass., during the past year were surprised, upon the occasion of their twentieth anniversary, by a party of friends, who brought presents and refreshments with them. One present was in the form of a spoon, whereon was engraved a twenty-mile mark and outline of a railway, in commemoration of the fact that once, when performing his regular duties as engineer upon the Boston & Albany R. R., he saved the burning of a mill by blowing his whistle in a peculiar manner as he went through town.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, president of William and Mary, has just published "The Cradle of the Republic" (Jamestown and James River), 187 pages octavo, handsomely illustrated, and with a most attractive array of "Contents." It may be ordered from the author at Williamsburg, Va., for the very reasonable price of \$1.00.

Some time since, our gifted kinswoman, Miss Anne V. Culbertson, of Baltimore, Md., published a very meritorious volume of poems, entitled "Lays of a Wandering Minstrel." It is from the well-known house of Lippincott, and includes Miscellaneous Poems, a Few Lyrics and Sonnets, Trifles Light as Air and a Few Dialect Poems. Without reflecting upon the merits of other parts of a work, which is very attractive throughout, we feel that we know the writer *most at home* in her "dialect" efforts (though they come to the surface without visible effort). Those who had the great pleasure of listening to her renditions at our Philadelphia reunion (especially at the hotel parlors in the evening) will recognize the truth of this observation. In this field she is simply inimitable. Miss Culbertson, of a naturally frail and retiring temperament, has been for some time upon the amusement platform, and we venture to assert that no Tyler will miss the opportunity of spending a gloriously happy evening under her magic spell. While anybody looking for an attraction to fill an evening in a lecture series, cannot do better than to correspond with Miss Culbertson, directing to her street number, 1214 Madison Avenue. Copies of the said volume of poems, 186 pages, can be had of the publisher; cost \$1.10, which includes postage. She has "Won golden opinion from all sorts of people."

Preston, Conn. (an old Tyler town), has recently published the proceedings at the bi-centennial (1698-1898) of its First Congregational Church. Among the statistics (included from the church records) are found numerous Tyler entries, including brief sketches of Hopestill Tyler (one of the twelve founders) and Rev. Lemuel Tyler, one of its most efficient pastors.

NOTICE.

Our esteemed family treasurer, Major Wm. N. Tyler, Wakefield, Mass., had the misfortune to mislay (and so lose) *the list whereon he was keeping the names of those who joined our association at the Philadelphia Reunion, or who there paid their annual dues.* It is requested, that all who are concerned in this matter do at once communicate with Mr. Tyler, telling him just what you paid to him at Philadelphia and for what purpose, that he may be enabled to correctly adjust his books. Should you neglect to do this you

are likely hereafter to get a notice from him of dues unpaid, which this kindly prompt action upon your part would avert.

Our souvenir program at Philadelphia was the finest thing we have ever had in that line. It is but simple justice to say that the clan is indebted to their clansman, Mr. L. A. Tyler, of Philadelphia, for this special feature, Mr. Tyler having gone to considerable individual expense to get up something unusually nice.

Mr. Wm. G. Tyler of Philadelphia had with him at the reunion, for general inspection, the framed "Certificate" which William Tyler, the immigrant ancestor of the New Jersey line, brought with him from Somerset, England, before 1700. It is, we believe, the oldest Tyler manuscript in America.

The pleasure was ours at Philadelphia, to have with us the eldest member of our clan who has ever attended one of our gatherings. This venerable, bright and gracious lady was Mrs. Mary Tyler Thompson of Salem, N. J., who is 91 years old.

"Blood tells!" One of our clanswomen (whose husband could not come) traveled all night from a remote part of Virginia, that the family might be represented. Another, who had an important function to perform, had to come (for he came) on crutch and cane, from Connecticut.

It would appear that our last postal notice of the Reunion was needlessly ambiguous, for two parties arrived well on in the day of the gathering under the mistaken impression that the reunion was to be held the following day. No one regrets this most unfortunate happening so much as the writer. He not only begs pardon for this, his first (known) offense in this direction, but will try hereafter to avoid any possible chance of such mistake being made.

PERSONALS.

As the frontispiece herein, appears a faithful likeness of Major J. Hoge Tyler, commonly known as "The Governor," of Virginia. He resides at East Radford (Va.), where he has a beautiful home and home life. He comes of an old line of kinsfolk, whose annals reach back into the beginnings of Essex County, in his native and much-beloved state; by tradition they came from Scotland. The first days of Governor Tyler were as romantic as his later ones have been filled with well-merited honors. His mother, a daughter of General James Hoge, died at her son's birth, in Caroline County; thence, in the arms of his henceforth colored "mammy," he was borne to Richmond, when but a few days old; thence to be taken upon a 300-mile route through the wilderness, whose highway was then but a trail, to the old homestead, where he was to grow up. At sixteen, while preparing for the University of Virginia, in 1863, the South found itself in need of all the troops it could muster; young Tyler was among the band of beardless youth who helped to fight out the rest of the sanguinary struggle. Returning home, he found the hard practical lines of life which were henceforth to command his attention; the old home exhibited the desolation of neglect and havoc; the slaves were informed of their freedom, and when they mostly were vanished, with the handful of colored servitors which insisted upon remaining, he began the reclaiming, foot by foot, of mother earth. When it is remarked that his present estates amount to near 2,000 acres, one may judge how well these husbandman-years have been spent. Without initial taste for, or ambition in, the field of politics, he has been brought to the front, by the agricultural forces, which he so ably represents. In the early '70s the rural districts began to organize for mutual interests and benefits. He was called upon for a speech, and to preside at a local meeting; the hit was instantaneous; they have been "calling upon him" ever since. His first recognition was in so important a position as state senator; soon he was lieutenant-governor, which place was urged upon him against his will; finally he became what he still remains, governor of "The Old Dominion." No candidate for that office ever in that state had a more solid delegation; it was Democratic and for "free

silver," and Major Tyler, with his honest directness and humor, was to be the successful standard bearer of his triumphant party. His administration has been a "clean" one logically along the lines promised. His section of the state is the richest in mineral wealth, which resources he has been most active in bringing into productiveness. Upon his own estate is a coal vein, which he has opened up, had a four-mile railway spur built, and invested some \$100,000 in its development. He is a prominent Presbyterian; has been repeatedly a delegate to its highest courts, its general assemblies, as well as two of its Pan-Presbyterian Councils, at the latter of which (held in Glasgow, Scotland) he was a presiding officer. His home life is charming, and his moral character altogether above suspicions of reproach. He is a typical American of the Southern school, hospitable, unassuming, unaffected, intellectual, firm but not dogmatic in opinions, magnetic in the power to make and keep both faith and friends. Physically he is six feet in height, broad-shouldered, erect, of powerful mould; his handsome features bear the ruddy glow of perfect health, and their mobility is fascinating. He is in his fifties, and seemingly destined to reach good old age. May he do so! His home is presided over by a most conscientious and charming wife, who has borne him seven children, four promising sons and three accomplished daughters. "Governor Tyler" is the *third of this surname* who has borne this title in his state; the first two bore the family relationship of father and son. Shall we see this unusual occurrence again exemplified in this household? We sincerely hope so!

Rev. James Gray (whose wife is a daughter of the Rev. Josiah Tyler, missionary for forty years in Africa) has recently been appointed, by Lord Roberts, librarian at Pretoria. Mr. Gray is a Briton, who was obliged to leave his ("established") pulpit at the outbreak of the Boer War, because of his loyalty to the mother country.

It is probably unknown to most of our kin that the wife of the vice-president-elect, Theodore Roosevelt, is a Tyler; such, however, is the congratulatory fact. Are the Tylers going to support the coming administration? Well, now!

A bill is pending in Congress for a monument to be erected above the remains of President Tyler at Richmond. "How long, O Lord, how long!"

Last June the town of Framingham, Mass., celebrated its bi-centennial. Among the guests of the municipality that week was Professor Brophy of New York, who was one of the speakers, carefully and intelligently selected for his oratory and integrity. Although he had such noted men as Senator Hoar for his fellow-speakers, we rest content that the laurels of our clan were reposed in safe hands.

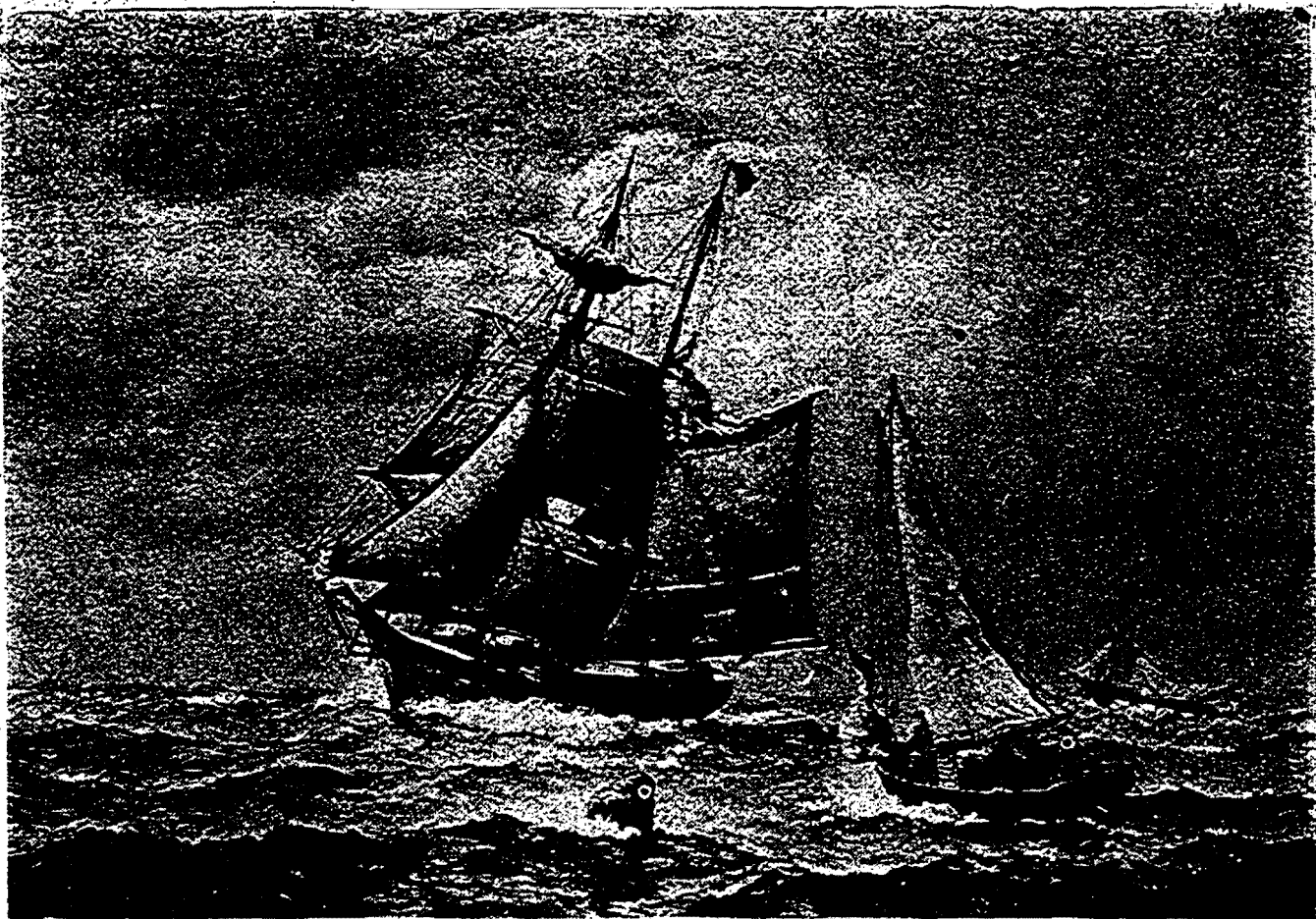
Professor Alfred Tyler Perry, late librarian of the Hartford Theological Seminary, is now president of Marietta College, Ohio.

Dr. John Tyler Kent, the acknowledged authority upon Homeopathic Materia Medica, has removed from Philadelphia to Chicago, Illinois (residence, 1334 Hinman Avenue, Evanston, Ill.). A decline in health led to the change, and the clan will be glad to hear that a recent summer among the mountains of Wyoming has put the doctor quite upon his feet again. He has accepted the deanship and professorship of Materia Medica of Dunham College, Chicago, and has opened a private office (for consultation mainly) at No. 92 State Street.

Last summer, East Haddam, Conn., saw its greatest day, it being the celebration of the bi-centennial of separation from the parent town (Haddam). Upon an elaborate program we find the name of Rollin U. Tyler, Esq., of Tylerville, Conn., who had the distinguished duty of responding to a toast to "Haddam, the Mother Town." He is one of the coming men of western Connecticut.

Last March 15 and 16, at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, New York City, occurred an auction sale of canvasses from the studio of our distinguished family painter, James G. Tyler of New York, whereupon he realized some \$6,000. According to the illustrated catalogue (which gives 140 titles), he works varied from small to medium size, and were of great range over the marine element, wherein Mr. Tyler is most at home, including graceful yachts, sturdy coasters, humble fishing smacks, troubled waters under

cloudy skies, placid seas under clear heavens, breezes and blows, in fact everything eloquent of the mariner's world. We submit a view showing his style of work.



Professor John Tyler of Amherst has delivered numerous lectures the past year upon his theme, biology, which have met with liberal patronage and general approbation.

Our hustling cousin, Henry D. Tyler, Esq., of New York City, during the past winter made a new departure by entering the lecture and entertainment field. The newspaper accounts are flattering in compliment, especially of the "Edison Projectoscope" screen pictures. Views of old New York were a feature, from 1669 to date, with enough of the present world's doings for relief.

Mr. Clayton Joslyn, late of Malden, Mass., has moved to Holliston, Mass., where he has built a large plant and incorporated as the "Joslyn Maple Sugar Company," a wholesale dealer in fancy Vermont maple syrup and sugar, grocers' supplies, apples and apple products (i. e., cider, cider vinegar, boiled cider, cider jelly and Shaker apple sauce). Many friends will wish him success in the wider field.

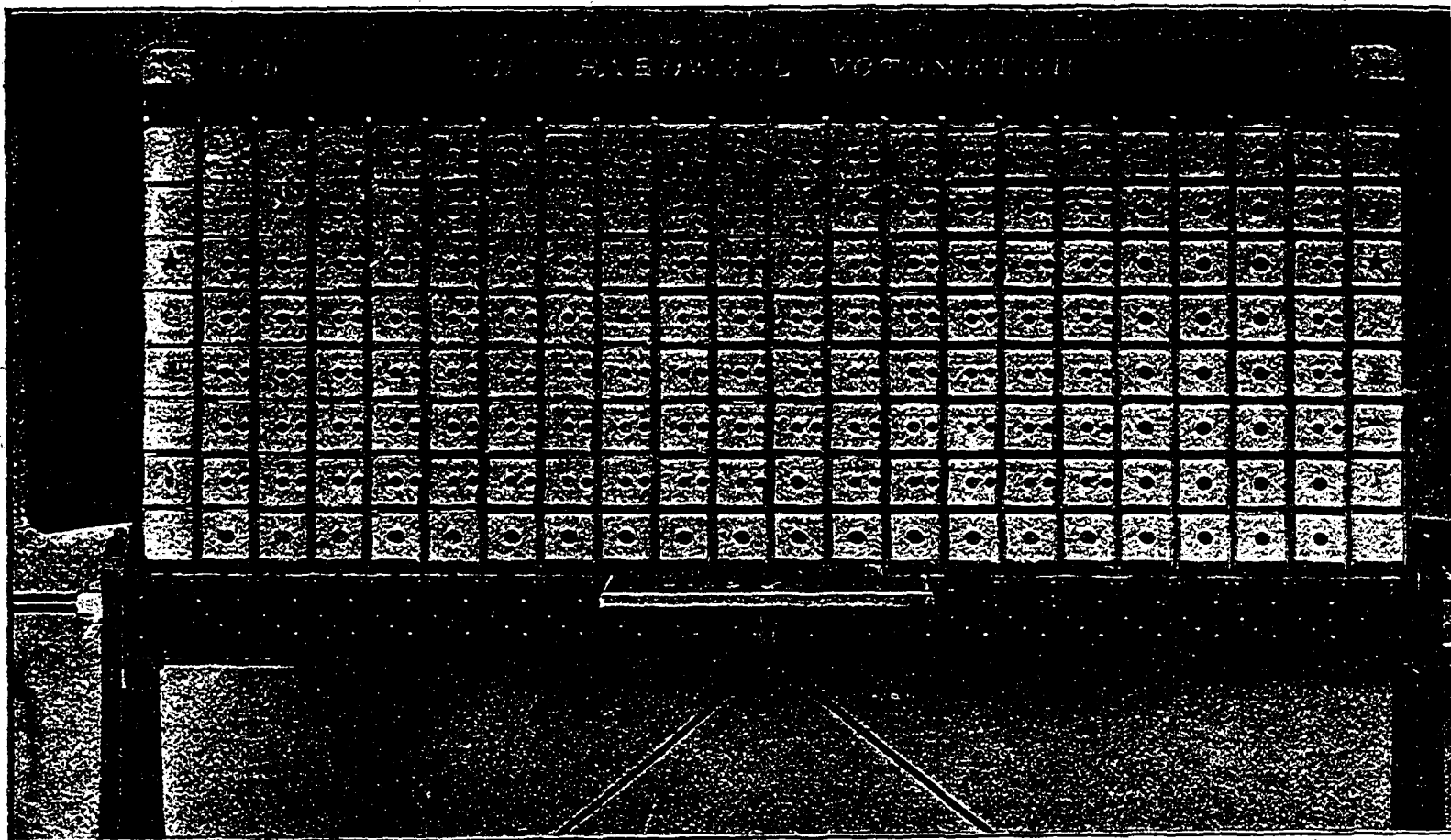
Last September 5 occurred the thirty-first annual gathering of the Old Folks' Association of Charlemont, Mass. Ansel L. Tyler was continued in his former office, president. He is a brother of Justice James Tyler of Brattleboro, Vt.

Mr. Franklin Tyler Wood is rapidly coming to the fore as an illustrator. His careful pen and ink work, which is often to be seen in *Youth's Companion*, *Boston Home Journal* and *Frank Leslie's*, is characterized by minute attention to details, clean drawing and graceful and lifelike figures. He resides at Hyde Park, Mass., where he has a studio upon Mount Neponset. Mr. Wood is a young artist who not long ago finished his instruction at the Art Students' League in New York City.

Odette Tyler, who has lately aspired from romantic drama to the "legitimate," is a Tyler only by assumption. She comes, however, of a good Savannah, Ga., family, and, being more than an average actress, we must wish her success.

Mr. Arthur F. Bardwell of Springfield, Mass., is the recent patentee of an invention called "The Bardwell Votometer," which promises in the near future to advantageously revolutionize our methods of casting ballots at the

polls. It has been successfully tried and ought to be generally adopted. We sincerely hope it may be.



Mr. Boardman Tyler of Plainfield, N. J., has spent considerable time the past year in the far east, especially Japan, where he reports the people to possess many fine traits of character, and that they are making wonderful progress towards solving practically the mysteries of western civilization.

Mr. Daniel Kent of Worcester, Mass., was recently elected register of deeds for Worcester County. We congratulate his constituency upon having secured an able and reliable public servant.

The friends, and they are legion, of Major William N. Tyler of Wakefield, Mass., will be sorry to hear of his recent serious indisposition. He is now, thankfully, again on the highway to perfect health. May he long remain so.

Last May Sheriff Tyler (and another) of Grand County, Utah, was instantly killed by outlaws upon Hill Creek, fifty miles north of Salt Lake City. He, with two assistants, had been on the hunt for some "cattle rustlers," upon whose camp they unexpectedly came, with such fatal result. When the report reached town, the governor guaranteed the expenses of a pursuing party. We do not know, but every law-abiding citizen will hope that a summary retribution was meted out to the renegades.

The oldest letter-carrier in the world was Charles A. Tyler of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was appointed by President Polk, August 1, 1845, and continued in the employment of the United States Postal Department for more than fifty-five years, up to the time of his death, November 17, 1900, occasioned by heart disease, at about his eightieth year. "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Our esteemed fellow-kinsman, Mr. William L. Tyler, formerly at Boston, where he was general agent for the United States Life Insurance Company, has recently become master of the local branch office of this company in New York City, at No. 503 Fifth Avenue, corner of Forty-second Street. Mr. Tyler is a courteous gentleman and has exceptional business capacity. We are glad to bespeak him a generous share of the new "risks" upon the new territory.

Word just reaches us that Miss Anne V. Culbertson has given a new lecture, "Notable Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," with great success. It is illustrated with their portraits and colored views of their homes, and delivered under the auspices of Daughters of the American Revolution.