

THE WRIGHT FAMILY
with Reynolds ancestors
OF

CINCINNATI,

OHIO.

From Ethel Wright Lawrence Woodbury Allen
bn. Oct 7, 1924
m. James Noyes Woodbury June 22, 1946
he died Sept 6, 1994 bn Oct. 3, 1919
2nd m. Henry Herbert Allen May 11, 1996
bn Jun 4, 1925

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The purpose of this pamphlet is to bring into permanent form for the present, new generation and for those to come after, the history of the families who, born of English, Scotch or Welsh stock came to these shores for the most part in the early 18th century, settled in the East, gradually moved toward the West and finally met in and around Cincinnati. There they united to bring into the world John Reynolds Wright and Mary Elizabeth Smith whose lives are bound up in the early history of Cincinnati and whose progeny now bear their name "even unto the third and fourth generation".

John Reynolds Wright was the son of the Rev. John Flavel Wright and Mary Reynolds of Urbana, Ohio. Mary Elizabeth Smith was the daughter of Dr. Jesse Smith and Eliza Bailey of Cincinnati.

It is those four families, Wright, Reynolds, Smith, Bailey, whose wanderings we are going to trace.

WRIGHT FAMILY

References

Minutes of the Annual Conference of the
Methodist Church, 1860, p.214.

Cincinnati Past and Present; Elm Street
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Story of Methodism by H. E. Luccock.

Circuit Riding Days Along the Ohio, by
W. W. Sweet, 1923.

1. JAMES WRIGHT, native of County Antrim, Ireland, but born of Scotch-Irish stock, came to Philadelphia in 1766 bringing four sons with him. His wife Isabella Gunning and daughter, Margaret were to be fetched later. But he "received a full drink of water from one of those deep, cool wells of Philadelphia and died in ten minutes in 1766." His wife and daughter then came over. Margaret married Joseph Wilson, moved West and left a large family near Xenia, Ohio. Isabella lived to a ripe old age near Carlisle, Pa. and was buried in the Big Springs Burying Ground of the Presbyterian Church.

2. JOHN, his fourth son, born in Ireland in 1752 came to Philadelphia with his father. He served with honor in the Revolutionary War and settled afterward in Lancaster Co., Pa., moved to Rockingham Co. North Carolina and thence to Stokes Co. in 1799 when his son John Flavel was 4 years old. He married Jeannette Gault in Lancaster Co. Mrs. E. Schofield, 3546 Graceland, Ind., his great-granddaughter, writes, "I saw the old place in 1919. It is 9 miles east of Winston-Salem. The man, who owns it is a florist, he has remodeled it but tried to keep it as it was originally. The little burying ground is in a corner of the Farm." He died December 3, 1836.

3. JOHN FLAVEL, son of John and Jeannette Wright was born July 30, 1795 "within sight of the Blue Ridge Mountains" in Rockingham Co. N.C. When 4 years old the family moved to Stokes Co. near Winston-Salem. Most of his early life was spent as an itinerant Methodist minister. In 1813 he was converted at a Camp Meeting and made his first address in August 1814 when he was 19. At first of feeble voice and little presence he became a powerful speaker in his later years through perseverance, application and practice. In 1844 he lacked a few votes of being elected Bishop. Having been licensed as a local preacher in No. Carolina and Virginia, he was transferred to the Ohio Conference in 1821 and had circuits at Lebanon, Cincinnati and Madison, Ind. with headquarters at Chillicothe, Ohio. March 31, 1825 he married Mary Reynolds of Urbana, Ohio. John Flavel and Mary had five children, two of whom grew to maturity. In 1832 he became book-agent for the Methodist Book Concern, located at Cincinnati, which position he held for 12 years. From 1844 to 1861 he was again in the pastorate. In the Civil War he served as Chaplain 1862/67 in the First Kentucky Regiment and among the Hospitals. Thereafter he served more or less as Superannuated and as Conference Evangelist. Mary died in 1844 and in 1848 John Flavel married Eliza Bailey Smith, Widow of Jessie Smith. He wrote in 1851 "Sketches of the Life and Labors of James Quinn". He died September 13, 1879 at the home of his son, John Reynolds on East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

Miss Mae E. Schofield, 1400 S. Olive St., West Palm Beach, Florida, whose mother lives at 3546 Graceland Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind. is a descendant of James Thomas Wright, elder brother of John Flavel Wright. She has a family Bible which contains the following names of brothers and sisters of that generation:

1. Isabella Wright, born July 27, 1782.
2. Agnes Wright, born May 8, 1785.
3. James Thomas Wright, born July 15, 1787, married Rhuhannah McAnally April 5, 1810 of Aberdeen Scotland, died November 23, 1859.
4. Joseph A. Wright, born April 1, 1790, married a Blount. His grandson is Franklin Booth, the artist.
5. Margaret Wright, born June 16, 1792.
6. John Flavel Wright, born July 30, 1795, etc.
7. Mary Wright, born August 7, 1797, married Jesse McAnally, her first cousin.

She gives an account of the life of James Thomas Wright, her great-grandfather and the brother of John Flavel as follows: "James Thomas Wright moved to Indiana about 1838, living for a year at Hope and then moving on to Castleton. The old log house he built there, now boarded over, is still in use. I have pictures of it and the little church in Allisonville where he preached for many years and was named for him. He never received one cent for his services nor wanted it. The Wright family grave is on the place, it was deeded to the family and is apart from the farm. His wife's people, the McAnallys lived in Guilford Co. He left the South because of slavery, he did not believe in it -- none of the Wright brothers did." James Thomas Wright had ten children, all born in North Carolina and most of them remained there after their father moved West. There are therefore more descendants of the Wright family there now than in Ohio and Indiana.

Miss Schofield also writes, "John F. Wright was my grandmother, Mary F. Lemon's, uncle"

and, as Mary Reynold's mother was Jane Lemon, it is safe to conclude that our families are of a twofold relationship.

REYNOLDS FAMILY

References

Reynolds Family Association Re-
union. 1922, 1923, 1929
History of Washington Co., Md.
T. J. C. Williams. 1906 p. 1304

1. JOHN REYNOLDS was born 1681 in England. He married a Welsh woman, Crook or Cook by name and moved to Wales. In 1715 he migrated to Ireland with his family and thence in 1718 to land situated on Swatara Creek where it joins the Susquehanna River now in Dauphin Co., Pa.

2. JOHN REYNOLDS, his son, was about 4 years old when his father brought him to Pennsylvania. He married Elizabeth McKee, also born in Ireland of Scotch ancestry but an Episcopalian. In 1761 he bought a farm between Antietam and Hagerstown, Maryland of 212 acres and later added 35 acres of what was known as Abston's Forest to it. He had nine children.

3. JOSEPH REYNOLDS, his son, was born November 10, 1747. He married April 5, 1774 Sarah Smith and had 12 children all born in Maryland. He migrated to Ohio in 1807 to a location on the Mad River west of Urbana, Ohio and died there July 7, 1808.

4. JOHN REYNOLDS, son of Joseph, was born in

Maryland, April 18, 1775 and came to Ohio with his father. He conducted the store of the town and built the first frame house of Urbana, now called the "Weaver House". He also built the first grist mill with William Ward in 1814. He was called "Judge John" as he held the first court in Urbana. He married Jane Lemon in 1797 and had eight children. He died in Urbana December 21, 1855.

5. MARY REYNOLDS, his daughter and the mother of John Reynolds Wright was born in Urbana in 1805 and died in 1844 of consumption. She married John Flavel Wright in 1825 and they had 5 children but two only lived to maturity, John Reynolds Wright and Jane, who married Hines Strobridge.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REYNOLDS FAMILY

By

Glen Wright

My father's name was John Reynolds Wright, the Reynolds having been the maiden name of his mother, Mary Reynolds. It will be my aim in this paper to tell something of this Reynolds family from which my paternal ancestry traces. It takes imagination to realize that, three or four generations back, those ancestors who appear only as names with the dates of their births, marriages and deaths, should have been living personages with just such joys and sorrows, successes and failures, victories and defeats, strivings, ambitions and heartbreaks as we have. But such was the case in full and in greater measure than we of our generation today experience.

Contemplate my grandmother, Mary Reynolds,

now dead 90 years. I know practically nothing of her, I have no idea how she looked, what she thought, whether industrious or lazy, whether she rode a horse, milked a cow, was musical, hated books, was sentimental -- but still that little woman, married at 20 and dead of consumption at 39, was through my father, her son, ancestress of 37 people, 25 of whom are living today. She was born in Urbana, Ohio in 1805, died in 1844 and was married in 1825 to my grandfather, John Flavel Wright, 10 years her senior. Little beyond this do I know except that she was in very delicate health always. My father has told me that his Grandfather Reynolds had a very large home in Urbana. It had so many rooms that each was numbered. No. 6 was always set aside for the minister -- this was my Grandfather Wright, itinerant Methodist minister for the Southern District of Ohio, who fell in love with Mary and in 1825, she 20 and he 30, carried her off to his headquarters then in Cincinnati. I find no record of their first home but on Broadway in Cincinnati on July 31, 1828 my father, John Reynolds Wright was born.

Pulmonary trouble developed and she came to her early death. My father has told me in his mature years, with what sorrow he looked back upon his lack of appreciation of his Mother's last illness, for while they were waiting for her end, he was reading Shakespeare. It is strange to contemplate this, his deserved chagrin, for a more considerate man, one more alive to the fitness of things, never lived.

Mary Reynolds' father was John Reynolds (Judge John, he was called as he held the first court in Urbana); he was born in Maryland April

18, 1775. I have heard of him from one who saw him and knew him and so shall here tell of him. In 1807 his father, Joseph Reynolds, migrated from Maryland to a district west of Urbana, O. with his many children and bought property there. Joseph lived but one year in his new surroundings and the home breaking up, John drifted with other members of the family to Urbana where he eventually engaged in a mercantile business, having the store of the town situated on the Park with a sign John Reynolds & Co. over it. He was aided by his brother Isaac, of Baltimore, described to me in a letter from a cousin of my father's as a gentleman whom, as a boy, he well remembered. Family activity centered during weekdays, almost exclusively around the store, the making of a living being the matter of prime importance. The store was a retail distributor of importance to the community, entirely rural and almost completely pioneer. When a boy of about 12, my father spent his summers with his grandfather working in the store. He has told me of the Indians who would come to buy blankets and provisions, leaning their papooses on the railing of the porch, while they made their purchases in the store. Judge Reynolds was evidently rather a stern gentleman of about 65 years at the time of which I speak. Father has told me that a colored boy, George, the child of one of the slaves who had been freed when they left Maryland but had followed them to Ohio had the job of cleaning out the store. When derelict in duty Judge John would take George to the wood-shed and give him a licking. My father told me his duties were to write in certain books in the store, that he wrote with a small, cramped hand. Judge John said in his presence to the book-keeper, "Can you tell me what lady has been writing in our books?" In discouragement

that evening he asked the Judge whether George could write, that he would like to change jobs with him. I think one can realize from the incidents cited that Southern Ohio was quite a wilderness and that the rough and ready spirit of the frontiersman existed during John Reynold's life to a marked degree.

Judge John built the first frame house in Urbana on the N. E. corner of the Square, now called the "Weaver House". He and William Ward erected the first grist mill in 1814. Till then grinding of corn was done by hand with stones or other rude implements. He married Jane Lemon in 1797 at the age of 22. They had a long, useful married life of 58 years, he living till December 21, 1855 and she till 1857. It was the day of big families, John was one of eight, he had eight children.

The above facts were given me by word of mouth from one who knew my Grandmother Mary and her father, John Reynolds. I shall now have to depart into fields of traditional records and shall try to give a picture of the forbears of these two, as might have existed when account is taken of contemporaneous events. Before doing so, may I make certain observations which appear pertinent, regarding this branch of my ancestors?

The Reynolds coat-of-arms has been reproduced from one upon the tomb of Robert Reynolds, now in a cemetery at Bristol, R. I. Three foxes on a shield with a fox as a crest and REYNOLDS marked beneath. Family originally Norman-French. A corruption of "Renard" (French) or "Reynard" (English) which is "fox".

From the immigrant John Reynolds (the first ancestor whom I shall attempt to mention) born in 1681 to my birth in 1869, a stretch of 188 years, the only names in the direct line were John, Joseph and Mary. This may betoken family tradition, the nearer following than today of Bible custom or a lack of originality as they all had so many children.

I find no ancestor back to 1681, who was not conscientious, industrious and also possessed of property. None apparently worked with the hand for a wage but each must have worked with the hand, though always for himself and not as an employee. The first three generations were farmers. The later ones in commerce or banking; none have been in the professions.

John Reynolds, the immigrant to the Colonies, was born in 1681 in England. He married a Welsh woman, Miss Crook, and moved to Wales. He must have migrated thither in 1701 or 1702, for he there reared a family, remaining till about 1715 when he migrated with his family to Ireland and in about 1718 to land situated on Swatara Creek where it joins the Susquehanna River, now situated in Dauphin Co., Pa. Nothing more authentic do I find of him. It may not be profitless however, to surmise from the times in which he lived, with more or less hope of accuracy, those impulses and ambitions which impelled his migration from England to Wales and Ireland and later to America.

He lived during the upheaval when final and definite decision was made in Anglo-Saxondom that the Divine Right of Kings was a myth, demo-

cracy a workable reality and that those who governed, did so at the behest of the governed. This decision with many, many interruptions, had been growing since the time of Henry II in about 1170 when Becket was killed in Canterbury Cathedral. Thirty-two years before John Reynolds' birth Charles I had been executed because he dissolved a Parliament; twenty-one years before his birth the Cromwellian Protectorate ended and Charles' son, Charles II was brought back. John Reynolds was 4 years old when this Charles died to be succeeded by his brother, James II, who reigned for three years, was dethroned and a fugitive for 5 years in France. James landed in Catholic Ireland and was defeated at the Boyne in 1690 when John R. was 9 years old. For a century poor Ireland continued to be more and more downtrodden and desperately poor. It was evidently a good place to which Englishmen of moderate means might migrate, --things were cheap. John R. is known to have been a Presbyterian so that in the civil wars his people must have been Roundheads or their sympathizers. Many of such minds, during the succeeding wars of William III and later Marlborough (the Battle of Blenheim was in 1704), loathed and would have none of soldiering and migrated to Ireland, especially to those locations predominantly Protestant. Such and kindred reasons undoubtedly took John Reynolds to Ireland. With the death of Anne in 1714, when John was 33, the line of Stewarts ran out and a German was put on the throne, a Protestant, who could speak no English although the great-grandson of the first Stewart, James I.

Under George I the days were very dark for England and among the many discontented and dis-

couraged came to Pennsylvania, my ancestor, John Reynolds about 1718. I find no date of his death nor record of his family, but it is safe to say that it was numerous.

The child, however, who vitally interests us, is our direct ancestor John Reynolds (I will call him John No. 2), the son of the immigrant John described immediately above. Here is a transcription from the Reynolds Family Bible in the hand-writing of John Reynolds (my father's grandfather, the one who kept the store in Urbana); "We are informed that our ancestors on the Reynolds side moved from Wales to Ireland. Grandfather Reynolds (that is John No.2), when about 4 years old migrated to Swatara, Pa. where his father purchased property. Grandfather, when a middle-aged man, moved to Antietam near the Potomac River, Washington Co., Md. where he purchased property and settled for life. --Signed John Reynolds, Urbana, Ohio, July 17, 1848." It will further appear that John No. 2 was born in Wales or Ireland --- I cannot be sure which --- in 1714; that he migrated with his father to Pennsylvania in 1718 and there later married Elizabeth McKee who was born in Ireland and was an Episcopalian. He is reported to have bought a home in Delaware which he lost through a defective title and later a home between Antietam and Hagerstown, Md. The township was called "Sharpsburg Hundred" I can find little authentic about him. He was a farmer surely, for he was appointed by the "Committee of Observation" during the Revolution to appraise wagons, horses, etc. for Col. Jos. Smith's Battalion. He resigned the next week -- evidently fed up on appraisals! When 47 years old he bought his farm of 212 acres at

Antietam July 1, 1761 from a William Anderson for £235, adding later 35 acres of Abston's Forest. This property has changed hands but twice since and in 1822, belonged to one B. F. Roulette. The homestead was located in about the center of the Civil War battle-field. Buildings were struck many times and still bear marks. One shell went through the parlor ceiling and was found in the attic. It was historic in both Revolutionary and Civil Wars. John No. 2 had 9 children. He left a will that may be interesting as a record. (See Reynolds Family Association, 1922, page 200). It was dated March 22, 1784, probated April 13, the year of his death. He seems to have been quite a wealthy old ancestor.

The only undescribed missing link in the direct Reynolds ancestry is one named Joseph. He was the son of John No. 2 and the father of John of Urbana. He was born November 10, 1747. Before telling of him, however, I think it might interest to narrate the story of Joseph's brother Captain John Reynolds. As we live in these softening days, it should interest us to know that we are at any rate sprung from ancestors who were regular he-men and women, who got out and really did things. Captain John was with the 7th Maryland Regiment. In the Revolution he was at Fort Schuyler, Valley Forge, and the Battle of White Plains. Born in 1745, he married Margaret Smith in 1764. In 1779, when the War was pretty well over, he started to migrate to Kentucky with his wife and 7 children, a Mrs. Harden and 2 children, a Mrs. Mallott and 5 children, a woman named "Scotch Sally" and a colored girl, servant to Mrs. Reynolds. The following is a description of their adventures. It was given me by my brother Clifford,

enclosed in a letter dated August 9, 1913.

Romances of Maryland
by
T. J. C. Williams

Among the families that lived West of the Blue Ridge Mountains before the War of the Revolution was that of Captain John Reynolds. His farm was situated in that beautiful tract which was afterward the scene of the Battle of Antietam. His wife was Miss Smith, daughter of a neighboring farmer. Captain Reynolds was an Officer in the Continental Army, but it appears that in the latter part of 1778 he resigned his commission, sold his farm and organized a party to settle in the Ohio country, joining in a movement that had already begun. Along with Captain Reynolds were his wife and seven children, besides the others of the party, and a number of servants.

One of the descendants of a brother of Captain Reynolds, was the late Joseph Reynolds, a brother-in-law of Judge William Fisher, of Baltimore. Mr. Reynolds was for many years a prominent citizen of Baltimore, and he later removed to Hagerstown. From him I had the following story, which I had verified, and which Mr. Reynolds had first hand from one of the party --- Elizabeth. She was the daughter of Captain John Reynolds, married a man named Wolfkill and lived to a great age in Urbana, Ohio. There Mr. Reynolds saw her.

Captain Reynolds' party went in wagons to the Ohio River, through an almost unbroken wilderness. They spent the winter on the banks of the

Ohio not far from Pittsburgh and in the spring embarked in two large boats and went down the River, expecting to make a house in what is now Kentucky. When the two boats got as far as a place called Long Beach, about 50 miles below Wheeling, the party landed to rest. Seeing, however, evidences of a recent encampment of Indians they hastily reembarked and pushed out into the stream. The current carried the boats near the North Shore and as they approached a point of land, the boat carrying the Reynolds family, was assailed by a volley of bullets.

The Captain was lying with his head in his wife's lap, and as he seized his rifle and arose, a bullet went through his head, killing him instantly. The man at the helm was also killed and a bullet pierced Mrs. Reynolds' bonnet. The fire of the Indians was returned and one of them was killed, but the boat drifted ashore and the whole party, numbering 19, was captured, three having been killed. The Indians found a splendid booty in the freight boat.

Many of the unfortunate captives were put to torture, some had to run the gauntlet for the amusement of their captors. Mrs. Reynolds, as they marched through the forests, saw her little children fall from time to time with weakness and weariness. She was in agony lest they should not be able to rise again, in which case she knew they would be tomahawked. During the march little Elizabeth and her brother William, three years old, were separated from the mother and Mrs. Reynolds with several of the children was taken to Fort Detroit. Elizabeth and William were taken to an

Indian settlement on the Scioto. William was kept by a Chief and Elizabeth given to the sister of his wife. Several others of the Reynolds party were at this same village where they were compelled to work as slaves.

Fortunately Elizabeth was near enough to William to look after him and she probably saved his life more than once. She herself received humane treatment from the squaw who had her. In the meantime the mother was in Detroit, planning for the rescue of her children, who were now scattered far and wide over a vast wilderness. It was a task that would have seemed hopeless except to a person of undaunted courage, and such Mrs. Reynolds proved herself to be. When she arrived in Detroit she was in a deplorable condition of weariness and suffering and had little clothing left but a ragged blanket, but in this hostile British town she found kind friends. The ladies of the post sent her clothing and gave her sewing to do, by which means she supported herself and her children, receiving at the same time army rations as prisoners of war.

While in Detroit a Captain Reynolds of the British Army told her he was from Maryland and suggested that possibly he was a relative of her late husband. But Mrs. Reynolds replied that she had no desire to establish any relationship between her children and a Tory. She soon found favor with the British Commandant and he was induced to send out parties to seek and rescue her children. These parties went out with presents for the Indians and persuaded them to bring in the children and claim the reward of \$100 which was offered for prisoners.

In this manner all the children were recovered except Joseph, the eldest, who had been adopted by a Chief near Detroit and was designed to succeed him as head of the tribe. Him the mother finally abducted while the warriors were absent and he was secreted in Detroit, so that when the Chief came to demand his return, he could not be found.

As a result mainly of the work of the parties sent out by the British Commandant the Reynolds children had been rescued one by one. John had been purchased by a Mr. Robinson on the Upper Sandusky and when he heard his mother was in Detroit he restored him to her. The party which had brought Elizabeth to Detroit had left little William with the Indians. That was in October. One day about the middle of December, as Elizabeth was passing the Council House door in Detroit, an officer called her in. There she found William and when the little fellow was asked who it was who had come in, he said, "It is my Betsey". After some difficulty the child recognized his mother when she came, and it was a joyful reunion.

The good Commandant, now that all the children had been gathered to their mother's arms, put them on a boat and they started for Montreal. In this city Mrs. Reynolds busied herself in aiding some American prisoners to escape. But shortly after her arrival the news of peace came and she and her children and 19 other prisoners were sent back to American territory. They made their way to New York and then to Philadelphia, where Mrs. Reynolds procured a horse and wagon and drove nearly 200 miles back to Sharpsburg, accompanied by every child who had started West with her; but

she herself came back to her native land, like Naomi, a widow. As the wagon approached the house of Captain Reynolds' father, one of the boys ran ahead and came to the house. The old man asked him whose boy he was and he replied, "Captain John Reynolds', Sir" much to the astonishment of his grandfather.

I can add nothing to this narrative so graphically told, except to quote from a letter written from Urbana to my brother, Clifford, and dated July 31, 1913 from "Willie Ross", my father's cousin, describing Elizabeth. He said, in answer to Clifford's letter to him, enclosing the above narrative; "I read it to our cousin, Mrs. Mary Ward, She is 81 years old and in feeble condition yet the account was very interesting to her. She remembers Mrs. Wolfkill and the thrilling adventures of her life with the Indians have been familiar to her since childhood. In Mrs. Wolfkill's declining years or perhaps from an earlier time of her life, and until her death, Grandfather gave her a home, building a room on the large porch in the center of his residence adjoining the store on the public Square. She was, I think, an invalid and bedridden, either from exposure in her early years, or other cause."

Captain John, above described, was one of ten children and a son of John No. 2. Captain John's brother, Joseph, was two years his junior born November 10, 1747 and our direct ancestor. He married April 5, 1774, Sarah Smith, the sister of Margaret (Captain Reynolds' wife). Sarah and Margaret were two of twelve children. Joseph

and Sarah had 12 children, all born in Maryland. It would seem from the size of these families that Jacob of old had nothing on these ancestors of mine for, while the 12 tribes of Israel were descended from Jacob by several mothers, my people had but one stalwart lady in the case. Joseph migrated from Maryland to Ohio in 1807, to a location west of Urbana on the Mad River, lived but a year and died July 7, 1808. It must have been quite an upheaval to have, as a 60 year old man, changed his surroundings so completely, but the reason for it was evidently the slavery question, which, even at this early date, was coming to the fore and growing very bitter. Abolition all but got into the Constitution of the United States. Jefferson fought hard for it, but the compromises to get the Constitution adopted, were so long drawn out, fraught with such bitter feelings and the period so critical in American history as to whether the Constitution could be adopted at all, that I fancy in utter weariness, the Abolitionists allowed the slavery question to lapse and thus it was not then adopted. For some years the negro was a White Elephant on the hands of the Southerners, when of a sudden Eli Whitney's cotton gin invention made them indispensable in the growing of King Cotton (production from 1793 grew by leaps and bounds). The Reynolds were all anti-slavery people --- Joseph freed all his slaves, my father has told me, and some of the slaves with their families followed them to Ohio and became family servants. Thus came our race of Reynolds to take root in the free state of Ohio.

There remains to tell of only one more Reynolds, my father, but I will not write of him here. Suffice it to say that the union of my

Father and Mother in 1851, when he was 23 and she was 21, resulted in great happiness. Nine children blessed that union. I was the youngest.

-oOo-

SMITH FAMILY

References

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10, 1904. Clinton, Mass., 1906
- Home of the Smith Family in Peterboro,
N.H., 1749-1842 by Jonathan Smith,
Clinton, Mass. 1900
- A New Hampshire Farm and its Owner.
Clinton, Mass. 1909
- Life of Jeremiah Smith by John H. Morison,
1845
- For an account of Dr. Jesse Smith's pro-
fessional career in Cincinnati see
"Daniel Drake and his Followers", by
Otto Juettner. Cincinnati 1909, and
"Cincinnati, the Queen City", by C. F.
Goss, Vol. 2, page 219.

Diaries and Journals

- The Decades, written by Mary E. S. Wright,
1830-1910
- Diary of John R. Wright and Mary E. S.
Wright.

Diaries and Journals
(Continued)

Diary of Jessie S. Wright Foster, written
at age of 12.

Diary of Gordon R. Wright, written at age
of 14.

1. ROBERT SMITH, son of James Smith of Moneymore, County Londonderry, Ireland married Elizabeth Smith and had four children, William, John, Sarah and Mary, all born in Ireland. He brought his family to Lexington, Mass. in 1736. After a winter in Lexington they removed to Lunenburg, where his wife died in 1757 at the age of 74. That same year he went to his son Williams', who had been among the first settlers of Peterboro, N. H. He pursued his trade there of tanner and died January 14, 1766, aged 84.

2. WILLIAM SMITH, his son, born in Ireland, in 1723 was 13 years old when his father brought him to Massachusetts. He received one of the original grants of land in Peterboro and married there Elizabeth Morison December 31, 1751. He had ten children. He was Justice of the Peace for many years, a delegate to the New Hampshire Congress and was one among others to sign a petition to the Continental Congress. He built the home in Peterboro, Elm Hill, now owned by Mrs. Clement (nee Adams) of Boston, Mass. He and his wife died in 1808 and are buried in the old Burial Ground on the hill in Peterboro. This New Hampshire town had now become the Homeland of the Smith Family; with other families they had settled it, divided the land into

farms and administered its affairs.

3. ROBERT SMITH, eldest son of William, was born February 15, 1753. He was always called "Deacon Smith" because he clung to his Scotch Presbyterian faith after his eight brothers and sisters went over to Unitarianism. He died December 31, 1795 following the kick of a horse at the early age of 42. He married first Agnes Smilev by whom he had two children; William, born 1779 and Fanny, born 1780. The latter never married, was considered a woman of strong opinions and keen intellect and a firm adherent of Woman's Suffrage. Agnes died in 1791 and in 1792 he married Isabel Ames, afterwards the mother of the twins, Jesse and Stephen and Robert H. After her husband's early death she married Shubael Hurd of Lempster, N. H. and had two sons by him, Smith and Justus.

4. JESSE SMITH, was born with a twin brother, Stephen, March 6, 1793. After his father's death and his mother's remarriage he went to live with an uncle, James Smith, who had left Peterboro and moved to Cavendish, Vermont. The home where he lived there burned down about fifty years ago but descendants of James still live in the house they built on the same property. (James' son, William, was a prominent citizen and had a large library that was turned over to Dartmouth at his death). In 1810 he entered Dartmouth College as from Cavendish. His mother, now married a second time, financed him, every penny of which he later repaid. After graduating in 1814 he was Preceptor of the Academy of New Ipswich, studied medicine at Harvard Medical School, graduating M.D. in 1819. He lectured at Dartmouth 1820. He went that year to

Cincinnati to establish a practice and there became Professor of Anatomy in the newly established Medical College of Ohio located in Cincinnati.

The testimonials presented in the prospectus of the new Medical College show the Faculty to have been adequate to the demands of an up-and-coming college. Daniel Drake, the first President makes the following statement over his signature, "That the Medical College of Ohio, in its infancy, can equal the matured Institutions of Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore, it would be preposterous to assert; but that a skillful improvement of the advantages of Cincinnati, for such a school, will in a few years elevate it to their exalted position, there can be no doubt." The following were the extracts and certificate in favor of Dr. Smith; "Dr. George C. Shattuck, one of the eminent practitioners of Boston, observes, 'If your medical school bid fair to rise rapidly into public favor, I know a person who has the qualifications you want. The gentleman to whom I allude, has as great a passion for practical Anatomy, as Linnaeus had for Botany. To a strong mind and vigorous constitution, he unites habits of the most patient labor and sound discretion ... During the autumn of 1819, he delivered a course of lectures on Anatomy at Dartmouth, to a class of 70 or 80 pupils. Dr. Nathan Smith, the founder of that school, now attached to Yale College, and Dr. Cyrus Perkins, at present of New York, had both lectured for some time on that same subject in that Institution. Many persons who had heard the lectures of those respectable Professors, have expressed a decided preference for those of this gentleman. His name is Jesse Smith, a nephew of the late Governor Smith of New Hampshire. (Jeremiah Smith)."

And the following from Dr. Thomas Sewall, "a gentleman of high respectability"; "Dr. Smith gave a course of Anatomical Lectures last autumn at Dartmouth College, and so far as I have learned, with considerable eclat. He must have done well, or he could not even have given satisfaction after so good a lecturer as Dr. Perkins. His knowledge of Anatomy is undoubtedly minute and particular; and his zeal in the cultivation of the Science uncommonly great.-- His energy and decision of character are as great as could be desired, and his constitution is such as will bear him out in the arduous labors that must be imposed by the Chair of Anatomy and Surgery. He has many very good Anatomical preparations, and my opinion is, that he would do better than any other person you could readily find."

Dr. John T. Kirkland, President of Harvard College and the Medical Faculty of that Institution sent the following; "Jesse Smith, M. D., who received his medical degree at this University, has an undisputed reputation for talents, diligence, and patience, in all the studies and pursuits pertaining to his vocation as a Medical man, for uncommon skill in Anatomy; -- and for good morals and prudence in the affairs of life. We have reason to think he has excellent qualifications as a teacher in a Medical School" and signed by six Professors at Harvard.

In 1822 Jesse returned to Charlestown to marry Eliza Bailey. After their marriage on April 6, they drove back to Cincinnati by carriage. There they established themselves in a house that stood where the First National Bank now stands and remained in the ownership of the family until her

daughter, Mary Smith Wright died (she was unwilling to sell it during her lifetime). Their children seven in number, were born here but before his death in 1833 during a cholera epidemic, they had moved to 7th and Vine Streets. His daughter, Mary Elizabeth, the only surviving child, was three years old when her father died, after 14 hours' illness. A will was made -- he signed with a cross only -- among the witnesses was Rufus King, a distinguished lawyer of that period.

His career of Professor of Surgery in the Medical College was not always serene. Gifted and determined, he sometimes differed with Dr. Drake, the President, as to the policy they should pursue. At one time Jesse resigned by was re-instated a short time later. In his early death Cincinnati lost a citizen and educator no less than an eminent surgeon, who stood at the very head of his profession in the Western States.

It might be interesting to quote from a letter written by Jonathan Smith of Clinton, Mass. (died in 1930 at the age of 88), the grandson of Jonathan, brother of "Deacon Robert". He says, "No trace of the house of your ancestor Robert Smith now exists in Peterborough and has not existed for a great many years. It disappeared long before my day. I know its location. It is situated on the farm of William Moore in the southern part of Peterborough on the old road to Jaffrey Center, a short distance south of the Horace Morrison place. William Moore, the father of the present owner, took me to the spot where the house was, some twenty years ago. It is situated some 30 or 40 rods south of the present Moore house near the brow of the hill. I saw the cellar hole over

which the Robert Smith house stood. I have no doubt that it was the place for our ancestor, William Smith, once owned all the land in that vicinity." This is the birth-place of Dr. Jesse.

Jonathan Smith continues, "Your ancestor Robert Smith, was the only one of all the children of Wm. Smith who did not follow Dr. Channing when he swung off from the Calvinism of his day. They all became Unitarian and most of their children did also. Robert Smith clung to his Presbyterianism as long as he lived. I knew his daughter, Fanny Smith, in my early days. She was very poor and lived in a small cottage in the upper part of Peterborough Village. She used to make long visits at our house and we children had a chance to know her. She was a rigid Calvinist to the day of her death and an ardent disciple of Mr.. Lloyd Garrison. She was a brilliant woman and as a boy I listened to many discussions between her and my father and Dr. Albert Smith on the doctrines of Calvin and Garrison. She was a brilliant wit and very intelligent -- quite a match for my father and Dr. Smith in all discussions of her favorite themes." Her portrait hangs in the Assembly Room in the Historical Society Building which has been given to the town of Peterboro by Mrs. Perkins Bass.

All the Smith ancestors are buried in the old cemetery near Elm Hill. Deacon Robert Smith's tomb stone one of slate, bears the following inscription: "In memory of Dean ROBERT SMITH who departed this life December 31st, 1795 in the 43 year of his age.

Nor welth nor strength nor frien's can save
From wasting sickness and the grve
Go reader then make hast prepare
At Gods tribunal to appear

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BAILEY FAMILY

References

A Genealogy of the Descendants of Richard Bailey by Alfred Poor. Historical and Genealogical Researches and Records of Passing events in Merrimac Valley. January 1858. Vol. 1. No. 2.

1. RICHARD BAILEY, was born in Yorkshire, England and came to Massachusetts between 1630 and 1635 in the ship Bevis, 150 tons. He was considered very pious and when the weather was stormy, he was always called upon to pray. He bought an estate in Rowley, Mass. and built the first cloth mill in America, now owned and still being run by a man named Dummer, a descendant of a man of the same name, who came over in the Bevis. He married Ednah Holstead and had one son, Joseph. He died about 1648. Ednah married secondly Ezekiel Northend, who moved into the homestead and it is still owned by their descendants.

2. JOSEPH, their only child, settled a little north of Rowley on the Merrimac not far from the

western border of Newbury (now a part of Bradford). He was one of the leading men of the town, a selectman and a Deacon of the church. He married Abigail (surname not known) and had 8 children.

3. ELDER RICHARD BAILEY, the 2nd child and first son of Joseph, was born September 30, 1675 in Bradford and settled in the homestead. He died November 19, 1748. He was a man of keen business ability and activity and owned land in Portland, Me. as well. He was Deacon of the church, Moderator of the Town Meetings and Selectman. He married Joanna Webster of Bradford, Mass. February 21, 1706 and had 9 children.

4. JOSEPH, fifth child of Elder Richard, was born in Bradford, January 28, 1714. He settled on that part of his father's farm next to Rowley, now in Groveland. He married Elizabeth Boynton of Rowley, January 1, 1735 and had 8 children.

5. RICHARD, 4th child and eldest son of Joseph, was born May 9, 1745. He married Hannah, daughter of Eleazer Burbank of Bradford, resided in Winchenden till 1772, in Hollis till 1791 and then removed to Groton, N. H. where he died in 1828. They had seven children.

6. JONATHAN, eldest child of Richard, was born in August, 1766 in Winchendon. Other children of Richard were Richard, born April 1768; Betsey born March 2, 1770; Hannah, born May 1777; Eleazer Burbank born 1779; Daniel, born 1784; Polly, born 1790. Jonathan married Elizabeth, daughter of John Gordon of Bedford, N. H. (her grandfather

was Nathaniel Gordon, a farmer of Scotch descent, who was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, who came to Boston and settled in Shirely, Mass. in 1742. He married Sarah Martin in Ireland and had four children and died in Peterboro, N.H. in 1789. His eldest child, John, married Mary Campbell of Townsend, Mass. in 1762. They went to Bradford about 1774 and bought a 50 acre farm, a part of the present, so-called "Gordon Farm". They had 14 children of whom Elizabeth, who married Jonathan Bailey, was the second and eldest daughter). Jonathan and Elizabeth resided at Goffstown, Deering, Hancock and Marlow, N.H. where their children were born. Then they removed to Washington, N.H. where Jonathan was in the distilling business. Thence to Charlestown, Mass. and Newport, R. I. where he died. Their children were Eliza, who married Dr. Jesse Smith, Daniel (eldest child), John Gordon, J. Gilman, Sophronia (married Hamilton Smith and is the mother of "Aunt Lila"), and Jonathan. After Elizabeth's death Jonathan married a second wife, Hannah Peckham. He died in Newport.

7. ELIZA BAILEY, second child and eldest daughter of Jonathan was born in Marlow, N. H., February 22, 1793. Lived in Washington, N. H. and in Charlestown, Mass. where she was a teacher in a Lady's Seminary and where she married April 6, 1822 Dr. Jesse Smith of Peterboro, N. H., who had recently gone to Cincinnati to become Professor of Anatomy in the newly established Medical College of Ohio. The story is that she sold her jewels to buy him surgical instruments and that they drove in a horse and buggy to Cincinnati. They had seven children; James Bailey, born February 3, 1823,

died May 11, 1830; Isabella and John Gordon (twins) born February 11, 1825; Isabella died February 11, 1825, John Gordon died February 20, 1825; Isabella Elizabeth, born May 7, 1826, died February 14, 1830; Ismenia born March 11, 1828, died August 6, 1829; Mary Elizabeth born March 7, 1830, died December 15, 1911; Jessie B. born March 20, 1833, died May 20, 1837. After the death of Dr. Jesse of cholera she married February 4, 1848 John Flavel Wright, (the father of her future son-in-law, John Reynolds Wright) who had been left a widower by the death of Mary Reynolds. She died in their home on East Walnut Hills, February 25, 1883 at the age of 90.

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JOHN REYNOLDS WRIGHT

by

Glen Wright

My father, John Reynolds Wright, was born July 31, 1828, the second child of John Flavel and Mary Reynolds Wright. His early babyhood was spent in Urbana, Ohio. In 1832 he was brought to Cincinnati when his father became book-agent in the Methodist Book Concern. The family must have kept in close touch with his grandfather John Reynolds for Father used often to entertain us with stories of Urbana life. He was graduated from Delaware College Delaware, Ohio to which institution he later made considerable contributions, establishing what is still known as the "Wright Chair in Greek".

When 23 he married my Mother. He must have already had several sweethearts, among them a girl named Lucy Webb, who later became the first lady of the Land, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes. We used to joke Father by telling him that if he had married Lucy, he probably would have been President. At any rate my Mother has often told me how passionately in love she was with Father and never felt entirely secure until he asked her to marry him. They must have been a wonderful couple -- Father twenty-three, Mother twenty-one, when they were married June 5, 1851 --- like children. Once when Father was anxious to get off to work, Mother hid his hat and disappeared, making him a half hour late at his office. Their life was surely a very sunny one and it was vividly reflected in my brother Gordon, than whom no greater prank-player and fun-lover ever existed. He was born the following March, 1852. As I review the characters of the later children, it is possible to make a rather vivid picture of the conditions under which my parents lived. The next child, Jessie was of a sensitive, withdrawing nature. Then Clifford, who had initiative and sweetness, always ready to "hold the bag" -- man of big ideas and accomplishment. Father was then beginning to get real ideas and taking real responsibilities of a growing family.

My Father had one or two business misfortunes, one especially I heard him tell of; a certain glass enterprise in which he had some financial interest and which failed.

Father served in the Civil War and was put on some patrol duty where he took a severe cold which settled in his lungs. He was never able to cast it off entirely and all his life he was frail

and had to be careful of his throat. For years he and my mother would travel, spending winters in the South, Florida, Asheville, etc. Father was thus excused from military duty but he nevertheless did what was done during the Civil War (for there was no general draft) hired a substitute and paid the necessary \$1,000 for it.

In the early 60's he became connected with William A. Sumner in the firm of Wm. Sumner & Co. They were agents in southern Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky for the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. of Bridgeport, Conn. The machine caused a revolution in American domestic life. It was a time when most clothes and garments were made at home by hand and by the mother of the household.

As I remember, the machine sold for \$125. I think Father had a half interest in Wm. Sumner & Co. If I am correct, the commission on each machine was \$75, the actual salesman getting one-half of this amount. They had scores of drummers each of whom had a horse and buggy specially made to carry two machines. In these vehicles the drummers covered the various points, selling to the farming districts. Sumner & Co. must have had tremendous overhead expenses, for they had a very large factory for demonstration and repair work including a factory for making these buggies, which, with the horses, they furnished their selling agents. They owned hundreds of horses and did a very large business. My father was extremely successful during these banner years of a new and developing industry. Later on, I imagine, prices, under competition, began to decline and with the, the profits. Whether with foresight as to a necessary and unwished-for change in

methods to meet changing conditions or because of frail health, Father and Mr. Sumner sold out the business to advantage and were left with independent means. They continued to be lifelong friends and were partners in various enterprises afterwards. Father went into -- I think for something to do -- a banking firm of Hughes, Wright & Co. located on 3rd St. Cincinnati and Mr. Sumner joined in a small ownership. This bank later combined with Espy, Heidelbach & Co. and formed the Ohio Valley National Bank, later merged with the First National Bank. Mr. Sumner and Father later bought control of the Capital City Gas Light Co. of Des Moines, Iowa. A. P. Foster and his wife, my sister Jessie, went there to live, he becoming an officer in the Company. Father bought favorably two or more parcels of land in Des Moines, which, as the town grew, became valuable in increasing rents and upon ultimate sale, in greatly increased value of principal. In the early 80's, I think it must have been, they sold the Gas works and from then on Father never went into investments except of a standard nature, that is, stocks and bonds of a readily saleable nature. Thenceforward my Father may be said to be spending his "sunset days".

I have mentioned his frail health, their trips included Europe and our southern country. Once while on the Oklawaha River in Florida, people were shooting alligators from the deck of the boat. A man stupidly put the barrel of his rifle on the deck. It went off and hit my Mother who was sitting in the cabin below, in the shoulder. It was a close shave but she recovered and carried the bullet to her dying day. It worked down without casualty to the small of her back and during the 40 remaining years of her life, she

often felt it when damp weather prevailed. Once when in North Carolina, my parents bought horses and rode back to Cincinnati. I well remember the home-coming; the horse that Mother rode, Dixie, was a family pet for twenty years. We drove him in buggy and phaeton and he was a fine riding-horse. I rode him all through my boyhood until I was 15. My brother Gordon then took him to his home in LaPorte, Ind., where he died. Never was more faithful friend than old Dixie.

The last 25 years of my father's life were spent mostly in the East. He quite lost his identity with Cincinnati, which deprived him of civic duty and responsibility. While his health made this a necessity, it was nevertheless a bad thing for him to lose touch with a community where he had long lived and was favorably regarded. Withdrawing from associations built up through an honorable career of usefulness, is in my judgment always a mistake; it deprives one of the friendships made, of the physical and mental stimulus which every one's nature needs to keep him young and interested. He is soon forgotten and only a few "old fellows" remember him. It necessitates giving up of a home and those sweet responsibilities which home-making and having, entail. He is a nomad. He loses his love of "things" and when one gets to the point of no more wishing "things" (even if they have to be stored in the attic), life may be said to have lost semblance of youth. We do ourselves an injustice when we refuse to consider ourselves as still feeling the waters of Youth running strongly. I feel that my father and mother felt this lack as they saw themselves without general friendships, responsibilities and a home. They probably never got so far as to formulate the viewpoint I have. They yielded, how-

ever, to the temptation of welcoming a carefree life, living here and there, without fixed abode, in trunks and without responsibility.

Justification of it is somewhat due for they had brought nine children into the world, 6 of whom lived to maturity to whom they gave every opportunity for the acquisition of happiness, culture and education, and also because of the frail health of my father. My parents lived at an hotel in New York, at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium and their summers were spent various places in the East. Constantly their children were with them wherever they were, summer and winter. Numerous grandchildren rose up to call them "blessed" and the family ties always remained entirely unbroken and riftlessly united.

My father was a rather quiet man, but very forceful. He represented that branch of humanity who needs not advertise their virtues by self expression of them. I think it was Emerson who said that no forest was so dense that it would not be penetrated to hunt a man living in its center, should he have but a rat trap better than some one else's. A few moment's conversation convinced any one of my father's forcefulness. Scores of times my mother whipped and punished me. They are forgotten but indelible are recollections of the few times my father's determined eye caught mine, convincing me conclusively that a mending of my ways was essential. I never knew a man who loved fun more. His wit contained a quiet subtlety, which made him intensely companionable. While with him, there was never a forced feeling, but in conversation and silence one always felt perfect harmony. He was a man of graciousness and dignity which latter quality he always maintained, and exacted, from

others. He was a man of deep culture. In my studies he used to help me sometimes. He seemed able to read my Virgil lesson at sight as well as I after having translated my daily lesson. He often carried a Greek Testament with him and many times have I seen him reading it. He read widely, turning in later life to psychological and kindred subjects; a deep lover of music though knowing nothing of its technique. He delighted to go to the Opera, especially Wagner's. He was deeply religious though not an over-enthusiastic churchman. He entirely lacked pioneer spirit, was very cautious, seldom taking even the ordinary risks of life, which he aimed to reduce to a minimum. I suppose this was very natural as he had to support a large home entirely and absolutely without the aid of a single penny of patrimony. Most people of responsible natures are apt to grow somewhat cautious, if by their single effort, they are impelled to see to it that six growing children must be carefully reared, maintained and educated. Unlike every generation of his forefathers since their immigration, he was the first to face the new problem of a more or less completely settled country, when pioneering became impossible, giving place rather to the settlement of problems, which face all growing communities. When one lives in vast areas with few neighbors he must be a pioneer; when he lives in a settled community, he cannot be.

My Father and Mother lived together forty-nine rich years of fullness and usefulness. In January, 1900 at Clifton Springs, N. Y., while my mother was bathing in the morning, she found that Father, after a good night's rest in his bed nearby, had quietly passed on to the Ages.

2 Wall Street, New York - April 20, 1926.

MARY ELIZABETH WRIGHT

by

Anna Wright Taussig

My mother, Mary Elizabeth Smith, was born in Cincinnati in a house on Walnut Street below Fourth Street where the First National Bank now stands. She was the only surviving child of seven born to her parents, Dr. Jesse Smith and Eliza Bailey Smith, who were married April 6th, 1822 in Charlestown, Mass. by President Kirkland of Harvard College. Both belonged to the Channing Unitarian Church there. They travelled in their own carriage via New York, Philadelphia and Washington to their future home, Cincinnati.

* Soon after Mary's birth they moved to a larger home on the S. E. corner of Seventh and Vine Streets. Here on July 25, 1833 her father, Dr. Jesse Smith died of cholera. He had accumulated some real estate but little from his medical practice for a Doctor's visit in those days cost 50 cents only -- and \$25 for annual care of an entire family!

The deaths of their children greatly stirred my grandparents, particularly my grandmother. She, however, found comfort in the Methodist Church and devoted herself to it for the rest of her life. One day my grandfather said to her, "Wife, you have something that I have not." "Yes", she replied, "I have found peace". His death soon after was another blow that affected her deeply in her religious life. Mary was therefore brought up far from the old Unitarian associations and was peculiarly alone with her mother and new Methodist friends.

To provide companionship for Mary, her mother put her at Miss Mein's School in Newport, R. I., where there were eight other girls of her age, nine years, and where her grandfather, Jonathan Bailey and his second wife lived. There Mary spent three of the happiest years of her life. In after years (1871) when Mary was a happy mother of six children in her own home on East Walnut Hills and I, myself, was a little girl of nine, "Miss Mein", so beloved and honored in our household, spent the winter with us. I can see her now -- rather tall and spare, with regular features, a low voice and a beautiful smile. It was easy to see how Miss Mein had so deeply influenced my mother's life

In her "Decades" (three precious volumes written by her, which I own and am preserving together with a "Journal of Early Days" for my descendants) she records, "From June '43 to Sept. '44 my mother and I spent much time in Peterboro, N.H. among Smith relatives, all of whom in later years remembered me as Jesse's little daughter." She enjoyed the country life, the farms, the long winter, some schooling, long trips in sleighs and on sleds and the coming home to big open ovens filled with brown bread and baked beans, closed since the preceding Saturday.

In the fall of 1844 Mary entered Wesleyan (Methodist) College in Cincinnati, where she studied till 1848.

The intensely religious life in which my grandmother found happiness and peace, and her many

activities in the Methodist Church, eventually resulted in her marriage on February 4, 1848 to John Flavel Wright, an itinerant minister, whose life and work were as ardent as her own. His first wife, Mary Reynolds of Urbana, Ohio, had died in 1844 leaving him with two children, Jane (later married to Hines Strobridge of Cincinnati) and John Reynolds Wright, born July 31, 1828, my father. It was on his sixteenth birthday that John Reynolds Wright lost his mother. My grandmother Smith, now the wife of John F. Wright, became a mother to these two children, although they had lived with their Grandmother Reynolds in Urbana while their father pursued his itinerant ministry.

There is much to write of that second marriage of my grandmother for John R. Wright and Mary E. Smith (step-brother and sister) had met their fates in each other! They were married June 5, 1851. They had been introduced to each other at Camp Meeting in 1845, she fifteen and he seventeen, by Miss Guthrie (later Mrs. Lowrey).

In the intervening years John had graduated from Woodward High School and Delaware College, Ohio and had become greatly beloved by my grandmother, who saw his rare mind and his beautiful character. Mary, in the meantime, had had many adventures, among them a visit to Mammoth Cave when Ralph Waldo Emerson had been of the party; visits in Washington and New York; then a ten days' journey from Cincinnati by canal or steamboat as far as Pittsburgh and by stage-coach over the Alleghanies; visits to St. Louis by river-boats where other Smith relatives lived. Then came the marriage of John and Mary in 1851.

Fuller details in "The Decades" written by my mother in her declining years (having been inspired by my dear husband, George W. Taussig, to write them) will tell the story of their early married life and that perfect companionship born of love and inherited character and wise training in their early years. In the midst of happiness and with a growing family of nine children, six of whom grew to manhood and womanhood, my father met with severe reverses financially, but Mary's buoyant nature and love sustained him until all was well again. They were young and were living with their parents in a Mt. Auburn home, property purchased by "Father Wright" which later greatly increased in value.

In 1861 after their home burned to the ground, they moved to Glendale, Ohio, where we children had a joyous childhood; Gordon, Jessie, Clifford, Mamie, Annie and Glen. About this time my father met with great success in business. He became a partner in the firm of William Sumner & Co., agents for the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine in the West. The new invention "took" like wild-fire. The two young men were scarcely able to supply the demand for machines. Both were honorable men and devoted friends, but as the business expanded, my father's health failed (throat trouble), owing to exposure guarding bridges during the Civil War. Mr. Sumner urged his hasty departure to a dryer climate than Cincinnati's. Money was easy, a fortune was being made but health was uncertain! Again Mary's strong and buoyant nature and her great love carried him through.

We moved to Walnut Hills (the Hooper Place) in 1871 and the winter trips continued. Finally when my father was 50 years old he sold out to Mr. A. Sumner and retired from active business. These journeys that my father and mother took were always made possible by the fact that our "Aunt Lila" lived with us. She was Mother's cousin, the child of Sophronia Bailey Smith, my grandmother's youngest sister. Two winters my father and mother spent in Asheville, N. C. It was just after the war and their experiences, though often hardships, were filled with interest, even to making journeys home on horseback. On these journeys, through beautiful country, often infested by Klu Klux, my father was advised to carry a pistol. "Oh, no," he said, "we are safer without". Their nights were passed in strange, but friendly houses and they would leave behind them substantial return for hospitality accepted. With what awe we children would listen to their stories!

Our home on East Walnut Hills was very beautiful, with sixteen acres of hill and ravine in a beech forest overlooking the Ohio River and the Kentucky hills. We called it "On the Heights". The East Hill had not yet been supplied with city water; my father had pipes laid up to us from the towns below on the edge of the River. We children were scattered in various schools and colleges recorded elsewhere. The Methodist Church was substantially revived there by the gifts of my father and the devoted membership of my grand-parents, who always lived with us, and of our entire household including Peyton Banks, the colored butler for so many years identified with our family!

Glen was the last child born to John and Mary and the first to leave Methodist affiliations.

He went to Yale College while Gordon and Clifford had gone to Delaware College, and though he carries the saintliness of his father and grandfather in his life, his face speaks more of the Smith ancestry.

In both blood-streams we all have a part. I speak so much of the religious life of our family because it was the real background upon which such Love and Harmony and Sense of Duty were built. My mother used to say, "I never would have found John except in the Methodist Church". My grandfather was called "Saint John" at the end of his life and his beloved son, my father, earned the same title by his beautiful life and character. My grandmother lived three days past her 90th birthday, February 22, 1883. "Now I am ready to go" she said after only one week's illness. Mary and John closed her eyes in death. "My son, give me some of that sparkling drink," she said shortly before her death. He held the carbonated water to her lips. Her son watched to the very last to see if Heaven itself would not open a little to let her enter. Grandfather's death had preceded hers by three and a half years.

After several trips abroad with their children for pleasure and profit, John and Mary spent their last days together at Clifton Springs Sanatorium, New York. Here they were carefree and well cared for. The six children were all married with homes of their own. We often exchanged visits with them at Clifton Springs and in our various homes. In January, 1900 my father had a second stroke. Though very slight, it took his life. For many years he had had little or no throat trouble. My mother lived 11 years longer in comparative

health in the home of my sister, Mamie and Will Goodman, who never had children. Our parents now rest side by side in Spring Grove Cemetery in Cincinnati.

Englewood, N. J.
1932

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JOHN GORDON REYNOLDS WRIGHT
by
Louise Wright McAvoy

My Father, John Gordon Reynolds Wright, the first child of John Reynolds and Mary Smith Wright was born in Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati March 13, 1852. At the age of eight he moved to Glendale with his parents, twelve miles from the city and there, in a comfortable and luxurious home he passed a happy childhood. Gordon was required to keep a Diary during his boyhood. In this he speaks of the various responsibilities of each child about the house and grounds, their punishments for neglect or sincere commendation when lessons or chores were well done. The frequent visits of the cousins, Mell and Will Strobbridge are frequently mentioned. Their business and personal associations have continued through five generations. Gordon tells of his tireless labor in watering the horses for the soldiers quartered near Glendale at the time of Morgan's raid and his disappointment in not being taken as a drummer boy. Glendale had then as now a circle of charming and congenial families, whose children worked and played together. The wholesome Christian simplicity of their childhood made

a splendid background for their future.

At the age of seventeen Gordon went to the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio. He was the first son of an Alumnus to enter, his father having been one of five in the first graduating class of the University. He graduated in 1873 with an enviable record for the four years. His room-mate, writing of their college days, says, "Gordon was always a leader, full of mer-riment and fun, but always clean and high-minded." While he was in college his family moved to a beautiful home overlooking the Ohio -- On the Heights" -- the present site of Beechcrest Lane, East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

Immediately after graduation he had the unusual opportunity of a year of travel in foreign lands. He visited Egypt (while there he was offered a position in the Government), Palestine, Turkey, Arabia, Greece, Central Europe and the British Isles, memories of which enriched his whole later life. After his return in 1875 he was sent to La Porte, Ind. as Superintendent of the Gas Works, which his father had acquired.

On October 26, 1876 he came home to marry Celia Louise Doughty, in whom he had been much interested even before he went abroad. Miss Doughty was very pretty, charming and musical. Together they returned to La Porte, where they became very popular -- her music and his gaiety being in constant demand. They lived in La Porte twelve years and formed various business and social connections. Their two daughters were born there -- Mary Louise in August, 1877 and Annie Bailey on April 13, 1883.

After these years in Indiana, they returned to Cincinnati. He entered the lumber business, forming a partnership with his two brothers-in-law William A. Goodman, Jr., the husband of his sister Mamie, and Alfred P. Foster, married to his sister, Jessie. After four years, Mr. Foster withdrew and the firm of Goodman and Wright continued for fourteen years and dissolved only upon Gordon's death.

A great deal of the satisfaction of his life both in La Porte and Cincinnati was derived from his association with the church. He was Superintendent of the Sunday School of the Walnut Hills Methodist Church for fifteen years and was very active in all work with young people. The years in Cincinnati were spent in loving companionship with his sisters and brothers, especially Mary and Clifford. In these happy surroundings his two daughters grew to maturity. Louise married Malcolm McAvoy and Annie Bailey graduated from Vassar College.

Gordon was the picture of vigorous, joyous manhood until his fiftieth year. After that he suffered much from arthritic pains and felt rather discouraged at times. He derived much happiness at that time from a new home they were building on Observatory Road and his first granddaughter, Marjorie, whom he adored and visited daily if possible.

But he did not live to enjoy his new home. His sudden death on December 1, 1906 at the early age of fifty-three was a great shock not only to his family but to his wide circle of friends, who had learned to depend on his fairness of judgment and fine strength and honesty of character.

Now in 1934 Bailey has been married for twenty years to Smith Hickenlooper who died on

December 22, 1933. He was a man of sterling character and brilliant mind. At the time of his death he was Judge in the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit.. He and Bailey have three splendid boys, Smith Jr., now at Yale College; Gordon Wright, at Choate School and John Wright.

Marjorie, the only child of Malcolm and Louise, married Middleton DeCamp and their two beautiful boys, Middleton Jr. and Malcolm McAvoy DeCamp, begin a new generation.

So through Gordon the rugged honesty, the Christian responsibility to others, the culture and family affection with unswerving loyalty to the chosen companions for life, has been faithfully transmitted to three more generations --- a wonderful heritage.

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JESSIE SMITH WRIGHT FOSTER

by

Helen Wright Foster Gould.

Although my mother died when I was fourteen years old, I have a vivid recollection of her personality. Quiet, forceful, a bit strict but withal just and almost too conscientious, she had a very affectionate nature and I was the "apple of her eye" and her only child. She kept a Diary of my doings and sayings from my earliest years and I know that I was always first in her thoughts. Her last words were for me, "May the Lord love Helen always". Like her mother she believed that

the contrary of the adage is true -- "All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy". Even at the age of three I was called daily from my play to sew a square of a dolls' quilt, over and over. The six fine men and women, children of my grandparents, who were brought up by this method are proof of its excellence. I was always given a daily stint and this course she pursued even the years she was in delicate health. At Christmas, 1892, she caught a severe cold while taking food and presents to neighboring poor and after pneumonia and pleurisy the following summer she lost ground fast. We spent the winter of 1893-4 in Lakewood, N. J. hoping for an improvement, but she died June 29, 1894 at Aunt Mamie's house in Ingleside Place, Cincinnati.

Jessie Smith Wright was born in Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, March 25, 1854, the second child and eldest daughter of John R. and Mary Smith Wright. In 1861 the family moved to Glendale and the Diary I have of hers, written in 1866 at the age of twelve, tells of a gloriously happy childhood. It is most interesting to read and full of fun, both conscious and unconscious. Good resolutions abound and a faithful adherence to religious principles. All the children were loyal supporters of the Sunday School and each Monday a detailed account of the sermon on the previous day is given. "Aunt Lila" is the guiding genius and is more often mentioned than any other person, I should say. She was their second mother and was omnipotent during the absence of their parents and a constant force even during their presence.

She was a delicate child and after frequent attempts to send her to school, where she invari-

ably took sick and had to remain at home, the attempt was finally abandoned and she was taught at home by "Aunt Lila". She was later sent to boarding school in Newport, but she was not happy there and was brought back. After a year at the College Hill Seminary where she met her lifelong friend, Becky Pierson she went abroad for an extended trip with Beckie and Dr. Burt and his daughter. I have also a Journal of those happy days that is extremely interesting reading and shows that this schooling was her real education.

In 1878 she returned to Cincinnati and met and married my father, Alfred P. Foster, son of Bishop R. S. Foster of the Methodist Church. Their early married life was spent in Des Moines, Iowa, at that time a new place where my grandfather had bought the Gas Company and where he installed my father as an official. The place was so new that birth records were not kept in 1879, when I was born as I found out when needing a birth certificate for a passport and I have often heard the tale of my birth, how we lived in a frame house without conveniences and my mother's bed was placed close to a large "base-burner" that stood in the parlor of the house for the temperature in that November was below zero!

I have little recollection of the gas-works except of an agonizing moment when I had a severe whooping-cough and was taken to breathe the vile fumes in the hope that the treatment would cure me! I gave an agonizing shriek with the little breath I had left and was hastily removed -- the memory of the pain is very vivid to this day. Another early memory of those days is

of my mother's strict upbringing; Uncle Gordon and Aunt Celia and Louise came to visit us and one day at Sunday dinner I refused to eat the white meat of chicken (which I dislike to this day) and probably I was impudent as well as obstinate -- I was taken upstairs from the dinner table and spanked forthwith. When I returned, entirely subdued, I was embarrassed and mortified beyond words to hear Uncle Gordon, "We all listened and heard the slipper go, Whack! Whack! Whack!" I went to kindergarten in Des Moines and had many good friends, some of whom I have kept through life. Elsie Burkam, Mrs. George Williams, of Cincinnati is a friend of those days. My parents left Cincinnati at about the time that Uncle Gordon and Aunt Celia and their two daughters left La Porte and the two families lived together in a house on Locust Street, Walnut Hills for a year (I think). Those were happy days for us children and we were well disciplined too. I can remember sitting with Annie Bailey three successive meals before a plate of baked beans, which both of us disliked and would not eat! Uncle Gordon, too, at that time is never to be forgotten. While we would intone in a loud voice in the early morning "Two little sisters wandered Together hand in hand, Along the dusty highway, Their bare feet soiled and tanned," at the top of our lungs, he would sneak up to the door with a large bath sponge full of cold water and literally drown the words on our lips! Unfortunately all these good times were interrupted by my mother's illness and mine of typhoid fever at the same time. We both recovered in the usual number of days or weeks but our convalescence was long and I do not think she was ever the same physically again.

After my mother's death in 1894, I lived at Aunt Mamie's house in Cincinnati, going to Miss Nourse's School in the winter and spending the summer with my father, mostly at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard where my Grandfather Foster had a cottage on the Camp Meeting grounds. I then went to Miss Gerrish's School at Englewood, N.J. for a year and entered Vassar College from there. During those college years I would spend the summers with Aunt Mamie. In 1899 Grandfather Wright sent Louise and me to Europe for a four months' trip with a party headed by Mrs. Greene of College Hill. We landed at Naples and travelled up through all of the countries to the British Isles and sailed back from Liverpool. It was an education in itself and is the basis of my great love of Europe. In 1904 I went again to England with my father and Ethel Wright and together we made a never-to-be-forgotten bicycle tour for two weeks. I spent the winter in Munich and became so attached to that lovely town that I did not return to the United States permanently until 1913. The outbreak of the War prevented my going back and by 1918 I had been working in the Newark Public Library for some years and I continued my work there till 1930. July 27, 1922 I married Frederic John Gould of English parentage and in 1931 we moved our home to St. George's, Bermuda where we now live. We have no children. My father died at our home in Bermuda in 1932 and he is buried there in the Cemetery of the Church of England. My mother lies beside her parents and Dr. Jesse Smith in the Wright lot in Spring Grove, Cincinnati.

Helen F. Gould died 1954 in Bermuda - of cancer after a long illness.

CLIFFORD BAILEY WRIGHT

by
Anna Wright Taussig

Clifford was born November 4, 1855 at Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, the third child of John Reynolds and Mary Smith Wright. Through the marriage of their Grandmother Smith to their Grandfather Wright, Clifford and his brothers and sisters could claim only one grandfather and one grandmother. They were a very united family and all lived together. There, the children grew up and received the heritage not only of Love but of Piety, such as was fostered in the Methodist Church at that time.

Through the purchase of real estate on Mt. Auburn a small fortune was accumulated, which enabled the family to own a beautiful home. A long avenue leading up to the house proved, however, a drawback two years later for, without any water supply and engines, and dependent on help from distant neighbors, the house, called "Beulah" (the beautiful) was burned to the ground in the early morning. Clifford was a baby five months old and was rescued in a folded blanket.

Eventually the family moved to Glendale, Ohio, about fifteen miles by railway from the city and an entry in his mother's Diary reads;

"On October 19, 1867 -- Gordon at Hughes High School, Cincinnati. Cliffie, Mamie and Annie at Glendale District School -- Our home purchased by John for \$25,000 on our 15th Wedding Anniversary 1866. Glen, our last child, born June 22, 1869."

Another record in the Diary:

"The Civil War period was passed in Glendale; the horses were turned into the corn-field, while John Morgan's troops passed."

and still another record:

"Father purchased 142 acres in Chicago."

This was about 1860.

Clifford graduated at Hughes High School and later Ohio Wesleyan University (or Delaware College, Ohio) where his father had graduated in its first class! And where, in later days, his father endowed the Greek Chair for \$30,000. During the college days, 1871, the family moved to East Walnut Hills, to what was known as the Hooper Place, the higher altitude there being thought necessary for our Father's health. The two older boys, Gordon and Clifford, were always tenderly devoted, although Clifford spent his life in Cincinnati, while Gordon, as elsewhere stated, lived in La Porte, Ind., where our father had property interests.

On October 15, 1884 Clifford Bailey Wright and Virginia Ramsey, oldest child of William M. Ramsey, noted Ohio lawyer, were married in the Ramsey home at Eighth and Vine Streets, Cincinnati. Two children, Ethel, born September 12, 1885 and Clifford, Ramsey born Nov. 1, 1889, blessed the union.

Clifford's early business career consisted of important years of association with the Stro-

bridge Lithographing Company and with the George Fox Starch Company whose interests he represented in New York for a year about 1890 and where he assisted in merging it into the National Starch Manufacturing Company. By inheritance and inclination he always leaned toward banking. In the year 1869 the private bank of J. F. Larkin & Company was formed in Cincinnati and in 1872 John R. Wright became a partner, the name being changed to Larkin, Wright & Company. In 1875 the banking firm of Evans & Company became Hughes-Wright & Company, John R. Wright leaving the firm of Larkin, Wright & Company and becoming a partner in Hughes-Wright & Company. In 1880 the name was changed to H. W. Hughes & Company and in 1881 it became the Union National Bank. In 1887 when the Ohio Valley National Bank absorbed the Union National, Clifford became a Director of the larger institution and became Vice-President in 1890 and President in 1903. In August 1904 the First National Bank merged with the Ohio Valley National and Clifford became Vice-President. The Union Savings Bank and Trust Company, the largest institution of its kind had been formed in the meantime and had sought Clifford for its President. This position he finally assumed April 1, 1907, continuing as its active head until November 11, 1919, when it merged with the Fifth-Third National Bank under the title of the Fifth-Third Union Trust Company, Clifford becoming Chairman of the Board of the new institution, which post he held till his death, April 29, 1920.

His health was to some extent undermined and his death probably hastened by America's entry into the World War. Not only was he intensely and actively involved in many of the War's activities, but the safety of his only son, a Captain of Amer-

ican Artillery in France, was constantly on his mind, and though his son returned in safety after the Armistice, the strain and worry of the War years left their mark.

He was for years one of Cincinnati's most outstanding and respected citizens. He was a leader in all the worthwhile philanthropic, artistic, and business movements and occupied at different times many positions of prominence and trust in the life of his city. Respected, beloved and trusted by all with whom he came in contact, his presence brought with it to a peculiar degree the sense of: -- "All's well with the world"

Clifford's two children did not marry until after his death. On October 15th, 1921 Clifford Ramsey married Marjorie Langdon. Their three children are Eleanor Langdon Wright, Clifford Ramsey Wright, Jr., and Gordon Reynolds Wright.

Ethel married on June 18, 1925, Howard Bourne Luther of Attleboro, Mass. They have one daughter, Frances Ramsey Luther.

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MARY ELIZABETH WRIGHT GOODMAN

by

Anna Wright Taussig

My sister "Mamie", two years older than I, was born in Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, May 6, 1860, the fifth child of John R. Wright and Mary Elizabeth Smith. Having lost their Mt. Auburn home by fire, they moved to Glendale in 1861 and there the

rest of the children were born. We two little girls, Papa's "Quins", grew up together in Glendale. We attended the Public School and Sunday School, the Superintendent of which was our neighbor, Mr. Stanley Matthews (later Judge of the Supreme Court of the U. S.). Then followed the grave illness of a younger brother and sister of scarlet fever. The passing by our gate of John Morgan's troops and the hiding of "Eliza" in Uncle Tom's Cabin after her flight across the Ohio River, on floating ice are memories of our childhood.

When Mamie was eleven years old our parents removed to East Walnut Hills, having bought the large "Hooper Place" overlooking the Ohio River and the Kentucky Hills. We were then a family of eleven, my parents, six children, my grandfather Wright and his wife, Eliza Bailey, and a cousin of my mother's whom we called "Aunt Lila" and whose constant loving care for us children made it possible for my mother to accompany Father in his search for health. Mamie attended Miss Nourse's School and went one year to Wellesley College. In 1879 my father, Aunt Lila and we two sisters went to Europe with Dr. Loomis of Washington, D. C. and a small group of other travellers. In the Fall, Mamie and I were placed in a French school in Geneva. The following year my mother joined us, Aunt Lila having returned home and we spent the winter in Dresden, we sisters in a German family to learn German. We returned home in the Fall of 1881.

June 15, 1882 Mamie was married to William A. Goodman, Jr., a life-long lover. They lived first in Minneapolis and then in Cincinnati until Mamie's death in 1918. As they never had any

children, they travelled a great deal but their home was the abiding place of all of us as we needed it. I was married there, our sister Jessie died there in 1894 and our mother in 1911. Jessie left her daughter to their care. Will Goodman's sister May likewise entrusted to them her children Fanny May and William Grossius when she died in 1908. Our dear and youngest brother Glen also lived there much of the time during his early life and before going to Yale College as our parents had given up their home in Cincinnati and were living in Clifton Springs.

I must not fail to record that Mamie alone of all of us children (except Gordon) devoted her life to the Methodist Church. The Woman's Home Missionary Society of that church was her special field of labor. In making a speech, as she often did, she would recall Grandmother's words, "I had great liberty of speech today". When Mamie was a child she often enthralled an audience by her sweet, unconscious gift of "Speaking". A stroke, after a morning's work at the Red Cross, took her life. She is buried in Spring Grove Cemetery in Cincinnati.

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ANNA BRAMHALL WRIGHT TAUSSIG

by

Marianna Taussig Lawrence

My mother was born April 14, 1862 in Glendale, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. She was the sixth child of Mary Elizabeth and John R. Wright. The first nine years of her life were spent in Glendale; The Civil War was on and later she heard

the story of how her Aunt Lila hurriedly hid the family silver and money as the rebel, John Morgan marched past their house. President Lincoln was shot on her third birthday. She attended the Public School and Woodward High School. William H. Taft (later President of the U. S. and Chief Justice) was a schoolmate at the High School. She spent two years abroad with her sister Mamie and her parents, attending school at Dresden and Geneva. In 1884 she travelled in California and Mexico with her parents.

While visiting Corinne and Emily Speck of St. Louis in February, 1883, she met my father, George Washington Taussig. They did not meet again for three years and were married December 15, 1886 at Aunt Mamie Goodman's house on Ingle-side Place, Walnut Hills. He was a graduate of Washington University, a lawyer, a careful student of everything that interested him, music, art, literature and languages. He was the son of Charles and Anna Taussig of St. Louis. My parents spent their early married life at 2838 Chestnut St., the house a wedding gift from her father. There, their son, John Wright Taussig, was born October 8, 1887. City life did not agree with my mother and from 1890 on she has always lived in the country. They moved to Kirkwood, a suburb of St. Louis about this time and there I was born May 21, 1892 and there my father died November 28, 1905 after a two years' illness of heart complications. We children went to the Public School in Kirkwood.

My brother, John Wright was always mechanically inclined. He graduated in Civil Engineering at Cornell in 1908. His grandmother gave him a trip abroad and in October, 1908, Maxwell Upson engaged him to work for the Raymond Concrete Pile

Company at \$40.00 a month. For nine years he had to work in small and difficult places with the exception of a period in Kansas City. Mother always made a point, however, of finding social contacts for companionship in towns he visited. He is now a Vice-President of his company and vitally interested in civic, college and community work. He married on June 14, 1920 Charlotte Torrey of Detroit and New York at the St. Regis Hotel, New York a daughter of Augustus and Charlotte Foote Torrey. Her father, who was Chief Engineer of the Michigan Central Railroad died when she was four years old and her uncle, Fred J. Foote, was always like a father after that. Charlotte and Wright lived in New York until after her uncle's death in 1921 and then came to Englewood, where they lived on Lydecker Street and where Frederick (Teddy) Foote Taussig was born, March 10, 1923. They have since bought and altered the beautiful Probst home at the corner of Linden and Dwight Streets opposite Mother's and my home. Two more boys were born here, John Wright Taussig Jr., May 7, 1925 and Peter Torrey Taussig, February 9, 1929. They spend their summers at Point o' Woods, Long Island where they have a summer home.

After my father's death in 1905 my mother and I went to Pasadena, California with Aunt Mamie and Uncle Will. We spent two years there, I going to the Los Robles School and Wright joined us during the summers. From 1907 to 1910 Mother and I lived at the Buckingham Club in St. Louis so that I might go to the Mary Institute and graduate in 1910. We then spent a year abroad, studying music, German and French. Fanny May Grossius and Ethel Wright were with us too. 1912 and 1913 were spent at Crescent Place, Cincinnati, where Fanny May and I made our debuts together. Mother than took me

abroad for another year, school in Geneva and winter in Italy and Greece and we returned to New York in July, 1914, a few days prior to the outbreak of the War. Wright was to be permanently in New York, so at last our paths met and he, Mother and I settled at 2 South Dwight Place, Englewood, N. J. I met Augustine Hicks Lawrence, son of Joseph D. and Margaretta Lawrence, Grymes Hill, Staten Island in 1915. He is a Wall Street broker, his ^{great} grandfather being one of the charter members of the New York Stock Exchange and an ardent member of the Dutch Reformed Church. On April 9, 1917 we were married at my home in Englewood. Two children, Marianna (Nancy) March 21, 1918 and A. Hicks Lawrence, Jr. October 3, 1919 were born on Dwight Place. A third child, Ethel Wright Lawrence was born October 7, 1924 at 156 Linden Avenue, where we moved just before her birth.

It is a beautiful thing that we are now all so near one another, that our children are growing up in this lovely country environment and that our Mother, by living with us, shares our joys and sorrows and is even an inspiration and a blessing to us all.

Englewood, N. J.
1932.

*Annie Wright Lawrence died in Englewood
after a long illness - complications of a broken hip.
In 1945*

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GLEN WRIGHT

by

Ethel Mary Moss Wright

Glen Wright was born June 22, 1869 in Glendale, Ohio, the ninth child of John Reynolds and Mary Smith Wright. His name was given him, I be-

lieve, to commemorate his birth-place. From hearsay I gather some facts of his boyhood. I think he was always a good boy, but I know he was very mischievous. I can hear his sister Mary (Goodman) saying, "Glen! You Limb! You're a perfect limb!", not so many years ago. As a small boy he had much freedom, chances to play with other boys of all classes, great open lots, a healthy life, and also healthy, his daily stunts; taking Grandma to drive, sweeping the porch, etc. The little nieces were a great source of amusement to Glen, he loved them and bullied them and teased them -- Louise, Hellie, Bailey, Ethel (Jinks) and Marianna (the lovely). They in turn loved him while they feared. Names of his playmates often occur -- Lob Keck, Billy Haydock, the Burroughs boys, George and Bryson, riding a high bicycle with Bryson and using the small nieces as circus riders, and a partnership with George in a printshop with "Job Printers" on the gatepost. Then there was Nick Longworth and Minnie Nichols and many others. I love to think of the big family that gathered around the table in the old home, Grandmother and Grandfather Wright, Mother, Father, "Aunt Lila" and the six children. And Miss Ginn, the sempstress, a necessary adjunct to such a household.

The high lights which stand out are "Billy Button", the pony; Peyton, the colored houseman and friend; carrying an egg to church that he might crush it in his pocket, and of necessity be sent home; the day when Billy Haydock drank too many soda-waters and died!! (Just like a Sunday School book). Annie and Cliff seem to have had a hand in bringing Glen up, the former working over his lessons. He slept with the latter and adored him. His devotion to Cliff has been an unfailing

influence throughout his life, increasing always.

When he was eleven years old Aunt Lila put him on a ship at Philadelphia and sent him off to Europe alone. He was in charge of the Captain and I fancy all the passengers took a hand with him and he was happy and not lonely. He says he thinks he did not wash once and never went to bed, just falling to sleep where he might be and waking, surprised to find himself in a berth. His father met him at Antwerp and took him to join the others at Dresden where he remained in school for two years. Afterward he came to Woodward High School in Cincinnati, then to Yale, always with many devoted friends. He is a born maker of friends, always seeming to inspire devotion. I think of many now, who come to him with their problems, joys and sorrows, all kinds of men, high and low, farmers, carpenters, clubmen -- he loves people.

The events of his later days is in the following brief sketch from "Who's Who in America":

GLEN WRIGHT, 9th and youngest child of John R. and Mary Elizabeth (Smith) Wright was born in Glendale, Ohio, June 22, 1869. Attended 19th District Public School in Walnut Hills, Cincinnati and prepared for Yale at Woodward High School, Cincinnati. Graduated from Yale, 1891, A.B. Bank clerk in Ohio Valley National Bank for several years from 1891. From 1894 to 1901 connected with Rogers, Brown & Co., Iron Factors, in Sharsville, Pa., South Chicago, North Tonawanda and New York. Has lived in New York or vicinity since 1898. Since 1901 a member of the New York Stock Exchange firm of Wadsworth and Wright, being the Junior member of the firm. Resided in New Canaan, Conn. since 1908. Never held public office. On U. S. entry into the World War

in 1917, had charge of a Draft Board in connection with the Mayor's Committee of National Defense in New York and actively connected with the National War Savings Committee. In 1918 aided in organizing the Department of Conservation and Reclamation, N. Y., New York Depot, Quartermaster's Corps. U. S. Army, Whitehall Street, New York. Later had charge of one of the Departments of Transportation of the War Trade Board, 45 Broadway, New York City, Republican, member of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, member University Club, Downtown Association of New York. Married May 28, 1902 Isabel B. Noyes who died in March 1903. Married August 22, 1907 Ethel Mary Moss, daughter of Frederick W. and Adelaide (Hohorst) Moss.