

A GOODLY HERITAGE

Charles Trumbull White
and
Georgiana Starin White

TWO FAMILY PORTRAITS

by A. B. W. M.

A G O O D L Y H E R I T A G E

CHARLES TRUMBULL WHITE

1835 - 1890

and

GEORGIANA STARIN WHITE

1837 - 1904

TWO FAMILY PORTRAITS

by A. B. W. M.

1940

Charles Trumbull White, the son of Norman and Mary (Dodge) White, was born on 20 January, 1835, in New York, at 14 Clinton Place (now Eighth Street, one door west of the corner of Mercer Street). He was married 30 September, 1857, in Auburn, New York, to Georgiana Starin, a daughter of Josiah Nelson and Andelucia (Henry) Starin. She was born on 25 September, 1837, in Auburn, and died in Hanover, New Hampshire, on 17 February, 1904. My father died in Rye, New York, on 9 February, 1890. So much for a skeleton of facts and dates that, dust-dry as they are, should be chronicled.

Of their earliest childhood I can tell little, except that I know both came from happy and comfortable homes where the deeply religious New England traditions were carried on, handed down from their parents. For of all the eight grandparents of my father and mother only one was not New England born, and he, Henry Wemple Starin, had had the solid Dutch teachings of his pious forbears. My grandfather White's family of ten children was considered of average size, seven growing up to marry and have families of their own. Mother was one of six children, only three of whom lived to maturity. I have been into each of the houses where my parents grew up, and although both houses have been much changed, they are still standing (1940).

My father's boarding-school life began early. He and his older brother were sent away from home because of the invalid condition of their mother. Father was only ten years old. They went first to a famous old Academy in Flushing, Long Island, and then to a school in Bridgeport (to which they always travelled from New York by boat), kept by the Rev-erend Thomas Beecher, a momber of the famous Beecher family. Father al-ways retained a warm affection for Mr. and Mrs. Beecher.

Mother too went early to boarding-school, with her older sister, my "Aunt Mollie," first to The Albany Female Academy, over a hundred years old now, but with a more modern name. They went next to a leading school in New York State, "Mrs. Piatt's School for Young Ladies," at Utica. For her final "finishing" year Mother came to Madame Chegary's French School in New York, at Madison Avenue and 31st Street. That was the winter of 1854-'55.

My father too was at a private school in New York for a year after leaving Bridgport. Then when he was seventeen Grandfather thought it time to begin his training for a business career.

At that time Grandfather was an importer of fine French handmade papers used in all business houses for ledgers, and in courts for records, American papers then being greatly inferior. This furnished a pleasant excuse for "finishing" Father's education by travel abroad, with some months of work in a French business house. With his parents Father sailed in the steamship "Arctic," in the spring of 1852, and travelled with them as far south as Rome and Naples, until the following autumn, when he was left in Paris. He entered the house of Bossange et Compagnie, with whom Grandfather had close business connections. They were Protestants of a fine family, and with them Father formed a lasting friendship. He lived in the family of Monsieur et Madame Grand Pierre, in delightful surroundings, meeting many of their friends at Madame's weekly--or was it monthly?--soirées. He went with them to the church of the Oratoire, and we still have the hymnal that he used there. Besides his daily work at the Bossange office, he studied French, also singing, both continued at different times even after he was married.

In those early years Mother too kept up piano lessons, "in order to play Charley's accompaniments." They always heard a great deal of music,--the Philharmonic in the days of Theodore Thomas and the Oratorio Society

under Leopold Damrosch being their special delight within my memory. I remember too Father's interest in both the Geographical and Historical Societies, of each of which he was a life member; they went often to the Societies' lectures in old Chickering Hall, at Fifth Avenue and 18th Street. In a letter from Father written to Mother in 1857 he gives a bit of history that vividly connects these last three centuries: "I attended last night a meeting of the Historical Society at which Rembrandt Peale, the only living artist that ever painted Washington, read a very interesting paper upon Washington and his portraits. He is about eighty years old."

The opera, the theatre, likewise "round" dancing were pleasures withheld from the children of Norman and Mary White, whose New England upbringing kept the austere opinions of their day and generation; yet a more fun-loving family would have been hard to find. Father was looked upon by the big circle of his brother, sisters and in-laws as a leader in merrymaking. His sunny, social nature made friends for him everywhere and always. I have heard Mother say how warmly they were received in Paris, thirteen years after, by Father's friends of his first visit.

It was during his earlier stay in Paris (1852-'53) that Grandfather had my father order the set of blue "W" china, as a gift to Grandmother for the new home at No. 1 Gramercy Park. It was one of those old-time sets, two of almost everything, such as tureens and fruit and cake dishes, 24 plates of every kind, except the dessert plates of which there were originally 48, each one with a different center of flowers.

On his return from France Father went into the paper business with his father. Grandfather was also interested in a type-foundry, and through these two connections my father's appreciation of beauty in design, and of all the arts, found a channel which led him to take a deep interest in fine books, papers, printing, and binding.

Grandfather never recognized that in trying to fit Father into the business life he was dealing with the square peg in the round hole. The elder son, Erskine, true to New England tradition, had been "given to the Lord" by his parents. Therefore he went to Yale and to Union Theological Seminary. But eventually he found his way into one of the Boards of the Presbyterian Church, as its honored and efficient Secretary, and good practical business man that he was, enjoyed the routine of office work. Father also had begged to be sent to Yale, promising he would go into business later. But to the men of Grandfather's generation college for a business man was a waste of four good years. Certainly the year in France was a partial equivalent and a valuable one.

When Grandfather withdrew from active participation in the firm (1870) my father proposed to branch out into the publication of a magazine, literary, musical and artistic, to be especially attractive in make up and with illustrations in color. Father did not propose to be the editor, but rather the business manager. Although Grandfather considered this a somewhat fantastic proposition, he was not unsympathetic, and encouraged Father to seek the interest and coöperation of their friends the Putnams and the Harpers; the latter were especially interested, I have been told, and in 1869-'70 Father went to France and England, also to Germany, I think, to study processes of color printing.

To introduce this into the United States then would have been costly and could have had but a limited appeal. This trip (Norman only was with him) he reluctantly admitted convinced him that the time had not come for developing his favorite project, but I have heard Mother say how hard it was for him to give it up.

The story of the art magazine I have given fully because it is characteristic of Father's tastes, and in this plan Mother was as thoroughly in-

tered as he. He was ahead of his time. Likewise, when a few years earlier, in December, 1866, he had projected an apartment house, modelled on those in Paris. A few of his friends were interested, but he could not get sufficient financial backing to put through so daring a plan.

Father was always a great reader. Shakespeare, especially the historical plays, Wordsworth and Tennyson, I remember as favorites. Dickens he knew particularly well and also Scott, both novels and poems. As for the Bible, it was his constant study, and was with him wherever he went--always a little Testament in his pocket, which I believe was often given away, to be quickly replaced. According to his mother, "Before Charley was five he had read the Bible through!" Has time added to this tale, or is it actually true? My mother always said it was true, but I remember a queer little smile as she said it. However she also said that Father knew the alphabet at the age of two, and read the Bible at four.

Not having kept this sketch of my parents in chronological order, I see that I have passed over their first meeting and subsequent wedding, all of which ran true to form, as an example of love at first sight in the best Victorian manner.

The year 1856 brought Father and Mother together for the first time at a wedding in Albany. Father had gone to be a "groomsman" for his friend and distant cousin, Stanton Barnard (a brother of Grandmamma White). He was there as a substitute for his brother Erskine, who belatedly found he could not get away from Yale. Aunt Mollie had been invited to be a bridesmaid for a school-friend, but Mother was asked only to fill a place left vacant at the eleventh hour by illness, otherwise she would not have been there at all.

As Father "stood opposite Miss Georgie Starin" it was love at first sight, so he always said. I could never get Mother to say more than that

she thought, after a two-day acquaintance, that "Mr. White was one of the nicest young gentlemen she had ever known." With her dark hair and eyes, and cheeks matched by the watermelon pink taffeta dress, with its full skirt and pointed bodice off the shoulders in a deep "bertha," she must have made a delicious picture.

On Father's part it was how to continue this brief meeting. Opportunity offered when he found Miss Starin had lost a shawl-pin, a necessary article in the days of the India or Paisley shawls. Mr. White vowed he would find it, and a few days later Miss Starin received a box from Ball, Black and Company, fashionable jewelers then, in which were three small gold pins, held to each other by light chains. The shawl-pin had been "found"; it mattered not that the lost pin was silver and totally unlike this one in design. So began the happy life together of thirty-three full years.

That Father found ways of getting up to Auburn is evident from old letters. Also we have a little envelope addressed to "Mr. C. T. White, No. 1 Gramercy Park," and inside a visiting-card, written in Mother's hand, after the custom of the time, which had on one side "Georgie A. Starin"; on the other, "At the St. Nicholas daily this week after 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock." It was to this famous old hotel on lower Broadway that Grandmother Starin brought her daughters twice a year "for shopping."

Mother and Father were engaged in ^{October} ~~February~~, 185⁶, and the wedding in Grandfather Starin's home was a quiet one owing to the recent death of Father's mother. There was a small reception afterwards, the card for which reads:

Mrs. J. N. Starin

At home,

Wednesday Morning, September 30th, at 11 o'clock

Auburn, N. Y.

Mother's dress we have--simple, without a long train and without the rose point lace of her mother's that Aunt Mollie had worn two years earlier, Grandmother deciding that Mother was too young for anything but the simplest. So it was "Blonde" lace for her, frilled on to short sleeves and "bertha." That same dress is very soiled at the edge of the long, full skirt, "ruined," as Mother used to say, when New York entertained the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, on his memorable visit in October, 1860. A great dinner at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was followed by a ball in the old Academy of Music, on East 14th Street, where, as Maurois says in his delightful life of Edward VII, "*étaient réunies les femmes les plus élégantes de la 'noblesse américaine.'*"

There are no good pictures of either my father or mother. Father was of average height, but slight in build, wiry and agile. His complexion was fair, with sandy hair and the bluest of blue eyes; rather Scottish in coloring and in the rugged modelling of head and face.

But how describe Mother? My father's sisters, and many old friends who had known Mother since her girlhood, and some who had first seen her as a bride in New York, used the word "beautiful" in speaking of her. It was not so much regularity of feature, but unusual coloring--a brunette, with clear ivory skin and always high color, piquante, small in frame and of quickly changing moods. She had entire absence of self-consciousness, perhaps this last her special charm. Aunt Mollie and Uncle Henry Starin were both handsome and distinguished in appearance, but Mother's engaging manner was all her own. She was quiet in a group of people, somewhat detached, but her sympathies were warm and quickly roused. Outside of her family life, Mother's greatest interest was in the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a Corresponding Secretary (meaning that she corresponded with missionaries on the field)

for over nineteen years. For many years also she gave much time as a "Lady Manager" to the wards of the Nursery and Child's Hospital. Like Father, Mother loved music, a strong Starin family trait. Interior decoration was something of a hobby with her, and she was called by her friends "very advanced"--as we should say modern. While I was still small, that is, in early Lexington Avenue days, I remember the zest with which Mother attended lectures by Clarence Cook. He was one of the earliest to introduce here the Eastlake style and the new cult of interior decorating, both of which came to us about that time from England. Mother resolutely abolished her étagère that had stood between the front windows of the parlor, long before the general banishment of bric-à-brac. It must have been about the same time that she ceased to say escriatoire when she meant desk, and reduced various other phrases considered more elegant to plain English.

In 1865 Father's health had been seriously affected by his War service. His business connections had been closed during those years, and he was urged by his physician and by all his family to take a year of rest and travel abroad.

Where the rest came in I do not know, as he and Mother were persuaded to take under their charge a group of the family young people, cousins and friends included, for travel in Europe. Father's two sisters, Aunt Nelly and Aunt Grace, respectively aged 20 and 18; Aunt Grace's special friend Sally Sheffield (later "Aunt" Sally Brownell), her younger brother "Will" and a younger sister Carrie; a cousin of Father's, Norman Dodge; with Mother and Father and my brother Norman, aged 7, they made a lively party. For eight months they travelled in the British Isles, Franco, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy; coaching on the Riviera; by steamer on the Danube and the Rhine; hearing opera in Paris, a novelty to them all; and as the never-to-be-forgotton occasion, attending the great meeting in St.

James's Hall in London, held in commemoration of Lincoln's death, when every American there was dressed in mourning, as for a relative, the women in voluminous crêpe veils, following the fashion of the day.

It was truly the Grand Tour, which every well-educated American of that day was supposed to make, bringing home scores of cartes de visite photographs of pictures, statuos, palaces and what not, in lieu of today's snap-shots. Although most of the group were abroad at later times, no trip meant more to them than this one, so minutely planned and successfully carried through by my father, who was quite worn out by the time they reached home.

About 1866 Father formed the firm of The Chas. T. White Company, manufacturing chemists, with offices at 54 Maiden Lane, and a factory in Williamsburg. Uncle Henry Starin was associated with him in this business; Grandfather White also had an interest in the firm, but took no active part, and until about 1882 all went well.

After a time Father was the largest manufacturer of quinine in the country and the firm name was synonymous with the purest in drugs,--this before any Pure Food and Drugs Act.

I can remember the bags upon bags of South American cinchona bark from which quinine was made, piled high in the warehouse. Quinine had recently been discovered to be almost a specific for malaria, the special curse of that day, popularly called "chills and fever." As the largest producers the firm was the largest importor, and the Government's sudden removal, in 1881, of the high duty on cinchona bark, made the firm's great stocks overnight almost worthless. Failure of the firm was inevitable.

I remember little of what this misfortune meant in our family circle, although after all those years I can hear the echo of such words as "Government," "duties" and "quinine," as I caught them when I went into the

dining-room after my nursery supper. But I know that Father went to Washington several times to appear before committees on behalf of the manufacturing chemists. Other firms were also hard hit, but Father's firm hardest of all.

Reorganization followed, another and smaller factory was leased (this time in Soho, New Jersey). We moved out of town, first to New Rochelle for the year of 1883, then to Bloomfield, New Jersey, in order to be near the factory. Another tragedy followed after two years, when the main part of the buildings, filled with valuable chemicals, burned to the ground.

For me these changes meant little, yet I understood that somehow they were serious and that Father was under a great strain. I appreciate now what hard years these were for the family. My older brother Norman, but recently married, was trying to establish his family. Gaylord at college, was winning, after a hard struggle to put himself through Princeton, where he was graduated with honors in 1886.

Grandfather had died during the year that we were in New Rochelle. Grandmamma (as we had always called Father's stepmother), and her son, my young half-uncle "Fred," who was more like one of my brothers, came to live with us in Bloomfield; also my dear cousin Agnes Gray, eight years older than I, with whom I "had lessons" instead of going to school. Fred died of tuberculosis soon after we were established in Bloomfield. My brother Norman's oldest child was born there, a joyous ray of sunshine to the whole family circle throughout his brief life of less than two years.

One outstanding trait must not be forgotten, shared almost equally by my father and mother--an absorbing love of Nature, Mother's interest centering particularly in wild flowers, although, as with Father, it was a love of all out-door life. Especially my father loved the mountains and woods, with climbing, hunting and fishing as favorite sports. They both loved

horses, whether for riding or driving. Before his marriage Father and his friend John Parsons (Cousin Grace Davis's uncle) drove the first tandem pair to be seen in New York down Fifth Avenue, something of a sensation in those sedate days.

As a young man Father was an enthusiastic base-ball player, and the club that his contagious enthusiasm created in 1858, named itself the "White Club." This was the nucleus of the "City Cadets," organized in Father's house in 1861, and which so quickly grew in numbers that two companies, G and H, were formed in what was then called the 22nd Regiment, and served throughout the Civil War. Father himself served from 1861 for eighteen months, then again for about a year in '63-'64. He was Quartermaster of the regiment and left the service with the rank of Major. The 22nd Regiment saw little active service; they were held in reserve at Bull Run and at Gettysburg. But letters to Mother, brief and hurriedly written, speak of anxious days when "waiting is hard," and when "we wonder what the firing can mean. It is now pretty constant." This in a letter from Harper's Ferry. Often I have heard Mother tell how she and Aunt Emma, who was living with Mother while their husbands were both away in the War, used to fly to the front windows with Norman and little Mary Lee whenever a band was heard, or out on the narrow iron-railed balcony of the English basement house, on Fifth Avenue at 39th Street, to wave flags and sometimes to throw flowers "as the boys marched by." From '60 to '64 the family home was here at 381 Fifth Avenue, which Father bought when Grandfather White was married the second time and moved from Gramercy Park to the corner of 36th Street and Fifth Avenue. Small Norman was Mother's joy and comfort during those hard War years.

My brother Gaylord was born in the spring of 1864 in New Rochelle, in the fine old house that Father and Mother leased for a year from Mrs.

Rumsey, little dreaming that twenty years later Uncle Norman would be marrying Mrs. Rumsey's granddaughter in that very house. At this time 381 was sold, and when in October, 1865, Father took the family party abroad, Gaylord was sent to Auburn with his beloved nurse "Dizzie" to be with Grandmother Starin.

Of Lizzie more than a passing word must be said. She came to Mother when Gaylord was three weeks old and stayed for twenty-five years. Baby's nurse, housekeeper, "trained nurse" by nature to us all in illness, exquisite seamstress and filler-in of all household chinks, often going over to Aunt Nellie or Aunt Grace when one of their children had measles or chicken-pox, loved friend of the whole family circle and loyal to the last. Then one day she announced that it might "help" Mother if she got married, as all the children were growing up. There was Mr. Perry (a well-to-do widower) who had asked her so many times, and she had decided now to say yes, if Mrs. White agreed. Dear Lizzie, she was one of the blessings in our happy home life.

That home centers in my memories chiefly around "286," the house on Lexington Avenue to which we moved in 1875. After the European trip Father, Mother and my two brothers lived at 2 West 36th Street, Grandfather White's house, but just before my arrival in August, '71, our family moved to 10 East 34th Street. Here Uncle Henry and Aunt Grace Starin lived with us, and together we moved later to Lexington Avenue. Of 10 East 34th Street my memories are vague, but "286" remains clear and vivid--the big double family living in unusually close bonds until Uncle Henry's family left us for a house nearby, at 123 East 35th Street. At this time Uncle Arthur and Aunt Nellie Parsons were living on Park Avenue at No. 21. Grandfather, Grandmamma and Fred lived at 237 Madison Avenue. So there we were, a family colony of about twenty within a few blocks of each other.

Complying with a request to tell something of the childhood homes of our closely-knit family circle it has been easy to run into too much detail. It is hard to know where to end, memories crowd forward to be chronicled.

Simon! The perfect butler who in the eight years he lived with us never broke but one goblet, and never ceased to grieve over that. Black as they come, Simon was born a slave and "reared" in a great Southern mansion as a house servant, which accounted for his impeccable manners. There were "New Year's Day receptions" in the '70's when Mother and Aunt Grace, as custom was, sat in the parlor by the bright wood fire "to receive," from ten in the morning until late evening; Father and Uncle Henry, in formal black with white gloves, went the round of calls. Lists were gone over for days before, addresses corrected, extra visiting-cards ordered, and anticipation of the ice cream and goodies held small children in delightful suspense.

Of our patriarchal summers I can tell one incident that may serve as a clue to others. It must have been in '77 or '78 when en masse--that is to say Grandfather, Grandmamma and Fred, the Parsonsos, the Starins and ourselves--we had taken the greater part of a small hotel at Narragansett Pier, then a quiet corner of Rhode Island. In near by cottages were the Johnsons from Norwich, the Meier-Smiths from Philadelphia, the Erskine Whites, and visiting among the various families "the Lee girls" (how we loved them!) Mary, Julia and Bessie.

Mother was on the "Massasoit" verandah one morning when a woman also staying there said, "Excuse me, but would you tell me who that fine old Catholic priest is with whom you were just talking?" Mother said, "I don't know any priest here, so you must be mistaken." "No," the woman insisted, "I know he is a Catholic priest because every one in the house, and some of

the cottagers, call him 'Father.'" She was scarcely convinced when Mother explained that her father-in-law was a perfectly good old Presbyterian elder.

For three successive summers we were at Narragansett, but I remember that in 1876, the "Centennial" summer, we took what was then a well-known girls' boarding-school, "Bishopthorpe" in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in order to be in the country yet near enough to go easily to the great Exhibition in Philadelphia. Another summer, perhaps 1880, the Parsons, the Starins and our family had the whole of a generous-sized boarding-house in the Catskills, at Prattsville, where a houseful of relatives living in amity and hugely enjoying themselves, filled the little village with puzzled wonder.

In the autumn of 1880 my brother Norman had gone back for his second year at the Columbia School of Mines and Gaylord to Easthampton for his last year at school. Before long he was sent home with what was said to be an "outgrown" heart. Nothing for it but a year of complete rest, so the Doctor said, with the suggestion of a voyage round the world in a sailing-vessel. This was like a bomb-shell in the family, especially when Mother insisted that he could not go alone--only sixteen and with a weak heart--not to be thought of! Norman must go too.

Family excitement ran high as the weeks of preparation were rushed along. A sailing-vessel was found, Captain Steer commanding. So clean and trim she looked when the family made the Sabbath-day's journey over to Brooklyn to investigate--even a canary in the main cabin. The next eight months took them to places seldom visited sixty years ago. From the south of England to Madeira, where my brothers learned to play tennis with a jolly English family; to the Canary Islands to climb Teneriffe; then to the west coast of Africa and along its northern shores with many stops; to Cairo and up the Nile. On to Palestine and Beirut, where the many Dodge-

Jessup cousins gave them a warm welcome and a marvellously good time. To Greece, Italy, the French Riviera and to Paris. Something of Holland and Belgium, then back to England and home. In the joy of travel an "outgrown" heart had been cured and quite forgotten.

One phase of my father's life I have left until the end, for it was literally the crown of his service to his day and circle--his rare spiritual life to which no words of mine can do justice. As a young man, in his early twenties, he led a Bible class for boys of fifteen or so, and one of them, at the age of eighty, Caldwell Blackman, told me that no Bible study had ever been to him so inspiring. When Grandfather's family, including my father and mother, moved uptown from Gramercy Park the Norman Whites joined the Brick Church, but Father and Mother became part of a group which founded the "New School" Church of the Covenant, as more liberal in its views, and my father was an elder from the first. Later, for sixteen years, Father maintained a service, with a brief talk, every Sunday afternoon, at the Nursery and Child's Hospital, finding someone to go when he was out of the city, and filling the place of chaplain as he visited in the wards after every service. Many a poor girl has found herself in her quiet talks with him--Catholic and Protestant alike. It is a remarkable record.

Through long overstrain and many hours spent with Fred during his illness, not then known to be contagious, Father contracted tuberculosis, and for two years before his death was a great sufferer. Of these years I can not and need not write. But to give a true picture of his character I should speak of the marvellous serenity that never left him. His interests were wide and varied, he kept his "merry wit," as a friend said, and gave support and comfort to all around him.

Father died in Rye, New York, 9 February, 1890. In May of that year Gaylord was graduated from Union Theological Seminary, as Alternate Fellow

of his class. The Fellow of that year was well able to go abroad without student aid, therefore the stipend for foreign study was given Gaylord and he sailed in June for two years, spent at the University of Berlin and at Toynbee Hall in London. Mother and I, two strays we were then, as it seems to me now, were with Uncle Norman and Aunt Margaret until we followed Uncle Gaylord in July and were with him in Berlin that winter. There I met a young "Tutor" in Yale College also studying at the University, and that begins another story.

Looking back I marvel at the courageous, quiet, unselfish way in which Mother lived through those first lonely years. She never let her overshadowing sorrow intrude on others. At the pension where we lived she "mothered" the students there; they brought her their bits of news from home, their plans for the future. She was truly loved by all.

We were with Uncle Norman and Aunt Margaret again when we came home. Their house was always open to us. But after Uncle Gaylord and Aunt Sophie were married and moved to Brooklyn, to found the first Settlement House in that city, my mother and I went there to be with them. Uncle Gaylord lived in a small house, in the "slum" district of the Navy Yard, not far from his church and Settlement house. In 1896 he moved to an apartment on "the Heights," or the edge of it, and in January, 1897, Father (or "Uncle Frank," as the case may be) and I were married in the Settlement church, with a small reception at the apartment. After eight wonderful months of wanderings, in Italy mostly, the autumn brought us to Dartmouth.

From the first my mother was with us in Hanover, fitting not only into our home, but in a quite special way into the life of the little New England college town--a world totally unlike any she had known before. With her quiet sympathetic manner she won friends among young and old in the close-knit college circle of that time, and we cannot forget what a tribute

the village paid to her memory, as on a bitter cold day, in February, 1904, friends we had thought she scarcely knew, filled to overflowing the sunny living-room of our house, for her farewell to Hanover. There was a funeral service the next day in the Chapel of the Brick Church in New York, and although for the fourteen years of her widowhood she had been so little there, old friends in scores came to show how warm had been her friendship.

This inadequate sketch of my parents has been done with reverence and love at the request of my children--for them and for the children of my brothers Norman and Gaylord. Likewise for all the dear great-grandchildren of Charles Trumbull and Georgiana Starin White--that they may know something of these two in their background to whom they owe so much. One and all may we ever cherish and hold in high honor this blessed heritage.

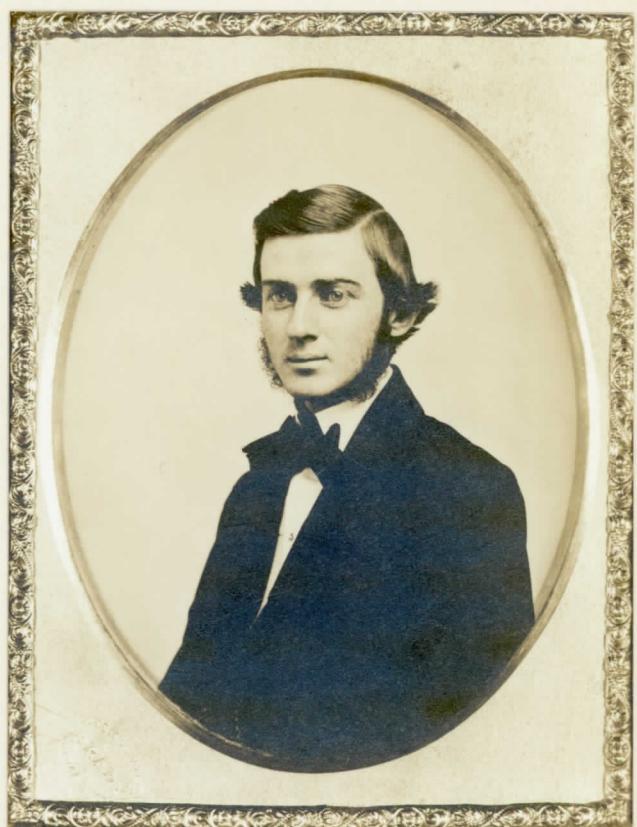
Anna Barnard White Moore

For Cleveland and Helen
with love from Aunt Anna

May 1940

PHOTOGRAPHS

1. Georgiana Starin and Charles Trumbull White,
at the time of their engagement, October 1856.
(from ambrotypes by Brady)
2. G. S. W., from an ambrotype by Brady, 1860, and
a photograph by Brady, 1862.
3. C. T. W. and G. S. W., about 1866.
4. G. S. W., about 1890, and C. T. W., about 1885.



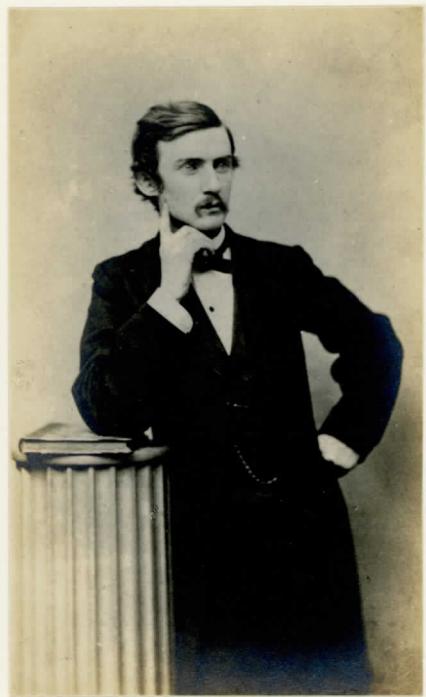
October 1856



1860



1862



1866



1890



1885