

2-10-1905

Letter from Margaret Whitney Pratt, New York,  
New York, to Anne Whitney, Boston,  
Massachusetts, 1905 February 10

Margaret Whitney Pratt

Wellesley College Archives

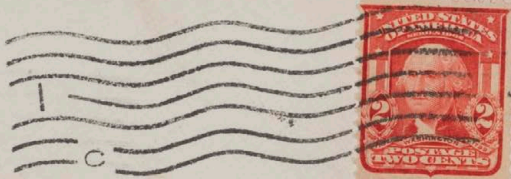
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Miss Anne Whitney  
"The Charlesgate"  
Boston  
Mass.



BACK BAY STATION  
C

42  
he was escorted through the butler's  
pantry and into the kitchen, where  
he paralyzed Kate with his  
friendly hand shaking. I don't  
believe Mrs. Potter has ever  
attended a church sociable before  
consequently the parishioners were  
much elated. The mobility only  
remained a short time. It was  
a bitter cold night and even the  
"Subway" rapid transit could  
not mitigate the terrors of a  
trip from Brooklyn and  
the return at midnight for  
the Brooklyn friends.

What a winter we have had  
here in New York. I have looked  
out from my low-down bed

Feb 10<sup>th</sup> 1905—

ARCHANGEL RECTORY.  
88 ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE.

Dear Aunt Anne

Your letter was most  
welcome in return for Georgia's  
& my own. We both were sorry  
enough to hear that you were  
having a reminder of last  
year's illness during the anni-  
versary time. Your report how-  
ever was so favorable that I  
trust by this time the doctor  
has ceased making profes-  
sional visits and you are  
equal to the usual breeze  
at home and abroad. If  
such is not the case we

Shall want a bulletin very soon.

Our Parish Party was a great success socially, there were not as many here as we hoped for and not a Whitney gave your humble servant the enjoyment of the occasion. So many of our parish were ill and ailing, and although we tried as usual to turn in honest penny for the building fund - we will probably only make fifty dollars out of it after our expenses of music and refreshments are paid. There were over a hundred here and a most cheerful and enthusiastic crowd. The thing that

set us up the most was the presence of his lordship the Bishop and Mrs Potter. The Bishop and the Madame came upon the scene about ten o'clock with two friends who had been dining with them and were most gracious. The Bishop said "he wouldn't have missed it for anything" and seemed impressed by the convenience of the Parish House and delighted with the Rectory, which certainly was very alluring with lights and music and "loyal hearts" devoted to the work - The vestry men were tumbling over each other in their anxiety to have the Bishop see everything - and

but the brother & wife who took her  
with them to Ormond Beach for  
two weeks.

Our evening meal of Smoked  
Finnan Haddie (I don't know how  
you spell it) is decidedly odorous  
and I think it behooves me to  
stop up the time and have dinner  
put on the table. So I will love  
and leave you, wishing you were  
with me this very day and  
wishing we shall have that  
satisfaction before long.

We shall take silence for good  
news and that you are entirely  
rid of your "ironical" affection  
So many of my acquaintances  
use that expression. I presume  
I shall adopt it inadvertently &  
use it in public to my embarrass-  
ment some day -  
Our fondest love to you dear

room window over to our great  
Seventh Ave drive for two months  
and more, ARCHANGEL RECTORY. and seen  
88 ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE.  
The sleigh going up and down  
mercifully morning noon and  
night. Such an old fashioned  
time for New York City. The poor  
old St. Nicholas horse-cars have  
gone out of business. and all  
the surface electric roads most  
uncertain. We had a wretched day  
yesterday of rain and sleet. This  
morning the sun shines and  
begins to thaw, but the wind  
blows a cold blast and it does  
n't seem one bit attractive  
to go out and face it.

We are counting the days  
until you and Miss Manning

Pray us the expected visit - do  
not wait for Easter or cere-  
monies or consecrations come  
at any time when you have  
the inclination and the Spirit  
moves you to pack your trunk  
and be with us. We have  
warmth and comfort. Kero-  
sene stoves and gas logs for bliz-  
gards and emergencies - but we  
have weathered the gales finely  
our first winter in the "Edward  
Whitney Memorial House".

There is nothing doing in the  
Church just yet, only waiting  
for the weather to moderate to  
have the windows put in, and  
then the organ.

I left my letter for an outing  
in the slush and am glad to

get in to dry land once more.  
I telephoned over to Brooklyn  
to the Peters after luncheon and  
had a chat with Ruth who said  
her mother was in bed again -  
<sup>after</sup> with one of her attacks and also  
a heavy cold had developed, so  
they were expecting the doctor -  
and felt rather down hearted.  
Poor Mary has a hard time of it!  
The rest of the family were as well  
as usual, Aunt Mary comfortable  
and not venturing away from  
home while it keeps so cold.  
I found a note from Mary her-  
self in the evening mail, so she  
is equal to letter-writing or was  
yesterday. Carrie had just re-  
turned from her fine trip with  
the Lorrins' (not Emily & Horace)