

6-30-1913

## Letter from Antoinette Rotan Peterson, North East Harbor, Maine, to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1913 June 30

Antoinette Rotan Peterson

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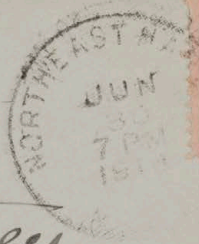
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Antoinette Estan Petersen

[June 30, 1913]



Miss Anne Whitney  
Shelburne

New Hampshire

you will be thrice careful,  
wait you? A poultice,  
a mustard plaster, or better  
still paint with iodine  
once in a while, just by  
way of precaution - But you  
said you were better - that  
warm weather had brought a  
rebound to health - and  
that comforts me - The stars  
seem not propitious to health  
this year - Frederica came  
down in the end of May with  
an attack of jaundice - happily  
over now - but it kept us in

[June 29, 1913]

Ye Haven  
North East Harbor Me.

Oh! Anne, my Anne of all Annes,  
the noblest Anne in Christendom,  
what in the name of all  
black demons should give  
you appendicitis? I can't  
bear to think of it - to think  
of you in pain - And I  
well remember eight months  
of that pain - But surely it  
was only distant thunder on  
the horizon - passing off  
into some outer limbo of  
unknown things, never to  
disturb your peace again -

town till the 16<sup>th</sup> and instead of  
coming by Boston, we travelled straight  
through from New York, the journey  
involving less stress for her.  
But if I had known, you were ill  
and still in Boston -

How you must be at your mountain  
shrine - a land far more beautiful  
than this, though we have here  
a rare combination of forest and  
sea - making a wonderful air -  
balsam and brine together - but the  
contours of the land - the coast lines

and irregular hills are merely common place -

It is said that painters scorn the place -

I shall reserve judgment for a while - It has  
been very cold - furnace going till three days  
ago - reason objects to this in the  
end of June - but on the other side  
of the count - if largess from a landlord  
count for much there is <sup>in the house</sup> space and  
great comfort and above all a charming  
garden lying on the borders of  
twenty acres of enchanted wood,  
flowers are happy here as almost  
nowhere else - Having no garden of

off robber fashion, but  
motor cars are not allowed  
on Mount Desert Island  
except in the town of Bar  
Harbour ten miles away from  
North-East, and we put  
our car away for the summer.

It would be necessary to go  
to Portland and come up  
that way. But it would  
be about the same as the  
journey from Boston to  
Shelburne. and the boat  
trip at this end is delightful.

If you will consider giving

Ye Haven  
North East Harbor Me.

My own to indulge the taste  
inherited straight from that  
born gardener, my mother.  
The next best thing is to be  
happy in somebody else's garden.  
And I wish you could see  
how lovely this one is -

Do you think that you and  
Alphersine could journey  
over to see us, later in the  
summer? If we had a  
motor this year, I should  
come for you and carry you

As this great happiness I will find  
out all the details of the journey  
and send them to you - Frances Grimes  
will be here in August and another  
friend who plays the piano in  
heavenly fashion - I think we could  
have some happy times together -  
Please think it over -

I long for news of Olive but have  
behaved atrociously in the matter  
of letters to her as to every one else, so  
that no word has come from her

for many months - The offending member  
which according to Scripture should be  
cut off and cast into the fire, I feel better  
of late, and I hope to write to her very soon.

Any word of her from you would be  
gratefully received - Frederick was here last  
week when your letter came and sent his  
love and sympathy and was much vexed  
to hear of the troublesome appendix -  
We all send our faithful love and hope to hear  
that you really will come over into Macedonia  
and make us a visit -

Ever lovingly yours

Antoinette -

June 29<sup>th</sup> -