

Hendalton.
Sept 24th 1893.

Dear Rosa

I am taking advantage
of almost the first spare half hour
I have had since coming home
to write to you, not that there
is very much to tell you though.
I wished you had been with us
yesterday afternoon, when we walked
over the hills to Governor's Bay, then
to Ranjabin, where we had tea on the
beach, and on to Sumner where ~~we~~ drag
net us to take us home. It was a
not very evening, and the harbour was
like glass. I if you could paint anything
half as lovely as the views we saw
at Governor's Bay, fortune and fame would
await you. The air was scented with blossom

of all kinds, till our hearts ached to leave
such fairyland behind. If ever you want
to forget all the worries of this world, tell me
and we will go sketching to Governor's Bay
in the spring. You would at any rate, our
kinder feet today though. May I managed
to limp into church this morning and every
pebble on the road seemed to have a personal
quidde against us; and the other people came
off worse even than we. Last Saturday was
so wet & uncertain, they never went to Cooper's
knob. after all, so we are to go there next time.
They went to New Brighton instead, so I told
them I had got one ahead with Mt Thomas.
I don't think any person will be able to
walk with us again. She really has been
dreadfully ill, and her lungs are very much
affected, though she is getting better now. Her
engagement is fully announced, & so is that
of Mrs Garrison, as I dare say you will have
heard. Polly Mason seems to be in an almost
hopeless state, according to Ruth, who however
sometimes takes a gloomy view of things. We

had letters from S. Africa on Friday, by which
the boys seem to have rather exciting
times just now. Jim is sending me some
ostrich feathers from the head of a wretched
warrior he managed to slay in a fight just
before writing, of which he gives rather a grim
description, but the thought he dwells on with
most delight, is the lovely time he means
to have in the wretched country next year
if it is attacked & annexed. They take things
so cheerfully that my mother is very much
comforted, & that makes a great difference
to us all. Have you been to register your
vote yet? We are all flocking to do so, even
even the most determined opponents of woman's
franchise are taking their womenkind off
to register their votes, of course they say
in self defence. I wonder if it was an
immediate result of the franchise, that
this morning we got the most beautiful
smile & wave of his hat from the candidate
for the Piccarton Electorate. We don't know
him & he never did such a thing before,
but we stood up two inches more on the

spot. I am beginning to think now that
it is right that woman should have a
voice in the control of the state, and on
poking days some delightful drag parties
might be arranged. Don't think me very
flippant, but I am freshening up after yesterday's
walk. The Westlands are going to leave
Chick soon. Mr Westland goes to India next
month, & in March Mrs Westland wants to
chaperone a party of girls to Germany. How
would you like to go? She asked me to
come too. I have started two flower studies
the last week, but there are so many lovely
things coming out, it will be months before they
are finished. I can't get through one quarter
the things I want to, I daresay you know
the kind of feeling. Tell me how you get
on with the sketch of hills & meadows, it
ought to turn out well. Here they like the
Japanese best of my work at West Eyaton.
Mama sends her kindest regards and love
to Mrs Dixon and yourself. Please give Mrs
Dixon my love and believe me dear Nora
always your affectionate friend
Margaret Chisley Stoddart.

Fendalton

Sept 24th 1893

Dear Rosa

I am taking advantage of almost the first spare half hour since coming home to write to you, not that there is very much to tell you though. I wished you had been with us yesterday afternoon when we walked over the hills to Governor's Bay, then to Raupaki where we had tea on the beach, and on to Sumner where a dray met us to take us home. It was a nor' west evening and the harbour was like glass, and if you could paint anything half as lovely as the views we saw at Governor's Bay, fame and fortune would await you. The air was scented with blossom

of all kinds, till our hearts ached to leave such fairyland behind. If you want to forget all the worries of this world, tell me and we will go sketching to Governors Bay in the spring. You wouldn't envy us our tender feet today though. May and I managed to limp into church this morning and every pebble on the road seemed to have a personal grudge against us, and the other people came off worse even than we. Last Saturday was to [sic] wet and uncertain they never went to Cooper's Knob after all, so we are to go there next time. They went to New Brighton instead, so I told them I had got one ahead with Mt Thomas. I don't think Amy Meeson will be able to walk with us again, she really has been dreadfully ill, and her lungs are very much affected, though she is getting better now. Her engagement is fully announced and so is that of Mrs Gresson, as I daresay you will have heard. Gerty Meeson seems to be in an almost hopeless state according to Ruth, who however sometimes takes a gloomy view of things. We

had letters from S Africa on Friday, by which the boys seem to have rather exciting times just now. Jim is sending me some ostrich feathers from the head of a Matabele warrior he managed to slay in a fight just before writing, of which he gives a rather grim description, but the thought he dwells on with the most delight, is the lovely time he means to have in the Matabele country next year if it is attacked and annexed. They take things so cheerfully that my mother is very much comforted, and that makes a great difference to us all. Have you been to register your vote yet? We are all flocking to do so here even the most determined opponents of woman's franchise are taking their womankind off to register their votes, of course they say in self-defence. I wonder if it was an immediate result of the franchise, that this morning we got the most beautiful smile and wave of his hat from the candidate for the Riccarton Electorate. We don't know him and he never did such a thing before but we stood up two inches more on the

spot. I am beginning to think now that it is right that woman should have a voice in the control of the state, and on polling day some delightful drag parties might be arranged. Don't think me very flippant but I am freshening up after yesterday's walk. The Westland's are going to leave ChCh soon Mr Westland goes to India next month and in March Mrs Westland wants to chaperone a party of girls to Germany. How would you like to go? She asked me to come too. I have started two flower studies the last week but there are so many lovely things coming out, it will be months before they are finished. I can't get through one quarter the things I want to. I daresay you know the kind of feeling. Tell me how you got on with the sketch of hills and rushes, it ought to turn out well. Here they like the Japonica best of my work of West Eyreton. Mama sends her kindest regards and love to Mrs Dixon and yourself. Please give Mrs Dixon my love and believe me my dear Rosa always your affectionate friend

Margaret Olrog Stoddart