

DIE REISBESKRYWING VAN MEJ. SUSAN MILLER CLARY

In die geskiedenis van die opvoeding van dogters in die Suid-Afrikaanse Republiek word die belangstellende getref deur die feit dat in die sewentiger jare daar in Pretoria van owerheidsweë geen meisieskole opgerig is nie.

Gedeeltelik kan dit toegeskryf word aan die feit dat die onderwys nog in die beginstadium verkeer het, terwyl andersyds baie ouers nog nie die wenslikheid of noodsaaklikheid van 'n besondere opvoeding vir dogters besef het nie omdat die omstandighede nie soiets vereis het nie.

Die beslissende stoot in verband met die oprigting van spesiale skole vir dogters in Pretoria het van die kant van die **Anglikaanse- en Rooms-Katolieke** kerkgenootskappe gekom, terwyl ds. H. S. Bosman dieselfde doel beoog het.

Op versoek van ds. Andrew Murray, van die Kaapkolonie, het tien oud-leerlinge van die Mount Holyoke-kollege (South Hadley, Mass.) besluit om van die Verenigde State na Suid-Afrika te kom. In Augustus 1877 het die geselskap van Nu-York na Engeland vertrek en in September in Kaapstad aangekom.

Onder hulle was mej. **Susan M. Clary** en mej. **Ruggles**. Hulle het kort na hul aankoms in Kaapstad na Durban vertrek en vandaar die lang reis na Pretoria onderneem waar hulle in November 1877 aangekom het. Ongelukkig is mej. Clary op 3 Augustus 1878 in Pretoria oorlede. Haar stoflike oorskot rus in die ou kerkhof, 'n monumentjie sier haar graf. Op die monumentjie staan: „*Sacred to the Memory of SUSAN MILLER CLARY. Born in Conway, Mass., March 5, 1841. Died August 3, 1878. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; and their works do follow them.*” Op die agterkant van die monumentjie is die volgende woorde aangebring: „*A teacher for fourteen years in Mount-Holyoke Seminary. She came to Pretoria in November to found a similar institution.*”

Flora B. Ludington, van die Williston Memorial-boekery van die kollege, het die volgende afskrif van die reisbeskrywing van die hand van mej. Clary aan die skrywer gestuur. Die teks volg hier onverkort, die voetnote is deur die ondergetekende aangebring.

Dr. J. PLOEGER.

Dear Seminary Friends,

I promised to keep a journal for a few of you as I went from Natal to Pretoria. I have thought possibly more of you would like to hear the story, so have concluded to write to you all.

It is, as yet, an unmade story, but as

Prof. Thompson says, “We shall see what we shall see.”

We arrived in Durban, the seaport of Natal, on Saturday, October 20. Yes! not only Miss Ruggles and myself arrived safely, but every one of our separate pieces of baggage. If you

had heard all the accounts that have been rehearsed to us of passengers losing their baggage on this coast, you would think it truly wonderful. These coast steamers stop at several ports between Cape Town and Durban, and the officers are exceedingly careless about baggage, depositing trunks and boxes just as it happens, claiming that they are not responsible for anything of the kind.

I have spent many a wakeful hour, at night, considering which of my three boxes I would be willing to lose. Surely not the *first*, for, does not that contain my *books*, each one precious and valuable, not only for its own sake, but doubly so on account of the delightful remembrances clustering about it? Oh! my whole heart cries out "not that."—No less the second, for in that are my pictures: — not very valuable in America, perhaps, but expected to be a joy and comfort in Prospect Seminary,⁽¹⁾ for some years to come. Then the third box contains my chair—and you know I could not spare that! My personal vigilance over these boxes has now ceased. They have been transferred to Blackwood and Co., Mr. Bosman's⁽²⁾ agents. They will not arrive at Pretoria till a month after we do. Will not my heart sing for joy when I am allowed to welcome them? If you should hear a little shout of exultation, sometime next December, and not know the cause, you may understand that it comes from Pretoria, and it means that my baggage has all arrived. Do you all know that these boxes of which I have spoken were made of Seminary wood and packed at the Seminary, and almost every article is folded in Seminary newspaper—do you not think I shall

be with you in spirit when I unpack them? And do you not all know that there is a box within a box? (Will Miss W- - please explain about my Christmas box?) I have thought good-bye (some of you will remember that I had not courage to say it) many times during the last six months. After leaving the U.S. Perhaps it was not harder in any case than to bid good-bye to the North Star and the Northern lights. Now it is old ocean. It is like parting with a friend. It has borne me on its 'surging tide' for fifty-four days—days of weariness, many of them have been, yet days of peace and quietness—preparation days, I trust, for the work before me.

Durban is a queer old town, about the size of Northampton, with wide streets and pretty houses, but, alas! no trees. The Post Office is the finest public building. On landing Saturday afternoon we proceeded immediately thither, thinking we might find a letter from the missionaries, but great was our astonishment to find it closed, and against the window a placard in large letters "Closed! Too late!" Such was our welcome to Natal. We learned that this was the custom—to close the P.O. from one o'clock to half past seven each day. The population of Durban is almost equally divided between English and coloured people—Kafirs, as they are called. The latter are abused and down trodden in every way. All the hotels and lodging houses are closed against them. How much they need a Senator Sumner and Civil Rights Bill!

October 27. We have been to Inanda to visit the missionaries. The cars took us to Umgeni, four miles distant, where Mr. Pixley met us with his two horse

carriage, or *trap* as they call all kinds of vehicles in this country. That ride of fourteen miles will never be forgotten. All nature was arrayed in her most pleasing costume. The scenery was enchanting and the air loaded with perfumes from the flowering shrubs, but all this was hardly noticed or appreciated, compared with the delight of conversing with an American friend. None of you can understand this pleasure, dear girls, excepting you who have been a stranger in a strange land.

Mr. Pixley is from Plainfield, Mass. He came to Africa twenty-two years ago and has not been home since; so he had many questions to ask concerning the past and present of our dear native land. Thus the hours passed by and we came in sight of the mission before we had thought of weariness. The first person we met was the native pastor, James. He is a very fine looking man, and is greatly respected by the people in all the country around. He can talk a little English, and gave us a very cordial welcome. He was afterwards invited to take tea with us. When I first decided to come to Africa, I thought it would be one of the greatest privileges of my life to visit Mrs. Edwards' school. So it proved. The school building is just across the yard from Mr. Pixley's so we divided our time between the two families.

Mrs. Edwards is a wonderful woman; such a woman as we often read about but seldom meet. Her whole bearing is that of a thoroughly cultured and refined lady, uniting dignity and self-possession with gentleness and grace. There was something about her. I can hardly tell what, that reminded me constantly of Mrs. Durant.

She is perfectly devoted to her work, and has done wonders for these Kafir girls, but is constantly crippled and embarrassed for want of means. Oh! it was so sad to see these missionaries deprived of many comforts themselves, and curtailing their works in many ways, simply for want of a little money, which, it would seem, could so easily be given them. They are now longing to hear from the meeting of the Board, at Providence, to know if the debt was paid, and the appropriations increased.

Mrs. Edwards has twenty boarders in her school, mostly daughters of native pastors at the different stations, and as many more day scholars. The intelligent natives are very anxious to have their children learn English, because, as they say, "All wisdom is in English." Two of the more advanced pupils are studying Algebra, but most of the studies are of a lower order. An hour each day is spent in reading the Bible. The chapters are taken up, verse by verse, in English, then in Zulu and explained. The girls enjoy singing very much and are very fortunate, in having an organ given by Mrs. Durant. I wish the donor could know how much her gift is appreciated. Though Mrs. Edwards has never been a pupil at Mount Holyoke she has many of our ways. She has just commenced re-requiring the girls to give an account of the sermon on Monday. They write what they can remember of it on their slates in Zulu and translate it on paper. These notes were exceedingly interesting to look over, mostly in very good English. One sentence has been running through my mind ever since I read it. "Abraham was a good man. He knew God very much." It gives the true

secret of a godly life, does it not?

An old man probably a hundred years old, came a long way to see me because he knew I had seen Mr. Lindley. He is very poor; but very happy as a Christian. He said, "Me have no cattle but me no cry for that; me have Jesus, King of Kings and that is better."

A messenger was sent to Miss Price and Miss Norris, thirty miles way, to tell them of our arrival. True friends they proved themselves for they came all that distance in an open wagon in the midst of frequent showers to spend an afternoon with us.

Miss Norris reminded me of Bessie Mosman. A young lady from the Orange Free States, visiting here in Durban, reminds me constantly of Carrie Gifford. Thus you see I cannot forget you if I would.

This city is the capital of Natal, and is situated about fifty six miles north-west of Durban. We came hither by omnibus on Monday, starting at about seven in the morning and arriving at half past five p.m.—It was a charming ride over hill and dale: the scenery was very romantic, in many places reminding me of views and experiences on the way to Yosemite. We had seven sets of horses, three pairs in a set,—fine horses they were, worthy of their names. One pair were called Diamond and Ruby — another England and Scotland. While stopping here two days, we are staying at the hotel, but under the care of Mr. Boshoff, Member of Parliament. This gentleman and his three handsome daughters, are doing their best to entertain us,—accomplished, perhaps I should add, in regard to music and making point-lace, but not especially so in a knowledge of

Geography, for one of them asked if we "could not have come from the U.S. to England as well *overland* as by water"!

Last night they took us to an entertainment in the Presbyterian church, consisting of reading and music, the avails of which were to be sent to the famishing in India. The reading was from "Uncle Tom's Cabin". We hardly expected to hear about Eva and Uncle Tom out here. When we were at Mrs. Edwards, her pupils unanimously decided to go without meat for a month, that they might have seven dollars and a half to send to India. To be sure they have meat only twice a week. I hardly know whether it was more or less of a denial than if they had it every day.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 3.

When we arrived at Cape Town, a letter was received from Mr. Bosman instructing us to proceed to Walsersstroom,⁽³⁾ (the W. has sound of V.) two thirds of the distance from Durban to Pretoria, by post-cart, where he was to meet us with a bullock-wagon; but yesterday when changing horses at Ladismith, another letter was received from Mr. Bosman, saying, that for certain reasons, he could not come, so we must go all the way by post. This was a great disappointment; for, as the time was drawing near, I was counting the hours when I could throw off care—indeed I have imagined all along that I should feel something as Jacob did when he saw the wagons Joseph sent. Moreover, I have learned, since coming to this country, that travelling in a bullock-wagon is the stylish way of journeying — the fashion of the Governor's wife and all ladies of wealth and leisure. Strange to say, in

this country they call anything drawn by horses *carts* or *traps*, and by oxen, *wagons*. I have enjoyed meeting the transportation wagons, as they are called. They are very large, covered with white canvas, having four wheels and drawn by eight, nine or ten pairs of oxen, as the case may be. Great, noble creatures they are—very handsome with large branching horns. They move majestically onward, with a man in front to lead and a driver walking at the left.

Another reason why we are anxious to see Mr. Bosman, is that he was to bring our letters—we have had none since leaving London. I do not even know who is teaching Constitution. The happy teacher, whoever she may be, has my hearty congratulations. O, how I long to know something about Pres. Hayes, and whether Congress did have an extra session, and if Vice-President Wheeler really made that promised visit to South Hadley.

To return to my journey. This three days' ride has been very enjoyable, our road lying near the Drakensburg Mountains, much of the way. These mountains are beautiful in outline, and covered with a kind of verdure, but without a tree or shrub, as this is truly a treeless country. A larger vehicle than usual was taken, because there were eight passengers—six gentlemen—an army surgeon, a merchant from Newcastle, and four engineers going out to the gold fields, representing Sweden, Scotland, Australia and our own Montana. The merchant has taken us to his house in Newcastle to spend the night. It would be exceedingly delightful to rest here over the Sabbath, but that is impossible, for the post-cart leaves for Pretoria on Sunday. It will

be communion day with you. I shall be with you in spirit. We shall pass over into the Transvaal after an hour's ride. I trust it is not altogether an ill omen that my eyes first rest on the land of my adoption on a Sabbath morning.

November 6.

Can I describe that Sabbath day's journey? I will try. Imagine four horses attached to a two-wheeled vehicle, a kind of exaggerated gig—this vehicle covered with canvas—curtains rolled up all around—driver sitting in front—the mail bags just behind—while in the rear of these were seated Miss Ruggles and myself with *backs turned toward the driver*—a narrow strap to lean against—two separate shafts, on either side to hold on by, and a little slanting board with an iron rim around it, to rest the feet upon—"only this and nothing more."

The road that morning was very rough, full of stones, with numberless ditches to cross and rivers to ford, our driver constantly saying "Lean well back, missus." Occasionally there was a mountain to climb. This process reminded me very much of ascending Mount Holyoke by the car. As we rose higher and higher and more and more of the landscape was spread before us, it seemed truly like mounting in mid-air. All this was very tame, however, compared with the afternoon's ride. The road was good—the horses in fine spirits, and intent on a mad gallop. For two hours we just flew before the wind. The ordinary rate of speed is quite rapid—but this was perfectly terrific. When we could get breath to speak, we made various comparisons—the lightning express, etc. but nothing seemed to suit so well as to think that Darius Green had at last been success-

ful and his flying machine was then in use. We longed to turn about and take a look at the horses—but did not dare move a hair's breadth for fear of being thrown out. If any of our church-going friends had seen us skimming over the ground that Sabbath afternoon, they would have been shocked. After changing horses once more, we took a more moderate pace—a violent thunder-storm coming up meanwhile. We were not surprised at sunset that we had travelled eighty (80) miles. Weary and worn as we were, we were obliged to start once more at half past four in the morning, often saying to each other, "Can we endure this two days longer?"

When we stopped to change horses at nine, we found to our indescribable joy and relief that a stage coach was awaiting us. Yes! a real four-wheeled stage from America! It had been used in this country before, but not on that route. It seemed as though when we had endured all we possibly could, a kind of Providence sent us relief from America. Though we kept on our way til nine that evening, every moment was a rest and time of rejoicing. We were informed that the post-cart, on two wheels, was not to be used again. Fully expecting to recover from our bruises at length, we are glad that we had the romantic experience.

We expect to be in Pretoria this evening. I could hardly sleep last night in view of all the possibilities before me.

Wednesday, Nov. 7.

My long journey is over at last. The many wishes of my friends that it might be safe and pleasant have been fulfilled. This letter is already too long hence. I will not speak of my first im-

pressions of Pretoria, except to say that they are pleasant ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Bosman are exceedingly kind and very enthusiastic about the Sem'y. One of Mr. Bosman's first remarks was "The most important thing that remains to be decided is the name." All manifested the greatest pleasure with the name fixed upon.

The building is not yet commenced. According to Mr. Murray's urgent advice, the matter was left till our arrival. It is to cost 150,000 dollars. I have been upon the site which is half a mile from the parsonage. There is a hill back of it, which of course was named Prospect Hill. Next Monday, Miss Ruggles and I are to open a school in the church, boarding at Mr. Bosman's.

Will all who have my address kindly strike out "S.A. Republic", and put Transvaal in its place. Anything coming by the old name will reach me, but the latter is better.

I will not attempt to give expression to all the love and earnest heart-longings that go with this letter. You know that my heart is with you, though ten thousand miles may intervene.

Christmas will be over, and the New Year fairly entered upon before you receive this. God grant that it may be a very happy year to each one of you, and that each day's experience may teach you that "the Lord is gracious."

With much love,

(Signed) C. M. Clary.

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- (1) Die naam van die skool van ds. H. S. Bosman en sy kommissie in Pretoria.
 - (2) Ds. H. S. Bosman.
 - (3) Wakkerstroom.
 - (4) Later gebou op die hoek van Schoeman- en Van der Waltstraat, langsaan die voormalige Staatsmodelskool. Die gebou word tans as kantore gebruik en was voor 1900 o.m. die Eerste Staatshuis.