

**Sentraalstraat:** Op ou kaarte kom hierdie straat nie voor nie, trouens dit kon toe nouliks as **sentraal** gegeld het. Nader inligting oor die ontstaan van hierdie straat sal verwelkom word.

**Shepherdstraat:** Volgens een bron is hierdie straat na die Shepherd-familie genoem. (Verder besonderhede van die familie is my nie bekend nie.) 'n Ander uitleg is dat dit genoem is na die „Home of the Good Shepherd” wat in die straat geleë was. Indien iemand nader informasie kan verskaf, sal dit baie verwelkom word.

**Skinnerstraat en Skinnerlaan** heet na landdros W. Skinner. In die Eeufees-Album van Pretoria (p. 18) verskyn 'n portret van hom met die onderskrif: „William Skinner, gebore in Kantelberg op 10 Febr. 1828, oorlede te Pretoria 15 Junie 1885. Vanaf Desember 1867 was hy verskeie jare landdros van Pretoria.”

Sir John Kotze beskryf hom as 'n „quaint and quiet man”, en vervolg: „An Englishman by birth, he had migrated to the Transvaal with his brother-in-law Devereux in the early fifties. They were builders and carpenters, and together they erected the old Dutch Church with its four gables on the square in the centre of the town.” Kotze vertel verder dat Skinner se woning, „the Bungalow”, hom veral opgeval het toe hy die dag in Pretoria aangekom het en met Markstraat afgery het. Dit was links van die straat geleë. Sowat 'n jaar later het hy die huis gekoop en self daar gaan woon. Skinner het toe verhuis na sy plasie, „two miles out of town to the west of the race-course, called „Skinners' Court”. (Sir John Kotze, Biographical Memoirs and Reminiscences, pp. 406, 408, 409.)

F. J. du T. Spies.

---

---

*Heloise Greenlees*

*remembers a*

## *Fashionable Wedding in Occupied Pretoria*

It was a glorious Spring day in 1880, and the little village of Pretoria was arrayed in beauty. The fruit trees in the gardens were in their full glory; the little pink roses on the hedges were holding up their heads to the sun, and smilingly opened their petals as if to say, “Hail Smiling Morn.” The willow trees with their graceful fresh green flowing robes, next the

gurgling stream, swayed with joy; the birds, too seemed to know something different was happening on this day, for they chirruped with greater effulgence than usual. As Pope says:—

Hear how the birds on every blooming spray,  
With joyous musick make the dawning day.

That was how this spring day broke the excitement that had been seething in the village for weeks, in anticipation of Sarie Preller's marriage to Charl Celliers, uncle of the famous Afrikaans poet, Jan F. E. Celliers, which was to take place on this day.

The little chainstitch machines in many homes were silent after having whirred day after day for weeks sewing bridesmaids' and flower girls' frocks and with a sigh of relief mothers put them into their covers and laid them aside.

Apart from sewing bridesmaids' frocks, it was a case of all hands to the pump, for as there were no caterers, friends came forward to offer their help to Mrs. Preller. Some roasted chickens, ducks and geese, others baked sponge cakes, the real kind made with twelve eggs, and koeksisters. Then there were the milkterts, and ordinary jam tarts, these my mother made, as she excelled at pastry making.

Pioneers have a spirit of sincerity to one another which is fascinating for they know not the meaning of the word selfishness nor unkindness.

“As well might the mountain streamlets say  
They have nothing to give to the sea because they are  
not rivers,  
Give what you have, to some  
It may be better than you dare to think.”

That is it! Give what you have. That was just what the kind friends of Mrs. Preller did, they gave her all their sincere friendship and love. The result was that Mrs. Preller was relieved from a great deal of worry on the day of the wedding.

Sarie, the bride, was Mr. and Mrs. Preller's eldest daughter, a very pretty brunette, tall and graceful. Her parents were highly respected and liked. Mr. Preller was a lawyer, he had a strong personality, clever and genial with a keen sense of humour. He was the uncle of the late Dr. Gustav Preller.

Mrs. Preller was handsome, dignified and poised with a kind heart which endeared her to all. So no wonder Harmony was a favourite meeting place for old and young. Apart from the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Preller, “Harmony” was also a beautiful spot, and attracted the village people.

Charl Celliers, whom Sarie was to marry, was an alert, nice looking

young man. He came from Wellington, Cape Province and was a direct descendant of the Voortrekker of that name. He was considered very eligible. Sarie was, according to the Talk over coffee cups, making a brilliant marriage. Charl was later to become manager of the Transvaal Board of Executors. Those days getting married to a man with an income of £400 per annum was looked upon as a very good match, so whether Charl thought Sarie was making a "brilliant" marriage I can't say — Really not any of my business either.

Our home was only one of many where there was a certain amount of hustle on that day, for my sister was to be a bridesmaid and I a flower girl, so in order to be sure that everything was in order with our frocks, that in case of any readjustments to be made, we started dressing in plenty of time with the usual result that we were ready far too early and time dragged. We did not dare sit down in case of our frocks creasing, especially as they had been so well pressed by our old Ayah Sara, who would not allow anyone else to press "die nonnies se rokkies." We spent our time while waiting to be fetched, going from one room to another, and pacing up and down the long passage much to my father's amusement, who with a twinkle in his eye, told us to stand and read a book, which he well knew we could not do as we were too excited, for it must be remembered this was to be no ordinary wedding. Everything was going to be just a little different to the wedding we were used to.

Soon 10.30 a.m. struck and we were fetched to go to the church, and whew! were we tired!! but our tiredness soon wore off when we met the other bridesmaids in the Konsistory Kamer of the little church on the Square. The ceremony was to take place in the little cruciform thatched church on Church Square at 11 a.m.

There was a wave of excitement hanging around the Konistry Kamer and suddenly one of the flower girls said, "Oh! here she comes"—Dead silence—and there stood the lovely bride in a beautiful dress of white satin, made in many narrow gores going into sharp points into the waist, the skirt trimmed with blonde lace, and seed pearls. The long train was caught up at the back to form a bustle effect. Her veil covered her face and hung down to her knees. No bride ever entered the church on her wedding day with her face uncovered. Soon the twelve bridesmaids and six flower girls were told to fall into line and follow the bride and bridegroom into the Church. There was a strange silence in the church when this long procession entered, for were the bridesmaids not dressed in the latest Polonaise style of bodice? Their skirts were of deep cream Indian Muslin, a soft clinging material. The Polonaise was carried out in soft old gold material. The Polonaise was actually a tight fitting bodice fastening down the back with small buttons. From the waist in front there was a sort of pinafore which was draped in deep folds from right to front, sweeping to the back from where it was caught up into the waist to form a bustle effect and

hanging down in a sweep to the knees, making what they called a waterfall. This polonaise was the very latest from Paris, and I think our mothers were extremely clever to have made them for it was quite a complicated business to drape that pinafore, for they were really very professional looking when completed. How Sarie Preller got hold of this latest Parisian idea, I would not know, for illustrated papers of any description was almost unknown, with only our oxwagon transport from the coast.

On their heads the bridesmaids wore a small mop-pill box affair in Indian muslin and soft old gold satin ribbon, and a red rose rakishly placed on the left side.

The flower girls wore book muslin, forerunners of present day organdie, frocks, tied with bright maroon moiré ribbon sashes, about twelve inches wide, of a quality such as is not known these days. On their heads they wore small wreaths of flowers.

The ceremony was performed by the late Rev. Dr. Bosman, who was a cousin of the bride's mother.

After the bride and bridegroom had signed the register the bridesmaids and flower girls stepped back from the aisle to make a passageway for the bridal couple to pass by; then we formed into line once more and followed the newly wed couple, and so out of the little church, and on to Church Square, which was crowded with a truly mixed humanity, for apart from the storekeepers, business people, all the old "ayahs and outas" of the friends of the Preller family were there also, and they added a little splash of humour to the solemn affair with their quaint and witty remarks. I heard old Ayah Sabine, who was our neighbour's wash woman say, "Aah foeitog! Hoe pragtig lyk Miss Sarie,vandag." "Waarom sê jy aah foeitog? Sy kry mos 'n goeie man." "Nie ou Simon nie"—came the retort from Sabine. I suppose old Sabine was thinking of her own blighted married life—for she had tears running down her cheeks when she made that remark.

Cheers from the crowd greeted the bridal couple, as they stepped into the smart navy blue Surrey, a sort of face to face vehicle, something like the later Victoria's but much lower, and no driver's seat, and a canvass canopy edged with a fringe to keep the sun off the occupants. So in this case, the bride and bridegroom faced the driver, a Cape Coloured man in a smart navy blue suit. As they moved off, once more cheers went up from the crowd, and above the cheers was heard „Arrie! hy hou sy lyf pen vandag!!” from the old Cooks boy of Arcadia to the driver. I suppose he meant to convey that the driver was fancying himself. The crowd roared with laughter and more shouts to the driver came, but were lost as the little procession was lining up to follow the bride. I remember three or four flower girls went off in an American Spider. The bridesmaids had driven off before us, so I am not sure what sort of transport they had. Any and every kind of vehicle that a horse could pull was in use that day and business certainly was at a standstill from the look of things on the Square.

*(To be continued).*