

Van Maria se drome van 'n romantiese, avontuurlike bestaan, kon nie veel oorgebly het nie.

So het die jare vir haar verbygegaan, totdat haar twee oudste kinders, Lambertus en Abraham, na Holland moes gaan vir hulle opleiding. Sy het hulle nooit weer gesien nie.

Maklik sien 'n mens in die verbeelding die lewenskragtige jong vrou agteruitgaan en verouder in haar moeilike lewensomstandighede. Maar Maria, soos Jan, bly godsdienstig en vertrou steeds op die Heer se genade. So word sy vir die Afrikaner 'n simbool—van die vrou van die voortrek, van die vrou in die konsentrasiekampe.

In die Ooste is sy later oorlede, in Malakka waarheen Van Riebeeck verplaas is. Sy was die moeder van sewe kinders.

Maria de la Quellerie se nagedagtenis verdien die onderskeiding wat u vandag daaraan toeken, dit is 'n gelukkige gedagte waaraan u hier uitvoering gee.

M. van den Heever.

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*Heloise Greenlees:*

## *The Reception after the Wedding*

### II.

In the previous article Heloise Greenlees described the wedding ceremony of Sarie Preller and Charl Celiers in Occupied Pretoria. You will enjoy reading her description of the reception given to the happy couple after the wedding.

After what seemed quite a long drive we reached Harmony, where the bride and bridegroom walked to a huge tree, which we children named the Wild Apricot, for it bore a little yellow fruit which had a skin like the Apricot. We used to eat this fruit and how we are alive to tell the tale I don't know. I have never seen another tree of this kind, it was a lovely tree with a wide spread, and I sometimes wonder whether it may perhaps still be in existence, in the lower part of the normal College.

Under this tree congratulations were offered to the couple, and after congratulations the guests were invited to go into a marquee, which was a new

innovation, and was lent to Mrs. Preller by one of the Military regiments, or rather by an officer from the 94th Regiment, who happened to be a great friend of the family. The marquee was pitched on the green grass next to the stream of water which separated the homestead from the fruit garden, which stretched down to what is today van Boeschoteu Avenue, and under the shade of the large cellus trees (witstinkhout) and mimosas, and the willows, it was indeed a cool shady spot.

We, younger girls and boys had our tables set out under the shade of trees a little lower down the stream on green grass. We steeled ourselves down to a good feed, for what, with all the excitement from early morning, we were quite ready for something to eat.

After a little while we heard much merriment come from the marquee, so this was too much for us and we ran to peep in, o what a sight it was! The long table set out with all the delicious looking food, and pure white flowers, and every guest comfortably seated. Champagne? Oh Yes! and not South African either. I suppose, old Mr. Yzermann, a Hollander, who was fond of delicacies and food generally must have ordered it for Mr. Preller. We were fascinated at the sight, and wished we were grown up to stay in that marquee and listen to all the fun and merriment. Judge Kotze was proposing the health of the bride and the bridegroom, so we stayed on to see what would happen next, when suddenly the whole crowd burst into singing, „Die Aapie se bruilof,” I think, for I just remember them singing „Ons dans laat dit so gons, die onderveldse Kotiljons,” the lines I knew of that long song. I peeped in again after the singing and saw our officer in tartan trousers, rather narrow, with a navy blue tunic. I thought he looked funny.

These British Army men were at this wedding as this was of course during the first British occupation (1877-81) and just a few months before the war of Independence.

When the toast of the bridesmaids and flower girls had to be proposed we were asked to come into the marquee and were we pleased. Mr. Johann Rissik proposed the toast, and as usual said all the flattering things about us. Mr. Rissik later became the first Administrator of the Transvaal. After the toast another song was sung, but I am not quite sure what it was.

Just about 2.30 one of the soldiers from the military band struck up God Save the Queen and every one rose, for the Administrator Colonel Lanyon later Sir Owen, arrived and with him Rider Haggard, who had been Sir Thophilus Shepstone's Secretary. Every one was surprised to see him back in Pretoria, as he left for England in August 1879. However, I suppose the call of South Africa was too strong for him. Why God Save the Queen should have been played for Colonel Lanyon I did not know. I suppose our young bandsmen were over enthusiastic.

We younger ones, tired of listening to toasts, so we got the bright idea of going paddling in the river, which we did. The river is the same murky

stream which we all see when driving through van Boeschoten Avenue. Those days it was crystal clear, with maiden hair ferns growing on the banks, and it was a favourite bathing spot. It was shady and cool and safe, for it was just at the foot of the fruit and vegetable gardens. We paddled to our hearts' content, and when we returned we found the grown-ups playing dumb characters, and here we enjoyed ourselves trying to guess what the mining all meant, and what play they conveyed.

Soon the sun was waning and our mothers wanted to return to their homes, but Mr. Preller persuaded them to let us remain for the dance in the evening, promising to see that we go off to our Kermis Beds in the big outside room, not later than 11 o'clock. Now I may add, though young, we were no mean dancers, and we danced the polka, mazurka, schottische, and the "Vas Trap" and "Sif," with any amount of zest: The quadrille also with its many figures was no stranger to us! We stayed and had supper under the trees, and then danced until 11 p.m., when the bride and bridegroom went off in their little "perdewa" drawn by four horses, and so to us, young flower girls, came to an end a most unforgettable day. The older people I do believe danced through the night.

As I said a wedding those days was an all day affair, and the next day all the friends were back at Harmony to help Mrs. Preller clear up and get her home back to normal.

During the seige of 1880-81, just a few months after Sarie and Charl got married, Mr. Preller was appointed Mayor, thus becoming the first Mayor of Pretoria.

Mr. Preller had two brothers, Robert and Carl, and one was the father of Dr. Gustav Preller. He also had a step brother Maurits.

Sarie and Charl had three children. Sybil, who married Colonel Anderson; he was attached to Sir Patrick Duncan's staff when he was Governor-General. Mrs. Anderson and her husband are deceased. The son, Mr Cyril Celliers, for years in the Agricultural Department, still lives in Pretoria. Mrs. Currie, the second daughter, lives in England.

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## Vier Bestuursvorme binne een Dekade

### II.

In 'n vorige artikel het mnr. Van Aardt ons meegedeel hoedat, na die besetting van Pretoria deur die Imperiale magte, 'n nuwe regeringsvorm in die lewe groep is in 1901. Toe besluit is om Sjinese arbeiders in te