

Junie 2012

Dagsê al die belangstellendes in die geskiedenis van ou Pretoria,

Hier is die vervolg op verlede maand se brief [beskrywings van Pretoria] en ook die bronnelys van al die stukke.

Heckford, Mrs.: A Lady Trader in the Transvaal [1880]

Pr-34 p19

It was not very pleasant, for the little I had seen of Pretoria that night had made me acquainted with the fact, which further acquaintances only confirmed, that it is a very rowdy little village, and that a woman might better walk about late in London or Paris than in that place. [In my versameling is slegs die biografie van Sarah Heckford geskryf deur Vivian Allen. Daar is in die boek heelwat oor ou Pretoria geskryf maar omdat dit nie die oorspronklike teks is nie het ek dit nie hier ingesluit nie. Die oorspronklike dagboek is wel gratis op die internet beskikbaar [gutenberg e-books], en ek beplan om dit later af te laai en te lees. Rosa]

Bryce, James: Impressions of South Africa [1899]

Bry-01 p308

Great is the change when one passes from the busy Johannesburg to the sleepy Pretoria, the political capital of the country, laid out forty-three years ago, and made the seat of government in 1863. The little town – it has about 12,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are whites – lies in a warm and well watered valley – about thirty miles N.N.E. of Johannesburg. The gum-trees and willows that have grown up swiftly in the gardens and along the avenues embower it; and the views over the valley from the low hills – most of them (since the middle of 1896) crowned by batteries of cannon – that rise above the suburbs are pleasing. But it has neither the superb panoramic prospect nor the sense of abounding wealth and strenuous life that make Johannesburg striking.

The streets are wide, and after rain so muddy as to be almost impassible; the houses irregular, yet seldom picturesque. Nothing could be less beautiful than the big Dutch church, which occupies the best situation, in the middle of the market square. There is, however, one stately and even sumptuous building, that which contains the Government Offices and chambers of legislature. It is said to have cost £200,000.

President Kruger lives in a house which the Republic has presented to him, five minutes' walk from the public offices. It is a long, low cottage, like an Indian bungalow, with nothing to distinguish it from other dwellings. The president has, however, a salary of £7,000 a year, besides an allowance, commonly called "coffee money" to enable him to defray the expenses of hospitality. Just opposite stands the little chapel of the so-called Dopper Sect in which he occasionally preaches.



Links is die huis van President Kruger en regs is die eerste kerk wat hier ter sprake is

Like the Scotch of former days, the Boers have generally taken more interest in ecclesiastical than in secular politics. A sharp contest has raged among them between the party which desires to be in full communion with the Dutch Reformed Church of Cape Colony and the party which prefers isolation, distrusting (it would seem unjustly) the strict orthodoxy of that church. The Doppers (dippers, *i.e.* Baptists) are still more stringent in their adherence to ancient ways. When I asked for an account of their tenets, I was told that they wore long waistcoats and refused to sing hymns. They are, in fact, old-fashioned Puritans in dogmatic beliefs and social usages, and, as in the case of the more extreme Puritans of the seventeenth century, this theological stringency is accompanied by a firmness of character which has given them a power disproportionate to their numbers.

Sandberg, Jonkheer C.G.S.: Twintig Jaren onder Krugers Boeren in Voor- en Tegenspoed [1888]

Pr-34 p20

Wat een "rauwe" Hollander wel het eerste treft [in 1888], zijn de luid ruischende beken van kristalhelder water, die in open goten [voren] stroomen ter weerzijden der breede, ongeplavleide boomloze en haak op elkaar staande kaarsrechte straten.

Jeppe, Carl: The Kaleidoscopic Transvaal [1906]

Jep-01 p6-8 [Carl Jeppe het as jong seun in 1870 saam met sy ouers na die Transvaal gekom.]

"Arcadia" is the name of Pretoria's favourite suburb: the appellation might fitly have been applied to the whole village, as it was thirty-six years ago. The title it loved best, however, was that of the "City of Roses." The whole town was drowned, smothered in those fragrant flowers; for each hedge consisted of them, each verandah, each wall was clothed in them. Pretoria's two or three hundred one-storied houses (mostly built of unburned brick, and subject to frequent collapses during the rainy season) stood in their own large grounds, which bore an abundance of all fruits of the temperate and semi-tropical zones, and yielded rich crops of all kinds of vegetables. No market-gardener could hope to make an honest living in those days, when every inhabitant of Arcadia sat in the shade of his own fig-tree. A magnificent water-supply sent rippling courses down the length of each street, if street it could be called, for it consisted of a strip of rank green grass, some eighty feet in width, through which the narrow roadway meandered. A magnificent avenue of broad-crowned blue gums – now alas! cut down – marked the main entrance to the town. And a deep peace dwelt over it always.

Modest and unpretentious as was the setting, so were the people who lived in it. There were no racial acerbities, no cliques, no struggle for wealth or social distinction in those halcyon days. Aptly might all Pretorians be described as one large family.

In the absence of theatres, or other public amusements, they were thrown to their own resources for entertainment. The commonest form which gaiety adopted was that of picnics to the "Fountain" or "Wonderboom," to which all and sundry were invited, and to which all contributed. The village was deserted whenever one of these frequent festivals took place. They commenced with a general exodus to the chosen spot soon after sunrise, and ended with a dance late at night.

Not that Pretoria was without other diversions. There was, to begin with, the daily session of the Landrost Court, in charge of dear old Skinner, once a mason (had he not built the Church!), now magistrate; for though, under his firm sway, crime was rare, yet at intervals the police discovered some miscreant who had feloniously trespassed on a vineyard or melon-patch, or attempted to rob the midnight roost.



Foto wat tydens 'n piekniek geneem is

Ons trek vandag nie eers so deftig aan as ons kerk toe gaan nie. Kyk net die middeltjie van die vrou links op die foto. Dit lyk asof hier ook visgevang en sokker gespeel is. Regs is 'n paar mense wat hul musiekinstrumente saamgebring het.

Churchill, Lord Randolph: Men, Mines and Animals in South Africa [1891]

Pr-34 p20

It bears all the appearance of a town in its infancy, low straggling cottages and shanty residences adjoining stone and brick buildings of imposing size. The Government buildings, which are approaching completion, erected in a French style of architecture, are distinctly fine and good. [Dit is die ou Raadsaal waarvan hier geskryf word.]

Haldane: How we escaped from Pretoria [1899/1900]

Hal-01 p32

Perhaps a few words regarding the seat of the Government (or shall I say Misgovernment) of the Transvaal, in which four weary months were to be passed, will not be out of place at this stage of the narrative.

Pretoria, named after Pretorius, the first governor of the South African Republic, lies on the northern slope of the Apies, a small tributary of the Crocodile river. The town is regularly laid out in parallelograms, the sides which form them running nearly due north and south, and east and west, - a not inconsiderable advantage to those who may desire to find their way out of the city in some particular direction. The streets which are of uniform width, are bordered with magnificent willows, a tree in which the Dutchman delights, but which gives the whole town somewhat the appearance of a great necropolis. The town is brilliantly lighted by electricity, and the water-supply is excellent. The temperature varies from 89 degree Fahr. during summer to about 42 degree Fahr. in winter. Six forts of modern type encircle the town, constructed on a series of heights which serve to conceal its existence until the near vicinity is reached. At the foot of Signal Hill, to the south of the town, still stand "Jess's" cottage, described in Rider Haggard's novel.

Churchill, Winston: Ian Hamilton's March [1900]

Pr-34 p20

We passed through a narrow cleft in the southern wall of mountains, and Pretoria lay before us - a picturesque little town of red or blue roofs peeping out among masses of trees, and here and there an occasional spire or factory chime.

Prance, C.R.: Occupation of Pretoria [1900]

A very good little town indeed - miles better than Cape Town; like a good little English town with Dutch improvements. The main square has good buildings nearly all round, and a quaint Church in the centre [not the centre quite, which gives a general air of informality]. The park is delightful - trees and trees and trees - shade all over, and in the middle, water and a band-stand.

All the residential part of the town - the greater part - is unique; little one-storey houses set about anyhow, with trees in front and between; nice little places with porches etc., on no regular plan, all different, and mostly white. Trees all about the streets, not in the roadway in stiff rows, but where the pavement ought to be; the man who could design such little houses at home could make a fortune. I can't do justice to the charm of it.

But one or two of the newer streets are on the ghastly English-seaside plan of rows of semi-detached, all would-be-terra-cotta-aesthetic, and all alike; and in one of the shopping streets stands a queer little one-room thatched shanty, probably one of the original houses between two big modern stores.



Pretoriusstraat

Milner writing to Lady Cecil, 16th October [1900]

Pr-034 p19

Pretoria is a lovely little spot – of water, trees and gardens, ruined by the most horrible vulgarities of the 10th rate continental villadom – German architecture of the Bismarkian era at its worst.

George Fides, Richard Solomon, Patrick Duncan, 15 January [1902]

Pr 34 p21

But we have not had ten months experience of Pretoria; in winter the climate is beyond reproach, in summer, though there are trying days here and elsewhere, we have not, as yet any reason to apprehend that our powers of work have been seriously impaired. Two of us are in a position to say that on the whole we prefer the climate of Pretoria to that of Cape Town ... And the third much prefers this climate to that of London.

Interview with C.J. Beanes

The-02 p12

Most of the houses had porches where the residents would sit and relax in their leisure time. An early Pretorian reports that a feather duster was invariably kept on the stoep, 'so that visitors could dust off their shoes and trousers' after walking in the dusty streets.

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Groete tot volgende maand

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