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Ons kan verder ook nie nalaat om 'n woordjie van hartlike dank te rig aan ons stadsvaders vir die geldelike hulp wat ons van hulle gedurende die jaar ontvang het nie. Die Stadsraad van Pretoria is kultuurbewus.

— Die Redakteur.

The firm of John J. Kirkness

The late Mr. J. J. Kirkness came to this country in 1879, and was first engaged in building operations in Natal and the Free State. Eventually he made his headquarters in Pretoria.

He was the Contractor for numerous buildings here including the Raadsaal Building in Church Square the Foundation Stone of which was laid in 1889 by President Kruger. It is interesting to note that all the doors and windows for this building were made in Kirkwall, Orkney Islands, by Samuel Baikie & Company — his father-in-law — shipped from there to Durban, railed to Charleston, the rail terminus at that time, and transported by wagon to Pretoria.

Besides being interested in building, he established the Groenkloof Factory in 1888 and can be rightfully claimed to be the pioneer of the production of high quality bricks.

This Factory has grown with the years and is now capable of an annual output of 50,000,000 bricks, plus a range of other clay products, such as Roofing Tiles, Quarries, Structural Hollow Tiles and Pottery.

The Company also operates another Factory, also in the Pretoria district with a capacity of 36,000,000 bricks per annum.

Mr. Kirkness was a member of the Pretoria Municipal Council for many years and a Mayor at one period.

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.

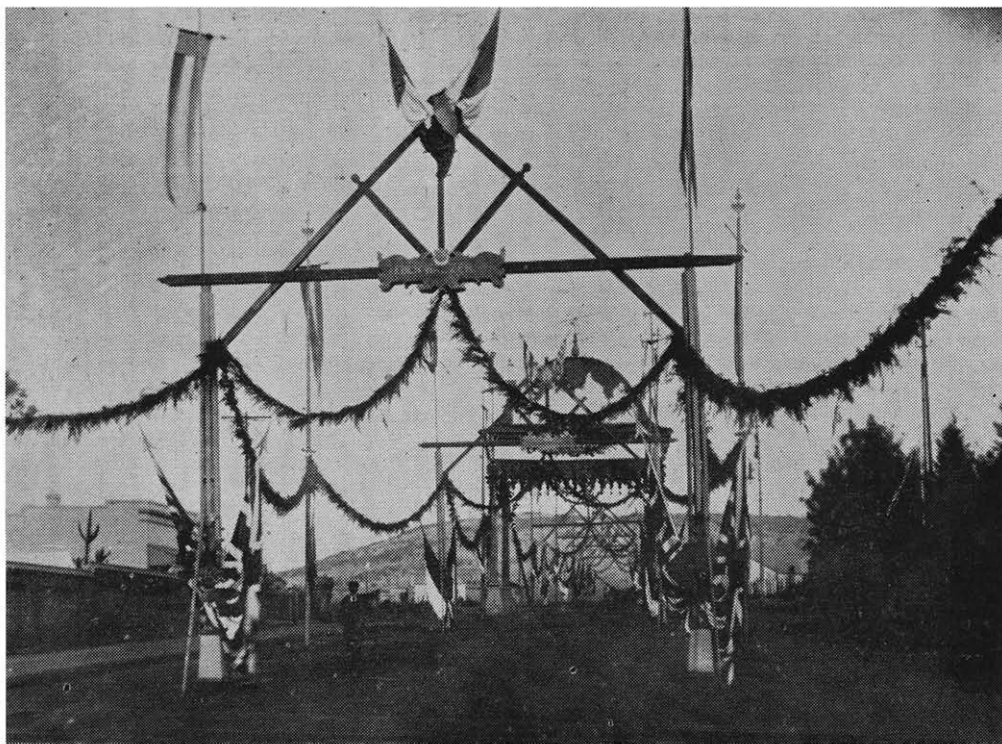
I will not attempt to give expression to all the love and earnest heart-longings that go with this letter. You know that my heart is with you, though ten thousand miles may intervene.

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.

- (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.



OPENING OF THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY. THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH NEAR Z.A.S.M.-HOUSE, PRETORIA
(Museum, Alb. D No. 75)

ENKELE HERINNERINGE

(Die skrywer van hierdie herinneringe, mnr. L. R. Middelberg, is die jongste seun van G. A. A. Middelberg, indertyd direkteur van die N.Z.A.S.M. in Pretoria. Na hy 'n gedeelte van sy jeug en skooljare in Pretoria deurgebring het, het hy die stad in 1900 verlaat, en toe, na baie jare, in 1951 hom weer hier kom vestig.)

Toe die redaksie van **Pretoriana** my versoek het om iets oor my herinneringe aan ou Pretoria te skrywe, het ek eers gedink dat dit te persoonlik sal wees om vir die lesers van die blad van belang te wees, maar tog dink ek nou dat daar wel iets kan vertel word wat van voldoende belang is om die aandag vir 'n oomblik te boei van hulle wat graag in die gebeurtenisse van die ou dae belangstel.

Ek het Pretoria gedurende die jare 1894 tot 1900 geken. Dit was toe nog maar 'n klein dorpie as mens dit met die stad van vandag vergelyk. Die ou-begraafplaas en die „race course” het die dorp aan die weste afgesluit. Aan die noorde kant was die grens die Daspoortheuwelreeks. Arcadia aan die oostekant het nie verder gerek as Parkstraat tot effens verby Wesselsstraat, en Sunnyside tot aan Celliersstraat nie. Net in Kerkstraat tussen Potgieter- en Prinsloostraat was daar winkels. Ook was daar 'n paar winkels in Markstraat-Suid (tans Paul Krugerstraat). In die ander strate was daar net woonhuise met mooi tuine. En nou dat die ou dorp grotendeels 'n sakesentrum geword het, kan mens verstaan dat daar maar min van die woonhuise van die toenmalige vooraanstaande inwoners oorgebly het. Ek ken nog net die huise van die generaals Piet Joubert en Nicolaas Smit, altwee in Visagiestraat. Die huis van die posmeester-generaal Izaak van Alphen, is eers onlangs afgebreek.

In dié tyd was die Apiesrivier nog 'n rivier. Nie al die water wat by die Fonteine opgevang is, was nodig vir die waterleiding nie. In die rivier het nog baie water gestroom en daar was nog 'n groot aantal swemplekke. Langs die hoofstrate was nog orals vore met stromende water.

Die ou Volksraadsgebou was die middelpunt van die amptelike lewe en — gedurende die sitting van die Volksraad — ook van die politieke lewe. Die raadslede in hulle swart klere was bekende figure op die Kerkplein en omgewing. Die President het twee maal per dag vanaf sy huis na die Volksraadsgebou gery. Gedurende die latere jare het hy in die koets, (wat nou nog in die Krugermuseum staan) geëskorteer deur berede polisie, gery. Soos bekend was die President vir almal maklik bereikbaar en dit was dan ook 'n gewoonte dat die leerlinge van die Staatsgimnasium hom op sy verjaarsdag gaan gelukwens het. Die Presidentshuis was dié dag dan ook 'n versamelpaas van alle vooraanstaande inwoners van Pretoria.

'n Belangrike gebeurtenis in dié dae was die oprigting van die Staatsgimnasium in 1893. In die begin was die skool gehuisves in 'n klein woon-

huis op die kerkplein, waar nou die Reserwebank staan. Daarna het die skool verhuis na 'n paar lokale van die Staatsmeisieskool in Skinnerstraat. Toe die ruimte daar te klein word, is vir 'n tydjie skool gehou in 'n woonhuis op die hoek van Andries- en Pretoriusstraat en in 'n lokaal in Bureaustraat — om daarna te verhuis na die nuutgeboude skool op die hoek van Proes- en Bosmanstraat (toentertyd nog Kochstraat genoem). Die inbruikname van die skool het met groot plegtigheid plaasgevind. Mens kan dit verstaan want dit was die eerste skool in die Republiek wat hoër onderwys gegee het. Dit was die begin van groot planne by die regering. Die President was, met die Uitvoerende Raad en baie volksraadslede, teenwoordig en het ons leerlinge toegespreek. Ek weet nog goed hoe hy sy toespraak begin het deur aan ons te vra: „Kinders, waarvoor is julle hier?” Ons het luid geantwoord: „Om te leer, President, om die wysheid!” Daarna het hy ons vermaan om ywerig van die geleentheid om te leer gebruik te maak en God in ons lewe te dien.

Van die onderwysers van die Gimnasium wil ek noem die Rektor Dr. Reinink wat in die tyd en later as Professor aan die Universiteit veel invloed op die klassieke vorming van sy leerlinge gehad het — en Nico Hofmeyr, skrywer van „Kykjes in onze Geschiedenis”, wat as geskiedenisonderwyser by sy leerlinge die liefde gewek het vir die voorvaders in hulle stryd om Suid-Afrika bewoonbaar te maak. Ek is altyd nog trots daarop dat ek tekenlesse gehad het van twee bekende Afrikaanse kunstenaars; eers van mnr. Van Wouw en later van Frans Oerder. Laasgenoemde was toe net „ontdek” deur 'n paar Pretoriase kunstenners. Sy ateljee was in 'n klein huisie in die blok waar nou die poskantoor en die belastingkantoor staan.

Toe in 1895 die spoorweg na Delagoabaai gereed gekom het en die Republiek daardeur 'n van Engeland onafhanklike verbinding met die buiteland gekry het, het die regering die gebeurtenis met groot feestelikhede beklemtoon. Die Nederlandse regering het 'n oorlogskip na die Baai gestuur en die offisiere het die President kom gelukwens. Die dorp was skitterend versier. Op die vier toegange tot Kerkplein het mooi erepoorte gestaan en Markstraat-Suid was tot by die stasie versier met guirlandes en erepoorte. Groot funksies het plaasgevind in die Marksaal wat o.a. versier was met dekoratiewe landskappe geskilder deur Anton van Wouw. Die feeste is afgesluit met 'n groot vuurwerk op die Markplein.

In dieselfde Marksaal, wat vir die spoorwegfeeste so mooi versier was, het later die verhoor van die vier vernaamste „reformers” plaasgevind en is onder 'n doodse stilte deur hoofregter Gregorofski die doodvonnis oor hulle uitgespreek. Reeds die volgende dag is hulle deur die President begenadig. Maar die mense het toe al gevoel: Dis die begin van die konflik met Engeland. In 1899 het die oorlog dan ook gevolg. Die verhoor van die „reformers” het 'n merkbare terneerdrukkende stemming by die inwoners gaande gemaak.

Nieteenstaande al die politieke moeilikhede was die lewe in Pretoria in dié dae gesellig en rustig. Motorkarre was nog onbekend en die enigste vervoermiddels in die stad was op of agter 'n perd in 'n spider of cab. Die inwoners het, om so te sê, mekaar nog almal geken. Maar ontwikkeling is onvermydelik en dis net die aangename herinnering wat die oudag van 'n mens veraangenaam.

L. R. MIDDELBERG.

PRETORIA FIFTY YEARS AGO

IV

In this issue Mr. Beanes concludes his interesting series on Pretoria half a century ago. On behalf of our readers the editor would like to thank Mr. Beanes for the willingness with which he complied with our request to write these articles. He has set the example for others to follow so that the rising generation in Pretoria may realise that wherever they may walk in our city, the past is alive in the present and that the future growth of our city will be impregnated by the spirit of a heritage of which all Pretorians feel justly proud.

Bioscopes also started about that time. The first that I can remember was in one of the shops in van Erkom's Building, Pretorius Street. Carl Reck had a combined skating rink and bioscope, another was in the old church at the corner of Market and Minnaar Streets. About the time of Union, a really stylish bioscope opened under the name of the Vaudette Theatre. It was on the upper floor of the Masonic Hall which now houses the State Library.

There were no building Society Buildings such as are now springing up. In those days what buildings societies there were were housed in estate agents' and accountants offices as a side line.

Indians did a lot of hawking in those days. Vegetables and fruit were brought round in a large basket generally carried on the head, while others would arrive with kitchen utensils, brushware, etc., but I think the women-folk enjoyed the silk and piece goods trader who arrived at the front door and displayed his wares on the stoep. What a joy if two or three women happened to be at home.

Electric light in houses was not general and many had to rely on paraffin lamps and what a messy job it was filling the lamps, trimming the wicks and cleaning the glasses, but it was all part of the week's work.

The larger stores had a special counter for their farmer customers who could always be distinguished from the town folk.

A little store in Church Street somewhere near West Street had a very large gum tree standing in front. The owner was determined to have it removed and employed a Native to cut it down. Neither the owner nor the Native knew anything about the felling of trees, so it fell across the road and as there were no underground cables in those days, all the overhead telegraph and telephone wires were cut and the poles strained for a considerable distance on either side. Johannesburg and the whole of the south was cut off so telegraph traffic suffered considerable delay. The account from the G.P.O. for repairing the damage frightened the storekeeper into the bankruptcy court.

A Mr. Oliff, who had the western brickfields, was so proud of the type of brick made from our shale, that he frequently paid 8s. to send a specimen brick to his brick-making friends in England to show "that a brick could be made in Pretoria that could not be split with a brick-layer's trowel."

The town councillors were a friendly crowd and when anything special was on on Church Square, such as a King's Birthday Parade or a military tattoo, wooden stands would be erected on the four sides of the Square so that citizens could view the sight while seated.

On Saturday, 9th January, 1909, occurred the famous flood. It had been raining for two days but at about 9 a.m. on the Saturday it began to rain heavier than usual and by noon about three inches had fallen. This was more than the Apies could cope with, it became turbulent and overflowed its banks. The bridge at Esselen Street was for trams only and the new steel bridge in Schoeman Street could not be used for vehicular traffic because there was no road beyond Edward Street, so traffic for Sunnyside used a drift in Skinner Street where the footbridge is now. At the side of the drift, near Hof's nursery, was a large willow tree which the surging water loosened and finally washed downstream until it became jammed at the Schoeman Street bridge and increased the flood water above, so that not only the houses on the east side of du Toit Street were flooded, but also the houses backing on the river in President Street, where a mother and two children were drowned in trying to escape. Had they remained on a table inside the house they could have been rescued through the roof as the fire brigade had already crossed Victoria Bridge and the firemen were climbing on to the roof. The railway ran special trains from the Reef so that people could see the damage and I think more came over then than come over now for the Jacaranda Festival. The storm straightened the river and did away with many pools. I was most impressed by the holes from which electric light poles had been washed, they were just as they had been when first dug and before the poles were planted.

And here is something that will surprise many; all the building material for the Union Buildings was taken up East Avenue.

Between the time when the first railway linked Pretoria and Johannesburg in the nineties and the advent of the motor car about 15 years later, the old coach road between the two towns was little used as the distance was too great for a horse and trap and too hilly for cyclists who preferred the road alongside the railway as far as Kaalfontein or Kempton Park, where a branch road led to Johannesburg. Although the distance was greater one probably saved time and energy by avoiding the steep gradients of the "high" road.



(Photo: Transvaal Book Store)

LION BRIDGE ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO

In those days Harmony Street was a cul de sac owing to the railway embankment being across the road, so that all traffic for the Fountains and beyond had to climb up Main Street and cross the Delagoa Bay bridge before joining the main road. The footpath from du Preez's Hoek to the Fountains known as Lovers' Walk was also blocked by a railway fence, and these two obstructions were not removed until after Union. Sir Johannes van Boeschoten was chiefly responsible for the removal of these obstructions to our right of way.

From 1902 to 1914 the railway went to Robert's Heights from Lyttelton Junction. The line belong to the Imperial Army and the rails were lifted in 1914 and taken to France where they were relaid. The line crossed the Johannesburg Road at the Municipal boundary. Parts of the track are still visible and in 1940 a part of the old track was brought into use when

the railway was constructed from Lyttelton to the Air Depot west of Kloof Zicht.

During the last 50 years Pretoria has changed enormously—chiefly through circumstances—what will it be like in 50 years hence?

Many young people to-day will give a lot of pleasure in 2005 when Pretoria celebrates its 150th anniversary, if they are able to produce a few good photographs of Pretoria as it appears in this year of grace. Snaps $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x $3\frac{1}{4}$ " are quite big enough, but take plenty of them, and **preserve the negatives**. There is plenty of scope; churches, schools, government buildings, municipal buildings, business premises, private residences and sports grounds. One could make a start with Fountain Lodge at the corner of Paul Kruger and Skinner Streets as that is probably the oldest house in Pretoria. Then there is the old Turkish Baths in Trevenna, which, I have been told, was a farm house before Trevenna was laid out. Kruger House is not likely to be demolished but will Ulundi House survive?

Pretoria has grown a lot since the turn of the century and is growing very rapidly just now, and it is not difficult to see that the character of the place is changing too. The next generation will find it difficult to understand why it was known as a sleepy hollow in the olden days. The days when the housewife put her bags and basket into the bus and asked: "We've five minutes, haven't we? I'll be quick—I just want to get a pound of butter from the grocer." The five minutes up, driver and passengers would strain to see whether the good lady with her pound of butter was in sight, driver would give a gentle toot, she would come running, flushed but triumphant. "Thank you SO much conductor," a smile for the whole bus, passengers relieved that she had caught the bus and also that they wouldn't be very late in leaving, sat back in their seats and off they went. Those days have gone, but Pretoria still has its charm—I hope it will still be there when my grandchildren are as old as I am.

C. J. BEANES.

DIE KRONIEKE VAN WALLMANNSTHAL

T. S. VAN ROOYEN

I.

Sowat sewentien myl noord van Pretoria op die Warmbadpad staan daar 'n wegwysers met die woord „Wallmannsthal" daarop aangebring. As die nuuskierige daarop regs van die hoofpad afdraai in die rigting soos aangedui deur die wegwysers, bevind hy hom op 'n stowwerige pad wat deur die hartjie van 'n Ndebelegebied gaan. Aan weerskante van die pad



Die leë mure van die Duitse Sendingkerk in Boomstraat wat omstreeks 1870 gebou is. Hierdie kerkie word nou afgebreek om plek te maak vir munisipale busskure. Sic transit gloria mundi (Foto: Dr. Meyer)

en verder teen die heuwels staan talle natuurle kleihuisse. Sommige van hulle is nogal kunstig versier met wit kleistrepe wat vooraan die huise aangebring is en mooi teen die vaal agtergrond van die mure vertoon. Die reisiger voel onmiddellik dat hy hier uit die blanke beskawingsomgewing geplaas is en hom binne in 'n meer primitiewe omgewing bevind wat eie is aan die naturel maar ook reeds tekens toon van blanke invloed.

Sowat sewe myl verder vorm die omgewing 'n vlak vallei en oorkant teen die helling van 'n bult gewaar 'n mens 'n groep geboue omring deur hoë bloekombome. Dit is „Wallmannsthal”, die sendingstasie van die Berlynse Sendinggenootskap wat ongeveer 1869 hier aangelê is¹⁾. Hier tussen die ou geboue van die stasie en onder die lang ry bloekombome wat aan weerskante van die grondpad aangelê is, heers daar 'n gedempte rustige atmosfeer wat altoos so eie is aan 'n sendingstasie wat al 'n jaar of sestig as godsdienstige sentrum van die omgewing dien. Vir 'n paar oomblikke vergeet 'n mens die gejaag van die moderne beskawing daar anderkant die Magaliesberge en voel jy die aanwesigheid van mense wat lank gelede hier gewerk het, die boodskap van Christus tot die omliggende stamme gebring het, hier ver van hul vaderland af gesterf het en daar anderkant die pad in die kerkhof saam met hul bekeerlinge begrawe is.

Na die Tweede Wêreldoorlog het daar nie meer 'n blanke sendeling gewoon nie. Die ou sendinghuis is vandag 'n skool, terwyl die kerklike werksaamhede voortgesit word deur Daniël Mokone, 'n natuurle evangelis, onder leiding van Pastoor O. Papke van die Duitse gemeente te Pretoria. Ons moet dan ook hier ons waardering uitspreek teenoor Pastoor Papke vir sy beskikbaarstelling van die Kronieke van „Wallmannsthal” en ook vir sy toestemming om dit in die hier volgende vertaalde vorm in ons tydskrif te publiseer. Ook spreek ons ons dank uit teenoor menere M. Jäckel en P. Reitz, albei studente aan die Universiteit Pretoria, wat behulpzaam was met die afskryf van die Kronieke. Dr. Meyer van die departement Wysbegeerte aan ons Universiteit het ten spyte van sy vele verpligtinge, 'n hele middag opgeoffer om vir ons 'n reeks foto's van die geboue te neem, terwyl ons ywerige sekretaris, dr. Spies, sy motor tot ons beskikking gestel het vir die rit. Ook aan hulle ons dank en waardering.

Die Kronieke van „Wallmannsthal” is ongelukkig nie begin net na die stigting van die sendingstasie nie. Daarmee is eers 'n begin gemaak na die eerste wêreldoorlog. Die samestellers daarvan het nogtans, deur gebruikmaking van berigte wat in die betrokke jare in sendingtydskrifte verskyn het, asook deur gebruikmaking van die sendingrapporte wat in

¹⁾ Vgl. U.R. 3, 27 Maart 1869, art. 51: „Aan de orde eene memorie van den Zending C. Knothe, verzoekende dat op eene plaats vroeger toebehoord hebbende aan den Heer W. Boshoff aan Pienaarsrivier door het Berlijnsche Zending Genootschap, eene zending statie worden opgerigt, benewens eene memorie van dien aard van den kaptein Johannes Kekane. — Besloten dat verzoek toe te staan.”

die sending-argiewe in Berlyn bewaar is, daarin geslaag om 'n deurlopende relaas vanaf sowat 1870 daar te stel. Die sienswyse i.v.m. aangeleenthede in die Republiek, veral oor die verhouding tussen die blankes en natuurle, hoef nie noodwendig as korrek aanvaar te word nie. Ons moet egter onthou dat die betrokke sendelinge dinge gestel het soos hulle **dít gesien en aangevoel het**. Daarvolgens het hulle dan ook opgetree. Assulks vorm hierdie kronieke 'n belangrike historiese bron en kan die student wat geïnteresseerd is in die historiese agtergrond tot ons blank-nie-blankverhouding met vrug daarvan gebruik maak.

SENDELINGE TE WALLMANNSTHAL.

Maart 1870—Desember 1878.

In Maart is eerwaarde C. Knothe van Pretoria na Wallmannsthal verplaas²⁾. Vir hierdie verplasing is in die „**Missionsberichte**” van 1871, p. 335, die volgende redes aangevoer: „Die gewigtigste gebeurtenis vir die gemeente te Pretoria was dat in Maart 1870 die Broers Grünberger en Knothe hul arbeidsveld met mekaar verruil het. Tot op daardie stadium was „**Wallmannsthal**”³⁾ naamlik 'n buitestatie van Pretoria gewees en is deur eerw. F. C. A. Grünberger opgerig⁴⁾. Nadat hy as predikant georden is, kon hy, omdat hy hom meer tot die diens van 'n gemeente wat uit blankes bestaan het, aangetrokke gevoel het, terwyl Knothe homself meer tot die evangeliewerk onder onbeskaafde Heidene geroepe gevoel het, met Knothe ruil, sodat hy as selfstandige sendeling die Pretoriageemeente kon oorneem, terwyl Knothe na „**Wallmannsthal**” oorgetrek het.”

Die aanvang van die werksaamhede te „**Wallmannsthal**” was moeilik. Daar moes 'n woonhuis, kerk en skool gebou word, terwyl die sendingwerk veel tyd geveerg het. Moeilikhede het ook ontstaan as gevolg van die natuurlewetgewing van die Republiek, wat gedreig het om Knothe se arbeid te versteur⁵⁾ asook as gevolg van die afsydigheid en latere vyandigheid van die hoofmanne Kekane en Molebeledi (1873). Nadat hierdie kapteins met 'n gedeelte van hul volgelingen weggetrek het, is die gemeente egter versterk deur nuwe inkomelinge uit die Noorde. (Ndebele kaptein Papo).

²⁾ Vgl. die Eeufees-Album van Pretoria, p. 16 vir verdere besonderhede oor die Duitse sendingkerk in Pretoria. Vgl. ook Pretoriana, Deel 3, No. 1, p. 2.

³⁾ Wallmannsthal is na die Duitse sendingvriend en lektor-inspekteur van die Duitse sendingkwelinge in Duitsland nl. Wallmann (geb. 1811, oorlede 1865) genoem.

⁴⁾ Vgl. ook Kratzenstein, E.: Kurze Geschichte der Berliner Mission in Süd-Afrika, p. 170. (Berlyn, 1878).

⁵⁾ Meer besonderhede word in die volgende uitgawes verstrekk.



AL WAT DAAR DRIE MAANDE GELEDE VAN DIE SENDINGKERK IN BOOMSTRAAT OORGEPLY HET

(Foto: Dr. Meyer)

Ons sendeling is gedurende die jare 1874 en 1876 deur swaar teenslae geteister. Op die 6de Oktober 1874 het sy jongste dogtertjie Gertrud skielik gesterf. As gevolg van die dood van hierdie dogtertjie en ook as gevolg van die koors is die gesondheidstoestand van sy vrou in so 'n mate ondergrawe, dat Knothe verplig was om met sy familie na Durban af te reis om daar te gaan rus. Op hierdie reis het sy sewejarige seun Karl verongeluk. Hierdie terugslag het die swaar beproefde ouers se vakansiereis in tragedie omskep.

In „**Wallmannsthal**” het Knothe sy seënryke opvoedingswerk vir die opleiding van naturelle-helpers en evangeliste daarna voortgesit. Daardeur het hy die fondament gelê vir die helper-sisteem wat nou nog in swang is en gewis veel tot die sukses van die werksaamhede van die Berlynse sending in Transvaal bygedra het.

Ook het hy sy werksaamhede i.v.m. die totstandkoming van 'n Sotho-literatuur wat hy reeds te Kxalatlola⁶⁾ begin het, voortgesit. Daarop het gevolg die vermeerderde uitgawe van die reeds in Pretoria uitgegewe „Padiso”⁷⁾ asook 'n vertaling van Zahn se „**Die Geskiedenis van die Ryk van God**”. Op sy reis na Natal het hy ook 'n groot aantal kerk- en skoolliedere vertaal en selfs gedig.

Die jaar 1877 het in die teken van die Britse anneksasie van Transvaal en die daarmee gepaardgaande onrus en kommer gestaan.

Gedurende hierdie tyd het hy ook veel gereis. In 1867 het hy die sendingdirekteur D. Wangemann op sy eerste reis in Suid-Afrika na Sekukuniland en Bothsabelo vergesel⁸⁾.

In 1878 is Knothe tot superintendent van die Noord-Transvaalse sinode bevorder en na Mphome in Soutpansberg verplaas. Gedurende Augustus 1876 het hy reeds hierdie arbeidsveld besoek.

Te Wallmannsthal is nog verder die volgende kinders uit sy huwelik gebore: Ernestine Anna Agnes, gebore 12 Augustus 1871, gestorwe 16 Augustus 1922; Ernestine Anna Gertrud, gebore 4 Maart 1873, oorlede op 6 Oktober 1874 en Karl Paulus Gerhard, wat op die 7de Junie 1877 gebore is.

In die volgende uitgawe plaas ons uittreksels uit briewe en tydskrif-artikels soos dit weergegee is in die **Kronieke** en wat 'n meer besondere weergawe is van Knothe se werksaamhede te „**Wallmannsthal.**”

(WORD VERVOLG).

⁶⁾ Kxalatlola — 'n sendingstasie in Sekukuniland waar Knothe werksaam was voordat hy na Pretoria gekom het. Hierdie stasie is in 1862 deur die bekende Alexander Merensky en eerw. Nachtigal aangelê.

⁷⁾ Leesboekie saamgestel met die oog op gebruik daarvan in naturelle skole.

⁸⁾ Vergelyk die Eufees-Album van Pretoria, p. 16.

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