

petticoat with gay "tartanel" jacket, her silk love-hood, and silver girdle with hanging purse.

In that settlement and that day a lady's wardrobe was her fortune. And the thrifty Dutch maid with her stock of petticoats and stockings (almost entirely the fruit of her own spinning) felt as rich as a Lapland girl with her herd of rein-deer.

New Amsterdam was under the control of a trading company, instead of a religious band as in the case of our New England forefathers. So the Dutch felt free to revel in as rich garments, and as many, as they could afford. Vrouw Jansen did not take any fashion magazine to show her the latest styles. That was something entirely unknown in those days. Fortunately for her styles then changed but little from year to year. But each year a *doll*, or "baby," as the Dutch vrouw called the little figure, dressed in the latest fashion, was sent out from London to serve as a model and passed from town to town for the busy needle-women to copy.

Jonica, the eldest daughter, was dressed like her mother. You might have supposed her another vrouw, except that she was young and slender. And Neltje, too, was another copy, for she and Elsjé were dressed enough alike to be taken for little twin umbrellas.

Hendrick, the eldest son, was almost as tall as his father, but not quite so stout. Still, with so many pairs of trousers, worn one over the other, his loose scarlet jacket and long, thick yellow woollen stockings, he was anything but slender!

Hans and Joris, the younger boys, were dressed in the same way as their older brother, and all wore low shoes with bright buckles. Hans and Joris were so short and plump, and the way in which they were dressed added so much to their width that I fear you would have called them colored balloons! They certainly "grew from East to West instead of from North to South!" But they were jolly little fellows, though they might seem slow at first, and you would have enjoyed them.

And now for the breakfast—a good, hearty old-fashioned Dutch meal.

The Dutch were certainly fond of eating. No wonder they were so hale and hearty, fat and good-natured! In these nervous hurried, worried days we look back with almost envious eyes on those comfortable, easy, early days. These settlers did not land "on a stern and rock-bound coast," and there was no sad story of scant supplies, or dire starvation in this colony. They found a land of plenty—fat deer and great wild turkeys that even came into the barnyards to feed; partridges and pigeons in such immense flocks that they darkened the sky in passing. A stag was sometimes sold by an Indian for a jack-knife and a quarter of venison for nine-pence. Great flocks of gray and white geese swam the river; ducks and pelicans could be had for a song—or a shot. The bay and river were full of fish; and great, luscious oysters

were as free as the air or the wild game to him who wished for them.

Hendrick Hudson said the Manhattan soil was the finest he ever set foot on. So the Dutch tables were loaded with the bounty of the fields—grains, vegetables and fruits—as well as with the wealth of forest, river, and sea.

There was good Dutch food on Herr Jansen's table, of course—sausages, rye-bread, cheese, and fresh buttermilk. But there was always some kind of game or fish as well. This morning it was juicy venison.

The Dutch were very fond of cereals of all kinds. So the colonists soon adopted Indian dishes, too. They called the native Indian corn "Turkie-wheat," and were very fond of it. And soon hominy, or samp, and samp-porridge were their favorite dishes.

Samp was the name for the Indian corn which had been pounded in a mortar. It was a genuine Indian dish. The "Wilden" called it "hominy." Many a time had Elsjé and her sisters and brothers watched the Indians prepare the samp. It was pounded in the hollowed stump of a tree, or block of wood. The pestle was a heavy wooden block shaped like the inside of the mortar and fitted with a handle on one side. The pounding pestle was fastened to the top of a growing sapling, so it sprang back after each "pound down" on the corn. It was hard, slow work to pound the samp, and in after years it was given to the negro servants to do. And for many a year it was told as a jest that skippers caught in a fog could always get their bearings off the coast of Long Island by the sound of the pounding of the samp-mortars!

In a promontory which overlooks Fairfield, Connecticut, there is a round excavation that is still called Samp-mortar Rock. There the squaws went each fall to pound their corn "to a musical croon that kept time to the thud of the pestle."

Samp-porridge was a mixture of Indian and Dutch; for it was samp cooked in Dutch fashion, like a "hodge-podge," with salt pork or beef, potatoes, carrots and turnips. Vrouw Jansen boiled these together in an enormous kettle, for the Dutch liked this porridge best when it was several days old. So she cooked the week's supply at one time. How you would have exclaimed to see Jonica and the maid lift the porridge—for after the long boiling a strong crust was formed—out of the pot by the crust!

Suppaw was another Indian dish found on every Dutch sunrise breakfast table. It was corn-meal mush, mixed with milk, buttermilk or "strop," as molasses was called.

Elsjé considered suppaw as much a part of a regular breakfast as you would your dish of cereal.

The introduction of medical inspection into schools is the logical and inevitable outcome of the establishment of a public school system with enforced attendance. Health is of paramount importance.

—American Educator.  
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