De juf van de kinderen mocht vrij vrijheid in het useen van de kinderen.

Later kwam een broertje van het kinderenhuis, maar de kinderen hadden de naam van de juf niet.

De juf was erg geliefd bij de kinderen, en ze werden vaak door de juf gezien.

Men zei dat de juf van de kinderenhuis een groot kind was en dat ze veel kon.

De juf was vaak in de klas en ze hield van het onderwijs.

De kinderen hadden veel respect voor de juf en ze werden vaak door de juf gezien.
...
In Paterson, N.J.

Van mijn Duitse hotel dicht bij de Erie-Railing Station, maakte de familie voorlopig hun verblijf. De eetzaal waren het vlees en onverschillig stond opperfondament gevonden aan de grond. De volgende dag, 23 de zaterdag, werd een bezoek met verschillende zaken; zoo als wooning zochten, de meest noodige huurkaart kopen, het bezorgen van de bagage van het schip etc. Dit alles werd zoo voldoend behoeft, dat in twee of drie dagen waren zij afgehaald van de Duitser gaten weer. Een uur was een klein ontbijtje door de straten van Paterson naar huis in Fort Street.

Van de hotel, door Market St., naar MPW St., door Main St. tot de bief over de Passaic river, van daar tot de andere zijde van de Passaic river, van daar naar Fort Street en tot het huis. Van de foto's kon men tot zover zien en zien van huis, hoe de bouw eenzaam en langzaam, over de woning leeren en zijn te mieren.


Een grote familie in een groot vreemde land, grondelzen, en ook houdt met de gewoontes die landen. Haar all zijn gezond, eervol, moedig, en vertrouwen op goede toekomst.

Terwijl de oude dagelijkse wieken naar New York, werk te zoeken in zijn veld als verguldier, zijn weelde door Peter en later ook Albert, wie wel werk in door volk, een grote bloeiing en vereeniging in Paterson, die bij de uiteinden. Het werk was wel wat zwaar en het door wel niet veel, maar het was aanvankelijk het was beter dan niet en het was een begin en in zien rekenen te weken voor nu.

Aan het einde van de zomer werd de onder een betrakking aangemoedigd als voorraad in de eetzaal en was plaats in de fabriek van de Whiting aluminium Co. in North Attleboro. Maar, met hulp kantoor en winkel in New York. Vader moest een stuur naar North Attleboro geven zijn bevrediging te bevorderen. Albert moest ondergaan. Hij had wat Duitsch geleerd in het Duitsch school, zijn schuif op een winkel en in New York. Vader had wat fransch geleerd als lezing en in de voorzorgsleg van zijn stelmeister M. M. Mierine en beide waren enige raad met Harve. De drie zaken werden en gekocht bij twee jaren moest tot eind niet voor slecht, engelsch uitmaken. Albert van een dag voorgevallen en vroeg in de morgen, Vater in zone, naar de vrije. En zoon naar de hoofds winkel, voor de hoofd kantoor, voor Vader en zoon vermaak in de grote winkel de schoonheid van de mensche, soorten van zilverschappen te
De liefde voor anderen heeft altijd een effect. Het is essentieel om anderen lief te hebben en ondersteuning te bieden. Het is belangrijk om een positieve invloed te hebben op de mensen die ons omringen.

Jaarlijks 13-10

De liefde is een machtige kracht die ons kan helpen om de wereld te veranderen.
Aan de Heer Mr. H.J. van Rossum,
Jozef Israëlsalaan 29,
's-Gravenhage.

Weledelgestrenge Heer,

Naar aanleiding van Uw brief van 10 januari j.l. kan ik U mededelen, dat het stoomschip "Rotterdam" toebehoorde aan de Nederlandsch Amerikaansche Stoomvaart-Maatschappij, de voorloper van de Holland-Amerika Lijn. Op 1 mei 1873 had deze maatschappij de "Rotterdam" overgenomen van de geliquideerde maatschappij Plate Reuchlin & Co. De op 3 mei 1873 aangevangen reis naar Amerika sal dus de eerste reis van de "Rotterdam" in dienst van de N.A.S.-M. geweest zijn. Gezagvoerder was inderdaad de heer J. Rus.

Op 26 september 1883 is de "Rotterdam", voor de 65e maal terugkerend van New York, gestrand op de Zeehondenplaat, voor de kust van Schouwen en geheel verloren gegaan. Passagiers en bemanning werden gered.

Bovenstaande gegevens zijn ontleend aan de jaarverslagen van de N.A.S.-M.

Van Uw aanbod om ons een zevental oude foto's van Rotterdam toe te zenden, om hiervan reproducties t.d.v. het Gemeentearchief te laten maken zou ik graag gebruik willen maken.

Met de meeste hoogachting,
de Gemeentearchivaris,
Subject: S.S. "Rotterdam"  

Rotterdam  
January 15, 1968  

To Mr. H.J. van Rossum  
Jozef Israelslaan 29  
's-Gravenhage  

Highly Esteemed Mr. van Rossum:  

In accordance with your letter of January 10, just passed, I can inform you that the steamship "Rotterdam" belonged to the Netherlands American Steamship Company, the forerunner of the Holland-American Line. On May 1, 1873, this company had taken over the "Rotterdam" from liquidated Plate Reuchlin and Co. The trip to America beginning on May 3, 1873, must therefore have been the first for the "Rotterdam" in the service of the N.A.S. Company. The Captain was in fact Mr. J. Hus.  

On September 26, 1883, the "Rotterdam," returning for the 65th time from New York, was stranded on the Zeehondenplaat near the coast of Schouwen and was completely destroyed. The passengers and crew were saved.  

The above is taken from the annual report of the N.A.S. Co.  

I would gladly make use of your offer to send us seven old photos of Rotterdam, so that the Archive Center can make reproductions of them.  

With highest regards,  
The City Archivist
Letter from Mr. Peter Velders to his wife.

The Family of Peter Velders, his wife Cornelis Wilhelmina Hendrina and their seven children in the United States of America.

Chapter One

The departure from the Netherlands. The first four months in America.

The entire family of nine individuals: father, mother, five sons and two daughters emigrated from the Netherlands to the United States of America in the year 1873. Early in the morning of May 3 we said farewell to grandmother, grandfather and the rest of the relatives, and also to the city of their birth, s'Gravenhage.

Mr. Karl Gravelotte, our neighbor and friend at Frederik St. 153, where they lived, accompanied them to Rotterdam. Somewhere in Rotterdam the entire party visited someone and then went to the ship "Rotterdam", with Captain Hus in command. The children had never seen such a large ship before. Larger than any turf-ship; yes, larger than any "pinkie" on the coast of Scheveningen. The family then said farewell to Mr. Gravelotte, boarded the ship, and went to the cabin. What a bed! With two levels! But we slept well; in ten minutes for the children.

Upon awakening in the morning, and looking out of the small round window they were surprized to see only water and the sky. Yes, they had
left the Netherlands; but God will not leave their Netherlands, isn’t that
true?

They were now on the North Sea. Looking back in their thoughts, out of
sight but not out of the heart, lay the Netherlands, relatives and friends,
and probably also lovers, they would never see again. The thoughts were
distressing.

Looking ahead in their thoughts the land of great expectations loomed
in the distance: "the new world."

Eager, inquisitive: but the thoughts are those of faith. The trip by
sea was of interest as a novelty, but they all longed to be on land.
However, after the sea-sickness it was much more enjoyable, but not much in
the way of the unusual took place. At times there were bad storms when the
passengers could not be on deck. And often the sea was as calm as the pool
in the Vyverberg in 's Gravenhage.

Once there was a little fire in the ship's hold. The ship stopped for
a time, the crew became very busy and active, but there was no panic or
commotion, and not all of the passengers knew what was happening.

In the English Channel we saw the chalk-mountains on the coast of
England. Now and then we passed another ship on the ocean, or saw a school
of flying fish.

Once something unusual happened (and this is not a little fish story,
the author has seen it himself). It was on an unusually beautiful day, and
most of the people were on deck. One of the officers was hunting and he
shot a herring from the top of the mast and it was still alive when it fell
on the deck. He was aiming at a bird which was resting on the mast; maybe
it was a sea-gull. He did not hit the bird which flew away but it dropped the herring on the deck. Poor herring but lucky sea-gull.

There were several young German male singers on the ship singing lustilly and cheerfully on the deck. Albert spent a great deal of time in their company. He had learned some German in the German school in the Bleidenburg in s’Gravenhage, so he joined them in their singing, and sometimes acted as their translator.

The arrival in New York.

Late in the evening of May 21 the ship reached the end of its trip, and the Velders family found itself in good health in the New York harbor, near the landing place. They looked toward land, in vain for it was still too dark. All they could see was a small light here and there. There was nothing to do now but wait patiently until the following morning. They had supper and slept on the ship for the last time. The next day was clear and very warm, but now it was possible to see very well; the ships from different countries and all kinds of vessels for various kinds of services. The white ferry-boats, with a large water-wheel in the middle on either side of the vessel and the little pilot house on the upper deck, at each end. There is no front or back to a ferry-boat. Both ends are the same. These vessels cross the Hudson River continually from New York to New Jersey.

In the afternoon of the next day everyone was transferred from the ship to a barge, and soon the immigrants stepped ashore at Castle Garden, in New York, United States of America. Here they were all registered for the census, etc., and after that waited until late in the afternoon for a guide, Mr. Regenboog, a Hollander, living in Paterson, their temporary home.
Finally the name Velders was announced and Mr. Regenboom made his appearance to whom the family was at once introduced and all at once they were on the streets of New York, once known as New Amsterdam. A small procession of green Hollanders was now to be seen on the streets of New York, with a guide in the lead, marching through Bowling Green to Vest St., to Chamber St. and from there to cross the Hudson River to Jersey City, and from there to Erie Railroad station to go by train to Paterson, a short distance of about fifteen miles.

In Paterson, New Jersey

The family stayed temporarily in a small German hotel near the Erie railroad station, the first home since May 3 which stood immovable upon a foundation rooted to the ground. The following day, May 23, the father and mother were very busy with various matters, such as looking for a home, buying the most necessary furnishings, taking care of the baggage from the ship, etc. This was all done so satisfactorily that in two or three days we took leave from our German host. And now another procession through the streets of Paterson to the home on First St. From the hotel, along Market St. to Main St., along Main St. to the bridge over the Passaic River, from there to the other side of the Passaic River and then to First St. and to the house. Here the procession came to a halt, to look at the outside of the house for the first time, and then through the front door, into the hall and left to the living room, and they were at home. 1. Father, 2. Mother, 3. Peter, 4. Albert, 5. Johannes, 6. Jan, 7. Helena, 8. Cornelia, 9. Hendrik. Yes, they are all present and well, and in their first home as a family in America. A large family in a large strange country, strangers and
unacquainted with the customs of the country. But they were all well, zealous, courageous and hoping for a good future.

While the father made daily trips to New York looking for a job in his trade as gilder, etc of metals, his eldest son Peter, and later Albert also found work in "Scot's mill" a large bleaching and dying plant in Paterson, near the water-fall. The work was quite hard and the wages were not high, but it was encouraging. It was better than nothing, and it was a beginning and they were satisfied at the time.

By the end of the summer the father was offered a position as foreman in the electroplating department of the factory of the Whiting Silverware Mfg. Co. in North Attleboro, Mass., with main office and store in New York. Father had to make a trip to Attleboro at once to demonstrate his ability. Albert had to accompany him. He had learned some German in the German school with Mrs. Rhumscheid in s'Gravenhage. Father had learned some French as a student in the gilding plant with his teacher Mr. Minere and they were both somewhat familiar with the Hague. The three languages spoken by two individuals surely would not do too poorly in English.

Albert quit his job at the dye works. Early in the morning father and Eon set out, first to the main office in New York. From here the head book-keeper of the factory was to accompany them to Attleboro. We arrived at the head office too early, so father and son entertained themselves in the large store by admiring the beauty of the many kinds of silver articles on display. While they were surprised by the variety and unusual shapes of knives, spoons and forks, Mr. Egleton made his appearance. He was to accompany us on our trip to Attleboro, and soon we were on our way to the
Grand Central Station on 42nd St. and on time for the twelve o'clock train. Before the train started our friend showed us the beautiful parlor-car and we sat in the large upholstered, turntable high reclining seats, but they were afraid to take their places there. These seats were too comfortable and they would probably fall asleep and miss their station.

The regular coaches were nice and comfortable enough for them and they took their places there, Father and Albert next to each other and the friend across from us. The seats are comfortable enough there but the road-bed was quite rough.

Albert did not complain. He was travelling and was more interested in the ever-changing landscape. At last it was dark and there was no more to be seen outside. The passengers made themselves comfortable in their seats and a few fell asleep. Finally they reached Attleboro and after a short walk of about a mile they were in North Attleboro and in the Wamsute Hotel. It was about 12 o'clock at night and, as customary, after a little snack they were comfortably in their room.

In North Attleboro

Mr. Eagleton was also happy to see his wife and blond long-haired little son again. Early the next morning after breakfast in the dining-room they all walked to the factory from the hotel, a distance of about a mile and a half, to the outskirts of the little city.

Both father and son were introduced to Mr. Whiting, the president of the company, and the father was introduced to the personnel in the electroplating department as their foreman. The father was soon found to be
qualified in his work and for the job. Albert did what ever required little ability.

In the evening after working hours they stayed in a small hotel or boarding-house nearer to the factory, owned by a Danish man and his wife. His name was Plat, who was also a plumber at the factory. That place was very satisfactory in every respect. Most of the guests worked at the factory.

Then as the company had been satisfied with father's ability and his work for two weeks, it was decided to have the entire Velders family come to Attleboro. The company had a house to rent, a couple of minutes walk from the factory, into which they could move, at least temporarily. In those days there was a scarcity of houses for rent. It was then Saturday.

Father went alone and left Albert in the care of Mr. Plat, the host. During the day, Albert went to work as usual and after the evening meal he went outside for an hour or so for a breath of fresh air in the vicinity of the house and went to bed early. After a few days he began to long for his family and expected them every day. At last, probably it was a week, or maybe two weeks, it was in the afternoon when Albert looked out of the window at the end of the building—and, was he dreaming or was it a reality? But there stood his mother and all of the brothers and sisters, half-way between the factory and the small house which was to be their home. Father was not to be seen. He was already in the factory office to pick up the key for the house.
The following day father was back at work and the eldest son Peter was also given a job in the same department. Father was then 41 years old, Peter 16, and Albert 13.

It was in early, or in the middle of September. The summer vacation had ended and the school was about to begin again and the five younger children were admitted to the American public school, Johan, Jan, Helena, Cornelia and Hendrik. These five young Hollanders had much to learn, but they were studious, and had no time to waste on uncalled-for nonsense. They made good progress in school in spite of their still scant knowledge of the English language. They soon gained the respect of both the teachers and pupils. The companions of these Dutch youngsters were warned about their unusualness because they were the first to come from the strange land of dikes and windmills and where the land is lower than the sea. In those days a Hollander was seldom if ever encountered in that part of the country.

Once a little boy came with an invitation from his mother to Jan asking him to be kind enough to go home with him after school to show himself to his mother because she had never seen a living Hollander before. Jan, always willing to do a favor for a friend, accepted this little request with pleasure, and after the inquisitive mother had looked him over and could detect no difference between a Dutch and an American boy. He was heartily thanked.

Hendrik was sometimes asked by his teacher to sing a Dutch song to entertain the pupils. Then unembarrassed he stood on the platform, singing for the entire school, and in the Dutch language one of his best songs: "O generaal pardon" or "Ver in't zuiden licht mijn Spanje" or maybe "Piet Hein".
Well, now father, Peter and Albert are working and Mother is at home cooking and baking on her new American cooking range, etc. The five children are at school, and next Saturday it is pay-day at the silver factory. All are well and happy!

One could not ask for much more, nor expect much more, after only four months in a strange country. This family has many reasons to thank God for his care. May God always be merciful to thee and may thee always be thankful to Him for his blessings. Amen.

May this account, written for his relatives in the Netherlands, be found to be of some interest. That is the aim and the wish of the author.

Albert Hendrik Velders, Sr. 294 Delavanna Ave., Delavanna, N.J., United States of America.

May God always be with the Velders Family, and their protection and guide in all matters. That is my wish and prayer. Amen.

March 13, 1938

This account was written by Albert Hendrik Velders. Born October 14, 1859 at s'Gravenhage. It was written for Hendrik Johannes van Rossum. Born July 20, 1914, who was related to the Velders family through his mother Hendrika Frederika Van Rossum-Velders, Born July 8, 1886.