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THE DUTCH WEST INDIA COMPANY, THE FOUNDERS OF MANHATTAN COLONY.*

FIVE days after the Half-Moon departed from the port of Amsterdam; on the way, as it proved, to the site of its namesake and prototype in the New World, the truce of 1609 was signed at Antwerp, putting a temporary pause to the famous "Eighty Years' War," sustained by the United Provinces of the Netherlands in their struggle for political independence. In 1568 that war began, so far as regards the resort to arms; for on May 23d of that year was fought the Lexington of the Dutch Revolution at Heiligerlee, in Groningen.

This truce meant much to the United Provinces beyond the mere suspension of hostilities; and taking place in the very year of the discovery of the site of New-York, what it meant to them becomes of especial significance to us in a study of the history of the colony on Manhattan

Island. By it practically the battle was won, for it acknowledged the independence of the revolted provinces. Republican principles put into practical operation at that early day, and however imperfectly as compared with our own system of government, had nevertheless conquered a national existence, the liberty of conscience and of government for a handful of people, with resources so apparently inadequate as to make their revolt seem like madness. This is what the truce of 1609 meant to the United Netherlands. It was a lesson never forgotten by mankind; a lesson finally placed before the world in more magnificent illustration upon the shores of that New World which the national vigor and enterprise of these same Republicans of the seventeenth century aided in part to populate and develop.

* From the advance sheets of "The Memorial History of New York."

A PAGE OF UNIVERSITY HISTORY.

ROBERT HAMILTON BISHOP, JR. LL.D.

It is a trite remark, that all things are relative in this world. Among all earthly things surely human greatness is the most subject to the conditions of relativity. The wise man of old said: "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Yet I greatly fear that many a man who has ruled his own spirit well will want for remembrance, while men still praise the redoubtable Democritus Poliorcetes. One thing it seems impossible to learn, that it is better and nobler and greater to serve a cause than to serve self. There is surely no higher service than complete dedication of a man's life to some worthy cause. Yet if a man reaches this point of self-surrender he is looked on as a sort of natural curiosity, even if he is not condemned as unambitious and unprogressive, yet when we are brought near to such men we gradually learn to appreciate and admire them. Their serene consciousness of the overpowering claims of duty, their calm perseverance in a course of devotion to an external object, begets in us confidence, and awakens in us affection. It is only fitting that one who gave his life for others should find some one to com-

memorate his faithfulness, and to point out how he rose to a place of great importance by his devoted life. Such an one was the late Professor Robert Hamilton Bishop, LL.D.

When John Cleves Symmes made his arrangements for the purchase of a tract of land in the Northwest Territory in 1787, the Congress of the Old Confederation provided for the setting aside out of his purchase of one township of land for a University. Financial complications prevented the carrying out of the original plan, but after many failures and vicissitudes a township of land was at length secured for the endowment of a University beyond the great Miami, and on the very border of the present State of Indiana. At last in 1824 the trustees were ready to begin the work of higher education. Prof. Robert Hamilton Bishop, then the Professor of ancient languages in Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky., was chosen President, and in the autumn the college was opened.

Dr. Bishop was a man well advanced in age, strong, earnest and able. He had come to America early in the century at the invitation of Dr. John

H. Mason, as a missionary. A member of the Associate Reformed Church of Scotland, he was full of the vigor of Scottish Calvinism, and possessed all the force of character of his race. He was induced to make Central Kentucky his field and ministered to several churches in the neighborhood of Lexington under conditions of great hardship and pecuniary want. His ability won for him a conspicuous place in a singularly polished society, and in addition to his ministerial work he became a Professor in the University, then a most flourishing institution. Late in the second decade of the century the bitter conflict with the last ebbing tide of the deism of the eighteenth century and the atheism of the French Revolutionary influence, brought the University into trouble. An advanced New England Unitarian was installed as President and a fierce contest was carried on in the Legislature and in the Board of Trustees for the management of affairs. The Presbyterians promptly secured a charter and founded Carter College at Danville, and a general desertion of the old institution began. For half a dozen years Professor Bishop fought manfully in the faculty against overwhelming odds the battle of christian education. At length in 1824 came the call to Miami to found a distinctly christian college. He sacrificed much in giving up Lexington. It was a lovely town. Its society was the most polished in the West. Its advance in commerce and manu-

factures had been rapid, and in all the conditions of civilized life it was at the front. But the call to once more occupy a mission station was imperative. Taking his family and a little body of earnest christian students he once more began work as a pioneer to the sister causes of education and christianity.

Altho' the society of Lexington was polished and agreeable there was some social influences the good doctor didn't approve, and so he moved to a suburban farm where Robert H. Bishop, Jr., was born on Aug. 13, 1815.

Although only nine years old at the time of the removal to Ohio the son was at once put in the grammar school—a school which had been in operation for eight years, connected with the University.

It was, indeed, a thoroughly typical frontier town to which they had come, though the time was growing late for such towns in that immediate neighborhood. Hamilton, old Fort Hamilton, was a little more than a dozen miles away, and the main road to Indiana was some four miles north of Oxford. The situation of the town was superb, but the soil in the neighborhood was poor and did not strongly attract the best class of settlers. A part of the land reserved for the college grounds had been hastily cleared. Brick had been made on this cleared ground and a building erected. The ground was covered with stumps, and the building without design or beauty stood

out in bold defiance of its surroundings. Dr. Bishop as minister and pastor to the people, as well as head of the college soon brought order out of chaos. Wise and good men were called to his aid, and the college flourished for sixteen years under his firm but gentle rule.

The minutes of the Faculty which were singularly full and explicit in this early day show that the little boy did good and faithful work. He says of himself: "Almost all the students were older than I, and so it came to pass that I had scarcely any companions in my boyhood. I cannot say that I was a very dilligent student, and Ebenezer, an older brother, and I, spent much time in the woods and on the creek hunting and fishing." It was a healthful boy's life. The wise father knew when to make the strong Scotch hand relax, and doubtless he was more than willing that the too forward boy should not be pressed in his studies.

"In 1827," continues his own narrative—"the societies (the College Literary Societies) put up a printing office in the third floor of the main building of the university and printed a paper, the "Literary Focus," of which "Bob" Schenck, afterwards United States Minister to the Court of St. James, was chief editor. I took a fancy to printing, and spent much time in the office to the neglect of my studies, and at length was allowed to quit college and go into the office. While there the printer 'got

drunk' and left, so that I was obliged to run the paper and in my pride put my 'Imprimatur' *i.e.* my name as printer, on several of the issues printed in this year, 1828."

Soon after, he returned to college and graduated in the class of 1831, a class which was among the more notable classes of the early period. Among his classmates were Freeman G. Carey, president of Farmer's College, Judges Wm. R. Cochran of Hamilton, O., Theophilus L. Dickey afterwards Chief Justice of Illinois and Charles G. Wintersmith of Kentucky. Among his collegemates there were a great number who afterwards won distinction. Besides Gen. Robert C. Schenck who has been already mentioned, there were John W. Caldwell, minister to Bolivia, Ralph P. Lowe, the war governor of Iowa, Charles Anderson, governor of Ohio, and the distinguished ministers, Doctors Wm. M. Thompson, Benjamin W. Chidlaw and Joseph G. Montfort. In the autumn after his graduation he went to South Hanover, Ind., to enter the theological seminary there. This step was taken at the instance of his father without any well-defined purpose as to his future. He was still only a boy just sixteen years old. His own views as to his future were entirely undetermined and it was with the intention of pursuing general studies such as we would now call post-graduate, rather than with the fixed idea of entering the ministry that he became a student in the sem-

inary. He looked back on the instruction of the venerable Dr. Matthews of Hanover, with great veneration and respect and seemed to regard it as of great weight in his future life. His stay, however at the seminary was short, owing to a very severe illness which rendered it impossible for him for quite a while to continue his studies. When he became convalescent he returned to Oxford and again entered the printing office which he purchased in 1835. This office had a quasi connection with the university and in a certain sense was recognized as a part of it though there was no actual business connection. During the next three years quite a number of books were published for the purpose of carrying out the views of President Bishop with reference to the needs of the university and its neighborhood. Volumes of addresses, reprints of theological works and other publications of a similar nature seem to have been the staple of its publication department. As the west expanded and the connections with the east began to be more intimate, the western printing houses generally abandoned their publication departments and this printing office became merely a local printing house. So in 1838, young Bishop readily accepted a position as assistant in the Grammar School connected with the university, although the salary was exceedingly small. He married in the following year and in 1840 became head master of the Grammar School

upon a salary which for the first and only time in the history of the institution was made equal to that of a full professor in the collegiate department. As a teacher in the Grammar School his work from the first gave eminent satisfaction and his teaching throughout his life was colored by his early experience in this department. He possessed the untiring perseverance which is necessary for a successful teacher of the elements, especially of language. His drill was always thorough, far reaching and untiring, and it was no doubt due to the fourteen years of experience as a preparatory teacher that the characteristics of his university teaching were so markedly those of the untiring master of drill. Nor did he apparently ever go to an extreme in this direction. The circumstances under which the average student from the beginning to the present time has been prepared for Miami University has made drill absolutely essential to successful teaching to a much later period in the course than would be demanded in eastern institutions.

In 1841 an unfortunate complication arose which led to the far more unfortunate termination of the presidency of his father. He however remained as master of the Grammar School through the succeeding administration of Drs. Junkin and McMaster and three years of that of Dr. Anderson, when in 1852 he was chosen professor of Latin which

he somewhat reluctantly accepted. About this time he was also chosen as the secretary of the Board of Trustees and soon after became superintendent of the grounds and buildings. He was already for some years secretary of the Society of the Alumni. Thus there were gathered into his hands various lines which rendered his influence very great. His entire devotion to the university and to its interests became the most conspicuous, indeed the controlling influence in his life. Till the suspension in 1873 he retained all of these positions, and almost every department of the university showed more or less the mark of his solicitude and affection. The Alumni, for the rest of his life, held their annual meeting at his home, and, gathered around the great walnut tree on his lawn, annually concluded their meetings by the singing of "Auld lang syne." As the years passed he seemed to take less interest in anything outside of the Latin language and literature and the affairs of the university. For a great number of years he was never outside of the Township—scarcely a dozen times outside the corporation limits. He did not lack for society. Every alumnus or former student found his house their home. He followed them with unflagging interest and kept a faithful record of their careers. Their wanderings were his wanderings; their interests were his interests; their triumphs were his triumphs; and all were faithfully recorded in the re-

markably complete records which he kept as Secretary of the Alumni Association. The closing of the doors of the university in 1873 was indirectly due to the war of the Rebellion. The call for troops first emptied the halls of students and depleted the faculty. Then the effect upon the money market and the subsequent commercial complications reduced the purchasing value of the endowment of the university below the possibility of carrying on the work. The closing of the doors was the great grief of his life, yet he remained, retaining the offices of secretary to the trustees and the Alumni and of superintendent of the grounds and buildings and ever watched for the day when the university should renew its youth. That happy day came in part in 1885, when a partial re-opening took place and he was again installed in his old professorship; and fully again in 1888, when a complete faculty was once more constituted. But before that day his failing health rendered him incapable of full performance of class-room duty, and in 1887 he was appointed Emeritus professor. Stroke after stroke of paralysis rapidly destroyed his already shattered health, and on the 5th of July, 1890, he fell peacefully asleep.

The college which he had loved so dearly in life did not forget him in death. A memorial service was held in memory of him on Tuesday, June the 16th, 1891, being a part of the exercises of commencement week. On

that occasion addresses were made by a number of his old students and the president of the college and a number of letters were sent by others who were unable to be present. Quotations from one or two letters will perhaps throw light upon his character as a man and as a teacher. Hon. John W. Noble, Secretary of the Interior, wrote as follows:

"It would be to me a source of great pleasure to join in the ceremonies on this occasion. To no one am I more indebted for any taste I may have for letters or the command of my intellectual resources than to this good and to me very great man. He served a long and useful life, exciting the ambitious efforts of those committed to his care, and I believe as much as any American teacher, held through life the affection and admiration of those he first led into the paths of usefulness.

I mention him without his titles, for though he was doctor of laws and professor of the University, he was to me, and always will remain in my memory, designated only by his plain name of 'Bob Bishop.'"

Rev. George H. Fullerton, D. D., of Springfield, O., wrote as follows:

"I was deeply impressed by him both as a teacher and a man. He at first seemed to me to be severe, and if he had worn a toga would have personified my boy's ideal of the old Roman. That towering form, bent over by reason of the weight of brain rather than of years; that keen eye,

looking through you instead of at you, and magnified in its power of impression as well as of vision by the aid of glasses; that stride across the campus, becoming colossal if the recitation bell had rung a moment before the time! Who can forget such characteristics of the man? Our text books were full of pictures of him, and if I could find some of mine (Alas! in what garret or cellar or dust pile do they repose?) I think I could reproduce every feature of the professor down to his long and not exactly classical foot. One scene comes up before me as I write, as if it had occurred but yesterday. I was in the old recitation room and was struggling with some Latin about which I knew nothing, and concerning which I doubted if the author himself knew anything more—was catching at straws as drowning students will always do, and hoping that the next lunge might enable me to touch bottom, when lifting my eyes I saw that the professor had turned his book over on his knee and was contemplating me with one of those anatomical looks which nobody who has been dissected in like way can ever forget. I can feel that look to-day after more than thirty years of experience in life's dissecting room; and I can feel the relief which came to me also when the professor firmly but kindly said, "Sit down sir!" and I dropped out of my misery amidst the titter of my classmates. But I assure you that pleasanter memories predominate as I

write. As I learned the man as well as his lessons, I became warmly attached to him; and it was rarely the case that a student who was not lazy or tricky left college without almost a filial feeling for "Old Bobby" as we called him. I remember that I wrote his biography as far as was then practicable for my Beta Theta Pi fraternity, and when I closed it in a poetical way with the refrain;

"The old oaken Bobby
The iron bound Bobby
The moss-covered Bobby
That loves us so well."

I was greeted by a round of applause from all present, and I do not recall anything I did at college that made me so popular.

After graduation I saw but little of Prof. Bishop, until a year ago last September, when I had the privilege of spending a day with him in his hospitable home. He was then in Beulah land to borrow Bunyan's imagery. He knew that the river of death was not far away, and was contemplating through the mists that lay over it, the towers and mansions of the celestial city. There was no rapture in his experience. The convictions of a lifetime and sturdy adherence to duty in the closet and home and college and church, had provided for him a holy calm which was like a benediction upon all who approached him. The finest thing that Thackery ever wrote, is his description of the death of Col. Newcome. As death called him, the old

soldier is a schoolboy again, and his schoolmaster is calling the roll; but let me quote Thackery's own words; 'At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said 'Adsum' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and so he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master.'

I have thought of Prof. Bishop as responding in like way in the language he loved so well, 'Adsum, Domine,' when that final roll call of earth's schoolhouse reached his name; and that he stepped humbly but triumphantly into the presence of the Great Teacher, no one can doubt who remembers how diligently while teaching others he himself learned Christ."

Such was the man and the teacher. Within the class-room he was something of an autocrat and in his home circle where he gathered a large family about him, he was not merely the affectionate husband and father but distinctly the head of the family, ruling with gentleness yet firmness. In all things he had the courage of his convictions. Those who differed from him found him inflexible. Those who agreed with him were likely to find him an indefatigable leader. Those

who loved him found in him always a tireless friend and rejoiced in the singular purity and devotedness which went down to the grave under the ever darkening pall of physical infirmity but in the unfading brightness of complete christian dedication.

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