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THE "JOURNAL" OF SYLVESTER H. ROSECRANS

The Rt. Rev. Sylvester H. Rosecrans, the first Bishop of the Diocese of Columbus, was born February 5, 1827, at Homer, in Licking County, Ohio. His first three years (1843-1846) of collegiate studies were spent at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, where his scholastic record was almost perfect. He entered the Catholic Church in 1845, and went to Fordham University, New York, for his last year of college. Desiring to become a priest, he applied to Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati (The Diocese of Columbus was not established until 1868), who decided to send him to Rome to study theology. During his trip from Cincinnati to Rome and during his years in the latter city, the young seminarian made regular entries in a "journal". He did so at the request of his Bishop and also because he felt that if he did not do so he would fail to meditate. Much of the content of the "journal" is devoted to meditations. On the title page the young Rosecrans wrote: "Viva Gesu. Viva Maria." Also on this page he wrote: "Domini est terra et plenitudo eius" (The earth and its fullness is the Lord's). The original of this precious "journal" is in the Archives of the University of Notre Dame. Through the courtesy of the University generous excerpts from the "journal" will be presented in the "Bulletin" during 1976. -- Editor.

Tuesday, Dec. 21st 1847

A few fragments of what I wrote coming from Cincinnati on the Ohio December 11th. A little grumbling is done and some talk about people chewing tobacco. Also a little beginning with tonight, a beautiful night, about the lonely farmhouses, etc. - and finally some talk about desiring to think on the good things of Heaven with as much ease as upon the things called good of earth. Some of it very pretty with a similitude between the music of spirits and the songs of earth. Occupies two pages and a half of letter and winds up with "Docti indoctique scribimus". Not worth copying.

Dec. 12 is about laying at Louisville in a fog - an adventure with a coal boat - writing to John Fisher and Elossa - a talk (of the passengers) on the bankrupt law - Human "Honor" - not worth copying.

Dec. 13. A wind and a snowstorm - the breadth of the River - the talk with the man from Henderson, Ky., an indifferentist. He says he has been to Catholic Church once. "He did not think they understood what they were at. Some, he said, were counting beads; some seemed to be praying. They read a while; then they passed the book from one side to the other, and kissed a piece of cloth he had before him; and finally they took the Sacrament, he guessed it was - a little wafer dipped in holy water; it looked to him as though there was a little priestcraft among 'em, though he had never been but once and perhaps might not know." He came to me in the morning and asked me for one of my Catholic

Disciplines. I gave him Mitchell's Lecture and the Protesting Christian.

An account of "the Diagesis(?) being a Discovery of the Origin, Evidences and Early History of Christianity never before or elsewhere faithfully represented" by the Rev. Robert Taylor, M.A., A.B., M.R.S.C. An infidel Book. He "demonstrates" that (there was) no such person as our Saviour from the Manichaeian Heresy. No Catholics are among his authorities. - Demonstration of my friend from N.J. that Catholic Priests are great scoundrels. I seem to have had a good many spats that day; one with the Dutchman who thought Luther was a pretty persevering fellow. Reflections on Human Respect.

Dec. 14. Passed Memphis - the Doctor of Memphis - Medical College of Memphis, scil. the Botanic Medical College. Infidels on board - the poor Irishman below. Reflections about Strangers and Pilgrims. Nothing.

Dec. 15 seems to have been a beautiful day - filled with reflections on the goodness of God, and the ingratitude of man. The way a beautiful forest brought the poetry out of one man - another talk with the Dutchman - the first sugar cane - beautiful night - the ubiquity of Yankees - the chicken pedlers.

Dec. 16. An account of the weather - how it was very mild - passing Red River - Cockfight on the Hurricane deck. Reflections - Passions are volcanoes. Cedar raft, etc. - I seem to have lost the 17th and 18th.

Dec. 19. I had several controversies. I must have conducted imprudently as I elicited from the mate the coarse remark that I know more than anyone on board. In the evening we landed at Lafayette and I came straightway to the Bishop's.

Dec. 20. Nothing happened. I prepared for Communion going to Confession to Mr. De La Croix.

Dec. 21. Now I can commence with fair sailing. I wish to keep this for my own use, because the Bishop told me to. - I went to Communion this morning. At breakfast I met Bp. Blanc. I went up afterwards to look for my vessels. There are two in port for Marseilles - the Leonisa Bliss, with a very gentlemanly captain whose wife is on board - and the Bark Sveron(?), said to be a very fast sailer, the captain of which I did not see. I think I shall go in the Leonisa Bliss. She seemed neater and newer. She will sail probably the last of next week. In the meantime I have several letters to write and all my house to put in order. Strange that the nearer we are to death the less we think of it.

Dec. 22nd. This morning Mr. Anderson a Dominican from Zanesville called on me, whom I had previously met in the steamboat. I was very glad to see him if for no other reason than that he talked English. We took a walk together. The prospects for him are very gloomy, he says. He thinks of going to San Domingo.

This afternoon a French Priest came to me to read English. I had to laugh sometimes. His attempts at pronunciation were worse than Mr. Gatt's. The Bishop is going to send him to Natchez in about ten days. We conversed some in Latin. He says a friend of his has been beseeching the Holy Ghost for the gift of our language - but he added with great simplicity - "It has not yet come." He is to come again tomorrow. Tonight I must prepare for Communion.

A young Fleming belonging to the Jesuit College at Cincinnati took tea at the Bishop's tonight. He speaks English very well. I began a letter to Mart Andrews today. I am not very sanguine of him.

Dec. 23. I did not go out as my "Pupil", as Monsigneur calls him, was in my room most all day. His childlike simplicity is edifying. He has a few gray hairs but he says "labore solummodo propter obedientiam". - "except ye become as little children." - I mean always to have the like obedience for Bishop Purcell.

I shall never forget my farewell to the Blessed Sacrament in the Cathedral. It was dark as Erebus in the Sanctuary, and the Bishop recited "O Holy Mary", "Adore te devote latens Deitas", "Remember O most pious Virgin", etc. Bishop Purcell is a great man - too great to be appreciated from a near view.

I have not yet procured my passport. I will get it next week. I finished my letter to Mart this evening. After speaking some in a general way, I began a narration of how I became a Catholic. I scarcely know how to take Mart. The vein of levity in his character is so deep - and his vanity so strong that I am afraid I am damming the torrent with straw in keeping up a correspondence with him. At the end I said, "Do, Mart, try and pay some little attention to this matter of Religion - since if you yourself are lost all you can gain in this world will go with you." The souls of the poor are as dear to God as those of the rich, however. And so I shall not be anxious about my former associates.

Dec. 24. I have thought this morning of writing a series of pages as meditations to correspond with the great festivals now approaching in order to familiarize myself more with the mortal life of Him who condescends to be called my Master.

The Spiritual Combat says that "truly devout men pray and meditate on the life of the Redeemer not from any sensible pleasure arising from thence, but purely with a desire of knowing on the one side the immensity of the divine goodness and on the other the excess of their own ingratitude." If this motive actuated me I should not perhaps write my meditations. But as a knowledge of His life is of all things requisite first - in order to obtain of Him a detestation of sloth and sensuality - and a love of virtue by which we are assimilated to the Infinite Beauty and by which we render to God the homage due to his infinite Majesty, and conform to a will essentially just and holy. I think I had better write, lest if I do not write, I will not meditate.

Acknowledging to myself, therefore, that my motive is not the purest I write: ready to confess when I am done that unless I gather fruit of practical mortification from it, it is all vanity and loss of time.

The Nativity. (A lengthy meditation on the events and circumstances of the birth of Christ follows. It is omitted here. - Editor)

Christmas Day. On this day when the angels rejoice, and the saints and the Blessed Mother of God exult and clap their hands. - I have been to only a part of two Masses this morning, and to a Solemn High Mass in St. Patrick's Church where I met the true Mr. De La Croix, the one with whom I met the other day having been I am puzzled to know who - Mr. De La Croix is a young man very prepossessing in his appearance. He had really a noble countenance. I never saw finer. He is "totus in illis".

Mr. Mullen at St. Patrick's is a great character. He was baptizing an infant while I was in the sacristy. The child was a month old. The father said, There, now that trouble is over- Do you believe, Sir, she has been troubling

me a long time about this. I wanted her not to be in a hurry - but she said it ought to be done today. "Oh, she was right. You will be persuading her to put it off some day when bang! the bell will ring from above and you will be thrust over with a steerage passage into eternity if you are not careful!"

He preached today. He uses in conversation apt but queer comparisons. I look upon the people, says he, as a bed of cabbages - when I get up to preach. They need cultivation. Not to give me applause. I dined there today.

There is a little French boy preparing for his first Communion with Mr. De La Croix - very interesting. I shall pursue his fortunes. Dec. 26th. I went to Mass at Mr. De La Croix's. The Bishop was there. Mr. Mullen is a queer man again.

Dec. 27. I went to visit my vessel again. She is going on Thursday, sure. There is another.

Dec. 28. I went along with Mr. Roas, a Jesuit, to see a Redemptorist in Lafayette. He was teaching children to read in the German catechism. I got my passport yesterday for a dollar for Rome via Marseilles. Gov. Johnson was very gentlemanly. My vessel will not go till Saturday - viz till next week some time.

Dec. 29. Inconstancy is the characteristic of man. Fickleness is his name. To do this minute and to repent and undo and curse himself the next is what is to be expected from one of us - unless indeed it is evil; that we do. Yet we are immortal beings whose end is the Eternal Almighty, all glorious and all beautiful God! For whom God has died. But it is our fickleness and inconstancy that God came down from Heaven to crush; and to replace it with earnestness and perseverance through our brief material existence. What a yearning Jesus Christ must have to enter into our hearts and to drive from them every worldly and carnal inclination by which we are drawn into perfidious inconstancy. This yearning is proportionate to his hatred of all sin.....

Dec. 29. I went to Confession.

Dec. 30. I went to Communion. I imagined myself converted to God today. How soon will the fear of upset my imaginations?

Dec. 31. New Year's Eve.....(A meditation on the end of the year)... I will never see the Solemn day of Palms in our little church at Rose Hill. I will never see the touching exposure of the Cross on Good Friday and the devotion with which Father Lu Guorius kissed it; nor the solemnity with which he told me to imagine that it takes place today. I will never more see the solemn Tenebrae in that place. I will never more make my Easter Communion on Sunday before in haste in order to go to West Point. I will never more see the solemn procession at Corpus Christi and have a chance to pray to the Blessed Sacrament before the door of St. John's College..... I will never have a retreat to make again under Father Thibaud.....

(To be continued)

THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
IN COSHOCTON COUNTY, OHIO

By Sister Monica Kiefer, O.S.D.
(Continued)

Conflicting Claims of English and French. France claimed, by right of discovery and exploration, the vast territory west of the Allegheny Mountains that was watered by the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. England, who desired the fur trade of this region, asserted that the charters of the many of her seaboard colonies read "from sea to sea", thereby making the Ohio Valley a British possession. Father Fremin, a Jesuit missionary of this territory speaks of the Delawares as the "near and powerful allies of the French." The priest further states that the English as well as the French traded among the savages, and that the English trade was a great obstacle to the progress of religion (13).

The chief concern of the English, then, was to effect the conciliation of the Ohio Indians. George Croghan of Pennsylvania early saw the importance of detaching them from the French by means of presents and favorable trade. His suggestions on the subject were wisely heeded by the President and Council of Pennsylvania and they accordingly appointed him in 1747, as their agent to deliver presents of goods to the Delawares (14). This plan was further developed by the Virginia Land Company who sent Christopher Gist in 1750, to claim the Muskingum Valley for the British Crown. Gist descended the Tuscarawas River to its junction with the Walhonding, where he found a Delaware town of one hundred families. Here he met Montour, a half-breed, and George Croghan who had already established his headquarters in this town (15).

While here Gist records his own elaborate scheme for the settlement of a new English colony in these valleys, "for the promotion of the Christian religion among the native Indians and for the more effectual securing them in His Majesty's Alliance".

Protestants of every denomination who profess the Christian religion shall have the free and unlimited exercise of their religion and shall be allowed to defend it both from the pulpit and the press.

That no member of the Church of Rome shall be able to hold any lands or Real Estate in the Province or be allowed to be owners of, or have any arms or ammunition in their possession on any pretense whatsoever, nor shall any Mass-house, or Popish Chapels be allowed in the Province (16).

Colonel Croghan in his journal makes this comment of the Indians, "They had a particular attachment to the Roman Catholic religion, the French by their priests, having taken uncommon pains to instruct them" (17).

In his journal for Robert Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, Gist states that the Delawares were very desirous of being instructed on the principles of Christianity. They wanted him to baptize their children and to marry them after the Christian manner, showing that the seeds of Christianity were deeply rooted, although they probably did not have a missionary at that time. One Indian brought his book (contrived for them by the French priests) in which the days of the week were so marked, that by moving a pin every morning, they kept a nearly accurate account of time. The Indian showed Gist that he and his family always observed the Lord's day (18).

Croghan called a council of the Indians to persuade them to recognize British rule. In answer to his demands, one of the chiefs said that he could not give consent until a full council of several Indian nations had been held. The council was accordingly assembled but instead of making alliance with the English or the French a policy of neutrality was adopted by the Delawares. Gist also records this fact in his journal:

September 30. Governor Hamilton sent Croghan and Montour to hasten to Ohio with one hundred pounds as a present to the Indians to gain their aid. Before they were able to start on their journey, news came of active French movements, that the new chief of the Six Nations was strong in French interests and a Roman Catholic. Croghan and Montour proceeded on to the Muskingum River where at a large town, Croghan had a trading house. Here they remained some weeks and were joined by Christopher Gist promising them presents to be delivered in the spring (19).

The English whose sole object for coming into these valleys was to amass wealth, and to acquire territory, began by deliberately bribing the unconverted tribes, and, after stimulating them with strong liquors, urged them to make war against the Christian Indians who were favorably disposed toward the French (20). In speaking of the Indian raids that were then being made along the Pennsylvania border, Netawatees, a native of the Muskingum, said to the English, "You yourselves are the cause of this evil. You ought not to craze the young Indians with brandy. Your own people when drunk fight with knives; you cannot prevent mischief until you cease to sell strong drinks to the Indians." Other Delaware chiefs implored that the English traders might not be allowed to bring rum into their villages, but the English officers, incapable of any higher ambition than commercial success, haughtily replied, "The traders cannot be prevented from going where they might best dispose of their goods." And the natives appreciated the brutality which did not even affect a disguise (21). The answer made to another English officer who was striving to alienate the natives from the French by making them enticing offers on the condition that they should consent to admit an "English Minister", is worthy of record.

Your speech astonishes me; I am amazed at your proposal; you saw me long before the French did; yet neither you nor your ministers ever spoke to me of prayer, or of the Great Spirit. They saw my furs and my beaver skins, and they thought of them only. These were what they sought. When I brought many I was their great friend. That is all.

On the contrary, one day I lost my way in my canoe, and arrived at last at an Algonquin village where the Black Robes taught. I had hardly arrived when a Blackrobe came to see me. I was loaded with peltries. The French Black Robe disdained even to look at them. He spoke to me at once of the Great Spirit, of Paradise, of Hell and of prayer, which is the only path to Heaven. I heard him with pleasure. I stayed long in the village to listen to him. At length prayer was pleasing to me. I asked for baptism and received it. Then I returned to my own country and told what happened to me. They envied my happiness and wished to share it. They set out to find the Black Robe, and asked him to baptize them. This is how the French behaved to us. If when you first saw me, you had spoken to me of prayer, I should have had the misfortune to learn to pray like you, for I was not then able to find if your prayer was good. But I have learned the prayer of the French. I love it and will follow it till the earth is consumed and

comes to an end. Keep, then, your money and your minister. I speak to you no more (22).

Nor did the French missionaries prove unworthy of the confidence thus placed in them by the Indians. Fearing that the tribes of the Ohio who had been without a religious teacher for several years would relapse completely into their old beliefs, Father Armand de la Richardie, S.J., in 1751, erected the first shrine of Catholicity within the present limits of Ohio (23). The little wigwam used for a church stood on the site now occupied by Sandusky. Fathers Bonnecamp and Nicholas Potier are said to have followed their confrere and to have labored among the Indians of the eastern valleys. Unfortunately the vicissitudes of war all too soon drove these missionaries from their field of harvest (24).

Likewise, on the twelfth of July 1757, a deputation of twenty Abnakis Indians accompanied Father Claude Virot, S.J., to the Delawares of the Muskingum valley. Here the good Father founded a mission. As the Indians of the Great Lakes region were taking sides with the French against the English and their Indian allies at this time, the mission was attended with many dangers. The priest was confronted by every difficulty that could wear upon his spirit and cause his heart to fail. The mighty forests had to be treaded on foot and the long rivers followed in a frail bark canoe. Hunger, cold and disease were his portion, until nothing but the burning zeal within his soul kept alive his wasted frame. But worst of all, were those spiritual evils which Father Virot had to endure - the contradiction of some of those whom he had come to save. These, after listening for months with apparent interest, so that the Jesuit began to hope that soon they would be numbered among his converts, suddenly left him with cold derisive words and turned again to the superstitions of their tribe. The mission could be but short-lived, located as it was on the highway of hostile tribes and open to the pernicious influence of the English Indian-haters, and with them the Indian's worst enemy -- "Firewater". The attempt to establish a permanent mission at the forks of the Muskingum, therefore, ended in failure (25).

The French traders who had accompanied or followed the missionaries saw the futility of their efforts to stop the British immigration to this county that was rich in furs and trade. By 1760, as the tide of war turned against the French, most of their Indian allies were alienated, and the French Jesuit Fathers laboring among them were in want of the merest necessities - many of them were seized by the English. Fathers Du Jaunay and Le Franc alone were left in the entire Northwest Territory (26). The Church in the territory where the French flag had floated was in a pitiable condition. Indian Catholics and a few French lingering near them lamented the loss of the priests. The chapels, the only places where white and Indian could worship God, were ordered to be leveled to the ground, leaving the faithful destitute of priest and altar. The work of years was recorded rather in the graves of the departed than in the living children of the Church and her pastors (27).

In 1763 the flag of France was lowered at all the French posts in the West, and English soldiers came to plant amid the French hamlets and those of their Indian friends, the flag of England (28). This act was regarded with sullen discontent and, when Pontiac proposed to the Indian tribes a general uprising, almost all the English forts were captured simultaneously. The Delawares, Shawanese and other Indian tribes of the Muskingum territory had been assigned to take Fort Pitt, Leigonier and Bedford. After Pontiac's war was over, the Indian hostility menaced these forts and spread terror throughout western

Pennsylvania and Virginia (29).....

The Delawares, embittered by threats and coercion, became the terror of the British. Many of the young braves, throwing aside peaceful lessons of former days, organized war parties with the Shawanese from the region and continued to ravage the English border settlements killing the colonists or carrying them off into captivity. General Croghan in a letter to Colonel Bouquet, June 17, 1763, says:

The Dallaways you are sensible have not behaved so well as they did before the Treaty of Lancaster. They may be said to have behaved with insolence. The Dallaways in my opinion are ye people who has begun this Indian war and if the Ottaways and Cheepways has attackt Detroit I believe it will be found that ye French was acquainted with their designs (30).

The British decided to send an expedition to the headquarters of the Delawares to awe them into submission. Colonel Henry Bouquet was chosen by General Gage to head that expedition with Captain Thomas Hutchins second in command (31).

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- (13) Reuben Gold Thwaites, op. cit., vol. 50, p. 215; vol. 69, p. 205. Samuel A. Drake, "The Making of the Ohio Valley States"; New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1908. pp 40-41.
 - (14) Colonial Records. No. 56. Department of State, Wash. D.C.
 - (15) W. M. Darlington, "Christopher Gist's Journals"; Pittsburgh, Penna. J. R. Weldin and Company. 1893. p. 160.
 - (16) William M. Darlington, op. cit., pp. 263-64
 - (17) G. W. Featherstonhaugh, "Journal of Colonel Croghan"; Philadelphia, Penna.; Henry H. Porter. 1831. pp. 257-271.
 - (18) William M. Darlington, op. cit., p. 39.
 - (19) Ibid., p. 160.
 - (20) C. B. Galbreath, "History of Ohio"; American Historical Society, Chicago, Ill. 1925. p. 74.
 - (21) T.W.M. Marshall, "Christian Missions"; Vol. II. An Inquiry into the Causes of the Alienation of the Delawares and Shawanese Indians from the British Interest. New York, D. J. Sadlier. 1874. p. 32.
 - (22) Reuben Gold Thwaites, op. cit., Vol. VII, p. 211.
 - (23) Ibid., Vol. 69, p. 286.
 - (24) John Gilmary Shea, op. cit., p. 330.
 - (25) William Ingraham Kip, "The Early Jesuit Missions in North America"; New York. Wiley and Putnam. 1846. p. 139.
 - (26) John Gilmary Shea, op. cit., pp. 587 and 635.
 - (27) Ibid., History of the Catholic Church in the United States", p. 637.
 - (28) Reuben Gold Thwaites, op. cit., Vol. 47, pp 315-316; Vol. 45, p. 289.
 - (29) H. J. Alerding, "Diocese of Fort Wayne": Fort Wayne, Ind. Archer Printing Co. 1907. p. 11.
 - (30) G. W. Featherstonhaugh, op. cit., p. 200.
 - (31) C. H. Mitchner, op. cit., p. 71.

(To be continued)

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