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THE "JOURNAL" OF SYLVESTER H. ROSECRANS
(Continued)

Jan. 1st (1848). Now I have entered upon a new year by first going to Communion in order that I may live this year, or such of it as I may have to live, more fervently than the last.

There were a great many communicants this morning, it being the Feast of the Circumcision, though it is not a day of obligation in N.O. (New Orleans) Diocese. They were cracking fire crackers last night all night and shooting guns and making all sorts of noises.

I visited yesterday Rev. Mr. D'Haus, a Belgian, who is an amiable man. His independence is admirable. He sits at table or anywhere with the most perfect unconcern. He jokes and does not care whether his jokes are laughed at or not. He plays with his knife and a piece of bread and, if observed, perhaps quits, perhaps not. He got another man's snuff box yesterday and passed it all around the table with the most provoking and amusing display of benignity.

(Here follows a lengthy meditation on the Circumcision of our Lord Jesus Christ. -- Editor)

Jan. 2nd. I went to Mass at St. Patrick's again today. Mr. Mullen preached. He is eloquent.

Mr. De La Croix says that Negroes when they are converted are generally converted from the heart. They have no human respect but give themselves entirely to God.

After supper tonight the littel French boy of whom I have spoken above it seemed had some prayers to say; and while Mr. De La Croix and I were talking and laughing he opened his book, knelt down almost touching me and said them. Oh! simple, guileless faith of childhood! How it shames me. The child needed no exhortation to perform his duty. . . . He knelt and crossed himself and withcut an effort of the intellect, he addressed himself to God. . . .

Jan. 3rd. Nothing happens. I hear nothing but noise; see nothing but walking machines. . . . There are a vast number of gambling shops along the levee. I saw a young girl with a tambourine whom I once saw in Cincinnati on Seventh Street. She wore a panama hat tied under the chin and thrown back so as not to hide her features. It was very shocking.

Jan. 4th. Nothing as usual. I have written to Father, Mother, William twice, Henry, Mart, Andre(?), Grey, since I have been in N.O. I went to see my Captain today and called on Mr. De La Croix as I came back. I stayed some time there.

I am to go again tomorrow. My frenchman says he studies negligently now. He had been reading a book he said with tears, Abrege De La Douloureuse Passion De Notre Seigneur Jesus Christ D'apres les Meditations D'Anne Catherine Emmeriett. 1 Vol. octavo. They are revelations to the poor nun who could neither read nor write.

Jan. 6th. I have skipped a day somehow or other.

Jan. 8th. I took breakfast with Mr. Mullen this morning in company of the Jesuit, Mr. Ross, and Mr. De La Croix, at 8½. Poor Mr. Mullen grumbled with his peculiar grumble, and we laughed. - I went to Communion this morning in preparation for leaving tomorrow the Capt. says now. I have no confidence in what he says, as is the case with himself, I think. So I shall not go to Communion again tomorrow. It will not do for me to go so often. I can make a spiritual Communion. And to punish my laziness I ought to prepare as laboriously for this as I did last night for my Communion.

Jan. 9th. It seems very long to me since yesterday to today. I went again to see Mr. De La Croix. He is a very amiable man. I read a little of Brownson's article on American literature; had a great effect upon me. He does what Alban Butler, St. Gregory Nanzianzen did -- take the highest and of course the truest view of things. Literature, he says, is no end but a means and he expands on this.

Jan. 10th. What with running after my steamboat (Tow) and with getting poor Mr. Parit to carry one end of my trunk half a mile and other causes of disturbance I was too tired to write any today.

Jan. 11th. Today at 9 p.m. we cast(?) our Lawsen(?) and started down in tow. My french American not having a passport could not go. So myself am the only cabin passenger. My Frenchman it seems is studying law - a premature graduate of Cambridge. There is one steerage passenger, an Italian. The Capt. has not got his passengers or his wife on his bill of health. We anticipate trouble on that account.

Jan. 12th. I waked up on the river very early. The banks here are very low and covered with a kind of flag, no trees. Here and there are a few fishermen huts. At about eleven we were at the Bulone(?) where I am writing now. The towboat has gone to tow the other barque over the bar. In two hours we will be fairly on the Gulf and I shall be sea sick in less than two hours I am afraid. Fiat voluntas tua. I just saw the steamboat Mary Ruysland(?) in which Henry crossed the Gulf about a year ago. Poor Henry, I wonder where he is now. If he were a Catholic. It would be little matter for I think he would soon be a more earnest Catholic than I am. What a shame for me to be obliged to say so.

I read this morning the life of St. Francis of Assissium. What wonderful humility and perfect disengagement from the affairs of this world.

Night came, however, and brought me no seasickness. We are still in the Mississippi current. The water is still muddy and half-fresh. The barque lays down under what little breeze we have. The Captain thinks he has not ballast enough. There are twenty-five tons of ballast and a thousand barrels of lard in the bottom; the . . . decks are filled with cotton. When a gale comes we shall see about it, he says, but he shall not go back to N.O. after freight (ballast, I mean.)

Jan. 13th. "I'm on the Sea" - the dark blue waters are rolling beneath me, and the blue sky with a few grey clouds are above me.

"Alone upon the waters - all alone!"

Not all alone either. There is a ship and a brig in sight, the brig behind and the ship off to windward, both standing out. A steamboat, too, puffed across our course a little while ago.

The Capt. whipped the cook this morning, he having proved himself to be no cook. The Capt. being outwitted pushed the cook out of the galley, and struck him several times. There was not much chivalry in it. The unfortunate cook is now deposed and placed before the mast.

Jan. 14th. Hymn for the Nights at Sea

The waves are plashing round our prow
And sprakling in the pale moonlight;
Stilled be the passions, moveless now,
And lost in dreamy tranquil night -
The ocean waves gleam from afar
Till where their foam caps kiss the sky
Restless and soaring - but a star
Gleams stilly o'er us up on high;
But wider is our sea within,
And darker yet our inward clouds.

Jan. 15th. Nothing of note occurred today or yesterday. Last night the Capt. and I got to talking on Religion. He is an infidel, though he thinks Universalists preach good morals. He attributes all he has seen in Catholic countries to the Catholic religion.

Today we renewed our talk at dinner. The Capt. is an indifferentist without peculiarity, holding pretty much to the belief of my German friend whom I met coming down the river. I found myself obliged to go out last night to avoid seasickness. The night was very beautiful, moonlight and a stiff breeze. We have had headwinds ever since we started. I asked where we were of the Capt. who answered "At sea". Today there is a brig. . . . It is difficult to write now. However, I am succeeding illegibly, a great object, for the express benefit of the custom house at Marseilles.

Jan. 16th. I could not find my pen last night and so did not write any today. However, I had nothing to write about only the weather which was rainy and the wind was a headwind.

Jan. 16th. It is very warm this morning: 72 degrees. It enervates me. Being too lazy to study, I have concluded to write some, and translate the work for the Jubilee of Cardinal Fontana.

We are becalmed, and for the first time since we left Belize the vessel is righted. It is pleasant to walk on deck now. I shall easily follow the direction of Bishop Purcell - if it were always so - but when she is elevated to windward 30 degrees and correspondingly depressed to lewards, it is next to impossible to walk. Even the sailors catch the ropes as they pass across and along the deck. Ther. 74 degrees. Are you writing on your log? says the Capt. who is an original. Today is the feast of Blessed Anthony Anchoret. I have read his life but not for some time, and not carefully. I was very much enervated by the heat this morning. I did not make my meditation. I have not

yet made a single meditation as I ought. And yet perhaps I have more need of meditating fervently now than ever I had in my life.

Jan. 17. Tonight is a delightful moonlight night. The wind is east and the moon is also east and very high up. The moonbeams falling on the water look beautiful. The waves are very small and each one of them forms a mirror to reflect the rays from the moon. It is the most beautiful white light, not glaring as the sunbeam, but chaste and lower. So white will be the bodies of all the Saints on their resurrection, such a beautiful white.

I wrote a little hymn to the Blessed Virgin today. I had first a very pretty little tune which I wrote; and afterwards wrote the words to fit.

On the lonely ocean's heaving breast
Mother! We cry to thee,
Thou Star of hope forever blest,
Smile kindly down from Heaven on me.
Our life! our hope,
Mother of love, my mother be!
The waves are plashing around our prow,
Their foam caps gleam afar;
Rest is not here; but Oh, do thou
Guide us to rest, Sweet Ocean Star!
Our life, our hope,
Mother of love, my mother be.
And the wild waves that toss our barque,
Waves in me wilder still,
Roll o'er my soul, of passions dark,
And sweep towards death my grovelling will.
Our life, our hope,
Mother of love, with light my darkness fill.
Thou dwell'st in light in the light of Him
Whom thou hast loved for aye
In the sparkling light that shall wax not dim
In the ocean of light beyond the sky.
Our life, our hope,
Beam down on us thy pitying eye!"

Jan. 18th. I seem to have skipped a day, I'll put the date down for all.

Jan. 19. Nothing happened. We kept going ahead with a headwind.

Jan. 20. Headwind, and at evening we were off Cuba, though not in sight. .

Jan. 21. Hot weather, with squalls. We had a tremendous appearance of a squall tonight. . . . It blew with considerable violence a few minutes and thundered and lightninged terribly. . . . The roar of the waves, the howl of the wind, the rolling of the vessel, and all together are enough to disturb one's nerves. We are now in the Gulf.

Jan. 22. Today being Sunday, we have been out twelve days. We were in sight of Florida, and within a vessel's length of running on the reefs. The Capt. saw them in time. . . . We had a narrow escape. In a little while we shall see for what God has reserved us.

(To be continued)

THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
IN COSHOCTON COUNTY, OHIO

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

Colonel Bouquet's army of 1500 drilled and disciplined soldiers set out from Fort Pitt, October 3, 1764. With the militia came droves of cattle and sheep of sufficient numbers to subsist the army until their return. These were driven along by the rear guard. How the Delaware heart must have quailed for so formidable a command had never been seen in their country (32). Bouquet's journal has the following entry:

Saturday, October 13, 1764. Passing over a very rich bottom land we came to the main branch of the Muskingum about seventy yards wide with a good ford a little below, and a little above the Tuscarawas, a place exceedingly beautiful in situation, the lands rich on both sides of the river. The country on the northwest side being an entire plain upward of five miles in circumference, and from the ruined houses here appeared the Indians who inhabit the place and who are now with the Delawares, are supposed to be about 150 warriors. The town numbers about 750 Indians.

Thursday, October 25, 1764. Marched six and one half miles to forks of the Muskingum, as the most central place to receive the prisoners, the principal Indian towns lying there from seven to twenty miles distant. Four redoubts were built here, opposite the four angles of the camp. Ground in front cleared, provision storehouse erected, council house built.

The Indian braves stricken with fear made peace with Bouquet. By the ninth of November, four hundred and six captives were delivered to him. On the eighteenth the army broke camp, and marched for Fort Pitt (33). From the time the Delawares were subdued in this manner they cowered under the threat of another invasion and waited for the chance to reassert their martial prowess.

After Bouquet's expedition, the next voluntary visitation of this region by a white man was that made by Christian Frederick Post in 1774. Post, who was a joiner by trade and a Protestant professing the Moravian faith, came into this country as a missionary. Foremost among the "evangelical" apostles in these distant wilds, he nevertheless discovered that he had been anticipated and that the tidings of the Cross were not unknown on the Muskingum, and that its first visitors, the Jesuit Fathers, to whom the Indians were indebted for the teachings of the Gospel, had preceded him by many years (34).

Post requested and obtained permission from the Indians to establish a mission among them. But when the Indians observed that Post was marking out three acres of ground for a corn field, and beginning to cut down trees, they became alarmed and sent him word to appear before them at the council house on the following day, and meanwhile to desist from any further work on the premises. The next day the missionary was thus addressed:

Brother, you say that you are come at the instigation of the Great Spirit to teach and to preach to us. So also say the priests from Detroit, whom our Father, the French sends among his Indian children. Well, this being the case, you as a preacher, want no more land than those do; who are

content with a garden plot to plant vegetables and pretty flowers in, such as the French priests always have, and of which the white people are all fond. And we think if the Great Spirit urges you to preach to the Indians, he will provide for you in the same manner as he provides for those priests. We have agreed to give you a garden spot, even a larger spot than the priests have. It shall measure fifty steps each way; and if it suits you, you are at liberty to plant therein what you please (35).

Post built a house -- the first one erected in the state of Ohio -- and went back to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for an assistant. Early in the following year he returned with John Heckwelder and David Zeisberger, also Moravians, and eight Christian Indian families numbering about thirty-five persons. They laid out a mission village, "Lichteneau", the Pasture of Light, in the form of a cross with a chapel at the junction of the streets. . . . This sacred sign however, had been made familiar to the famous old councillors, White Eyes, Killbuck and the noble Netawatwees by their Blackrobe friends. Zeisberger records in his diary, "I have arrived among the Delawares to bring them to a recognition of their salvation and of their Redeemer, to whom the Gospel had already many years been preached" (36). Before their plans were fairly begun, dissatisfactions sprang up, which were to culminate in the war of 1776. The Indians began to show violence and in 1779, the mission was abandoned (37).

The labors of these Protestant missionaries at the forks of the Muskingum have been over-emphasized by such historians as Hunt and Graham. They would have us believe that the whole task of Christianizing the Indians was done by these three men in three years" time. As a matter of fact, the Jesuit Fathers had labored here for half a century before any Protestant missionary ventured into the wilds of these valleys. Even when the Moravians did come, their work endured for only a few years before they were forced to leave because of the hostility of the Indians. Heckwelder tells us in his journal that after the outbreak of the Revolutionary War it became practically impossible for a white man to get into the Delaware country to trade, to trap, or to preach. Under the gentle ministrations of the Jesuits, the natives themselves had never shown any violence, but when confronted by the aggressive and dictatorial manner of the English, their attitude changed. Every trail that led to the Delaware country was watched by the British. Thus, these poor children of the Faith were left without its consolation (38).

When the Revolution broke out, it was a matter of the utmost importance to the Colonists to secure, at least, the neutrality of the Indian tribes, and efforts to this end were accordingly made. Two treaties were signed in the successive years, 1775 and 1776, binding to neutrality the Delawares and some of the adjacent nations (39).

(32) William Smith, "Biography of Bouquet"; Cincinnati, Ohio. Robert Clarke Co. 1868. pp. XVII and XXIII. James W. Taylor, op. James W. Taylor, op. cit., p. 141.

(33) William Smith, op. cit. pp 29 and 91.

(34) Robert P. Nevin, "Black-Robes"; Philadelphia, Penna. J. B. Lippincot & Co. 1872. pp. 95-96.

(35) B. H. Coates, M.D., "Life of Heckwelder"; Philadelphia, Penna. Townsend Ward. 1847. p. 48.

(36) Eugene Bliss, "David Zeisberger's Diary"; Cincinnati, Ohio. Robert Clarke Co. 1885. p. XVI.
(37) Edward Rondthaler, "Heckwelder's Kide"; Philadelphia, Penna. Townsend Ward. 1885. pp. 70-74.
(38) C. H. Mitchner. op. cit. p. 114.
(39) N. N. Hill, "History of Coshocton County"; Newark, Ohio. A. A. Graham & Co. 1881. p. 204.

(To be continued)

EARLY BAPTISM RECORDS OF ST. JOSEPH'S

SOMERSET, OHIO

(Continued)

1830 (Cont.)

Aug. 18: Henry and Rosa, children of Thomas Ward and Leidae Schaa, infantes trium quatuorre annorum.
Pariter Evam filiam Bierd., et Leida Schaa erant 13 fere annorum.
Habitant Parentes in Dres----.

Sept. 12: Mary, of Henry Starner and Mary Stule; sponsors, Adam Fink and Mary Flowers. -- Frater D. Jos. O'Leary, O.P.

Sept. 26: Anthony Wiber, of John Wiber and Mary Butser; sponsors, Anthony Fisher and Elizabeth Bringardner. -- Frater Dan. Jos. O'Leary, O. Prae.

Sept. 26: Philip McGough, of John McGough and Hanna Johanna Grace; sponsors, Philip Grace and Catherine Grace. - Fr. Danl. Jos. O'Leary, O. Prae.

Sept. 27: Frances Bridget Dittoe, of John and Margaret Dittoe; sponsor, Domina Cluney. -- N. D. Young, O.P.

Oct. 17: Emiliana Flowers, of Matthew Flowers and Mary Elder; sponsors, John Crossin, Elizabeth Flowers. -- Frater Dan Josh O'Leary, O.P.

Oct. 17: Leander, of Warfi--- Bennett and Caroline Benili; sponsor, Edua--- Bennett; infans erat trium men---.

Oct. 17: Louis, of Michael Wagener and Magdal. Studer; sponsor, George Studer.

Oct. 27: Bridget Hanahan, of Thomas Hanahan and Mary McGarvey; sponsors, Peter Anderson and Catherine Ward.

Oct. 27: Owen McNulty, of Hugh McNulty and Catherine McNulty, alias Martin; sponsors, John Barry and Mary + fuit antea privatus baptizatus. -- Frater D. J. O'Leary, O.P.

----- : Mary Ledia, of Arthur Ledia and Catherine Collins alias Ledlie; sponsors, Rupert Bennett and Cecilia Bennett.
Catherine Ledlie, of Arthur Ledlie and Catherine Collins alias Ledlie; sponsors, Rupert Bennett and Cecilia Bennett. -- Frater Danl Jos O'Leary, O.P.

Nov. 15: Helen, of Anthony Dittoe and Catherine Anderson; sponsors, Joseph Dittoe and Helen Krim.

Nov. --: Mary, of John Welsch and Catherine Mackanaly; sponsors, John Donley and Catherine Boner.

Nov. 20: Johanna, of Mathew Paine and Mary Ring; sponsors, John Clark and Elizabeth Anna McMullan. -- Fred Rese.

Nov. 27: Daniel Clark, of Rosie Clark; sponsors, Peter Anderson and Mary Clark. -- D. J. O'Leary.

Nov. --: Basil, of James Clark and Mary Gordon; sponsors, Cornelius Crossin and Helen Gordon.

1831

Feb. 20: Bernard, of John Patton and Mary Patton; sponsors, Richard McGenegele and Johana M'Genegele. -- Fred Rese.

Feb. 20: Anna Mary, of John Kim and Elizabeth Kim; sponsors, Gregory Metsiher(?) and Mary Magdalen Brandy. -- Fred Rese.

Mar. 6: Michael Steven, of Cornelius and Margaret Steven; sponsors, Owen Donly and Catherine Sharkey. -- C.D. Bowling.

Mar. 21: Mary, of George Herzog and Genevieve Laube(?); sponsors, Joseph Laube and Theresa Roder.

Mar. 22: Edward, of Charles M'agfershen(?) and Margaret M'agferschen; sponsors, Michael Weiss and Mary M'agferschen.

Mar. 27: Mary, of James Dittoe and Sarah Keim; sponsors, Peter Anderson and Sara M'-----.

Apr. 3: James, of Michael Metzcher and Apolonia Reg----; sponsors, John Kiem and Ma--- Muller.

Apr. 4: Francis McDonnell, of James McDonnell and Mary Stine; sponsors, William Stine and Apalonia Litzinger. - D. J. O'Leary, O.P.

Apr. 4: Rosanna Dolen, of Patrick Dolen and Mary Byrnes(?); sponsors, Henry Banastili and Anna Banastie. -- D. J. O'Leary, O.P.

Apr. 17: James McManamy, of Thomas McManamy and Rachel Rogers (fuit antea privatum baptizatus); sponsors, Alexander Clark and Mary Clark.
-- Daniel Josh O'Leary, O.P.

Apr. 17: Henry Walsh, of James Walsh and Elizabeth MacGough; sponsors, Patrick Lynch and Patience Lynch. -- D. Josh O'Leary, O.P.

Apr. 21: Isabella, of James Freele and Margaret Freele .
----- Margaret Hering, nata June 21, 1813: sponsor, Anna Anderson.
-- Frater Josh D. O'Leary, o.p.

Apr. 24: Vincent, of Levi Bargaun and Anna Lilly (natus est ante tres hebdomadae); sponsor, Mary Margaret Gleiss.

Apr. 25: Thomas Flowers, of Catherine Fink; sponsors, Thomas Flowers and Mary Crouse. -- D. J. O'Leary.

May 8: James Brown, of William Brown and Teresa Moore; sponsors, James Martin and Margaret Martin. -- D. J. O'L.

May 8: Mary Johanna Sanders, of George Sanders and Helen Bennet; sponsors, William Bennet and Helen Largey.

May 22: Louis David Frunele, of Silas Frunele and Milinda; sponsors, James Sheran and Margaret Sharkey. -- D.J. O'Leary.

June 4: Francis Joseph Miller, of Peter F. Miller and Elizabeth Garick; sponsors, Francis Leigh --- Elizabeth Dumold. - Josh Danl. O'Leary.

June 11: Anna Curran, of Michael Curran and Mary Robison; sponsor, Elizabeth Walsh.

June 20: Alexander Gonder, of Daniel and Rosanna Gonder; sponsor, Charles White. -- C. D. Bowling.

June 20: Elizabeth Gonder, of Daniel and Rosanna Gonder; sponsor, Ch. White. -- C. D. Bowling.

June 20: Margaret Gonder, of Daniel and Rosanna Gonder; sponsor, Chr. White. -- C. D. Bowling.

July 1: Anna Edington, of James Edington and Mary Guold (b. 21 Dec. 1810); sponsor, Rebecca Flowers. -- Frater D. J. O'Leary.

July 3: David Hanks, b. March 4, 1803, of Tobias(?) Janks and Sarah Hoban; sponsor, Patrick Lynch. -- Frater D. J. O'Leary, O.P.