

Vol. 2

October 1976

No. 10

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CHILLICOTHE ACADEMY, 1853-1856
A PUPIL'S JOURNAL

(Editor's note: This section of the "Journal" of Teresa Blair continues recording the life in a boarding school before the Civil War. The concluding entries of the "Journal" will be given in next month's Bulletin and will picture social life in Lancaster, Ohio, during those days.)

1855. All Saints. Received a letter from Sister Laurentine, with an invitation to spend a couple of weeks at the Convent, an offer I shall most gladly accept, for I long to see the dear old place again.

Nov. 2. Made a few calls but told no one of my intended visit. Went with Fannie to the daguerrean rooms to have her pretty face taken. I am so glad that I dont happen to be handsome, as I might very likely act the simpleton too, going round to different galleries and sitting for specimens.

Nov. 3. I scarcely know whether I am dreaming or realizing the anticipations of the two or three days past. I am sitting in the old study hall near dear Sister Laurentine. But alas! I look in vain for the old familiar faces that one short year ago bent over their books. True, there are many here from last year, but not one of our class. Threw them all in a commotion by my arrival. The coach left me at the door and my ring was answered by an old Sister who had been in the house for years. The girls got a glimpse of me. But I ran up the front stairs to meet Sister L. who as the nun told me was in the Superior's room. A minute later I was locked in Sister's arms. In five minutes all the girls came flying upstairs, and if kisses would have melted anyone, I would have been extinguished. Spent the afternoon visiting every nook and corner consecrated by association. Made a visit to the silent shadowy sanctuary of the old chapel. Memory carried me over the vale of the past, and again the harmonious anthems of other days swept through the echoing halls. I met Sister Euphrasia, the music teacher. Quite different from the one under whose instructions I was so fortunate to be.

Nov. 4. Annie Gilmore and Lizzie McGinnis called on me today. I am supremely happy, indeed I feel as if upon an enchanted - - - after being tempest-tossed. Sister says I will not always be so devotedly attached to this sacred asylum, and that a day will come when plunged in the gaieties and anxieties of the world, I will cease to think of the retreat of Notre Dame, sacred to so many happy recollections. I can only say like the fille du Regiment - "Ere is brought o'er my heart oblivion of the past, in mercy let that moment be my last."

Nov. 5. Received several calls from old friends today; heard Sister Euphrasia sing or rather warble for I have never before heard such a bird-like voice; she improvised a "Tantum Ergo" that was almost too sublime to be earthly and must (have) been inspired.

Nov. 6. Have undertaken to write all the Christmas letters for dear Sister. Wrote one to the Rev. Archbishop today. Spent the afternoon at Lizzie's and have just returned.

Nov. 7. Wrote a letter in the name of the pupils for the Rev. Chaplain and one to the Superior Louise. Spent the evening at Annie's; met all my old friends -- if father could live in Chillicothe.

Nov. 8. Translated a drama from the French for the use of the girls. Called this afternoon at Mrs. Worthington at the Holley House; she is pretty as ever and her husband is a polished gentleman.

Nov. 9. Translated another drama and wrote several letters for specimens. Sister says all that I have written for their benefit and will be placed in the annals of the Institution to live in after years when the hand that traced will be nerveless from age, or reposing beneath the sod, and the mind that dictated every word, - what shall be its fate! Grief or Happiness! Bright anticipations realized or hopes blighted! Alas! O know not, but whatever be my fate, I know I have a place in the hearts of the dear inmates of Notre Dame, and the prayers of these elected of Heaven will follow my footsteps, wander where they may.....

Nov. 10. Would to God I had not to record the scenes of this day. Every eye is swollen, every cheek is pale from weeping and sorrow. We received news today that our dear school friend Genie died a day or two ago from lung-fever. Can it be that one brilliant and gifted graduate of four short months ago has been torn from those who had looked forward with so much parental pride and affection! God pity them, for no power on earth can console sorrow like theirs. How true it is that "Death ever loves a bright and shining mark."

Nov. 11. We have done nothing all day but talk of our lost friend; how soon her little bark run in harbour.

Nov. 12. Wrote a letter of condolence in the name of all the girls to Mr. and Mrs. C.

Nov. 15. Have been taking lessons ever since I have been here under Sister Euphrasia's instructions. Would that I could always (have) had her for a teacher, I might have been a fine pianist.

Nov. 16. Have been thinking of returning home, but they refuse to let me go.

Nov. 17. Wrote nearly all day for Sister. Had a long talk with Annie, who came to see me today.

Nov. 18. Had a long conversation with Sister on spiritual affairs; but I dare not portray on paper the secrets of my soul; they might fall beneath other eyes than mine; there are thoughts and feelings too sacred for utterance. Conflicts between duty and inclination that memory dare not recall, fearful of the agony the recollections will awaken.

Nov. 19. Took a walk with Annie and made several calls.

Nov. 20. I have been dreaming all day. Sometimes of the past and then of the future. Could I always live here and be happy as I am now, or does the charm for me lay in my having always been a boarder or guest? Would that I could lift the veil, but it cannot be!

Nov. 21. Called on all the girls today for I must leave next Monday. Sister says she does not know how she will do without me; but it will be more my loss than hers.

Nov. 23. Had a long conference with Sister. May I have the strength to follow her counsels through life! S. Euphrasia sang for me this afternoon, and has been trying to persuade me to return for the three last months. I would be too happy to do so were it in my power, but it could be a happiness I cannot hope to enjoy.

Nov. 24. One more day and I must go home: have seen all my city friends for the last time, tomorrow being Sunday.

Nov. 25. I have visited each nook and favorite haunt of my school days, perhaps for the last time. The old music room where merry voices have trilled their melodies and sung "dull care away." The dormitory where many a sly prank has been played by the girls who were held up as models to the school; the study hall with its long rows of desks and little platform in the center; its maps and globes; its painted windows that refused us a glimpse of the outer world; its protecting power a "Mater Dolorosa" hanging above the door; and nearer, dearer than all, the familiar forms and faces of the life and light of the hall sacred to science. Sister feels so sensitive about our parting that she will not let the girls speak of it. Why is it that I have become dear to so noble and pure a heart.

(To be concluded)

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REBELLION AND ORDINATION
(Concluded)

(Excerpts from the "Journal" of Sylvester H. Rosecrans, seminarian, and later first Bishop of Columbus, published here through the courtesy of the Archives, University of Notre Dame.)

July 1 (1849). The Roman Assembly has decreed that there are no forces to resist any more and puts the execution of the design in the hands of the Triumvirate. The Triumvirate hands it over to the municipal authority and there it stands. . . . Oudinot has granted them 50 hours of truce.

July 2. Another edict without names or "firma" was issued today saying that they will resist to the last; that they will sound the tocsin as before when the French go to enter, and every citizen shall arm immediately. Today they have labored as hard as their strength would let them on new barricades at Ponte Sisto. My blacksmith has been working on cannon carriages all day. There is an old one to be mended and a new one finished and sent off. This afternoon we saw soldiers with horses walking through the street. It is said they are instituting a corps of cavalry with stolen horses. . . . The old Triumvirate has resigned for some reason or other, and a new Triumvirate is formed. . . . We are in uncertainty whether the city is surrounded or not. I think the legal authorities have determined to give it up; but have been prevented from executing their decree by the Circolo Popolare.

July 3. It seems they were not prevented from executing the decree -- for this morning the French are all through Trastevere and are destroying the barricades at Ponte Sisto. The Free Corps are fled from the city along with Garibaldi, about 8,000 there were of them. These are the things afloat this morning. Unless the Circolo start up something now we are safe; and we may see the French before night. But no, they have entered and have been entering all day. Some two thousand passed the college and a great number after passing the Piazza d'Espagna filed into the Corso. They were ugly and dirty enough, though they certainly looked fierce. . . . They say there are at least 30,000 in now. The poor fellows were very tired. Passing the Cafe della beeli(?) arti, they (were) hissed (at) from that infamous hole of assisins whereupon the French turned about and advanced at charged bayonets. The scoundrels ran away in a hurry. They had carried out a banner and shouted "hurrah for the Republic"; "death to Pius IX"; &c. When Oudinot passed it is said that they hissed him. Since then they say that the Cafe has been closed and the persons in it taken prisoners. The line soldiers are to leave Rome in four days. They had not gone yet. The Decree was torn down in the streets. They could tear down the Pope's decrees. We shall see his Eminence is so easy to be trifled with. In our part of the city all was quiet and ill-concealed exaltation. Garibaldi is pursued now by 12,000 French cavalry. I hope he will be overtaken.

Deo gratias. Deo gratias. Deo gratias. Deo gratias. Dep gratias.

July 4. I wrote a long letter to the Bishop today giving him an account of our affairs here. The French have shot seven persons. There were eight assassinations yesterday evening while they were coming in.

July 5. There have been two assassinations today, - that we have heard of; one of a Priest by the Greek Frati's house, whose murderer escaped. Another of a French soldier whose murderer was dragged into the Portina of St. Andrea della valla and shot instantly. Three proclamations have been issued by Oudinot and his commander of the Piazza. In the first Oudinot declares that the Roman Assembly begun by ingratititude and ended by a war cry against a friendly people is now no more. He orders circles to be closed, declares the city under military law, forbids insult, &c.

The second is stronger, in which he gives power to any squad of soldiers insulted. . . . to shoot him down on the spot.

The other is by the commandant of the plan who orders that the people shall not be found in the streets after $9\frac{1}{2}$ without a passage to be given to Doctors and public functionaries. There were a number of arrests made last night. No news from Garibaldi except that he fled out of the gate of San Giovanni and was pursued by the French.

July 10. Since I wrote last many new edicts have come out. On the 6th the soldiers who would not submit were disarmed; on the 7th after a census of all the arms in Rome had been taken, the civic guard was disarmed and they were ordered to deposit their arms in appointed places. It was a pleasure on the 8th and 9th to see the gentlemen marching off with their guns and daggers. Yesterday we had a feast day nad a Te Deum. Monsignor Cullen and others were present. We walked out to St. John Lateran's for the first time in 75 days. Yesterday (they say) Sturbini Compana & were condemned to death. Today a curious story was told of how two frati of Gesu & Maria tried to kill a French officer who came there to ask if there was room there for soldiers quarters. Certainly the Frati

were taken through the street by French soldiers (and were afterwards released). Today we went to the American garden and to the gate of St. Pancrasio. They have not caused much ruin at the Americans. There are houses knocked down by the cannon of their barricades, but inside there (was) very little injury done. But at St. Pancrasio the ruin is frightful. The beautiful palace ab Quattro Venti is one heap of ruins. The wall that remains standing in broken fragments is pierced by innumerable bullets. The bascello(?) is unroofed and knocked down also. The ditches cut about the villa are immense. They are about ten feet wide, sometimes zigzag, sometimes straight, and then protected by bundles of fascines laid on a board that passes across the ditch about half way down. The breach in the wall is not so very large and the ruins are full ten feet high. We saw a little heap of earth there with crosses stuck up where some poor wretches had been buried. The place was thronged with people, carriages, horsemen, footmen, women, children, frati, seculars -- it was like a fair.

The Romans had made immense barricades inside the walls and before the gates, and had put sacks of dirt up over the gates to throw down upon the entering army.

July 11. Today we walked through the villa Borghese where the ruin is worse than in any other part. All the trees are cut for thirty acres of ground and their trunks are left lying on the ground. All the houses among others and the most beautiful palace near the entrance of the main villa are nearly level with the ground. The two lakes are dry with toads hopping over the bottoms; many of the fountains are dry. They seem to have begun to cut and destroy at the gate and to have continued as long as they were able, sweeping everything as they went. In the beautiful garden above the statuary is destroyed - noses, arms having been knocked off for mere spite. Much of the statuary is destroyed. Artists were here & there copying the ruins. In Donna bella Borghese with its walks and groves and fountains and hedges and statuary and temples - now looks exactly like a clearing at home. Along the walls of the Villa the Romans had also barricades, and ruined houses over towards Ponti Molle testified that the French had been there.

July 12. We went to Ponti Molle today. It is very much shattered and one arch is completely broken. The houses along the street are ruined down to the half-way fountain. There were bullet marks in 7 or 8 of them and some are literally speckled with them. The French had built an immense barricade semicircle in front of the bridge. We met an old Jesuit lay-brother at the bridge In the afternoon we went to Monte Pincio which the Romans have fortified with considerable art.

July 13. Today we said office and high Mass for ----- Ferdinand who died yesterday morning. The flesh had already become putrid. Hustis was of most wonderful simplicity and good temper. And took it neither well nor ill that we laughed at his peculiarities. He was always most eager to learn. He was left here by his father and mother along with Hugh three years ago this summer. He was about 22 years of age.

August 9. Ritoro. Father Borro.

August 28. I think again of writing my journal as the Bishop said it may prove very useful hereafter to know what I saw and what I thought about in

former times. . . Afterwards when we went to St. Austin's Church and heard part of the panegyric of a young priest there, I partly thought on St. Augustine, partly on his panegyrist. The calling him my hero seemed bad taste to me. Thence to the Vatican & back. I talked about St. A. going and about America, French wars, the Jesuit Ralle, &c, &c, &c, until we returned.

Aug. 29. Today we went to Monte Cavallo twice and afterward made the visit at the little church where they always have the Benediction. The little verse they sang alternately, the people and the choir, is very pretty. I read Milner again today. I find erudition enters vastly into his interesting style. About English affairs his information was certainly very great. I wish I had read the article on Hoadlyism when I was in Cleveland. It would have been of great service to me in the discussion I had with Levi. Poor Levi! Why do I despair of him?

I went to confession today. . . An Armenian, Katyigian, leaves Sept. 1. He is a good boy, very conscientious. He touched me by making such a selection of ascetic books, as he had before often carrying one to walk. . . I was a little displeased at the publicity of our game of ball, and at the freedom the soldier took with our hats.

Sept. 7. I do not succeed very well with my journal. The fact is we have so little time in the evening that I am glad to look into a book in the evening after a day of excitement and walking. Two hours a day of study is little enough. One thing we have here in college is a complete sacrifice of all our tastes, a sacrifice which I especially feel. . . . When the rest walk, you must walk; when they make free time, you must make free time; and in short you must conform yourself in all things. . . .

Sept. 12. . . Yesterday I went in company with the other Americans to see Mr. Cass, the Ambassador. He is as good a Protestant or indifferentist as could be expected, very unprejudiced. He thinks Lingard is a meager historian; whereas he prizes Macaulay highly. He has travelled a great deal and has lived in the same house with Hallens(?). It is a pity that such a man should be a Protestant.

Sept. 20. . . Yesterday at supper time I was taken sick. . .

Oct. 17. Frascati is now almost finished and during it I have had little to do with myself; my time has been employed in the affairs of others.

Oct. 26, 1849. Exercises. Introduction at 5.

Dec. 14. Tonight being the vigil of St. Thomas day I began reading in the lives of the saints and reading the life of St. Eucharius I was struck by the mention of that saint's treatise on the contempt of the world written about the year 427 to his brother Valerian. . . .

Dec. 22, 23. And how much the Ritoro we are making ought to assist me to despise the world. . . .

Meditation 1st Jan. 22, 1850. The Providence and mercy of God are infinitely great. "His mercy is as his greatness." says the Psalm. . . .

Jan. 29. The community has made the exercises and finished meditating in the first place on the importance of salvation.

Feb. 1. Vigil of the Purification. The retreat is finished and tomorrow I am to take the oath binding myself to the Holy See -- or to Propaganda. I am glad to do it for I consider it an act of great merit. I shall also go to Holy Communion so that tomorrow will be to me a happy day. It is a feast of the Blessed Virgin too, another happy circumstance.

May 16, 1850. Retreat. (Mediations of the retreat follow.)

Aug. 24, 1850. Retreat. (Meditations of the retreat follow.)

Palm Sunday, 1851. I rose in the morning at half past five and left the college at six. From the Irish College to St. Peter's in vinculis where the Bishop said Mass and I made Communion. Returned to the Irish College. We found the carriage waiting and after making our repast we went to St. Peter's, Bishop Murphy, Archbishop Purcell and myself. Arrived there, we were stowed away by a good canon in a suite very near the Papal throne, just behind a row of Bishops and Archbishops dressed in Copes and Chasubles. After we had been there about half an hour we saw the procession coming with the Pope borne on the shoulders of about sixteen men. The choir struck up "Tu es Petrus" and "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" away down near the door, and the procession moved slowly on with the waving of plumes, and diamonds flashing on the mitres and vestments of Archbishops, Bishops, Patriarchs, Abbots. The Pope was finally conducted to his throne and intoned the Dominus &c, and sang the prayers for the Benediction of Palms. After which he seated himself and began distributing first to the Cardinals, then to the Archbishops and Bishops and Abbots, then to the ecclesiastics at court, then to the Diplomatic Corps, and finally to the lords and gentlemen who had tickets for the occasion. Afterwards there followed the procession of Palms in which the Pope was borne aloft. . . . The long procession of Palms was exceedingly beautiful, the palms waving above all the way down to St. Peter's.

Vigil of Sts. Peter and Paul, 1851. I would wish to collect my thoughts today and to see where I am.

The Retreat of July 31, 1851. Meditation on the end for which we came into College.

The Retreat of Oct. 1851. . . . (Meditations follow.)

Retreat for Holy Orders, May 17, 1852. Without having communed with myself much for the last six months, I find myself suddenly transported into May 1852, and in the act of commencing my last retreat in Propaganda. I am preparing for Holy Orders. These hands that are now employed in writing are the hands of one soon to be ordained Priest! And if this retreat is not done well when will I do one well? When will I have stimulants to excite me as I have now? (Meditations of the retreat follow.)

The eve of St. Philip's day, the eighth of the exercises. Tomorrow the die is to be irrevocably cast. I am to be ordained subdeacon. Tomorrow is the term of my exercises, the goal of my studies, the last end of my college life, the beginning of life in earnest. I do not feel very much moved at the prospect.

What moves me is to look forward to Corpus Christi when God willing I will say my First Mass. Oh, that is the day to look forward to! . . . (Meditation).

May 27. St. Philip's day came and passed and I was ordained and am now again in the exercises (of retreat) (Meditations follow).

The day before Ordination, June 4, 1852. Tomorrow the Holy Ghost will descend upon me and I shall receive in all its fullness the terrible power over the Mystical and Real Body of Jesus Christ. The Holy Ghost will descend upon me as upon the Apostles in the Supper Room and I shall be transformed.

(The future Bishop of Columbus concluded his "Journal" with thoughts on the meditations of his retreat in preparation for ordination. The "Journal" gives nothing of his actual ordination or First Mass, and nothing of his departure from Rome.)

The end.

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Acknowledgements

"Jubilee Celebration Fiftieth Anniversary, St. Vincent de Paul Church," Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Gift of Rev. Charles Haluska.

Pictorial History of the Dominican Province of St. Joseph, U.S.A. by Rev. James R. Coffey, O.P. Gift of Sister Mary Charles, O.P.

"A History of the American Congregation of Dominican Sisters, Saint Mary of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio." Gift of Sister Mary Charles, O.P.

Some California Catholic Reminiscences for the United States Bicentennial, edited by Magr. Francis J. Weber, archivist, Archdiocese of Los Angeles. Gift of Bishop Herrmann.

Westward the Winds, Being Some of the Main Currents of Life in Ohio, 1788-1873, by Ann Natalie Hansen. On loan from Sister Mildred McGovern, S.C.N.

The Catholic Journey through Ohio by Albert Hamilton, published by the Catholic Conference of Ohio.

The Divinity of Christ by Rt. Rev. S. H. Rosecrans, D.D. On loan from Rosecrans High School, Zanesville, Ohio

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