PATRICK J. RYAN

·THE·BOY·WHO·STARTED·OUT·TO·BE·A·GREAT·ORATOR·AND·BECAME·AN·ARCHBISHOP·OF·THE·CATHOLIC·CHURCH·AS·WELL·

"MY BOY, YOUR TONGUE WILL SOME DAY MAKE YOU FAMOUS."

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS LISTENING TO THE STORIES OF CHAPLAIN RYAN.

BY GUY T. VISKNISKKI.

ARCHBISHOP Patrick J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, who is being continually referred to as "the next American cardinal," got his ambition to be somebody in the world from a pat on the head and a few words said to him by Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator, known in history as the "Emancipator."

In 1844 "Paddy" Ryan was thirteen years old and a student in Carlow college, Ireland. In that year Daniel O'Connell visited the college and the students were called upon to declaim for his entertainment. The great man sat through the speeches, apparently paying no attention to them, so far as outward sign was concerned, until a lad, marked chiefly by a thick shock of fiery hair, mounted the rostrum and began to speak. Then Mr. O'Connell came out of his shell, his whole attitude changed, and he gave earnest ear to what the boy had to say from beginning to end.

He did more. As the student was starting to step down from the platform, the great orator, in an excess of enthusiasm, walked over to him, placed his hand on the shock of red hair, and said:

"My boy, your tongue; it will some day make you famous. Don't neglect it; it is your talent."

That was all, but it stuck to "Paddy" Ryan's mind. Like other boys of the time, he had made a hero of O'Connell, and he could not get away from the prophecy, which O'Connell forgot about next day; so at last he told himself that, although he was set aside by his family to be a priest, he would still try to be what his idol said he could be if he only would—an orator.

Three years later, just a few months before O'Connell's death in Genoa, he was billed to speak in a town near Thurles, young Ryan's birthplace. When the doors were thrown open a red-headed boy presented himself and started to walk through.

"Hey!" yelled the doorkeeper, "you can't get in without a ticket."

"But I want to hear Daniel O'Connell," protested the lad.

"Then buy a ticket," said the man.

"I haven't any money," confessed the lad.

The man laughed.

"Then," he said, "you'll not hear Daniel O'Connell speak this night."

But the boy would not be discouraged. He sought out the stage entrance.

"I want you to tell Mr. O'Connell that Patrick Ryan would like to speak to him," he said to the attendant.

"And who's Patrick Ryan?" asked that worthy.

"I am," replied the boy, "and I want you to take my name in to him and tell him I'd like to speak with him for a moment."

The man laughed just as heartily as the other one had. He also said much about the boy's audacity in thinking he could gain audience with such a distinguished person as the "Emancipator," and he did not neglect to make other personal remarks about what Cardinal Gibbons has called "Archbishop Ryan's red hat that nature gave to him."

But "Paddy" Ryan would not be laughed down. He had a tongue—Daniel O'Connell said it was his talent—he wanted to see Daniel O'Connell, and he talked and argued and joked and bantered with the man until finally the fellow, becoming impressed with the pleader's earnestness, took in his name.

A few minutes later Daniel O'Connell stood before the boy.

"Well?" he said.

"Mr. O'Connell," asked the youth, "don't you remember me?"

The "Emancipator" took a good look.

"Why, bless me!" he said, "you're the boy whom I praised at Carlew college for speaking so well. What are you doing here?"

The boy told him.

"So you want to hear me speak?" said O'Connell. "Well, you shall. But first tell me what you are doing now."

"I am studying to be a priest," was the reply.

"Good," answered the agitator. "Keep it up, and don't neglect your tongue. You will make your mark with it when you have entered the church. Come."

And so Patrick J. Ryan got to hear his idol from an advantageous seat on the stage, the great man had once again prophesied he would make his mark as an orator, and the boy's ambition, awakened three years before, had received a fresh impetus.

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The Civil war had begun. Thousands of Ireland's best fighting men, forced to America in the late forties and the fifties by famine and obnoxious legislation, were flocking to the standard of the Union. Whole regiments were being formed of them. Among the Irish volunteers in St. Louis was a young priest, Father Patrick J. Ryan, who had come to America in 1852, and had been ordained the following year in the Missouri metropolis. His services were accepted as chaplain and he was assigned to a military prison.

By this time Father Ryan had begun to justify Daniel O'Connell's prophesy. His sermons from the time of his ordination had attracted attention. "They are different," said the people, and they went in increasing numbers to hear the priest who "could touch their heart strings, was not afraid to tell a witty story in an inimitable brogue and in the next instant draw a picture that would bring tears."

So Chaplain Ryan went among the soldiers in the prison as he had gone among the people in the slums of St. Louis. He made those who were wounded laugh even in and at their pain by his wit; he cheered up others with droll stories; he kept the whole prison as cheerful as any prison can be by means of his tongue; and there are men down South today who will tell you stories that they heard from the lips of Chaplain Ryan when they were hostages of Uncle Sam between the years 1861-65.

In his work Chaplain Ryan came in contact with men of all sorts of religious beliefs and creeds. Never a radical, he came to understand how men could feel differently on the subject of religion and still be sincere, and so when he was mustered out of the army and returned to his pulpit his sermons were marked not only for their eloquence and wit, as before, but for their liberal views as well. As a result, Father Ryan's name soon became known to Protestants, and before long his speaking acquaintance with men of others faiths was as large as with his own, and good Presbyterians were repeating and laughing at his latest stories every bit as heartily as the most pronounced Catholic in his congregation.

Thus things drifted on, Father Ryan winning the respect and regard of all creeds, to the year 1872, when the priest's eloquence brought him his first ecclesiastical reward—that of coadjutor bishop of St. Louis. The promotion was fuel for his oratorical fires. For the next twelve years, whenever he preached or spoke in public, thousands, representing all sects, crowded to hear him, and went away to tell his stories and to discuss the liberal views which he had expounded.

It was the broad attitude he took as coadjutor bishop that first caused Pope Leo to hear of Bishop Ryan. The late pope, as everybody knows, was liberal in his views, and here was a church dignitary who had won the respect of a large body of Protestants, and broken down much prejudice against the church. So Leo sent for Bishop Ryan, received him in the Vatican, and, in recognition of his work, which had been almost solely that of a speaker, gave him the honorary title of Archbishop of Salamis.

This occurred in the same year that Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, died. Archbishop Wood had been ultra-conservative. Among other things he would not let a member of the G. A. R. be buried in a Catholic cemetery. He held that the G. A. R. was a secret society; he was opposed to all such organizations, and he would have no rites other than those of the church at the grave. As a result, in Philadelphia, the leading Protestant city in America, the city of the most pronounced anti-Catholic riots of 1844, when eight churches were burned and many people killed, the progress of the Catholic church was by no means what leading Catholics desired.

Upon the death of Archbishop Wood the church began looking around for his successor. It did not take it long to discover that Bishop Ryan was the only man in sight who was fitted for the post. A man was wanted who could soften the widespread hostility against the church; he would have to be something of a diplomat, and a man who could use his tongue well. Bishop Ryan, by means of his wit and liberality, had won a host of Protestant friends in St. Louis; his policy had received the pope's stamp of approval; he was the man for the place.

So Patrick J. Ryan, coadjutor bishop of the archdiocese of St. Louis, became second archbishop of the lately created archdiocese of Philadelphia.

His first act caused the town to gasp. A G. A. R. man, a Catholic, died, and, in fear and trembling, the members of the dead man's lodge presented themselves before the archbishop and asked if they might bury their comrade in a Catholic cemetery. He not only gave his permission, but he put on his chaplain's uniform, preached the sermon and led the way to the grave. And the veterans, forgetting that they were in church, and the solemnity of the occasion, cheered their new-found comrade in arms.

That one act, supplemented by a few sermons revealing the speaker's tolerance, oratorical powers and overflowing humor, broke down much of the old prejudice and before long the archbishop was addressing meetings, religious and otherwise, not under Catholic auspices. At one of them Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, of the famous fighting McCooks, and Philadelphia's leading Presbyterian minister, walked across the platform to grasp the archbishop's hand, and to say that he, too, had been a chaplain in the Civil war. Now, whenever Dr. McCook and Archbishop Ryan attend banquets at the Union league, of which they are members, they always see to it that they sit side by side, and each in his sermons frequently states that "my good friend, Dr. McCook," or "my warm friend, Archbishop Ryan, declares."

As with the clergy, so with the laity; the archbishop's tongue prevailed there, in one way or another.

"Your grace," said the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, when he was counsel of the Pennsylvania railroad, "Mr. Roberts our president, who always travels with his counsel, will undoubtedly get you passes over all the railroads in the United States, if in return you will give him a pass to paradise."

"Ah," replied the archbishop, quietly, "I would do so if it were not for separating him from his counsel."

The archbishop's reply made him two influential friends, and it is typical of the way in which he has kept Philadelphia in good humor for twenty-four years.

At the same time he has not neglected the church. When he assumed charge of the archdiocese it had 250,000 Catholic families; now it has double the number. He has built, just outside of Philadelphia, the second largest Augustinian monastery in the world; the largest is in Spain. He has erected a protectory for boys, founded several large hospitals, and with the $250,000 which was collected as a gift for him on his recent golden jubilee, and which he refused to accept, he has started building an orphanage.

The archbishop was once asked how he raised all the money for his various enterprises. "Why," he replied, "I just talk to people and somehow they give."

It was just his talking that ended Philadelphia's great street railway strike in 1895. This leading citizen and that had tried, without success, to get the strike leaders to arbitrate. A big bribe had failed to move them. Riot and disorder grew apace. The city's business was paralyzed. Then somebody thought of Archbishop Ryan; he was approached and consented to see what he could do.

He went to the place where the leaders were assembled. He introduced himself, then said he guessed it wouldn't hurt if they'd talk over the situation a little. It turned out that the archbishop did about all the talking. He got the men with him at the start by a funny story, and he held them by the flashes of wit with which he interspersed his argument. An hour or so later when he left the meeting he carried with him the word of the leaders that they would arbitrate their claims. The next day Philadelphia was a peaceful town again and street cars were running as usual on every line.

"My boy, your tongue; it will some day make you famous." His fellow churchmen declare that if Archbishop Ryan gets the red hat, as many of them think he will, it will largely be because of his wonderul eloquence and his attitude on church matters which he expressed, parable fashion, some few days ago when he was asked where he stood in a supposed difference between Cardinal Gibbons, extreme liberal, and the late Archbishop Corrigan, ultra-conservative:

"As archbishop of Philadelphia, I naturally stand half way between New York and Baltimore."

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MOROS ARE BORN TO WARFARE

FROM all accounts the Moros are natural born fighters. From the age of sixteen their arms never leave their belts except to draw blood, and, being Mohametans, imbued with the idea that the slaughter of Christians insures admission to heaven, they have gone about using them freely upon those who might by any chance be considered Christians. The greater the number slain the higher, they believe, would be the slayer's seat upon the steps of the heavenly throne.

They are not savages, however, in the sense that some people imagine them to be. Uncle Sam has among his varied assortment of peoples in the Philippines some who wear little more than a breech clout, but the sultan of the Moros does not dispense high-handed judgments seated on the sand under a fantastic umbrella, with a boiling pot for minced missionaries near at hand. As a matter of fact, it is generally understood that the real ruler of the Moros is not the young, pock-marked, heavy and characterless featured sultan, who has a name consisting of eight or ten words, but his mother, the sultana dowager. The Moros, indeed, are supposed to be supplanters of earlier tribes of the Malayan race, and with Arabian antecedents. They have many characteristics tending to support this belief. Intermarriage with the savage peoples of the surrounding islands has ingrafted many pagan superstitions in their religion.

The Spaniards, when they discovered the Philippines, 400 years ago, found them on the Sulu archipelago, and occupying a part of the large island of Mindanao, as well as the northern part of Borneo. They still occupy this territory, the sultanate comprising between 140 and 150 islands and islets, of which ninety are inhabited. The Spaniards called them Moros, or Moors, because of their dark skin and their religion. While claiming sovereignty over them, the Spaniards were unable to control them, except while Gen. Arolas, a Spaniard of republican tendencies, was governor. The Moros found him a Tartar, and learned that it was wise to obey his mandates.

The Moros are born to warfare. Until the '60s, when a fleet of steam gunboats put an end to it, they practiced piracy on the high seas. Although restrained from this occupation, the habit of training the boys to become warriors has not ceased. From the earliest youth the lads practice with the shield, the "campilan," a kind of short, two-handled sword, wide at the tip, narrowing down to the hilt; the "barong," which is used for close conflict; the straight "kris" for thrusting and cutting, and the waved, serpentlike "kris" for thrusting only. The Moro becomes so dexterous in the use of the "barong" that he can decapitate a man at a single stroke. At sea they use a sort of assegai, called "bagsacay," or "simbilin," which is about half an inch in diameter, with a sharp point. Some can throw as many as four of these at a time, making them spread in their flight. These were used in the days of piracy for boarding vessels. They are very skillful in the manufacture of these weapons, the blades of their knives being as finely tempered and sharp as a Damascus blade. Their homes are veritable armories. Of recent years some of them have learned the use of firearms and have come into possession of supplies of them.

The Moro loathes any kind of work other than that connected with his profession as a warrior. He expects that all of his physical wants will be supplied by his wives and slaves. His valuable time is devoted to affairs of state and the care of his arms. In battle he is fearless, for his religion teaches him that death in warfare carries with it the honor of life hereafter in the Mohametan heaven. When engaged in a fight he makes hideous grimaces to frighten his opponent, and prances and leaps to confuse the aim of his adversary and to protect himself from a blow behind or below the shield.

These Moros are described as robust, of medium height, often of superb physical development, dusky bronze in color, the possessors of piercing eyes, low foreheads and lank hair which is dressed in a sort of chignon and hangs down the neck. They are agile, and have wonderful capacity for holding their breath under water. They are of quick perception, audacious, extremely sober, rarely using intoxicating drinks; ready to promise anything and do nothing, vindictive, highly suspicious of strangers, long suffering in adversity, hesitating in attack, and the bravest of the brave in defense. Large numbers of them chew the betel nut.

As to dress, those who are contemplating the production of new comic operas might study their costumes with excellent results. Datto Calvi, one of the Moro chieftains, and his troop of followers, whom Gen. Bates took with him when he went to visit the sultan in order to open relations with him, were a pompous lot as they strode up and down the deck of the vessel. The datto, a young fellow, was quite a dude, according to Moro standard. He would strut up and down the deck in his two-piece suit, his turban tied on with a style and individuality that made him a marked man. Behind him followed his betel nut carriers, who kept him constantly supplied with a good "chew." No Italian bandit or stage hero ever presented a more picturesque or ferocious appearance than did this Moro.

Among the Moros a disfiguring practice is that of filing the front of their teeth with rat-tail files or a small round stone until the teeth project outward from the mouth, and blackening them with a varnish made by boiling the milk of a cocoanut and then dropping a piece of red-hot iron in it. The iron and the milk combined make a compound that has the appearance of black carriage varnish. This will wear several weeks after being placed on the teeth.

Of course the sultan and his court dress with much greater splendor than their subjects. It is related that when Gen. Bates' party visited the sultana dowager before going to meet her son, besides wearing a gown of black brocade silk—not cut after the latest Parisian style—a scarf of light figured material and a gauzy headdress, she had on her right hand a white cotton glove of American manufacture, which she had put on with the buttons on the back of the hand. It was thus that she had protected herself against contact with the "Christian dogs." On this occasion the sultan was especially gorgeous. He wore a coat of yellow watered silk, a black vest with a gold chain festooned across a white undershirt of muslin, flowing skirts, trousers of white gauze and patent leather pumps. On his head was a high fez of some colored material about which was wound a white turban.

Nominally the sultan is the ruler of the Moros. The present sultan is acknowledged as the spiritual leader, but he has not the entire support of the dattos, or tribal chieftains. One datto has the proud distinction of having defeated him in a revolutionary movement. At the present time the political power lies in the hands of the dattos. These dattos are of varying degrees of bloodthirstiness. A story is told by a correspondent in the Philippines of a visit to Datto Joka Nina, the datto who defeated the sultan, which breathes the atmosphere of a tale of successful escape from death by falling over a precipice, by dexterous crawling along a narrow ledge. This datto had the reputation of being a "square" man, who would not kill one without first informing him of his intention. When this correspondent called on him at his seat of government, five miles outside of Jolo, he came forth in his bare feet and greeted his visitor cordially, remarking at the same time that he was glad to have the Americans so near, as they would make excellent servants and traders. "The datto had a fine little boy," says the correspondent. "He wanted me to take a picture of him. I did so. Then his excellency wanted the picture. I explained that I would put it on paper at Manila. He said, 'Why not now?' I looked; on the wall were twenty-five Remington rifles and one Mauser carbine. Well, I said it was such an important thing, it took time. This relieved the situation, and both of us continued to retain our heads on our shoulders."

That the religion of the Moros reaches back and dovetails into the foundation of the Christian religion is indicated by their belief in many characters of the Old Testament and their possession of stories of the creation of Adam and Eve, the Garden of Eden, etc. They know of "Ibrahim," "No," "Adam," "Mosa," "Ismail," "Daud," "Sulaiman," "Yakub" and "Alse," who is supposed to be Samson. The story of the flood is told as follows:

"When the forty days and nights of rain came, No and his family got into a box. One pair of each sort of bird and beast also came in. Men who were busy with their ordinary occupations, and did not enter the box, were overtaken by the flood. Those who ran to the mountains became monkeys; those who ran to the water, fish. The Chinaman changed to a hornbill. A woman who was eating the fruit of a seaweed, and would not stop, was changed into a fish called a dugong, and her limbs can still be seen under its skin."

An unpleasant feature of the practice of their religion for many years was the "juramentado." One has described him as "an American citizen of Mahometan faith, who takes a solemn oath before a pundita, or Moro priest, that he will die killing Christians." Many of these "juramentados" were slaves, who chose this method of escaping from slavery into the heavenly state which was to be the reward. Announcing his purpose, he has his eyebrows shaved off, takes a bath, puts on his best clothes, usually white, and then takes his oath. Having thus arranged his worldly affairs, he arms himself with a "kris," or bolo, and some fine morning he bounces into a village brandishing his weapon. Charging through the street, cutting right and left with his knife, he goes on his way until some one kills him.

In the days of Spanish rule, it was the Spaniard, seated in front of his house, place of business or cafe, whose head was smitten from his shoulder by the "juramentado." Gen. Arolas endeavored to prevent this religious slaughter by disarming all Moros before permitting them to enter villages where there were Christians. At a "lanceria" outside each gate was stationed a detail of Spanish soldiers, who had orders to shoot to kill every Moro who did not freely give up his arms. A dead line was established. Even these precautions a "juramentado" was able occasionally to accomplish his purpose.

On one occasion a Moro (known to the soldiers as a peaceably disposed native, entered the town leaving his barong in the "lanceria" as usual. A little later he returned and claimed his weapon, and when it was returned to him he passed a package of cigarettes around to the guards as an evidence of his friendly disposition. Several of the men set their guns down in order to light these cigarettes, when instantly the Moro drew his barong from its wooden scabbard, and with a single motion cut off the head of the soldier nearest to him. So rapid was the attack that the head had rolled several yards away, two more men had received fatal injuries and a fourth was so severely cut that he was crippled for life before the soldiers recovered from their astonishment. Further loss of life was prevented by the blowing off of the "juramentado's" head.

At one time, during Gen. Arolas' regime, some of the warriors of Datto Cottabato killed a number of Spaniards. When the datto was called to account, he replied that he could not restrain his men, for they were "juramentados." Gen. Arolas dispatched a gunboat to the place and shelled the datto's town, killing 400 of the datto's subjects. When the datto complained, Gen. Arolas replied bluntly:

"Can't help it; my men are 'juramentados.'" The datto took the hint.

When Gen. Bates assumed control of the Sulu islands he informed the sultan that if any Americans should be killed by "juramentados" he would execute not only the murderers but the priests and everybody who had anything to do with the crime. His "majesty" is said to have issued immediately a proclamation telling his people, according to the translation, that "they must not kill the Americans, because they are like a bunch of matches—if you touch one the whole bunch will go off."

"Besides," he added, "why should Mahometans kill Americans—they are not Christians, they are Presbyterians."