

McLaughlin, James F. Eulogy on Rev  
Dr. Ryder... 1860.

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EULOGY

ON

REV. DR. RYDER, S. J.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.  
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ON

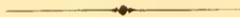
REV. DR. RYDER, S. J.,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, D. C.,

BY

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JAMES F. McLAUGHLIN.



WASHINGTON, D. C.  
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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, *January 24, 1860.*

Mr. JAS. F. McLAUGHLIN:

DEAR SIR: Regarding the Eulogy pronounced by you before the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College upon the late Rev. Father JAMES RYDER as a production of distinguished ability and eloquence, and considering that its publication would redound not only to your credit, but to that of our entire community, as coming from our fellow-student, we respectfully request a copy of it for that purpose.

Very truly, your friends,

R. Y. BROWN,  
H. S. FOOTE, Jr.,  
D. S. HAYNES,  
JNO. D. BRYAN,  
WM. B. CARR,  
ISAAC PARSONS,  
JNO. W. KIDWELL,  
R. E. FOOTE,  
BOWIE JOHNSON,  
BEN. S. JOHNSON,  
M. LUCKETT,  
E. NEALE,  
H. J. MATHEWS,  
JNO. F. MARION,  
J. W. NEALE,  
M. A. STRONG,  
A. B. YOUNG,  
C. A. DONEGAN.

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GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, *January 25, 1860.*

GENTLEMEN: Your complimentary favor under date of January 24, has just been placed in my hands. In reply, permit me to offer you my grateful acknowledgments for the very flattering encomiums you have been pleased to pass on my humble tribute to the memory of Dr. RYDER. I herewith submit the copy of my remarks, desultory as they must necessarily be, from the short time allowed me for preparation.

With best wishes, gentlemen, I remain,

Your friend and obedient servant,

JAMES F. McLAUGHLIN.

To ROBT. Y. BROWN and others,

*Students at Georgetown College.*

# EULOGY.



*Gentlemen of the Philodemic Society :*

We have assembled to perform a solemn and imposing ceremony. The founder of our body, the venerated JAMES RYDER, is no more. At Philadelphia, on the morning of the 12th of January, at fifteen minutes past ten o'clock, he calmly terminated his mortal career; and to-day we witnessed the offices of religion over the dead, and swelled the funeral train, as, amid the chants of holy men, it slowly passed to yonder graveyard. The profound sorrow that pervades the whole community, giving itself utterance in the tolling of sacred bells, in glowing panegyric, and in the universal gloom that we behold around us, conveys an earnest and eloquent testimony to the worth of the distinguished dead.

If there be one visitation more than another trying to the heart of man; one power that sunders with relentless might the ties consecrated to the affections, that power is death. Yes, gentlemen, although the spirit be soothed by the holy consolations of faith; although we may look up to heaven, and rejoice in knowing that the just man departed mingles forevermore in the glorious hierarchy of the blessed, there is yet a pang that every heart experiences when the friend whom we devotedly loved, and the father whom we all venerated, bows a meek victim to the King of Terrors, and yields to the unkindly dust his honored body.

The life of Father RYDER was passed almost entirely in official and prominent positions, and it may not on this occasion prove uninteresting to recur briefly to the principal events of that life, which, after the vicissitudes of sixty years, stands proudly forth at its close without a blemish to darken the fair picture.

JAMES RYDER was born in the city of Dublin on the 8th of October, in the year 1800. While yet a child he bid adieu to the land of his fathers, and arriving in America, was sent to pursue his studies at the venerable college of which we are proud to claim ourselves the alumni. Discovering at the early age of fifteen a vocation for the religious life, he was upon application received into the Society of Jesus. Within these haunts of our own boyhood, five years were passed in laying up that rich store of learning that shone so conspicuously in his after life. In 1820, by virtue of his distinguished talents, he was sent to Rome to prosecute to their completion his studies in philosophy and theology. It was during this period that he defended, before the assembled wise men of the Eternal City, a thesis embracing the whole range of philosophy and theology, and from the testimony of those who were present, acquitted himself with an ability that would have done honor to many an older head, even in Rome itself. No doubt the achievements of this day made an impression on the ardent mind of the young scholar that nerved him to renewed exertion, and to seek, like the victor at the Olympic games of old, in every succeeding exhibition of his intellectual prowess, a more elevated position than the last. Having completed his studies, he was raised to the rank of Professor of Theology in the University of Spoleto, where the present Pope was at that time Archbishop. He held this office for two years, an evidence of the high appreciation in which his talents were held, and after retiring from it bid adieu to the sky of Italy, and returned again to his adopted country.

The name of Father RYDER is a household word in Georgetown College. The chairs of Rhetoric, Philosophy, and Theology were respectively occupied by this patron of letters, and to each he brought an ability never surpassed, and but seldom equalled. During long years of scholastic discipline he applied himself with untiring assiduity to a study of the great masters of oratory; and when appointed to the presidency of the in-

stitution, Gracchus-like, he came forth from the closet a ripe scholar, a polished gentleman, and, greater than all, an eloquent divine. He continued to hold this responsible post, with occasional interruption, for nine years, a fact that sufficiently attests his administrative abilities. During the period of Father RYDER's connection with Georgetown College, many young men of the most distinguished families in the land made their studies in these old halls, and not a few who have since risen to eminence in Church and State, can remember when he occupied to them the position of superior or professor. The closing years of his life have been passed in various parts of the United States. Wherever he appeared, his lectures and sermons always attracted large audiences of every denomination, and no one who heard him once will ever forget his impressive oratory.

But there was one study to which the whole force of his intellect was devoted, and that was the study of man. The peculiar functions of his ministry, with a mind like his thoroughly disciplined in philosophical and metaphysical science, gave him an insight into the character of the American people, which, to an intense thinker, such as Dr. RYDER, opened up the whole frame-work of our social system, and laid at his command the power of pointing out, if not of correcting evils, wherever they were apparent. To matters of business he brought a spirit of earnestness and zeal that gave a *prestige* of success to every undertaking; and with the docile temper which so strikingly characterized him, was content to perform all duties, whether of small or of great moment, with equal diligence and address. All were struck with the activity of his mind, the subtlety of his thoughts, and the power and copiousness of his language and ideas. Every subject to which he gave his attention appeared under a great variety of aspects. He was, indeed, the only man I ever knew whose ordinary conversation gave an adequate idea of the reputation he had acquired in the world. If Father RYDER passed in a

stage-coach from town to town he saw more, and profited more by the events and incidents of the ride than many another would by a trip over half the country. How fully then must he have acquired the copious stores of knowledge, always the reward of inquiry and reflection, in the active and busy avocations of a public life of fifty years. Whether we behold him in early life, here at the shrine of learning, passing his days in the faithful discharge of a scholar's duty and wasting the midnight lamp over the pages of his classics; whether we follow him as he wends his pilgrim steps to the Holy City, and there, under the shadow of St. Peter's, spends long years of study and meditation, until, by the achievements of his own energy, and the force of his sterling abilities, he appears before the Cardinals, the Literati, the bright stars that shone in the galaxy of wisdom at Rome, a professed master of sacred and profane lore, we will always find him the same deep reasoner, the same invincible logician, the same clear-headed man.

To a mind at once philosophical and poetical, the splendid drama of antiquity was clothed in a thousand tints and colorings, whether studied in the inspired pages of the Bible, or admired and contemplated from the stand point of the mighty masters of Greece and Rome.

To most men the complicated events of early times—the intricate history of Religion, which dates its origin from the Patriarchs of the plains of Mesopotamia, and which was handed down from father to son as an element incompatible with the vices, the passions, the idolatry of man, between which and the world there was a ceaseless and deadly warfare, until the Godlike sacrifice of expiation was consummated on the cross of Calvary—with most men, I repeat, all these developments of an antique age obtain credibility only through the weight of universal authority. But, to Father RYDER, (and I speak from the testimony of others,) the entire annals of the Divine economy were the constant study of his life, and to him they appeared a simple chain of dependent

events, which, when unravelled and analyzed, present to the christian mind a vivid and glorious reality.

I have said that to him were unfolded the treasures of profane lore; and indeed our country, rejoicing, as it justly does, in its distinguished scholars, has not produced the superior to Father RYDER. He was a man who would have adorned an Augustan age of literature, for with a versatility of genius equal to the most arduous undertakings, he pored with unwearied application over the works of classical learning, until he knew by rote the whole story of Roman grandeur, and of Rome's decay; until he had trodden, in vivid imagination, every foot of ground, and was familiar with every scene of glory in those Isles,

“ Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.”

If I were asked to-day whom he resembled in the structure of his intellect; what great master he selected for his own emulation in oratory, I would answer in the language of one, whose abilities and enlarged experience entitle his opinion to the highest consideration—“no one did he resemble; he was his own master.” And were this the occasion, I could easily prove, that Dr. RYDER was one of the most original orators of his age; original in his style, original in his conceptions, original in every attribute that marks the man of genius. Behold him in the vineyard of the Lord, an angel, ministering to the wants of the faithful: from the princely palace to the laborer's cot, gracing the one, at home in the other: from the altar of God, to the bedside of the dying sinner; behold him in these daily rounds of duty, and you have an epitome of the life of a Jesuit. Who will take the place of Father RYDER? Who will stand forth, like him, the expounder and friend of constitutional liberty, and the eloquent advocate of a higher liberty than is even guaranteed by our own cherished constitution? I refer to the liberty of the children of God.

Respected audience, we have consigned to the tomb the

mortal remains of one of the greatest pulpit orators in the Catholic Church of America! It is a proud thought to his countrymen, and to the sons of his countrymen, that he whose religious admonitions have echoed throughout the Representative Halls of the nation, whose eloquence and learning have been the theme of praise on every tongue throughout the land, and have claimed the tribute of flattering consideration abroad; to them it is a proud thought, that the man who reflected such credit on our institutions was himself an Irish adopted citizen. Would that my feeble voice could be heard by all the countrymen of Dr. RYDER throughout the land! I would bid them remember and engrave on their hearts the life-long injunctions of the man whose death we mourn; I would bid them follow the example of him who lived and died a good patriot, an upright citizen, a polished gentleman, and an exemplary christian. While the Celtic blood of my fathers courses through my veins—and I am proud and happy to say it is Celtic—aye, all Celtic—I shall ever congratulate Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen that the land of our fathers—that the land which has given to Europe, to America, to the world a long line of illustrious orators, statesmen, warriors, and poets—was likewise the birth-place of him who was borne hither to-day in all the sad habiliments of the tomb. Born in Dublin—the cradle of orators—Dublin, that swells the roll of fame with such names as Sheridan, Grattan, and Edmund Burke, how could Father RYDER have been otherwise than the scholar, the gentleman, the orator?

Methinks I see our beloved father stretched on his dying couch, preparing for the awful summoning to the bar of God. The hope of a blissful immortality lights up those well-remembered features. On the rocky isle of St. Helena the dying Napoleon muttered with his last breath the imperial cry, “to arms;” but, if one desire under the Omnipotent linger in the breast of the expiring RYDER, methinks that desire is to be re-united with the kindred spirits of the departed great. I

seem to hear the beautiful words of the Roman, as they escape his dying lips: "*O praeclarum diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium coelumque prognosciscar, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam.*"

The wisdom of antiquity affirmed that no man could be deemed happy until after death, and the declaration is not without foundation in truth; for it is not in the nature of all men to give to their fellows the justice due to their merits. He who explored the western continent was left after the achievements of his mighty career to die among strangers in obscurity and poverty. Edmund Burke, in the palmiest days of his glory, was regarded as "a splendid madman," and our own Webster was held up to the odium of his countrymen in the mightiest efforts of his exalted genius. What great man ever escapes the breath of detraction? What great man ever passes through the ordeal of captious criticism without incurring the impotent hatred of the malignant, or the harmless envy of the inferior? Unfortunately, the conflict of rival interests too often warps the judgment of men, stifles their better feelings, and causes them to withhold the tribute of common justice from the worthy and meritorious. But it is pleasing and consoling to know that the clouds and darkness that often surround the living, dissolve and fade away with the tabernacle of the flesh. When the body is consigned to the tomb, and the soul freed from the dross of perishable matter, enters upon its second and glorious existence, then may we expect justice, the emanation of the Divine mind; then it is that the good and great man begins to live a new and immortal life on earth. Respected audience, to this general principle I will make the exception of Father RYDER, for he has gone down to the grave without an enemy, as he was in life without a rival.

We have seen him filling honorable and distinguished positions in Rome, at a time, too, when the arts and sciences were reviving and expanding, as if the mercury-wand were again waved over them. The doctrines of a false philosophy were

being fulminated with the might of error across the horizon of enlightened Europe. Transcendentalists of Germany, with Kant at their head, had inaugurated their vague and complex systems upon the Continent. In the department of Letters, an Angelo Mai was exploring the shelves of the Ambrosian and the Vatican, and enriching the classical literature of the age with the lost books of antiquity, and, with almost inspired energies, restoring to the world the immortal treatise of Cicero, *DE REPUBLICA*, an achievement that has crowned the untiring Jesuit with imperishable glory. The profound learning and elegant scholarship of a Wiseman were just beginning to attract the attention of Rome, and command the admiration of Europe; that admiration, which, with his growing years, has warmed into an enthusiasm, and placed him at the head of the Catholic Church in England. It was in an atmosphere like this, where truth combatted error to its overthrow; amid such giants of intellect—men that remind us of the old Romans in the days of Fabricius—that Dr. RYDER passed the first years of his manhood, and whence he returned to his own country imbued with the elegant tastes of the age, and a lively spirit of scientific and philosophical research. Indeed, to him is Georgetown College mainly indebted for its present high position among our institutions of learning; for at various periods of his life we find him filling every office of importance in the government of the College. At one time, Disciplinarian, at another, Prefect of Schools, anon Vice President, President, Professor of Philosophy, Theology, Sacred Scriptures; for a time gracing the chair of Superior of the whole Province, and bringing to each the experience, the wisdom, the docility, the very spirit of refined culture and exalted piety:

“Oh, who that gallant spirit shall resume,  
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?”

The Philodemic Society may well mourn, on this solemn occasion, for the first, the brightest name on its distinguished roll is the name of JAMES RYDER! The stranger who visits

the College, beholds the constitution by which our body is governed, as it was framed by our founders; and he whose mortal remains have just been composed to rest was the founder, the first President of the Association. Gentlemen of the Society, this scene is one that should impress us all. As a body, we to-day mourn the loss of our father. What absent Philodemian, in the north, in the south, be he where he may, that turns not with melancholy thoughts towards his boyhood home to-day? Yes, my friends and fellow-members, the old Philodemic Society comes back to his mind; the friends and companions of his early life are around him; he thinks of the evening debate, the gathering in yonder chamber; again Father Ryder occupies the chair; again the scenes of the past, thoughts that were buried for years, come crowding upon his mind; but "a change comes over the spirit of his dream;" the sad realities of the present moment break upon him, and gentlemen, as the tear rises to our own eyes, the sympathy of thousands throughout the land accords the same tribute to the memory of the same revered person. Could that inanimate body rise from the grave, and speak to this assemblage again, he would bid us weep not for him, rather weep for ourselves, and prepare for the day of our own dissolution. Resident members of the Philodemic Society, let us ever adhere to the wise precepts and wholesome lessons of our founder, and first President. By this we will evince our best love for the deceased; by this we will perpetuate a monument to his memory, more durable than bronze or marble, a monument here in Georgetown College; here, where he first offered his heart and his life to God, and where after the good fight of three-score years, his worn-out body has been laid away in the stilly recesses of the grave; and gentlemen, that monument will be the Philodemic Society.

Reverend fathers and members of the Jesuit order, I would address to you a few words of condolence and sympathy on this melancholy occasion. You have brought home the remains

of Father RYDER from the scene of his holy labors ; you have brought him back with all "his blushing honors" strewed upon his coffin ; you have laid his bones to-day by the side of those of Father GEORGE, the beloved friend of his long life, congenial company in death. I saw him two years ago, when he bid the dying FENWICK farewell, and the tear stole to my eye, and I turned away in my emotion, for it was a touching scene to behold. The one had joined your order at the tender age of thirteen, the other when two years older. Hand in hand they journeyed up the hill of life. In America, in Europe, wherever the one was, there the other would be found. Shining lights in the Church, they have gone down to the grave full of years and full of honor. Many a pilgrim will come in after years to this old home-house of the Jesuits, and ask for Father RYDER and for Father FENWICK, and when told they sleep together in death, bend his sorrowful steps yonder to the graveyard, and there, withdrawn from the profane gaze, sit down and weep over their union in the grave. You have every reason, reverend gentlemen, to be proud of Father RYDER. He has left his impress on the times in which he lived. He was, it is true, a simple Jesuit, but that, indeed, was much. Had he been a man of the world, what office in the State that would not have had its honor reflected back in JAMES RYDER ? What dignity too exalted for him even in the Church itself ? If merit be the criterion and infallible index of the grade a man should occupy, surely then to Dr. RYDER we may assign a most prominent place in the Church or in the State. But he was only a simple Jesuit, and therein consisted the moral heroism of his life. "Show me the being," in his own expressive words, "show me the being who has learned to sacrifice *self* for the good of others, and to spurn the pleasures of this world, and I will show you one who has already attained the spotless perfection of an angel." He was obedient to others as a child to a cherished parent ; nor was this obedience an empty name, a mere conventional form, inserted to round a sentence or grace

the Institutes of St. Ignatius. The whole life of Father RYDER is a beautiful illustration of the power, the virtue, the efficacy of this holy obedience. Ordered by his superior to assume the management of this Institution, he obeys; ordered by his superior to Frederick, Maryland, to teach little children their first rudiments, he obeys; ordered by his superior to depart for the distant and unsettled regions of California, he obeys willingly, cheerfully obeys the order of those above him, no matter what the tax on his constitution; if his life be forfeited he obeys the call of duty; and with this vow of obedience he has taken two others, the vows of Chastity and Poverty. God knows he kept them all. Thousands throughout the land would bear willing testimony to his observance of his holy vows, but what testimony is needed? His whole life is a living, irrefutable testimony of his spotless and virginal purity.

Respected audience, there is much more that could be spoken on the present occasion of the man of his times, his genial temperament, his social relations, but I leave these topics for abler hands. It is to be hoped that the day is not distant when we may behold some public monument to Dr. RYDER's memory. The biography of such a man would exert a powerful influence for good on the rising generation, and prove an invaluable acquisition to American literature.

And now, ere I bring my desultory remarks to a close, I would recall a few personal recollections of the dead. At my mother's breast I received my love and devotion for Father RYDER, and never for one moment of my life have I had cause to regret that early love, and that early devotion. I was entered in this venerable Institution almost a child, and during Father RYDER's second incumbency of the Presidential chair, I well remember the fatherly smile, that went straight to my heart, and the kindly expressions with which he bid me welcome to Georgetown College. Under various circumstances it has been alike my pleasure and fortune to have been thrown much in the company of Father RYDER. I have seen

him mingling in the circles of the learned, where revered wisdom held its mild sway; I have seen him among the young, the gay, the brilliant, in the felicitous moments of his sparkling wit, and rare good humor, and never was that wit poisoned with the shaft of malice; never was that pleasant raillery employed for uncharitable ridicule; never, never did I hear an expression fall from his lips unbecoming a gentleman and a christian. His heart was as tender as a woman's, and susceptible to the finest feelings of our nature. I have seen him on a cold winter's night come forth from his own abode, and hasten on to the house of death. The eyes of the dying man brightened with a sickly lustre as the gray-haired priest entered the chamber, where the dark shadow of death was hovering. The winds of winter moaned a plaintive dirge without; a stricken family stood in impotent grief around the bed-side of the dying son and brother; and the priest—God bless him—with all the love and tenderness of a mother, administered the saving rights of religion to the soul departing, and prayed with uplifted hands as the spark of life went calmly forth from the earthly habitation of the flesh. That chamber—that scene can never be erased from the tablets of memory, for the dying man was of my own flesh and blood.

But a few weeks have elapsed since, in his sacred character of priest, Father RYDER passed three memorable days among us. We all remember, as the things of yesterday, his admonitions, his eloquence, the very expressions with which he enforced his instructions. And to-day he is among us again, but, alas! how changed. When he told us in glowing language of the uncertainty of human life, little did he think that a few weeks would verify in his own person those words of solemn significance. But let us not mourn, respected audience, let us rather rejoice in his translation to a better life, and remember that the death of the just man is—

— — — “A death-like sleep,  
A gentle waiting to immortal life.”

There is a silent eloquence in the death of a good man that finds its way to all hearts.

After the conflict of long, long years, comes the earthly separation of the mortal frame and the soul immortal, when the latter is summoned "before the great Judge, who calls upon that soul for the tenor of a well-spent life." It is the salutary lesson of a stern reality. May it be the Mentor that shall guide our own footsteps to the goal of a blissful immortality, and a re-union with the loved ones who have gone before us :

"Henceforth I learn that suffering for truth's sake  
Is fortitude to highest victory,  
And, to the faithful, death the gate of life."

## APPENDIX.

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*From the Catholic Herald and Visitor, Philadelphia.*

### FUNERAL OF THE REV. DR. RYDER.

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SERMON BY REV. WM. O'HARA, D. D.

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On Saturday morning last, the funeral obsequies of Rev. JAS. RYDER, D. D., *S. J.*, took place in St. Joseph's church. The church was thronged by an immense number of persons. Immediately after the announcement of his death, the edifice was draped in deep mourning. The remains, dressed in the alb, amice, and dalmatics, were laid in the coffin, and placed within the sanctuary, surrounded by a number of lighted candles. Clapsed in his hands was the chalice, on which was placed the patena. The features wore a very natural appearance, and were gazed upon by an immense number of persons, both on Friday and Saturday. The Sanctuary was literally covered with the appropriate manifestations of mourning, and along the galleries of the church was a strip of black cloth, relieved at intervals with beautiful white rosettes. The number who visited the church, from Thursday evening until Saturday morning, could not have been less than ten thousand persons.

On Saturday morning the funeral ceremonies took place. At about 9½ o'clock the following clergymen entered the Sanctuary: Rev. Fathers McMonigle, of the Cathedral; Ward, Sourin, Blox, De Wolf, and Lachat, of St. John's; Stanton, Harnett, and Gallagher, of St. Augustine's; Martin, of St. Mary's; Keirns and McLoughlin, of St. Ann's; Dunn and Kinehan, of St. Theresa's; Kean, of St. Gregory's; O'Haran and McAnany, of St. Paul's; Whelan, Cantwell, and O'Reilly, of St. Phillip's; Toner, of the Assumption; Kelly, of St. Malachi's; Dr. Nicola, of St. Alphonsus, Mulholland, of Manayunk; Biggio, of Bordentown; Bowles, of Burlington; and Welsh, of Ivy Mills.

Rev. J. F. Brannagan, of St. Patrick's, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

The office of the dead was recited, led by Rev. Father Dominic, of Germantown, and Rev. Father De Wolfe, of St. Joseph's College. High Mass was celebrated, Right Rev. Bishop Wood being celebrant, assisted by Deacons of Honor: Rev. Father Stanton, of St. Augustine's, and Rosenbauer, of New York; Deacons of the Mass, Rev. Fathers Dominic, of Germantown, and O'Connor, of West Philadelphia.

Ohnewald's Mass was sung by the choir, which was a powerful and effective one.

The funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. Wm. O'Hara, D. D., superior of the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo.

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*[From the Catholic Herald and Visitor.]*

### BURIAL OF THE REV. JAMES RYDER, S. J.

Scarcely had a week elapsed since the death of our beloved Bishop, when Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen proper to close the mortal career of Rev. Dr. RYDER.

Not in Philadelphia alone, but throughout the whole country, has this news come to sorrowing hearts. No where, however, has his loss been more sincerely felt and deplored than at the home of his childhood—Georgetown College. And as a touching testimonial of this deep-felt grief, the Rev. Messrs. Early and Stonestreet, respectively Presidents of Georgetown and Gonzaga Colleges, visited Philadelphia for the purpose of conveying the body of their deceased brother to Georgetown, where it might rest amid those haunts that he loved so well. The body arrived at Washington on the morning of the 19th, in charge of the two Rev. gentlemen mentioned above, accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Lilly, Blox, and Mulledy, of Philadelphia. Trinity Church, which nestles at the foot of the college hill, was the place chosen for the performance of the ceremonies. The altar and sanctuary were draped with plain black muslin. Long before the bell began to toll the funeral hour, the galleries and floor of the church were thronged. Yet we witnessed not the least disturbance or inattention in this multitude. All seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and as they moved along the aisles to take the last look at the corpse of the beloved dead, we saw many a tearful eye and throbbing bosom.

Rev. Mr. Villiger (Father Provincial) celebrated Mass, assisted by Rev. Mr. Blenkinsop as deacon, and Mr. McDermott as sub-deacon. Within the sanctuary there knelt some twenty clergymen, among whom we recognized Rev. Messrs. Early, (President of Georgetown College,) Stonestreet, (ex-Father Provincial,) Nota, (occupant of the chair of Philosophy at the College,) Fulton and Welch, (Professors of Rhetoric and Poetry,) Maguire, Lynch, and Boyle, &c.

The choir, although wanting the sweet and soft melody of the female voice, was excellent. Mr. French sang alto.

After the sacrifice of the Mass, the Rev. Chas. I. White, of St. Matthew's, Washington, ascended the pulpit, and delivered a glowing eulogium upon the deceased. He spoke of him as the valiant soldier of the Cross and zealous son of St. Ignatius, and Christian patriot. He dwelt upon the intrepid heroism that he ever displayed in the discharge of his duties, whether it was in defending Constitutional liberty against the attacks of wild fanaticism, or in upholding the religion of his fathers amid its enemies. On the lonely, often dangerous, sick call, he ever bore himself as a ministering angel of mercy; now, he brings tranquillity and peace to the wretched and miserable; now, by his gentle and soothing words, infusing hope and repentance into the breast of the despairing sinner. Who that remembers the visitation of the cholera, will ask for an example of his self-sacrificing heroism? When hundreds were dying in our streets; when father and mother, sister and brother fled from the infected one of the family, Father RYDER, like a visitant angel of Divine love, hastened to tend the stricken and deserted one, ministering to his wants with more than motherly kindness, even until the cold damps of death are gathering on the brow of the sick man, then, at the risk of his own life, bends down to hear the tale of sin and crime. Yet it was not on the errand of mercy alone that his entire self-abnegation shines forth. In the midst of these sublime employments of his duty, he turns to obey his Superior's order of dedicating himself to the class-room, of bowing down the mighty powers of his intellect to the humble office of instructing children. And in this unassuming mission he was ever true to the high responsibility incurred by the preceptor. Of this there are evidences in every State in which a pupil of his may reside. He had ever before his eyes the great truth, that knowledge, without religion, is a curse, a poison, blighting and destroying everything within its influence. In a word, his whole career was a beautiful epitome of a Jesuit's life. Striving after Christian perfection, he renounced self—

a serpent that is hidden in the wreath that crowns the brow of the Grecian and Roman hero—making all his boasted heroism but a grand mockery and glorious cheat, when compared with that displayed by the followers of Jesus, the meek and humble of heart; and, as a consequence of this renunciation of self, the three cardinal virtues—Faith, Hope and Charity—have twined themselves, as an escutcheon, around the name of the Society of Jesus. The Rev. orator then concluded by calling upon the assembled Priests—the brother Levites of the deceased—to whom he has left his almost Apostolic zeal, as also upon the people, for whom his life has been a continual sacrifice, never to forget him in their prayers. Yes! his angel form, surrounded by those souls whom he has been instrumental in saving, and who are now happy in the heavenly court of the New Jerusalem, may be bending down from above upon us, perhaps praying that our good God may, in his infinite mercy, grant us the grace to die as he himself died.

The students then formed themselves into a procession, and moved on towards the burial-ground. The streets were crowded with spectators. And as the silver cross at the head of the procession was borne along, the people bowed their heads in respectful silence. But the most impressive scene was witnessed within the College gates, as the procession passed through a grove of pine trees and orange-blossom hedges. The solemn chaunting of the Priests, blending in harmony with the slow and sorrowful tolling of the church bell, was caught up by the passing wind, and seemed to die away like the responsive wailing of a far-off choir. The barren willow tree waved and rustled its long, mournful branches, as the coffin was borne beneath them to the upturned earth. The solemn service of the burial was sung, and the body was lowered into its last resting-place. There he sleeps beside the grave of Father FENWICK—the friend of his youth, manhood, and old age. He has been called to his heavenly home but two years before Dr. RYDER; now their bodies lie together, while their spirits range the land of the Blessed.

M. A. S.

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 From "The Press," (Philadelphia.)

#### DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES RYDER, D. D.

Another distinguished divine in the Catholic Church has gone. Before the Catholic community has had time to recover from the shock received in the sudden death of Bishop NEUMANN, we are called upon to record the scarcely less sudden summons of another of their most eminent ministers. The Rev. JAMES RYDER, D. D., died at the parsonage of St. Joseph's Church yesterday morning, after a brief illness, which, until a short time before his death, although severe, was not regarded as alarming by his friends. His disease was inflammation of the bowels. Few men, in the Church or out of it, have left a purer record than Dr. RYDER. By the people of his denomination in this community, and in fact throughout the Union, he was greatly esteemed both for his eminent services in the Church and the honorable relations he sustained, at different periods of his life, to some of our first institutions of learning. More than this: by those that knew him intimately he was as much beloved for his suavity of manner as he was respected for his commanding ability. He was at once a thorough scholar, an urbane gentleman, and a devoted and zealous Christian. In his death the Church has lost one of her most eloquent and learned Doctors of Divinity, the people of his charge a faithful pastor, and the society in which he moved an ornament hard to be replaced. In the Order of which he was a distinguished member, (the Society of Jesus,) he occupied a prominent position.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

The Rev. JAMES RYDER, D. D., was born in Dublin in October, 1800. He came to America a youth, and soon after entered Georgetown College, an institution with which he was at intervals officially connected during a large portion of his life. In 1815 he entered among the Jesuits as a novice of the order, and during the ensuing five years prosecuted his philosophical studies in the college above referred to. In 1820 he went to Rome, where, for five years, he was occupied in the study of theology. It was during this period that he made his defence of all theology in the Roman College. After his ordination, in 1825, he was appointed a teacher of Theology and Sacred Scripture in the College of Spoleto, where the present Pope was then Archbishop. At the close of three years he resigned this position, and returned to America. The ripened attainments which he had acquired during his absence rendered his presence at Georgetown desirable, and he accordingly entered the college a second time, not as a pupil, but as a teacher of theology and philosophy.

He was soon after appointed to the vice-presidency of the college, which position he held for several years, having twice visited Philadelphia during the interval, and spent some time here in a pastoral relation. It was upon one of these occasions that he attended the laying of the corner-stone of St. John's Church, Thirteenth street, above Chestnut.

With regard to Father RYDER's claim to the title of D. D., it may not be generally known that all Professed Jesuits are acknowledged on the continent of Europe as Doctors of Divinity; and that one of the requisites of becoming a Professed Jesuit is, that he shall be able to teach theology and philosophy in any university; another is, that besides taking the three ordinary vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, he must vow obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff to go to any foreign mission, and to refuse all ecclesiastical honors.

In 1839, during the erection of St. Joseph's Church, in Willing's alley, Dr. RYDER was pastor of that congregation, as he had in fact been for a short period while they yet worshipped in the old building on the site of their present large and comfortable edifice. The corner-stone of this church, it may be added, was laid by Dr. RYDER, who preached in St. Mary's on the occasion. The procession to the church on that day, and the solemnities attending it, are well remembered by many of our citizens. Toward the close of 1839 he assumed the pastoral charge of St. John's Church, in Frederick, Maryland.

In 1840, his eminent qualifications for the post, no less than his long and honorable connection with the institution itself, pointed to Dr. RYDER as the most suitable person to fill the president's chair of the college, which he did for six years. During this period, extending from 1840 to 1846, as the chief governing officer of Georgetown College, he had many young men under his charge, who have since risen to honorable eminence in professional life, and the sons of not a few of the first men in the nation.

Dr. RYDER thrice visited Europe on business for the order of which he is so distinguished a member. It was after his return from Europe the second time that he was elected to the presidency of the Holy Cross, the Roman Catholic College located at Worcester, Massachusetts. Subsequent to this, he was re-elected to the presidential chair of Georgetown College, in which capacity he continued for three years more.

In 1853 he went to California on business for the Church. While there his health gave way, and he sailed for Havana, where he remained a short period, and after spending a few months in the Southern States, where he delivered a popular course of lectures, returned to Philadelphia, and, four years ago, was made pastor to St. John's

Church, in this city, where he continued for about two years, at the close of which he went to Alexandria, where, for nearly two years more, he occupied the position of assistant pastor. Returning again to this city, he has, for the past few months, acted as assistant pastor of the church at which he expired yesterday morning.

As already indicated, Dr. RYDER was in his sixtieth year at his death. He was of medium height, and rather corpulent. His hair, which was thin and quite white, was combed behind his ears, giving his features, in repose, an air of peculiar docility. His complexion was florid. His face, which was not unlike the portraits of John Quincy Adams, though full, and indicative of a marked preponderance of the vital forces, was delicate in outline, as it was also youthful in appearance, and redolent with good nature, though he had a laughing dark eye, not incapable of flashing fiercer things than the unadulterated milk of human kindness.

His address in the pulpit was at once that of a gentleman and a scholar—eminently dignified, yet not haughty or overbearing. He was graceful, and apparently as fastidious in his tastes as a woman. Culture and refinement always marked his discourse; also, the strictest conformity to the philosophical rules of rhetorical propriety. This peculiarity is probably attributable to his long connection with one of our first institutions of learning. He was a most methodical thinker. He scarcely ever uttered a sentence without a purpose. For an extempore speaker, he was really remarkable in this particular. Without manifesting any great anxiousness to *make* his hearers believe that what he preached was *true*, he usually disposed of the various points of his argument in such a manner as to render the conclusion he desired irresistible. He laid down a proposition with so much gentleness, that, however unpalatably it might at first seem in the hands of another, he secured a hearing, and then proceeded with the most insinuating arguments to establish his point. In this *persuasive* power he was a model of a pulpit orator.

He had a soft, mild way of pronouncing his words, quite in keeping with his benevolent expression of face. In his gesticulation he was no less exact and precise than he was in framing his sentences and arranging his arguments. In the former, his right arm was mainly employed; the left occasionally, although the pulpit use of neither was such as might not be employed with propriety in animated private discourse. It was not necessary to hear him long to ascertain that it was sense, not sound, by which he sought to impress his listeners. His style of speaking, upon the whole, may be described as conversational, though so far as it regards ability to present ideas in the most fitting terms to be clearly understood, he was truly eloquent. As a word painter he was more successful in moving the heart than in exciting the imagination. In his delivery he varied from the slow—bordering on the monotonous—to the warm and more rapid, but was never so precipitate as to interfere with distinct articulation. His sermons were by no means devoid of ornament, but these flowed naturally from the soul and ardor of his subject, and not from the design to please the ear.











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