

Recollections of the eleven Brothers.

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Some on the shores of distant lands

Their weary hearts have laid;

And by the stranger's heedless hands

Their lonely graves were made.

The dust of some in Irish earth;

Amongst their own they rest.

And the same land that gave them birth

Has caught them to her breast.

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Towards the end of the 17th or beginning of the 18th century, Edward Ryan removed from the old family residence of Ballycarron to one lately built on an adjoining portion of his property called Ballynakill, where, not very long after, he died, and was interred in the old family burying place of Rathcore, where his tombstone still bears his name and the date of his death. He was succeeded by his son, Thomas, who died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, leaving a widow, two sons, James and Edward, and three daughters, Monica, who died unmarried, Cecilia, who was very beautiful, was married to Mr. Byrne of Saggard, Co. Dublin, and the other married Mr. Cullen of Kilyon, Co. Meath, Great Grandmother to the Cullens of Newtown, Co. Kildare. James (query the eldest son) married Bridget Barnwall, daughter of Robert Barnwall, Co. Meath. After his marriage he resided at Newcastle, also in the Co. Meath. He had five children, two daughters and three sons. Anne, the elder, was married to Randal

MacDonnell, with whom she passed the first years of her married life in Spain. After they returned to Ireland, and for many succeeding years, her husband was the Prince Merchant of Dublin, in which city he died April 1820, beloved and respected by all. His wife had died three years before. They left several children. Two of their sons were married - one to Miss Taaffe of Smarmore Castle, Co. Louth, the other to Miss Butler of Dublin. Their two daughters, Bridget and Bessie, were married - Bridget to Philip Lynch Athy of Renville, Co. Galway, and Bessie to George Taaffe of Smarmore Castle; both were left widows. Bridget, the second daughter of James Ryan, was married by Proxy to James O'Connor, an eminent Irish Merchant settled in Madrid. Although never having seen each other until after their marriage, they were a very happy couple. During the troubles in Spain caused by the Peninsula War she was obliged to fly for safety to Ireland with her children. When peace was restored, she returned to Madrid where she remained until her husband's death, after which

she finally returned to her native country, where she died in the Spring of 1833. She had four sons, all of whom died unmarried; she had also two daughters, still living, the elder, Bridget, widow of Sir Francis MacDonnell of Dungierth, Co. Meath. The younger, Mary, widow of Myles MacDonnell, son of the before mentioned Randal MacDonnell, her own first cousin. The three sons of the said James Ryan were Thomas, an eminent Physician, who was rapidly rising to the top of his profession when he was prematurely cut off by fever, caught whilst attending a poor patient. Robert, the second son, went, when very young, to Spain where he died at Carthagena. James, the third son, was the only one who married. His wife, Anne, was daughter to Edward Rorke of Tyrrelstown, Co. Dublin, who died young leaving five children. He himself died suddenly in the year 1825 at Renville, Co. Galway, the residence of his neice, Mrs. Athy. Thomas Ryan of Ballinaskill was succeeded by his son, Edward, who married the young and beautiful daughter of Philip O'Reilly of Coolambier

and Ballymorris, Co. Longford. Her mind was as noble and beautiful as her person - generous and hospitable to the poor as to the rich. She was worthy of being the wife of a man like Edward Ryan, himself eminent for possessing the highest principles of religion and honour. She was the mother of eleven sons, of whom any parent might feel proud. After several happy years of wedded life, her husband died of fever which carried him off in a few days - beloved and regretted by all who knew him; he was in full health on Xmas Day, and was buried on Twelfth Day. At the time of his death he was aged fifty-five years. His wife was left a widow with thirteen children, being still in the full prime of womanhood, for she was only eighteen years older than her eldest son, Thomas, who, young as he was at the time of his father's death, was ever after a protector to his mother and his younger brothers and sisters. He possessed all the excellent qualities of his parents in an eminent degree. I speak not only of his outward appearance, which like that of his brother

was remarkable for manly beauty, but of the much more valuable qualities of his noble mind. He possessed a heart overflowing with love and charity, not alone for his family, friends and dependants, but for every human being who needed his assistance. Child though I was at the time, I hope I may never forget the lessons instilled into my mind by this best - most beloved of Fathers of steadfast faith in our holy Catholic religion, and in the sign of the cross in which he always glorified, of high principles of honour accompanied with charity and humility, as well as of his example of goodness to the surrounding poor. Well do I remember his turning and arranging in his bed, infected by fever, a poor man, a stranger, struck down by his death sickness, far from his poor home, whilst those whom he had engaged and paid to attend the sick man could not approach the wretched bed on account of the bad odour. This is only a solitary instance of his unwearying acts of charity. I need only say that his name is still held in remembrance by those unborn when he died from what their parents

told them of what he was. Although his property has long since passed into other hands the memory of his good deeds is still venerated, and remains fresh and green in their grateful hearts. He was not alone beloved of the poor - he was the idol of his family and friends. The promoter of social intercourse, and the lover of field sports, ever forward in the Hunt mounted on his favorite horse "Sergeant". Many a gay morning with a "southerly wind and a cloudy sky" he set off with his hounds and huntsman, James Ennis, in pursuit of his favorite pastime with friends now long passed away.

On Thursday the fatal 16th December, 1813, he rode out in perfect health to visit his brother Edward at Newcastle three miles distant from Ballinakill, alighted from his horse at the stables, and whilst walking alone to the hall door got a sudden attack and died at the age of 48. We must hope that God in His Mercy did not take him unprepared. His last act was to give all the money he had about him (two or three shillings) to a poor woman he met

on the road. How he was lamented no words can describe. I speak not of the sorrow of his bereaved and desolate family, but of that of the poor who idolized him. They would not let his coffin be put into the hearse, but carried themselves his precious remains more than four miles to the old churchyard of Rathcore, saying if they had to carry him fifty miles they would not let him into a hearse. The lawn was covered with poor creatures praying for his soul, who were unable from age or infirmity to follow the funeral of their best friend now lost to them for ever. I have seen many a sorrowful sight but none equal to that of December 1813. May he rest in peace. R. I. P.

He was married April 19th, 1798, to Mary, eldest daughter of Edmond and Magdalen Byrne of Byrne's Hill, Dublin. She was a woman of a most superior and cultivated mind. She and her husband were most sincerely attached to each other, and lived together most happily until his death, under which sad blow religion and resignation to God's holy



Will alone supported her. She had then to undertake an arduous task unassisted by him who had ever been her guide and loving helpmate. His affairs were in a very embarrassed state, which, in addition to the care of six children, was no easy matter for a woman to manage. However, Almighty God strengthened her in energetic discharge of her duty, and she succeeded in bringing up and educating her children, always preserving her own and their respectability whatever her own privations might be.

She died a most holy death, surrounded by every spiritual and temporal comfort, in her 90th year on Monday, December 15th, 1862, forty-nine years, all to one day, after the death of her husband with whom I confidently trust she is now re-united never more to be separated, both, I hope, praying that their surviving children may, even at a distance, endeavour to imitate the example left to them by such a father and such a mother. R. I. P.

She was buried in the same grave at Rathcore with the husband to whose memory she was ever so

devoted, and whose praises, even after such a length of years, were heard as her body was laid near all that remained of his, showing that goodness and charity will survive our ashes. How she would have exulted in those praises if she could have heard them.

By their marriage there were nine children, three of whom died in infancy. At the time of my father's death there were six living - two sons and four daughters - the two younger of whom died at the Grove, Co. Meath; Ellen the youngest May 8th, 1837, and Kate the next youngest October 26th, 1848, - both beloved and deeply regretted by their family.

R. I. P. Madelaine, the elder, is now living with her brother; Mary, the second, has been for many years a Nun at the Ursuline Convent, Waterford. Edward, the elder son, was married to a young Danish lady, Emma Frölich, who was a person beloved by all who knew her from her great sweetness of character, united to strict adherence to duty. She died young July 24th, 1841, after a few days illness, beloved

and lamented by all who knew her. Her death took place at Quebec, Canada, where she was with her husband. R. I. P. - She left two children, Mary and Mina. The former lives with her father, the latter is married to Leonard Morrogh, and has three children, a son called George James Joseph born at Cologne, and a daughter born in Dublin named Emma Mary, and a second son, Edward Thomas Ryan, born in Dublin. This darling child died of Measles Sunday, March 10th, 1817, aged three years and ten months. Thomas, the second son, his mother's best loved child, is unmarried. He resides in Canada at Montreal, where he has been elected Member of the Legislative Council without one dissentient voice.

Philip, the second son of Edward and Catherine Ryan, possessed all the noble qualities of his elder brother. His portrait well expresses the benevolence and sweetness of his disposition. He had not long passed the years of boyhood when he left his parents' house to seek his fortune in Denmark,

where his mother had an early friend and schoolfellow well married who wished to have a son of her old playmate in the establishment of her husband, who had it in his power to forward his worldly interests, being himself a wealthy Merchant in Copenhagen. His mother parted with her favorite child with deep grief, for as she always said he was like a daughter to her, but she was a strong minded woman who never took her own feelings into consideration when her son's advantage was in question. He went, regretted by all his friends. After some years he married a young Danish lady, daughter of Baron Fish, with whom he got a large fortune. Some time after his marriage he went with a large and valuable cargo to India accompanied by his wife. On their homeward voyage the ship in which they were took fire. Almost everything was destroyed. I have often in after years seen a valuable Indian shawl with his mother which he saved by rolling it round his body. They were obliged to put in at the Cape of Good Hope, where they unexpectedly met his brother, Bernard, then on his way to join his regiment in India. Here their

first child, Catherine Annette, was born and baptized. Her Uncle Bernard was her God-father. He had four children by this marriage - Catherine, born at the Cape of Good Hope, died whilst at school at New Hall Convent, in the year 1813, aged sixteen. His only son died in his infancy at Copenhagen, where he and the two younger daughters were born. Their names were Ellen Maria, and Harriet Wilhelmina. Having lost their mother very young, their father sent them to their Grand-mother in Ireland, where they were received by her, as well as by every member of their father's family, with the warmest love and affection. Ellen Maria, who alone survived, was married at eighteen to Michael, son of Mr. Keogh of Mount Jerome, from which marriage there were nine sons and one daughter, who with four sons is living. John, the elder, resides in London, and is unmarried; Michael, married to Jane Hughes, has two daughters; George, married to Teresa Carroll has three sons; Philip, married to Lizzie Goggin, has one son. Mary, the

only daughter, married Thomas Fitzgerald; has two daughters and one son. (All these children, with the exception of George, are since dead, also Mary Fitzgerald's son and younger daughter). Harriet Wilhelmina died at Clifton, England, aged fourteen. Philip Ryan married secondly Miss Farrell, born in Denmark, but of Irish origin. He survived this marriage but a very short time, and died in London, 1809, aged about forty-three years. His daughter, Philippa, who was born after his death, married Mr. Schwarry, a German, who left her a widow with a son and daughter. The latter is dead; the former is in the Danish Army. Phillipa resided in Copenhagen until her death.

Patrick, the third of the eleven brothers was, as all the others, born at the old family residence of Ballinakill. In another family he would have been considered more than good looking. However, his looks were not equal to that of many of his brothers,

although he was of fine portly proportions. From early childhood he evinced a marked predilection for an ecclesiastical life. His parents, not wishing to thwart his pious aspirations, sent him to Rome, where he pursued his studies, and was ordained Priest under the Pontificate of Pius the 6th. Amongst the celebrated men with whom he made acquaintance during his sojourn at Rome was Cardinal Chiaramonte, afterwards Pius the 7th. After his return to Ireland he was first appointed to a Curacy in the Parish of St. Nicholas, Dublin. Subsequently he was made Parish Priest of Clontarf, where he won the esteem and respect of all his parishioners, both Catholic and Protestant. Finally, he was named Co-Adjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Caulfield, Bishop of Ferns, in (I am almost sure) the year 1804-5, after whose death he succeeded to the Bishopric. He made very great reformation in his Diocese, and gave universal edification by his untiring zeal in all his duties, and by his spirited and steady adherence to principle, and won the admiration of those even most

opposed to our Holy Faith. When he first took up his residence at Enniscorthy party spirit was so rampant that Priests passing through the streets, in discharge of some of their most sacred duties, were frequently insulted. On the days appointed for Orange Meetings, etc, it was at the risk of life that the Priest could appear in public. Notwithstanding this "reign of terror" this valiant soldier of Christ accompanied by only one friend (the person who related this anecdote) who was in fear of his life, boldly entered the place of Meeting, and with undaunted courage asked the assembled Orange men how they dared insult and persecute his Catholic people. He stood there in their midst to tell them there should be an end to such conduct, for he would not permit it; he would himself go to the Lord Lieutenant and have such measures taken as would show them they could no longer act with impunity in such a way. The Orange men were thunder-struck, but could not refrain from applauding his manly courage and noble bearing. From that day he was not only feared but respected by them, and in his Diocese their persecution ceased.



Exhausted by the labours, temporal and spiritual, particularly from the duties of the confessional to which, when at home, he usually devoted eight hours daily, his fine constitution broke down. He at last became paralysed; his mind failing under the stroke may account for what a false and flippant writer was pleased to call obstinacy and eccentricity (Fitzpatrick in his life of Dr. Doyle). Worn out by long illness, he died at Enniscorthy, March 9th, 1819, aged fifty, deeply regretted by his clergy and people. I remember well hearing from an eye witness (one of his devoted and sorrowing people) a most picturesque description of his funeral procession as it wound along the banks of the Slaney, in the midst of his people's grief, on its way to Wexford where he is buried. R. I. P. The Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, present Bishop of Ferns, says his works and good regulations still survive him.

John, the fourth son, left Ireland when only fourteen years of age. Yet, merely boy as he then

was, he was well remembered by friends and followers of the family for many a long year as a model of youthful beauty, and as always foremost in Athletic Sports and feats of activity. On leaving his home he immediately entered the Spanish Service. In a very few years he distinguished himself in the Army of his adopted Country, as a fine disciplinarian, and a brave soldier; his manly figure and noble beauty won the admiration of all who saw him. He visited Alicante for a brief period on Military affairs. Short as was his stay there, he captivated at first sight a lovely young Spaniard, daughter of Irish parents, and was himself equally captivated by this young lady, Dona Marianne Shelley. From this one interview a correspondence commenced and continued, without again meeting until after their marriage by proxy at the end of fourteen months. A more fond and devoted couple there never was. They had three daughters, Mary, Catherine and Helena. The two first died before the third was born. Whilst the youngest was still an infant Spain was over-run by

the horrors of War. Before the bloody battle of Cornuca, in which he and his friend General Blake with their regiments were engaged, his wife and child with Mrs. Blake and her children were put on board an English Man o' War for safety. They could hear the din and see the smoke from the battle-field, where they knew that their husbands, friends and country-men were fighting. Still, they were obliged to sail for England ignorant of who survived the carnage. O'Ryan's wife acted as interpreter to Mrs. Blake, who could not speak a word of English. On her arrival in England she wrote to her husband's family in Ireland. His eldest brother, Thomas, ever kind and hospitable, wrote in reply that his heart and house were open to receive the wife and child of his brother. They arrived on a dark night in February at No. 4, Blackhall Street, the house in Dublin where old Mrs. Ryan resided. The strangers were received with a warm welcome by their unknown relations, who were all charmed with the fascinating Spaniard and her sweet little child only fourteen

months old. How little the poor young mother thought in the joy of that kind reception in a strange land that she was soon destined again to drink the cup of sorrow. Before a month had passed her darling child the comfort and companion of her exile was attacked by Scarlet Fever of which she died on Palm Sunday. After this sad bereavement she went to Bellinaskill, which was her home for nearly two years. Whilst there she received a letter from the Spanish Ambassador in London telling of her husband being most dangerously wounded in battle by which his shoulder was partly shot away, his height under Providence having preserved his life, for in the lines behind him fourteen men were killed by the ball which struck him. After several weeks of anxious suspense, a letter arrived written with his left hand, giving all the details of his escape, of how he had been carried from the field of battle in a waggon laden with dead and dying, of all his sufferings from lock-jaw and misery of every kind, but Divine Providence, and his fine constitution brought him safely through

all, and she had the consolation of his being disabled from active service. He was soon after appointed Governor of Lugo. She then, with gratitude and joy of heart mingled with regret, took leave of her Irish friends and relations, and set off to rejoin her husband. Their letters on her arrival were full of joy and gladness, but alas! like all earthly happiness, it was to be of very short duration. The effect of his wound brought on inflammation; the ignorant doctors gave him an overdose of laudanum from which his wife was rousing him, but they stopped her remedies, after which he gradually sank. He expired 17th August, 1811, not, however, until he had received all the rites of the Church with edifying piety. R. I. P.

A Monument was erected by the inhabitants of Lugo as a memorial of gratitude to him for the services he had rendered to their Country.

Bernard, the fifth son, was born at Ballinakill. He was, I think, the favorite brother of my dear

father. He resembled him in character, and returned his love with equal warmth; his high principles verified the family Motto of "Death before Dishonour". Although I never saw him I learned soon to love him from all my father used to tell me of him. Soon after reaching manhood, he entered the East India Company's Service, and went through very severe duty during the wars of that period, marching for days and nights with no refreshment but the rain, which providentially fell in torrents. In addition he had hard fighting. After a few years he married Jean, daughter of General Forbes. She was of dark complexion, but so well educated, and of such agreeable manner, that the plainness of her face was soon forgotten. They had no children. The trying climate and the hard duties of a soldier's life, in those days, brought on an illness of which he died at Bengal, soon after his being raised to the rank of Major. He was beloved and regretted by both men and Officers. R. I. P.

James, the 6th son, also born at Ballinakill,

being destined for Mercantile War for some years in the Counting House of Randal MacDonnell and Edward Byrne - then the first Mercantile house in Dublin. In some few years, having married Catherine, second daughter of the late Edmond Byrne of Byrne's Hill, and sister to his elder brother's wife, he commenced business on his own account. For some years he was most prosperous and lived in first rate style, but, unfortunately, he mixed too much in politics, which so occupied his mind and time, that business was neglected, and his affairs got irreparably embarrassed. He left Dublin, hoping to succeed in procuring some lucrative situation in London, but he was disappointed, for those who courted him in prosperity thought very little of him or his claims on them when fortune had deserted him -- a lesson to us all not to trust mere worldly friendships. His wife, a woman of superior mind, was devotedly attached to him through all his vicissitudes. At last, her health failing, she went to the south of France, hoping that a more genial climate might restore her shattered health, but she only

survived her most fatiguing journey to Toulouse a very few weeks. There amongst strangers in a foreign land she would have been most desolate were it not for the devoted kindness of Chevalier MacCarthy, member of an ancient Irish family, residents in Toulouse, who, although personally unknown to her, no sooner heard from the priest who attended her of an Irish lady in a dying state, than he went constantly to visit and cheer her lonely hours with holy and soothing conversations, and when she died took the four children to his own Hotel where he resided with his aged Mother and two sisters, and ever after he proved himself the best and kindest of friends to those he first became acquainted with under such sad circumstances. He is now, I trust, enjoying the reward of his good and holy life.

To return to the memoir of James and Catherine Ryan; she died leaving six children, four daughters and two sons. Madeleine, the eldest, was beautiful in person, but far more so in mind and character. She was loved and admired by all who knew her. She



died at a friend's house in the neighbourhood of Dublin, aged 26, having spent several years in Spain. Catherine Cecilia, the second daughter, was most fascinating in manner though not equal in beauty to her elder sister. She died in Dublin soon after returning from Spain.

Ellen, the third and only survivor, lives in Dublin with her cousins. Mary, the fourth, died in Spain at an early age. Edward, the eldest son, is supposed to have died in Germany many years since. Edmond, the second son, died at St. Lucia, West Indies, where he held an appointment under Government. James (the father) died in London, December 18th, 1845, after a tedious illness, during which, strange to say, he was attended frequently by a follower of the family, a Mrs. Jones, who happened to be at the time in London. He was visited constantly by a priest from whom he received all the rites of the Church. R. I. P.

Mary Anne the first daughter died young. R. I. P.

Edward, the seventh son, was one of his mother's special favorites. He was brought up as his eldest brother to a country life, and, like him, was always fond of field sports; ever foremost in the Hunt; his voice was ever clear and melodious heard far beyond the usual reach of the human voice. He possessed the beauty of his family in no small degree, as well as their good and benevolent disposition. His manner was peculiarly popular both with rich and poor; no one more social and agreeable at the head of his own table; he was a universal favorite. Early in life he married Abbie, daughter of the celebrated John Keogh of Mount Jerome, a united Irishman, and a leading member of the Catholic Association; a man of great ability, and from whom his grandchildren inherited the talents they possessed. She, his daughter Abbie, was a devoted wife, and the most loving and affectionate of mothers.. The first years of his married life he resided at Corcoranstown, not far from his native home of Ballinakill. He afterwards removed to Newcastle, Co. Meath, where his

Uncle James had formerly resided. He had ten children; Mary, the eldest, died when scarcely grown up. John, the second, after passing some years at Lisbon, went to Suez, and finally Hong Kong, where he soon died from the effects of the climate, and there is buried in the Catholic Cemetery. Kitty, the third, is a Nun at the Angustinian Convent at Abbotsleigh, Devonshire. Elizabeth, the fourth, died Superior of the Convent of Mercy, Tuam, which she had founded, and where she did immense good, until worn out by anxious labour in the cause of the poor. She died to the grief of all who knew her. Edward, the fifth, went to America when very young, and became a lawyer. He married early in life; his wife died leaving three children. He married a second time, and continued to live in the United States. Agnes, the sixth, resides in Dublin. Tom, the seventh, is a Merchant in Dublin. George, the eighth, a young man of great promise in the medical profession, died at Calcutta in the house of the most Rev. Dr. Carew, Bishop of that Diocese, six

days after his arrival there. Ellen, the ninth, died whilst at school at a Convent at Avranches in France. Mary, the tenth, lives in Dublin. The latter days of Edward Ryan's life were passed in Dublin, where he died having received all the rites of the Church July the 23rd, 1847, aged 72 years. His wife survived him eight or nine years. R. I. P.

Ellen, the second daughter, and ninth child, like her sister, was no great favorite with her mother, who was always more partial to her sons. She was, however, possessed of many rare and estimable qualities, high principles, and warm affection. She died before her mother at the age of forty-five, July 29th, 1825, at the Convent of Cabra where she had been residing for some time on account of her health.

Richard, the 8th son, was like his brother Edward a special favorite of his mothers which may be accounted for from their being the two whom she had along nursed herself out of her thirteen children.

He returned his mother's love with true affection, and in after life, when far away from his native land, did not forget his mother, but ministered to her comforts with a generosity which did credit to his heart. Whilst still a youth he went to Carthagena in Spain to his cousin, Robert Ryan, who was at the head of one of the first Mercantile houses of that City. He separated from his family with deep regret, particularly from his mother and eldest brother Thomas to whom he was most deeply attached. How much deeper would have been his regret had he thought they were never again to meet in this world. In Spain he met his brother John whose manly beauty and noble bearing far surpassed any idea he could have formed of him, much as he had heard about him from those who knew him. After residing for some few years at Carthagena he established himself at Alicante, where for years he lived more like a Prince than a mere private gentleman. To do the Ryans justice there was nothing of parsimony in their nature. They spent their money generously, although,

unfortunately for themselves, sometimes a little too profusely. At Alicante he married a sweet and elegant young girl, Louisa Montgomery, a Spaniard by birth, but of Irish origin, her parents being of old and respectable families in the north of Ireland. After years of prosperity sad reverses took place in his affairs from failures and some unfortunate speculations amongst those connected with his Mercantile business. He left Spain and for some years resided in France. Finally, he went as British Consul to Para in South America. There, after a few years, he died in the year 1850, far away from all he loved; his widow resides in France, beloved and respected not alone by the numerous members of her own family, but also by her husband's relatives in Ireland; they had no children.

George, the ninth son, left Ireland when very young to join his brother Philip at that time well established in Copenhagen, by whom he was always treated as a son. When dying he left him guardian to his children, and his own successor in his

Mercantile House. His affairs ran great risks during the War and bombardment of Copenhagen. However, after this he continued to enjoy uninterrupted prosperity until his death which occurred in the above named City December 6th, 1861. He was the last survivor of the eleven brothers; he partook of many of the noble qualities of his brothers. He was a kind brother, devoted son, and generous friend; he had inherited in a high degree the attractive qualities which made his brothers so beloved; his generosity was united to prudence, which, in many instances, theirs was not. He died, beloved and respected, leaving large fortunes to his two grand-daughters, Catherine and Georgina Ryan, the children of his deceased son, Charles Ryan, and his wife, Harriet Withusen, a Danish lady.

William, the 10th son, died at the age of 17, having been always delicate; he was of a most sweet innocent disposition, beloved by all his family, but an especial favorite with his eldest brother, whom

he in return worshipped with the most devoted love. He alone of all the brothers died in his native home of Ballinakill; his death like his life was holy and innocent; his dying bed was surrounded by his loving friends and devoted Confessor, Father Murphy.

May he rest in peace. Amen.

Joseph, the 11th son, born, like all his brothers, at Ballinakill, is still remembered like his elder brother (whom he resembled in kindness and generosity) with fond affection not alone by his relations, but by the poor to whom his heart and hand were ever open. He was always of a gay and happy disposition; the idol of young people and children. When young he was placed in his brother James's Counting House in Dublin, but was not by this shut out from country sports, as at Ballinakill he was always a welcome guest, and could there enjoy, even for a few days, the sports of the field, of which he was always fond. When his brother James's establishment was broken up he went to London, where after a short time he proceeded to Spain - first to



Alicante. where his brother Richard lived, thence to Barcelona, which was his place of residence for many years, and there he was a universal favorite with both Spaniards and French. His entertainments were always considered the gayest and most agreeable of that gay City - at that time he had his nieces, the daughters of his brother James, residing with him, which added not a little to the many attractions of his house. However, after some time a change took place in his affairs, as in the case of so many others of his family. After some few years of anxiety and trouble all looked bright again. On September 7th, 1831, he unexpectedly arrived in Dublin at the house of his elder brother's widow. To describe the joy with which he was received would be impossible. All saw in him the resemblance to that beloved brother, not alone in look and manner, but in goodness and benevolence of heart. His intention on coming to Ireland was to remain but for a short time. Circumstances, however, altered his plans, so for the remaining years of his life Ireland

was his home. The last fourteen years he resided with his brother Thomas Ryan's widow, her three daughters, and the only surviving daughter of his brother James at the Grove House, Co. Meath.

It was a gay and happy day, May 4th, 1834, that they took up their residence in that bright abode, looking fresh and lovely in the first bloom of early summer. Little did they think during that gay and happy season how long they were to remain there (it having been originally taken only for one year) or of the various Scenes of joy and sorrow they were destined to peep through during their sojourn - such happy meetings! some for the first time, others after years of separation. What sorrowful partings! What gay weddings and christenings! and what awful and unexpected deaths. How those fields and groves have re-echoed to the sound of the Hunter's horn, as the lawn was studded over with the bright uniform of the horsemen, whilst the hospitable host, mounted on his favorite hunter, the then celebrated "Blunder", or on his gallant grey,

with his joyous countenance added fresh gaiety to the scene when he appeared, then the lunches which followed those hunts with now and then some break neck accident to vary the scene and add to the excitement, particularly when the unlucky rider was carried into the house, in sometimes an apparently dying state, then the confusion running for brandy and all sorts of stimulants, plaisters, bandages, etc; all, all have passed away like a dream, and he, who was the life and mover of all, has passed away too! but his memory is still green and fresh in the hearts of the surrounding poor to whom he was ever a charitable benefactor and kind employer, as well as in those of his relatives and friends, by whom he was devotedly loved during life, and by whom he will ever be fondly remembered.

In the summer of 49 his health, which until then had always been most robust, most unexpectedly began to decline; after great sufferings most patiently borne he died October 27th, 1849, after having received all the rites of the church, aged

64. From his appearance no one would have taken him for more than 50. He died deeply and sincerely regretted by all - rich and poor - who loved and mourned him as their friend and benefactor. May he rest in peace!

These brothers have all passed away as we too shall pass away, and be forgotten as a dream.

May we have as bright a memory behind us, and so deserve to meet them in a happy Eternity.

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Since writing the foregoing pages death has been busy amongst us, whilst I, the oldest of those descended from the eleven brothers, am still left to record the sad remembrance of those I loved.

Ellen Maria, last surviving child of Philip Ryan, and wife of Michael Keogh, the friend and play-fellow of happy childhood, my school companion, and one with whom I was closely associated in after life, died March 6th, 1866, aged 65, at her husband's residence Pembroke Road, after a long and painful illness, borne with the most patient resignation, after having received all the rites of the church. Her husband, to whom she had been married 47 years, and who was unchangeably devoted to her, survived her little more than one year. His death took place on July 2nd, 1867, after receiving all the rites of the church, at Glencourt, Co. Wicklow, where he lived with his sons, John and George, and the latter's wife and children. R. I. P.

My dear brother Edward, the eldest son of

Thomas Ryan, the first of the eleven brothers, died at 60, Upper Gardiner Street, July 13th, 1866, aged 65, having passed through a long and most trying illness of three or four years, during which time he bore his severe sufferings with truly edifying patience and resignation to God's Holy Will. He was attended all through by one or other of the Jesuit Fathers - Members of whose Society had been the instructors of his youthful days. His death was most calm and peaceful, after having received all the rites of the church. He survived his cousin, Ellen Maria Keogh (whose lover he was in boyhood) little more than three months. When unable to see each other, they wrote to take leave of one another from their sick beds. Before this I trust they have happily met, never more to separate. R. I. P.

Ellen, the last surviving child of James Ryan, who, from her health and active energy of mind and body, appeared likely to live to extreme old age,

got an attack of Rheumatism, which ultimately went to her heart and caused her death after great suffering. She died, having received all the rites of the church, on Sunday morning, July 19th, 1868, on the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, having been an active member of his Society of Charity. She had a great devotion to him, and warmly participated in his love for the poor, by whom she was deeply lamented. She was in her 61st year.

R. I. P.,

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