

COL. JOHN A. JOYCE DIES IN HOSPITAL

Washington Poet, Veteran of Civil
War and Beloved by Many, Ex-
pires at Seventy-two Years.

OAK HILL.

Let me rest where sunrise lingers
Neath the waving willow shade.
Where the morn with dewy fingers
Sprinkles diamonds o'er the glade.

Let me rest with violets blooming
In the springtime of the year,
Where the forget-me-nots are shining
By the oaks that murmur near.

Where the brilliant birds are singing
O'er the flowers above my tomb
And the matin bells are ringing
Mortals to celestial bloom.

Let me rest where human voices
Sound around my shaft and bust,
Saying that I loved my fellows
Ever full of faith and trust!

This is the last poem of Col. John A. Joyce, who died yesterday in Providence Hospital. It was received by The Washington Herald last Friday for publication. Col. Joyce was one of the best-known and best-loved poets in this part of the country.

He was born in Kentucky seventy-two years ago. At the outbreak of the civil war he hastened to join the Northern army. His father and brothers went to fight in the army of the Confederacy. Col. Joyce, at the close of the civil war, took up the study of law in the office of Senator Allison. He was at that time a personal friend of President Lincoln.

Col. Joyce had lived in Washington ever since the close of the civil war. For many years he had been employed by the Treasury Department. He was the author of nearly twenty books and volumes of poetry. "Remember the Maine" was written by him.

Col. Joyce was one of the most universally known and loved men in Washington. He was a member of all the Masonic fraternal organizations, of the Legion of Honor, and of the G. A. R.

The funeral will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the undertaking establishment of S. H. Hines and Son, 1715 Fourteenth street northwest.

Col. Joyce is survived by two daughters, Mrs. William Dunkerley, of California, and Miss Libby Joyce, of this city.