

THE LATE ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

THE last-half dozen pages of the Number with which this Magazine began its sixth volume, in January, 1878, were devoted to as full an account as the materials then at our disposal allowed us to furnish of the Irish poet, Robert Dwyer Joyce. The notice concluded with the natural hope, that from so young, so gifted, and so earnest a man Irish literature might expect much excellent work, in addition to all that he had done. Like most of us, no doubt, he himself imagined at that time that many laborious years were still before him; but he has just died on the 24th October, 1883.

An interesting sketch, telling evidently all that his dearest friends wish us to know about him, has appeared in the journal in which such a record has the best right to appear—*The Nation*, of November 10th, 1883. Many years ago we were curious to know who was “Fear-dana” of *The Nation*? Under (or over) that signature most of Dr. Joyce’s ballads appeared in *The Nation*’s “Poet’s Corner.” He contributed also to James Duffy’s various magazines, and to two spirited little periodicals still more fleeting, *The Celt*, published in Dublin, and *The Harp*, published in Cork. These were gathered into a volume of “Ballads, Romances, and Songs,” published in Dublin in 1861. All his other works were published in the American city where he spent the last sixteen years of his life, except the last year of all. We suspect his two volumes of prose tales are almost unknown in the old country, from which he drew all his themes and all inspiration. *Deirdré*, his greatest poem, was introduced to Irish readers by Messrs M. H. Gill & Son. A rather minute account of it was given in the article referred to at the beginning of this brief “mortuary card.”*

The village where Robert Dwyer Joyce was born (in the year 1830), was fitly named for a poet’s birthplace—Glenosheen or Gleann-Oisín, Ossian’s Glen, situated at the foot of Seefin, the highest of the Ballyhoura mountains in the south of the county Limerick. He began the work of life early, in the service of the Board of Irish National Education, but finally fought his way, by his talents and perseverance into the ranks of the medical profession, taking his degree in 1865. His eminently successful career as a physician was pursued, as we have said, at Boston. But he came home to receive all the tender care of loving friends and all the consolations of religion, and then to die. He is buried in our beautiful and holy Glasnevin, near the graves of two other Irish poets, James Clarence Mangan and Denis Florence Mac Carthy. May he and they rest in peace!

* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. vi., p. 55.