

There calmly in sleep rests the Bard, famed in story,
 Who oft from his lip would wild melody pour,
 When of *Erin* he sung, and her long faded glory,
 While his harp the soft numbers repeated *Gillore*.

But that harp now no longer its sweet tones awaken,
 To gladden the heart with each soft melting thrill—
 Ah, no! every chord slumbers sadly forsaken,
 And the lip that breathed o'er them now hushed on
 the hill.

It is enough to say, that his poetic and extemporaneous effusions, together with a copiousness of that ready wit which is so truly the characteristic of Irishmen, rendered him an object of the greatest respect, and always procured for him, wherever he went, the "*Cead míle fáille duit*," hundred thousand welcomes.—Like most other poets, he was particularly fond of celebrating the pretty girls of his day. The greatest favourite that he ever had was Miss Downy, whose lovely form and features are still clear to my recollection. I never saw her but once, and that when I was but very young. She was then on a visit to a friend, in my own little village, *Tullinagee*—and curiosity led me to see the lady whom our old bard had so highly celebrated. With rude boyish gaze, I strictly surveyed the fading form of her who once could inspire the lover and the poet. There was an indescribable something in her look and manner that I thought surpassed all I had ever seen, and made such an impression on my mind, that it still is, and ever shall be, unmoved by the operations of time.