

lege-græa, erected in A.D. 1701, on which it is represented without crest, supporters, or motto, plainly surrounded by a cornucopæ; but among the embellishments of the Translation of the Great Charter, by Dr. Lucas, before alluded to, the escutcheon is set out surmounted by a coronet or cap of dignity, supported by a goose and a cock, and having on a scroll the motto, "Vigilance and Valour." At present the chief magistrates of the city, in their official proclamations, retain the cap of dignity, but have dismissed the goose and cock, together with the motto; perhaps they are aware that the geese and cocks-combs are sufficiently numerous personally, and a proper sense of modesty prevents the assumption of the motto in this degenerate generation. R. ARMSTRONG.

Our ingenious correspondent, as well as Harris and the other authorities on whom he relies, appear to be in error in supposing the seal last given to belong to the City, and to represent its arms. It is evidently the seal of the Provosts of the City, and must be of an antiquity anterior to the year 1266, when the names of these officers were changed to *Bailiffs*, who were, in their turn, changed to Sheriffs, in 1549, in the second year of King Edward VI. The inscription is, "*Sigillum Prepositure Dublinie*," and the three lions of the Royal Arms of England, no doubt were intended to denote that the Provosts were the *King's officers* in the corporation, who collected and accounted for the fee farm rent and other royal revenues. Though, therefore, it has been sometimes considered to be the *Arms of the City*, it is obviously a mistake. B.

The following letter from King Charles the First, evinces how highly that sovereign estimated the services of the citizens of Dublin. It is the last article entered in the "*Domesday Book of Duvelin City*."

"CHARLES I.

"Trusty and well beloved we greet you well. We have been so abundantly satisfied by our right trusty and entirely beloved cousin and counsellor, James, Marquess of Ormond, our Lieutenant General of that our Kingdom, of your constancy and zeal to our service, not only by your giving your support, far beyond your estate and abilities, towards the relief of our army there, without which it could not have subsisted, but likewise for the engaging yourselves for the raising of money towards the transportation of that part of our army which was sent hither to our aid. As we cannot but take special notice of your said good affections to us, especially when we see such pregnant testimonies thereof in these times of defection, when so great numbers of our subjects in our several kingdoms have cast off their duty and national allegiance. And therefore we do assure you on the word of a king, that we will in due time remember these your services for your honour and advantage, which we will and require you to make known to our good people of that our city; and that we do very much commiserate the many great and heavy burthens, which for the advantage of our service they do daily bear, which, (as we are informed,) hath in a manner occasioned a total decay of trade, which is the very life of a city, and consequently the consumption of all their means, whereof we are exceedingly sensible, and will upon all occasions be ready to relieve them the best way we may. Given at our Court at Oxford, the 23d February, 1643. "By His Majesty's Command,

"EDWARD NICHOLAS."

ANCIENT IRISH POETRY.

SIR,—The 25th Number of your valuable Journal contains a short, but interesting account of Inchmore Castle, on the Nore, the residence of Oliver Grace, the heir of the ancient baronial house of Courtstown, who died in the life-time of his father, in the year 1637. In Mr. Hardiman's beautiful collection of Irish Poems, (Vol. II.) there are some elegiac stanzas on his death, which, from the rare beauty of their poetry, harmony of their numbers, and the freedom of their structure from those alliterations and other minute restrictions which have cramped the metre of many of the other valuable compositions of our Irish Bards, seem to me well worthy of a place in your Journal, if you think it not sufficient to refer your readers to Mr. Hardiman's work. I send you a literal translation which I have attempted, and in which I have most strictly

adhered to the original, which, however, it will be necessary to understand in order fully to appreciate the beauties of the poem. Your readers will perceive that the translation which I have sent you does not differ materially from Doctor Drummond's accurate metrical version.

I should observe that Mr. Hardiman places the death of Oliver Grace in the year 1604; but this is a mistake, as will be evident by referring to the interesting "Memoirs of the Grace Family," there being no person of that family whom the elegy could possibly suit, except Oliver Grace, of Inchmore, called *Fife*, or the poet, to whom it is applicable in every particular. He is stated, in the Memoirs, to be the son of Robert Grace, Baron of Courtstown, by his wife Elleanor daughter of David Condon, Lord of Condon's country, in the county of Cork, by Elleanor, daughter of Richard, Lord Poer, of Curraghmore: but by a reference to the will of Sir Richard Shee, dated 24th December, 1609 (a copy of which is in my possession)—whose daughter, Letitia Shee, was married to John Grace, of Courtstown, father of the said Robert Grace, and grandfather of Oliver, of Inchmore—it appears that Robert Grace's wife was the daughter of Patrick Condon. The following are the extracts from the will referring to this subject.

"Item, where-upon the agreement of marriage of Mr. Patricke Condon, of my grandchilde, Robert Grace, to his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Condon, the said Patricke delivered unto me £100 sterling current money of England, in bullion, to be given in preferment to my daughter, is daughter Margaret Grace that is with me, I will that my wyfe and executors, with the advice of some of my feoffees and brethren, shall provyde a fytt hande for her, and that myne executors of my soules portion, shall deliver unto her and her husband, in marriage goods, one hundred pounds sterling current moneye of England, in Bullion; and if God shall dispose of the said Margaret before marriage, then my will is, that my executors shall pay the same £100 to her brethren, Richard and Edmund Grace, in regard that they are poor orphans, haveinge nothing leaft unto them for their mayntenance by their father and mother; and if they should die before they receive the said moneye, then I will that the said moneye be paid unto their elder brother Robert Grace. Item, when Mr. Patricke Condon is bounde by bonde to me that Edmond Purcell of Ballyfoille, shall marry my grandchild, Catherine Grace, or in lieu thereof to pay unto her £300 sterling, current moneye in England, for the preferment of the saide Catherine Grace to a husband, I earnestly beseech my sonne and heire, and the rest of my executors, upon my blessinge, if neede be, by sulte of law, upon the refusal of the saide Purcell, to compell the said Patricke Condon, upon his bonde, to pay the sayde moneye to the use aforesaide; and yf she should happen to die before preferment, the said £300, to be to her brother, Mr. Robert Grace, in regard that he most lovinglie and kindlie bestowed his own mariadge for the benefytt of her and her sister by myne advice and intreatie. Item, I leave to my father Lettisse Shee's daughter, Margaret Grace, a flock of sheep, in number foure skore. Item, I leave to my saide daughter, is son and heir, Robert Grace, one of my double gillt bowels of plate with his cover, wherein I comonlie drincke aqua vitæ and clarett wyne, as a token of remembrance of my love."

The will of Sir Richard Shee has been lost by the Pre-rogative Office, where it was proved in 1608, or it could not have escaped the accurate researches of the author of "Memoirs of the Grace Family." W. W.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER GRACE.

BY JOHN FITZWALTER WALSH.

1. A gloomy mist is in each mountain, a mist that appeared not before; there is a sullen silence in noontide; the deep voice of sorrow alone is heard.
2. The sound of death is in the wind: alas! to us 'tis the approach of sorrow! The raven with hoarse voice, portends the hour of the dead.
3. Is it for thee, O noble youth of my heart, that the banshee mournful wails, in the midst of the silent lone'y night; plaintiff she sings the song of death