

And all his manners do confess  
 That courage dwells with gentleness.  
 War with the wolf he loves to wage,  
 And never quits if he engage;  
 But praise him much, and you may chance  
 To put him out of countenance;  
 And having done a deed so brave,  
 He looks not sullen, yet looks grave.  
 No fondling play-fellow is he;  
 His master's guard he wills to be,  
 Willing for him, his blood he spent,  
 His look is never insolent.  
 Few men to do such noble deeds have learned,  
 Nor having done could look so unconcerned.' ”

“The strength of these dogs must have been very great; a nobleman informed me that when he was staying with the Knight of Kerry, two Irish Wolfdogs made their escape from the place where they were confined, and pulled down and killed a horse which was in an adjoining paddock.”

“The Irish Wolfdogs were formerly placed as the supporters of the arms of the ancient monarchs of Ireland. They were collared “or,” with the mottoe, ‘Gentle when stroked, fierce when provoked.’ ”

The well-known Mrs. C. Hall, wrote to Jesse the following interesting account of an Irish Wolfdog:—“When I was a child (probably 1812-15), I had a very close friendship with a genuine old Wolfdog, ‘Bruno’ by name. He was the property of an old friend of my grandmother’s, who claimed descent from the Irish kings. His name was O’Toole; his manners were the most courtly you can imagine. His visits were my jubilees. There was the kind, dignified, old gentleman, who told me tales, and there was his tall gaunt dog, grey with age, and yet with me full of play. There were two Terriers rough, &c., &c. O’Toole and his dogs always occupied the same room, the Terriers on the same bed as their master. No entreaty, however, would induce Bruno to sleep on anything softer than stone. He would remove the hearth-rug and lie on the marble. His master used to instance the

dog’s disdain of luxury of a mark as his noble nature. The O’Toole had three of these dogs. I can recall nothing more picturesque than that majestic old gentleman and his dog, both remnants of a bygone age. Bruno was rough—but not long-coated—very grave, observant, enduring every one, very fond of children, playing with them gently, but only crouching and fawning on his master; and that, O’Toole would say, ‘is proof of my royal blood.’ ”

Jesse offers his thanks to Mrs. Hall and to Lady Morgan for their assistance on this matter; the latter introduces the late Hamilton Rowan and his Irish Wolfdog, Bran, into one of her novels.

Richardson tells us that the late Sir W. Betham, Ulster King-at-Arms, an authority of very high importance on any subject connected with Irish antiquities, in communicating with Mr. Haffield, who read a paper on the Irish Wolfhound before the Dublin Natural History Society, about 1841, states as follows:—“From the mention of the Wolfdogs in the old Irish stories and poems, and also from what I have heard from a very old person, long since dead, of his having seen them at The Neale, in the County of Mayo, the seat of Sir John Browne, ancestor to Lord Kilmaine, I have no doubt they were a gigantic Greyhound. My departed friend described them as being very gentle, and that Sir J. Browne allowed them to come into his dining-room, where they put their heads over the shoulders of those who sat at table; they were not smooth-skinned like our Greyhounds, but rough and curly-haired.”

“The Irish poets call the Wolfdog ‘cu,’ and the common Greyhound ‘gayer,’ a marked distinction, the word ‘cu’ signifying a champion.”

The two following anecdotes are given as showing the great courage and power of the Irish Greyhound as compared with wild and ferocious animals with which he was opposed in combat.