

The writer has just had painted, under his close superintendence and guidance, a portrait of an Irish Wolfhound of 35 inches, life-size, of a grey colour, and it presents to the vision a most striking and remarkable animal of a very majestic and beautiful appearance, far, far beyond any dog the writer has ever seen in grandeur of looks.

I shall conclude with an authentic statement of how the last wolves existing in the County of Tyrone were destroyed by means of the Irish Greyhound. This account is taken from the biography of a Tyrone family published in Belfast in 1829:—

“In the mountainous parts of the County Tyrone the inhabitants suffered much from the wolves, and gave from the public fund as much for the head of one of these animals as they would give for the capture of a notorious robber on the highway. There lived in those days an adventurer who, alone and unassisted, made it his occupation to destroy these ravagers. The time for attacking them was in the night, and midnight was the best time for doing so, as that was their wonted time for leaving their lair in search of food, when the country was at rest and all was still; then, issuing forth, they fell on their defenceless prey, and the carnage commenced. There was a species of dog for the purpose of hunting them, called the Wolfdog. This animal represented a rough, stout, half-bred Greyhound, but was much stronger.

“In the County Tyrone there was then a large space of ground enclosed by a high stone wall, having a gap at each of the two opposite extremities, and in this were secured the flocks of the surrounding farmers. Still, secure though this fold was deemed, it was entered by the wolves and its inmates slaughtered. The neighbouring proprietors having heard of the noted wolf-hunter above-mentioned, by name Rory Carragh, sent for him, and offered the usual reward, with some addition, if he would undertake to destroy the two remaining wolves that had committed such devastation. Carragh undertaking the task, took with him two Wolfdogs

and a little boy only twelve years old, the only person who would accompany him, and repaired at the approach of midnight to the fold in question. ‘Now’ said Carragh to the boy, ‘as the two wolves usually enter the opposite extremities of the sheepfold at the same time, I must leave you and one of the dogs to guard this one while I go to the other. He steals with all the caution of a cat, nor will you hear him, but the dog will, and positively will give him the first fall; if, therefore, you are not active when he is down to rivet his neck to the ground with this spear he will rise up and kill both you and the dog; so good night.’ ‘I’ll do what I can,’ said the little boy as he took the spear from the wolf-hunter’s hand.

“The boy immediately threw open the gate of the fold and took his seat in the inner part, close to the entrance, his faithful companion crouching at his side, and seemingly perfectly aware of the dangerous business he was engaged in. The night was very dark and cold, and the poor little boy, being benumbed by the chilly air, was beginning to fall into a kind of sleep, when at that instant the dog, with a roar, leaped across him and laid his mortal enemy upon the earth. The boy was roused into double activity by the voice of his companion, and drove the spear through the wolf’s neck as he had been directed, at which time Carragh appeared bearing the head of the other.”

In concluding this article, the writer would express his astonishment that so noble and pre-eminently attractive a breed of dog should have found so few supporters. Of all dogs the monarch and the most majestic—shall he be allowed to drop from our supine grasp?

Irishmen!—Englishmen!—all ye who love the canine race—let it not be so.

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Since this article was written—In the *Live Stock Journal* of 20th August, 1880, “A Practical Farmer” writing on some