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Poetry.

Lament for O'Flynn.

Sad and piercing is the wail of Erin;
Quick and hot fall the tears of sorrow—
Red are the eyes of her handmaidens,
And the stout shillelaha drop
From the nerveless hands of her fiery sons.
O'Flynn is gone! and very lonely
Are the Halls of Tipperary.
No more in the Council Hall
Shall sound his manly voice—
The firm defender of his caste is gone!
And with him sleeps in deep repose
The hopes and aspirations of the East.
Ward off the weight of wo who will,
The City feels the mighty loss—
And sackcloth clothes her hopes that
Were sacked by lawless, foul ambition!
Ungrateful sons of Erin, what?
Is your nationality for ever gone?
What boots it that he was a Paddy,
"To the manor born"—a native of the sod—
Or that for aught the stricken minstrel knows,
"His mother kept a shebeen shop
In the Town of Enniskillen."
What boots it that his Grandsire drest
With "Brian Boru," the nation's sword,
And against the invader o'er the shamrock sod
Strode on in Giant might—alas!
His light is quenched—past is his
Day of power—a brother of the sod
With weapon strong, bore down
Upon his luckless head, and
Freed him from the fated ill of earth
And all the anxious ills of office too.
Star of the East, veil thou thy face
Beneath a cloud of gloom—and
Ye Hibernians raise the death-note high—
Lament the timeless end—the woful fate
Of Tipperary's chosen son deplora.
Alas! alas! for thee, it's a sin,
Deeply the minstrel wails the great O'Flynn!

CORMAC O'SLAUO, "H.A.

January 18th, 1854.

The Cougar, and an Adventure with one.

The only indigenous long-tailed cat in America north of the parallel of 30 degrees is the cougar. The wild cats, so called, are lynxes with short tails; and of these there are three distinct species. But there is only one true representative of the genus *Felis*, and that is the animal we have mentioned. It has received many trivial appellations. Among Anglo-American hunters, he is called the panther—in their patois, painter. The absence of stripes, such as those of the tiger—or spots, as upon the leopard—or rosettes, as upon the jaguar, have suggested the name of the naturalists, concolor. Discolor was formerly in use; but the other has been generally adopted. There are few wild animals so regular in their colour as the cougar; very little variety has been observed among different specimens. Some naturalists speak of spotted cougars—that is having spots that may be seen in a certain light. Upon young cubs, such markings do appear;

but they are no longer visible on the full grown animal. The cougar of mature age is of a tawny red colour, almost over the whole body, though somewhat paler about the face and the parts underneath. This colour is not exactly the tawny of the lion: it is more of a reddish hue—nearer to what is termed calf-colour.

The cougar is far from being a well-shaped creature: it appears disproportioned. Its back is long and hollow; and its tail does not taper so gracefully as in some other animals of the cat kind. Its legs are short and stout; and although far from clumsy in appearance, it does not possess the graceful *fournure* of body so characteristic of some of its congeners. Though considered the representative of the lion in the New World, his resemblance to the royal beast is but slight; his colour alone entitles him to such an honour. For the rest, he is much more akin to the tigers, jaguars, and true panthers. Cougars are rarely more than six feet in length including the tail, which is usually about a third of that measurement. The range of the animal is very extensive. He is known from Paraguay to the great Lakes of North America. In no part of either continent is he to be seen every day, because he is for the most part not only nocturnal in his activity, but one of those fierce creatures that, fortunately, do not exist in large numbers. Like others of the genus, he is solitary in his habits, and at the approach of civilization betakes himself to the remoter parts of the forest. Hence the cougar, although found in all of the United States, is a rare animal everywhere, and seen only at long intervals in the mountain valleys or in other difficult places of the forest. The appearance of a cougar is sufficient to throw any neighbourhood into an excitement similar to that which would be produced among us by the chase of a mad dog.

He is a splendid tree climber. He can mount a tree with the agility of a cat; and although so large an animal, he climbs by means of his claws—not only by hugging, after the manner of the bears and opossums. While climbing a tree, his claws can be heard crackling along the bark as he mounts upward. He sometimes lies "squatted" along a horizontal branch—a lower one—for the purpose of springing upon a deer, or such other animals as he wishes to prey upon. The ledge of a cliff is also a favorite haunt, and such are known among the hunters as panther-ledges. He selects special positions in the neighbourhood of some watering place, or, if possible, one of the salt or soda springs (licks) so numerous in America. Here he is more certain that his victim will not be a protracted one. His prey—elk, deer, antelope, or buffalo—soon appears beneath, unconscious of the dangerous enemy that covers over them. When fairly within reach, the cougar springs, and pounce-down upon the shoulders of his victim, buries its claws in its flesh. The terrified animal starts forward, leaps from side to side, dashes into the papaw thickets, or breaks the dense cane-brake, in hopes of shaking off its relentless rider. All in vain! Closely clasping its neck, the cougar clings on, tearing its victim in the throat, and drinking its blood throughout the wild gallop. Faint and feeble, the ruminant at length totters and falls, and the fierce dea-

stroyer squats himself along the body, and finishes his red repast. If the cougar can overcome several animals at a time, he will kill them all, although but the twentieth part may be required to satiate his hunger. Unlike the lion in this, even in repletion he will kill. With him destruction of life seems to be an instinct.

There is a small animal, and apparently a very helpless one, with which the cougar occasionally quarrels, but often with all success—this is the Canada porcupine. Whether the cougar ever succeeds in killing one of these creatures is not known, but that he attacks them is beyond question, and his own death is often the result. The quills of the Canada porcupine are slightly barbed at their extremities; and when stuck into the flesh of a living animal, this arrangement causes them to penetrate mechanically deeper and deeper as the animal moves. That the porcupine can itself discharge them to some distance, is not true, but it is true that it can cause them to be easily detached; and this it does when rashly seized by any of the predatory animals. The result is, that these remarkable spines become fast in the tongue, jaws, and lips of the cougar, or any other creature which may make an attack upon a seeming unprotected little animal. The fisher (*Mustela Canadensis*) is said to be the only animal that can kill the porcupine with impunity. It fights the latter by first throwing it upon its back, and then springing upon its upturned belly, where the spines are almost entirely wanting.

The cougar is called a cowardly animal; some naturalists even assert that it will not venture to attack man. This is, to say the least, a singular declaration, after the numerous well attested instances in which men have been attacked and even killed by cougars. There are many such in the history of early settlement in America. To say that cougars are cowardly now when found in the United States—to say they are shy of man, and will not attack him, may be true enough. Strange, if the experience of two hundred years' hunting, and by such hunters too, did not bring them to that. I might safely affirm, that if the lions of Africa were placed in the same circumstances, a very similar shyness and dread of the upright biped would soon exhibit itself. What all these creatures—bears, cougars, lynxes, wolves, and even alligators—are now, is no criterion of their past. Authentic history proves that their courage, at least so far as regards man, has changed altogether since they first heard the sharp detonation of the deadly rifle. Even contemporaneous history demonstrates this. In many parts of South America, both jaguar and cougar attack man and numerous are the deadly encounters there. In Peru, on the eastern declivity of the Andes, large settlements and villages have been abandoned solely on account of the perilous proximity of those fierce animals.

In the United States the cougar is hunted by dog and gun. He will run from the hounds, because he knows they are backed by the unerring rifle of the hunter; but should one of the yelping pack approach too near, a single blow of the cougar's paw is sufficient to stretch him out. When closely pushed, the cougar takes to a dog, and