

# THE ORANGE LILY.

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## Poetry.

### WARNING TO "POETS."

Never praise up the papers which edit your songs,  
Nor the men who may publish such papers;  
For if so you will say such a caper belongs  
To the worst of all possible capers. [pout,  
For your laudable nonsense may give them the  
And regardless of all admonition,  
They may throw your most readable articles out,  
And add blunders to bad compositions.

Never praise up a maiden when fancy exclaims,  
"She admires your curly moustaches!"  
For instead of receiving a smile for your pains,  
You'll repent them in sackcloth and ashes.  
From the date of your puff, she'll not notice your  
nod,

For the purple of pride hanging o'er her,  
She'll believe herself goddess of some sacred sod,  
And you the few fools who adore her.

Never praise up an aunt or a niece if they've cash,  
And you would desire to share it;  
For in doing an action so cursedly rash  
You'll both daub the foils cap and wear it.  
For they taking womanly lore for a guide,  
To flatter your wishes are willing;  
And as poverty always loves poetry's side,  
They may bound all your hopes by a shilling!

And now the last warning to you I would give,  
Let all who have ears hear me say,  
If this one's neglected as long as you live  
You'll have reason to weep and to pray.  
Notwithstanding the legion of praises which you  
May bestow upon aunts or on nieces;  
Never praise up yourselves, for a sure as you do  
The critics will tear you to pieces.

UNCAS.

Perth, 1854.

### The Assassin of the Pas de Calais.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.]

About twenty years ago, much excitement was caused throughout a large district of the northeast of France, by a series of remarkable crimes, which were then committed upon the high road which runs from Calais, through St. Omer, to Arras.

The first of the outrages which attracted so much public attention was attended with singular circumstances. At five o'clock one morning, some early-rising inhabitants of St. Omer were surprised to see a well-known and highly esteemed neighbour riding into town in his *toupie*, or gig, as if he had been travelling all night and were just returning home. It was Alexis Bribault, the notary. His horse seemed jaded and tired, and was jogging doggedly along with his head low down, his ears flapping forwards, and his long tail drooping listlessly between his weary legs. There was something very strange in the appearance of Mr. Bribault, which caused every one to turn and look at him as he rode steadily and slowly on. He was deadly pale, his mouth rigidly shut, and his eyes wide open, with a fixed stare, which either denoted in-

tense abstraction of mind, or mental alienation. The hand which held the reins had dropped carelessly upon his knee; he seemed to have completely forgotten that he was riding in his *toupie*, and that there was a horse before him. His hat, which had evidently fallen in the dirt, was slouched upon his head, but in such a manner as not to interfere with a full view of his countenance. Although it was summer, a large neckerchief was tied in a wide fold over his throat and chin, and the great travelling-cape, which in fine weather was always strapped up in front of the gig, was now thrown over his shoulders. It was strange; but perhaps M. Bribault had found it cold during the night, or had been seized with indisposition on the road. His appearance altogether was remarkable and alarming.

As the gig passed along before the great cage of a shop of Perrin, the bird merchant, some half dozen carrion crows which he kept began to croak, and manifested such sudden and unanimous excitement that Perrin himself was amazed:

"Holla!" exclaimed Perrin, with serious wonder, as he looked up and down the street and all around. "There is fresh blood spilt somewhere near!"

His knowledge of the instincts and habits of the birds was correct. It was quickly observed that the slowly-moving gig left behind it a trail of drops of blood.

This discovery was no sooner made than several townspeople ran after the vehicle, stopped the horse, and demanded of M. Bribault what had happened. He did not speak, but still stared fixedly before him. He looked as if he had been frightened to death—as if he were sitting in a state of immutable torpidity. They prepared to carry him into the house of a physician, but they found that he was tied firmly to the gig. They opened the cape, and saw with horror that blood was streaming, fast and thick, down his breast. A short, broad piece of wood had been ingeniously fastened, in an upright position, to the back of the gig, and to this the unfortunate man was tied with a strong cord, which was wound round the body and the stake, in a certain doubly spiral manner, curiously ingenious and effectual, for the purpose of keeping him upright upon his seat, notwithstanding the motion of the gig. Over all the cape had been thrown. They undid the widely folded handkerchief which concealed his throat and chin. In this, on either side, small pieces of wood had been inserted, which had kept his head in position. As they removed the well-contrived bandage, the head fell back with appalling listlessness, and a frightfully torn, mangled and bleeding throat was exposed to view. M. Bribault was dead. He had gone the preceding day to collect the rents of certain property of which he had the superintendence, and had been expected to return the same evening. On his way home he had been waylaid, murdered, robbed of every farthing, and sent going in the manner above described, his trusty horse finding the way to his master's dwelling. It was found, by the sums which M. Bribault had received, that the robber or robbers had made a booty of four thousand francs, all in specie. According to the evidence of a

physician, the lacerations in the throat of the unfortunate man had been inflicted by the teeth of some animal, most probably those of a dog. Such was the first of this series of crimes. Instant measures were taken for the detection and apprehension of the criminal or criminals, but without result.

The second outrage was also distinguished by remarkable circumstances. Colin Festin was the proprietor of a large farm, some twelve miles from St. Omer, towards Arras, and was a man of considerable wealth. One morning, about two months after the murder of M. Bribault, a peasant who was going to work on M. Festin's farm, observed his master seated upon a bank at some distance from the side of the road, leaning his back against a tree, and smoking with an air of profound abstraction.—As M. Festin had always been an early riser, and was known to be fondly attached to his pipe, the peasant took no especial notice of him, but went on towards the farm, to proceed with his work. He found that Madame Festin was already up and about. She asked him with some anxiety, if he had seen his master. He told her he had, and pointed out to her where M. Festin was sitting smoking. It was a good way off, but they could plainly perceive him sitting with his back against a tree, and a pipe in his mouth. Madame Festin said that her husband had been seized with a violent toothache early in the night, and had taken it in his head to walk up and down the road and smoke, in the hope of obtaining relief, and she had been alarmed by his not returning. Reassured by seeing him sitting yonder in apparent tranquility, she went back into the house, and as it was yet very early, betook herself to bed for another hour. Meanwhile, the peasant going hither and thither about the farm-yard, looked frequently towards the figure, sitting so quietly under the tree, and observed with surprise that M. Festin never once altered his position in the whole course of an hour; and though the pipe was still in his mouth, there was no smoke. Doubtless, he had smoked himself to sleep. As the sun was now rising high, and the heat becoming oppressive, the labourer, fearing his master might sustain injury from sleeping unprotected in the warm sunshine, (for though beneath a tree, the foliage did not shield him,) went to arouse him. A slight examination proved to the horror-stricken man that his master was dead; that he had been murdered, and afterwards planted against the tree, with his pipe in his mouth, as discovered.

His throat had been lacerated just as M. Bribault's was, but the wounds had been covered over with a coarse, strong pitch plaister, his neckerchief had been turned inside out, and arranged so as to conceal various marks, as of teeth, and the clots of blood which stained it, and tied carefully around his neck, and his coat had been buttoned for the sake of hiding the blood which had fallen upon his vest, and the upper part of his *culottes*. All the money which M. Festin carried about his person, which, however, was of small amount, had been stolen by the murderer. About fifty yards from the spot where the body was placed there were marks on the road as if