

## PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF AUTHORS.

Who is that brisk, dapper little man, that is flitting about the room from one table to another, his eyes sparkling, and his intellectual countenance radiant with good humour? He seems a general favourite, especially with the ladies."—"That," said my friend, "is Thomas Moore. Hark! he is going to sing—one of his own inimitable melodies. Listen." The poet of *Lalla Rookh* sat at the piano (looking no more a little man, for he sits high, and no one would suppose him short, when seated,) and enchanted us with *Nora Creina*. It was a treat of no slight order to hear the poet sing his own beautiful song; when he concluded, a burst of applause broke from every lip—and, during its continuance the bard left the instrument, and was again employed in smiling and bowing to all who came in his way. I saw an individual standing, with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, and deeply engaged in reading a volume of the *Fairy Queen*; his hair, which had been of a jet black, was parted in the middle of his forehead, and, along the crown of his head; now gray hairs were plenty, or rather, it was the sort of hair called "grizzled." His eye was one of the finest I had ever seen—black and piercing, and as he spoke, it almost glowed. There was much of a kind and sweet expression about the mouth: the countenance, altogether, plainly told of much care and some sorrow. There was a slight stoop in the shoulders; he wore his shirt-collar loosely, and without a neck-cloth, but not in the manner of a coxcomb. This was Leigh Hunt, the most delightful essayist of the day. While I was looking at Mr. Hunt, a gentleman of very diminutive stature, with a good-humoured face, accosted my friend. He had a very slight hare lip, large gray eye, with a good deal of humour lurking about the corners of his mouth. His hair was thin, and the crown of his head was bald. When his conversation was lively, there was a little of the blarney in his accent. When he was gone, I found it was Crofton Crocker the author of *Fairy Legends*. "Who is that good humoured looking personage, with whom every one talks in turn, who speaks with a strong Irish accent, and takes snuff 'immensely,' as Mr. Butler would say?"—"Oh! that is Dr. Taylor, the best Hebrew scholar of the day, and author of several standard works. He is well versed in oriental literature, and is a principal contributor to that capital journal, *The Athenaeum*. That very slovenly farmer-looking personage, with the top-boots, rather tall and elderly, is the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, who beat Lord Byron in the 'Pope' controversy. His sonnets are very beautiful, and he has almost equalled Dr. Watts in his verses for children."—"Yonder is a strange-looking being," said I; "that half-man, half-woman, around whom so many persons are crowding. Who is she? I heard her talking just now, of matters which women seldom converse on with gentlemen, and she seemed to understand her subject too."—"The political economist in petticoats—Miss Harriet Martineau. The enemy of over-population, and the writer thereon. It is a strange subject for a lady to keep up, but it is in vain to deny that she has handled her subject well. That young lady nearer, with the very intellectual countenance, and plain dress, is a person of quite a different order of mind to Miss Martineau. She is one of the most delightful poetesses and novelists in our country. It is Miss Landon."

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, 1839.

MISS LANDON.—We have too little reason, from the statement being universal, to entertain a doubt of the decease of this truly gifted and accomplished authoress in Africa, from the effects of the climate, where she accompanied her husband. Miss Landon, or rather Mrs. Maclean, has long been a deserved favourite with the admirers of literature, and the loss of her inimitable productions will, we fear, be unrepaid. For beauty and elegance of composition, pathos and exquisite simplicity, her poetry is almost unprecedented among the lady-writers of the day. In private life, we believe Miss Landon to have been an affectionate, kind-hearted, and exemplary woman. No doubt we shall shortly be favoured with this lady's memoirs, from her earliest infancy to the close of her too early existence. We leave to her biographer that task, and content ourselves with briefly alluding to her, in the only character in which we have known her, that of an authoress. For many years the works of L. E. L. have continued to refresh the lovers of literature with their unceasing beauty. Each publication, with those initials, could only be perused with renewed delight, and we conscientiously believe nothing ever came from her magic pen, but possessed a proportionate share of excellence. To mention all her productions would be useless here; to criticise one, unnecessary. In concluding our remarks we will say, with equal truth and sorrow, that no one's career ever ended, with whom we had no private friendship, which produced sincerer regret. May L. E. L. live as green in the memories of all; as she will in ours. Peace be with her.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

VICTORIA AND THE FASHION OF HOOPS.—The Liverpool correspondent of the *N. Y. Star* says:—There is a prevalent idea that, at the Victoria fall dress parties, hoops and trains will be re-

vived. This has long been talked of. If this revival should take place, (and it appears probable,) they will be very different from what they were.

'In our hot youth, when George the Third was king.'

Instead of being unwieldy, heavy articles of whalebone and buckram, such as our great grand aunts wore, they will be flexible, light and moderate sized hoops, and so arranged, that by touching a spring on each side, a lady may depress or raise her hoop at will. In a word, they will be manageable. It requires some practice and skill to manage the trains, but they are graceful, if properly managed.

The papers brought by her Majesty's Ship *Inconstant*, from London to the 12th. and Cork to the 15th. of January, are chiefly occupied with accounts of a most terrific storm which visited the coasts of Great Britain on the 6th and 7th ultimo,—and with details of the brutal assassination of Lord Norbury. It is not enough that human beings should be exposed to the fury of the elements, but also to the deadly blow of the murderer! Most certainly, the greatest enemy to man is man. Every batch of papers from the old country sickens our heart with the multiplied notices they contain of the murder of fathers, and husbands, and wives, etc. Sometimes we have felt disposed for once to insert in the Pearl all the murders which a single file of English papers reveals—but in every instance our feelings have revolted at the collection of so many cases of blood. Christian nations, no less than the dark places of the earth, are full of the habitations of cruelty.

## THE STORM.

The most remarkable object of public attention since our last has been the effects of a furious hurricane, which seems to have spread with awful devastation along the whole western coasts of England, Ireland and Scotland, and throughout the interior of all the northern and western counties. At Liverpool, in particular, the results both by sea and land were terrific.—Buildings in all directions were blown down, and no less than twenty-six individuals are said to have perished in this manner alone. The New York packets-ships *Pennsylvania* and *St. Andrew* are total wrecks, as is the *Lockwoods*, a large British ship, with passengers for the city. The *Lockwoods* was cast upon the North Bank, and was much damaged, her mizen-mast being alone left standing. All the survivors on board this ill fated vessel have been brought away except one man. The wife of this person was on board in a dying state, and he refused to quit her. The sight on board was most heart-rending. Men, women, and children were lying dead over the sides, or hanging lifeless in the rigging, having perished from the severity of the weather. The vessel will, it is apprehended, be a total wreck. Amongst those preserved was an infant only eighteen months old, whose father and mother were left on board.

Unfortunately the night was dreadfully severe, a boisterous and piercing wind, with a keen frost, snow, thunder and lightning; combined to augment the sufferings of the poor creatures who were so entirely exposed to the wrath of the elements. It was evident that if the vessels kept together till morning many of the sufferers must perish from cold. The *St. Andrew* left on Sunday at two p. m.; at five a smart breeze sprung up; at twelve a severe gale, which increased to a perfect hurricane by two o'clock. At that time the sails were quite new, and never before bent. One of the hands was dashed from the yard arm on the deck, and severely injured. At that moment Captain Thompson ordered the men aloft, but they seeing death staring them in the face, refused. After the loss of her sails the ship became unmanageable, and in this condition she remained until the forenoon of Monday, when an attempt was made to relieve her by cutting away the upper parts of her masts. She was then rigged with a mizen-sail and a fore-sail: early on Tuesday morning, in this crippled state, she was steering for Liverpool. About half past ten a. m. she struck on the Barbo Sands, with both anchors down, the sea beating heavily. The life-boats were sent off to extricate the passengers, who were conveyed on board the steam-vessel *Victoria*, and thus provisionally saved.

The loss of life sustained by the late hurricane in Liverpool, the river, and on the coast, has been enormous, but with respect to the two latter, the positive information we have probably falls short of the truth. In the town and neighbourhood nine persons were killed or died of suffocation; in the river 17 are known to have been drowned, and on the banks 89; making a total of at least 114.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

The tempest of the 5th seems to have inflicted more awful injury, particularly in the Irish Sea and on its British shore, than any of which there is a record. The cities and towns, too, on each side of St. George's Channel, appear to have suffered a degree of damage, without example, from a similar visitation.

DUBLIN, January 6.

The most awful hurricane that ever occurred in the memory of the oldest inhabitant visited this city (Monday) morning. Scarcely a house in the whole metropolis but suffered more or less from the gale. It blew at first from the west, accompanied by violent rain, and then got round a point or two to the south.

On no previous occasion have the devastating effects of a storm been so general as that of Sunday night, and Monday last. The accounts from every quarter of the kingdom are really appalling.

In Athlone, from forty to fifty houses were blown down. Major General Sir Parker Carrell, commanding the district, narrowly escaped being crushed by the fall of a stack of chimneys in the General's house. Entire ricks of hay and corn were carried across the Shannon. I lament to add that Lord Castlemaine, when standing at one of his windows in Moydrum Castle, dropped suddenly dead, in a fit of apoplexy. He is succeeded in his title and estates by the next heir, Mr. Handcock, of Athlone.

The town of Loughrea is nearly all consumed by fire,—seventy houses burned and 100 levelled to the ground. In the town of Moate 70 houses were consumed. In the country round Slane, Dunlar, Belfast Newery, and a number of other parts of Ireland, the destruction of property has been very great, and numbers of the poor farmers have been reduced to poverty.

Scotland does not appear to have suffered so severely. At Dumfries considerable damage was done.

LONDON, January 8.

## ASSASSINATION OF LORD NORBURY.

With feelings of the deepest horror we convey to our readers the terrible intelligence which this heading announces. Another victim has been added to the list of the sanguinary code of Ribbonism, in the person of a man of exalted rank, a most amiable gentleman, and a kind and indulgent landlord.

On the evening of New Year's day Lord Norbury was fired at in his own demesne, within a few perches of his own hall door, and the bullet of the assassin unfortunately took effect. The noble victim lingered on in intense suffering until Thursday at noon, when he expired.

The hour is stated to have been four o'clock, but from the employment of his lordship at the time—he was engaged in marking out trees to be felled—it is evident that it must have been before dusk. He was in company with his steward; the assassin concealed himself in a shrubbery, from which he took the fatal aim. The melancholy event took place at his lordship's castle of Durrow, between Tullamore and Kibbegan, a distance of about 40 miles from the metropolis. The shot passed through the lungs. An express was instantly dispatched to town for the Surgeon General, but the highest surgical skill was exerted in vain, and after 48 hours' suffering the crime of the assassin was consummated by the death of his victim.

The day after this foul assassination 150 persons, to whom his lordship's residence gave constant employment, were discharged; of course all this employment has been put a stop to.

Lord Charleville was in immediate attendance and was indefatigable in his exertions to search out the matter. It is said that his lordship has succeeded in obtaining a clue to the detection of the criminal.

The general belief appears to be that the assassin came from the county of Tipperary, where his lordship had some property, on which his agent had latterly ejected some tenants. He was, however, one of the best and most indulgent of landlords.

We cannot speak of the effects of such occurrences on the prosperity of the country. Confidence is shaken—capital and wealth frightened away—and absenteeism enforced by a practical law with penalties of the most terrible import. The murder of one such a man as Lord Norbury will do more to blight the improvement of Ireland than years of exertion will remedy.

CORK, January 8.

MURDER OF LORD NORBURY.—The Lords Justices issued on Saturday a Proclamation for the discovery of the murderer, viz. :—

£500 for prosecuting to conviction the person who fired the shot. £300 for such information as would lead to conviction. £200 for private information.

FALMOUTH, January 8.

Her Majesty's packet *Shekrake*, Lieut. Passingham, has arrived here to-day from Mexico, having sailed from Vera Cruz on the 10th of November, Tampico 26th, and the Havannah on the 11th of December, with mails, and on freight 100,000 dollars. This small remittance is on this occasion attributable to the state of the country, which may now be said to be bordering on a state of civil war, independent of its trouble with a foreign power. On Lieut. Passingham's landing with the mail, a General Pedras ordered its being given up to him, when the lieutenant, with the bold spirit of a British officer, instantly informed him he had never surrendered to one man, nor would he then. This frankness produced the desired effect, and the mail was safely handed over to Mr. Crawford, our Consul, without further molestation.

ARRIVAL OF THE CANADIAN REBELS IN LONDON.—About 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon a good deal of curiosity was excited by the arrival of two omnibuses at Newgate, each filled with men, some of whom were armed. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that six of the persons in each of the omnibuses were some of the Canadian rebels, who had been transported from our North American colony. The prisoners were brought up to London by