

please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words—"If you please!"—*Godey's Lady's Book*.

### III. Biographical Sketches.

#### No. 42.—DAVID KINNEAR, ESQ.

We deeply regret to hear of the death of David Kinnear, Esq., for many years the senior editor and proprietor of the *Montreal Herald*. He died on the 20th of November, after a long illness. Mr. Kinnear was born in Edinburgh, in 1807, and was therefore in his 55th year. He was the son of Mr. Kinnear, the celebrated Scottish banker, and studied for the Scottish bar, to which he was admitted as a member, but never followed the profession. In his youth, we believe, he was acquainted with many of the literary celebrities who shone at the beginning of the present century, particularly with Sir Walter Scott, Mr. John Murray (the publisher), and Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd.) Mr. Kinnear came to this country about 25 years ago, and bought a farm in the Eastern townships. During the rebellion he was appointed a stipendiary magistrate in that part of the country, and lived for some years in Napierville and Frelighsburg. Coming to this city, he edited for some time the *Montreal Gazette*; and from this journal he went to the *Montreal Herald*, with which he has been connected for about 18 years. His earlier political opinions were Conservative; but latterly they inclined to the Liberal side, and he acted with the party which has been called "Rouge." He belonged to the Church of England up to the time of his death. He has left behind him a wife and a large family. Mr. Kinnear was a man of reading, as well as an acquaintance with the world, and his stock of information was large,—a fact which his writings exhibited. His loss will be regretted by many friends whom he has left behind him in this city and the Eastern townships. There have been times at which political controversy may have been bitter between him and us—perhaps too bitter; but this we can say, that never at any time when political strife or the rage of party waxed hottest, were the private relations of friendship between him and the present conductors of this journal ever interrupted. Mr. Kinnear did not, as we have tried not to do, on any occasion sink the character of gentleman in the political partisan; and his fair name was not soiled by any dishonour. His grave is too early found, and none but kindly memories of ours will follow our brother journalist there.—*Montreal Gazette*.

#### No. 43.—DAVID THORBURN, ESQ.

The funeral of the late David Thorburn, Esq., took place at Stamford. His neighbours of all sects and all parties marked by their presence their sense of the bereavement they had suffered. Many old friends from great distances attended to pay the last tribute to departed worth. Deputations from the chiefs of the Six Nations and Massissiga Indians were there. With these people he had for many years been officially connected. They had for many years looked up to him as their counsellor and friend, and they manifested genuine grief at his departure. Mr. David Thorburn was born in Roxburghshire, Scotland, and came to this country in the year 1817. For many years he successfully followed mercantile pursuits and gained the esteem and respect of all with whom he had any business transactions. His love of political science, and the possession of a well stored mind, to which may be added ready powers of debate, soon marked him out as a fit person to represent what was then called the South Riding of Lincoln in Parliament. His election in 1834 was severely contested, being only gained by a majority of one; but such was his devotion to all his constituents that in the two succeeding contests for the same district his majorities successively increased, till, on presenting himself to the electors for the fourth time, he was returned by acclamation. For many years he also held the honourable and responsible appointment of Warden of the old Niagara District, which then included the three important counties of Lincoln, Welland and Haldimand; and several valuable tokens of esteem and respect for him, whose chief aim was to watch over and benefit those who had entrusted him with their confidence, were from time to time presented to him. The severe loss and mortification which, at the height of his fame as politician and warden, he suffered by the failure of the Suspension Bridge Bank, in 1844, in which he was a Director—unfortunately a nominal one—weighed heavily upon him. Trusting and confiding himself, he was but little suspicious of the designs of others, and his altered position from this circumstance determined him to take leave of public life. His popularity in Parliament, however, was so great among all parties—for all admired his liberality of sentiment, his earnest manner in debate, and his unas-

suming and gentlemanly bearing towards all with whom he might happen to differ—that even in the moment of reverse of fortune Sir Charles Bagot's Government offered him a seat in the Cabinet as Inspector General, which, however, he declined to accept; and, although strongly advised by his political friends to remain amongst them, he took his final leave of politics on being appointed by the same Government to the office of Indian Superintendent. This office, as is well known, he filled with great efficiency, and applied to it the same energy and devotedness that had characterized his conduct as a politician, and which, as we have already said, won for him the love and respect of the Six Nations, who loved to address him as their father, and he them as his red children.—*Globe*.

### IV. Miscellaneous.

#### THANKSGIVING-DAY.

Come, uncles and cousins, come, nieces and aunts;  
Come, nephews and brothers—no won'ts and no cant's;  
Put business and shopping, and school books away,  
The year has rolled round—it is Thanksgiving Day.\*

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth;  
Come home from your labours, Ann, Katy, and Ruth;  
From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come away,  
Home, home with you, home, it is Thanksgiving Day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed—  
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best;  
No caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,  
Or dreamed of a treat like a Thanksgiving Day.

Now children revisit the darling old place,  
Now brothers and sisters long parted, embrace;  
The family ring is united once more,  
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,  
And blesses the Power that has guarded his hearth;  
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,  
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving Day.

Then praise for the past and the present we sing,  
And trustful await what the future may bring;  
Let doubt and repining be banished away,  
And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving Day!

#### 2. THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

(Paris Correspondent of the *Montreal Herald*.)

From one of the most trusted and trustworthy of the Physicians of the Royal Family of Prussia, and from one of the Foreign Ministers resident of the Court of Berlin, who have recently been here I learn that, the young couple on whose heads will descend, in the natural course of things, the Crown of Prussia, is one of the happiest to be found in any station upon the surface of our little planet, the husband and wife mutually adoring each other, and outliving one another in their adoration of the two babies, who have already made their advent in the nursery to which the Prussians are looking with so much satisfaction. The Crown Prince never touches spirits, takes very little wine, and rarely goes beyond a single glass of beer. The young couple live in a pretty little palace, in a new street, called the *Victoria Strasse* in honor of the Princess; and they are to be seen, two or three times a day, walking out, arm in arm, or in their favourite little low open carriage, which the Prince always drives himself, chatting and laughing, evidently in the gayest spirits, and on the best possible terms with each other. Since the death of the Prince Consort, which has been a terrible blow to them, the young pair are, of course, much less gay in manner than formerly; but their good understanding is not likely to have been impaired by the great sorrow which they have shared together. The Princess possesses a very clear and sound head, an excellent heart, and a very resolute will; she never interferes in matters not fairly coming within the sphere of her present position and duties, but, wherever she can act with effect, her action is very decided. She has not introduced all manner of English ways into her own housekeeping arrangement, but has quietly got rid of several scores of little troublesome matters of detail in the stiff formalities of Court-etiquette hitherto held sacred within the precincts of Prusso-royal rigidity. The King and Queen are extremely fond of her, and let her have her way, from sheer affection for her, on many points in

\* Thursday, 4th December.