

SKETCH, SHEWING THE APPEARANCE OF THE "DINNING CHAINS," ON THE RECENT OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THAT GREAT WORK AT MONTREAL.



### THE PHILANTHROPHIC DINNING!

This public-spirited individual has just wound a chain and four posts round the affections of the mothers of Montreal. There are instances in the neighbouring republic, of public men being ridden into notoriety "on a rail"; but it has occurred to none but J. G. Dinning, Esq., to swing into fame on his own iron railings. Few men's "good works" extend very far. Mr. Dinning's extend from the American Church in Great St. James's street, to the opposite corner in St. Joseph street. One end of

his reputation has hold of Ogden's pickling warehouse, the other of the grocery on the Hay-market. It is here that Mr. Dinning has executed his noble design in chains, and erected a barrier against barbarous driving and carters' sleighs. The above sketch will furnish an idea of Mr. Dinning's patriotic construction, and the amusement it is calculated to afford to the juvenile population of the city.

### PUNCH'S NATIONAL LYRICS.

#### SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

A song for the year, the good old year,  
Whose race is nearly done—  
Our fathers old a hundred told,  
And told them one by one;  
They saw them go, as their children do,  
And eat of good Christmas cheer.  
Oh merry were the times when the Christmas chimes  
Rang loud for the parting year!

Those men are dead—their spirit fled,  
And a servile race are we;  
The plant that clings round the old oak's rings  
Is no more like the parent tree;  
The thoughts of old are dead or cold,  
And the deeds no more appear;—  
Oh merry were the times when the Christmas chimes  
Rang loud for the parting year!

Heartless and cold as the miser's gold,  
Are the thoughts which now bear away;

Worth and renown are melted down,  
And mix'd with a baser clay;  
There's nothing pure which can endure—  
Nothing which slaves revere;  
Oh merry were the times when the Christmas chimes  
Rang loud for the parting year!

Where is the band that dare withstand  
The ruin now dimly seen?  
Hark, hark to the cry of those who reply,  
Hurrah for our country and Queen!  
Then round with the glass, around let it pass—  
There's one thing that yet shall be dear,  
As it was in the times when the Christmas chimes  
Rang loud for the parting year!

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the Queen!  
As it was in the times when the Christmas chimes  
Rang loud for the parting year!

#### NOTICE.

Any gentleman competent for the situation of a Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, is requested to apply immediately to the Hon. Robert Baldwin, at the Government House, as the case is urgent.

#### CITY ELECTIONS.

The city, during the exciting time of electing men to make fools of themselves as Councilmen and Aldermen, has been remarkably quiet. Fond as our city fathers are of dirt and mud

—for proof of which assertion see the streets—it seems they have an objection to vermin, as by a side wind they hope to rid themselves of a Bug(G.)

#### TELL TRUTH AND SHAME THE DEVIL.

Mr. Hincks must have felt the application of the proverb we have quoted, when he feared to justify, at the Woodstock Dinner, his correspondence with Mr. Malcolm Cameron, on the subject of the latter gentleman's resignation.