

THE PELL MEDAL.

Renown'd be the name of old Johnny Pell,
 In rhyme let his greatness be told,
 He coaxed the Bruce to come out of his shell,
 And to promise to give away gold.
 To give away gold! astonishing to tell,
 To give away gold! aye, twelve pounds ten—
 This feat must renown thy name, Johnny Pell,
 As that of the cutest of men.

Sure Watts with his Engine in days of old
 And Fulton who started the paddle,
 Were not so ingenious in getting of gold,
 As John with his beg-letter twaddle;
 For the pockets of Bruce though guarded so well,
 Now yields to "mechanical skill"—
 The prize should be thine, renown'd Johnny Pell,
 It should be, if Punch had his will.

Now, Committee of management mark me well,
 And list to friend Punch's advice.
 Adorn ye the medal with statute of Pell,
 The reverse should bear the device.
 "This prize to him, the gen'rous Elgin gives,
 Who doth in genious excel,
 In hopes that it may urge him whilst he lives,
 To be for ever glorious Pell."

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

MOVEMENT 1. *On meeting a Lady in King Street.*—Raising the right hand to the fore part of the brim of the hat, taking the same between the thumb and the finger; divesting the head, by an upward movement of the arm, of its covering; at the same time inclining the body forwards, raising the eye-brows, opening the eyes, and elevating the angles of the mouth. N. B. The pavement may be simultaneously scraped with the right foot.

MOVEMENT 2. *On asking a Lady opposite you at dinner to take wine.*—Catching the eye of the gentleman who sits next to her, and executing a pantomimic movement expressive of pouring fluid into a glass, by way of intimation that you want him to fill hers; waiting until he has done so, and holding your own in the meanwhile, by the stand. Fixing your eyes with a fascinating expression upon her for a moment, then lowering them, and with them your forehead, till your mouth approaches to within four inches of your glass, which, having thus met it considerably more than half way, you then raise to your lips.

MOVEMENT 3. *At a lecture or sermon.*—Reclining in an easy attitude, and holding, in like manner, a single glass to your eye, through which to continue gazing at the preacher or lecturer, or you may retain the same in its place by the muscular action of the eye-brow.

MOVEMENT 4. *At a ball.*—Placing the palm of your left hand gently on a lady's waist, taking the tips of the fingers of her left in your right, and describing a series of gyrations round the room; or prancing thereabout in concert with the lady, and alternately kicking up your heels under your coat tails, and knocking them on the floor in the style of the "Southern Niggers." This is called dancing the Polka.

PUNCH'S HOYLE.

How to play at all fours.—Drink six glasses of Nash's ale, a bottle of Port, five gin-cocktails and seven tumblers of screeching hot whiskey toddy, and you will play at all fours with great ease.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Punch begs to inform his "Ardent Admirer" that beavers in their natural state are not only water proof, but washable.—John Smith can distinguish the difference between the chemical terms, a test and a precipitation, by seeing how much impudence a man will stand before he knocks you into the gutter.

PETER PERRY'S MANIFESTO.

Done into English.

FARE-BORN ENGLISHMEN :

The professions, the declarations, the vows of candidates for the honor of representing you in parliament, are as numerous as the sands of the ocean, and as ardent as my love for my country; but, with the exception of those I make, are not to be believed. Oh! my well-beloved constituency—and proud I am thus to call you; how delicious is the feeling that implicit trust has been reposed in me by your confiding minds. With what transport I feel that my adored constituency believes that I shall never, never betray its affections. The time-serving lawyer, the promise breaking place hunter, the ministerial humbugs, may flatter only to deceive; they hope to serve only their own selfish ends; but the object of the aspirations of my "clear grit" heart is to serve you, and you alone. Yes, my constituency, my sole aim is your happiness and welfare. This is the subject of my daily thoughts, my nightly dreams. Oh! with what pride, what joy, shall I rise in my place in the house to defend, with the vigor of Demosthenes and the eloquence of Cicero, those interests which are dearer to me than life itself.

It will be sweet, in advocating those questions on which we so deeply sympathize, to find the heart of my constituency is beating in unison with my own. Nor will my pleasure be less in opposing those of which my constituency disapproves. To cherish, to protect my constituency through life, to share its tranquillity, to participate in its agitation, to divide with it its joys and its sorrows, will be Paradise indeed; not a wish that my constituency can breathe shall be unattended to;—not a danger that shall threaten its beloved privileges. My constant study shall be to render the existence of the electors of this riding one dream of perfect bliss. And when the approaching session shall have passed, how pleasant, how delightful it will be for me once more to meet you and tell you what I have done, and what I have not done. Such are the blessings which your election of my worthy self has brought upon you; and you will long live to worship the hour when our mutual pledges made myself and dear constituency one. When I was Peet Perry I was yours; I am yours now I am Peter Perry, and never, my dear constituency, shall you find me the Peter who denied his master.

POESY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

The following touching ballad has been sent to Punch, from Montreal. It was written in a fit of despondency by a highly respectable female, although in humble life. It is addressed to Tomkins, a government official, and is the production of one to whom he owes—more alas! than he will ever repay. Need we say it is written by her who was—his Washerwoman.

AIR: *Mary, I believed thee true.*

Tomkins! I believed thee true,
 And I was done in so believing;
 But now I mourn, that e'er I knew,
 A chap so given to deceiving.

Few have ever scrubbed like me;
 Oh! I have washed to tatters nearly,
 The few, few shirts possessed by thee;
 Alas! you wore them too severely.

Fare thee well! yet think, ah doo!
 On one whose bosom bleeds to hurt thee;
 Who now would rather trust than sue,
 And lose her cash than not clean-shirt thee.

Fare thee well! I'll think on thee,
 Thou leavest me many a bitter token;
 For see, distracting Tomkins, see
 My iron's cold—my wash-tub broken.

PATENT GRANTED.

Colonel Prince, for "universal joints" and "eccentric movements," as applied to turning.