

THE BRITISH UNICORN.



MR. PUNCH,

"You have made my companion, the British Lion, very popular; can you do nothing for me? Understand, I shall be well content with half the notoriety you have bestowed upon my leonine friend; for, certainly, since you have signalled him by your notice—since you have drawn him from the obscurity of the National Arms, and discussed the length of his mane and tail, the sharpness of his teeth and claws, and the various modulations of his roar—the poor beast has been worked and belaboured more than any costermonger's donkey. 'Twill not surprise me, soon, to see the British Lion advertised as peculiarly fitted for 'the most timid lady.' Certainly, timid gentlemen, who might pass for ladies, have of late ridden him hard enough. I much question whether the CULLING SMITHS, the SUBHORSES, and the PLEMBRIES, are not—for their sharp taskwork inflicted on the British Lion—obnoxious to an information

for cruelty to animals. However, to my own case.

"I am a modest brute; so modest, that I have suffered all sorts of scholars and philosophers—men who take the universe to bits and put it together again, like a child's puzzle—to question even my existence. By some I have been called the Indian ass; by others the rhinoceros; and all these presumptuous men have flatly denied my right to the graceful form made familiar by the Royal Arms to every true-born Briton. But, sir, patience has its limits. Trodden worms will turn; and—it will be found—outraged unicorns will gore.

"Nevertheless, for myself, I could still endure the contempt and slander of the world with perfect indifference. Yes, sir: I could hear my companion, the British Lion, praised for his courage, his magnanimity, and every other after-dinner virtue—(though, between ourselves, I have known him guilty of certain rogueries and foibles more worthy of the British fox and the British goose; only lions, by virtue of their claws, are privileged as occasional knaves and simpletons)—I say, I could, unmoved, listen to his praises—unmoved as one operating hears the applauding fame of another (my frequent position over the proscenium has familiarised me with all play-house virtues), were I alone concerned. But, sir, consider; if I am called a fabulous beast, a fictitious nonentity, a thing that never had a place in the ark, what a rebellious insult is thereby cast upon the Royal Escutcheon! The Lion is a terrible verity, says the world, and with his truthful strength, his awful looks, supports and watches the Royal Shield; but the Unicorn is a nondescript nincompoop: a fib upon four legs: at the very best, a horned flam! Now, I ask it, is not this opinion treasonous? Does it not make the Royal Arms lopsided? On the right they are supported by leonine power; on the left by a worse than nothing—by a fiction! Now, sir, will you urge LORD GEORGE BENTINCK to move for a committee to inquire into the truth of the existence of the British Unicorn? I suggest LORD GEORGE, because, as I am more than half equine, the inquiry could be best carried out by his stable mind. Did I really feel myself the ass that some naturalists have written me down, I could name other honourable members of the Honourable House as being peculiarly fitted for the investigation.

"And in the meantime, Mr. Penck, do think of me. Let me not suffer for my long endurance. Folks must be tired of the roar of the British Lion; therefore, do now and then say something about the honour of the British Unicorn. For I put it to you, whether it is not too bad that I should bear half the weight of the Royal Shield, and the Lion monopolise all the glory? Besides, the British Lion, for a time at least, has had his day; therefore, do justice to his long-silent and long-suffering companion.

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ABD-EL-KADER AND PELLISSIER.

The Parisians denounce ABD-EL-KADER for his recent murder of French prisoners. The barbarian killed them by sword and ball. Now, at the Cave of Dahr, COLONEL PELLISSIER, blessed by the light of civilisation, magnanimously used it as a torch.

THE GARB OF DISHONESTY.

THE publicity which has been given to the operations of "Mr. WYNDHAM" at and in the neighbourhood of Windsor may perhaps prove injurious to those sons of Industry who are dignified with the title of her *chevaliers*. It will tend to bring discredit, not only on the name of WYNDHAM, but also on that of MOWBRAY, MORTIMER, MASKE-LYNE, MALTRAVERS, MONTAGUE, or any other aristocratic surname, assumed for the purpose of cheating under it. The patrician style of man, too, will now become rather suspicious; and hence the short and squat swindler will have an advantage over the rogue who is tall and shapely. For the same reason, the military cut, and the extremely correct, will be an ineligible costume for the seeker of a fraudulent livelihood.

The costume of the swindler may consist of a suit of black, made large and loose, with the hinder coat buttons very wide apart, and the tail broad; large, easy boots, and no straps to the trousers. To this may be added a white neckcloth; but then it must be tied very negligently, lest the wearer should be mistaken for a rector. Or the blue or brown broadcloth coat, with brass buttons, and cord or drab shorts, with gaiters, or top-boots, may be adopted; and a good addition will be a buff waistcoat, diagonally traversed by a black ribbon, to the end of which is to be attached an eye-glass. The hat should be broad-brimmed; if white, with a green lining, all the better; the whiskers grizzled, and shaved off where the base abuts on the shirt-collar. A good stout cane, with a leather thong through the top of it, should be carried in the hand, and the watch ought to be a hunting one, of large size, and worn in the fob. To complete the illusion, a smack of the Hampshire dialect, and a hearty laugh, will be desirable. For the name, in lieu of MANSERS or CLINTON, the substitute should be MASTERMAN or COLLINS. These are the colours that an adventurer should now sail under, if his craft is to obtain money under false pretences.

The Agr of Monsters.

THE present taste for monstrosities, in the two extremes of the gigantic and the dwarf, is, we are happy to say, rapidly diminishing. THE GENERAL TOM THUMB is obliged to resort to the cheap order system, to fill his rooms, and an effort to get up a gigantic ox at the Egyptian Hall has not proved very successful. We had the pleasure of a private audience of the ox, in Piccadilly one night, after exhibition hours, as the brute was leisurely strolling home to its lodgings, after the day's excitement. We fancied that we read in the poor creature's sunken eye and melancholy brow the following impressive paragraph—
"Alas! what is fame? A bubble. And what am I, but beef?—a victim hurrying towards the steak as rapidly as possible?"

We could not help sympathising with the melancholy beast as the driver of one of the Kensington Buses exclaimed, in the hearing of the animal, and in a tone of irony that could scarcely be mistaken by the most insensible of brutes.—"I say, BULL, there's a precious shilling's worth!" The dwarf cowed, at the creature's side, who has been engaged by way of contrast, looked miserably cowed at the glare of the gas-lamps, and the row of the passing vehicles. It is a remarkable fact that the translation of these animals into Latin would cause a fearful case of misnomer, for it is the ox, and not the cow, that is the *Whacker* (*Facco*)!!!

"THE HOUSE OF PEEL"

SUCH is the heading given by some of our contemporaries to the subjoined paragraph:—

"The following passage occurs in the Rev. JAMES WALKER'S Journal, bearing date July 27, 1737:—'I was invited to breakfast, at Bury, by Mr. Peck, a calico printer, who, a few years ago, began with 500*l.*, and is now supposed to have 50,000*l.*'"

We take it, there is many a "house"—for the sneer implied in the word is not to be mistaken—that could not give so truly noble a beginning. How many "houses," for instance, began with plunder—how many with debauchery? There are a few escutcheons we could name, that, with all their dragons glorified, and bend-sinisters, would look very small before Mr. PECK'S spinning-jenny.

Wonders will never Cease.

AMONG the advertisements in the *Times* of Friday is one through the medium of which a Professed Lady's Maid offers her services. We have heard of professed cooks, but professed ladies are a novelty to us—almost as great as the large, blue, Spanish gentleman, whose lost cloak was, a week or two back, the subject of an advertisement.