



RESULT OF THE CATTLE SHOW.

FARMER SLIMBODY TO FARMER FULLBODY. "Well, I'm dead agin' High Fecdin'.
What's the use of a Great Fat Brute that's half Tallor?"

A DISH OF LAVA.

WE are disappointed with Vesuvius. We had hoped better things from that old and respectable, if rather fiery party, than that at a moment like this he should be so excited by the state of affairs in Italy as to lend himself to the general perturbation. But he has burst out into a furious eruption, and is frightening away the people, and swallowing up villages, just as the Dragon of Wantley used to do. It is inconsiderate, and what is worse, it is self-humiliating. We would apologise for the old mountain, but hardly know what to say. Does he recollect the days when SPARTACUS, with a band of slaves and gladiators, took possession of his fastnesses? and does he think the Italian brigands of our day unworthy to fill the place of men who fought for freedom? Does he remember that in 472 he sent his ashes as far as Constantinople, according to the historians, and does he want to give the SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ a hint that he will have to put other ashes on his head if he does not mind what he is about? We are not in the old crater's confidence, and cannot say; but unless he can give a very good reason for his inflammatory conduct, we do not think that he is behaving well to Italy. He has destroyed that unlucky Torre del Greco exactly twenty-five times, and there is a monotony, arguing aridity of intellect, about his proceedings. We scorn to hint to him that there are several quacks in England who advertise remedies against all eruptions, and that we should have no objection to throw such remedies, and the advertisers, into his chasms, though such is our feeling. His years and history entitle him to reverence—Shakespeareally speaking,

"Respect for thy great place, and let the — Mountain
Be sometime honoured for his burning throne.

But if Vesuvius, *alias* Vesevus, *alias* Vesuvius, has any good feeling in his inwards, he will be quiet for the present. We suspect the old rebel does not like good sovereigns: his first break-out was under TIRUS, the Delight of Mankind, and his

last is under VICTOR-EMMANUEL, who may not be perfect but is far and away the best king Italy has had for many a century. We fear the Mountain has the revolutionary tendencies of its French namesake.

SAVING THE OCTOROON.

UPON the couch she lies so pale—
'Tis but a graceful swoon;
What? Poison?—nay—'tis sure a tale,
He'll never thus our hearts assail,
And kill the *Octoroon*!

Say, BOUCICAULT, that she survives!
Grant us this public boon;
If cats are blessed with nine-fold lives,
Give two to her, this pearl of wives,
Don't kill the *Octoroon*!

There still is time: that negress might
By the uncertain moon,
A phial give, which though to sight
The same, would op'rate different quite,
Nor kill the *Octoroon*?

McClosky fall'n by Indian blow,
(Or to fall very soon)
Cannot appear to bid her go,
Then why that fact not let her know,
And save the *Octoroon*.

True *Peyton* has another flame,
Is somewhat of a spoon;
But give him up, Miss What's-your-name,
You must admit 'twould be a shame
To kill the *Octoroon*.

So say I, and the public voice
Sings to the self-same tune,
It's not as if you had no choice—
Why break the hearts you can rejoice?
Why kill the *Octoroon*?

Don't tell us that the thing must be,
You're far too 'cute a 'coon;
To be so reg'lar up a tree,
You can't find a catastrophe
That saves the *Octoroon*.

Of law supreme, fate, and such rot,
Preach on from this to June;
I say—necessity or not—
Poor *Zoe* must not go to pot—
Don't kill the *Octoroon*!

What if your logic comes to grief,
When thus your play you prune?
I still insist on the relief,
Both to my nerves and handkerchief—
Don't kill the *Octoroon*!

Untruth to manners I'll admit,
Though clear as sun at noon;
"Anything else we'll stand or sit,
But this," cry boxes, gallery, pit,
"Don't kill the *Octoroon*."

The author heard; he rubbed his chin;
"They'll call me a poltroon.
But, if her death the houses thin,
Perhaps 'tis time I should begin
To save the *Octoroon*.

"Tragic necessity, good-bye—
And manners change your tune
The public voice I'll ratify—
My pretty *Zoe* shall not die—
I'll save the *Octoroon*."

'Tis said; 'tis done; and now the play
Goes blithe as songs of June:
Miss What's-her-name's put out o' way,
Zoe weds *George*. Hip! hip! Hooray!
We've saved the *Octoroon*!

"SAVING THE OCTOROON." Punch, or the London Charivari, 21 Dec. 1861, p. 252. 19th Century UK Periodicals, tinyurl.galegroup.com/tinyurl/4C2d34. Accessed 6 Jan. 2017.