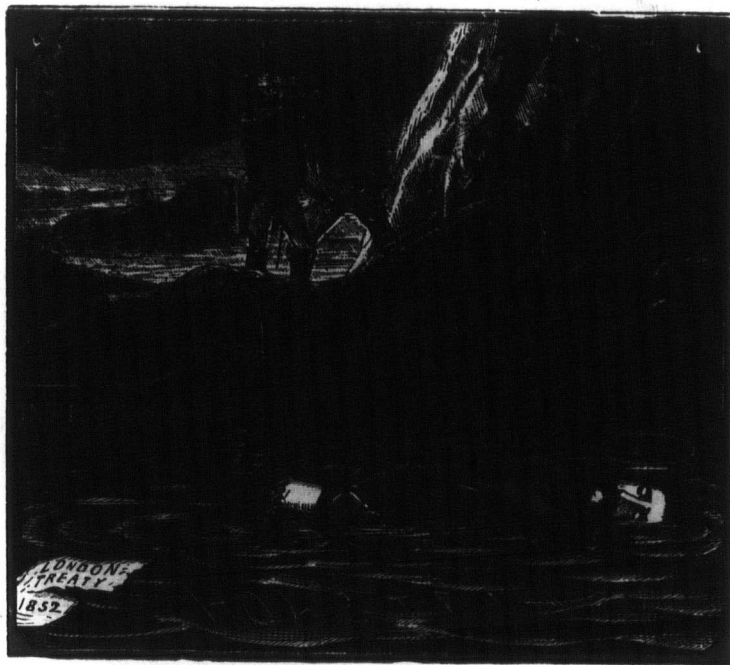


JUNE.



THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Who kill'd King Christian?

"I cracked," said Prussia,
"His crown with a crusher,
And I killed King Christian."

Who shar'd the deed

"I," said Austria, "held him.
While t'other cove fell'd him;
So I shar'd the deed."

Who saw him die?

"I," said Nap. of France—
"You snubbed my conference
So I let him die."

Who lapp'd his blood?

"We German curs wallowed
In his blood, which we swallowed
And we lapped his blood."

Who'll dig his grave?

"I," said Russia, "dig holes

For Circassians and Poles
And I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson?

"I—a dead heretic by us.
Is a sweet smell," said Plus
"So I'll be the parson."

Who'll be chief mourner?

"I will," said old Pam,
"I'm first-rate at a sham
And I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll be the Clerk?

"I," said Russell, "for once,
Am not such a dunce;
But can remember A-MEN!"

Who'll toll the bell?

"I will," said John Bull,
"With remora I am full;
So I'll toll the bell."

Then all the Kings and small Dukes fell to hugging each other,
After cruelly murdering their poor Christian brother.

'Tis sweet to die for your country

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3 S
4 S
5 M
6 T
7 W
8 Th
9 F
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The