

Immediately picked up his two-foot-long guage,  
 And with it hit Hiram right over his choker,  
 And knocked him almost as stiff as a poker.  
 To the West—to the West—did our Grand Master flee,  
 Thus changing his base by a flank march,  
 d' you see?  
 A critical movement in tactics, we know,  
 For there stood the other chap called Jubelo.  
 The villain tried hard to pump our Grand Master,  
 Yet Hiram but stuck to his purpose the faster,  
 And finding his sol-ici-tations no go,  
 The scoundrel he gave him a thundering blow  
 Upon his left breast, with a wrought-iron square,  
 Not the square thing to do, so all Masons declare.  
 With the weight of the onslaught was Hiram so addled,  
 By strategic movement, to the East he ske-daddled,  
 But, alas! in that place "Oriental" he found  
 No "beautiful waiter girls" nor "swei lager" round,  
 And mindful only to escape, of course;  
 "A horse!" he hoarsely bawled, "my kingdom for a horse!"  
 "Do you take me for an ass?" and almost stricken dumb,  
 Poor Hiram recognized the voice of the far-famed Jubelum.  
 This fellow was naught, if you'll only believe, than  
 A sort of a Tyrian "Ticket-of-Leave-Man,"  
 Who makes his *debut* in this panorama,  
 As "heavy villain" in our "thrilling drama."  
 "Jem Dalton," says he, "you were always *ma* ruin,"  
 Meaning Hiram, of course, "so now up and be doin',  
 Give me them secrets that you keep so close,  
 Or by the famed "big boot" I'll split your nose!"  
 But Hiram undaunted, just struck a *posish*,  
 Like Wallack in Rosedale, that delectable dish;  
 And the "villain," not posted on art pugilistic,  
 Nor daring to try on a combat so fistic,  
 Hit Hiram so smashing a crack with his gavel,  
 That he sent him to grass—or rather to gravel.  
 Thus did this "raffian," this foul Jubelum,  
 Knock our Grand Master into Kingdom Come.  
 Not a drum was then heard, or a funeral note,  
 As his corpse in the rubbish they buried,  
 But a fearful remorse their conscience smote  
 As away from the spot the three hurried;  
 At midnight hour, when, as I've heard it said,  
 That churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead,  
 These villain traitors, who'd till now deferred

The "corpus" of brave Hiram, disinterred,  
 And totting it out of the temple due went,  
 On the brow of the hill they laid him to rest.  
 A sprig of shillalah, or of Cassia a branch,  
 They did plant on his grave, and then—  
 vamoozed the ranch.  
 When Solomon came to the temple next day,  
 He very much wondered where Hiram did stay,  
 And fearing lest he might have got into a muss,  
 Sent out his detectives to search for the cuss.  
 Just at this time twelve Fellow-Crafts did appear,  
 Clad in clean shirts—much needed, I fear—  
 A sort of "Loyal League" arrangement of that day,  
 Loyal in nothing but the name I say.  
 King Sol., that wise and mighty potentate,  
 Then ordered them at once to separate  
 And travel East and West, South and North  
 In search of Hiram's carcass, and so forth.  
 Away they went, and those who traveled West  
 Met a seafaring man, whom they addressed;  
 A sort of "Connie Soogah," who reported,  
 Three men he'd seen who wished to be transported,  
 But having nary pass or any other tickets,  
 They couldn't make it out to pass the outer pickets.  
 The three returned and to the King they told  
 all this story o'er,  
 Who cried aloud, "Again depart and travel as before!"  
 One of the three who traveled West, becoming faint and weary,  
 Sat down to rest, at brow of hill, so lonely and so dreary,  
 While thus he sat, he heard three shocking exclamations from a rock;  
 And peering in—what should he see,  
 But Jubela and Company!  
 He seized them all and bound them tight,  
 And brought them to King Sol. that night,  
 Who ordered them out of the Western gate,  
 Their horrible crime to ex-pi-ate:  
 A full account of same you'll get  
 In last week's extra *Police Gazette*.  
 King Solomon then got up a procession  
 Of Craftsmen and Masters in regular succession,  
 With Barnum's brass band on the right of the column,  
 Playing Playel's sweet hymn in a manner quite solemn.  
 When arrived at the grave they all gathered round,  
 And with eyes full of sorrow they gazed at the ground,  
 Their noses turned up in a manner quite imperious.  
 For he smelt not at all like a "Night Blooming Cereus."