

And 'midst a din  
Unfolds strange news, slack!  
"An enemy hath done a deed  
"Which must destroy this splendid feed.  
"For many a one hath been invited  
"To whom you ne'er a note indited.  
"A crowd is hastening up the street  
"Who're hardly fit to sit at meat  
"With you, my liege, and in their hands  
"They bear "invites," and lighted brands,  
"They come to meet you here to-night  
"—Haste to the battlement, some wight,  
"And parley with the excited crowd  
"For even now they shout aloud."  
"Blow, warder, blow"—the host then cried.  
"Shut too the gates and keep outside  
"The brazen multitude who dare  
"To beard the lion in his lair.  
The warder blew his sounding horn  
As loud as he could blow;  
"Stop, milkman," howled the crowd outside,  
"We want to see the show."

A list was hastily drawn up  
Of those the host had asked to sup.  
And at the gate a servant stood  
To let in those whose names were good.  
This operation fully ended.  
The situation comprehended,  
All thought the place should be defended.  
So on the castle wall ascended  
Our host who quick therefrom suspended  
A flag which dreadful things portended.  
The flag was red, yes, red as blood.  
And on it five large words were sewed,  
Which read—"AN AUCTION SALE TO-NIGHT."  
At this the *pelloi* laughed outright.  
But one from out the crowd then spoke,  
Acknowledging they saw the joke,  
And since the host himself was sold.  
They yielded that they too were fooled,  
Then from the castle walls descended  
Our hero with his cheeks distended,  
And treated all whom he'd offended,  
So with that treat my legend's ended.

**Pedestrianism.**

**FOOT RACE AT MONTREAL, C. E.**—A foot race for \$100 a side, between James McCabe, and an Indian called De Lorimier, took place at the Mile End Race Course, Montreal, on Saturday, Nov. 2. There was a considerable number present, and in tossing up for position, the Indian won the inside, which was no inconsiderable advantage. The ground was heavy, owing to the recent state of the weather, and precisely at a quarter past three o'clock they started, McCabe taking the lead, which he kept as far as the last gate. The Indian then passed him, but after a hard effort McCabe again led, coming in a winner by about four or five feet. The distance (one mile) was run in six minutes and fifteen seconds.

**DEERFOOT THE INDIAN RUNNER AT BIRMINGHAM.**

A great desire to witness the famed Indian runner by the admirers of pedestrian sports in Birmingham and the neighborhood having been expressed, a handicap race of four miles was announced to come off this afternoon at the St. Helena Gardens, Balsall Heath, by the first prize being a handsome silver cup, of the value of £25, to the winner, and money prizes to the second and third man. The competitors were handicapped according to their previous performances, and the following five accepted the conditions, viz.—E. Mills of London, [the six mile champion runner], who was placed at scratch; Deerfoot, [the ten mile champion runner], 50 yards start, S. Barker, of London, [the challenger of the ten miles champion cup], 50

yards start; W. Richards, of Millwall, 440 yards start; and T. Roberts, of Birmingham, 440 yards start. There had been some fear that the Indian would not put in an appearance, but all doubt was dispelled on the arrival of the half-past twelve o'clock train from Manchester, when the Indian stepped to the platform, accompanied by Mr. G. Martin, and by his trainer, Mower, of Norwich. The son of the forest was loudly cheered, and received a most cordial welcome. Accompanied by an immense crowd, he at once proceeded to the grounds, his picturesque native costume, and tall commanding figure, now so well known in London, creating much interest. Only four competitors appeared, S. Barker not going to the post. The course is a small one only some few yards over £20 so that they had to run 31 times round to complete four miles.—Richards and Roberts in their 440 yards advantage had rather more than two rounds (or laps) start of Mills, and rather less of the Indian, so that Mills had to pass them three times and the Indian twice.

About 3000 persons paid for admission to the grounds, but every eminence commanding a view was densely crowded, and at a few minutes to four the competitors having taken up their allotted positions the pistol was fired to start.—On going off the Indian and Mills at once began to show their superior speed, and it was soon evident that they were gaining on the two with the start of 440 yards, Mills striving to the utmost to close up the gap of 50 yards between himself and Deerfoot. The easy style of Mills was much admired, and from the complacency of the race the interest was confined to him and the Indian. The two latter dashed on amidst loud cheering, and the excitement was much increased when they each had passed Richards and Roberts the requisite times to make up the 440 yards start given them; but notwithstanding all the efforts of Mills he could not overtake the Indian. Richards ran on most gamely, but Roberts gave in when he had gone three miles and a-half. On entering the fourth mile, Deerfoot was leading and Mills again struggling to close up with him, and as often the Indian spurred away, Richards bringing up the rear. When a quarter of a mile from home Mills made his final effort, and got within ten yards of the Indian flyer, but all his exertions failed, and he fell quite exhausted within two laps of the finish, Richards, who went the whole distance, passed the goal twenty yards behind the victor. Deerfoot completed the four miles (less 50 yards start) in a few seconds over twenty minutes.

**The King.**

The deposits for the Champion belt go on as usual. Jem Mace is starring round the provinces, previous to going into strict training. Young King is on a tour with Nat Langham.

**KING AND BROOMER.**—The official giving up the Stakes.—The battle money, £100, was given up to the winner, Young Tom King, on Nov. 1st, in the presence of a good muster of friends. The money having been handed over to the winner by Joe Phelps, King rose and thanked the company for their support, and stated that, as he had done his best to win with his late brave antagonist, he would endeavour to pull through in his next affair, with the champion Jem Mace. After a few more words, he commented on the late encounter, stating his surprise at the gallant manner in which Broome contested every round, the more after the light consideration in which he had previously held him; in fact, he said he considered the affair as a mere walk-over for himself. He then headed a subscription handsomely, and called upon all who were present to respond to the same. King afterwards went round the room, and, from the metallic sounds which passed, it is supposed with a good result. In the course of the evening, King offered to take £200 to £200, or £400 to

£200, that he won, without meeting with a response.

**JOE JONES AND HARRY BROOMER IN COURT.**—The *Perennial Turnip Again!*—This extraordinary case, which has been several times before the court, came on again in the Westminster County Court, upon a judgment summons. The defendant, Broome, as usual, did not appear, but was represented by his bar-man Craddock. The eccentric Joe, the plaintiff, on entering the box, complained of the hardship upon him, in the shameful treatment he had received from the defendant; for besides Broome's utter contempt of the Court, in not having attended any of the hearings, and his total disregard for any of the processes served upon him, it appeared that, owing to an alleged protection order from the Insolvent Debtors' Court, Broome had resolved upon setting all law at defiance, whilst he was still carrying on his business as licenced victualler, as before his insolvency. The present proceedings had cost the plaintiff a considerable sum, for he had paid all the various fees of the Court, with an endeavour to recover the £5 which he had lent to Broome some time ago at Chelmsford races, on a watch which the latter had deposited as security, well knowing at the time that it was not worth anything like a fifth of the sum obtained.

The Court—What sort of watch is it?  
Joe—What they call a regular "duffer," your honor. (Laughter.)  
The Court—Where is Broome?  
The witness Craddock—Laid up, your honor. Joe then proceed to cross examine the witness—Has Harry been fighting again?  
Witness—No, sir.  
Joe—Is his face strapped up?  
Witness—Yes.  
Joe—And yet you say he has not been fighting. (A laugh.)  
Witness—Well, he went down to Birmingham, and got into a bit of a row there.  
Joe—Was he drunk?  
Witness—I don't know.  
The Court then decided on adjourning the case till the 29th inst.  
Joe—I beg your honor's pardon, but my benefit at the Surrey Theatre takes place on that day, and I hope your honor will therefore fix another day.

The case was then postponed for a fortnight, to enable the plaintiff to attend.

**THE MILL IN LOWER CANADA.**

FIGHT FOR \$100.

(From Our Men Reporter.)

A merry mill took place at Bill Ennis' new Gymnasium in Montreal for the above sum, between Frank McNamee alias "Charley Frank" and Joe Cloran more familiarly known among the Fancy as "Merry Joe" on stripping both men displayed remarkably good physiques, but Frank appeared to be in rather the best condition having been carefully trained, by Tom McGinn. The referee's were Abe Wilson & Yankee Jack, and the seconds were Tom McGinn, and Johnny Peacock, Bill Ennis' "our jovial host" acting as umpire. On the toss up for places Frank was in luck winning the choice of ground. The combat lasted 1 hour and 4 sec. during which time fifteen rounds were fought. There was a good deal of excitement manifested and at the outset the belting was very lively.

The following is a correct report of the Battle Round 1, Frank opened with a leader, but was neatly stopped. He then put out a feeler and was countered on the thorax. Joe drawing first blood, which was claimed and allowed—Joe then retreated—Frank following when Joe quickly turned and planted a terrific blow on Frank's left "optic" which sent that young gentleman to "grass". First knock down for Joe—Time 4 min. 6 sec.

2. In this round there was some fine sparring displayed and Frank up quickly—Joe pursued