

**Madaline.**

What's in a name? O! there is much,  
And Shakspeare well its magic knew,  
When he with more than Raphael touch  
Such lovely portraits drew.

What's in a name? O! it is sweet  
To name the name I love so well;  
Around it all the graces meet,  
Within it all the cupids dwell.

'Tis sweet as her who it does claim,  
Enough all men to lovers make;  
And did you know my fair one's name,  
You'd almost love her for it's sake!

What's in a name? Go ask the flowers  
What's in the sun when it does shine:  
Or ask this lovely world of ours  
What where it but for Madaline?

**Grand Excursion of the City Bucks.**

**GREAT ENTHUSIASM.**

**SPLENDID PROCESSION.**

**Admirable Police Regulations.**

**IMMENSE STORES OF PROVISIONS, &c.**

Pursuant to prior agreement the Mayor and Corporation, with their friends, met at the city hall on Tuesday afternoon last for the purpose of proceeding to the Union Station, there to take the cars for Portland, whither they were bound on a "grand fizzle." It was quite evident that some of worthy councillors had made deep investments in soap and starch from the trim figure they cut, and were likewise "death on broadcloth." Of course there always are on such occasions some dirty exceptions, but these were totally eclipsed by the magnificent toilettes of their more distinguished compeers. The procession proceeded to the station in the following order:—

- The City Bellman.
- The Mayor.
- Band.
- Ald. Baxter.
- Police Magistrate.
- Aldermen and Councilmen.
- Luggage Wagon.
- Lightfoot, laden with "prog," tag, rag and bob-tail.

Serjt. Cummins.

Posse of Police.

Whilst the band cheered the way to the train with the enlivening strains of the Rogue's March, the aspect was "grand in the extreme," particularly the huge boxes and barrels of provisions for some of the "knowing ones," with great foresight suggested the propriety of thus providing against compromising the dignity of the Corporation in case of a lack of victuals, seeing so many capacious maws in the party.

Of course such a spectacle could not but draw great attention as it passed along, and it was noticed that the Evening Leader boys in particular "swelled the throng," Sergeant Cummins was in charge of the party, and to him is entrusted

ed the responsibility of bringing the party safe back. His Worship Mr. Boomer will also, for the good conduct and well being of the worthy Councillors and Aldermen, hold Court each morning and summarily dispose of all offenders.

The cars started with their precious burden amidst the cheers of the Bellman and policemen, and the wailing of Alderman B—x—tr's yard of cotton.

**Theatrical Notices.**

**CIVIC LYCEUM.**—On Monday night was produced the burlesque of "The Plebeian Council, or, Off to Portland." The caste was good and the piece well put on the boards, with this exception, that nobody knew his part, and had it not been for the services of the efficient prompter, Mr. Ratcliffe, the whole thing would have been a total failure. The plot was as follows. The City Council are, with a few exceptions, supposed to be a lot of very common men, of low extraction and little education or manners, having been elected to civic honors for this very good reason that very few would offer himself as a candidate and risk being brought in contact with some of these men. The Council have been invited by the Grand Trunk R.R. for some reason of political economy, to take a trip to Portland, and as their heads are full of nothing else, their present object is to get through the evening as quick as possible, and without transacting any more business than they can help, that they may have a talk about the spree in prospect, which proceeding is naturally very advantageous to the wards which they respectively (not respectably) represent.

**SCENE 1ST—Council Chamber.** The Mayor, a fleshy old plebeian, sitting sideways in the Chair of State, with his legs dangling over the arms, a short, black pipe in his mouth and his hat on the back of his head. Councilmen and Aldermen reclining round the room in all sorts of negligent attitudes; some on the Board, some on the backs of chairs, and some in the ante-room drinking whiskey hot. Two of the efficient (?) T. P. F. and the City Bellman at the door. In the gallery, two Leader boys and a Leader girl, a mangy pup, and three or four of the fancy, who have come to the Chamber with the hope of seeing a bully fight. 2½ James, also a lean plebeian, has fallen asleep in his chair, and presents a very ludicrous appearance, one of the members having playfully drawn the tails of his coats over his head and pinned them to his collar, and partially deprived him of his nether garments. An officious member gets up and states that the Chamberlain was sent to England some time ago, at his own request, for a trip—ostensibly for the purpose of selling the City Debentures, and he would like to know what he effected? Several members here jumped up and requested him, by Heaven, not to press the subject, as the debentures are lying on the Montreal market, and it would hardly be worth while to expose the rotten state of the city finances, as the new Council will be sitting in a month or so, and it would be better to leave them to get in the mess. Members see the force

of the argument and go to the ante-room for a smoke.

Song by Psalm Singer Dickey, (a respectable member):—"Oh, no! We never mention it."

A member, a purveyor of meat by trade, now takes the chair and reads a very interesting report regarding cess-pools, butchers' offal and night soil, stating that no one is to remove the same without order of Council, and when removed, to be sold to farmers for the purpose of fertilizing the agricultural districts—proceeds to be used to defray contingent expenses of the Council on their trip to Portland. Cries of "Carried," "Carried," but Bennett who objects to having his drinks paid for in the above manner, proposes that the yeas and nays be taken, which is done, but he being the only nay the measure is accordingly carried.

Song by Falstaff (Baxter)—"I'm off to Portland."

The Clown now leaves the Board and takes the chair, and having left his hat in the ante-room put on that left on the table by the former chairman, whose head was very large, and as the Clown's is a very small one, the hat quietly settles down on to his shoulders, entirely hiding from view his comic phiz. At this, of course, the whole Council is highly delighted, any little buffoonery always being well received, as it relieves the monotony of business. The Clown then factiously proposed that this Council do now go into committee of the whole hog or none on this amendment, which was that they all go and lick, which was of course carried, and they all leave for the ante-room, where there is soon a devil of a row, Stiggins having been caught drinking soda-water, an unpardonable offence in the eyes of many, and he was accordingly put out. The fat Mayor, who by this time has had a comfortable snooze, wakes up and sings out "Order!" in a very brisk manner, intended to convey the idea that he had been wide awake all the time, and knowing the general state of affairs when he was really awake, he thinks this to be the most appropriate thing he could say under any circumstances. However, perceiving that there is no one in the room, toddles off to the ante-room, where he finds the lads very lively and some very drunk, so he says, "Boys, let's adjourn," which they of course agree to, and they all leave. Those who are unable to walk are carted home, and the others adjourn to John Cornell's, where they give themselves up to the seductions of the flowing bowl. This, as A. Ward says, is a brief schedule of the synopsis of the play—not a very bulky plot, but a faithful account of what really takes place every Monday evening at the Civic Lyceum.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

G. A., WEST WINCHESTER—Received yours. Will continue to send.

S. & Co., WINDSOR—Yours came duly to hand. \$3 40. Quebed.

J. G., QUEBEC—Will send paper on receipt of one dollar.

J. B., OTTAWA—Received twenty dollars.