

### Storming a County Council.

Last week the County Council of Lincoln met at St. Catharines, a little village in the suburbs of Niagara, to find a site for the new jail. The County Council—a body composed of local preachers in general and country numskulls in particular—travelling all over the widely circulated village of St. Catharines to discover a proper situation, but after fooling it all through the crooked streets, they came out at the place whence they started, and reported that though they had seen plenty of sites, yet in all their rambles they could not find good water. They owned they were very much indebted to Councillor Douglas, of St. Catharines, for the able manner in which he piloted them through the one-story abodes of his constituents, who all delighted in euphonic and truly Canadian patronymics—such as the O'Sullivan, Finnegan, Flannery, Flaherty, Fogarty, together with O'Briens and O'Reillys without number. The little Councillor, in his usual fashion, jumped upon two chairs instantly, and leaning with both hands upon the back of a third, ardently expressed thanks for the compliment to himself and his constituents, after which he collapsed into the arms of the Hon. Mr. Currie, who kindly bit him on both ears to restore him to consciousness. A debate immediately arose upon the jail site, but owing to several of the members being sadly afflicted with that alarming disease called "corn on the brain," much confusion of intellect was evident. One member wanted the jail at Niagara; another at Slabtown; another on the other side of Jordan; two or three declared to place it right in the middle of St. Catharines, as that place produced more jail-birds than any other in the Province. Confusion reigned profound, and everything denoted a smash-up, until the Warden, by a happy device, allayed the storm by invoking a counter one—on the homopathic principle *similia similibus curantur*. If the Council assented he would call upon Captain William St.—m, of Toronto, then present, a gushing gentleman, a serene scholar, a ham-fat man, and a good judge of water for jail purposes. Captain William immediately arose from the knees of the Town Clerk of St. Catharines, where he had been for some time encamped, dreaming an architect's dream. The aforesaid Town Clerk, who might aid, felt relieved, as, not being a large man, two hundred weight of Toronto produce sitting on his lap was a little more of a handicap than he bargained for. The gallant Captain then cast a withering glance of scorn at the editor of the *Daily Journal*—sometimes called Old Bill Grant, for the reason that he has arrived at the memorable age of thirty-five, and after sticking two pins in his waist where the buttons had burst off from internal causes, he unfolded about half an acre of architect plans, and thus delivered himself:—

Gentlemen, I am a stranger here, but you have heard tell of me I suppose. You must have seen my name in this metropolitan journal, (here he cast a disdainful bolt from the eye at Old Grant, who had opened his mouth to yawn, but shut down instantly as if struck with lock-jaw.) I am Cap-

William, unattached, and when it would carry a second-class certificate in my trousers, a hundred and fifty dollar uniform for my subscribers, and a forty-dollar sword-belt for my legs. There's my polish. Now, about this jail site and water question. They put me in mind of a funny story—(here the gallant speaker had just commenced one of his funny laughs to give his hearers notice in advance that something funny was coming, and that they ought to laugh too)—when the aforesaid Town Clerk and a limb of the law, both with short hair and long whiskers, and gorgeously attired with red neck-ties and tartan coats of a goshin green color, impertinently interrupted the speaker by demanding of him to tell the story called, "That's it," "That's it." The orator struggled violently to control his feelings, and said he "couldn't see it," but the interruption stopped his story, however. Now, gentlemen, what about the jail and water question? I object to go to Niagara, for that's twelve miles away from here, and besides they have a jail there already. I object to go to Slabtown, for there they have nothing but canal water, which is abominable either mixed or unmixed, and very apt, if taken pure, to astonish a stomach used to decent drinks. I won't go to Jordan, for it's a hard road to travel, and as many Dutch around there that lager beer has run water into the ground. I won't have St. Catharines either, for all the water I've seen here has been screeching hot, with some sugar and a spoon in it. But, gentlemen, if you agree to tip the "stuff that makes life gay," I'll compromise the matter by selecting a spot just twenty two yards outside the town limits, and as I am on the militia rolls of this glorious Province, and as there is something in a name, notwithstanding the German poet says—"a schunk by any oder name would schmel ash schweet," and as you have given your parole of honor to abide by my award, and as I expect you to roll out that \$200 you just voted me for my services, and as I am going to roll home on the morning train, I hereby decide, gentlemen, that the Roll's estate outside the town be the jail site for the noble County of Lincoln, and, some, if not all of you, may one day say while playing checkers with your noses through the cross-bars:—

"Alas! alas! we are all forlorn,

For these bolts and walls we cannot storm."

Captain William then sat down on the broad edge of a bench, and in the excess of his emotions at overcoming this great difficulty, thoughtfully wiped his benignant and steaming countenance with a pea-wiper, which his malicious friend (the Town Clerk) shoved into the pocket of his pea-jacket. But the hero succeeded, and now and forever the jail is to be located on the Roll's estate, which goes to show, as Beadle's Dime Novels say, that truth is mighty and will prevail.

Villanous.

"I wish to Heaven we had a scent, said an ardent English sportsman at the cover side, one bad hunting morning as the hounds were running a fox short! That's a sensible remark, observed an old gentleman, an inveterate punster.

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