
Chicago Daily American.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 10, 1842.

THE CHICAGO HYDRAULIC COMPANY.—Rapidly advancing as is our city in prosperity, the undertaking and completion of the Hydraulic works was, nevertheless, a serious enterprise, and was regarded by many as a hazardous experiment. The spirit with which the work has been carried on by the present stockholders, is highly creditable to them. It is a great public improvement, and has already proved to be of decided utility. We notice that the water, as drawn from the faucets, is remarkably pure and transparent. Some account of the works, &c., will not, perhaps, be uninteresting to our readers. The whole outlay of the company has been about \$24,000. A large two-story brick building has been erected with a pier running into the lake. The steam-engine is of 25 horse power. The working barrel of the pump is 14 inches in diameter and 44 inches stroke—double action. The suction-pipe—the pipe by which the water is drawn from the lake—is also 14 inches in diameter and is 320 feet in length. The pump raises upwards of 25 barrels of water per minute, thirty-five feet above the level of the lake. There are two reservoirs, each of the capacity of 1250 barrels, one only of which is complete. A space of about fifty minutes is required to fill each of the reservoirs—equivalent, of course, to raising 1250 barrels in 50 minutes. The reservoir is of sufficient elevation to throw the water into the second story of any building in the city. About two miles in length of pipe are now laid down. The mechanist under whose

direction these works have been put into such complete and successful operation, is Mr. Ira Mil-timore. We allude to this gentleman with the more pleasure that it was for a long time confidently predicted that his undertaking would prove an entire failure. We know that, though he had perfect confidence in his ability to accomplish the task, these predictions were to him a source of constant and harassing anxiety. It can scarcely be imagined how keenly intense were his feelings when, the works complete, they were upon the point of being put into operation. The triumph, or it might be the disgrace, of the mechanist was at hand. His feelings at that moment were, assuredly, not to be envied. They were to be envied when the regular evolution—the easy play—the harmonious action of every part of the machinery, announced the complete triumph of skill.