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J. SEGSWORTH, DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto. September 1, 1871. 684

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR., (Late of Duggan & Meyers,) BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.

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The Waterbury American says a parent in that city thinks he will have his new-born daughter christened Glycerine. He says it will be easy to prefix Nitro to it when she grows up, if she takes after her mother, who is always blowing up everybody.

A Night in Cuba. It was in the year 182-, and one of those stifling days, when the very air of the tropics seems too hot to breathe, and almost scorches you as you inhale it, and the good brig Syph, to which I was attached, swept into the harbor of Havana, and dropped anchor in the midst of a most motley fleet, which was then and there congregated from nearly every nation under the sun.

There were lying at anchor, among the rest, two or three long, low, black, ugly-looking schooners, which nobody appeared to know anything about. They neither took in nor discharged cargo, but seemed like "loafers from parts unknown" among the busy throng by which they were surrounded.

We found plenty of our acquaintances in port, and although we had not as yet much opportunity for conversation, we soon discovered that they had now horrors enough to communicate.

Amongst other things it was said that, in the very harbor itself a Spanish ship had been boarded a few nights before, rifled of a large amount of specie, and several of her crew murdered; and that the perpetrators of this daring outrage had escaped without leaving the slightest clue to their detection.

The day continued hot and oppressive, and before the evening breeze set in, without which the climate would be absolutely unendurable, we had rigged an awning on the fore-castle, to keep off the night-dews, proposing, as is usual, to sleep in our blankets on deck. The accommodations aft, however, were respectable enough to enable the captain and mates to take up their quarters below.

The sea-breeze, with its freshening and enlivening breath, had long since ruffled the placid and golden wave. The noisy port had become comparatively quiet. Now and then, some swiftly-dipping orb betokened the return of the captain of some of our neighbors from the town.

Officers lounged on the quarter-deck, inhaling the delicious air, and assisting their speculations upon the prices of outward and homeward cargoes, with that fragrant herb, which seemed such an absolute necessary of the enervating and drowsy climate; and sailors, collected forward, with many a long-spun yarn filled up the moments of their sacred hour.

The principal, if not the only subject of conversation with us that night, was the stories we had heard during the day, and particularly the murderous attack on the Spanish vessel under the very eyes of the police, and in bold defiance of the military government of the island.

As usual, Scales took the lead in the discussion of these topics, and my confidence in his resources continued unabated. But even sailors finally get tired of taking, and, one by one, our tired crew dropped into the embraces of the drowsy god.

For my own part, my position was near the starboard bow port, which, with the others, was left open to the benefit of the free circulation of the air. Lying upon the deck, wrapped under the awning to the stars, my thoughts occasionally reverted homeward, as I reflected upon the hardships and evil chances of a sailor's life.

The old sailors laughed, and sometimes quizzed him unmercifully; but I confess that, from hearing him so often speak in this way, I had conceived a high opinion of the daring and courage of Scales, and determined in the event of an emergency, to keep as close in his wake as possible.

My brother, the captain, but a few years older than myself, was a man of great boldness, nerve and force of character as I have ever known.

On several occasions he overheard these bravadoes of our messmate, Scales; for, although every degree of discipline was strictly maintained in the ship, yet when a man undertakes to set up his own prowess, he is apt to do so in a tone sufficiently distinct to attract observation.

"Let me hear one of that talk there forward," said the Captain. "I hope we shall meet no pirates; I know them too well, and desire none of their company. If we do fall in with them, we shall then see who is the best man. In the meantime I trust more to Providence, and the good brig, than anything else, and mean to keep out of harm's way as far as possible. Send the watch up and have the light sails set, Mr. Handy; we'll give her a good full, and see if we can't walk away from danger before there is any chance of its overhauling us."

In this way we had a short and pleasant run to our port of destination; and, although we kept a bright lookout, we never had even the most distant glimpse of a suspicious sail.

had just arrived, others were ready for sea, and some, I verily believe, were actually afraid to sail, unless under convoy, or in pretty strong-handed company, bound on the same course.

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was on my feet, and seizing my blanket by the ends with both hands, I made the bite of it fly across the intruder's face and eyes with a rapidity and effect far beyond the power of adequate expression. Indeed, so effective was the discipline of the blanket, across the mouth of our friend, the pirate, as fairly to take his breath away; and although it was evident he had made various efforts to speak, it was impossible for him to utter an articulate syllable.

But this could not last long. The excitement of my condition, as well as my incessant exertions, were fast exhausting my strength, and the perspiration streamed from every pore of my body. On the other hand, no doubt the current was sweeping the boat from under the feet of my opponent, and it behoved him to free himself from his unpleasant predicament as quickly as possible.

At length, by one strong effort, he threw himself on the deck, and, at the same moment, grasped me powerfully by the arms. He screamed out something, I knew not what, in a choked and broken voice. I gave up all for lost. There was evident scrambling about the decks. I supposed his gang was close behind him. I felt his knife plunging into my side, and fell breathless and senseless upon the deck.

I could have remained in this condition but for a moment or two, for when I again opened my eyes, there was a confused sound about me of loud voices and of stamping of feet; the captain was running forward with cutlass and pistols in his hands, and the mates, also armed, were close at his heels. The crew were coming down from the rigging and various other places of refuge, and one of them was lifting me in his arms and shading my temples with his hand.

At first I started at his resemblance to the supposed pirate; but soon recognized him as Jack Holiday, one of the best and heartiest of our foremast hands.

"Harry, Harry," said he, "what is the matter with you? What the devil got into you to beat me about so with your infernal blanket? You almost knocked the very breath out of my body!"

"Was that you, Jack?" cried I, (jumping on my feet as though a mountain had been lifted from my bosom, and feeling my side, as the sudden thought of the knife crossed my mind) "and was there no pirate after all?"

"Pirate!" said he. "Good Heavens! There are no pirates here, I hope, but what are in your imagination?"

"What is the matter, then," said the captain, "and what is all this foolish rampas about?"

The story was soon told. It seems that Holiday had conceived the idea of visiting one of his messmates, who belonged to a vessel lying at no great distance from us, and not choosing to ask leave, in order to avoid observation had taken the jolly-boat and sculled away upon his expedition. He had returned late, and as silently as possible; but when he reached the brig, the force of the current had driven the boat's bow against the vessel's side. This was the noise which had awakened me from my uneasy sleep, and the appearance of Holiday's head immediately afterwards through the open port, had thus aroused my fears and occasioned all the terror and confusion which ensued.

In the meantime the disturbance was by no means confined to our own vessel. The idea of pirates was upon every mind; and the tumult thus occurring at the dead hour of night spread on the wings of the wind. We could hear the rustling on board of the various craft throughout the harbor, the sacred and sanctissima triad—astron, John Bull's national impudation, and the horse-donner and blitzen from the clumsy galliots, which had somehow or other contrived to get there from what used to be the dominions of their High Mightinesses, the States General! The oche flew from one ship to another till it died away into the far distance. The city itself roused with the unwonted sound. The drums beat to arms in its garrisons, and the watchful sentinel on the ramparts of the distant and gloomy Moro, heard its last reverberations, and paused and listened on "his lonely round." But all at length became again quiet, and with hearts relieved from the usual agitations of the occasion, we once more addressed ourselves to sleep.

I forgot to mention that, after we had begun to cast somewhat composed, happening to get my eye into the main-rigging, I saw our friend Scales jump out of it on deck, with an air of defiance and generous enthusiasm for the various interests likely to require his interference for their defence. He came forward with great alacrity, and seizing a hand-spike which one of the crew had dropped, flourished it with infinite spirit round his head, and cried with a commanding tone,—

"Where are these pirates? If there are any here, let them come on!"

A shout of laughter was the reply of the crew, in which I could not help joining, though scarcely yet recovered from the agitations which had overwhelmed me; but, after that night, I will do Scales the justice to say that I never heard him allude to the subject again.

A Chicago Project. SIX MILE LAKE TUNNEL.

Among the many very important engineering enterprises of the day there is one in which Chicago is particularly interested, and which has received comparatively little notice. It is no less than the construction of a tunnel six miles long, seven feet in diameter, and seventy feet below the level of Lake Michigan. Two miles of it is beneath the lake, and four miles of it will run in a direct line under the city of Chicago, more than half way to the western limit of the corporation. Its object is to furnish a supply of pure water fully adequate to the wants of a rapidly-increasing population for many years to come.

By the great fire the water works were destroyed, and the city left without means for checking the flames. It was, therefore, determined to have different sets of water works, and in different parts of the city, whereby the danger of a similar destitution might be guarded against in the future. The spot selected for the new works is at the corner of Ashland and Blue Island avenues, three and five-sixths miles from the old ones, and to reach it the new tunnel is to be extended under the city, river, large business houses and all. Already the bids are in and the award of the contract under consideration. It is estimated that the cost will be somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

From the tunnel there are to be nine or more shafts reaching to the surface of the ground for fire purposes. The water of course will rise in them to the level of the lake, and should the pumping works give out, will be easily accessible to the engines. This land-tunnel, as well as its lake connection, is to have a vertical diameter in the clear of seven feet and two inches, and a horizontal diameter of seven feet. Its capacity will be over 100,000 gallons per day. It will be lined with heavy masonry, a foot thick, and of the best materials. Jan. 1, 1873, is specified as the date of its completion.

When the new works are in full operation the water supply of Chicago will be more than adequate for a city of three times its present size. Its facilities for suppressing fire will be unsurpassed, and now that Chicago river water is turned into the Gulf of Mexico, there is little danger of its impurities ever reaching as far out as the crib. Under the very able and satisfactory management of E. S. Cho-brough, city engineer, there have been no mistakes made, nor any casualties so far in the construction of these water tunnels. Except for the delay caused by the fire everything has gone along smoothly, and every one has confidence that the present enterprise will terminate as successfully as the former.

The method which is adopted for procuring water will doubtless be eventually followed by all the lake cities of any considerable size. Cleveland has done so already. To Chicago belongs the honor of making the first attempt. New machinery had to be invented adapted to the exigencies of the occasion. It can readily be imagined that it requires no little ingenuity to bring out the end of a tunnel through the deep waters of a lake two miles from shore, without getting any water in it. In this case it was accomplished by the sinking of an immense iron tube nine feet in diameter, and of great length. The construction of this tube and its successful placing in position required the invention of a special process. To Mr. G. R. Bramball, the engineer who had the special charge of the sinking of the shaft, belongs the credit of overcoming the difficulty.

Woman as a Dentist. We could never understand why the business of dentistry should be monopolized by the masculine persuasion. Teeth repairing seems to us one of those fine arts for which the nimble fingers of woman are peculiarly adapted. Within a few years several ladies have prepared themselves for the practice of this speciality of the healing art, and have succeeded quite as well as the average of their brother dentists.

We notice, therefore, with regret, not unmingled with indignation, that these ladies, who had regularly matriculated and paid the fees demanded, have recently been expelled from the Pennsylvania Dental College; and we are glad to learn that the parties, aggrieved have determined to prosecute their cause in the courts, with the view of obtaining legal redress.

It is stated in the Philadelphia papers that these ladies were expelled at the request of a majority of the mal-students. Shame on them. They deserve to have all the teeth in their miserable heads pulled out by a vigilance committee of feminine dentists. But what right had the Professors to exclude them because a majority of the male students desired their expulsion? If the whole male side of the College had requested the Professors to violate their contracts, do a mean thing, and disgrace them, would the request would have no

justification. The animus is apparent enough. The would-be men dentists fear competition with their sisters in business. They have abundant reason to fear, no doubt. Two-thirds and probably three-fourths, of all the dentistry in the world is performed on the teeth and jaws of women; and it is morally certain that, were there as many women as men dentists in the land, some hundreds of young men would have to seek some other occupation or starve. And we are not sure that the fair "mechanical and surgical dentists" would limit their operations on the teeth to their own sex. We can easily imagine cases (rich and forlorn old bachelors, middle-aged widowers, and aspiring young men, for example) in which the victims of Odontia dolorosa and Odontula, would prefer the gentler manipulations of the dental sisterhood. And who shall say of what sex their dentists shall be? We advise the young men aforesaid to do their best in competing with the dentists of the other sex in all honorable ways; but not to attempt the impossible feat of putting women down by force. They had better go West!"

Gossip about Diamonds. Lord Macaulay, when the conversation turned on the subject of the regalia of different thrones, went from diamond to diamond with his marvellous memory. He would speak of the famous Pitt diamond, which was brought by an Englishman into Europe, and placed by Napoleon in the hilt of the State sword of France; of the great Austrian diamond, of the great Russian diamond, and of a perfect mountain belonging to the crown of Portugal, which is said to be worth nearly six millions. There is a counter-statement that this is merely a fine, colorless topaz; and the Portuguese sovereign does not submit the case to any scientific arbitration. No diamond has a more marvellous history attached to it than the Koh-i-noor, which has been recut with increased effect, since the time of the exhibition. The history of the "Moonstone," the diamond purchased by the Empress Catharine, is well known. It is like a pigeon's egg, and formed the eye of an Indian idol. It was pillaged by a deserter from the French service, who had managed to get himself installed as a priest to the idol service. The empress gave him nearly a hundred thousand pounds down and a large annual income. The famous Austrian diamond, once belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was long thought a bit of rock crystal, being of a beautiful lemon-yellow color. It was sold from a stall in the marketplace of Florence, and brought a few pence. Then there are stories about the cutting of diamonds. An infinite deal depends on the cutting. The Koh-i-noor is said to have lost three-fourths of its weight in the cutting. A late philosopher wanted a piece of diamond for a philosophical purpose. He saw a large mass in the hands of a jeweler, which seemed hopelessly deteriorated by a large flaw which occupied nearly the whole of the interior. He paid a large sum, himself superintending the cutting, took as much as he wanted, and, having recut it properly cut and polished, sold it back to the jeweler for double the price he paid for it.

Our Parisian Neighbors. A vivacious, animated race are the French people. They abound in sentiment, but not in romance—that is, the deep spiritual romance of our Northern race. They spend no time in introspection; they think rather than reflect. They are thoroughly material. This is the repulsive side of their character. They dissect an emotion as a botanist does a flower, to explain a fragrance, when we only wish to enjoy it. It is by reason of these qualities they excel in chemistry, in physiology, in the exact sciences. Their works on engineering, gunnery, architecture, bridging, and so on, are the best. Ladies know the value of French colors. They excel, too, in the highest grades of manufactures, and in the petty intricacies of the cook room. They lead the world in all matters of taste where those matters appeal strictly to the senses. We can scarcely term such a people "volatile." They are perseveringly industrious, which is not consistent with what is volatile. In one respect they evidence their good sense, and set us a wise example: the way the very poorest indulge in recreations. If Paris pleasures were imported with Paris fashions, America would be greatly benefited thereby, while our toil-worn sons might enjoy a portion of the unalloyed health and good-humor of the children of France.

WATER CURE FOR FOUNDER.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune cured a bad case of founder as follows: In the first place I physiced him; then I took a tight strong box, got his feet into it, and poured boiling hot water into it, as high as the hair on his feet and in ten or fifteen minutes he was able to stand on his forelegs without the assistance of the tackle. I kept up this treatment for thirty-six hours, when he was able to go about and help himself. In a few days I had his shoes put on, and in less than a fortnight more he was able to work as well as ever.