

The Nautilus can descend to sunken vessels containing treasure, and by blasting with light charges or by cutting, remove the decks until the position of the object sought for has been ascertained. If the vessel should have become filled with sand, it may be removed with ease. Work for engineering may be carried on under water during the whole twenty-four hours, as, by an arrangement for illuminating the water, operations by night are more efficient than by day. But its greatest value consists in its adaptability for cutting off piles, laying the foundations of piers, sea-walls for fortifications, and all kinds of submarine masonry. Under the present system, the cost of submarine masonry averages 16½ cents a cubic foot these machines can perform ten times the amount of work possible with the old diving bell, in a given time, and at a cost of from one to two cents a cubic foot.

After the inventor had made a descent, a company of gentlemen, detailed by the Navy Department at Washington to inspect the operations of the Nautilus, descended. After hooking on a stone five tons at the bottom of the cove, the machine returned to the surface with its burden in four minutes and a-half, blowing and spouting like a veritable sea monster. Then, by the agency of the cables which were drove through blocks on the outside of the machine, and passed through holes in the bottom, the operators within moved it along some twenty or thirty feet through the water, and then descended and deposited the stone on the bottom, occupying altogether, for the operation, from the time of the first descent to the second ascent, but 9 minutes and 30 seconds.

The machine is supplied with compressed air from a large metal reservoir on a vessel in attendance. This reservoir is kept constantly full by means of a small steam forcing-pump, and connects with the machine by a tube of india-rubber lined with coiled wire, and cased in Russian duck. Passengers to the realms of Neptune step from the boat upon a small iron platform which extends around the top of the machine, and then through a hole in the top, down a ladder, into the interior of the kettle. It is rather oppressive at first. As a dozen persons crowd into the little chamber, vague ideas of suffocation will present themselves, and long before the cover is let down you experience a sensation of oppression on the lungs. The cover is let down and screwed securely, the operator opens a valve and admits the condensed air, which rushes in with a noise like the blowing off of steam, and forthwith the tympanum of the ears seem caving in under the pressure. This sensation may be overcome by making efforts to swallow. By admitting a little water into the side chambers, we descend to the bottom in a second—a distance of twenty-two feet—without being conscious of the fact. It is almost as light there as in the world above; and the pressure on the ears having subsided, all begin to feel rather jolly. The engineer opens the bottom of the machine and steps out upon the sand; shells are gathered and distributed, the bottom closed again, a little more air and a good deal of pressure on the ears, and, presto! we are in the upper world once more.

COMPOSITION.

"There are six boys," said Miss R., "whom I think are old enough to begin to write composition every week. Henry, Horace, Eugene, John Frank and Willie, all take your slates, and come and stand in a class." The boys took their places as desired; but one or two looked dissatisfied.

"Oh, Miss R.," said Horace, "I never can write composition, for I have seen my brother try, and it is such hard work—he teases mother to help him, and she does tell him a great deal."

"What is it to write composition, Miss R.?" said John: "I do not know what you mean."

"I know what it means," said Willie; "but I am sure I can never think of anything to say."

"Well," said Mr. R., "if you will all be attentive, I will soon teach you how to write very easily. We will take for our subject to-day, Water. Write Water on the top of your slates, and begin with a capital letter, because it is the subject. Now, each one think for a few minutes, and then tell me something about water—you need not say a great deal, but let it be something sensible."

After a pause of a few minutes, the teacher said:

"Now, Harry, begin."

Henry.—No animal could live without water.

Horace.—Men sail round the world on water. It is water that connects the continents together.

Eugene.—Father says the Croton water is a great blessing to our city.

John.—It is better to drink water than liquor or any thing else.

Frank.—We could not be kept clean without water.

Willie.—I love to swim and bathe in the water.

"You have all done very well," said the teacher. Now, each repeat his sentence again, and then each boy write down his own sentence, and as many as he remembers of the other boys' sentences."

The sentences were again repeated down the class, and in a short time the writing was accomplished.

"I cannot remember but one or two of them," said John.

"Nor I either, Miss R.," said Willie.

"I cannot remember any but my own," said Frank.

"I have remembered them all, Miss R.," said Henry, bringing up his slate neatly written, and looking quite satisfied and pleased.

The teacher examined the slates, and then said:

"You have all done very well for the first time.

Henry has done the best—perhaps he has the best memory, and perhaps he was the most attentive. I will read his aloud, for he has arranged his remarkably well for the first time."

The teacher then read:

"No animal can live without water. We swim and bathe in the water, and it is very useful in keeping us clean. Men sail round the world on water, and without it we could not go from one continent to another. The Croton water is a great blessing to New York—it is better to drink water than any kind of liquor."

"Now Henry's is quite a good specimen of composition," said Miss R. "Each take his slate home and copy what he has written neatly on a piece of paper, and bring it to me to-morrow; and if he can think of any thing else to write, he can write it; but do not ask any one to assist you."

"I can think of more, Miss R.," said Henry. "I should like to write more."

"I think I can write more," said Willie, "now I have heard how Henry has written his."

"I will tell you one thing more to say, boys," said the teacher. "Tell me, is water a good gift, a blessing to us?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said the boys; "and God gives it to us."

"Yes," said Miss R., "that is what I want you to say. It comes from God, and that all our good gifts come from him. He is the bountiful and all-wise Dispenser of every good and perfect gift."—*Well Spring.*