

We go down like bathers in the sea. We pass the margin where

“The dreary back seaweed lolls and wags.”

We traverse the borders where the brown, belted kelp sways to and fro in graceful curves. We get beyond the slope of stony bottom to the smooth sand. We come to the gardens of the rosy-tinted sea-mosses—the *Dasya*, the *Grinnellia*, the *Callithamnion*; and startle the blue-fish and halibut in their safe seclusion. A moonlight gleam is here, and the water also takes on the chill of evening. We pass on, and attain a depth of half a mile. Our feet press into the finer sediments derived from the land—the dust of other “continents to be.” The twilight has faded into a deep shade. The creatures of the sea swarm curiously about us, then flee in terror from our presence. We feel the gentle movement of “a river in the ocean,” but the surface disturbances do not reach even to this depth. A change of climate impresses itself on our sensations. The water where we started in had a temperature of sixty degrees—here it is forty. But we are panoplied against harm; we press on. We descend to the depth of a mile under the sea. The curiously gazing species of the shallower water appear no more. Their home is the zone which now stretches above our heads. The green and rosy sea-mosses never venture here. We are in total darkness; no chlorophyll tints the growths of the vegetable kingdom. Here are only stony, white calcareous algæ and silicious diatoms of microscopic minuteness.

We pause to contemplate the awful stillness of the submarine realm, and feel our slimy path down to the deeper profound. Above us now float two miles of black sea. Any surface fish brought down here perishes from the effect of enormous pressure, if possessing an air-bladder. If it have none, the fish becomes torpid, and finally dies. We are here, probably miles from the shore—that varies with the steepness of the slope. The sediments which the rivers have brought to the ocean have mostly been deposited between our starting