

range of those guns we must carry our thoughts far away to the Indian Ocean. In the far east we find Captain Semmes writing as follows: "My ship will have to go into dock to have much of her copper replaced, now nearly destroyed by constant cruising, and to have her boilers overhauled and repaired, and this can only be done in Europe." And so to Europe the *Alabama* came. Defective and without adequate means of repair, she was no longer able to efficiently fulfil her mission, nor quite free to choose the fields of her action, so, dragging her damaged boilers and dilapidated hull down the Indian Ocean, round the Cape and up the broad Atlantic,* she sought refuge and repair in a French port. The rest of her story is soon told. Denied the means necessary to restore her to her original efficiency as a ship of war, and with defective ammunition, she was compelled to engage an antagonist, whose challenge she was from her condition neither fit to accept nor able to avoid. In seventy minutes she was sunk. For want of means of repair in the Eastern hemisphere she lies beneath the waters of the English Channel, silently warning us to profit by the lessons she has taught.

There is one other popular view respecting the command of the sea to which it is necessary to refer. It is that the command of the sea can be secured by the blockade of our enemy's coast. The experiences of the American War throw some light upon this argument. In the *Singapore Times* of December 9, 1863, we read: "From our shipping list it will be seen that there are no fewer than seventeen American merchantmen at present in our harbours. Their gross tonnage may be roughly set down at 12,000 tons. Some of them have been lying here now upwards of three months, and all this at a time when there is no calmness in the freight market; but, on the contrary, an active demand for tonnage

* "On May 2, we recrossed the Equator into the Northern hemisphere . . . and ran up to our old tollgate, where as the reader will recollect, we halted on our outward passage and *viséd* the passports of so many travellers. The poor old *Alabama* was not now what she had been then. She was like the wearied fox-hound, limping back after a long chase, footsore and longing for quiet and repose." Vide "My Adventures Afloat," by Admiral Semmes.