

battle fleet encountered and pounded before being robbed by mist and darkness of the most overwhelming victory it would have been possible to secure.

And among the losses figure OUR ship and OUR ship's company. One can picture it all so plainly: the Inferno of shot and shell—the explosion—the sheet of flame enveloping everything, and rising, seemingly, to the sky . . . the end.

*Sic itur ad astra.*

THE END.