

a farewell, again the whole fleet poured forth its thundering homage to the royal standard, and tacking down Channel, were soon out of sight below the horizon.

They were lost sight of with almost a feeling of regret, for somehow or other they were generally supposed to have taken the fine weather with them. Certainly, if the fleet had not some other vessels had, for most assuredly none remained with the royal squadron. From that time out there was nothing but bad weather. It was not downright heavy weather of the violent kind, which forces one to take an interest in the barometer, and make furtive inquiries as to the ship being strong and a good sea-boat—the kind of weather which makes all food but biscuit or sea-pie impossible to be got. Fortunately it was not of this sort (though if it had been it would not have mattered much to His Royal Highness, who is as good a sailor as his brother Alfred), but still the vagaries of a line-of-battle ship in a gale in the Atlantic are rather alarming to witness for the first time. It was merely then unfavourable weather, and, short of a hurricane, nothing worse for discomfort is to be met at sea than what is encountered under this mild general term. There was drizzle and rain on deck, damp and discomfort below, with just sufficient head sea to impede progress, but, apparently, by no means enough to justify the breakage that was exterminating crockery on all sides. Fortunately, not only His Royal Highness but all the suite were exempt from that nauseous leveller, sea-sickness, so in spite of all the time was passed tolerably well, sometimes in speculations as to when there was likely to be a fair wind, or else in making “chaffing” signals to the “Ariadne.” Then, cabin number 7 invited cabins number 5 and 3 to a quiet cigar, when cabins 4 and 6 were sure to drop