

the port-beam of the Vice-Admiral's ship. H.M.S. *Camperdown* was sighted at 7.50. Viewed from the quarter-deck of the *Diadem*, the *Ophir* and her escort presented a splendid spectacle. The great battleships heading the

**Stormy Run up
Channel.**

columns were dipping their noses deep into the trough of the sea, scattering high volumes of foam on either side, and as they raised them aloft again miniature Niagaras poured over their bows, while the smaller cruisers behind were pitching to such an extent that they were sometimes almost lost to view amid the breaking seas which swept over their forecastles. The force of the gale may be inferred from the fact that the two-inch-thick stanchions of the rail of the *Diadem's* forebridge, from the sheer weight of the wind-pressure upon the canvas by which it is surrounded, were bent six or eight inches out of the perpendicular. The sea in the Channel was the whitest we had seen in the whole course of the tour. Between the white horses which topped the billows, every foot of water was streaked with foam. So long a spell of dirty weather we had not encountered before, and only twice had we seen a sea as rough as the Atlantic—when crossing the great Bight of Australia, and between Adelaide and Fremantle, when the *Ophir* was compelled to put back into Albany.

The Royal yacht behaved well throughout the storm. For the most part she rolled less than any of the cruisers. As a rule she pitched more than she rolled, and coming up Channel she certainly was pretty lively in this respect. By eleven o'clock we were off Portland Bill. It was expected that the *Ophir* would anchor in Portland Harbour for the night, but it was still blowing great guns, and the Royal yacht was shipping heavy seas over her bows. She accordingly held on her course, and anchored for the night in the Yarmouth Roads.

The King and Queen came out next day in the new Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and met the squadron. So high a sea was still running, that it was impossible to