

our long and adventurous trip. Four hours after we dropped anchor in front of the city, on the beautiful moonlit night of October 13, '89, at least twelve hours sooner than we had anticipated the day before.

It was estimated the *Rush* had steamed during the summer the long distance of over eleven thousand miles.

San Francisco seemed to be illuminated especially for us, it looked so aglow with lights spreading far and wide over the hills. The harbor was dotted everywhere with ships, just visible in the dim light, by the twinkling of the lamps at their mast-heads.

It was not yet too late to catch the last ferry-boat from Oakland. and the officers whose families lived there rushed hurriedly and excitedly away, anxious to reach home as soon as possible.

I breathed a sigh of satisfaction on looking around to think my journey safely over at last, feeling the richer for all the new, strange and beautiful sights I had seen and novel experiences I had had.

It was, however, with feelings of regret that the next morning I packed my trunk and bid adieu to my shipmates of four and a half months, and the free, untrammelled life I had led during that time, returning again to the conventionalities of the life of a city.

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Thus ended the cruise of the *Rush* in the summer of '89.

FINIS.