

expected to take. The *Patterson* had been doing coast survey work on different parts of the inside passage, and was then also bound for San Francisco. During the day after we arrived she steamed into port. The following morning, October 10th, we took our several ways, the *Pinta* towards the north, the *Patterson* and the *Rush* to the "so'thard," and San Francisco.

The barometer was high, and we had all the indications of fine weather, besides the satisfactory reflection that in October we were apt to have the finest weather of the year for a trip down the coast. We were not disappointed. There was quite a heavy swell at first, all that remained to remind us of our recent stormy experience when last at sea, a few days previous, but the sky was blue and fair, with a light breeze.

The breeze increased little by little, but added nothing to our speed till the day before we arrived in San Francisco. That day, with all sails set and a fair wind, we fairly flew (for the *Rush*) through the water, increasing our speed hourly, till by night we made twelve knots an hour. This was better time than we had before made during the summer, except when chasing the sealers. It seemed as if the good ship knew she was nearing her accustomed anchorage. Point Reyes flashed out clear and bright at about seven o'clock, at which sight we involuntarily smiled at the thought that crossed our minds of home and dear ones now so near, after